

## ROMEO AND JULIET AUDITION SCENES

### SCENE 1: BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

**BENVOLIO.** Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

**MERCUTIO.** He is wise;  
And, on my lie, hath stol'n him home to bed.

**BENVOLIO.** He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:  
Call, good Mercutio.

**MERCUTIO.** Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove';  
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir.  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh  
And the demesnes\* that there adjacent lie,                    *\*domains*  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

**BENVOLIO.** Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,  
To be consorted with the humorous night:  
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

**MERCUTIO.** If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit  
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.  
Romeo, that she were, O, that she were  
An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear!  
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:  
Come, shall we go?

**BENVOLIO.** Go, then; for 'tis in vain  
To seek him here that means not to be found.

## **SCENE 2: NURSE and ROMEO**

**NURSE.** I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

**ROMEO.** A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

**NURSE.** An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

**ROMEO.** Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee--

**NURSE.** Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

**ROMEO.** What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

**NURSE.** I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

**ROMEO.** Bid her devise  
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;  
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell  
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

**NURSE.** No truly sir; not a penny.

**ROMEO.** Go to; I say you shall.

**NURSE.** This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

### SCENE 3: BENVOLIO, MERCUTIO, TYBALT

**BENVOLIO.** I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:

The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

**MERCUTIO.** Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

**BENVOLIO.** Am I like such a fellow?

**MERCUTIO.** Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

**BENVOLIO.** By my head, here come the Capulets.

**MERCUTIO.** By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT and others*

**TYBALT.** Follow me close, for I will speak to them.  
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

**MERCUTIO.** And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

**TYBALT.** You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

**MERCUTIO.** Could you not take some occasion without giving?

**TYBALT.** Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

**MERCUTIO.** Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

**BENVOLIO.** We talk here in the public haunt of men:  
Either withdraw unto some private place,  
And reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

**MERCUTIO.** Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

**TYBALT.** Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

#### **SCENE 4: NURSE and JULIET**

**NURSE.** Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

**JULIET.** O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

**NURSE.** It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

**JULIET.** O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Despised substance of divinest show!  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
A damned saint, an honourable villain!  
Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!

**NURSE.** There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.  
Shame come to Romeo!

**JULIET.** Blister'd be thy tongue  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

**NURSE.** Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

**JULIET.** Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?  
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:  
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

## **SCENE 5: ROMEO and JULIET**

**ROMEO.** If I profane with my unworhiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

**JULIET.** Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

**ROMEO.** Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

**JULIET.** Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

**ROMEO.** O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

**JULIET.** Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

**ROMEO.** Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.  
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

**JULIET.** Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

**ROMEO.** Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!  
Give me my sin again.

## MONOLOGUE 1: PRINCE

**PRINCE.** Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--  
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets.  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, all the rest depart away:  
You Capulet; shall go along with me:  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

## MONOLOGUE 2: ROMEO

**ROMEO.** 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not: more validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
Who even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not; he is banished:  
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'?  
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

### **MONOLOGUE 3: JULIET**

**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 to-night  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? 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:  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse an 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 'havior light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

### **MONOLOGUE 4: FRIAR LAURENCE**

**FRIAR LAURENCE.** Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!  
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!  
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And stay thy lady too that lives in thee,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.  
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;  
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there are thou happy too:  
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend  
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,  
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love: