



BLACK BOX

DRAMA SCHOOL

LAMDA Grade 4 Acting Monologues

This booklet is a curated compilation of monologues selected and edited specifically for use in the LAMDA Grade 4 Acting Examinations. Each piece has been carefully chosen to support pupils in developing confidence, vocal clarity and expressive character work, appropriate to this level of study.

These monologues are intended for the Self-Selected Monologue option and are not part of the official LAMDA Acting Anthology. Each piece has been adapted to ensure suitability for young performers and to align with the assessment requirements set by LAMDA.

Compiled and edited by Niyazi Unugur for pupils of Black Box Drama School, this collection serves as both a rehearsal and performance resource, supporting students in their preparation and nurturing their continued growth as developing actors.

THE CRUCIBLE by Arthur Miller

Abigail Williams, in The Crucible, tries to win John Proctor back. She claims she is tormented by witchcraft, rails against the hypocrisy of Salem, and casts herself as God's chosen instrument to cleanse the town. Beneath her righteous fury is obsession: she wants John to see her as purified and worthy, even promising to be his wife when the chaos ends.

For the Actor

- Context: Abigail is alone with John, trying to manipulate him.
- Mindset: She feels both persecuted, a victim but also powerful.
- Goal: Gain John's sympathy and reignite their bond.

ABIGAIL:

I cannot bear lewd looks no more, John.

My spirit's changed entirely.

I ought to be given Godly looks when I suffer for them as I do.

Look at my leg.

I'm holes all over from their damned needles and pins.

The jab your wife gave me's not healed yet, y'know.

And George Jacobs comes again and again and raps me with his stick.

The same spot every night all this week.

Look at the lump I have.

Oh John, the world's so full of hypocrites!

They pray in jail, I'm told they pray in jail!

And torture me in my bed while sacred words are coming from their mouths!

It will need God Himself to cleanse this town properly.

If I live, if I am not murdered, I will surely cry out others until the last hypocrite is dead!

But John, you taught me goodness, therefore you are good.

It were a fire you walked me through and all my ignorance was burned away.

It were a fire, John, we lay in fire.

As bare as some December tree I saw them all –
Walking like saints to church, running to feed the sick, and hypocrites in their hearts!
And God gave me strength to call them liars and God made men listen to me,
And by God I will scrub the world clean for the love of Him!

John, I will make you such a wife when the world is white again!
You will be amazed to see me every day, a light of heaven in your house!

HAMLET by William Shakespeare

Hamlet reflects on life and death, torn between enduring the suffering of existence or ending it through suicide. He sees death as a possible release — “to die, to sleep” — but fears the unknown of what dreams may come after death. This fear of the afterlife, “the undiscovered country,” makes people cling to life despite its pain. Hamlet concludes that overthinking paralyses action, leaving noble intentions unrealised.

For the Actor

- Context: Hamlet is alone, weighing life, death, and his own hesitation. It's philosophical, but deeply personal.
- Mindset: Introspective, restless, caught between despair and fear; he is not just musing but wrestling with himself.
- Goal: To articulate his turmoil, justify his delay in action, and search for clarity.

HAMLET

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 end 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.

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,

Th'oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make with a bare bodkin?

Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovere'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?

Thus conscience doth 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!
Be all my sins remember'd.

THE CRUCIBLE by Arthur Miller

John Proctor has falsely confessed to witchcraft to save his life, but when ordered to sign and display it publicly, he refuses. To him, his name – his integrity – is all he has left. He will not be used as propaganda to justify the court's hangings. Torn between life and honour, he chooses to protect his good name and the dignity of those who died honestly, even at the cost of his own life.

For the Actor

- Context: This is Proctor's ultimate moral stand. He's been broken, but in this moment he regains his integrity and makes a final, defiant choice.
- Mindset: Desperate but resolute; a man clinging to the last piece of truth he can control — his name.
- Goal: To stop the court from publicly using his false confession, and to reclaim his honour in front of God and his family.

JOHN PROCTOR

No. No. No.

I have signed it.

You have seen me.

It is done.

You have no need for this.

I have confessed to God and God has seen my name on this!

It is enough!

You came to save my soul, did you not?

Here! I have confessed myself, it is enough!

Is there no good penitence but it be public?

God does not need my name nailed upon the church!

God sees my name, he knows how black my sins are!

It is enough!

You will not use me!

I am no Sarah Good or Tituba, I am John Proctor!

You will not use me!

It is no part of salvation that you should use me!

JOHN PROCTOR

I have three children in the world.

How may I teach them to walk like men in the world and I sold my friends?

(DANFORTH: You have not sold your friends!)

JOHN PROCTOR

Beguile me not!

I blacken all of them when this is nailed to the church door.

The very day they hang for silence!

You are the high court.

Your word is good enough.

Tell them I confessed myself;

Say Proctor broke on his knees and wept like a woman;

Say what you will, but my name cannot be nailed upon the church door!

(DANFORTH: Do you mean to deny this confession when you are free?)

