



waapa  
Edith Cowan University



# PERFORMANCE MONOLOGUES 2024 COMMENCEMENT

- Contemporary Monologues
- Shakespeare Monologues
- Screen Performance Scenes

# Contents

## CONTEMPORARY MONOLOGUES

CRYING IN HMART by Michelle Zauner	3
THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekhov	4
JULIE (AFTER STRINDBERG) by Polly Stenham	5
FLEABAG by Phoebe Waller Bridge	6
SHE HE ME by Raphaël Amahl Khouri	7
WOMAN OF MANHATTAN by John Patrick Shanley	8
GLORIA by Branden Jacobs Jenkins	9
I DON'T WANNA PLAY HOUSE by Tammy Anderson	10
THREE SISTERS by Inua Ellams, after Anton Chekhov	11
BIFF - DEATH OF A SALESMAN by Arthur Miller	12
SLAVE PLAY by Jeremy O. Harris	13
A MANUAL OF TRENCH WARFARE by Clem Gorman	14
ANIMAL KINGDOM, a film by David Michod	15
MICHAEL SWORDFISH by Lachlan Philpott	16
MILO by Ned Manning	17
GOODBYE CHARLES by Gabriel Davis	18
THREE SISTERS by Inua Ellams, after Anton Chekhov	19
HOW TO CLEAN YOUR ROOM (AND REMEMBER ALL YOUR TRAUMA) by j. Chavez	20
CROOKED PARTS by Azure D. Osbourne-Lee	21

## SHAKESPEARE MONOLOGUES

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM; Act 3 Scene 2	22
JULIUS CAESAR; Act 2 Scene 1	23
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL; Act 1, Scene 3	24
AS YOU LIKE IT; Act 3 Scene 5	25
ROMEO AND JULIET, Act 3 Scene 2	26
MACBETH; Act 1 Scene 4	27
TWELFTH NIGHT; Act 2 Scene 2	28
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA; Act 1 Scene 2	29
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING; Act 2 Scene 3	30
THE TEMPEST; Act 3, Scene 3	31
HENRY IV PART 1; Act 3 Scene 2	32
JULIUS CAESAR; Act 3 Scene 2	33
MACBETH; Act 1 Scene 7	34
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS; Act 3 Scene 2	35
THE TEMPEST; Act 2 Scene 2	36
CORIOLANUS; Act 1 Scene 1	37
KING LEAR; Act 1 Scene 2	38
ROMEO and JULIET; Act 2 Scene 2	39
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA; Act 4 Scene 4	40
TITUS ANDRONICUS; Act 5 Scene 1	41

## SCREEN PERFORMANCE – SCENES

HOME AND AWAY – EP. 6796	42
IN A WORLD	45
MAGNOLIA	49
NEIGHBOURS – EP. 7326	52
THE HEIGHTS – S2 EP. 7	55

## CONTEMPORARY MONOLOGUES

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### CRYING IN HMART by Michelle Zauner

#### MICHELLE

I am sitting next to a Korean mother and her son. The kid dutifully gets their silverware from the counter and places it on paper napkins for the both of them. He's eating fried rice and his mom has seolleongtang, ox-bone soup.

He must be in his early twenties, but his mother is still instructing him on how to eat, just like my mom used to. "Dip the onion in the paste." "Don't add too much gochujang or it'll be too salty." "Why aren't you eating the mung beans?" Some days, the constant nagging would annoy me. Woman, let me eat in peace!

The mom places pieces of beef from her spoon onto his spoon. He is quiet and looks tired and doesn't talk to her much. I want to tell him how he should be kind to his mom, remember that life is fragile and she could be gone at any moment. Tell her to go to the doctor and make sure there isn't a small tumor growing inside her. I want to tell him how much I miss my mother.

## THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekhov

### IRINA

Tell me, why is it I'm so happy today? As if I were sailing, with the wide, blue sky above me, and great white birds soaring in the wind. Why is it? Why? I woke up this morning, I got up, I washed – and suddenly I felt everything in this world was clear to me – I felt I knew how life had to be lived. Dear Ivan Romanich, I can see it all. A human being has to labour, whoever he happens to be, he has to toil in the sweat of his face; that's the only way he can find the sense and purpose of his life, his happiness, his delight. How fine to be a working man who rises at first light and breaks stones on the road, or a shepherd, or a teacher, or an engine driver on the railway... Lord, never mind being human even – better to be an ox, better to be a simple horse, just so long as you work – anything rather than a young lady who rises at noon, then drinks her coffee in bed, then takes two hours to dress... that's terrible! In hot weather sometimes you long to drink the way I began longing to work. And if I don't start getting up early and working, then shut your heart against me, Ivan Romanich.

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## **JULIE (AFTER STRINDBERG) by Polly Stenham**

Content warning: Adult themes (abortion)

### **KRISTINA**

I hold your hair up when you're sick. I pick you up after your abortion. I wash your bloodstained underwear. I get up most days and I serve you. But I tell myself, it's not her fault. She's a nice girl. It could be the other way round. She treats me well. She treats me like a person. She didn't write history. She's just snared in the story like me. Sometimes she even makes it possible for us to both pretend that we're not hostage to our situation. Sometimes when we're talking in the kitchen, we can both pretend that it's all pretend. And that makes the job, sort of bearable, that we both have moments of pretending. That it all isn't so fucked. That it all isn't so fucking unfair. You see all I had here, was a tiny bit of dignity. But even that you've snatched, and it wasn't even precious to you. I don't think you even knew I had it. That I need it. I don't think you know what it's like to need something. Just what it's like to want. And want. And want. Because, what you've done, what you've just done, is worse than sex with someone you shouldn't. That's child's play really. It's ordinary. It's the oldest trick in the book. What you've actually done is you've turned the light on. When we'd both agreed to sometimes have it off. In what you've done, you've reiterated everything. In your action is the whole world. Of taking and taken. You are wrong. You are what's wrong.

## **FLEABAG by Phoebe Waller Bridge**

Content warning: Strong language

### **FLEABAG**

It was a guinea-pig-themed café.

