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Playing the Prince of Cats: A Retrospective on the Process of Being Tybalt in Romeo and Juliet

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A Thesis Submitted in Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree of
Master of Fine Arts in Theatre with an Emphasis in Acting

By

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Abstract

Acting as the major antagonist for the first half of William Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, Tybalt Capulet provides a unique challenge for an actor. The character's rage easily threatens to be static unless the actor can find appropriate justifications for his actions. Facing difficulty with limited textual background information, a performer undertaking the role must develop Tybalt's sense of self by drawing not only from Shakespeare's work, but also from the setting chosen by the director. This thesis examines how the character of Tybalt was developed to fit an adaptation of the play set during the Hatfield and McCoy feud in post-Civil War America. In explaining my process of modernizing Tybalt for this production, I strive to answer the question: Who is Tybalt Capulet? What events led him to become this increasingly violent person; and what purpose does he serve within the play? This thesis reveals a character possibly well removed from Shakespeare's original vision, but nonetheless fleshed out and validated within the world of the production in which I played the part.

This thesis is approved for
publication and has completed the requirements for
the Master's of Fine Arts degree.

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Introduction

When I was asked to choose a major during the beginning of my undergraduate studies in 1997, I did not choose theatre. Before college, I had been extremely active in the performing arts. I was a member of choruses both in and out of school. I participated in any play or musical I could audition for, and I loved every second of performing. Yet when it came time to choose my major, I didn't choose theatre or music, or any artistic field. I like to joke that I listened to the wrong "little voice" on my shoulder, the one that told me I couldn't be good enough to make a career as a performer. So I studied the sciences and received my first degree in Psychology. Ultimately, attempting to make a career in that field left me terribly unsatisfied and I returned to earn a second undergraduate degree, this time in English literature. Following that degree I continued in the field of literature, hoping to become a teacher. It was just before my first semester of graduate studies in English literature that I decided to audition for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as a way to relieve some of the tension from my job. I was cast as Philostrate, and was overjoyed to be setting foot on stage again after nearly a decade away from acting. I would return to that company to audition the following season for *Much Ado About Nothing* when I began to suspect that I was unsuited to the philosophy behind the graduate studies I was pursuing at the time. By the end of *Much Ado's* run I looked at my cast-mates and thought to myself, "These are my people. Why did I ever let this go?"

I decided that my best recourse was to finish out my current semester and then transfer into a Master's program in Fine Arts. After much consideration I decided to

audition for Lindenwood University's theatre department, and was accepted. During my three years at Lindenwood I have worked to hone my skills as a performer and expand my knowledge of the craft. The culmination of this endeavor was the performance of a thesis-worthy role and a summary analysis of the work and my portrayal of the character. What follows has been submitted for consideration as a suitable thesis project for a Master's Degree in Fine Arts.

Chapter One: The Production Particulars and the World of the Script

In this chapter I begin with a general introduction to the production as it was conceived. Later, I provide a brief summary of the script as William Shakespeare originally penned it. It is my hope that this brief summary will help illuminate the path we took toward making the production a successful adaptation of one of Shakespeare's best-known tragedies.

The Production

Early in April of 2013, Riverside Shakespeare Theatre Company held auditions for its annual summer theatre production. Breaking from their tradition of performing either romances or comedies, this season the company decided to attempt William Shakespeare's tragedy *Romeo and Juliet*. The show would be performed at Wapelhorst Park in Saint Charles, Missouri on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays between June 21 and June 30 with preview nights occurring on Wednesday, June 19 and Thursday, June 20. Once cast, the show began rehearsals in early May. Director Melissa Baird Boyer and Assistant Director/Stage Manager Kathy Diehl conducted rehearsals. Chris Ferguson, the show's Producer, Fight Choreographer, and Marketing Director, also supervised several rehearsals. Harlen Kirk II assisted with fight choreography. The set was designed and constructed by Jon Elkins, who adapted his original designs to a secondary location when the primary performance space became unavailable. Quenn Tibbs acted as the assistant stage manager, backstage operations manager, and props master. Costumes and makeup were designed and provided by Tracey Newcomb. Becky Loughridge developed

choreography for the dance. Our rehearsal space was generously donated to the company by Connections to Success of St. Charles.

The Script

It is generally agreed that William Shakespeare wrote *Romeo and Juliet* sometime between 1591 and 1595, around the same time that he penned *Richard II* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He adapted his script most immediately from the poem "The Tragical History of Remeus and Juliet" written by Arthur Brooke in 1562, though the story's core elements can be traced back to several works by composers of poetry and theatre in the mid-15th Century and early 16th Century. The oldest plot element of the story, that of feigning death to escape a marriage, dates back to Xenophon's *Ephesiaca* in 4 A.D (The Riverside Shakespeare, 1101).

It is a story of a bitter war between two families and the love spawned between their children. Its theme revolves around youth and passion, star-crossed love and age-old hatred. It is a tale of chance, fate, and tragic folly beginning, as the Prologue tells us, with a feud between the Montagues and the Capulets of Verona. Violence immediately erupts between the two houses as Benvolio and servants of the house of Montague clash with Tybalt and retainers for the house of Capulet. The skirmish is broken up by Prince Escalus, who declares a ban on public brawling before dispersing the combatants to their homes.

