

## Romeo & Juliet - Audition Pieces

*(listed alphabetically)*

### Audition Guidance:

- *Please select a maximum of TWO roles to audition for*
- *Please state your name at the start of the video and the role you are auditioning for*
- *If the role you are interested in is not included below – please select one of the other audition pieces that appeals to you and state at the start of the audition which role you would like to be considered for instead*
- *Please ensure that the video is filmed in a well-lit room and that you are captured so that any physicality can be seen (i.e at the very least, the waist upwards)*
- *Please make every attempt to learn the speech (rather than reading it). Additionally, please aim to present a performance of the speech – not a recital. Make some creative choices regarding the character – don't second-guess what it is we are looking for. Be bold!*

### **Benvolio – Act 3, Scene 1**

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay —  
 Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink  
 How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal  
 Your high displeasure. All this utterèd  
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed,  
 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!'

### **Chorus - Prologue**

Two households, both alike in dignity  
 (In fair Verona, where we lay our scene),  
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes

A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-marked love  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which, if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

### **Friar Laurence – Act 3, Scene 3**

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 is a seeming man!  
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!  
Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better tempered.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,  
By doing damnèd 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

### **Prince Escalus – Act 1, Scene 1**

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbor-stainèd steel—  
Will they not hear?—What ho! You men, you beasts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins:  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.  
Three civil brawls bred of an airy word  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets  
And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments  
To wield old partisans in hands as old,  
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

### **Juliet – Act 2, Scene 2**

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. O, be some other name  
Belonging to a man.  
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 called,  
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 myself.

### **Lady Capulet – Act 1, Scene 3**

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?  
This night you shall behold him at our feast.  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.  
Examine every married lineament  
And see how one another lends content,  
And what obscured in this fair volume lies  
Find written in the margent of his eyes.  
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
To beautify him only lacks a cover.  
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride  
For fair without the fair within to hide.  
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.

So shall you share all that he doth possess  
By having him, making yourself no less.

**Lord Capulet – Act 3, Scene 5**

When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son  
It rains downright.  
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?  
Evermore showering? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;  
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,  
Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

**Lord Montague – Act 1, Scene 1**

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 far daylight out  
And makes himself an artificial night:  
Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

**Mercutio – Act 1, Scene 4**

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 wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
 Her traces, of the smallest spider web;  
 Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;  
 Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;  
 Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;

### **Nurse – Act 1, Scene 3**

Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
 Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
 Susan and 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 fourteen;  
 That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
 And she was weaned (I never shall forget it),  
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day;  
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
 Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall.  
 My lord and you were then at Mantua.  
 Nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I said,  
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
 Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,  
 To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!

### **Paris – Act 5, Scene 3**

This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
 That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,  
 It is supposed, the fair creature died;  
 And here is come to do some villanous shame

To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

*[Comes forward]*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!

Can vengeance be pursued further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:

Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

### **Romeo – Act 2, Scene 2**

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.

### **Tybalt – Act 1, Scene 5**

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—

Fetch me my rapier, boy.

What, dares the slave

Come hither covered with an antic face

To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,

A villain that is hither come in spite

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

It fits when such a villain is a guest.  
I'll not endure him.