



## **Performance Track (Acting) Monologue Examples**

THESE ARE MERELY EXAMPLES! YOU MAY USE ONE OR TWO OF THEM OR YOU MAY CHOOSE TWO CONTRASTING MONOLOGUES ON YOUR OWN!

Examples of Contemporary Monologues (After 1900)

## THE CRUCIBLE

by Arthur Miller

*The Crucible is based on the Salem Witch Trials and the hearings that took place to prosecute a great many innocent women accused of witchcraft. Set in colonial Massachusetts between February 1692 and May 1693, the town's inhabitants begin to turn against each other for their own manipulative reasons and in some cases to save themselves. In this moment, Mary is sharing fictional account of her interactions with another woman, whom she hopes will be tried for witchcraft as a result of her story.*

MARY WARREN:

I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleeps in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then- then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then (entranced) I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice- and all at once I remembered everything she done to me! (Like one awakened to a marvelous secret insight) So many times, Mr. Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin' bread and a cup of cider-and mark this: whenever I turned her away empty, she mumbled. But what does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor. Last month-a Monday, I think--she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it? And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so. "Sarah Good," says he, "what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?" And then she replies (mimicking an old crone) "Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments," says she! Then Judge Hathorne say, "Recite for us your commandments!" (Leaning avidly toward them) And of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

## **BURIED CHILD**

**by Sam Shepard**

*Summary: When Vince brings his girlfriend, Shelly, home to meet his family, she is at first charmed by the "normal" looking farm house which she compares to a "Norman Rockwell cover or something"--that's before she actually meets his crazy family--his ranting, alcoholic grandparents and their two sons: Tilden, a hulking semi-idiot, and Bradley, who has lost one leg to a chain saw. Strangely, no one seems to remember Vince at first, and they treat him as an intruder. Eventually, however, they seem to accept him as a part of their violently dysfunctional family.*

VINCE:

I was gonna run last night. I was gonna run and keep right on running. Clear to the Iowa border. I drove all night with the windows open. The old man's two bucks flapping right on the seat beside me. It never stopped raining the whole time. Never stopped once. I could see myself in the windshield. My face. My eyes. I studied my face. Studied everything about it as though I was looking at another man. As though I could see his whole race behind him. Like a mummy's face. I saw him dead and alive at the same time. In the same breath. In the windshield I watched him breathe as though he was frozen in time and every breath marked him. Marked him forever without him knowing. And then his face changed. His face became his father's face. Same bones. Same eyes. Same nose. Same breath. And his father's face changed to his grandfather's face. And it went on like that. Changing. Clear on back to faces I'd never seen before but still recognized. Still recognized the bones underneath. Same eyes. Same mouth. Same breath. I followed my family clear into Iowa. Every last one. Straight into the corn belt and further. Straight back as far as they'd take me. Then it all dissolved. Everything dissolved. Just like that. And that two bucks kept right on flapping on the seat beside me.

## THE FIFTH OF JULY

by Lanford Wilson

*In this moment, Shirley expresses her desire to be someone of great substance and commits whole heartedly to the possibility.*

SHIRLEY:

*(Quietly determined.)* I'm going to be the greatest artist Missouri has ever produced. No – the entire Midwest. There have been very famous people – world famous people – Tennessee Williams grew up in Missouri. He grew up not three blocks from where I live now! All his formative years. And Mark Twain. And Dreiser! And Vincent Price and Harry Truman! And Betty Grable! But me! Oh God! Me! Me! Me! Me! I am going to be so great! Unqualified! The greatest single artist the Midwest has ever known! A painter. Or a sculptor. Or a dancer! A writer! A conductor! A composer! An actress! One of the arts! People will die. Certain people will literally have cardiac arrests at the magnitude of my achievements. Doing something astonishing! Just astonishing. I will have you know that I intend to study for ten years, and then burst forth on the world. And people will be abashed! Amazed! Astonished! At the magnitude. Oh, God! Look! Is that she? Is that she? Is it? IT IS! IT IS SHE! IT IS SHE!

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! *(She collapses on the floor. Slowly getting to a sitting position; with great dignity)* She died of cardiac arrest and astonishment at the magnificence of my achievement in my chosen field. Only Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Beethoven, and Frank Lloyd Wright have raised to my heights before me!”