Following the skirmish, Lord and Lady Montague question Benvolio about their son Romeo. They are worried that he has been acting unusual, and Benvolio resolves to learn the cause of this unusual behavior. Romeo, despondent over a failed romance with Rosaline, is encouraged by his cousin Benvolio and friend Mercutio to sneak into

Capulet's ball so that he may reunite with Rosaline. Romeo reluctantly agrees. Meanwhile, Lady Capulet attempts to prepare her daughter Juliet for the news that Lord Capulet has agreed to give Juliet's hand in marriage to Paris, a kinsman of the Prince. Though Lady Capulet and the Nurse are overjoyed at this prospect, Juliet remains hesitant.

After some more coercion by Mercutio, Romeo and his companions manage to sneak into Capulet's celebration. There he sees Juliet, and instantly falls in love with her. As Romeo attempts to woo her, he is spotted by Juliet's cousin Tybalt, who moves to confront the young Montague. Tybalt is intercepted however by Lord Capulet, who orders him to leave Romeo alone and not disrupt the party. Tybalt, undeterred, vows to challenge Romeo at the first chance. Following the party, as Mercutio and Benvolio try to reconnect with him, Romeo hides in the Capulet garden and is elated when Juliet appears on her balcony. Promises of love are exchanged between them and Romeo hastens away. The next morning he approaches Friar Lawrence, who chides Romeo for being an inconstant youth in matters of love, but nonetheless agrees to marry the young couple. Lawrence hopes that this union will finally end the conflict between the Montagues and the Capulets.

In a conversation between Benvolio and Mercutio it is revealed that Tybalt has sent a formal challenge to Romeo, and Mercutio expresses concern that in his present state, Romeo will be no match for Tybalt. The two friends come upon Romeo and tease him for his new demeanor; they are soon joined by the Nurse, who is on an errand from Juliet to learn of Romeo's plan. Romeo tells the Nurse of his intention to marry Juliet, and she agrees to aid the two. The Nurse returns to inform Juliet, and later that day the

young couple are married. Meanwhile, Tybalt has been searching for Romeo. He comes upon Mercutio and Benvolio, asking after Romeo, and heated words are exchanged when Mercutio taunts Tybalt. The newly-married Romeo enters and is confronted by Tybalt. Romeo tries to explain his new kinship with the Capulets, but Tybalt will not be dissuaded. Mercutio then attempts to protect his friend by challenging Tybalt to a duel. Tybalt accepts and the two begin to fight. Romeo, aghast at what is happening, tries to stop the duel. When he intercedes, Tybalt takes advantage of the distraction, mortally wounds Mercutio, and escapes. Mercutio's death sends Romeo into a blind rage and he calls Tybalt back. The two battle; and Tybalt falls to Romeo's blade. Benvolio hastens Romeo away from the scene before the Prince arrives, and the first act ends with a pronouncement of banishment for Romeo.

As the second act begins, the Nurse delivers the news to Juliet that her new husband has murdered her cousin and been banished. Distraught, Juliet sends the Nurse in search of Romeo, who has gone to Friar Lawrence for help. The Friar admonishes Romeo for his rash action, but begins to develop a plan to reconcile everything while Romeo stays in Mantua. Bolstered by this desperate hope, Romeo goes to his bride and the two share a passionate but mournful night together before Romeo departs from Verona. Unbeknownst to the lovers, Lord Capulet, Paris, and Lady Capulet meet and arrange for Juliet and Paris to wed shortly. When they break this news to Juliet she adamantly refuses, claiming her grief for Tybalt is too fresh for her to consider the proposal. Her father, infuriated by her disobedience, orders her to either marry Paris or be disowned. Left alone, the distraught Juliet desperately seeks out Friar Lawrence for advice. The Friar offers her a sleeping potion that will mimic death, and proposes to send

Friar John with a letter to Romeo telling him to come collect the sleeping Juliet after she has been laid in the Capulet's vault.

Confident in the scheme, Juliet returns home and drinks the potion. Her parents and the Nurse, believing her dead, bury her in the family crypt and mourn the loss of the young lady. News of Juliet's "death" reaches Benvolio, who hastens to Mantua and tells Romeo what he has learned. Romeo is grief-stricken. Without the promised prompting from the Friar, Romeo decides to tempt the law and return to Juliet. As Romeo sets off on his return, Friar John informs Friar Lawrence that his letter could not be delivered. Fearing what Romeo might do, Friar Lawrence hurries to the Capulet tomb to retrieve Juliet. Romeo returns to Verona and buys poison from an Apothecary, determined take his life and rest forever with Juliet. Armed with the drug, he travels to the Capulet monument, where he encounters the grieving Paris, who attempts to arrest Romeo for breaking the Prince's edict. The two have a fight and Romeo kills Paris. Romeo enters the tomb, and after bestowing a final kiss on Juliet's lips, swallows the poison and dies. Juliet awakens just as Friar Lawrence appears, and shocked to find her lover dead, draws his dagger and kills herself. Drawn by the commotion and the city watch, the Prince and the heads of the houses of Capulet and Montague enter to witness the horrific scene. The rivalry between the two houses ends in ruin for both, and a vow to erect a monument to their children.

