Soliloquy Assignment

You will perform your soliloquy for the class between the dates of 2/3-2/5. You must perform during your assigned time, otherwise your performance will be late and you will be docked 10% of your grade. You also must have at least one prop or costume piece for your performance. You may choose one of the soliloquys below. You will be graded on a 1-5 scale (5 being high) on each of the following criteria:

* Volume
* Prop/Costume
* Memorization
* Overall Performance

Soliloquys

*If too many people are performing your choice, you may have to choose another. I also hold the power to make you perform a different piece if I think you are capable of performing one of the more difficult ones. Also, length has nothing to do with the difficulty of the piece, so keep that in mind as you are choosing.*

1. (Female) Juliet-*Romeo and Juliet*:

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,   
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek   
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.   
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny   
What I have spoke, but farewell compliment!   
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay,"   
And I will take thy word; yet if thou swear'st,   
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries   
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,   
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;   
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,   
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,   
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.   
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,   
And therefore thou mayst think my behavior light,   
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true   
Than those that have more coying to be strange.   
I should have been more strange, I must confess,   
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,   
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,   
And not impute this yielding to light love,   
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

1. (Female) Lady Macbeth-*Macbeth*

Out, damned spot! Out, I say!---One: two: why,

then, ‘tis time to do’t.---Hell is murky!---Fie, my

lord, fie! A soldier, and afeard? What need we

fear who knows it, when none can call our power

to account?---Yet who would have thought the old

man to have had so much blood in him?

The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?---

What, will these hands ne’er be clean?---No more o’

that, my lord, no more o’ that: you mar all with

this starting.

Here’s the smell of blood still. All the

perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this

little hand. O, O, O!

There’s knocking at the gate!

Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What’s done cannot be undone.

---To bed, to bed, to bed…

1. (Male) Romeo-*Romeo and Juliet*:

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!

1. Witches-*Macbeth*

Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison’d entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter’d venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i’ the charmed pot.

Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder’s fork, and blind-worm’s sting,

Lizard’s leg and owlet’s wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Cool it with a baboon’s blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.---

---Black spirits and white

Red spirits and gray

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may.

1. Brutus-*Julius Caesar*

|  |
| --- |
| Be silent till the last. |
| Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, |
| and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine |
| honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you |
| may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake |
| your senses, that you may the better judge. If there |
| be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to |
| him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than |
| his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose |
| against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved |
| Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you |
| rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that |
| Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved |
| me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice |
| at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was |
| ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy |
| for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his |
| ambition. |
|  |