

**Film** *Doctor Who*

**Play** *Rings of Akhaten*

**Author** *Steven Moffat*

**Role** *The Doctor Doctor Who*

**Actor** *Matt Smith*

Okay then, that's what I'll do. I will tell you a story. Can you hear them? All those people who lived in terror of you and your judgment, all those people whose ancestors devoted themselves, sacrificed themselves, to you... Can you hear them singing? Well you like to think you're a god. Well you're not a god, you're just a parasite eaten out with jealousy and envy and longing for the lives of others. You feed on them, on the memories of love and loss and birth and death and joy and sorrow. So...So come on then, take my memories. But I hope you've got a big appetite because I have lived a long life, and I have seen a few things. I walked away from the last great Time War, I marked the passing of the time lords. I saw the birth of the universe and I watched as time ran out, moment by moment until nothing remained...No time, no space, just me! I walked in universe where the laws of physics were devised by the mind of a mad man. And I've watched universes freeze and creations burn. I have seen things you wouldn't believe and I have lost things you will never understand! And I know things... Secrets that must never be told, knowledge that must never be spoken, knowledge that would make parasite gods blaze. So come on then. Take it! Take it all baby! Have it! You have it all!

**Film** *Uncle Vanya*

**Play** *Uncle Vanya*

**Author** *Anton Chekhov*

**Role** *Dr. Mikhail Lvovich Astrov*

**Actor** *Laurence Olivier*

Yes, **ten years have made another man of me.** And why? Because I am overworked. Nurse, I am on my feet from morning until evening. I know no rest at all: at night I shake under my bedclothes for fear I'll be dragged out to visit some sick people. Ever since I've known you, I haven't had a single carefree day. How could I help growing old? Life is tedious, anyhow; it is a senseless, dirty business, and drags heavily. Every one in this neighborhood is silly, and after you live with them for two or three years you grow silly yourself. It is inevitable. See what a long moustache I have grown. A silly, long moustache. Yes, I am as silly as all the others, nurse, but not as stupid; no I have not grown stupid. Thank God, my brain is not muddled yet, though my feelings have grown dull. I ask for nothing, I need nothing, I love no one, except yourself alone. When I was a child, I had a nurse just like you. During the third week of Lent, an epidemic of eruptive typhoid broke out at Malitskoi, and I was called there. The peasants were all stretched side by side in their huts, and the calves and pigs were running about the floor among the sick. How filthy it was, and such smoke! Beyond words! I slaved among those people all day. I hadn't a crumb to eat. But when I got home there was still no rest for me: a switchman was carried in from the railroad; I laid him on the operating table and he died in my arms under the chloroform. And then although my feelings should have been deadened, they rose again; my conscience tortured me as if I had murdered him. I sat down and shut my eyes—like this—and thought: will our descendants two hundred years from to-day, for whom we are breaking the path, remember us in a kindly spirit? No, nurse, they will forget.

Character name:	Hamlet
Gender:	Male
Age Range:	26 — 32
Play:	Hamlet

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit  
That from her working all his visage  
waned,  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function  
suting  
With forms to his conceit? And all for  
nothing,  
For Hecuba!  
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would  
he do  
Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
That I have? He would drown the stage with  
tears  
And cleave the general ear with horrid  
speech,  
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.  
Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak  
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant for my  
cause,  
And can say nothing. No, not for a king,  
Upon whose property and most dear life  
A damned defeat was made. Am I a  
coward?  
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate  
across?  
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my  
face?

Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i'  
the throat  
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me  
this?  
Ha, 'swounds, I should take it, for it cannot  
be  
But I am pigeon-livered and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter, or ere this  
I should ha' fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous,  
kindless villain!  
O, vengeance!  
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,  
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and  
hell,  
Must like a whore unpack my heart with  
words  
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,  
A stallion! Fie upon't, foh! About, my brains.  
Hum --  
I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a  
play  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul that presently  
They have proclaimed their malefactions.  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will  
speak  
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these  
players  
Play something like the murder of my father  
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks.  
I'll tent him to the quick. If 'a do blench,  
I know my course. The spirit that I have  
seen  
May be a devil, and the devil hath power  
T' assume a pleasing shape, yea, and  
perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
As he is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds  
More relative than this. The play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the  
king.