Chapter Two: The History of the Play and Analysis of the Character

In this chapter I examine the history of the play and its author. This research formed the foundation of discerning who the character of Tybalt is at his core. Armed with this knowledge and using exercises conducted during the rehearsal process I began an analysis of the character as he would exist within both the world of the play and the theme applied to the work. The latter half of this chapter was reproduced from my original character analysis, and therefore appears as a mostly first-person narrative. I have purposely left the perspective of this analysis intact in the hopes that some of my mindset as I prepared to play Tybalt would be preserved as well.

Research: The Author

Though celebrated as one of the greatest playwrights of all time, very little is known about the life of William Shakespeare. Due to poor record-keeping, almost nothing of his early life survives to this day. According to church records he was baptized in Stratford-upon-Avon on April 26, 1564, leading scholars to assume his birth to have taken place around April 23 of the same year. He was the third child of John Shakespeare, successful leather merchant, and Mary Arden, an established heiress. Shakespeare had two older sisters and three younger brothers, as well as three siblings who died in their infancy. It is generally assumed that Shakespeare attended the King's New School in Stratford, where he would have received free tuition, being the son of a public official. There he would have been taught reading, writing, and the Classics. Virtually no information about Shakespeare's early life has been uncovered, and so his developmental years are shrouded in mystery. Scholars agree that, despite his early education, William Shakespeare never attended a university-level school, remaining

unnoticed in public records until his marriage to Anne Hathaway on November 28, 1582. Together they had three children, Susanna and twins named Hamnet and Judith. Their son Hamnet would die at age 11 from unverified causes.

Shortly after the birth of their twins, Shakespeare disappeared from the public record once again, only to reappear in London in the early 1590's. Scholars suggest that he made his way to London around 1588 and began to work as an actor. It is also surmised that during this time he first gained notice as a playwright, and in doing so earned the ire of noted playwright Robert Greene. Greene wrote of Shakespeare as, "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his Tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you: and being an absolute Johannes fac totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country" (The Riverside Shakespeare, 1959). Despite this scathing criticism, Shakespeare was successfully staging his works with the Lord Chamberlain's Men by 1594. During the early 1600's Shakespeare owned shares in both the company and the Globe Theatre where they performed. By his retirement in 1611, Shakespeare had written some thirty-nine plays (with two extra plays presumed lost), five narrative poems, and 154 sonnets.

A List of Shakespeare's Plays by Date of Composition:

- *Henry VI part 1*, 1589-1590
- *Henry VI part 2*, 1590-1591
- *Henry VI part 3*, 1590-1591
- *Richard III*, 1592-1593
- *The Comedy of Errors*, 1592-1594
- *Henry V*, 1599
- *Julius Caesar*, 1599
- *As You Like It*, 1599
- *Hamlet*, 1600-1601
- *Twelfth Night*, 1601-1602

- *Edward III*, 1592-1595
- *Titus Andronicus*, 1593-1594
- *The Taming of the Shrew*, 1593-1594
- *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 1594
- *Love's Labor's Lost*, 1594-1595
- *King John*, 1594-1596
- *Richard II*, 1595
- *Romeo and Juliet*, 1595-1596
- *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1595-1596
- *The Merchant of Venice*, 1596-1597
- *Henry IV part 1*, 1596-1597
- *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1597
- *Henry IV part 2*, 1598
- *Much Ado About Nothing*, 1598-1599
- *Troilus and Cressida*, 1601-1602
- *All's Well That Ends Well*, 1602-1603
- *Measure for Measure*, 1604
- *Othello*, 1604
- *King Lear*, 1605
- *Macbeth*, 1606
- *Antony and Cleopatra*, 1606-1607
- *Coriolanus*, 1607-1608
- *Timon of Athens*, 1607-1608
- *Pericles*, 1607-1608
- *Cymbeline*, 1609-1610
- *The Winter's Tale*, 1610-1611
- *The Tempest*, 1611
- *Henry VIII*, 1612-1613
- *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1613

A Brief History of the Production

Because *Romeo and Juliet* has seen over 400 years' worth of productions, a complete production history is impractical. Nonetheless, I have endeavored within this next section to highlight some key productions of the play. As previously stated, Shakespeare most likely wrote the play around 1595. The title page of the first quarto gives the strongest evidence for this saying, "[*Romeo and Juliet*] hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his servants" (Mabillard). According to records, Hunsdon's troupe of actors only acted under the name

referenced until 1596. Aside from the title page of the quarto, there exists no documentation for how often or how long the initial run of play lasted. According to Jay L. Halio, references found in the second quarto suggest that Shakespeare's Lord Chamberlain's Men were probably the first troupe to produce the play with its leading actor Richard Burbage starring as Romeo and Master Robert Goffe playing Juliet (Halio, 97)

The first recorded production of the play took place at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1662. It was produced by William Davenant and his company, the Duke's Men. In this production, Henry Harris played Romeo, while the roles of Mercutio and Juliet were played by Thomas Betterton and his wife Mary Saunderson, possibly one of the first female performers ever to play the role. Though the staging was given life by the reopening of Restoration theaters, the play was generally disliked because of its stuffy language and imposing ending, despite changes made by Davenant to tweak the play for 17th Century audiences. After a poor opening that was blasted by Samuel Pepys, the play was converted into a tragicomedy by James Howard. This version of the play altered the ending so that the lovers do not die. Both variations of the play ran in tandem for a short period, though records are unclear beyond "several Days together" as to the length of the run (Halio, 100).

In 1679 Thomas Otway rewrote *Romeo and Juliet* as *The Rise and Fall of Caius Marius*. He set the play in Ancient Rome, made significant changes to the language, and altering the ending so that Juliet (re-named Lavinia) awakens before Romeo's death. This play would see fifty-six years' worth of revivals, making it the most popular adaptation of Shakespeare during the Restoration. Its final recorded productions took

place in 1935. Following Otway's lead, Theophilus Cibber and Thomas Sheridan would produce similar adaptations of Shakespeare's play in 1744 and 1746 respectively. Neither adaptation enjoyed the success that Otway's version had attained, though, and their runs are assumed to have been short.

While *The Rise and Fall of Caius Marius* became successful for its more easily accessible nature, another variation of *Romeo and Juliet* sought to restore the play's original gravity. In 1748, David Garrick rewrote the play according to strict 18th Century standards. The language of the play was restored to something approaching the original: many of the racier lines were removed, Lady Montague was cut from the script entirely, Romeo's early love for Rosaline was eliminated, and in later versions of the script a funeral procession was added with accompanying dirges for Juliet. This version of the play would see marked success with audiences. Halio says of this variation, "From the initial performance at Drury Lane until 1776, it played over 329 times and held the stage for nearly a century" (Halio, 101). Garrick's version featured Spranger Barry and Mrs. Cribber as the title characters, Henry Woodward as Mercutio, and Mrs. James as the Nurse. In 1750 Barry and Mrs. Cribber left Garrick to begin a rival production of the play at Covent Garden. Barry and Cribber's production saw similar success as Garrick's version, staging several revivals over the next few decades.

By the early 19th Century many audiences had grown bored with the existing variation of *Romeo and Juliet*. Due to lack of talent and interest, the play fell out of fashion until around 1845, when Charlotte Cushman attempted to revive Shakespeare's original play. Not only did she work to restore the script to better match the original, she also reordered the scenes according to the original framework. Cushman also pushed

some boundaries by casting herself as Romeo and her sister as Juliet. According to Halio, her version of the play opened on December 29, 1845, and enjoyed 84 performances (Halio, 102). It reawakened interest in *Romeo and Juliet*, and many 19th Century British companies touring America added the play to their repertoires.

By the second half of the 1800s, American companies included *Romeo and Juliet* in their own seasons. In 1869, Edwin Booth opened the doors to his new theatre running the play for ten weeks despite a critical panning of both Booth's Romeo and Mary McVicker's Juliet. In November of 1875, a 16-year-old Mary Anderson played the role of Juliet in Louisville, Kentucky. Anderson was such a success that in 1883 she was invited to star opposite Johnston Forbes-Robertson at Irving's Lyceum in London. Halio describes the Forbes-Robertson production as, "a splendidly scenic version that ran for a hundred nights" (Halio, 105). The Lyceum run was so successful that Anderson brought the production back to America in 1885, where it enjoyed much success.

The Twentieth and Twenty-first Centuries have seen a boom in productions of the play both on stage and in motion pictures. From1935 to 1936 Sir John Gielgud portrayed Romeo at London's New Theatre opposite Dame Peggy Ashcroft. The production featured a young Sir Laurence Olivier as Mercutio and Dame Edith Evans as the Nurse. Halio notes that while the acting was phenomenal, "the major achievement of this production was the far fuller restoration of Shakespeare's text than the professional theater had seen for centuries" (Halio, 105). Gielgud's version of the play had been restored using both the first and second quartos, and it reintroduced nearly all the bawdry that had been removed in previous centuries.

In 1957 the team of Arthur Laurents, Leonard Bernstein, and Stephen Sondheim adapted *Romeo and Juliet* into a musical. The play, and later film, *West Side Story*, focused on two rival gangs at war in the streets of New York City. The original Broadway run, which was choreographed and directed by Jerome Robbins, ran for 732 performances before touring. It has since toured the United States and the United Kingdom and returned to Broadway multiple times in the last 60 years. In the original production Larry Kert starred as Tony, the plays equivalent to Romeo, and Carol Lawrence portrayed Maria, the Juliet role.

