



VCA
Victorian College
of the Arts

**BACHELOR OF FINE ARTS
(MUSIC THEATRE)**

**MONOLOGUES BOOKLET
2014 ENTRY**

CONTEMPORARY MALE MONOLOGUES

A BRIGHT ROOM CALLED DAY by Tony Kushner

BAZ:

Yesterday I was on my way to buy oranges. I eat them constantly in the winter, even though they cost so much, because they prevent colds. On my way to the grocer's I passed a crowd in front of an office building; I asked what was going on and they showed me that a man had jumped from the highest floor and was dead. They had covered the man with tarpaper but his feet were sticking out at angles that told you something was very wrong. There was a pink pool of red blood mixed with white snow. I left.

At the grocer's I felt guilty and embarrassed buying these fat oranges for myself only minutes after this man had died. I knew why he had jumped. I thought of him opening the window, high up, and the cold air...

On my way home I reimagined the whole thing, because I felt a little sick at heart. The dead man was sitting up in the snow, and now the tarpaper covered his feet. As I passed by I gave him one of my oranges. He took it. He stared at the orange, as though holding it could give him back some of the warmth he'd lost. All day, when I closed my eyes, I could see him that way, sitting in the snow, holding the orange, and comforted. Still bloody, still dead, but... comforted.

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 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?~~

FAT PIG by Nell LaBute

TOM:

I'm weak. That's what I basically learned from our time together. I am a weak person, and I don't know if I can overcome that. No, maybe I do know. Yeah. I do know that I am, and I can't... overcome it, I mean. I think you are an amazing woman, I honestly do. And I really love what we've had here. Our time together... But I think that we're very different people. Not just who we are- jobs or that kind of thing- but it does play into it as well. *Factors* in. We probably should've realized this earlier, but I've been so happy being near you that I just sorta overlooked it and went on. I did. But I feel it coming up now, more and more, and I just think- No, that's bullshit, actually, the whole *work* thing. Forget it. (*Beat.*) I'm just, I feel that we should maybe stop before we get too far. It's weird to say this, because in many ways I'm already in so deep. Care about you a lot, and that makes it superhard. But- I guess I do care what my peers think about me. Or how they view my choices and, yes, maybe that makes me not very deep, or petty, or some other word, hell, I don't know! It's my *Achilles* flaw or something. It doesn't matter. What I'm sure of is this- we need to stop. Stop seeing each other or going out or anything like that. ~~Because I know now how weak I am and that I'm not really deserving of you, of all you have to offer me. I can see that now. Helen... things are so tricky, life is. I want to be better... to do good and better things and to make a proper sort of decision here, but I... I can't.~~

GOING HOME by Alma de Groen

JIM:

There won't be any disappointment.

It's different now. I've changed!

How can I convince you?

[Pause]

Look. I was happy this morning. Remember?

[Pause]

You really don't believe me, do you?

Shit. What can I say to you? Listen. I went into the studio this morning and looked at my paintings- really looked at them- and they seemed wrong. Inadequate. And do you know something? I didn't care. Because I knew that it was a good feeling, because something had happened to me, I'd grown, and I'd be able to make the paintings grow with me, that eventually they'd catch me up, and then I'd outstrip them again, and then they'd catch me again.

[Pause.]

I've had the feeling many times, but this morning I realised something I'd never fully acknowledged before: that it'll go on all my life no matter where I am or what the circumstances are. It's a race that I hold with myself that only I can win or only I can lose. It doesn't matter where I run the race, as long as I run it and don't let anything stop me along the way.

[Pause.]

I'm not going home because I failed here, or because I think it will be better. I'm not going home simply because it's time now. I was born there and I want to live and work there. Do you believe me?

Come with me and you'll see.

NIGHT LETTERS by Susan Rogers and Chris Drummond

ROBERT:

I've cancelled the cooking course.

And my German. It's all pointless.

I feel like a scaly bag of filth. People can smell death.

I'm an affront. If I go out there, they'll sniff at me. Know I'm rotting. And the terrible thing is I've never felt more alive in my life. Every sound, every flicker of movement, every skerrick of meaning in every word, I hear it, I see it. When you touch me, I feel it. It's like a cut. Like I've lost three layers of skin. And I don't want you to touch me and I do want you to touch me. And I want your love and I don't want you to love me. And it's all unbearable. I don't want to go out there and I do want to go out there. And I want everything that's out there and I want to dance and I want to make love and I want to sing and I want to be humiliated and I want to feel. And I want it now. Because now I know I can't have it.