Yeah.

I opened the café with my friend Boo. She's dead now. She accidentally killed herself. It wasn't her intention, but it wasn't a total accident. She didn't think she'd actually die, just found out that her boyfriend slept with someone else and she wanted to punish him by ending up in hospital and not letting him visit her for a bit. She decided to walk into a busy cycle lane wanting to get tangled in a bike. Break a finger, maybe. But it turns out bikes can go fast and flip you into the road. Three people died.

I fucked that café into liquidation, I fucked up my family, I fucked my friend by fucking her boyfriend, I don't feel alive unless I'm fucked and I don't feel in control unless I'm fucking, to me, there isn't anything worse than someone who doesn't want to fuck me. That I fuck everything. But this time, I genuinely wasn't trying to – I wasn't – I was – Either everyone feels like this a little bit and they're just not talking about it, or I'm completely fucking alone. Which isn't fucking funny. And I need this fucking job.

(Silence)

Well... People make mistakes. That's why they put rubbers on the ends of pencils.

## **SHE HE ME by Raphaël Amahl Khouri**

The writer specifies this monologue is for a trans person of colour

### **OMAR**

Location: Amman, Jordan. Time: 4:30. The advertising agency he worked at was trying desperately to look authentic. Its furnishings of skateboards, graffitied walls decorated with vintage posters, just reeked of middle-aged ad executives trying to look "Street," trying to get down with the kids. On one lonely wall hung a framed certificate that licensed OMAR M to pursue the calling of art director, with no one ever suspecting him of being an agent of gender subversion. Just when the sexist macho bigots working at this office begin to find comfort in his big fat bearded man exterior, BAM! He camps it up! He is nothing short of invincible. He was born into a gender dystopia, a Fertile ground where the patriarchal villain of bigoted masculinity thrives and reproduces itself from generation to generation. But no matter how they tried, he would not succumb. Nothing short of ending compulsory gender norms would satisfy him. His mission at work today? SHOCK THE BIGOTED MALE CO WORKERS INTO RETHINKING GENDER. His outfit? GOPHER MAMBO!

(Campy dance to Yma Sumac's "Gopher Mambo.")

I remember once when I was around thirteen, my really macho brother was completely in love with an Iraqi girl and my father was very disapproving of it and forbidding and angry, because you know, (imitating angry dad) Who is this strange girl? And my brother was just devastated, he was in pieces. I wanted to console him. I literally dragged my brother to the basement. I grabbed him by his hand, and he was a big man. I was caressing him, caressing his hands, I was saying, Shh, don't worry, it's going to be ok, shhh, and I actually suggested he go and do ablutions and pray (he giggles), just as a way to find comfort and he did and it helped (he smiles). I remember my mom was busy upstairs, she was trying to calm my dad down, and I was with my brother comforting him, and-it just pains me that I actually - that I actually stood up for him. I'm sorry- (gets emotional) and then when he was the one attacking me later, there was no one to comfort me. That's what really hurts me.

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## WOMAN OF MANHATTAN by John Patrick Shanley

### JUDY

I will! I will dream on. Because that is exactly what I am talking about. My dreams. Which you do not know. And which you don't think are important enough to know. Do you think this body is something? What a joke! Any great poet the last three thousand years will tell you what a joke that is! This stuff, this flesh, this heavy breathing ... We have this aptitude in our hearts and brains and souls to arrive at something so rich and inflamed and unspeakable and sacred and New! Not this tired shit you want to foist on me. That's not what I want. I won't give up my standards! I know what I know. If I tried to live on the kind of things you're offering me, I'd starve to death. You've got to dig for treasure, Duke! Not settle for the stuff just lying out on the ground. You could sleep with me if you weren't so god damn lazy and narcissistic and were willing to exert yourself a little and show some interest in the actual core of another human being! But you will not sleep with me because I will not perform a stupid mechanical pantomime, like I was trying and failing to remember something fine, something from a better world, something alien and beautiful and lost! What, you look vacant, don't you get it? I'll give it to you in a nutshell. I'll give it to you in basic modern American: I'm not interested in the hardware without the software. Look, let's just let this fall apart, okay? Don't hang around for the sake of neatness. I'll get the check. It was worth that much to me to have my say.



## **GLORIA by Branden Jacobs Jenkins**

The writer specifies this monologue is for a person who identifies as Chinese or Korean.

### **KENDRA**

You know, a bad thing happened to both of us! -to all of us! -but you seem to think it happened only to you. And why is that? Because you went to Gloria's dumb party and she saved you? Because you were "a witness" to everyone's last moments? Or because you're entitled to think the world automatically cares about you and what you saw and what you think? (Beat.) You are aware that the rest of the world has moved on from Gloria, correct? Every other week there's been another tragedy – another shooting. Every other week there's been a disgruntled somebody mowing down a movie theatre or a kindergarten or a shopping mall or a doctor's office. With every bullet that's passed through their guns, Gloria has receded farther and farther into memory, becomes a shorter and shorter sentence in the annals of American violence. The only thing people will probably remember about that day is that it was the day Sarah Tweed died. You didn't survive the Holocaust.

I think I just realized what Gloria actually did. She didn't save you at all, did she? She couldn't. She thought she was giving you your life back, but there was no life there to give back. I mean, what are you trying to save here? What is the endgame? You don't believe a writing career is waiting for you on the other side of this? A career as what? A "memoirist"? Do you think you're still in some race? What was all that worth now, Dean? All that networking? All that self-righteousness? All that slaving away in that cubicle as Nan's lapdog? Was it worth these fifteen minutes you're living as a footnote in the life of our office freak?

## **I DON'T WANNA PLAY HOUSE by Tammy Anderson**

This monologue is offered to applicants of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander descent only

### **TAMMY**

A Harley pulls up out the front. It's Titman and he wants to talk to Mum. We don't want her to. She says she won't be long. I watch them out the window. Next thing he's coming inside.