In 1968, Franco Zeffirelli, who had launched a re-envisioned variation of the play at the Old Vic in 1960 starring John Stride as Romeo, Dame Judi Dench as Juliet, and Alec McCowen as Mercutio, decided to set the play to film. The film recast the principles, using with Leonard Whiting as Romeo, Olivia Hussey as Juliet, and John McEnery as a "brilliant [and] deeply neurotic Mercutio" (Halio, 109). Zeffirelli pushed aside conventions in the film to make it more accessible to audiences, and his efforts paid off. By the end of the Twentieth Century his vision of *Romeo and Juliet* was among the most successful Shakespearean films ever created.

Most recently, in 1996 Baz Luhrmann directed, *William Shakespeare's: Romeo + Juliet*. Featuring performances by Leonardo DiCaprio as Romeo, Claire Danes as Juliet, Pete Postlethwaite as Friar Lawrence, and John Leguizamo as Tybalt, the play was heavily modernized for the film. Characters fight using firearms with "sword" etched into the sides. It moves the location from Italy to Verona Beach, Florida. Drugs and societal decay are heavily featured, and as in Zeffirelli's earlier film, quite a bit of the original dialogue is altered or cut to fit the work into the modern theme.

The World of the Play

The principle challenge in this production was to reconcile the world of Shakespeare's Verona with the historical theme chosen by Riverside Shakespeare Company. Having done quite a bit of period theatrical work, I could foresee potential "culture clashes" almost from the beginning. The concept revolved around the story of Roseanna McCoy and Johnse Hatfield, and the famous feud that existed between their families in the late Nineteenth Century. Two things struck me upon learning the proposed concept for our production. The first was that nearly 300 years and 4,469 miles separated the original setting from our proposed one. The second was that, more than likely, Shakespeare's original story was in serious jeopardy of being mangled as we intermeshed it with American history. While we were intent upon using Shakespeare's language, certain words within the text just couldn't be applied to our setting. Words such as "friar" and "prince" were converted into "father" and "sheriff" to compensate for the potential incongruity of character dialects and setting. In many cases these sorts of changes would, at least on the surface, fix most problems that might be encountered; however, as I looked into the stories of each feud, I began to uncover differences that would affect how I approached the role of Tybalt. I first set about reading accounts of the Hatfield and McCoy feud and comparing them to Shakespeare's text. In addition, I watched the History Channel's miniseries *Hatfields & McCoys* in order to see what stories modern audiences might have encountered and what they would expect in an Appalachian dialect.

The first thing I discovered was that, while the stories of Romeo and Juliet and Johnse and Roseanna seem to parallel one another when stated in brief, they are actually

quite different tales. To begin with, Shakespeare's families are both noble households. Neither is wealthier or more politically influential than the other. While Capulet tries to marry Juliet to the prince's kinsman, there is nothing in the script that suggests this action is intended to tip the favor of Verona in the feud toward the Capulets. On the other hand, it is well documented that the Hatfield family were wealthy due to the success of their lumber trade and the McCoys were somewhat less prosperous landowners who worked in farming and livestock. For the sake of our production, it seemed like the Capulets would inherit the position of the Hatfields and the Montagues, the McCoys. This allocation posed a problem within the stories however, because it was a Hatfield man who fought for the North during the Civil War (a role given over to Benvolio in our version) and the lovers of each story were now placed with the wrong family historically.

It was Roseanna McCoy who, as several variations of the story claim, struggled to leave her family and be with the wealthier Hatfield boy. According to Lisa Alther's *Blood Feud*, Roseanna raced to Devil Anse, forsaking her family, to prevent Johnse's death at the hand of several McCoy boys enraged over Johnse's impregnation of Roseanna (Alther, 56). Of course, these events do not even remotely resemble the love story between Romeo and Juliet. Accounts of the Johnse and Roseanna story vary from teller to teller, though all seem to agree that the Hatfield boy did make promises of love and marriage to the McCoy girl, and Roesanna's pregnancy cannot be disputed (Lugar). Pregnancy aside, the story does look quite a bit like Shakespeare's, but it must be considered that when penning the play, Shakespeare had tapped into a familiar and universally possible truth of young love. Any young man believing himself in love is apt to do as Romeo does in the play and Johnse did in real life. However, unlike his

theatrical predecessor, Johnse appears to have had it easy when it came to the public response to his actions. He was never ostracized or banished from his home either by his family or local authorities. According to some accounts Johnse's moral character could also be called into question. Unlike Romeo, there are at least two stories that claim that he was incapable of remaining faithful to Roseanna following their sexual union, and only promised her marriage so that he could continue sharing her bed (Appalachian Lady, Rice).

More challenging for me, though, was the fact that nowhere in the Hatfield and McCoy history was there a figure that was equivalent to Tybalt. Though the two American families seem riddled with "blood-for-blood" minded men, none possessed the arrogance of Tybalt, or his willingness to fly into a rage over the slightest insult. The closest figure I was able to find was Devil Anse's uncle Jim Vance, who was suspected of leading a group of Hatfields to murder Randolph "Ol' Ran'l" McCoy's brother, Asa Harmon, for serving with the Union army. In the television series as well as some written accounts it was rumored that Jim Vance held a vengeful hatred for all former Union soldiers. This supposed hatred was not specific to any one family in particular, nor was it well documented enough to be taken for fact I could use in developing my character as Tybalt.

