

Scenes  
&  
Monologues

*For study in  
Theatre 8*

JAN 2023

## Happy Gilmore [1996]

Chubbs : Sir, you need a helmet.

Happy: Don't worry about it.

Happy : Yeah, bring it on.

Happy : [grunting noise] Yeah, I Love it. God, that hurt, but I'm okay.

Chubbs: What the hell are you doing?

Happy : Just 364 more days till the next hockey tryouts. I got to get tough... God, that felt good.

Chubbs: Cut that out, you're making me sick. So you're a hockey player. You must give that up and concentrate on golf.

Happy: Who even are you anyway?

Chubbs: I'm the club pro here Chubbs Peterson. I'm offering to teach you how to play golf, personally, for free.

Aidan: No, I'm not interested.

Chubbs: You have no idea who I am, Do you?

Happy: Not a clue

Chubbs: Sports said I would be the next Arnold Palnter.

Happy: What happened?

Chubbs: I wasn't allowed to play pro anymore.

Happy: I'm sorry, because you're black?

Chubbs: Hell, no! An alligator bit my hand off!

Happy: Oh, my God!

Chubbs: Tournament in Florida. My ball went down by the lake. Damn the alligator just popped up! Cut my hand off right in my prime.

Chubbs: But I tore one of that alligators' eyes out. Look at this.

Happy: You're pretty sick, Chubbs.

Chubbs: I've never seen anyone who can hit the ball half as far as you can. You got some real talented kid.

## Cheers S01E05 - "Coach's Daughter" [1982]

COACH I don't like this guy Roy, and I don't like Charlie spikes, and you can't marry either one of 'em.

LISA Look, daddy, I'm not dumb. I know Roy's abrasive. I know he's insensitive. And I know he's probably only marrying me so he can get the Pennsylvania territory.

COACH But why would you want to marry a man like this?

LISA Daddy, isn't it obvious to you?

COACH Nothing's ever obvious to me.

LISA Daddy, don't make me say this.

COACH What... what?

LISA I want to be married, and I want to have children! Roy is the first man that ever asked me to marry him, and I'm afraid he's gonna be the last.

COACH Oh, come on, honey, there must've been dozens of young fellas that proposed to you.

LISA No, daddy. Wake up. Roy is the first one ever.

COACH But you're so beautiful...

LISA Beautiful? Daddy, you have been saying that I'm beautiful ever since I was a very little girl, but look at me! Not as my father, but like you're looking at me for the first time, and please try to see me as I really am.

COACH Oh, my god. I didn't realize how much you look like your mother.

LISA I know. I look exactly like her, and mom was not...comfortable about her beauty.

COACH But that's what made her more beautiful. Your mother grew more beautiful every day of her life.

LISA She was really beautiful?

COACH Yes, and so are you. You're the most beautiful kid in the whole world.

LISA Thanks, daddy.

## **The Sixth Sense [1999] (*Cole admits to Lynn*)**

EXT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

A rain-soaked bridge. A two-lane road merges to one lane around a severe car accident. A rear-ended car has jumped the sidewalk and hit the guardrail of the bridge. The driver is helped out by police. He's shaken but okay. Police flares guide the cars as they crawl by. Lynn and Cole are standing still in bumper-to-bumper traffic. Lynn leans her chin on the steering wheel. She tries to stare through the layer of water on the glass. She hits the windshield wipers.

LYNN

I hope nobody got hurt.

Beat. Lynn glances over to Cole who sits in his seat silently.

LYNN

You're very quiet. (beat) You're mad I missed the play, aren't you?

Cole shakes his head, "No."

LYNN

I have two jobs, baby. You know how important they are for us.

Beat.

LYNN

I'd give anything to have been there.

COLE

I'm ready to communicate with you now.  
Beat.

LYNN

Communicate?

COLE

Tell you my secrets. The way he says  
the words gives Lynn a chill.

LYNN

What is it? Cole takes a long time.

COLE

You know that accident up there?