JOHN PROCTOR

I mean to deny nothing!

(DANFORTH: Then explain to me, Mr. Proctor, why you will not let us -)

JOHN PROCTOR

Because it is my name!

Because I cannot have another in my life!

Because I lie and sign myself to lies!

Because I am not worth the dust on the feet of them that hang!

Tell me - how may I live without my name?

I have given you my soul.

Leave me my name!

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH by William Shakespeare

Lady Macbeth, once ruthless, now unravels under the weight of guilt. In her sleepwalking, she compulsively rubs her hands, convinced they are stained with blood. Haunted by Duncan's murder and other deaths, she mutters fragments of memory — exposing her torment and despair. Once the driving force behind Macbeth, she is now broken, lost in paranoia and remorse.

For the Actor

- Context: Alone but observed, Lady Macbeth relives her crimes in a dreamlike state, revealing her inner collapse.
- Mindset: Tormented, fragmented, paranoid — guilt has consumed her, robbing her of reason.
- Goal: There is no conscious goal here; instead, she is trapped in involuntary confession, her subconscious spilling truth.

LADY 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 the blood still.

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh!

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so pale.
I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.
To bed, to bed!

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!

DNA by Dennis Kelly

Leah talks at length to her silent friend Phil, desperately filling the silence with questions, thoughts, and nervous chatter. She spirals from asking about happiness to reflecting on grief, school dynamics, and the consequences of their shared actions. While she tries to rationalise and lighten things, an undercurrent of guilt and fear breaks through – finally asking, "What have we done, Phil?"

For the Actor

- Context: Leah and Phil are implicated in a terrible event; she seeks connection, but Phil gives her nothing back.
- Mindset: Restless, insecure, searching for reassurance. She masks her anxiety with humour, tangents, and overthinking.
- Goal: To get Phil to respond, to ease her own guilt, and to make sense of the chaos.

LEAH

Are you happy?

No, don't answer that.

Jesus, sorry , what's wrong with me, sorry - Are you?

No, I'm just wondering.

I mean what is happy!

What's happy all about?

Who says you're supposed to be happy?

Like we're all supposed to be happy?

Happy is our natural and any deviation from that state is seen as a failure,

Which in itself makes you more unhappy so you have to pretend to be even happier.

Which doesn't work because people can see that you're pretending.

Which makes them awkward.

And you can see that they can see that you're pretending to be happy

And their awkwardness is making you even more unhappy.

So you have to pretend to be even happier!

It's a nightmare!

It's like nuclear waste or global warming.

Isn't it Phil?

Phil?

Isn't it, like nuclear....

Can you remember the happiest moment in your life?

I know mine.

I know my happiest moment.

Week last Tuesday. That sunset.

You remember that sunset?

Do you?

You don't do you.

Oh my God, you don't!

Everything's much better, though.

I mean really, it is.

Everyone's working together.

They're a lot happier.

Remember last month, Dan threatened to kill Cathy?

Well yesterday I saw him showing her his phone, like they were old friends.

Last week Richard invited Mark to his party, bring a friend, anyone you like!

Can you believe that?

Richard and Mark?

Yep. Everyone's happier.

It's pouring into the school, grief, grief is making them happier.

They say John Tate's lost it though,

Won't come out of his room.

Bit odd.

Maybe that's what's making people happier!

Maybe it's just having something to work towards.

Together.

Do you think that's what it is.

Are we really that simple?

Where will it stop?

Only been four days but everything's changed.

What have we done Phil?

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR by William Shakespeare

At Caesar's funeral, Mark Antony speaks to the Roman crowd, outwardly respectful to Brutus and the conspirators, but slyly undermining them. Through irony, repetition, and appeals to Caesar's compassion, he stirs doubt about the claim of "ambition." His grief turns to persuasion, gradually inflaming the people's emotions. By the end, Antony transforms the crowd's mourning into anger, planting the seed of rebellion.

For the Actor

- Context: Antony is alone with the crowd after Brutus has left; this is his chance to win them over without openly attacking the conspirators.
- Mindset: Clever, controlled, manipulative — grief is real, but he uses it as a tool.
- Goal: To turn public opinion against Brutus and the conspirators, while appearing fair and honourable.

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones; so let it be with Caesar.
The noble Brutus hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak at Caesar's funeral.

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious and Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious!
And sure he is an honourable man!

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here am I to speak what I do know.
Thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And you have lost all reason.
You did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withdraws you then now to mourn for him?

OUR DAY OUT by William Russell

In Our Day Out, Mrs Kay defends her pupils against Mr Briggs's rigid discipline. She argues that these children come from harsh, deprived backgrounds and deserve at least one carefree day. Her words expose the futility of the education system that has already failed them and the deep compassion that drives her. This scene pits idealism and empathy against authority and cynicism.

For the Actor

- Context: Mrs Kay is challenging Mr Briggs's attitude on the school trip; it's both a moral stand and an emotional plea.
- Mindset: Calm, patient, passionate — frustrated by the system but deeply caring toward her pupils.
- Goal: To make Briggs see that kindness matters more than control and that the children deserve joy, not lectures.