## FENCES

by August Wilson

CORY:

I live here too! I ain't scared of you. I was walking by you to go into the house cause you sitting on the steps drunk, singing to yourself. I ain't got to say excuse me to you. You don't count around here any more. Now why don't you just get out my way. You talking about what you did for me... what'd you ever give me? You ain't never gave me nothing. You ain't never done nothing but hold me back. Afraid I was gonna be better than you. All you ever did was try and make me scared of you. I used to tremble every time you called my name. Every time I heard your footsteps in the house. Wondering all the time... what's Papa gonna say if I do this?... What's he gonna say if I do that?... What's he gonna say if I turn on the radio? And Mama, too... she tries... but she's scared of you. I don't know how she stand you... after what you did to her. What you gonna do... give me a whupping? You can't whup me no more. You're too old. You're just an old man. You crazy. You know that? You just a crazy old man... talking about I got the devil in me. Come on... put me out. I ain't scare of you. Come on! Come on, put me out. What's the matter? You so bad... put me out! Come on! Come on!

## TOMORROW'S WISH

by Wade Bradford

*Juniper is a creative young woman who lives in a small town with her grandmother, sheltered away from most of the world. In this scene, she is talking to her cousin, Megan, about her first and only kiss.*

JUNIPER:

I kissed a boy once. At least I tried. I don't know if it counts if they don't kiss back. But I tried to kiss a boy and it almost worked. Most of the time Grandma and I don't get to see folks much, but we go into town. Sometimes. And Grandma says I just have to be careful to mind my manners, and Grandma says I'm real good at being careful, but sometimes I get so bored in that little town. Only one video store. Only two churches. And the park only has two swings and a pool that never gets filled up anymore. But in our little town there is a boy named Samuel. He's a bag-boy at the grocery store. He does it just right and never squishes the eggs.

And he has red hair and green eyes. And... *(Laughs at the memory.)*

Freckles all over his face! And Samuel is so nice. So nice to me and Gram. He would always smile and always say "Thank you" and "You're welcome." If he says, "Have a nice day," then you do. That's how good he is at his job. And I always wanted... I always wanted to be close to him, or to talk to him, without Gram around.

And one day when Grandma had a really bad cold I got to go to the store all by myself. And I bought some oyster crackers and some medicine. Then I got to watch Samuel all by myself.

Watch him do his bag boy job. I just stared and stared, trying to count all of those handsome freckles. Then, he asked if there was anything else I wanted. I just whispered "Yes." *(Pauses, closes eyes in remembrance.)* And then I grabbed him by the ears and MmmmmmmMM!

*(Pretends she's grabbing and kissing him.)* That was my first kiss. It was the most romantic moment of my life. Until the manager pulled me off of him."

## **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 me, 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 a 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...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?

## **THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME**

**by Simon Stephens (2012)**

*15-year-old Christopher has an extraordinary brain: He is exceptional at mathematics but ill-equipped to interpret everyday life. He has never ventured alone beyond the end of his road, he detests being touched, and he distrusts strangers. Now it is 7 minutes after midnight, and Christopher stands beside his neighbor's dead dog, Wellington, who has been speared with a garden fork. Finding himself under suspicion, Christopher is determined to solve the mystery of who murdered Wellington, and he carefully records each fact of the crime. But his detective work, forbidden by his father, takes him on a thrilling journey that upturns his world.*

**CHRISTOPHER:**

When you look at the sky at night you know you are looking at stars, which are hundreds of thousands of light years away from you. And some of the stars don't exist any more because their light has taken so long to get to us that they are already dead, or they have exploded and collapsed into red dwarfs. And that makes you seem very small, and if you don't have difficult things in your life it is nice to think that they are what is called negligible which means they are so small you don't have to take them into account when you are calculating something. It's because of all the light pollution in London. All the light from the streetlights and car headlights and floodlights and lights in the buildings reflect off tiny particles in the atmosphere and they get in the way of light from the stars.