LYNN

(confused) Yeah.

COLE

Someone got hurt.

LYNN

They did?

COLE

A lady. She died.

LYNN

Oh my God. Lynn leans over the steering  
wheel. She wipes the windshield with  
her palm to see better.

LYNN

You can see her?

COLE

Yes. Lynn gazes out the windshield at  
the line of red tail lights.

Beat.

LYNN

Where is she?

COLE

Standing next to my window.

A WOMAN IN HER LATE FORTIES, HELMET CRACKED, HAIR MATTED WITH RAIN AND BLOOD, STANDS STARING THROUGH COLE'S PASSENGER WINDOW. Lynn looks over slowly. She doesn't see anything outside his window. She eyes Cole.

LYNN

Cole, you're scaring me.

COLE

They scare me too sometimes.

LYNN

They?

COLE

Dead people.

LYNN

Dead people?

COLE

Ghosts. Beat.

LYNN

You see ghosts, Cole?

COLE

They want me to do things for them.

LYNN

They talk to you? Cole nods, "Yes."

LYNN

They tell you to do things?

Cole nods "Yes" again. Lynn becomes upset. She nods with grave understanding. Cole watches her.

COLE

What are you thinking, Momma?

LYNN  
...I don't know.

COLE  
You think I'm a freak?

Lynn's eyes moves to Cole.

LYNN  
Look at my face.

Cole gazes at her intense expression.

LYNN  
I would never think that about you ...  
ever... Got it?

COLE  
Got it.

BEAT. Cole smiles a tiny smile. Lynn glances down.

LYNN  
Just let me think for a second.

She drowns in her thoughts. Beat.

COLE  
Grandma says hi.

Lynn looks up sharply.

COLE  
She says she's sorry for taking the  
bumble bee pendant. She just likes it a  
lot.

LYNN  
What?

COLE

Grandma comes to visit me sometimes.

Lynn becomes still. Her face is unreadable. When she speaks, her words are extremely controlled.

LYNN

Cole, that's very wrong. Grandma's gone. You know that.

COLE

I know.

Beat.

COLE

She wanted me to tell you--

LYNN

(soft)

Cole, please stop.

COLE

She wanted me to tell you, she saw you dance.

Lynn's eyes lock on Cole's.

COLE

She said when you were little, you and her had a fight right before your dance recital. You thought she didn't come to see you dance. She did.

Lynn brings her hands to her mouth.

COLE

She hid in the back so you wouldn't see... She said you were like an angel.

Lynn begins to cry.



COLE

She said, you came to her where they  
buried her. Asked her a question... She  
said the answer is "Everyday."

Lynn covers her face with her hands. The tears roll out through  
her fingers.

COLE

(whispers)

What did you ask?

Beat. Lynn looks at her son. She barely gets the words out.

LYNN

(crying)

Do I make her proud?

Cole moves closer to Lynn. She cradles him in her arms. Mother  
and son hold each other tight. WE PULL BACK FROM THE WINDSHIELD,  
BACK PAST THE FRONT BUMPER WHERE THE FIGURE OF THE BLOODED WOMAN  
STANDS STARING AT COLE AND HIS MOTHER. WE SEE A MANGLED BIKE  
PULLED OUT FROM THE REAR-ENDED CAR ON THE SIDEWALK. WE MOVE UP  
AND AWAY FROM THE RAIN-SOAKED BRIDGE.

### **Vertigo [1958] (*Scottie confronts Judy*)**

SCOTTIE

(Quietly)

This was as far as I could get. But  
you went on. Remember?

She stiffens and stares at him.

SCOTTIE

The necklace, Madeleine. That was  
the slip. I remembered the necklace.

A moment, then suddenly she ducks and tries to run past him,  
down the stairs. He grabs her wrist and holds on.

SCOTTIE

We're going up the tower, Madeleine.

JUDY

No! Let me go!

SCOTTIE

We're going up the tower.

JUDY

You can't. You're afraid!