So, where did this information leave me? Indeed, where did it leave the production as a whole? The answer to the second question was sadly easier to come by than the first: For the purposes of the show, we simply chose to ignore the myriad inconsistencies and hope that the audience wouldn't recognize our mistakes. I will address the outcome of this decision in a later chapter, but for the time being I will

discuss the preparations I took in developing my character. Sadly, the text of *Romeo and Juliet* gives little information about Tybalt. The first thing that struck me about Tybalt was that there is only one moment in the play where he is neither raging nor a hair's breath away from it. It was obvious to me that he needs to be supremely confident, never hesitating in his actions, and fearless in battle, even enjoying the challenge of a fight. I remembered watching Tybalt in Zeffirelli's movie years ago and being struck by his supreme confidence throughout the duel with Mercutio until he kills Mercutio by accident (Zeffirelli). Because I knew I'd be killing Mercutio with a firearm, the possibility of accidental homicide was out of the question, but the way I envisioned Tybalt would not allow him to flee following the death, as in the Zeffirelli film. In my mind, if Tybalt fled the scene of the murder for fear of the law or his life, he would have little reason to return later in that scene.

What I needed to find was a reason to come back. I wanted Tybalt to be a man of honor, but in our production it was determined that I would shoot Mercutio in the back before exiting. What sense did it make to shoot him in the back and then return unless he felt that he had something to gain by returning? In *Romeo and Juliet: A Guide to the Play*, Halio describes Tybalt as, "Fiery tempered and impulsive, he takes very seriously the vendetta that exists between the Houses of Montague and Capulet" (Halio, 35). Tybalt witnesses the lovers' first kiss and is incensed by the act, so it seemed logical to me that Tybalt's reason for seeking Romeo out was to defend the honor of his cousin. Being a man of honor, Tybalt, in my opinion, would want to look a man in the eye as he kills him, and so Romeo's intervention in the fight results in a stain on Tybalt's reputation. This slight would naturally enrage Tybalt, causing him to stalk off before

further mistakes could be made. Only once he realized that it is Romeo - the direct threat to his family - demanding his return that he realizes he will get no other chance at doing his duty to end the feud. The end-result is his return.

So if Tybalt is a man of honor and a man of action, my next step was to devise a backstory that would mesh with the setting of the current production. Given the timeframe in which we'd set the play, I determined that Tybalt would have to be in his late twenties or early thirties. Given this information, it is entirely possible that he would have seen action in the Civil War but not necessarily as a soldier. For insight into the mindset of a Civil War veteran, I searched through records of letters written by soldiers. One constant in many of the letters was a sense of persistent determination and passive nobility. Letters from Confederate soldiers such as Eli Landers demonstrated a stubborn adherence to duty that clearly wearied him. In a letter to his mother he wrote:

> We marched all day Monday when in the evening another struggle insued (sic) lasting from 5 o'clock till 9 o'clock with unmerciful fighting . . . Great destruction on both sides but the number is not yet ascertained . . . Next morning I went over the battlefield and it was awful to look at the scene of destruction that had been done. The field was lying thick with our Noble Southerners being trampled on (Landers)

The Tybalt in our production would have endured scenes such as this, and would have been shaped by these experiences. In the next section of this chapter, I will relate the fictitious events I imagined that would result in the character I portrayed on stage through the character's perspective.

Character Analysis: Text Work[1]

I am Tybalt Capulet, and what follows is an account of my life, the opinions I hold of myself, and what others may say or think about me. I fully expect that this work will be altered to include things said of me should I meet an untimely end; something that is all too likely in this ongoing feud.

I often participate in skirmishes with the Montagues and their associates. During these fights I am quick to take the lead. One time in particular, I witnessed a scuffle between our man Samson and a man of the house of Montague. The fight was interrupted by Benvolio, Romeo's cousin, who I cannot abide. In the brief moment before I attacked him, I told him exactly what I thought of him. I said, "Peace, I hate the word, as I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee," I spoke from the heart (I, 1). I hate that there are people who assume that we can just lay aside an age-old history of bloodshed and revenge. The Montagues have injured my kin time and again, and they deserve no quarter. The only peace we will ever have will come when one family or the other is completely wiped out.

Because I am a skilled fighter, it is only natural that I am feared. I have heard that Mercutio has praised my skill and fears that Romeo cannot hold his own against my wrath. He has said:

> [Tybalt is] More than the Prince of Cats, I can tell you. Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportions. He rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher. I, 11.

[1] All quotations from the play were taken from the adapted script, which can be found in Appendix B.