Mum's dancing and he walks and whispers something in her ear... He punches Mum. Pop comes in and says 'You can't hit women'...Bang...He punches Pop into the wall. Pop says 'You're fuckin' mad,' and he's off over the phone box across the road. Titman runs up, grabs Pop, and pulls him to the ground, and he's kickin' the fuck out of Pop. Mum's friends on the door step, she runs across the round and lies down on top of Pop and says 'Get off him! Leave him alone!'

Titman's in the phone box and he's pulling it apart. Mr Walsh works in Telecom, he's our next door neighbour, he says 'You can't do that to Telecom property!' Bang, he punches Mr Walsh our cold.

My uncles' running up the street and Titan chases him. Nan comes screaming out of the house in her petticoat yellin' 'If I get a hold of you ya mongrel bastard!', then Titan turns and chases Nan and she's running the other way.

The neighbours are looking out their windows. 'Help us, somebody, help me'...I can hear cops, the ambulance coming. Titman goes and gets on his Harley and kicks it over and says 'You say anything and I'll be back with a petrol bomb' and then he's gone.

Mum's sitting on the front doorstep. Her eyes are punched shut and her blonde hair is all red. Pop's on the ground not moving. Mr Walsh has a black eye and a big bump on his head. The kids are standing there screaming and crying. They're cold and their feet are blue.

The ambulance takes Mum and Pop to the hospital.

Nan yells out to me, 'Come and sleep in with me, Tam'.

Monologue from the compilation Blak Inside (6 Indigenous Plays from Victoria)

### **THREE SISTERS by Inua Ellams, after Anton Chekhov**

This monologue is for actors from the African diaspora

#### **NNE CHUKWU**

(Laughs) Okway my sisters...

(Beat)

I have a confession to make. I have kept it from you for so long.  
I'm sorry. I'm in love.

(Beat)

With Ikemba.

I thought he was strange when we first met but now I love... his voice, his sadness, his two little girls. We can sit, counting boxes of bullets and it is the most electrifying thing.

We go for walks among the trees, through bombed out fields and the whole world blurs away and we could be on Badagry beach in Lagos.

With Onyinyechukwu, when that oaf is grunting, thrusting on top of me, I feel trapped, my spirit is caged in me. But with Ikemba, he asks for nothing, yet I give him everything, my soul flies, my body trembles, my toes curl up.

I love him and he loves me.

You are just jealous he doesn't want you.

You don't understand passion! There is nothing Ikemba and I can do about it! It's not like those stupid songs on the radio or your textbooks, over intellectualising everything. It means we have to do things our own way. I have told only you, I won't say anything anymore.

## BIFF – DEATH OF A SALESMAN by Arthur Miller

### BIFF

Now hear this, Willy, this is me. You know why I had no address for three months? I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was jailed. I stole myself out of every good job since high school. And I never got anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air I could never stand taking orders from anybody! That's whose fault it is! It's goddamn time you heard that! I had to be boss big shot in two weeks, and I'm through with it! Willy! I ran down eleven flights with a pen in my hand today. And suddenly I stopped, you hear me? And in the middle of that office building, do you hear this? I stopped in the middle of that building and I saw – the sky. I saw the things that I love in the world. The work and the food and the time to sit and smoke. And I looked at the pen and said to myself, what the hell am I grabbing this for? Why am I trying to become what I don't want to be? What am I doing in an office, making a contemptuous, begging fool of myself, when all I want is out there, waiting for me the minute I say I know who I am! Why can't I say that, Willy? Pop! I'm a dime a dozen, and so are you! I am not a leader of men, Willy, and neither are you. You were never anything but a hard-working drummer who landed in the ash-can like all the rest of them! I'm one dollar an hour, Willy! I tried seven states and couldn't raise it! A buck an hour! Do you gather my meaning? I'm not bringing home any prizes any more, and you're going to stop waiting for me to bring them home! Pop, I'm nothing! I'm nothing, Pop. Can't you understand that? There's no spite in it any more. I'm just what I am, that's all. Will you let me go, for Christ's sake? Will you take that phoney dream and burn it before something happens?

## SLAVE PLAY by Jeremy O. Harris

The writer specifies this monologue is for a person who identifies as Black.

### GARY

She said speak from aggression.

And I've expelled

All of it.

I'm done.

To speak to you from aggression would mean to speak to you like I care.

And I don't.

I don't give a fuck anymore.

I don't even know if I like you.

I just know that whatever love I have for you is the only reason I'm even talking to you right now. Because I just want to crawl into myself and disappear for a good little while.

I feel stupid.

"I refuse to dignify that."

How dare you?

"I refuse to dignify that."

I'm so fucking stupid.

So fucking

Stupid.

For almost a decade I've given myself over to someone who doesn't dignify me who acts like he's the prize and I'm the lucky recipient.

No motherfucker I'm the prize.

Always have been, always will be.

Somehow I forgot that.

Or I never knew that.

How could I?

Got so wrapped in you

That I forgot myself because when someone presents themselves as a prize you receive them as one. And when we met nobody but my mama had ever told me I was a prize.

And nobody had ever thought I deserved to receive one.

But then one day there you were on the train.

Your little beige belly poking out and your eyes staring at me from behind a script like you were saying:

"This is a gift just for you if you're willing to take it."

And I did.

And I loved it.

Because we were babies

And receiving your gift felt like a type of reciprocation like you were receiving me as a gift too.

But you weren't.

You never did.

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## **A MANUAL OF TRENCH WARFARE by Clem Gorman**

Content warning: Strong adult themes, war, violence, PTSD

### **MOON**

There was this ... I was in a long line of soldiers, we were some sort of unit, we went behind enemy lines and we attacked a command post in a school building. Then we retreated through some small paddocks and bush. We stayed too long in one place, I dunno why, and they ... were spotted by the enemy, and they came toward us in big trucks with huge lights on them, on the front of them. They lit us up. We decided to make a stand and die, so with light hearts we attacked the enemy. To our surprise we shot many enemy soldiers and we weren't hit ourselves. I seen two big, strong, healthy young enemies: they was full of life and vigour, running towards a position, a sort o' trench, you know. With two shots I cut them down. The second one, a bloody great hole in his chest, he didn't want to die; he cried out 'Oh, no!' and sank slowly to the ground, staring across at me. Then, without his rifle, he came at me, and though I shot him many more times, and I saw the bullets go into him, he did not fall. I became terrified, though he was obviously unable to harm me. Finally I shot him in the head at point blank range. This stopped him; but still only slowly.