Character name: King Henry V  
Gender: Male  
Age Range: 24 — 33  
Play: Henry V  
Duration: 0 — 2 minutes  
Monologue Type: dramatic,classical

So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so. The king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel. Where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed -- wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

**THE FORCED MARRIAGE**  
A monologue from the play by [Molière](#)

**GERONIMO:** If we take fifty-two from sixty-four, we get twelve; five years you spent in Holland, seventeen; seven years spent in England, twenty-four; eight years in Rome, thirty-two; and if to thirty-two we add your age when we first became acquainted, we have exactly fifty-two. So that, Mr. Sganarelle, according to your own confession, you are between fifty-two and fifty-three years of age. The calculation is exact enough. Now, I will tell you frankly, as a friend--according to the promise you made me give you--that marriage would suit you but little. Marriage is a thing about which young people ought to think long and seriously before they risk themselves, but of which people of your age ought not to think at all; and if, as some say, the greatest folly a man can commit is to marry, I know nothing more preposterous than to commit such a folly at a time of life when we should be most prudent. In short, to speak to you plainly, I advise you not to marry; and I should think you very ridiculous if, after having remained free up to your time of life, you were now to burden yourself with the heaviest of all chains. *[Pause.]* What's that? You're in *love* with her? Ah! That's quite another thing. You didn't tell me that. By all means marry, then; I haven't another word to say.

**POOR JOHN**  
**A monologue from the play by Gregorio Martinez Sierra**

**JOHN:** How can you expect a man to be brave when he meets with nothing in life but misfortune? Everything has gone wrong with me since the day I was born. Whatever I put my hand to fails utterly. You know it better than I do. I was brought up to be rich, and I am poor. I studied law, and I cannot string three words together. A man must be strong in that profession, he must have vigor of body and mind, yet I am all out of breath if I walk up a hill; I have not the heart to crush even a fly. To save the little that remains to us after the folly of my father, I need to be unscrupulous and bold, yet my mother, God bless her, has taught me to be good, good, always good! Yes, laugh ... but this is not living. I don't know what I should do if it were not for you. If it were not for you ... I might be the one who shot myself. But you have been so good to me, so kind ... all the happiness I have ever known in my life until now, has sprung from you--it may have been only a little, now and then, in small things, trifles, help, advice. It was presumptuous of me, Mariana, but I am so accustomed to relying upon you, that I imagined that the treasure was all mine. Besides, I love you so--why should you not be all goodness, Mariana, and take me like a little child into your life, like a toy that you play with, or a dog of which you are fond? But let me be yours, all yours, because I love you! If you could love me only a little I should be satisfied. A little is enough.

**POVERTY IS NO CRIME**

**A monologue from the play by [Alexander Ostrovsky](#)**

**KORSHUNOV:** What are you crying about, young lady? For shame, for shame! He, he, he! There! I'm older than you, and I don't cry. *[Looks at her searchingly.]* Oh, well, I know what it's about! I suppose you want to marry a young fellow? Now, this, my pretty one, is just girlish folly. Now, just listen to what I'm going to tell you; I'll tell you the truth straight out. I don't like to deceive any one, and have no need to. Will you listen, eh? Good! Now, we'll begin with this point. Will a young man appreciate your love? Any girl will love a young man; that is nothing unusual for him; but to an old man it is precious. An old man will reward you for your love with some little gift, this and that--with gold, and with velvet--and there's nothing he won't give you. And in Moscow there are lots of nice things in the shops; there are things worth giving! So it's nice to fall in love with an old man. That's number one for you! And then this is what happens with a young and good-looking husband. You see they are a fickle lot! Before you know it he will be running after someone else, or some young lady will fall in love with him, and then his wife may pine away. Then come reproaches and jealousy. And what is this jealousy, eh? He, he, he! Do you know, young lady, what this jealousy is? It isn't like a needle prick in the finger; it's far more painful than that. You see the cursed thing consumes a man. From jealousy people stab one another, and poison one another with arsenic! *[Laughs spasmodically and coughs.]* But when any one falls in love with an old man, then all is peaceful for his wife. And here's something else I will tell you, my dear young lady: Young men like to go on sprees; they like gayety and distraction, and their wives may sit at home and wait for them till midnight. But an old man will just sit near his wife; he'll die before he'll leave her. And he would like to look into her eyes all the time and to caress her and to kiss her hands. *[Kisses them.]* Just like that.