Of course, when you have a reputation for being as ruthless as I am in a fight, other labels are attached to you, like "hothead" and "uncontrollable." My uncle is quick to make use of my skills when a Montague needs taken out, but he is just as quick to come down hard on me when he thinks I'm challenging him. During our family feast, I noticed Romeo intruding on our celebration. I am a proud man, and I could not bear the insult his presence brought to our home. I remember thinking, "Now, by the stock and honor of my kin, to strike him dead, I hold it not a sin," (I, 7). Before I could eliminate him however, my uncle came between us and drew me aside. When I told him of my intents, Uncle Capulet told me to leave Romeo alone. I told him I wouldn't stand for it, but my uncle was quick to point out that I was not the head of the household and demanded I answer his question: "Am I the master here or you?" (I, 7). He even accused me of "making a mutiny among [his] guests," (I, 7). Though he tried to send me from the party, I couldn't just leave Romeo to cause trouble, so I stayed and watched from a discreet distance. I can't say I was pleased when he kissed my cousin. In all honesty, my hatred of Romeo in that moment immediately surpassed that of any other Montague, causing me to vow that I will make him rue the events of the evening. As I left the party I swore, "I will withdraw, but this intrusion now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall" (I, 7).

It is true, my temper gets me into trouble, but it is very difficult to stay calm when someone such as Mercutio seems intent on mocking me at every turn. Even when I tried to be civil with him and Benvolio, they could not help but twist my words and goad me. I had politely asked them for, "a word with one of [them]," and Mercutio responded by insulting my intelligence (I, 14). His first jibe was a play on the words I used: "And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something: make it a word and a blow" (I, 14).

Any attempt I made to question them was met with the similar taunts. Mercutio had so enraged me that, by the time Romeo appeared, it is a wonder I could restrain myself at all. Seeing him, I called out, "Romeo! The hate I bear thee can afford no better term than this: Thou art a villain" (I, 14). Romeo then claimed that I don't understand him and that, "[he] never injured [me], but love [me] better than [I] canst devise" (I, 14). It was then that Mercutio pushed me into fighting him. I always knew he didn't think highly of me but to insult my courage by calling me "rat-catcher" and "King of Cats" was too much to bear (I, 14). Mercutio and I fought and I killed him.

From the eyewitness reports to Escalus on the occasion of the death of Tybalt: According to Benvolio, at the time of the incident Tybalt was possessed of an "unruly spleen" and "deaf to peace" (I, 15). Lady Capulet was distraught over the loss of her nephew and, unable to believe what she was hearing, she leapt to defend Tybalt's honor and that of her family. All she could do as I attempted to establish order was to rant, "Affection makes [Benvolio] speak not true... I beg for justice, which thou, Sheriff, must give. Romeo slew Tybalt. Romeo must not live" (I, 15).

An excerpt from the diary of the Nurse:

I can't believe he is gone. "I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes . . . here on his manly breast. A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse . . . O Tybalt, Tybalt, That ever I should live to see thee dead" (II, 1). Lord and Lady Capulet mourn their nephew, and are mindful of it despite their plans to marry Juliet to Paris. The other day, Lord Capulet even said, "We'll keep no great ado, a friend or two, for hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, it may be thought we held him carelessly, if we revel much" (II, 3). Juliet is confused and nearly hysterical that her "dearest cousin" (II, 1) was killed by her secret

husband, and yet she vacillates between her defense of Romeo and her grief over losing Tybalt. The way she speaks makes me worry for her:

> But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? That villain cousin would have killed my husband. Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring! Your tributary drops belong to woe, which you, mistaking, offer up to joy. My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain, and Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband. All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then? (II, 1).

I know she feels guilt for condemning Tybalt because the two of them were so close. "O, she says nothing . . . but weeps and weeps, and now falls on her bed, and then starts up, and 'Tybalt' calls, and then on Romeo cries, and then falls again" (II, 2). It is a black day for my master's family. God give that young man the peace he never found in life.

Character Analysis: Past

My childhood may not have been ideal, but I can't say it was any different from any other boys I grew up with. I had my older brother and a couple of cousins who were around a lot. Usually my pa, or one of my uncles, would take us for a week or so. We'd learn about working the fields, cutting down trees, hunting, or fishing. I didn't realize it at the time, but my pa was readying me, teaching me what I had to know to survive. As a child we don't realize how harsh this world can be. We don't see that the smallest disagreements between adults can lead to dozens of people wanting to see you dead if you aren't quick enough to put them in the ground first. Not much of my childhood really stands out all that much in my mind. My older brother Timothy and I would pretend to be American soldiers tracking and hunting the red Indians. We'd play with our

cousins, one group pretending to be William Henry Harrison up in Indiana facing off against the Shawnee warriors led by Tecumseh. While I enjoyed this game, it was most fun when I got to pretend to be an Indian instead. There was something in the freedom of how I could move, stalk, and let loose when I attacked like I thought Indians would fight. It felt more natural to grip my "tomahawk" in my hand and stand toe to toe with my enemy.