THE BEAR by Anton Chekhov

SMIRNOV [*mimics her*]:

'Silly, not very clever.' I don't know how to treat a lady, don't I? Madam, I've seen more women in my time than you have house-sparrows. I've fought three duels over women. There have been twenty-one women in my life. Twelve times it was me broke it off, the other nine got in first. Oh yes! Time was I made an ass of myself, slobbered, mooned around, bowed and scraped and practically crawled on my belly. I loved passionately, madly, in every conceivable fashion, damn me, burbling nineteen to the dozen about women's emancipation and wasting half my substance on the tender passion. But now- no thank you very much! I can't be fooled any more, I've had enough. Black eyes, passionate looks, crimson lips, dimpled cheeks, moonlight, 'Whispers, passion's bated breathing'- I don't give a tinker's cuss for the lot now, lady. Present company excepted, all women, large or small, are simpering, mincing, gossipy creatures. They're great haters. They're eyebrow-deep in lies. They're futile, they're trivial, they're cruel, they're outrageously illogical. And as for having anything upstairs [*taps his forehead*]- I'm sorry to be so blunt, but the very birds in the trees can run rings round your average blue-stocking. Take any one of these poetical creations. Oh, she's all froth and fluff, she is, she's half divine, she sends you into a million raptures. But you take a peep inside her mind, and what do you see? A common or garden crocodile! And yet this crocodile somehow thinks its great life-work, privilege and monopoly is the tender passion- that's what really gets me! But damn and blast it, and crucify me upside down on that wall if I'm wrong- does a woman know how to love any living creature apart from lap-dogs? Her love gets no further than snivelling and slobbering. The man suffers and makes sacrifices, while she just twitches the train of her dress and tries to get him squirming under her thumb, that's what her love adds up to! You must know what women are like, seeing you've the rotten luck to be one. Tell me frankly, did you ever see a sincere, faithful, true woman? You know you didn't. Only the old and ugly ones are true and faithful. You'll never find a constant woman, not in a month of Sundays you won't, not once in a blue moon!

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS by William Inge

SAMMY:

I always worry that maybe people aren't going to like me when I go to a party. Isn't that crazy? Do you ever get kind of a sick feeling in the pit of your stomach when you dread things? Gee, I wouldn't want to miss a party for anything. But every time I go to one, I have to reason with myself to keep from feeling that the whole world's against me. See, I've spent almost my whole life in military academies. My mother doesn't have a place for me, where she lives. She... she just doesn't know what else to do with me. But you mustn't misunderstand about my mother. She's really a very lovely person. I guess every boy thinks his mother is very beautiful, but my mother really is. She tells me in every letter she writes how sorry she is that we can't be together more, but she has to think of her work. One time we were together for two whole days. Just like we were sweethearts. It was the most wonderful time I ever had. And then I had to go back to the old military academy. Every time I walks into the barracks, I get kind of a depressed feeling. It's got hard stone walls. Pictures of generals hanging all over... oh, they're very fine gentlemen, but they all look so kind of hard-boiled and stern... you know what I mean. Well, gee! I guess I've bored you enough, telling you about myself.

THE GOLDEN AGE by Louis Nowra

FRANCIS:

Look at us reflected in the water, see? Upside-down.

[He smiles and she smiles back. Silence.]

So quiet. I'm not used to such silence. I'm a city boy, born and bred. You've never seen a city or town, have you? Where I live there are dozens of factories: shoe factories, some that make gaskets, hydraulic machines, clothing. My mother works in a shoe factory. *[Pointing to his boots]* These came from my mother's factory.

[Silence.]

These sunsets here, I've never seen the likes of them. A bit of muddy orange light in the distance, behind the chimneys, is generally all I get to see.

[Pause]

You'd like the trams, especially at night. They rattle and squeak, like ghosts rattling their chains, and every so often the conducting rod hits a terminus and there is a brilliant spark of electricity, like an axe striking a rock. 'Spiss!' On Saturday afternoon thousands of people go and watch the football. A huge oval of grass. *[Miming a football]* A ball like this. Someone hand passes it, 'whish', straight to me. I duck one lumbering giant, spin around a nifty dwarf of a rover, then I catch sight of the goals. I boot a seventy-yard drop kick straight through the centre. The crowd goes wild!