## THE GLASS MENAGERIE

by Tennessee Williams

*Laura cherishes her glass figurines and does her best to avoid the painful reality of her existence. Her mother, Amanda, is determined to marry her off. She forces Laura to receive a gentleman caller, not realizing Jim was the boy Laura had a crush on in high school. Laura's insecurity is revealed as she tries to persuade her mother to leave her be. Unlike the rest of the play, Laura seems to find strength in this moment to stand up to her mother to stop her from interrupting her speech. But in the end, she still obeys Amanda's wishes.*

LAURA:

Mom, I can't do anything— No, Mom, please! I have to say this. I can't go outside these walls. There's just too much pain! I can feel everyone staring at me—staring at this. (She points to the braced leg.) The noise it makes, it's just so loud! That's why I dropped out of high school! I felt everyone's eyes staring at me, heard all the giggles they tried to suppress as I clomped and limped down the hall. Especially when I would enter the choir room! Jim would never want to be around me again. Sure, we talked sometimes, but he wouldn't want to be around me any more than those few occasions—not around the limping girl who makes such a racket! Nobody would want to be near me. So I tuned out from the rest of the world before it could cause me any more pain than I have already suffered. And it seems that whatever crippled my leg— (Amanda opens her mouth as if about to interject.) —yes, Mom, you might as well admit that I'm crippled!—has crippled the rest of my being throughout time. It seems I just got worse and worse at school. And then at business college, in that confined typing room, that quick clacking of keyboards surrounded me as I stumbled and fat-fingered all the letters. It felt as if the professor was breathing down my neck, silently mocking me as I continued to fail. Until finally, all that pressure poured out of me—and into a toilet. Mom, secluded from the world in this home listening to phonograph records and dusting my glass collection—this is where I belong! I fail everywhere else in the outside world. Here, there's nothing to fail at! I'll never succeed at finding a husband or a job, so I might as well give up trying now and just be content in my bubble with at least having no additional failure for the rest of my life! I can't see Jim! (Tears are welling in her eyes.) It would only result in the ultimate failure—rejection from the only person I have ever loved! Mom, I can't! Just have dinner without me. Please, Mom.

## **A RAISIN IN THE SUN**

**by Lorraine Hansberry**

*This play focuses on the Youngers, an African-American family living on the South Side of Chicago in the 1950s. When the play begins, the family is about to receive an insurance check for \$10,000 from their deceased father's life insurance policy. Each member of the family has an idea as to what this money should be used for. Beneatha tries to convince her brother and mother to use the money for her medical school tuition.*

**BENEATHA:**

When I was small... we used to take our sleds out in the wintertime and the only hills we had were the ice-covered stone steps of some houses down the street. And we used to fill them in with snow and make them smooth and slide down them all day... and it was very dangerous, you know... far too steep... and sure enough one day a kid named Rufus came down too fast and hit the sidewalk and we saw his face just split open right there in front of us... And I remember standing there looking at his bloody open face thinking that was the end of Rufus. But the ambulance came and they took him to the hospital and they fixed the broken bones and sewed it all up... and the next time I saw Rufus he just had a little line down the middle of his face.... I never got over that... What one person could do for another, fix him up – sew up the problem, make him all right again. That was the most marvelous thing in the world... I wanted to do that. I always thought it was the one concrete thing in the world a human being could do. Fix up the sick, you know – and make them whole again. This was truly being God... It used to be so important to me. It used to matter. I used to care. Yes – I think [I stopped]. Because it doesn't seem deep enough, close enough to what ails mankind! It was a child's way of seeing things – or an idealist's. You are still where I left off. You with all of your talk and dreams about Africa! You still think you can patch up the world. Cure the Great Sore of Colonialism – (loftily, mocking it) with the Penicillin of Independence - ! Independence and then what? What about the crooks and thieves and just plain idiots who will come into power and steal and plunder the same as before – only now they will be black and do it in the name of the new independence – WHAT ABOUT THEM?

## THE LITTLE FOXES

by Lillian Hellman

*A home in the South, the Spring of 1900. The Hubbard siblings, Ben, Horace and Regina, scheme to outwit each other in a business deal that could make them very wealthy. The brothers need \$75,000 to complete a cotton mill and they hope the money will come from Regina's ailing husband, Horace. In the course of the play, Horace is set upon by his greedy wife and her greedy relatives. Soon realizing that the brothers have stolen bonds from him, he informs his wife that in his will he has left the bonds to her with certain stipulations. She cruelly recounts their unhappy married life, causing Horace's heart condition to act up, then refuses to get his medicine, which results in a heart attack that kills him. Alexandra, their 17 year old daughter, eventually sees her mother for who she really is, and in this final moment of the play, decides that she needs to leave her and the family for good.*

ALEXANDRA:

