

Pit and Balcony Community Theatre Presents



**Written by William Shakespeare
Edited and Adapted by David Hundsness**

Directed by Chad William Baker

Auditions:

Monday, November 13 from 7:00-10:00pm
Tuesday, November 14 from 7:00-10:00pm

Callbacks

Wednesday, November 15 from 7:00-10:00pm
By Invitation only.

Seeking:

Actors 16 years of age and older. All roles open to actors of all races, ethnicities, genders, and abilities.

Performances:

January 12-14 and 19-21, 2024
Friday and Saturday performances at 7:30pm
Sunday performances at 3:00pm

School Performance

Thursday, January 18, 2024
9:30am

Thank you for your interest in Pit and Balcony's Production of
Romeo+Juliet

Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* is a love story for the ages. The Capulet and Montague households have been embroiled in a bloody fight for as long as anyone in Verona, Italy can remember. The death toll is mounting, and it seems that the best thing anyone can do is keep the two sides as far from each other as possible. But when young Romeo Montague crashes the Capulet ball, he falls head-over-heels in love with young Juliet Capulet – and she falls just as in love with him. What ensues is one of the most romantic and devastating love stories in the theatrical canon.

A note from Director, Chad William Baker:

I would like to approach *Romeo and Juliet* from a modern lens. Keeping that in mind, every role in the production will be open to all genders. It is my intention that *Romeo and Juliet* will be actors of the same gender/gender expression, allowing us to experience their star crossed relationship in a brand new context. I am so excited to dive into this challenging production and I hope you will join me!

BEFORE AUDITIONS: Please fill out the [Audition Form](#) before attending auditions. List any and all conflicts that you have with the [Tentative Rehearsal Calendar](#) in your audition form.

AUDITIONS: All auditioners are asked to prepare a short Shakespearean monologue (choose either an option provided below or another you find yourself, no longer than 1-2 minutes). You will then be asked to read scenes with other auditioners. Please prepare to potentially stay the entire audition time. You only need to attend one night of the initial audition.

CALLBACKS: Callbacks (by invitation only) will take place Wednesday, November 15th. Actors who are invited to callbacks will receive an email with instructions and additional monologues and scenes to prepare no later than Wednesday morning at 10am. We will do our best to schedule smaller groups together, but if you are called back for either of the titular roles please expect to stay for a longer period of time. Please know that we are only holding callbacks for certain roles, so if you are not called back you are very likely still being considered for other roles in the show.

CASTING: If you are cast in the show, you will receive a phone call offering you a role. If we happen to miss you please give us a call back as we will need a verbal confirmation from all actors cast before solidifying the cast list. Once all roles have been accepted, an email containing the cast list will be sent to all who auditioned. Pit and Balcony will post the cast list on their social media accounts 24 hours after that email is sent. Please refrain from publicly announcing any casting news until you see those posts.

INTIMACY: As mentioned earlier, it is my intention to cast the roles of *Romeo and Juliet* with actors of the same gender/gender expression. The actors cast in these roles will be expected to be comfortable with onstage intimacy involving embracing and kissing their scene partner. All of these moments will be overseen by an intimacy director to ensure that all cast members are

comfortable throughout the process. Please keep this in mind when specifying what roles you are interested in auditioning for.

STAGE COMBAT: There are several scenes involving stage combat in this production. Actors playing Romeo, Tybalt, Benvolio, Mercutio, Abram, Sampson, and Gregory will be involved in several scenes utilizing unarmed and knife combat techniques under the direction of a fight choreographer. Please keep this in mind when specifying what roles you are interested in auditioning for and let us know on the audition form any forms of stage combat in which you have experience or training.

REHEARSALS AND PERFORMANCES: Please look over the [Tentative Rehearsal Calendar](#) (subject to change) to note any conflicts to put on your audition form. PLEASE NOTE: All performers MUST be available for all technical rehearsals, dress rehearsals, and performances. NO exceptions.

CHARACTERS:

All roles are open to all gender expressions. If there is a role you've always wanted to play but for whatever reason you never thought it would be possible, this is the time to go for it!