(There is silence.)

You can kill a man and it feels like nothing. But afterwards ...

## ANIMAL KINGDOM, a film by David Michod

### LECKIE

You know what the bush is about? It's about massive trees that've been standing for thousands of years and bugs that'll be dead before the minute's out. It's big trees and pissy little bugs. The way it works, if we were standing here a few million years ago, maybe the whole forest'd be full of impractical animals and soft juicy plants that animals eat like ice cream. But that was never gonna work, now it's about super-efficient animals and hard thorny plants and everything knows it's place in the scheme of things. Everything sits in the order somewhere. Things survive because they're strong and everything reaches an understanding.

But not everything survives because it's strong. Some creatures are weak but they survive because they're protected by the strong. For one reason or other. You might think, because of the circles you've been moving in or whatever, that you're a strong creature. But you're not. You're one of the weak creatures. And that's nothing against you. You're weak because you're young. You've survived because you've been protected by the strong. But they aren't strong anymore and they certainly aren't protecting you.

(Beat)

You feel like you're in a tough situation. But you have an out. There's nothing your uncles can do to squirm out of this. Craig's learnt it the hard way. But you're not one of them. You know that.

(Beat)

They're telling you talking to me is betraying your family, but they've betrayed you. You're out here dealing with us right now. That's all the proof you need. And you're in danger. Don't be confused about it. I think you know. And I think you know I can help you. But I can't keep offering. You gotta decide. You gotta work out where you fit.

## MICHAEL SWORDFISH by Lachlan Philpott

### MATT

Holidays and I see Shannon heaps. She makes lots of plans. Shannon is really pretty and I love a lot of things about her.

Yeah I mean love.

Her hair.

Shannon's smell. It's kind of sweet and when I get close to her it makes me feel like I am some weird insect that can't stay away from her.

/I love her lips.

They're soft and full and pink and I love love love love love love her tits. I mean they drive me totally mad, I just want to like do this all day. Her ears are like little shells you'd find on a beach in the Barbados.

/It isn't just physical.

I love being seen out with her and I love the way she says my name and the nicknames she calls me which are kind of between us so I won't say them. I love the look she gets on her face when she's concentrating but this is the problem. That look... it never stays for long. Because Shannon has to look at her phone. So she will try something for about ten seconds before she stops and has to check her Phone.

Shannon is like addicted to her phone. And because I spend so much time with her, it means I've enabled her addiction, become addicted to it too. But tonight I'm sick of the feed about Michael. All the rumors and the likes and the shares. I just want to turn it all off. I try to tell Shannon this when we meet, I ask like do you really need to be on your phone right now and she kind of laughs and rolls her eyes and says No dad. The movie takes forever to start, and Shannon keeps checking her phone as she shoves popcorn into her mouth. I don't eat any of it to see how much Shannon will get through. The previews go on and on and everyone around me is playing with their phones and the movie starts and she puts her phone on silent and has eaten maybe three kilograms of popcorn. Five minutes later all the popcorns gone, and I know the movie's gonna suck. It is a remake of some film that sucked in the first place.

The movie finishes and the phones come back out and as we walk out Shannon is sending a message to someone as she's repeating one of the lines that Jennifer Lawrence said and then she puts her phone in her pocket and waits.

Finally. Finally, she's put her phone away. Then she just looks at me and asks:

Do you have something you want to say to me?

What?

This isn't working for me Matt.

Huh?

We are there in the cinema foyer on a Saturday night surrounded by boyfriends and girlfriends.

I want to break it off with you.

It is the most undramatic breakup. Shannon doesn't even cry. As she turns her phone back on, she says: Expressing myself is the most important thing to me. Why do you want to take that away from me? I already have a Dad.



## MILO by Ned Manning

### TOBY

I never dreamt... never in a thousand years. I've seen other people go under and I've always thought we could survive. I always knew we could pull through. And I... I just can't accept that we won't.

I was born on the Western Plains. It's my country and don't tell me it isn't. I know all about the history but I'm not talking about that, I'm talking about us. Four generations of our family. How could I leave it? I can't watch Yallaroys go under, it'd be like... like watching yourself drown. It's like my guts are being dragged out of me.

I love that place... riding out on that stupid mongrel of a horse, just me and the dogs... so peaceful and so, I dunno... at times it's even... (beautiful). Flat and dry to everyone else but to me it's... All the pasture we've put in, all the clearing, the hours we dragged rocks and shit away, ploughing, twelve-hour shifts getting bogged and I feel... proud. Because it's our country, it's Murray country. Wherever I look I see the old man and my grandfather and his father and I think of them clearing all that scrub country. I look at the big scribbly barks and the river oaks. I watch the sheep huddling under them and I think of how smart they were to clear so selectively. You're not the first person to talk about conservation, Milo. There's people who've raped this country all right but don't you fucking well forget about the ones who've looked after it either. I never raped no-one, I never kicked any bugger off their land, all I ever done is work me bloody guts out. It breaks my fuckin' heart... and I just can't handle it that it's me... who's fucked up! Yallaroys is, is everything, it's everything that I... I love. I've, I've let the whole bloody shooting match go down the gurgler... Christ almighty what am I going to do?

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## GOODBYE CHARLES by Gabriel Davis

### THE FACT CHECKER

I'm not the kind of guy who spends hundreds on a last minute flight, back to New York, tears across town, then run up six flights of stairs and knocks on my best friend's girlfriend's door in order to run off and elope with her based on one crazy, thoughtless, inexplicable romantic night.

So what am I doing here, Audrey? I'm not passionate. I'm a fact checker for Christ's sake. And the fact of me – being here – doesn't check out. It's nuts! Soul mates? I don't believe in them. Never have. So how can I be yours? The fact is, you hardly know me! And I hardly know you!

