



CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

Audition Information/General

I do not require you to learn these passages by heart for the auditions, but, of course, you can do that if you prefer. We will prompt if you lose a line and it certainly won't count against you. I will expect you to be familiar with the play, understand how your character fits into the play as a whole and how s/he thinks/feels and relates to other characters. You should prepare all the passages for the part(s) you are interested in but I may ask you to do just one or two for the first auditions.

I am considering asking for some characters to have accents so, if you are called to the recall auditions, you should prepare to perform the speech for the Prologue in an accent of your choice. It will not affect your chances if you feel unable to do this.

If you are needed for the recall auditions you will be contacted by the Production Manager soon after the main auditions. Details of the recall passages will be on the website the weekend after the initial auditions. If you are not needed for the recalls, do not assume you have not been cast – we do not always need to call everyone back.

If a character for which you audition needs to fight and/or dance you will have a chance to chat to the Fight/Dance Choreographers at the main auditions.


**Characters may be doubled*

AUDITION PASSAGES

ESCALUS, PRINCE OF VERONA

PRINCE Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stain-ed 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 mov-ed prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our homes,
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.

BOAT 2020




ROMEO  JULIET

PRINCE This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

MERCUTIO – KINSMAN TO THE PRINCE AND FRIEND TO ROMEO

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,
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmaker.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades.
This is that very Mab,
That plaits the manes of horses in the night.
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--

MERCUTIO Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! Humours! Madman! Passion! Lover!
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;



ROMEO & JULIET

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,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

MERCUTIO No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain. Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

COUNTY PARIS - NOBLEMAN, KINSMAN TO THE PRINCE & SUITOR TO JULIET

PARIS Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;

PARIS Give me thy lantern. Hence, and stand aloof.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground.
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PARIS This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemn-ed villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.



LUCENTIO – FRIEND TO PARIS

LUCENTIO He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I left to call the Watch.

LORD MONTAGUE – HEAD OF THE FAMILY AT FEUD WITH THE CAPULETS

MONTAGUE Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began

MONTAGUE But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

LADY MONTAGUE – HIS WIFE AND MOTHER OF ROMEO

LADY MONTAGUE Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew.
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 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:

ROMEO – SON OF MONTAGUE

ROMEO Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! 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 any thing, of nothing first create!



ROMEO  JULIET

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

ROMEO O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blesse-d my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

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!
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!

ROMEO Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:



ROMEO & JULIET

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

ROMEO In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said Balthasar when my betoss-ed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
O my love! My wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty!
Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhor-ed 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.
. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace: and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing Death.
Here's to my love!

BENVOLIO – NEPHEW OF MONTAGUE AND FRIEND TO ROMEO

BENVOLIO Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood:

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



ROMEO  JULIET

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.
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,
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.

BALTHASAR – SERVANT TO ROMEO

BALTHASAR Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:

BALTHASAR I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

ABRAM – SERVANT TO MONTAGUE (As for Balthasar)

***VALENTIO – SERVANT TO MONTAGUE (As for Balthasar)**

LORD CAPULET – HEAD OF THE FAMILY AT FEUD WITH THE MONTAGUES

CAPULET Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:



ROMEO  JULIET

I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.
It is my will, the which ,if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

CAPULET God's bread! It makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you -
Graze where you will you shall not house with me.
Look to't, think on't! I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not - hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good!
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn!

CAPULET All things that we ordaine-d festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

LADY CAPULET – HIS WIFE AND MOTHER OF JULIET

LADY CAPULET 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;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.



ROMEO  JULIET

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?


LADY CAPULET Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw.
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

JULIET – DAUGHTER OF CAPULET

JULIET I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

JULIET '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 call'd,
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.

JULIET The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
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;
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
O God, she comes!



ROMEO & JULIET

O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him?

JULIET What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! Drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them.
Thy lips are warm.

(WATCH 1 [Within] Lead on my lord. Which way?) *(we will read in)*

Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
This is thy sheath;
There rust, and let me die.

TYBALT – NEPHEW OF CAPULET

TYBALT This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

TYBALT Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall.

TYBALT Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.
Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this - thou art a villain.

COUSIN CAPULET – FEMALE RELATIVE OF CAPULET

CAPULET Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

COUSIN CAPULET By'r lady, thirty years.

CAPULET What! Nay! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

COUSIN CAPULET 'Tis more, 'tis more,



CAPULET Will you tell me that?

NURSE – COMPANION TO JULIET

NURSE An a' speak anything 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. (*To Peter*) And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

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, To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark: 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.

NURSE Faith, here it is. Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing, That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you; Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth. Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, I think it best you married with the County. O, he's a lovely gentleman! Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam, Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart, 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.

NURSE Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! Fast, I warrant her, she: Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed! Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweet-heart! Why, bride! What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now; Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,



The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen! How sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
What, dress'd and in your clothes and down again!
I must needs wake you; Lady! Lady! Lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
My lord! my lady!

PETER – SERVANT TO CAPULET, ATTENDANT TO NURSE

PETER I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon
should quickly have been out, I warrant you:
I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a
good quarrel, and the law on my side.

SAMPSON – SERVANT TO CAPULET

(NB We will fill in the cue lines)

SAMPSON 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 runn'st 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 That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.
SAMPSON True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.
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 cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.
GREGORY The heads of the maids?
SAMPSON Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; 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.
GREGORY Draw thy tool! Here comes two of the house of the Montagues.
SAMPSON My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.
GREGORY How! Turn thy back and run?
SAMPSON Fear me not.
GREGORY No, marry; I fear thee!
SAMPSON Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.
GREGORY I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.



SAMPSON Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

GREGORY – SERVANT TO CAPULET

Passage as for Sampson

GREGORY Find them out whose names are written here! I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. In good time.

***MARTINO – SERVANT TO CAPULET** As for Gregory


FRIAR LAURENCE – CONFESSOR TO ROMEO AND JULIET

FRIAR LAURENCE Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art:
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damn-ed 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 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 upon thy back.
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.
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
Romeo is coming.

FRIAR LAURENCE Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow.
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distill-ed liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run



ROMEO  JULIET

A cold and drowsy humour,
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes. Each part
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame.
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

FRIAR LAURENCE I will be brief.

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,
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then 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,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave -
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,



ROMEO  JULIET

Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy:


***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-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought 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 JOHN**

FRIAR JOHN Going to find a bare-foot brother out
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.



ROMEO  JULIET

FRIAR LAURENCE Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN I could not send it. Here it is again
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

***APOTHECARY**

APOTHECARY Such mortal drugs I have.
Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

***WATCH 1, 2, 3 All use the same passage**

WATCH 1 The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
Pitiful sight! Go, tell the Prince! Run to the Capulets!
Raise up the Montagues!

WATCH 1 Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

**CITIZENS AND GUESTS AT CAPULET BALL - ROSALINE, LIVIA, HELENA,
VIOLA, BIANCA, KATHERINA**

See notes under Character Descriptions

No need to prepare a speech but come in individually and meet the audition panel – also chat to the dance choreographer.