SCOTTIE

I'm going to. It's my second chance.

He starts to drag her up the stairs and she fights it, close to hysteria.

JUDY

Scottie, please...!

SCOTTIE

But you knew, that day, that I wouldn't be able to follow you didn't you. Who was at the top when you got there? Elster? With his wife?

JUDY

Yes!

SCOTTIE

And she was the one who died. Not you. The real wife. You were the copy, you were the counterfeit. Was she dead or alive when you got there?

JUDY

Dead. He'd broken her neck.

SCOTTIE

Took no chances, did he? And when you got there, he pushed her off the tower, was that it? But you were the one who screamed. Why did you scream?

JUDY

I wanted to stop it, I ran up to stop it --

SCOTTIE

Why? Since you'd tricked me so well up to then?!! You played his wife so well, Judy! He made you over, didn't he? Just as I've done. But better! Not just the hair and the clothes! the look! the manner! the words! Those beautiful phony trances! That jump into the Bay! I'll bet you're really a strong swimmer, aren't you! Aren't you!!

The blind, frantic nodding of her head as she struggles against him is his affirmation.

SCOTTIE

Did he train you? Rehearse you? Teach you what to say and what to do?

JUDY

Yes!

SCOTTIE

And you were such an apt pupil! What fun you two must have had, playing games with me! Why me? Why did he pick on me?!!

JUDY

Your accident...

SCOTTIE

Ah, yes! I was a set-up. I was the made-to-order witness. Where is he now?

JUDY

I don't know... Switzerland?

SCOTTIE

We'll find him.

They have reached the door to the tower and he stops, with a grim, almost triumphant smile.

SCOTTIE

I made it.

JUDY

(Apprehensive)

What are you going to do?

SCOTTIE

Look at the scene of the crime. Go on in.

He pushes the door open. She shrinks back.

SCOTTIE

Go on!

He pushes her through and follows her in.

INT. BELL TOWER - (NIGHT)

The black shadows are cut by shafts of moonlight. Heavy beams support the great bell hanging at the center. There are additional temporary support beams. Judy backs up against the stonework as Scottie looks about.

SCOTTIE

You both hid behind there, mmm?...  
'til everything was clear... then  
sneaked down and drove back to the  
city.

(Glances at her)

And then? You were his girl. What  
happened to you?

She stares at him, wide-eyed with apprehension.

SCOTTIE

Did he ditch you?

An almost imperceptible nod from her. Scottie almost laughs.

SCOTTIE

Oh, Judy!! When he had all her money,  
and the freedom and the power... he  
ditched you? What a shame! But he  
knew he was safe. You couldn't talk.  
Didn't he give you anything?

JUDY

(Faintly)

Some money.

SCOTTIE

And the necklace. Carlotta's necklace.  
That was your mistake, Judy. One  
shouldn't keep souvenirs of a killing.  
You shouldn't have been that  
sentimental.

A moment, as he stares at her, then he advances on her slowly.

JUDY

(Apprehensive)

What are you going to do?

SCOTTIE

I loved you, Madeleine.

JUDY

(Desperately)

I was safe when you found me, there was nothing you could prove! But when I saw you again I couldn't run away, I loved you so! I walked into danger and let you change me again because I loved you and wanted you!

(She throws herself  
into his arms)

Scottie, please! You love me now!  
Love me! Keep me safe!

**Broadcast News [1987]**  
***(Aaron admits to Jane)***

Aaron: It's open. I was in the shower.

Jane: How did it go?

Aaron: You didn't see it or talk to anybody?

Jane: No.

Aaron: Then it went very well.

Jane: Did it really go well.

Aaron: Define your terms.

Jane: Do you feel good about it?

Aaron: No.

Jane: Do others feel that you did well?

Aaron: No.

Jane: Then what was good about it.

Aaron: I lost six pounds.

Jane: Aaron, will you tell me.

