

SUMMER PRODUCTION: 60 Minute Shakespeare (Romeo and Juliet)

Auditions: Tuesday, June 17 from 5-8pm

Callbacks: Wednesday, June 18 from 5-8pm

Read Through: Thursday, June 19 from 5-8pm

Rehearsals: Monday through Thursday from 5-8pm from July 7 - August 7

Performances:

- Friday, August 8 at 6pm
- Saturday, August 9 at 3pm
- Saturday, August 9 at 6pm
- Sunday, August 10 at 3pm

Strike: Sunday, August 10 from 4-6pm

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

Please note that playing ages are given as a guide only. Character descriptions are traditional and may change during rehearsals. Casting will be open to all genders unless otherwise specified.

Romeo – Male, 16-25 - the son and heir of Montague and Lady Montague. A young man of about sixteen, Romeo is handsome, intelligent, and sensitive. Though impulsive and immature, his idealism and passion make him an extremely likable character.

Juliet – Female, 15-25 - the daughter of Capulet and Lady Capulet. A beautiful thirteen-year-old girl, Juliet begins the play as a naïve child who has thought little about love and marriage, but she grows up quickly upon falling in love with Romeo.

Friar Lawrence – 30+ - a Franciscan friar, friend to both Romeo and Juliet. Kind, civic-minded, a proponent of moderation, and always ready with a plan, Friar Lawrence is also an expert in the use of seemingly mystical potions and herbs.

Mercutio – 18-28 - kin to the Prince, and Romeo's close friend. Mercutio overflows with imagination, wit, and, at times, a strange, biting satire and brooding fervor. Mercutio loves wordplay, especially sexual double entendres. He/she can be quite hotheaded, and hates people who are affected, pretentious, or obsessed with the latest fashions.

The Nurse – plays female but may be cast either male or female, 30+ - Juliet's nurse and closest friend. A vulgar, long-winded, and sentimental character, the Nurse provides comic relief with her frequently inappropriate remarks and speeches.

Tybalt – 18-30 - a Capulet, Juliet's cousin on her mother's side. Vain, fashionable, supremely aware of courtesy and the lack of it, he/she becomes aggressive, violent, and quick to draw his/her sword. Loathes Montagues.

Lord Capulet & Lady Capulet - Juliet's parents

Lord Montague/Lady Montague – Romeo's Parents;

All of these parents should have a playing age of at least 35; and very society-conscious.

Paris – Male, 18-30 - A kinsman of the Prince, and the suitor of Juliet most preferred by Lord Capulet. Once Capulet has promised him he can marry Juliet, he behaves very presumptuously toward her, acting as if they are already married.

Benvolio – 18-30 - Montague's niece/nephew, Romeo's cousin and thoughtful friend. Makes a genuine effort to defuse violent scenes in public, though Mercutio accuses him of having a nasty temper in private.

Prince Escalus – probably male, 25+ - The Prince of Verona. A kinsman of Mercutio and Paris. As the seat of political power in Verona, he is concerned about maintaining the public peace at all costs. In this production, the Prince will act as a puppet master, delivering the prologues and controlling events to eventually bring about peace.

Balthasar - Romeo's dedicated servant, who brings Romeo the news of Juliet's death, unaware that her death is a ruse.

Sampson & Gregory - Two servants of the house of Capulet, who, like their master, hate the Montagues. At the outset of the play, they successfully provoke some Montague men into a fight.

Abram - Montague's servant, who fights with Sampson and Gregory in the first scene of the play.

The Apothecary - An apothecary in Mantua. Had he been wealthier, he might have been able to afford to value his morals more than money, and refused to sell poison to Romeo.

Peter - A Capulet servant who invites guests to Capulet's feast and escorts the Nurse to meet with Romeo. He is illiterate, and a bad singer.

AUDITION MATERIAL

Please prepare 1 monologue from the selection below for your first audition. There isn't a piece for every single character – just choose the piece that you feel most comfortable with.

MONOLOGUE 1 – ROMEO

O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty: Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids.

MONOLOGUE 2 - 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; at lovers' perjuries
Then say, Jove laughs. 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 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 'havior light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware, My
True love's passion: therefore pardon me, And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

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 fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
Then dreams, he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again.

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,
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.

MONOLOGUE 5 - NURSE

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 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:
For then she could stand alone; nay,
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!
A' 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?'
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

MONOLOGUE 6 – FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the city,
Then comes she to me,
Gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
But he which bore my letter,
Was stay'd by accident.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

MONOLOGUE 7 – 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.
Thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
That same villain, Romeo.
We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.

MONOLOGUE 8 – PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
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.

DIALOGUE 1 – BENVOLIO / ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Soft! I will go along; Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

Groan! why, no. But sadly tell me who.

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

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

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

DIALOGUE 2 – ROMEO / 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
palmer's kiss.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmer's 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.

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

DIALOGUE 3 – MERCUTIO / BENVOLIO

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo be? Came he not home to-night?

BENVOLIO

Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

MERCUTIO

Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline. Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO

Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO

Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

MERCUTIO

Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO

Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

More than prince of cats, I can tell you.

DIALOGUE 4 – JULIET / NURSE

NURSE

He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET

What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

Hath Romeo slain himself?

NURSE

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,--
here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse,

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

I swoounded at the sight.

JULIET

O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!

NURSE

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?

My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?

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!