A monologue from the story by [Oscar Wilde](#)

**DORIAN:** This play was good enough for us, Harry. It was *Romeo and Juliet*. I must admit that I was rather annoyed at the idea of seeing Shakespeare done in such a wretched hole of a place. Still, I felt interested, in a sort of way. At any rate, I determined to wait for the first act. There was a dreadful orchestra, presided over by a young Hebrew who sat at a cracked piano, that nearly drove me away, but at last the drop-scene was drawn up, and the play began. Romeo was a stout elderly gentleman, with corked eyebrows, a husky tragedy voice, and a figure like a beer-barrel. Mercutio was almost as bad. He was played by the low-comedian, who had introduced gags of his own and was on most friendly terms with the pit. They were both as grotesque as the scenery, and that looked as if it had come out of a country booth. But Juliet! Harry, imagine a girl, hardly seventeen years of age, with a little flower-like face, a small Greek head with plaited coils of dark-brown hair, eyes that were violet wells of passion, lips that were like the petals of a rose. She was the loveliest thing I had ever seen in my life. You said to me once that pathos left you unmoved, but that beauty, mere beauty, could fill your eyes with tears. I tell you, Harry, I could hardly see this girl for the mist of tears that came across me. And her voice--I never heard such a voice. It was very low at first, with deep, mellow notes, that seemed to fall singly upon one's ear. Then it became a little louder, and sounded like a flute or a distant hautbois. In the garden scene it had all the tremulous ecstasy that one hears just before dawn when nightingales are singing. There were moments, later on, when it had the wild passion of violets. You know how a voice can stir one. Your voice and the voice of Sibyl Vane are two things that I shall never forget. When I close my eyes, I hear them, and each of them says something different. I don't know which to follow. Why should I not love her? Harry, I do love her. She is everything to me in life. Night after night I go to see her play. One evening she is Rosalind, and the next evening she is Imogen. I have seen her die in the gloom of an Italian tomb, sucking the poison from her lover's lips. I have watched her wandering through the forest of Arden, disguised as a pretty boy in hose and doublet and dainty cap. She has been mad, and has come into the presence of a guilty king, and given him rue to wear, and bitter herbs to taste of. She has been innocent, and the black hands of jealousy have crushed her reed-like throat. I have seen her in every age and in every costume. Ordinary women never appeal to one's imagination. They are limited to their century. No glamour ever transfigures them. One knows their minds as easily as one knows their bonnets. One can always find them. There is no mystery in any of them. They ride in the Park in the morning, and chatter at tea-parties in the afternoon. They have their stereotyped smile, and their fashionable manner. They are quite obvious. But an actress! How different an actress is! Harry! why didn't you tell me that the only thing worth loving is an actress?"



**A monologue from the play by Walter Wykes**

**EUGENE:** Hey! Don't touch that! That's my orange! MINE!!!

*[EUGENE wrenches his orange away from the VAGRANT.]*

Sorry. I'm sorry. I ... I don't mean to be stingy. I'm sure you're very hungry, but I can't allow you to eat this orange. It's just that ... well, it's ... it's the key to everything! I know that doesn't seem to make much sense. I don't understand it quite yet myself. But one has to have faith, you know, that ... well, that everything will come clear in the end.

*[Pause.]*

It ... it must be nice to be a halfwit. A vagrant, I mean. A wanderer. You don't have to contemplate. If you're hungry, you eat. Everything's basic. Primitive. Nothing to confuse the issue. No one to push you around ... tell you what to do. Maybe ... maybe I should join you!

*[EUGENE chuckles. No response from the VAGRANT.]*

Hey ... maybe ... maybe I should! They'd never find me then! And if they did ... well, they wouldn't recognize me! I'll bet people don't even give you a second look, do they?! They probably cross the street when they see you coming! That's it! That's the answer! I'll be an outcast! What do you think?

*[The VAGRANT snorts.]*

What's so funny? I could be an outcast! I ... I admit I don't have much experience, but I've always thought of myself as living on the fringes, you know. I'm an outlaw at heart! Once, when I was five or six ... don't tell anyone, but ... I once stole a whole handful of comic books from a little boy that lived down the street! Lifted them right under his nose!