[He cheers wildly. BETSHEB laughs at his actions. He is pleased to have made her laugh.]

Not as good as your play.

[Pause]

This is your home. My home is across the water, Bass Strait.

[Silence..]

What is it about you people? Why are you like you are?

THE LIBERTINE by Stephen Jeffreys

ROCHESTER:

Allow me to be frank at the commencement: you will not like me. No, I say you will not. The gentlemen will be envious and the ladies will be repelled. You will not like me now and you will like me a good deal less as we go on. Oh yes, I shall *do* things you will like. You will say 'That was a noble impulse in him' or 'He played a brave part there,' but DO NOT WARM TO ME, it will not serve. When I become a BIT OF A CHARMER that is your danger sign for it prefaces the change into THE FULL REPTILE a few seconds later. What I require is not your *affection* but your *attention*. I must not be ignored or you will find me a troublesome a package as ever pissed in the Thames. Now. Ladies. An announcement. (*He looks around.*) I am up for it. All the time. That's not a boast. Or an opinion. It is bone hard medical fact. I put it around, d'y know? And you will watch me putting around and sigh for it. Don't. It is a deal of trouble for you and you are better off watching and drawing your conclusions from a distance than you would be if I got my tarse pointing up your petticoats. Gentlemen. (*He looks around.*) Do not despair, I am up for that as well. When the mood is on me. And the same warning applies. Now, gents: if there be vizards in the house, jades, harlots (as how could there not be) leave them be for the moment. Still your cheesy erections till I have had my say. But later when you shag- and later you *will* shag, I shall expect it of you and I will know if you have let me down- I wish you to shag with homuncular image rattling in your gonads. Feel how it was for me, how it is for me and ponder. 'Was that shudder the same shudder he sensed? Did he know something more profound? Or is there some wall of wretchedness that we all batter with our heads at that shinning, lifelong moment.' That is it. That is my prologue, nothing in rhyme, certainly no protestations of modesty, you were not expecting that I trust. I reiterate only for those who have arrived late or were buying oranges or were simply not listening: I am John Wilmot, Second Earl of Rochester and I do not want you to like me.

WILD HONEY by Michael Frayn

OSIP:

Hot summer's day. Like today. In the forest here. I'm going along this track and I look around and there she is, she's standing in a little stream and she's holding her dress up with one hand and she's scooping up water in a dock leaf with the other. She scoops. She drinks. Scoops. Drinks. Scoops again, and pours it over her head. It's one of those days when you can feel the air heavy on you, and you can't hear nothing but the buzzing of the flies... She pays no heed to me. Just another peasant, she thinks. So I go down to the edge of the stream, right close up to her, as close as I am to you now, and I just look at her. Like this, like I'm looking at you. And she stands there in the water in front of me, with her skirts up in her hand, and she bends, she scoops, she pours. And the water runs over her hair, over her face and her neck, then down over her dress, and all she says is: 'What are you staring at, idiot? Haven't you ever seen a human being before?' And she scoops and she pours, and I just stand gazing. Then suddenly she turns and gives me a sharp look. 'Oh,' she says, 'you've taken a fancy to me, have you?' And I say: 'I reckon I could kiss you and die.' So that made her laugh. 'All right,' she says, 'you can kiss me if you like.' Well, I felt as if I'd been thrown into a furnace. I went up to her- into the stream, boots and all, I didn't think twice- and I took her by the shoulder, very lightly, and I kissed her right here, on her cheek, and here on her neck, as hard as ever I could. 'Now, then,' she says, 'be off with you! And you wash a little more often', she says 'and you do something about your nails!' And off I went.