Aaron: It was great. There I was writing my little first grade copy, sitting on my jacket, hunching my one thought, except I had this historic attack of flop sweat. They are never gonna let me anchor again, ever. Oh yeah, I lost one of your shoulder pads. I think it drowned. How was your evening anyway?

Jane: What do you mean flop sweat? You're making too much out of this. I bet you were the only one aware of it.

Aaron: People phoned in.

Jane: Stop kidding with me. I want to know what happened.

Aaron: I'm not kidding.

Jane: There were complaining phone calls because you were sweating.

Aaron: No. Nice one's. Worried that I was having a heart attack.

Jane: If all that happened, how come you're so chipper.

Aaron: I don't know. I don't know. At some point it was so off the chart bad, it just got funny. My central nervous system was telling me something. Jane, sweat pouring down my face, make-up falling into my eyes. People turning on this fuselage of blow dryers on my hair, also I could read introductions of other people who were covering stories which is what I like to do anyway.

Jane: Yes.

Aaron: And I'm chipper because you finally showed up. I'm gonna cook for us. Tequila and eggs sound good.

Jane: I have to be someplace.

Aaron: Now.

Jane: I told what's his name, Tom, that I'd meet him.

Aaron: Call him up. It can wait right.

Jane: I don't know. Uh, I may be in love with him.

Aaron: I knew it. Get out of my house now. I want you out of here. Get out of here. I'm not kidding. Get out of here. You go to hell. Come back here. Come on, don't go.

Jane: This is important to me.

Aaron: I think it's important for you too. Come on, sit down. Sit down.

Jane: What is this.

Aaron: I'll take it.

Jane: What.

Aaron: Give me one minute please. This is tough. Jane, okay. Let's take the part that has nothing to do with me. Let me just be your most trusted friend now, the one that gets to say all the awful stuff okay.

Jane: I guess. Yes.

Aaron: You can't end up with Tom, because it totally goes against everything that you are about.

Jane: Yeah. Being a basket case.

Aaron: I know you care about him. I've never seen you like this with anybody, so don't get me wrong when I tell you that Tom, while being a nice guy, is the devil.

Jane: This isn't friendship. You're crazy you know that.

Aaron: What do you think the devil is gonna look like if he's around.

Jane: God.



Aaron: Come on. No one's gonna be taken in by a guy with a long red pointy tail. Come on. What's he gonna sound like. No. I'm semi-serious here.

Jane: You're serious....

Aaron: He will be attractive. He'll be nice and helpful. He'll get a job where he influences a great God fearing nation. He'll never do an evil thing. He'll never deliberately hurt a living thing. He'll just bit by bit, lower our standards where they're important, just a tiny little bit, just coax along, flash over substance, just a tiny little bit. And he'll talk about all of us really being salesmen. And he'll get all the great women.

Jane: Hey Aaron. I think you're the devil.

Aaron: You know I'm not.

Jane: How.

Aaron: Because I think we have the kind of friendship where if I were the devil, you'd be the only one I would tell.

Jane: Well you were awfully quick to run after Tom's help when....

Aaron: All right. Fine. Yes. And if things had gone well for me tonight, then I probably wouldn't be saying any of this. I grant you everything, but give me this. He personifies everything that you have been fighting against. And I'm in love with you. How do you like that? I buried the lead. I got to not say that out loud. It takes too much out of me. I never fought for anyone before. Does anybody win one of these things?

### **ABOUT SCHMIDT [2002] (*Jeannie makes breakfast for Warren*)**

Jeannie: Mayonnaise or mustard?

Warren: I like both.

Jeannie: Okay.

Warren: And don't toast the bread too much, I don't like my bread very toasted. And I'll have some of those barbecue potato chips. Not the plain ones- those are your mother's, the

barbecue ones are mine. In fact...you and Randall can take those plain ones--they'll just go to waste here, I won't eat 'em. Maybe you can eat them on the plane.

Jeannie: Fine.

Warren: So good to see ya. I sure wish you didn't have to get back so soon. Can't you take a few days more? Couldn't you just talk to 'em at work? I mean...they'd understand. Heck... Who's gonna take care of me?

Jeannie: Here's your sandwich.

Warren: Ah, wonderful. Just wonderful.

Jeannie: You know, Dad. You're gonna have to get used to taking care of yourself now.

Warren: I know. I know.

Jeannie: You might have to hire a maid.

Warren: A maid? Oh, no. I'll be alright, I don't need the extra expense.

Jeannie: At least for a few weeks. While your dealing with this.

Warren: Well, that's why I'm asking you to stay and help me out.

Jeannie: Dad, I told you. I wish I could. But I can't. I've got too much going on. And even if I could get more time off. I've got the wedding, that's a full time job, all it's own.

Warren: Now that you mention it, honey, I think you should... consider postponing it.

Jeannie: Postpone the wedding? We can't do that, it's all set.

Warren: I'm just saying you might wanna take this opportunity to...re-think things. That's all.

Jeannie: But...everyone's invited, and RSVP'd and everything.

Warren: They'd understand, I mean...Out of respect for your mother. She would have approved.

Jeannie: Mom wouldn't want us to change anything.

Warren: The thing is, Jeannie...Your mother and I...spoke a number of times very seriously about you and Randall.

Jeannie: And what did she say?

Warren: Just that she loved you and she wanted you to be very happy, and... - Maybe this thing with Randall, well...She just...wanted to be sure you weren't gonna have any regrets, that's all. So you might wanna... keep your options open.

Jeannie: But she helped us pick the date. And I was on the phone with her almost every day, planning it, and ordering things. I really don't know what you are talking about. I don't think mom would want us to change...

Warren: All right. All right. Okay, have it your way, you know best, you and your mother. Good sandwich.

Jeannie: Dad...Why did you get such a cheap casket?

Warren: What?

Jeannie: I could tell you got the cheapest casket. Everybody could.

Warren: That is not true. That is not true! I specifically did not choose as you say, the cheapest casket. There was one less expensive, which they showed me and I refused it.

Jeannie: You mean a pinebox?

Warren: I don't remember what it was.

Jeannie: She waited on you hand and foot. Couldn't you have splurged on her just once?

Warren: Hey, hey, hey!

Jeannie: Once?

Warren: What are you talking about? What about the winnebago out there ? What do you call that ? That is an expensive vehicle. I didn't want to get it, but I did. That was completely your mother's idea.

Jeannie: She told me, she had to pay for like half of it ! She said she had to sell some of her stock or something to pay for it.

Warren: That was her decision ! I was willing to go as far as the mini winne but no, she had to have the Adventurer. She wanted the whole shebang. What was I supposed to do? Tell her she couldn't ? It was her money. No, no, no. You can't call me to task on that one.

### Seinfeld S08E05 - "The Package" (*Write Off*)

Seinfeld: What happened to my stereo? It's all smashed up!

Kramer: That's right. Now it looks like it was broken during shipping and I insured it for \$400.

Seinfeld: But, you were supposed to give me a refund!

Kramer: You can't get a refund. Your warranty expired two years ago.

Seinfeld: So, we're going to make the Post Office pay for my new stereo now?

Kramer: It's a write-off for them.

Seinfeld: How is it a write-off?

Kramer: They just write it off?

Seinfeld: Write it off what?

Kramer: Jerry, all these big companies. They write off everything!

Seinfeld: You don't even know what a write-off is.

Kramer: Do you?

Seinfeld: No I don't.

Kramer: But, they do. And they're the one's writing it off.