ROMEO/ROMA: clever and romantic, never does anything halfway, including falling in love.

JULIET/JULIUS: witty and smarter than their age, isn't afraid to go after what they want.

MERCUTIO: Romeo's friend of royal heritage, loves to party and make bawdy jokes.

BENVOLIO: Romeo's cousin and friend, a peacekeeper and helper.

TYBALT: Juliet's cousin who hates the Montagues, prideful.

NURSE: Juliet's servant, their best friend and protector.

FRIAR/SISTER LAURENCE, a mentor and friend to Romeo, idealistic and eager to do something good for the community. Character's name will depend on actor cast. Will also potentially double as **PARTY GUEST** at the Capulet party where Romeo and Juliet first meet.

CAPULET: Juliet's parent who loves their child and thinks they know what's best for them.

MONTAGUE: Romeo's parent, chiefly concerned about Romeo's melancholy.

PARIS: a Count/Countess in love with Juliet. Kind and forthright.

CAPTAIN PRINCE: Police chief, trying to keep the peace in a community that just won't listen. Will also double as **PARTY GUEST** at the Capulet party where Romeo and Juliet first meet.

ABRAM: Montage servant who hates the Capulets. At the outset of the play they are provoked into a fight by Sampson and Gregory. Will be present through all group scenes involving Benvolio, Mercutio, and Romeo. Sent by Friar Laurence late in the play to deliver the news of Juliet's faked death but is unable to find Romeo.

SAMPSON: Capulet servant who provokes a fight with Abram at the outset of the play. Part of Tybalt's gang.

GREGORY: Capulet servant who, along with Sampson, provokes a fight with Abram at the outset of the play. Part of Tybalt's gang. Will double as **APOTHECARY**, who sells poison to Romeo to aid in their suicide.

MONOLOGUE 1: ROMEO

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious,
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.
It is my lady. O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp. Her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

MONOLOGUE 2: JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

MONOLOGUE 3: MERCUTIO

O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you!
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the moonshine's watery beams,
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very
Hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—this is she!

MONOLOGUE 4: BENVOLIO

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity,
Retorts it:
Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

SCENE 1: ROMEO, JULIET

ROMEO

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.
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.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks. O, speak again, bright angel,

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROMEO *[to her]*

I take thee at they word.
Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou?

ROMEO

By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

JULIET

Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How came'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee!

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire.
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.

JULIET

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me?

ROMEO

Lady—

JULIET

I know thou wilt say "Ay,"
And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

ROMEO

By yonder blessed moon I swear—

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JULIET

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

Do not swear at all.

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry, and I'll believe thee.

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay
So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my b'havior light,
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more coying. Therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO

My dearest—

JULIET

Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight.
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it,
And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET

But to be frank and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep. The more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little; I will come again. *[goes in]*

ROMEO

O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

JULIET *[comes out again]*

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—
To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times good night! *[goes in]*

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse to want thy light.
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

JULIET *[comes out again]*

Romeo
ROMEO
My dear?

JULIET

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET

'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

SCENE 2: JULIET, NURSE

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse.
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him. O, she is lame!
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.

[NURSE enters]

O Nurse, what news? Hast thou met with him?
Now, good sweet Nurse—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.

NURSE

I am aweary, give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt had I!

JULIET

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak! Good, good Nurse, speak!

NURSE

What haste! Can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that!
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance!
Let me be satisfied: is't good or bad?

NURSE

Well, you have made a simple choice! You know not

how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he! Though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's, and for a hand and a foot and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb.

JULIET

But all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back, o' th' other side! O, my back, my back!

JULIET

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE

Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous,
and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous—
Where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother? How oddly thou repliest!
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
"Where is your mother?"

NURSE

O God's lady dear! Are you so hot?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to church today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell.
There stays a husband to make you a wife!

JULIET

Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse. Farewell!

SCENE 3: BENVOLIO, ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me, sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that, which having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

In love?