*[A beat.]*

All right, I ... I took them back the next day, but it's the thought that counts!

*[A beat.]*

You're not impressed.

*[A beat.]*

I guess maybe a ... a true outcast only takes what he needs to survive. Is that it? You probably have your own code of conduct. Like the samurai. But I ... I could learn! You could teach me!

*[The VAGRANT snorts.]*

I think I'd make a respectable outcast!

*[Pause.]*

All right, what's ... what's wrong with me? Is it the shoes? You're right—shoes might draw attention! Shoes are much too mainstream for me anyway! I've never really liked them! They chafe your feet! Give you blisters!

*[EUGENE removes his shoes.]*

There!

*[The VAGRANT stares at EUGENE's feet.]*

I ... I suppose I should get rid of the socks too?

*[He does.]*

There! You see—I'm willing to make sacrifices. I don't ask for special treatment. I just want to be a regular outcast like everyone else.

A monologue from the play by [George Bernard Shaw](#)

**DOOLITTLE:** It ain't the lecturing I mind. I'll lecture them blue in the face, I will, and not turn a hair. It's making a gentleman of me that I object to. Who asked him to make a gentleman of me? I was happy. I was free. I touched pretty nigh everybody for money when I wanted it, same as I touched you, Enry Iggins. Now I am worried; tied neck and heels; and everybody touches me for money. It's a fine thing for you, says my solicitor. Is it? says I. You mean it's a good thing for you, I says. When I was a poor man and had a solicitor once when they found a pram in the dust cart, he got me off, and got shut of me and got me shut of him as quick as he could. Same with the doctors: used to shove me out of the hospital before I could hardly stand on my legs, and nothing to pay. Now they finds out that I'm not a healthy man and can't live unless they looks after me twice a day. In the house I'm not let do a hand's turn for myself: somebody else must do it and touch me for it. A year ago I hadn't a relative in the world except one or two that wouldn't speak to me. Now I've fifty, and not a decent week's wages among the lot of them. I have to live for others and not for myself: that's middle class morality. You talk of losing Eliza. Don't you be anxious: I bet she's on my doorstep by this: she that could support herself easy by selling flowers if I wasn't respectable. And the next one to touch me will be you, Enry Iggins. I'll have to learn to speak middle class language from you, instead of speaking proper English. That's where you'll come in; and I daresay that's what you done it for.

**THE SPOTTED MAN**  
**A monologue from the play by Walter Wykes**

**EUGENE:** What am I trying to HIDE?! What am I ... I'm not trying to HIDE anything! Look at me!

*[EUGENE tears off his shirt.]*

Look! My entire body is covered with spots! Spots of every conceivable shape and size! Big spots! Small spots! Short spots! Tall spots! I have a spot the shape of Italy on my back! And another one ... I ... I know it sounds crazy, but ... I'd swear it's the virgin Mary! On my ... ahh ... on my ... I'm not comfortable talking about this with you! I'd like to see the doctor! I'm a very sick man! There is something horribly, horribly wrong with me, and I've come to you for help! Can't you just help me?! Isn't that why you're here?! To help people who are sick?!

*[The NURSE glares at EUGENE for a moment—then makes some notes in his chart.]*

What ... ahh ... what are you writing?

*[The NURSE continues to write, scribbling violently in EUGENE's chart.]*

You know, I ... I can't help but feel we've gotten off on the wrong foot somehow. I'd like to apologize if I've offended you in any way or ... or made your job more difficult. That was certainly not my intent. It's just that I ... I'm very concerned about these spots! I'm not normally like this. Normally, I'm very relaxed. Very laid back. Really! Water off the back—all that! You can ask my wife, she'll tell you. But these spots ... they ... they've gotten under my skin! It's almost ... I know this may sound a little crazy ... but it's almost like they're alive! Like they've got a mind of their own! They come and go as they please, pop up in the most inconvenient places, torment me for a while, make little pictures, signs, sometimes they almost seem to spell out words! And then they vanish without a trace! As if they were never there at all! For weeks, my wife didn't believe me! She thought I'd gone insane! Every time I tried to show her, they'd disappear! But as soon as she turned her back, they'd rear their ugly little heads! Twice as many as before! It's like they're toying with me! Little microscopic invaders playing games with my mind!

