

## **HOTSPUR – HENRY IV – PT 1**

*(Hotspur is a hot-headed soldier who is working hard to justify his actions to his king)*

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;  
He was perfumed like a milliner;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose and took't away again;  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded  
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,  
He should or he should not; for he made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—  
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;  
And I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

## Julia – TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

*(She rips up a paper and throws it on the ground. Then she immediately regrets it. During the monologue she alternates between being angry with the person who wrote the letter and being madly love with them.)*

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