Now your boyfriend, I've known since kindergarten. Am I really willing to throw all those years of friendship away based on...what? Some feeling?

Because the fact is you are in a relationship. Because the fact is we just met yesterday. Because the fact is I'm not the kind of guy who falls in love. That's a fact. A cold hard fact. And facts are supposed to be true.

But the problem is....despite every fact I can muster, there's something that still doesn't check out. Because the truth is despite all facts to the contrary...I still love you madly. And it just defies all reason. All morality. All sense. But I do. I love you madly. And it's not like me. And I don't want to. But I can't help it.

### THREE SISTERS by Inua Ellams, after Anton Chekhov

This monologue is for actors from the African diaspora

#### IKEMBA

You are right. Sorry I'm in a strange mood.

(Beat)

When I heard about the bombing, I drove like a madman all the way home. I could see our house still standing but shrouded in smoke and my daughters were outside in their underwear, screaming, crying. Their mother was inside, ranting and raving in a corner, refusing to leave. I just carried my daughters. People were crawling out of the trees, some carrying their intestines, some holding the finger of one handlike sticks in the other, some deathly silent, others with gouges in their bodies bleeding like open taps the look on my girls faces, no parent should see that.

The leaves and bushes were drooling with blood. Was it like this when the British came? Pillaging, burning our homes and bodies? Imagine those they killed, our ancestors, there, in the clearing among the trees, ghosts from our past.

I understand their suffering now. In fifty, one hundred, two hundred years, will others look back at us, trying to understand our suffering? Will we be ghosts to them, tragic as our ancestors are to me? We are winning Owerri but who will be left to tell our story? What tale will they tell?

I'm in a strange mood.

## HOW TO CLEAN YOUR ROOM (AND REMEMBER ALL YOUR TRAUMA) by j. Chavez

The writer specifies this monologue can be played by any gender or any race

### QUINN

Welcome to poetry club, I'm your president Quinn  
Yes yes, snaps snaps, poetry lingo, haha we have fun here  
Today we're gonna try a new form, It's called the golden shovel.  
In his poetry book Lighthead, Terrance Hayes, a brilliant poet,  
took the iconic poem "We Real Cool" by Gwendolyn Brooks  
and gave it new life, new breath, new meaning  
he gave her credit for her words and reinvented them  
It's a very very easy process, and that's what we're going to do today.  
You take a simple ten- to fifteen-word phrase that, inspires you, or speaks to you  
then take each word and make that the last word of each line in your new poem.  
It's a way to pay homage to a phrase or piece you like  
An example, my phrase is  
"I can't remember the last time I felt undying, unconditional love, from someone"  
So if I take the first word. "I" my first line would be

"Is this all that I"  
Then the next line would start with whatever I want,  
but that line would need to end with "can't"  
It'll be something like this.  
"is this all that i  
am? i just can't  
shake it. to remember  
that the  
time we spent was our last.  
i wanted more time.  
is it because i  
am selfish? i felt  
lost after you. your undying  
love for books. your unconditional  
love for people. your love  
came directly from  
your heart. i wanna be that someone"

I chose that first line from one of my favorited plays and I recreated it to honor not only the playwright but a friend I had lost. Poetry can be so much for so many people and I want you all to fall in love with it there's so many forms and ways to express emotions I could go on, but I'll let you write.

## **CROOKED PARTS by Azure D. Osbourne-Lee**

The writer specifies this monologue is for a trans person

### **FREDDY**

I had an idea before then, I guess. But on this trip ... something shifted for me. We were on the BART, Terrence and me, after this long-ass flight from New York to San Francisco. I get on the train, and it's like I'm in shock. Like I can't trust my senses. There's trees and mountains and this super-fresh air, and my body just can't take it all in. Spending too long in New York City will do that to you, I guess.

So we were there on that train and I -finally start to relax. I have a vision. I see two paths open up before me, two possibilities of the future. One is Winifred and the other is Freddy.

I see her, Winifred, twenty years in the future, working hard as ever and making a real difference healing her community. But she looks so serious, so full of responsibility. There's no joy in her face or in her body, at least not that I can see. She is in her home all alone. After all her clients left at the end of the day, there is nobody there with her. No lovers. No children. Nobody. Just her sitting in silence.

Then I see him. Freddy. I see him twenty years in the future, wearing vibrant colors and smiling brightly. He's laughing! And I know that he, too, has community. And he's doing the work. Of course he is! But he's joyful. He's at ease. And he's having great sex. I can just tell from the way he holds his shoulders. He has opened up and he has somebody waiting for him.

So I decided that's what I wanted for myself. I decided it was worth the risk. I guess ... that's when I knew for sure.

## SHAKESPEARE MONOLOGUES

### MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM; Act 3 Scene 2

[This monologue has been edited from the scene]

#### HELENA

Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three  
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspired, have you with these contriv'd  
To bait me with this foul derision?  
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us,—O, is it all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,  
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grow together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition;  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.  
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

## JULIUS CAESAR; Act 2 Scene 1

### PORTIA

Is Brutus sick? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
Have had to resort to you: for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.  
I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL; Act 1, Scene 3

### HELENA

Then, I confess,  
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,  
That before you, and next unto high heaven,  
I love your son.  
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:  
Be not offended; for it hurts not him  
That he is loved of me: I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit;  
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;  
Yet never know how that desert should be.  
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet in this captious and intenible sieve  
I still pour in the waters of my love  
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,  
Let not your hate encounter with my love  
For loving where you do: but if yourself,  
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,  
Did ever in so true a flame of liking  
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian  
Was both herself and love: O, then, give pity  
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose  
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;  
That seeks not to find that her search implies,  
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!