## THE TEMPEST

### A monologue from the play by William Shakespeare

**TRINCULO:** Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing: I hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head. Yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fishlike smell; a kind of not of the newest poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbold.

*[Thunder.]* Alas, the storm is come again! My best way is to creep under his gaverdine: there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

A monologue from the play by [William Shakespeare](#)

**ANTONY:** All is lost!

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder  
They cast their caps up and carouse together  
Like friends long lost. Triple-turned whore! 'tis thou  
Has sold me to this novice, and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;  
For when I am revenged upon my charm,  
I have done all. Bid them all fly, begone.  
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more.  
Fortune and Antony part here, even here  
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts  
That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is barked,  
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.  
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,  
Whose eye becked forth my wars, and called them home,  
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,  
Like a right gypsy hath at fast and loose  
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.  
What, Eros, Eros! *[Enter Cleopatra.]* Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!  
Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving  
And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee  
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex. Most monster-like be shown  
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts, and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails. *[Exit Cleopatra.]* 'Tis well th' art gone,  
If it be well to live; but better 'twere  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me; teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon  
And with those hands that grasped the heaviest club  
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die.  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
Under his plot: she dies for 't. Eros, ho!

## CHARGE

A monologue from the play by Eric Kaiser

**PIERRE:** Look, I don't need you or anyone else to tell me about me. I don't need you to think that without your help I wouldn't be where I am now. I can do fine without your help, I got a GED, I went to a community college with money I earned at a warehouse, I didn't go to Harvard, I didn't get a scholarship and I won't let you think you can take any credit for where I am today. *[Pause.]* When I was a boy, I lived in a bad place. Broken down cars, broken down refrigerators and broken down lives were on half of the front lawns of my little street. Well my mother planted a garden. She wanted people to see color before they went to work. She wanted to send the message out that beauty can grow where it wants. She would work from 6am-5pm, she would come home and cook me and my siblings dinner, help us with our homework. She was pissed off half the time and tired the rest, but we ate and got our homework done. *[Pause.]* When we went to bed she went out to that garden for hours fixing it up. Pissed off and tired. But it was worth it all for five minutes of beauty at the start of the day. *[Pause.]* Then, whatever and whoever drove on to the garden crashed in the side of our room, and looted what they could. My mother fixed up the room, fixed up the garden. But she was forced to cover it up with a giant ugly iron fence. *[Pause.]* And what do you think that told all the people driving to work each day. Beauty can't be shared. Beauty is a commodity. Beauty is property. And every day from then on they saw that fence, and all the flowers jailed and wanting. *[Pause.]* I want to free beauty, free hope. I want you to be able to see beauty also. But we gonna get there together, you ain't controlling me, I aint controlling you. Got it?

name:	
Gender:	Male
Age Range:	32 — 42
Play:	Rumors
Duration:	0 — 2 minutes
Monologue Type:	comedic,contemporary
Notes:	Lenny, who does not want to talk to the police, is pretending to be someone else. Lenny over-dramatizes the story to trick the police officer.

At exactly six o'clock tonight I came home from work. My wife, Myra, was in her room getting dressed for the party. I got a bottle of champagne from the refrigerator and headed upstairs. Rosetta, the cook, was in the kitchen with Romero, her son. I tapped on her door. She opens it. I hand her a glass of champagne. We drink, we kiss, and we toast. We drink, we kiss, we toast again...By seven o'clock the bottle is finished.

Suddenly, a gentle knock on the door. The door opens and a strange young man looks down on us with a knife in his hands. Myra screams. I jump up and run for the gun in my drawer. I run back in with the pistol, ready to save my wife's life. The strange young man says, "Yo quito se dablo enchilada por queso en quinto minuto." But I don't speak Spanish, and I never saw Rosetta's son, Romero, before, So I aimed my gun at him, Myra screams and pulls my arm. The gun goes off and shoots me in the ear lobe. Rosetta's son, Romero, runs downstairs to tell Rosetta , El hombre que loco, que bang-bang So, Rosetta, and Romero leave in a huff.

