Classical Monologues

A Midsummer Night's Dream

HELENA: How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and show'rs of oaths did melt.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

PUCK: My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered…

When in that moment, so it came to pass,

Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

DEMETRIUS: I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.

Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?

The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.

Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;

And here am I, and wode within this wood,

Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth

Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Romeo and Juliet

ROMEO: But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:e not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady, O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

Contemporary Monologues

'Dentity Crisis by Christopher Durang

JANE: When I was eight years old, someone brought me to a theater with lots of other children. We had come to see a production of Peter Pan. You remember how in the second act Tinkerbell drinks some poison that Peter's about to drink, in order to save him? And then Peter turns to the audience and says that Tinkerbell's going to die because not enough people believe in fairies, but that if everyone in the audience claps real hard to show that they do believe in fairies, then maybe TInkerbell won't die. We clapped very hard and very long. My palms hurt and even started to bleed I clapped so hard. Then suddenly the actress playing Peter Pan turned to the audience and said, "That wasn't enough. You didn't clap hard enough. Tinkerbell's dead." Uh… well, and…and then everyone started to cry. The ushers had to come and help the children up the aisles and out into the street. I don't think any of us were the same after that experience.

THE 5th OF JULY by Lanford Wilson

Shirley: I'm going to be the greatest artist Missouri has ever produced. The greatest artist from the entire Midwest. I'll be a painter, or a sculptor. Or a dancer! A writer! A conductor! A composer! An actress! One of the arts! People will die. Certain people will literally have cardiac arrest at the magnitude of my achievements. I'll be something astonishing! Just astonishing! I will have you know that I intend to study for ten years, then burst forth on the world. And people will be abashed! Amazed! Astonished! At my magnitude. Oh God! Look! Is that she? Is it? IT IS! IT IS SHE! AHHHHHHHHH!(She collapses on the floor and then slowly gets up to a sitting position.) She died dead of cardiac arrest and astonishment at the magnificence of my achievement in my chosen field. Only Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Beethoven, and

Frank Lloyd Wright have raised to my heights before me!

Fences by August Wilson
Cory: I know I ain't been around really. I hate that my own sister didn't even know'd who I was. I'm gonna do better from now on to be a part of you and ma's life. Me and pop didn't see eye to eye on most anything, but I know you'll miss him and that you's gonna need a male someone in your life. I'll do what I can to be that. Ma says I'm a lot like Pop and that I just won't admit it, but she wrong on this one. I know you gonna miss him, but don't let it hurt too bad. It's probably better this way. Don't think I'm cold Raynell, but I knew him in a different way than you may know him. He was always holdin me back, takin away my opportunities because he was scared of anyone makin better for themselves than he made for himself. Himself. Yeah, that's the only person he ever thought about. He was always lookin out for number one, and if anyone ever thought that was them, he made sure to let them know that wasn't the case.

Promedy by Wade Bradford
Dante: Kay, I know that you're one of the most popular girls in school, and that you scarcely know how to pronounce my name, or use proper grammar. But I've had a crush on you since the days when you would ignore me in kindergarten all the way to this afternoon when you ignored me in the cafeteria lunch line. Some might say ours is a misunderstood romance. I remember in second grade, I wrote you a note in Mrs. Souplanger's class. It said, "Do you like me? circle yes or no." My friends said you tore up the note in disgust. But I knew you were ripping up confetti to celebrate our newfound love. I know that you have been pretending to ignore me all these years because secretly, deep down, you know that you like me as much as I like you, probably even more. Well, you don't have to be scared and shy any more. I'm going to make both of our wishes come true. Will you go to the prom with me?

(Dante reacts to her rejection.)

Should I take the rolling of your eyes as a "yes"?