MRS KAY:

(turning to Mr Briggs)

Well, I'd suggest that if you want the chaos to stop -

You should simply look at it not as chaos but what it actually is -

Kids, with a bit of space around them, making a bit of noise.

All right, so the head asked you to come along, but can't you just relax?

There's no point in pretending that a day out to Wales,

Is going to be of some great educational benefit to them.

It's too late for them.

Most of these kids were rejects the day they came into the world.

We're not going to solve anything today, Mr Briggs.

Can't we just give them a good day out? Mm?

At least we could try and do that.

(listening to Mr Briggs)

Well, what's your alternative?

Eh?

Pretending?

Pretending that they've got some sort of a future ahead of them?

Even if you cared for these kids you couldn't help to make a future for them.

You won't educate them because nobody wants them educating.

(listening to Mr Briggs and the snapping)

No, you listen, Mr Briggs, you listen and perhaps you'll stop fooling yourself.

Teach them?

Teach them what?

You'll never teach them because nobody knows what to do with them.

Ten years ago you could teach them to stand in a line,

You could teach them to obey, to expect little more than a lousy factory job.

But now they haven't even got that to aim for.

Mr Briggs, you won't teach them,

Because you're in a job that's designed and funded to fail!

There's nothing for them to do, any of them;

Most of them were born for factory fodder, but the factories have closed down.

So Mr Briggs, I'm not going to let you prevent the kids from having some fun.

If you want to abandon this visit you'd better start walking,

Because we're not going home!

We're going down to the beach!

(suddenly calm)

You can't come all the way to the seaside and not pay a visit to the beach.

ROAD by Jim Cartwright

Skin-Lad drifts between memory and present, recounting his life as a young skinhead obsessed with fighting. He describes the discipline, the tactics, and the addictive rush — “the tingle” — that comes from violence. But as he relives one particular night, his bravado cracks: he recalls being surrounded by rival skinheads and glimpsing a mysterious, ghostlike figure mocking him. Beneath the tough exterior, the monologue reveals loneliness, craving for identity, and a sense of being haunted by his own life.

For the Actor

- Context: This is a direct-address confession. Skin-Lad isn't just telling a story — he's reliving it, letting the audience into his head and body.
- Mindset: Restless, wired, proud of his rituals but carrying a deep emptiness. The “tingle” is his stand-in for purpose or connection.
- Goal: To show the audience how he built his life around fighting — and to hint at the hollowness and shame beneath it.

SKIN-LAD:

(sat meditating)

Ommmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

(eyes open)

He opens his eyes.

He sees you.

He wants to tell you the story.

He feels the need to drift back on the tide of his memory,

Back, back, back.

And I'm the lonely skinhead again!

And you've gotta be fit to fight,

And I do every Saturday night, with my friends at weekends.

Fight.

Do you know about fighting?

Do you?

No.

I do.

Do you work in the asphalt factory?

I did.

(Indicates an imaginary opponent.)

I'll explain.

My opponent!

Anyone you like.

City fan, Ted the foreman. Any idiot!

You choose.

(Points to the imaginary targets.)

Targets!

Face, neck, beerbag, shin, top of the foot.

Top of the foot!

Today I want the neck, this vein here.

I don't want my mother's love,

I don't want to work at the engineering firm,

I want the neck, this vein here.

(Strikes and screams.)

The neck!

And that's that.

(smirking)

Now I'll tell you about the tingle.

Well it's...

It comes when you're fighting.

Sometimes in the middle, sometimes beginning, sometimes end, but it won't stay.

Anyway, once you've had it, you need it.

I thought that's all there was until that night.

Skin-Lad now reminisces on a memory of a night.

I came out the disco, last man to leave, all my lads had gone.

I'd been talking to Mickey Isherwood the bouncer.

'See you Jim.'

'Aye, see you Ishey.'

(walking for a moment, then stops)

Then I saw them.

Skins.

Bolton boot boys.

Skinheads.

Some sitting on the wall.

Some standing.

(walking off as if crossing the road)

I moved off to the right.

'Eh, you.'

'Eh, come 'ere.'

(looks upward)

I looked at the moon.

(looks over shoulder)

I heard the crack of denim, the scuffle down the wall,

The pad and fall of the Dr Martins, pad, pad, pad.

I closed my eyes.

Pad, pad.

As they moved in -pad, pad.

I moved out - pad, pad.

I felt their breath...

(long pause, reaches out with one hand and then a loud cry)

KIYAA!

I lifted one man by the chin...can you imagine it?

Magnificent!

They were scattering.

(throws the imaginary body)

Caught one man, nutted him - ossshhh.

(mimics headbutt)

Then to my surprise I saw a figure watching me,

Like a ghost, all pale in the night.

He was laughing.

Seemed like I'd known him all my life.

He was laughing at me.

Mocking me whole fucking life!