My earlobe is bleeding all over Myra's new dress. Suddenly we hear a car pull up. Myra grabs a bathrobe, and runs downstairs to the basement where we keep the dresses she wore last year. She can't find the light, trips down the stairs, and passes out in the dark. I run downstairs looking for Myra, notice the basement door is open and afraid the strange-looking man will come back, so I lock the door, not knowing Myra is still down there. Then I run upstairs to take some aspirin . But the blood on my fingertips gets in my eyes and by mistake I take four Valium instead. I hear the guests downstairs and I want to tell them to look for Myra. But suddenly, I can't talk from the Valium. So I start to write a note explaining what happened, but the note looks like gibberish. And I'm afraid they'll think it was a suicide note and they'll call the police, so I tore up the note, and flushed it down the toilet. And just as they walked into the room, I passed out on the bed.

Character name:	Ma
Gender:	Male
Age Range:	17 — 25
Play:	The Dance and the Railroad
Duration:	0 — 2 minutes
Monologue Type:	dramatic,contemporary
Notes:	Ma is a railroad worker who wants to become a Peking Opera star. He is being tested by a veteran Peking Opera performer who challenges Ma to stay in character as a locust until morning. This is Ma's speech as a locust, alone on a mountain at night.

Locusts travel in huge swarms, so large that when they cross the sky, they block the sun, like a storm. Second Uncle – back home – when he was a young man, his whole crop got wiped out by locusts one year. In the famine that followed, Second Uncle lost his eldest son and his second wife – the one he married for love. Even to this day, we look around before saying the word “locust,” to make sure Second uncle is out of hearing range. About eight years ago, my brother and I discovered Second Uncle’s cave in back of the stream near our house. We saw him come out of it one day around noon. Later, just before the sun went down, we sneaked in. We only looked once. Inside, there must have been hundreds –maybe five hundred or more – grasshoppers in huge bamboo cages – and around them – stacks of grasshopper legs, grasshopper heads, grasshopper antennae, grasshoppers with one leg, still trying to hop but toppling like trees coughing, grasshoppers wrapped around sharp branches rolling from side to side, grasshoppers legs cut off grasshoppers bodies, then tied around grasshoppers and tightened till grasshoppers died. Every conceivable kind of grasshopper in every conceivable stage of life and death, subject to every conceivable grasshopper torture. We ran out quickly, my brother and I –we knew an evil place by the thickness of the air. Now, I think of Second Uncle. How sad that the locusts forced him to take out his agony on innocent grasshoppers. What if Second Uncle could see me now? Would he cut off my legs? He might as well. I can barely feel them. But then again, Second Uncle never tortured actual locusts, just weak grasshoppers.



name:  
 Gender: Male  
 Age Range: 20 — 30  
 Show: The Blood Knot  
 Duration: 0 — 2 minutes  
 Monologue Type: dramatic, contemporary  
 Notes: Zachariah's white pen pal is coming to town on holiday and wants to meet Zachariah. However, she does not yet know that Zachariah is Black - and in South Africa at this time, interracial dating is a crime. Zachariah decides that his lighter skinned brother, Morris, will be the one to meet Ethel since he can pass as a white man. Later that night, Zachariah puts on white man's clothing and imagines he is talking with his deceased mother.

Ma. Ma! Mother! Hulloo. How are you, old woman? What's that? You don't recognize me? Well, well, well. Take a guess (*Shakes his head.*) No. (*Shakes his head.*) No. Try again (*Shakes his head.*) What's the matter with you, Ma? Don't you recognize your own son? (*Shakes his head violently.*) No, no! Not him! It's me, Zach! (*Sweeps off the hat to show his face.*) Ja. Zach! Didn't think I could do it, did you? Well, to tell you the truth, the whole truth so help me God, I got sick of myself and made a change. Him? At home, Ma. Ja. A lonely boy, as you say. A sad story, as I will tell you. He went on the road, Ma, but strange to say, he came back quite white. No tan at all. I don't recognize him no more. (*He sits.*) I'll ask you again, how are you, old woman? I see some signs of wear and tear. (*Nodding his head.*) That's true . . . such sorrow . . . tomorrow . . . Ja . . . it's cruel . . . it's callous . . . and your feet as well? Still a bad fit in the shoe? *Ai ai ai!* Me? (*Pause. He struggles.*) There's something I need to know, Ma. You see, we been talking, me and him . . . ja, I talk to him, he says it helps . . . and now we got to know. Whose mother were you really? At the bottom of your heart, where your blood is red with pain, tell me, whom did you really love? No evil feelings, Ma, but, I mean, a man's got to know. You see, he's been such a burden as a brother. (*Agitation.*) Don't be dumb! Don't cry! It was just a question! Look! I brought you a present, old soul. (*Holds out a hand with the fingers lightly closed.*) It's a butterfly. A real beauty butterfly. We were traveling fast, Ma. We hit them at ninety . . . a whole flock. But one was still alive, and made me think of . . . Mother . . . So I caught it, myself, for you, remembering what I caught from you. This, old Ma of mine, is gratitude for you, and it proves it, doesn't it? Some things are only skin-deep, because I got it, here in my hand, I got beauty . . . too . . . haven't I?