## AS YOU LIKE IT; Act 3 Scene 5

### ROSALIND

And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,--  
As by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed,--  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work. O's my little life!  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.  
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you  
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.  
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

## ROMEO AND JULIET, Act 3 Scene 2

### JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a waggoner  
As Phaëthon would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaways' eyes may wink and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle, till strange love grow bold,  
Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in night;  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,  
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

## MACBETH; Act 1 Scene 4

### LADY MACBETH

Give him tending;  
He brings great news.  
Exit Messenger  
The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH  
Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

## TWELFTH NIGHT; Act 2 Scene 2

### VIOLA

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!  
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,  
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,  
For she did speak in starts distractedly.  
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.  
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
How easy is it for the proper-false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!  
For such as we are made of, such we be.  
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;  
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;  
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.  
What will become of this? As I am man,  
My state is desperate for my master's love;  
As I am woman, -- now alas the day!--  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!  
O time! Thou must untangle this, not I;  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

## THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA; Act 1 Scene 2

### JULIA

Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!  
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words;  
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,  
And kill the bees that yield it, with your stings!  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.  
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.  
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus'.  
Poor wounded name: my bosom, as a bed,  
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.  
But twice, or thrice, was 'Proteus' written down:  
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,  
Till I have found each letter, in the letter,  
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear  
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,  
And throw it thence into the raging sea.  
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:  
'Poor forlorn Proteus', 'passionate Proteus'.  
'To the sweet Julia': that I'll tear away.  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names.  
Thus will I fold them one on another:  
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING; Act 2 Scene 3

### BENEDICK

This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth. not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.

## THE TEMPEST; Act 3, Scene 3

### ARIEL

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;  
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown  
Their proper selves.

[ALONSO, SEBASTIAN &c. draw their swords]

You fools! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers  
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths  
And will not be uplifted. But remember—  
For that's my business to you—that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:  
Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—  
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

## HENRY IV PART 1; Act 3 Scene 2

### HAL

Do not think so; you shall not find it so:  
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head  
And in the closing of some glorious day  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood And stain my favours in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:  
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.  
For every honour sitting on his helm,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.



## JULIUS CAESAR; Act 3 Scene 2

### ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:  
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them:  
The good is oft interred with their bones.  
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest  
(For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men)  
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;  
But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.  
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,  
And sure he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause:  
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me.  
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

## MACBETH; Act 1 Scene 7

### MACBETH

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all – here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's Cherubins, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS; Act 3 Scene 2

### ANTIPHOLUS

Sweet mistress, what your name is else,  
I know not, Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine.  
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not  
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.  
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak.  
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,  
Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.  
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you  
To make it wander in an unknown field? Are you a god?  
Would you create me new?  
Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.  
But if that I am I, then well I know  
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe.  
Far more, far more to you do I decline.  
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,  
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.  
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote.  
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,  
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie,  
And in that glorious supposition, think  
He gains by death that hath such means to die.  
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.

## THE TEMPEST; Act 2 Scene 2

### CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin--shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me;  
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me  
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;  
Perchance he will not mind me.

## CORIOLANUS; Act 1 Scene 1

### MARCIUS

Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,  
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs?  
He that will give good words to thee will flatter  
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,  
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is  
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him  
And curse that justice did it.  
Who deserves greatness  
Deserves your hate; and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust Ye?  
With every minute you do change a mind,  
And call him noble that was now your hate,  
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,  
That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another?

## KING LEAR; Act 1 Scene 2

### EDMUND

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law  
My services are bound. Wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit  
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines  
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?  
When my dimensions are as well compact,  
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,  
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us  
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?  
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take  
More composition and fierce quality  
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
Go to th' creating a whole tribe of fops  
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,  
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.  
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund  
As to th' legitimate. Fine word- 'legitimate'!  
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,  
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
Shall top th' legitimate. I grow; I prosper.  
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

## ROMEO and JULIET; Act 2 Scene 2

### ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.  
JULIET appears above at a window  
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:  
Be 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.  
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright  
That birds would sing and think it were not night.  
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

## TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA; Act 4 Scene 4

### LAUNCE

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy, one that I saved from drowning when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'Thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't. Sure as I live, he had suffered for't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the Duke's table. He had not been there -- bless the mark -- a pissing-while but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog,' says one. 'What cur is that?' says another. 'Whip him out,' says the third. 'Hang him up,' says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs. 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stol'n, otherwise he had been executed. I have stood in the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?



## TITUS ANDRONICUS; Act 5 Scene 1

### AARON

Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.  
Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,  
Few come within the compass of my curse—  
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,  
As kill a man or else devise his death,  
Ravish a maid or plot the way to do it,  
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself,  
Set deadly enmity between two friends,  
Make poor men's cattle break their necks,  
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night  
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.  
Oft have I dugged up dead men from their graves  
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,  
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot,  
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
'Let not your sorrow die though I am dead.'  
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things  
As willingly as one would kill a fly,  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

## SCREEN PERFORMANCE – SCENES

### HOME AND AWAY – EP. 6796

Written by Sam Meikle, Script

Editor: Alexandra Cullen

3 pages

HOME & AWAY EP. 6796

EXT- CARPARK - NIGHT

ZIGGY and JARROD pull up in the carpark.

JARROD  
Goes pretty good for an old girl.

ZIGGY  
Do you remember that Valiant always  
parked on Crystal Street?

JARROD  
Man, I was so in love with that  
car... when I finally got to drive  
it the engine died.

ZIGGY  
I'll never forget you legging it,  
leaving me to deal with the cops.

JARROD  
Hey, you did a good job covering.  
"We got it mixed up with our  
Mazda".

They both laugh at the memory.

JARROD (CONT'D)  
This was a fun day.

ZIGGY  
(dry)  
For you, maybe.

JARROD  
Hey, you had a good time.

ZIGGY can't exactly deny it.

ZIGGY  
I guess it's been okay.

JARROD  
This is why you need me in your  
life. I bring the fun.

ZIGGY  
And the trouble, and the pain -

JARROD  
Hey, I never said it came for free.

A small smile between them. JARROD is careful as he offers:

JARROD (CONT'D)  
So that dude Brody -

ZIGGY  
(warning)  
Don't spoil the moment, Jarrod.

JARROD  
Hey, I'm not saying anything bad.  
He seems like an alright guy...

ZIGGY  
I can hear the 'but'.

JARROD  
... I just never... saw you with  
someone like that.

ZIGGY  
What do you mean?

