

Lady Capulet/ Lord Capulet/ Juliet audition sheet

CAPULET: How now, wife!

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET : Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

CAPULET : Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud?

JULIET : Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

CAPULET : How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'

And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

LADY CAPULET : Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

JULIET : Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAPULET : Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch.

LADY CAPULET : You are too hot.

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

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.

Exit

JULIET : Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET : Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.