Character name:	Nephew
Gender:	Male
Age Range:	18 — 25
Play:	Brontosaurus
Duration:	1 — 3 minutes
Monologue Type:	dramatic,contemporary
Notes:	Finally talking more than 1 or 2 word responses for the first time in the play, the nephew relates the following story to his aunt, which he compares to the Buddhist experience of Satori.

I was standing at the side of the house. I don't remember what I had been doing. I don't remember anything before, immediately before, or immediately after. I stood for a while and then I went inside. I was standing at the side of the house. I had come from around behind in the shade and was standing in the sun; not doing anything, not going anywhere, just standing at the side of the house in the sun. And the hand of God reached out and touched me. That doesn't mean anything. It's abstract, isn't it? But it's the easiest way of explaining the feeling. I was standing there, not thinking anything that I would remember. There was a bush on my left and the corner of the house on my right. Instead of just stopping for a while and then moving on, while I was stopped I became aware that my body was changing, or something was happening, physically happening, inside my body. As if all my cells were changing at the same time. Some vibrating sensation through my body that raised me or made me feel like I was physically growing, like a – perhaps a chemical change was occurring. And I started to get scared, but instead of that happening it was gradually like I wasn't standing there anymore. For a moment it was like I had changed into a gas. I felt I was spreading, thinning out, being led over the world or shown the world. Thinning out to take it all in, to absorb it. Or I was shown what I was. I heard people speaking in languages that I understood but had never heard before, I heard bells – no, I didn't actually *hear* anything, but I seemed to *know* about bells in church towns, in the farm country around small towns where they make wine, in France; and people getting up where it was just beginning to be light, to go to work; people walking on streets, shopping, and small things growing in the wet and shade in rain forests. I didn't see them, I wasn't shown them, I Just knew them. Because thinning out, or whatever it was, I *became* them. An old lady who thought in a language different from the one she spoke, dying in terrible pain in the geriatric ward of a very efficient hospital; twins just being born in the Orient; a boy my age, in India, whose job was to carry the censer with incense, swinging it, in a Catholic church: I didn't know them, I *was* them. I was *they*. They were me. We were all the same stuff, the same regenerating impulse. I just thinned out to mix with it all or to realize what I was, what I had come from, and gradually came back to my own design, my own body. But, of course, I thought about it differently, because it wasn't mine. I wasn't me. I was them. I was they. Which is grammatically correct? . . . I've not tried to explain the experience before, but you asked –

- **Character:** Puck
- **Gender:** Male
- **Type of monologue / Character is:** Descriptive, Mocking, Reminiscing life story/Telling a story
- **Type:** Comic
- **Period:** Renaissance
- **Genre:** Comedy
- **Description:** Puck tells fairies' king Oberon that Titania has fallen in love with Bottom
- **Location:** ACT II, Scene 3

## Summary

The play revolves around three plots, all connected by the marriage of Theseus, the Duke of Athens, with the legenday Queen of the Amazons, Hyppolita. In the first plot, Egeus, a noblemen, appears at Theseus' court with his daughter Hermia and two men, Demetrius and Lysander. Egeus wants her daughter to marry Demetrius but Hermia is in love with Lysander. Her father urges her to change her mind or else she could even be executed. Lysander and Hermia, however, plan to elope and get married outside of Athens. They confide in Helena who in turn is in love with Demetrius:

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 noll I fixed on his head:  
 Anon his Thisbe must be answered,  
 And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,  
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
 Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,

So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;  
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;  
 He murder cries and help from Athens calls.  
 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears  
 thus strong,  
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;  
 For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;  
 Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all  
 things catch.  
 I led them on in this distracted fear,  
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there:  
 When in that moment, so it came to pass,  
 Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.