JARROD  
I don't know - seems pretty  
serious.

ZIGGY  
I can be serious.

JARROD  
Yeah, but... look, I know you  
Ziggy.

He meets her eyes, and suddenly there's tension.

JARROD (CONT'D)  
You're spontaneous and crazy.  
You're not all about 'life plans'  
and making your dad happy.

ZIGGY  
Maybe I've changed.

JARROD  
Not as much you think.

He gazes at her, and she looks away - suddenly overwhelmed.

ZIGGY  
How come it took you so long to  
come here?

JARROD  
 Didn't know what reception I'd get.

ZIGGY  
 You really hurt me. A lot.

She finally meets his eyes, and she's holding tears back.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)  
 I loved you and you just... ripped  
 my heart out.

JARROD  
 Never regretted anything more.

And before she can say anything more, JARROD leans to kiss her.

A beat, where ZIGGY'S frozen- then the spell is broken, and she pushes him off her.

ZIGGY  
 What the hell?

Out on ZIGGY, angry - with JARROD and with herself. How did she let it get that far?

## IN A WORLD

Written by Lake Bell

4 pages

INT. LOUIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LOUIS  
It's my pleasure. Welcome, welcome.

CAROL  
This is cool.

LOUIS  
- You like it?

CAROL  
- Yeah.

LOUIS  
Well, I finally got you here. I mean as much as we've known each other for a while. You've never been here before. That's all I meant by that.

CAROL  
Oh, wow. Is that a couch bed?

LOUIS  
Yeah.

CAROL  
Oh, that's cool. It looks great. You're good at that.

LOUIS  
I find myself sleeping on the couch so much.

CAROL  
Oh, no, that's too bad.

LOUIS  
You're in here, by the way.

CAROL  
- Oh, no.

LOUIS  
- Yes.

CAROL  
No, no. That looks awesome.

LOUIS  
Look. I put waters next to the bed.

CAROL  
- I happen to be a couch aficionado.

LOUIS

- I re-did the sheets. All clean sheets for you.

CAROL

- I can't.

LOUIS

- I insist. Come on. Tomorrow's game day. You're the athlete.

CAROL

The athlete sleeps in the bed. The coach sleeps on the couch. I insist. Sleep well. Okay?

LOUIS

Okay.

The door gets closed abruptly.

CAROL

Was it something I said?

LOUIS

Oh, hey, no. I was just trying to give you privacy.

CAROL

Oh, okay.

LOUIS

By the way, there's a switch right next to the bed down there. If you hit that switch when you want to go to sleep, everything will go dark. I rigged all the lights into the one switch. Because I hate getting up and it's like I'm already falling asleep, and I gotta walk across the room and whatever. I'm not showing off. I'm sure other people have done it, too. It did take a lot of work actually. There was quite a bit of wiring involved. So, I'm gonna stop talking now and we'll get some sleep. If you need anything, coach on the couch.

CAROL

Okay. Coach on the couch.

He comes back in abruptly.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Oh! I'm naked! Just kidding. I'm not. - I got you.

LOUIS  
- I didn't want to be  
inappropriate.

CAROL  
- Thank you for the knock.

LOUIS  
- Yes. Towels in the bathroom.  
Fresh.

CAROL  
Great. Towels.

LOUIS  
Not the blue one. Don't use the  
blue one.

He leaves.

CAROL  
The blue one. What's wrong with the  
blue one?

Lights are out now and they yell between rooms.

LOUIS  
In case you can't get to sleep, I  
left some homeopathic sleeping  
pills next to the water.

CAROL  
How'd you know?

LOUIS  
I'm naturally intuitive.

CAROL  
You went to what? Who is Viv?

LOUIS  
No, there's no Viv.

CAROL  
I'm intuitive. Like a person who  
has intuition, it's the... I think  
it's the adjectival... It doesn't  
matter. I just thought maybe it  
would be weird sleeping in the same  
place since we've both admitted  
that we like each other. You know?

LOUIS  
Yeah. It is awkward sort of.

CAROL  
Yeah.

4.

LOUIS

But now that we've acknowledged it,  
it's not as weird, though. Right?

CAROL

Yeah. I'm gonna still take one of  
these pills, though.

LOUIS

All right. Get some sleep, okay?

CAROL

Yeah.

LOUIS

Rest that voice. We've got a big  
day tomorrow.

CAROL

I'm trying.

FADE OUT.



## MAGNOLIA

by Paul Thomas Anderson

3 pages

INT. BILLINGSLEY'S - THAT MOMENT

In a secluded table in this cheap & cheerful restaurant.

CLAUDIA

Did you ever go out with someone  
and just... lie... question after  
question, maybe you're trying to  
make yourself look cool or better  
than you are or whatever, or  
smarter or cooler and you just --  
not really lie, but maybe you  
just don't say everything --

JIM

Well, that's a natural thing, two  
people go out on a date or...  
something. They want to impress  
people, the other person...or  
they're scared that they might  
say something that will make the  
other person not like them...

The waiter takes they're entree plates away.

CLAUDIA

Thank-you.

JIM

Thank-you.

CLAUDIA

So you've done it?

JIM

I don't go out very often.

CLAUDIA

Why not?

JIM

I've never found someone really  
that I think I would like to go  
out with.

CLAUDIA

And I bet you say that to all the  
girls --

JIM

No, no.

CLAUDIA

You wanna make a deal with me?

JIM

OK.

CLAUDIA  
What I just said...y'know, people  
afraid to say things....no guts  
to say the things that they...  
that are real or something...

JIM  
...yeah...

CLAUDIA  
To not do that. To not do that  
that we've maybe done -- before --

JIM  
Let's make a deal.

CLAUDIA  
OK. I'll tell you everything and  
you tell me everything and maybe  
we can get through all the piss  
and shit and lies that kill other  
people...

JIM  
Wow....huh...."....piss and  
shit..."

CLAUDIA  
What?

JIM  
You really use strong language.

CLAUDIA  
I'm sorry --

JIM  
-- no, no, it's fine. Fine.