Mama, I'm not coming with you. I'm not going to Chicago. I mean what I say with all my heart. There is nothing to talk about. I'm going away from you. Because I want to. Because I know Papa would want me to. Say it, Mama, say it. [Say no] And see what happens. That would be foolish. It wouldn't work in the end. You only change your mind when you want to. And I won't want to. You couldn't [make me stay], Mama, because I want to leave here. As I've never wanted anything in my life before. Because I understand what Papa was trying to tell me. (Pause) All in one day: Addie said there were people who ate the earth and other people who stood around and watched them do it. And just now Uncle Ben said the same thing. Really, he said the same thing. Well, tell him for me, Mama, I'm not going to stand around and watch you do it. Tell him I'll be fighting as hard as he'll be fighting some place where people don't just stand around and watch. Are you afraid, Mama?

## PICNIC

by William Inge

*A small Kansas town in the early 1950's. The play takes place on Labor Day weekend in the joint back yards of Flo Owens and Helen Potts. Mrs. Owens lives with her two daughters, Madge and Millie (16). When Mrs. Potts employs a young man named Hal to help her out around the yard, Flo is instantly worried. Though there is an obvious attraction between Hal and Madge, since Madge is dating his friend, he winds up escorting Millie to a dance at the Pavilion. At this moment, Millie goes to her older sister for advice, which is a very rare occurrence.*

MILLIE:

Madge, how do you talk to boys? How do you think of things to say? I think he's a big show off. You should have seen him this morning on the high diving board. He did real graceful swan dives and a two and a half gainer, and a back flip... the kids stood around clapping. He just ate it up. And he was braggin' all afternoon about how he used to be a deep-sea diver off Catalina Island. And he says he used to make hundreds of dollars doin' parachute jumps out of a balloon. Do you believe it? Madge, I think he's... er... girl crazy, too. Alan took us into the Hi Ho for cokes and there was a gang of girls in the back booth – Juanita Badger and her gang. When they saw him, they started giggling and tee-heeing and saying all sorts of crazy things. Then Juanita Badger comes up to me and whispers, "I think he's the cutest thing I ever saw." Is he Madge? Madge, do you think he'll like me? I don't really care. I just wonder.

## ELEEMOSYNARY

by Lee Blessing

*This play examines the delicate relationship of three women: a grandmother, Dorothea, who has sought to exert her independence through strong willed eccentric behavior, Artie, her daughter, who has run from her overpowering mother, and Echo, Artie's daughter, who is incredibly smart and equally sensitive. In this moment, Echo is competing in the National Spelling Bee, determined to win, both the bee and the love and adoration of her mother and grandmother.*

*Note: she is simultaneously talking to herself and participating in the bee.*

ECHO:

Glunch. G-L-U-N-C-H. Glunch. *(She opens her eyes, looks anxious, then smiles. She speaks quickly.)* I knew I was right. Glunch is such an easy word – spelled like it sounds. But you always have that little moment of doubt that maybe you thought the right letter, but you said the...*(Interrupting herself)* What's he getting? What's his word? ...Donzel?! I should have had donzel. It's not fair. *(Suddenly outraged.)* He guessed! He guessed and got it! He didn't know it and he guessed. I could kill him! *(Suddenly her public self.)* Yes, Ma'am I'm ready. *(Listens for the word she must spell.)* Palinode? *(A huge grin on her face, as once again we hear her thoughts.)* Palinode – great! I love that word. That's the easiest word there is. Thank God! Thank God – I deserve it. I've had too many hard words, and he's guessed on too many. Palinode – a poem in which a poet takes back something he said in another poem. *(Public again.)* Palinode. P-A-L-I-N-O-D-E. Palinode. *(Again she looks anxious until she receives confirmation that she is right. Her grin is almost totally malicious.)* This can't go on forever, buddy. I'm going to crack you like an egg. What 's his word? Ovoviviparousness? I know that! I know it. It's the quality of being ovoviviparous. Why'd he get it?! He's guessing! I know he's guessing! Dear God, please let me win! Please! I want five minutes. Just five minutes when all the lights are on me, and all the pictures are being taken of me, and for five minutes I'm the most famous kid in America, and Mom and Dorothea see it! And after that you can wash me back into the ocean with everybody else. I don't care. I'll just be one of the rabble, hoi polloi, the clamjamfry, the.... *(Her public self again.)* What? Excuse me, could you repeat the word? Clamjamfry? *(Overjoyed.)* I don't believe it! She asked the exact word I was thinking of! *(With machine-gun precision.)* Clamjamfry. C-L-A-M-J-A-M-F-R-Y. Clamjamfry. *(Awed by her own abilities.)* I know everything in the world!!!