ROMEO

Out—

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas, that Love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO

Alas, this love feel I, that feel no love in this.

[sees signs of the fight] What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anything of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

Why, such is love's transgression.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea raging with lovers' tears;
A madness most discreet.

BENVOLIO

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented, and—

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

ROMEO

In sadness, coz, I do love Rosaline.

BENVOLIO

A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO

Well in that hit you miss! She'll not be hit with Cupid's arrow.
And in strong proof of chastity well armed,
From Love's weak bow she lives uncharmed.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair
To merit bliss by making me despair.
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes.
Examine other beauties!

ROMEO

One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
At this night's ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so loves,
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO

When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires.

BENVOLIO

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning.
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong!

ROMEO

I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

SCENE 4 - FRIAR LAURENCE, ROMEO

FRIAR

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.

[examining a flower]

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

ROMEO

Good morrow, Father.

FRIAR

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Or if not so, then here I hit it right:
Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No!
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

FRIAR

That's my good son. But where hast thou been then?

ROMEO

I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me
That's by me wounded. Both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.

FRIAR

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair child of rich Capulet.
We met, we wooed and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us today.

FRIAR

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

ROMEO

Thou chide'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

And bade'st me bury love.

FRIAR

Not in a grave to lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO

I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.
The other did not so.

FRIAR

O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come, go with me.
In one respect I'll thy assistant be,
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

ROMEO

O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste!

FRIAR

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

SCENE 5 - MONTAGUE, BENVOLIO

MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

An hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
Underneath the grove of sycamore
So early walking did I see your son.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from the light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humor prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO

So please you, step aside.
I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

SCENE 6 - CAPULET, JULIET, NURSE

CAPULET *[enters]*

Are you up? Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET

I am not well.

CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

CAPULET

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.
That Romeo.

JULIUS

God pardon him. I do, with all my heart.
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

CAPULET

That is because the traitor murd'rer lives.

JULIET

Ay, from the reach of these my hands.

CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not!
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo till I behold him...dead...is my poor heart.

CAPULET

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings!
Well, well, thou hast a careful parent, child,
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.

JULIET
What day is that?

CAPULET
Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
Sir Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride!

JULIET
Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride!

CAPULET
Are you not proud? Unworthy as you are, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be your bridegroom?

JULIET
Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate.

CAPULET
What is this? "I thank you" and "I thank you not"
And yet "not proud"? Minion you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee thither!

JULIET
I beseech you,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAPULET
Disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face!
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!

We scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having him.

NURSE

You are to blame, my lord, to rate him so!

CAPULET

Hold your tongue!

NURSE

I speak no treason—

CAPULET

God's bread! It makes me mad! To have a wretched
puling fool, in his fortune's tender,
To answer "I'll not wed; I pray you pardon me!"

[to Juliet] I'll "pardon" you:

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me!

I do not use to jest! Thursday is near.

If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend.

If you be not, hang! Beg! Starve! Die in the streets!

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee!

Trust to't. I'll not be forsworn!

[exits]

JULIET

O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.

How shall that faith return again to earth

Unless that husband send it me from heaven by leaving earth?

What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

NURSE

Faith, here it is. Romeo is banished.

I think it best you married with this Paris.

O, he's a lovely gentleman

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first; or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were

As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET

Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.

JULIET

Amen.

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
Go in and tell them I am gone,
Having displeas'd them, to Lawrence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

Merry, I will; and this is wisely done. *[exits]*

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
To dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counselor.
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die. *[exits]*

SCENE 6 - TYBALT, CAPULET

TYBALT *[aside]*

What, dares a Montague come hither
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin! *[starts to go]*

CAPULET

Why, how now, nephew! Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night!

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he.

CAPULET

Content thee. Let him alone.
He bears him like a portly gentleman,
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement.

TYBALT

I'll not endure him!

CAPULET

He shall be endured! I say, he shall! Go to!
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests?

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame!

CAPULET

You must contrary me?

Go, be quiet, or for shame, I'll make you quiet!