CLAUDIA  
I didn't mean...it's seems vulgar  
or something, I know --

JIM  
It's fine.

CLAUDIA  
I'm sorry.

JIM  
...nothing. I'm sorry...

CLAUDIA  
No, I'm sorry. I'm saying I'm  
sorry. I talk like a jerk  
sometimes --

3.

JIM  
-- well I'm a real...y'know,  
straight when it comes to that...  
I just don't swear much --

CLAUDIA  
I'm sorry. I'm gonna run to the  
bathroom for a minute...maybe  
just --

JIM  
Ok.

CLAUDIA  
Ok.

End of Scene.

## NEIGHBOURS – EP. 7326

Written by Margaret Wilson

Script Editor: Bastian Navarria

3 pages

NEIGHBOURS EP. 7326

EXT. TREE CANOPY – AFTERNOON

Daniel's heading off from the tree planting as Imogen moves up. She's tentative.

IMOGEN

Paige told me you were here.

DANIEL

If you want to track me down, you know you can just call me.

IMOGEN

I didn't know if we were avoiding each other or not.

DANIEL

I needed time to think.

Imogen nods. She understands.

IMOGEN

I just saw Tyler. He totally propositioned me.

Daniel's taken aback. What?

IMOGEN (CONT'D)

And before you get ready to take his head off – it was all part of a cunning plan to make me realise you're the one I really want to be with.

Quickly:

IMOGEN (CONT'D)

Not that I didn't already know that. This just made it a hundred per cent clear.

DANIEL

So Tyler's the good guy in all of this?

IMOGEN

Yes. Please don't hold any of this against him.

She holds Daniel's look.

IMOGEN (CONT'D)

Today was a reality check. I'm sorry for the way I acted - I was confused - but now I'm all in. I want this. I want us to move forward.

DANIEL

On an intellectual level I believe you. But emotionally, I'm still not sure you're ready for that -

IMOGEN

I am -

DANIEL

I had a really good talk today with this chick Aurora...

Imogen's taken aback.

IMOGEN

The girl who was hitting on you?

Off Daniel's look:

IMOGEN (CONT'D)

Paige sent me an SOS.

DANIEL

Okay, well, Paige got that wrong. Nothing happened between us. It was just really good to talk.

He pauses.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'm the only person you've ever been with -

IMOGEN

Yeah, but now I've realised that doesn't have to be a bad thing -

DANIEL

If you're having doubts, it's for a reason.

IMOGEN

So what are you saying?

DANIEL

I needed to take some time out. But now I think it's your turn.

IMOGEN  
You're breaking up with me?

DANIEL  
I really love you -

IMOGEN  
Then why are you doing this? We haven't even been back together that long -

DANIEL  
Because the time apart obviously wasn't long enough for you. I need to be sure you're ready to commit.

IMOGEN  
I am.

DANIEL  
I don't believe you can get to that point so quickly.  
(wry)  
No matter how good Tyler is at 'relationship counselling', it's just not as easy as that.

Imogen's head is spinning.

IMOGEN  
So that's it? We're over?

DANIEL  
It's not the end. We're just on a break. We can see each other if we want to. But I think we should be free to see other people at the same time.

IMOGEN  
I don't want other people. I want you.

DANIEL  
And I need to be sure you mean that.

Imogen's left feeling totally crushed. This is so not the result she wanted.

## THE HEIGHTS – S2 EP. 7

Written by Peter Mattessi

Script Editors: Hannah Carroll Chapman, Megan Palinkas

3 pages

INT. CLAUDIA'S WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

Claudia's admiring a tent she's just assembled when there's a knock at the door.

She opens it to Jamie. She is baffled.

CLAUDIA  
Hi.

JAMIE  
It's Jamie.

CLAUDIA  
I remember. What are you...? What  
are you doing here?

Claudia's completely off balance. This is extremely weird and though nothing's happened yet, she doesn't feel safe.

JAMIE  
I need to talk to someone about my  
pain.

CLAUDIA  
How did you know where I live?

JAMIE  
Because it's getting worse. I need  
something for it pretty quickly.

CLAUDIA  
Did you follow me?

JAMIE  
I'm sorry, I know that's a bit  
weird. I don't want to freak you  
out, but it's getting unbearable.

Jamie is friendly, but there's a chill underneath.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Are you listening to me?

Claudia realises that this is a potentially dangerous situation.

CLAUDIA  
Your pain's getting unbearable.

JAMIE  
Can you give me something?

CLAUDIA  
You'll need to go back to the  
hospital.

JAMIE  
They weren't a lot of help there,  
to be honest. You're the only one  
who's really... got it.

CLAUDIA  
There's not much I can do from  
here.

Claudia goes to close the door but Jamie stops it. Now it's a  
bit threatening, even though Jamie is still calm and almost  
apologetic.

JAMIE  
Sorry. I know I'm bothering you  
when you're off work. But you must  
have something. I mean, you're a  
doctor. Doctors always have a bit  
around the house, don't they?

CLAUDIA  
I don't.

JAMIE  
Come on. It's killing me.

CLAUDIA  
I'm sorry, There's really nothing I  
can -

She freezes. Jamie has a knife now. Claudia terrified.

JAMIE  
Help me, please.

Claudia will step back as Jamie closes the door behind her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
I don't want to hurt you, I  
promise. I just need something for  
the pain.

CLAUDIA  
I don't have anything.

JAMIE  
Got a prescription pad?

Claudia doesn't want to say yes, but it's better than the  
alternative.



CLAUDIA  
In my bag. On the bench.

Jamie will go to the bag, rummage through it. She has obviously seen the tent.

JAMIE  
You going camping?

Claudia manages a nod. The chit-chat is even more scary than overt threats.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Who with?

CLAUDIA  
Just... on my own.

Jamie holds Claudia's bag, finds the pad. Holds it up.

JAMIE  
This it?

Claudia nods.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Thank you so much. I'm sorry about this [KNIFE], but like I said, they were no help at the hospital.

Claudia just wants her to get out.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Not like you.

And Jamie goes with the bag.

Claudia frozen for a moment. Then she walks to the door and closes it.