## **BESSIE! THE LIFE OF BESSIE SMITH**

Character: Viola, 22, African American, Female

*When Janis Joplin purchased a stone to mark Bessie Smith's gravesite, Joplin proclaimed her "The Greatest Blues Singer That Ever Lived". Here, Bessie's older sister Viola challenges a young Bessie who she discovers crying because Bessie has been fired for being "too dark for the chorus."*

VIOLA:

Get up! Stop that bawling Bessie! Wipe your face and don't let me never seen you caterwauling like that again. You a grown woman now.

The race and the whites – they all looking for a chance to look down on somebody not like them. People always gonna look down on whatever's beneath 'em. It makes 'em feel good. 'Somebody can be lower than me.' Makes 'em feel high and mighty and proud. Proud they never went hungry. Proud they never wore no clothes that been worn so many times barely any of the threads left. Proud they wasn't raised by a sister only five years older than 'em.

I hate you doing this Bessie. Ain't no future in singing! You wanting to go off all over the country. You can't take care of yourself -- first sign a trouble, you quit! What kinda job is that for you? You ain't got the backbone for this kinda work. That's why you still sitting here crying cause Mr. Miller fired you Some man take your job away cause you too black? You can change lots of things Bessie, but you can't never change the color of your skin. You gotta be proud of yourself, then everybody else'll be proud of you.

## UNIFYING ACCIDENT FROM MONSTER IN A BOX

by Spalding Gray

SPALDING GRAY:

Often, when you do a long run of a play, in this case *Our Town*, you have what I like to call a unifying accident, in which something so strange happens in the play, that it suddenly unites the audience in the realization that we are all here together at this one moment in time. It's not television. It's not the movies. And it probably will never be repeated ever again. It happened as I was speaking of the dead and I say, "And they stay here while the earth part of them burns away, burns out....They're waitin' for something they feel is comin'. Something important and great...." As I say this, I turn and gesture to them, waiting, and, just as I turn and gesture, the little eleven-year-old boy playing Wally Webb projectile vomits! Like a hydrant it comes, hitting some of the dead on their shoulders! The other dead levitate out of their chairs, in total shock, around him and drop back down. Franny Conroy, deep in her meditative trance, is slowly wondering, "Why is it raining on stage?" The little boy flees from his chair, vomit pouring from his mouth. Splatter. Splatter. Splatter, I'm standing there. My knees are shaking. The chair is empty. The audience is thunderstruck! There is not a sound coming from them, except for one little ten-year-old boy in the eighth row. He knows what he saw and he is LAUGHING!

At this point, I don't know whether to be loyal to Thornton Wilder and go on with the next line as written, or attempt what might be one of the most creative improvs in the history of American theatre. At last I decide to be loyal to Wilder and simply go on with the next line, and I turn to the empty chair and say: "Aren't they waitin' for the eternal part of them to come out clear?"

## **Examples of Classic Monologues (Monologues before 1900)**

**You may look at monologues from Shakespeare, Christopher Marlowe, Moliere, Oscar Wilde, George Bernard Shaw and many others!**



## **ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL**

**by William Shakespeare**

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 intenable 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!

## **HENRY IV PART I**

**by William Shakespeare**

JOAN LA PUCELLE:

First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,

But issued from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,

By inspiration of celestial grace,

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But you, that are polluted with your lusts,

Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,

Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible

To compass wonders but by help of devils.

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy,

Chaste and immaculate in very thought;

Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,

Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

## AS YOU LIKE IT

by William Shakespeare

ORLANDO:

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

## **TAMING OF THE SHREW**

**by William Shakespeare**

LUCENTIO:

Tranio, since for the great desire I had  
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,  
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,  
The pleasant garden of great Italy;  
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd  
With his good will and thy good company,  
My trusty servant, well approved in all,  
Here let us breathe and haply institute  
A course of learning and ingenious studies.  
Pisa renown'd for grave citizens  
Gave me my being and my father first,  
A merchant of great traffic through the world,  
Vincetino come of Bentivolii.  
Vincetino's son brought up in Florence  
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:  
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,  
Virtue and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply that treats of happiness  
By virtue specially to be achieved.  
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left  
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves  
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.