DISTANCED ROMEO & JULIET Auditions

Here are the monologues and sides that we will be using for the auditions for Romeo & Juliet.

1. **Prepare a Shakespearean monologue OR pick ONE of the six monologues (#1-6) below. NO NEED TO MEMORIZE**, but your audition slot will start with you reading the monologue you have prepared, so be familiar with it. There are no gender requirements for any of the roles; pick a monologue you like and go with that. The roles of Romeo, Juliet, and the Nurse have been cast but feel free to do one of their monologues if you’d like.

2. For callbacks, you will be put into groups and assigned a Side to read (Sides A through I below). Again, no need to memorize the sides but it will be good to be familiar with them so you know what you’re saying. You may read once, you may read several times.

3. Our first full rehearsal will be Saturday, August 29 via Zoom.

Here are a few things about the concept for our Distanced R&J.

1. We are going to embrace the restrictions of having to practice social distancing and mask wearing. There will be a wide stripe down the middle of the stage—Montagues on one side, Capulets on the other—and no one can cross the line. There will be areas US for the Prince and his allies and DS for Friar Laurence.

2. In this world, it is a given fact that we can’t approach people or touch them. So part of the rehearsal process will be to figure out this world’s versions of things we take for granted: hugging, kissing, fighting, even handing something to someone.

3. Speaking of safety precautions: we will be following appropriate guidelines for all rehearsals. We will be distanced and wear masks most of the time. If there is a time when your character takes off their mask, you will be out of distance with everyone else. In addition, I will only be calling people in for the one scene we are working on. Then only the people in the next scene, and so on. Our initial rehearsals where we do table work will be via Zoom. For Runs and Tech and Performances, we will figure out things like Dressing Rooms and backstage patterns to create as safe an environment as possible.

Thank you so much for your interest in R&J. I am so looking forward to us figuring all this out together! See you at auditions!
Monologue #1—Romeo

ROMEO

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

JULIET enters above

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;

It is my Lady, O it is my Love,

O that she knew she were,

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

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 thy self, 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 word would smell as sweet,
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title, Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my self.
Monologue #3—Mercutio

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 fore-finger of an Alderman, drawn with a team of little Atomies, over men's noses as they lie asleep: her Wagon Spokes made of long Spinners' legs: the Cover of the wings of Grasshoppers, her collars of the Moonshine's watery Beams, her Whip of Cricket's bone, her Wagoner, a small grey-coated Gnat, not half so big as a round little Worm, prick'd from the Lazy finger of a man. Her Chariot is an empty Hazelnut, made by the Joiner Squirrel, time out o' mind, the Fairies' Coach-makers: and in this state she gallops night by night, through Lovers' brains: and then they dream of Love. On Courtiers' knees, that dream on Curtsies straight: 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 breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime comes she with a Tithe-pig's tail, tickling a Parson's nose as a' lies asleep, then he dreams of another Benefice. Sometime she driveth o'er a Soldier's neck, and then dreams he of cutting Foreign throats, of Breaches, Ambuscadoes, Spanish Blades: Of Healths five Fathom deep, and then anon drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes; and being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two and sleeps again:

This is the 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.
Monologue #4—Friar Laurence

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold thy desperate hand:

Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper’d.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
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 art thou happy.
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 mishaped and sullen wench,
Thou puts up thy Fortune and thy Love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy Love as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Monologue #5—Nurse

NURSE

Even or odd, of all days in the year come Lammas Eve at night shall she be sixteen. Susan & she, God rest all Christian souls, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lammas Eve at night shall she be sixteen, that shall she marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earthquake now thirteen years, and she was wean'd I never shall forget it, of all the days of the year, upon that day: my lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do bear a brain. But as I said, since that time it is thirteen years, for then she could stand alone, nay b' th' rood she could have run, and waddled all about: for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my Husband God be with his soul, 'e was a merry man, took up the Child, 'yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not, Jule?' And by my holy-dame, the pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay:' to see now how a Jest shall come about. I warrant, and I shall live a thousand years, I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not Jule?' quoth he, and pretty fool it stinted, and said 'Ay.'
BENVOLIO

O Noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky Manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman brave Mercutio.
Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo’s hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him fair, and urged withal
your high displeasure: all this uttered,
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:
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 good Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
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.
SIDE A – Romeo/Juliet

ROMEO
If I profane with my unworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin 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 thine 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.
SIDE B—Benvolio/Romeo
BENVOLIO
Good-morrow Cousin.

ROMEO
Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO
But new struck nine.

ROMEO
Ay me, sad hours seem long:

BENVOLIO
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 favour where I am in love.

BENVOLIO
Alas that love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

ROMEO
Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see pathways to his will:

BENVOLIO
Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

ROMEO
In sadness Cousin, I do love a woman.
BENVOLIO
I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO
A right good mark-man, and she's fair I love.

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, she hath Dian's wit:
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd:
From love's weak childish Bow, she lives uncharm'd.
O she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO
Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO
She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.
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.
SIDE C—Peter/Benvolio/Romeo

PETER
Find them out whose names are written. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time. Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

BENVOLIO
Tut man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROMEO
God-den, good fellow.

PETER
God gi' god-den, I pray sir can you read?