CONTEMPORARY WOMEN MONOLOGUES

ANGELS IN AMERICA by Tony Kushner

HARPER:

Where were you? Where?... It's late... I burned dinner. Not my dinner. My dinner was fine. Your dinner. I put it back in the oven and turned everything up as high as it could go and I watched till it burned black. It's still hot. Very hot. Want it?... I WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU'VE BEEN! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!... When you come through the door at night your face is never exactly the way I remembered it. I get surprised by something... mean and hard about the way you look. Even the weight of you in the bed at night, the way you breathe in your sleep seems unfamiliar. You terrify me... You think you're the only one who hates sex; I do; I hate it with you; I do. I dream that you batter away at me till all my joints come apart, like wax, and I fall into pieces. It's like a punishment. It was wrong of me to marry you. I knew you... *(she stops herself)* It's a sin, and it's killing us both... Are you a homo? (Pause) Are you? If you try to walk out right now I'll put your dinner back in the oven and turn it up so high the building will fill with smoke and everyone in it will asphyxiate. So help me God I will. Now answer the question.

HONOUR by Joanna Murray-Smith

SOPHIE:

I wish- I wish I was more- *[Beat.]* Like you. Like you. You're so- you're so clear. You seem so clear about things. Whereas I'm- I'm so- I can never quite say what I'm- even to myself, I'm so inarticulate. *[Beat.]* Some nights I like awake and I go over the things I've said. Confidently. The things I've said confidently and they- they fall to pieces. *[Beat.]* And where there were words there is now just- just this feeling of- of *impossibility*. That everything is- there's no way through it-

[Pause.]

I used to feel that way when I was very small. That same feeling. Not a childish feeling- well, maybe. As if I was choking on- as if life was coming down on me and I couldn't see my way through it. What does a child who has everything suffer from? Who could name it? I can't. I can't. But it was a- a sort of- I used to see it in my head as jungle. Around me. Surrounding me. Some darkness growing, something- organic, alive- and the only thing that kept me- kept me- *here*- was the picture of Honor and Gus. Silly. *[Beat.]* Because I'm old now and I shouldn't remember that anymore. ~~Lying in bed and feeling~~ that they were there: outside the room in all their- their warmth, their- a kind of charm to them. Maybe you're right and it was- not so simple as it looked, but they gave such a strong sense of- love for each other and inside that- *I felt- I felt* loved. And since I've gotten older I don't feel- I feel as if all that- all the- everything that saved me has fallen from me and you know, I'm not a kid anymore. No. I'm not a kid anymore. But I still feel- I need- I need-

[Pause.]

Sorry.

LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS by Neil Simon

JEANETTE:

Do you know Charlotte Korman, big, red-headed, buxom woman, her husband is the Mercedes-Benz dealer in Wantagh? Mel doesn't like her. He doesn't want me to see her. He doesn't want her to be my friend, doesn't want her to come to our house; he can't stand Charlotte Korman. He's been having an affair with her for eight months! I had to stop seeing her three times a week so he could see her four times a week. These are the times we live in, Barney. You know what my proof is? He told me. Two o'clock in the morning, he leans over, taps me on the shoulder and says, "I've had an affair with Charlotte Korman." Who asked him? When he tapped me on the shoulder in the middle of the night I thought he wanted me! You know what it is to wake up from a sound sleep with no eyelashes and a dry mouth and hear that your husband is getting it from a woman you're not allowed to see for lunch? And you know why he told me, Barney? He explained it to me. We're living in a new guiltless society. You can do anything you want as long as you're honest about it. Aren't we lucky to be living in such a civilised age? In the old days I would have gone to my grave ignorant of the wonderful and beautiful knowledge that my husband was spending his afternoons humping Charlotte Korman!... When he told me, I didn't say a word. I went down to the kitchen and made myself a cream cheese and jelly sandwich on date-nut bread. And that was the last time in eight months that I tasted food... I estimate, going four times a week, I should be through with Doctor Margolies in another year. And then, when we both think I'm ready, I'm going to get in my car and drive off the Verrazano Bridge. In the meantime, I'm very depressed. Excuse me, Barney. Nothing personal, but I don't think we're going to have our affair.