# Dramatic Monologues

1	<p>I HAVE studied many times          The marble which was chiseled for me—          A boat with a furled sail at rest in a harbor.          In truth it pictures not my destination          But my life.          For love was offered me and I shrank from its disillusionment;          Sorrow knocked at my door, but I was afraid;          Ambition called to me, but I dreaded the chances.</p>
2	<p>Yet all the while I hungered for meaning in my life.          And now I know that we must lift the sail          And catch the winds of destiny          Wherever they drive the boat.          To put meaning in one's life may end in madness,          But life without meaning is the torture          Of restlessness and vague desire—          It is a boat longing for the sea and yet afraid.</p>
3	<p>To be, or not to be: that is the question:          Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer          The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,          Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,          And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;          No more; and by a sleep to say we end          The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks          That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation          Devoutly to be wish'd.</p>
4	<p>To die, to sleep;          To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;          For in that sleep of death what dreams may come          When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,          Must give us pause: there's the respect          That makes calamity of so long life;          For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,          The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,          The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,</p>
5	<p>The insolence of office and the spurns          That patient merit of the unworthy takes,          When he himself might his quietus make          With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,</p>

	<p>To grunt and sweat under a weary life,          But that the dread of something after death,          The undiscover'd country from whose bourn          No traveller returns, puzzles the will          And makes us rather bear those ills we have          Than fly to others that we know not of?</p>
6	<p>Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;          And thus the native hue of resolution          Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,          And enterprises of great pith and moment          With this regard their currents turn awry,          And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!          The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons          Be all my sins remember'd.</p>
7	<p>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.</p>
8	<p>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;</p>
9	<p>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;</p>
10	<p>Think when we talk of horses, that you see them          Printing their proud hoofs i' the 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</p>

	<p>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.</p>
11	<p>How happy some o'er other some can be!  Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  He will not know what all but he do know.  And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  So I, admiring of his qualities.  Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  Love can transpose to form and dignity.</p>
12	<p>Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,  And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.  Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;  Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste.  And therefore is Love said to be a child,  Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.  As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.</p>
13	<p>For there, Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyes,  He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;  And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.  I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight.  Then to the wood will he to-morrow night  Pursue her; and for this intelligence  If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.  But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  To have his sight thither and back again.</p>
14	<p>Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,  Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  To the last syllable of recorded time;  And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  And then is heard no more. It is a tale  Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  Signifying nothing.</p>
15	<p>Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  And I will comment upon that offence:  Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,  Against thy reasons making no defence.  Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,</p>

	To set a form upon desired change, As I'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will.
16	I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange; Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell, Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong, And haply of our old acquaintance tell. For thee, against my self I'll vow debate, For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.
17	Let me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments. Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds, Or bends with the remover to remove. O no! it is an ever-fixed mark That looks on tempests and is never shaken; It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
18	Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken. Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks Within his bending sickle's compass come; Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, But bears it out even to the edge of doom. If this be error and upon me prov'd, I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.
19	Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer's lease hath all too short a date. Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimmed; And every fair from fair sometime declines,
20	By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed; But thy eternal summer shall not fade, Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st, Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade, When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st. So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
21	How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of being and ideal grace. I love thee to the level of every day's Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light. I love thee freely, as men strive for right.



22	<p>I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  I love thee with the passion put to use  In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  I shall but love thee better after death.</p>
23	<p>Ah yes! The night. (He raises his head.) But be a little more attentive, for pity's sake, otherwise we'll never get anywhere. (He looks at the sky.) Look! (All look at the sky except Lucky who is dozing off again. Pozzo jerks the rope.) Will you look at the sky, pig! (Lucky looks at the sky.) Good, that's enough. (They stop looking at the sky.) What is there so extraordinary about it? Qua sky. It is pale and luminous like any sky at this hour of the day. (Pause.) In these latitudes. (Pause.) When the weather is fine.</p>
24	<p>(Lyrical.) An hour ago (he looks at his watch, prosaic) roughly (lyrical) after having poured forth even since (he hesitates, prosaic) say ten o'clock in the morning (lyrical) tirelessly torrents of red and white light it begins to lose its effulgence, to grow pale (gesture of the two hands lapsing by stages) pale, ever a little paler, a little paler until (dramatic pause, ample gesture of the two hands flung wide apart) pppfff! finished! it comes to rest.</p>
25	<p>Hath <b>not</b> a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you <b>prick us, do we not</b> bleed?</p>