ROMEO
Ay mine own fortune in my misery.

PETER
Perhaps you have learned it without book: but I pray can you read any thing you see?

ROMEO
Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

PETER
Ye say honestly, rest you merry. Starts to leave.

ROMEO
Stay fellow, I can read. Reads the Letter.
'Signior Martino, and his wife and daughter: County Anselme and his beauteous sisters: the Lady widow of Vitruvio, Signior Placentio, and his lovely Nieces: Mercutio and his brother Valentine: my fair Niece Rosaline, Livia, Signior Valentio, and his Cousin Tybalt: Lucio and the lively Helena.
A fair assembly, whither should they come?

PETER
Up.

ROMEO
Whither? To supper?
PETER
To our house.

ROMEO
Whose house?

PETER
My Master's.

ROMEO
Indeed I should have ask'd you that before.

PETER
Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. Exit

BENVOLIO
At this same ancient Feast of Capulet's
Sups 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
I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.
SIDE D—Romeo/Juliet

JULIET
What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

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,
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET
My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO
Neither fair Maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET
How camest thou hither. Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard 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
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
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: oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dost Love, pronounce it faithfully:
ROMEO
Lady, by yonder blessed Moon I vow
That tips with silver all these Fruit tree tops,

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
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:
Goodnight, goodnight, 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
The 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.
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:
SIDÉ E—Friar Laurence/Romeo

ROMEO

Good morn Father.

FRIAR LAURENCE

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young Son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid goodmorrow 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 LAURENCE

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 LAURENCE

That's my good Son, but where hast thou been then?

ROMEO

I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again:
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 LAURENCE

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 daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow:
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us today.
FRIAR LAURENCE
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.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline?
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

ROMEO
Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE
For doting, not for loving pupil mine.

ROMEO
And bad'st me bury Love.

FRIAR LAURENCE
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.
LADY CAPULET
Why how now Juliet?

JULIET
Madam I am not well.

LADY CAPULET
Evermore weeping for your Cousin's death?
What wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An 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.

LADY CAPULET
Well Girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JULIET
What Villain, Madam?

LADY CAPULET
That same Villain Romeo.

JULIET
[Aside] Villain and he, be many miles asunder:
[to her] God pardon him, I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET
That is because the Traitor murderer lives.
We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET
And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAPULET
Well, well, thou hast a careful Father Child.
One who to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
JULIET
Madam in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET
Marry my Child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The County 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.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woo:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marry yet, and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed.

LADY CAPULET
Here comes your Father, tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.
SIDE G—Sampson/Gregory

SAMPSON
Gregory: o' my word I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY
But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON
A dog of the house of Montague, moves me.

GREGORY
To move, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand: Therefore, if thou art moved, thou runst away.

SAMPSON
A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of Montague's.

GREGORY
The Quarrel is between our Masters, and us their men.

SAMPSON
'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the Maids, and cut off their heads.

GREGORY
The heads of the Maids?

SAMPSON
Ay, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY
They must take it in sense, that feel it.

SAMPSON
Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.
Now, good sweet Nurse: O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news, be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou shamest the music of sweet news,
By playing it to me, with so sour a face.

I am a weary, give me leave awhile,
Fie how my bones ache, what a jaunt have I had?

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

Jesu what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

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?

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:
Go thy ways wench, serve God. What have you dined at home?

No no: but all this did I know before,
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Lord how my head aches, what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back a' t'other side: O my back, my back:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.
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? Why, she is within,
Where should she be? 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? marry come up I trow,
Is this the Poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET
Here's such a coil, come what says Romeo?

NURSE
Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET
I have.

NURSE
Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' Cell,
There stays a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in Scarlet straight at any news:
Hie you to Church, I must another way,
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight:
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go I'll to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

JULIET
Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell.
SIDE I—Mercutio/Romeo

ROMEO
Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO
Nay gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO
Not I believe me, you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles, I have a soul of Lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

MERCUTIO
You are a Lover, borrow Cupid’s wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO
I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound:
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe,
Under love’s heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO
And to sink in it should you burden love,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO
Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO
If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down,
Come we burn daylight ho.

ROMEO
And we mean well in going to this Mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO
Why may one ask?

ROMEO
I dream’d a dream to-night.
MERCUTIO And so did I.

ROMEO Well what was yours?

MERCUTIO That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO In bed asleep while they do dream things true.

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 fore-finger of an Alderman, drawn with a team of little Atomies, over men's noses as they lie asleep: her Wagon Spokes made of long Spinners' legs: the Cover of the wings of Grasshoppers, her Whip of Cricket's bone. Her Chariot is an empty Hazelnut, made by the Joiner Squirrel: and in this state she gallops night by night, through Lovers' brains: and then they dream of Love. On Courtiers' knees, that dream on Curtsies straight: 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 breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she driveth o'er a Soldier's neck, and then dreams he of cutting Foreign throats: Of Healths five Fathom deep, and then anon drumms in his ears, at which he starts and wakes; and being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two and sleeps again:
This is the 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.

ROMEO Peace, peace, 
Mercutio peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO True, I talk of dreams:
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the North:
And being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew-dropping South.