PLATONOV by Anton Chekhov

ANNA:

How can you say that? How can you lie to me, on such a night as this, beneath such a sky? Tell your lies in autumn, if you must, in the gloom and the mud, but not now, not here. You're being watched! Look up, you absurd man! A thousand eyes, all shining with indignation! You must be good and true, just as all this is good and true. Don't break this silence with your little words! There's no man in the world I could ever love as I love you. There's no woman in the world you could ever love as you love me. Let's take that love; and all the rest, that so torments you- we'll leave that to others to worry about. Are you really such a terrible Don Juan? You look so handsome in the moonlight! Such a solemn face! It's a woman who's come to call, not a wild animal! All right- if you really hate it all so much I'll go away again. Is that what you want? I'll go away, and everything will be just as it was before. Yes...? (she laughs) Idiot! Take it! Snatch it! Seize it! What more do you want? Smoke it to the end, like a cigarette- pinch it out- tread it under your heel. Be human! You funny creature! A woman loves you- a woman you love- fine summer weather. What could be simpler than that? ~~You don't realise how hard life is for me. And yet life is what I long for. Everything is alive, nothing is ever still. We're surrounded by life. We must live, too. Misha! Leave all the problems for tomorrow. Tonight, on this night of nights, we'll simply live!~~

THE ART OF SUCCESS by Nick Dear

LOUISA:

[*shivers*] Wind off the Thames blows down the avenues, round the rotunda and directly up my skirt. I must have the coldest legs in England. A sailor in a Bermondsey cellar said that in China they tell of a wind disease, a cold, cold wind blowing round the body, typhoon in your arms and legs, whispering draughts in the back of your skull. I told him I think I've got it, mate, it sounds dead familiar. He laughed and bit my nipple with splintering teeth. What I would have loved, at that moment, what I longed for, was that all the air would whoosh out of me like a burst balloon, and I sink down to nothing at his feet, and teach the disbelieving rat a lesson. Here I am out in all weathers, all the entrances and exits in my body open to the elements day and freezing night, what's to stop the gale when it comes in and fills me? And blows around my bones forever? - Wait, is he walking this way? That dragoon? He looks so sad... doesn't he look sad... I don't know, they call this place a pleasure garden, I've never seen such misery, I'd christen it the garden of wind and disappointment, or cold and frosted cunt.

~~Is he coming over here? Come along, then, miss, get all your gusts and breezes together.~~

~~Nice time with an old windbag, soldier? It's not wearing any knickers.~~

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE by Maria Irene Fornes

LETICIA:

He told me that he didn't love me, and that his sole relationship to me was simply a marital one. What he means is that I am to keep this house, and he is to provide for it. That's what he said. That explains why he treats me the way he treats me. I never understood why he did, but now it's clear. He doesn't love me. I thought he loved me and that he stayed with me because he loved me and that's why I didn't understand his behaviour. But now I know, because he told me that he sees me as a person who runs the house. I never understood that because I would have never- if he had said, "Would you marry me to run my house even if I don't love you." I would have never- I would have never believed what I was hearing. I would have never believed that these words were coming out of his mouth. Because I loved him.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST by Oscar Wilde

GWENDOLEN:

Oh! It is strange he never mentioned to me that he had a ward. How secretive of him! He grows more interesting hourly. I am not sure, however, that the news inspires me with feelings of unmixed delight. I am very fond of you, Cecily; I have liked you ever since I met you. But I am bound to state that now that I know that you are Mr. Worthing's ward, I cannot help expressing a wish you were—well, just a little older than you seem to be—and not quite so very alluring in appearance. In fact, if I may speak candidly—(*Weighing her words*). Well, to speak with perfect candor, Cecily, I wish that you were fully forty-two, and more than usually plain for your age. Ernest has a strong upright nature. He is the very soul of truth and honor. Disloyalty would be as impossible to him as deception. But even men of the noblest possible moral character, are extremely susceptible to the influence of the physical charms of others. Modern, no less than Ancient History, supplies us with many most painful examples of what I refer to. If it were not so, indeed, History would be quite unreadable.

THE PLAY ABOUT THE BABY by Edward Albee

WOMAN:

Well. I... uh... well, I suppose you'd like to know who I am, or why I'm here.

I'm not an actress; I want you to know that right off, although why you'd think I *was*, I mean automatically think I *was*, I don't know, though I *am* a trifle... theatrical, I suppose, and no apologies *there*. I *was* Prince Charming in our all-girl production of *Snow White*, and while the bug may have bitten, it never took.

(Chuckles)

Nor- and forgive the seeming discontinuity here- nor am I from the press. That's the first thing I want you to know- well, the second, actually, the first being... having been...

(Trails off; starts again.)

Oh, I am a very good cook, among other things. I became that to please my husband, my *then* husband, who was in the habit of eating out, by which he meant... alone... without *me*. It occurred to *me* that if I... well, it was no good. Alone, to him, meant *specifically* not with *me*, though with others, with lots of others. And the great feasts I'd prepare... would be for *me*. Alone. I became quite heavy, which I no longer am, and unmarried, which I am to this day. I trust he is still eating alone... all by himself... facing a wall.

(Pause)

No matter. Really: From the very first week, come dinnertime, he would put the paper under his arm, say "Bye, bye," or whatever, and... no matter. I *have* had journalistic dreams, though I am not a journalist- dreams of *being* a journalist, that is, and quite awake; not asleep. I went so far one time as to take a course; and my assignment was to interview a *writer*, to try to comprehend the "creative mind" as they call it.

(Firm gesture)

Don't try! Don't even give it a thought! There seems to be some sort of cabal going on the part of these so-called creative people to keep the process a secret- a deep dark secret- from the rest of the world. What's the matter with these people? Do they think we're trying to steal their tricks?... would even *want* to !? And all I wanted to do was... understand! And, let me tell you!, ~~getting through to them- the creative types? - isn't easy. I mean even getting at them. I wrote politely to seven or eight of them, two poets, one biographer, a couple of short story writers, one female creator of "theatre pieces", etcetera, and not one of them answered. Silence; too busy "creating," I guess.~~

THE PUBLIC EYE by Peter Shaffer

BELINDA:

First let me tell you the oddest thing about this whole affair. I call it an affair because it is one. But do you know, for the whole three weeks since we first saw each other, we haven't exchanged a single word? When I say we meet every day, I don't mean we make a date. All I mean is that like Mary's little lamb, wherever I go he's sure to follow. He's a pure genius at following. You never see him till he decides to show himself. Then he just pops up-- click! Like that!--in a coffee bar or a cinema, or out from behind a statue in the Park. Once I turned round and there he was in the Powder Room at Fortnum's. I suppose at the start I ought to have been scared, but I never was. Isn't that odd? All I knew was here was someone who approved of me. Who got pleasure out of just being in my company. Of course I realized he must be the loneliest man in town, but then in a way I was the loneliest girl, so it was sort of fitting. Who was I to complain if he got his kicks following me around? After a bit--and this is the really goofy thing--I began to get mine by following him. The day came when he took over. I'd stopped outside a cinema where there was a horror film, and looked back as usual, just to make sure he'd seen me go in. And you know, he shook his head. He wasn't going to see that film. He was like you, you see: he didn't really like horror films. Mind you, he'd had a bit of a do with them: I'd made him sit through eleven that week. Instead he turned around, signed for me to follow and marched off to the next cinema. That was the first time I'd ever seen an Ingmar Bergman film. Charles, they're marvellous! This one had a poor old man driving all over Sweden in a motor car, looking for the turning he took wrong, years before. It's pathetic. It is really. At one point he saw himself in his own coffin! Anyway, as far as what you're thinking's concerned. After that the whole thing became marvellous. We never knew what each day would bring. Sometimes I would lead, sometimes he would. ~~Last week I marched into the National Gallery and stopped in front of Bellini's Portrait of a Doge. He was terribly grateful: you know he'd obviously never seen it! He paid me back by leading me out to Syon House, which is hidden away behind all sorts of slummy things in Isleworth and has a huge hall of green marble, and twelve statues life-size in gold! I know everything about him now: what he likes doing, even the things he likes to eat--and there are a great many of them. They're all sweet things- he must be a Greek or something. Actually he looks a bit Greeky. And he knows everything about me. The other day we were in a shop and he laid out that for me to buy. And it's the only hat I don't stupid in.~~

THE SEAGULL by Anton Chekhov

MASHA:

I'm telling you all this because you're a writer and can use it. Quite honestly, if he'd wounded himself seriously I couldn't have gone on living one minute. I'm quite brave, though, so I simply decided to wrench this love out of my heart and uproot it. By getting married. To Medvedenko.

To be hopelessly in love, just waiting, waiting for years on end--. But when I'm married I shan't bother about love, new worries will drive out old, and anyway it'll make a change, won't it? Shall we have another? Don't look at me like that, women drink a lot more than you think. A few do it openly like me, but most keep quiet about it. Oh yes they do. And it's always vodka or brandy. [*Clinks glasses*] All the best. You're a decent sort, I'm sorry we shan't see each other again.

My schoolmaster's not all that bright, but he is kind. He's poor and very much in love with me. I'm sorry for him, and for his old mother too. Ah well, let me wish you all the best. Remember me kindly. Thanks for being so nice. Send me your books, and mind you write something in them, not 'with respects'. Just put: 'To Masha, who doesn't know where she comes from or what she's doing on this earth'. Good-bye.

MEN'S SHAKESPEARE

HENRY V

Prologue

Chorus

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention;
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, and gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide on man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th'receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

JULIUS CAESAR

Act 1, sc 2

CASSIUS

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates.
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
'Brutus' and 'Caesar': what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Caesar'.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Act 2, sc 3

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog

LAUNCE

Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping. All the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping; my father wailing; my sister crying; our maid howling; our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting. Why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither. Yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father: a vengeance on't! there 'tis. Now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand. This hat is Nan, our maid. I am the dog. No, the dog is himself, and I am the dog. O, the dog is me, and I am myself. Ay, so, so. ~~Now come I to my father, 'Father, your blessing' Now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on.~~ Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her. Why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word, but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

OTHELLO

Act 1, sc 3

IAGO

It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man! Drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars, defeat thy favor with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor — put money in thy purse — nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration — put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills: fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must. Therefore put money in thy purse. ~~If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning -~~ make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring Barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her - ~~therefore make money.~~ A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: ~~seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.~~

HAMLET

Act 1 sc 2

HAMLET

O, that this too too sullied flesh would melt
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead - nay, not so much, not two -
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth,
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month -
Let me not think on't - Frailty, thy name is woman -
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears - why she, even she -
O, God, a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer - married with my uncle,
My father's brother - but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. Within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married - O most wicked speed! To post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

MACBETH

Act 1, sc 8

MACBETH

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th'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 th'inventor: this even-handed Justice
Commends th'ingredience 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 the murtherer 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 Cherubin, 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 th'other-

RICHARD III

Act 1 sc 1

RICHARD

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our House
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front:
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries –
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass,
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce half made up –
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them –
Why, I, in this weak, piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other.
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up
About a prophecy, which says that 'G'
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act 1 sc 2

LEONTES

Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!

Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I

Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour

Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play. There have been,

(Or I am much deceived), cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, (even at this present,

Now while I speak this), holds his wife by th' arm,

That little thinks she has been sluiced in's absence

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't

Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly. Know't;

It will let in and out the enemy

With bag and baggage: many thousand on's

Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy!

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Act II sc 2

ANGELO

What's this? What's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most, ha?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having wasted ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again?
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait the hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper: but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act II sc 2

ROMEO

He jests at stars that never felt a wound.

[Enter JULIET above]

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 regions 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. She speaks.

O speak again bright angel, for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes

Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him

When he bestrides the lazy-puffing clouds

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

WOMEN'S SHAKESPEARE

HENRY V

Prologue

CHORUS

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention;
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, and gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide on man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th'receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act 3 sc 2.

HERMIONE

Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do)
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me--
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince -- here standing
To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief (which I would spare): for honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd t' appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bound of honor, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Act 1, sc 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 lov'd 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!

AS YOU LIKE IT

Act 3, sc 5.

ROSALIND

[Advancing] 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. 'Od'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 makes 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.

HENRY IV PART 1

Act 2, sc 3.

LADY PERCY

O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

KING LEAR

Act 1 sc 4

GONERIL

Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you
To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding...I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires,
Men so disordered, so debauched and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn. Epicurism and lust
Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desired,
By her that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train,
And the remainders that shall still depend
To be such men as may desert your age,
Which know themselves, and you.

MACBETH

Act 1 sc 5

LADY MACBETH

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 th'access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th'effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring 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!"

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act 2, sc 5

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

RICHARD III

Act 1 sc 2

LADY ANNE

Foul devil, for God's sake hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen! See, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins where no blood dwells;
Thy deed inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God! which this blood mad'st revenge his death;
O earth! which this blood drink'st revenge his death!
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or earth gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

CYMBELINE

Act 3 sc 2

IMOGEN

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st
(O let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st
But in a fainter kind. O, not like me:
For mine's beyond beyond: say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellors should fill the bores of hearing,
Even to th'smothering of the sense) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford. And by th'way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
T'inherit such a haven. But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?