I suppose that feeling always stayed with me, because to this day I still prefer facing a man with a blade in my hand instead looking at him down the sight of a gun barrel. In fact, learning to fight that way reminds me of one of my favorite memories as a child. Being a younger brother, I was used to getting the short end of any tussle with Tim, and it irked me that no matter how hard I tried, he always seemed to best me. One day in particular we got into a scuffle after Tim told Pa that I'd lost the deer we'd been hunting earlier that morning. Later that day, a few of our cousins asked us if we wanted to join them in a round of "Soldiers versus Indians," and when Tim joined Harrison's team, I chose to be a Shawnee just to spite him. I remember waiting for my cousins to come through the wooded pass where I was camped and taking them down one at a time. Soon Tim was the only one left on the side of the whites, and I had two braves helping me track him down. When we finally cornered him, I was still fuming from our earlier scrap, and without thinking, I told my cousins to back off and let me handle my brother alone. It might not have been a fight to the death, but it didn't take long for me to realize that Tim wasn't holding back, and somewhere along the way, I quit holding back too. I can't quite say how long we fought, but in the end I was the one standing over my older

brother. It was then that I realized that even if he was better at me in everything else, when it came to fighting, I was the best around.

When the war of northern aggression broke out almost the entire clan turned out to fight for our way of life. Most of the Montagues did as well, except for that traitor Benvolio who turned tail and fought with the Blues. Pa went off to war the first year, leaving Tim in charge of the homestead until he came back. He was gone six months when Mama got the letter saying he'd fallen to a Yankee bullet. I remember Tim being furious, and Mama begging him not to enlist, but once we Capulets set our minds on something, there's just no turning us back. I tried to enlist with him, but I was just about two years shy of being old enough to serve. Mind you, that doesn't mean that I didn't see my share of the war, I was just never a soldier.

There was plenty to do in a Confederate camp that required the speed and determination of a 10-year-old boy. Messages needed to be carried, horses needed looking after. Some boys were given places playing the marches on fife or drum, but I never could manage anything that sounded proper on an instrument. I took what jobs I could get with my brother's regiment, and by the end of the war, I'd been promoted up to banner boy. I don't think I was ever so excited as I was the first time I held that red flag with its blue crossed bars and white stars. Tim always said that Pa would have been so proud to see us: him with his rifle and me with the battle banner. Whenever we'd go to a battle, Tim would stay near me and I could imagine that Pa was there with us, a united Capulet front.

That banner changed my life. It was August 27th, 1864. Our infantry division and another from West Virginia had crossed Opequon Creek near Smithfield. We were

pushing a cavalry unit away from the river and up the road toward Charles Town. We'd been at it for two days already, and both sides were starting to see some heavy losses. Tim was something to see on the field. He'd occasionally look at me and flash a smile before turning back to the fight, and I'd always feel a little better when he did that before taking aim at the enemy again. It was late in the afternoon that day, and there had been little break in the fighting. I remember one of the munitions boys had just made a sweep of our section of the field, and Tim had ducked back for a reload. He finished in a moment and looked to me with that little grin we'd share. And then there was a cracking noise, a red spray, and Tim's grin slipped into a slightly surprised look as he collapsed to the ground. I don't remember dropping the flag, or running over to him, but I do remember that glassy stare and the holes in either side of his skull. And I remember the anger like a bonfire in my chest as I snatched up his rifle and drew a bead on the first bastard in a blue coat I saw. I watched that Yankee lurch just after I felt the rifle kick, and already I was reaching for my brother's revolver. I emptied the cylinder, dropping five other Yankee's and clipping the sixth. The next thing I knew I was being drug backwards away from the front. I kicked, screamed, and fought as they hauled me off. All I knew is that I had to go back. I had to kill every last Yankee I could. Later I found out that it was my cousin Jacob and the sergeant of arms that had grabbed me. Apparently when I grabbed the pistol I just stood in full view, not worrying about cover. I never stopped to consider that I could have been killed; I just knew that for the sake of my family I had to fight and kill, and the only companion I had in that moment was my rage.

When I fight today, that rage always seems to boil up again. The Montagues want to see my kinfolk dead, and I cannot abide that thought. They won't take my Uncle who took me in after Mama died of consumption. They won't have Auntie Capulet who always treats me more like a son than a nephew. And if any of them so much as lays a finger on my sweet little cousin Juliet, I swear I will not rest until that man is planted beneath the ground.

The Battle of Smithfield Crossing[2] cost us more than we gained, if you ask me. Neither side came out as a clear victor, and I lost the closest person to me in the world. Seeing how I fought, the sergeant of arms made me a scout for the division. I'd serve the rest of the war stalking the enemy and relaying their positions to the commanders. Occasionally, I'd take the chance to ambush a small group of Yankees, or any enemy scouts I'd find.

After the war, I came home to find that Mama had taken ill. When Tim and I had gone off to the war, she had done her best to manage our lands, but eventually she had turned control of it all over to my Uncle Capulet. He provided for her as best he could, but after word of Tim's death reached her, she just seemed to fade away. She passed a little more than three months after I returned. My uncle gave me a job working for his various business operations. The work was often rough labor, but it kept a roof over my head, and kept me close to my remaining family. He told me that he was having some problems with the neighboring Montagues. It seems that a disagreement between my uncle and old man Montague had festered in the later years of the war, and now some of the Montague boys had taken to raiding my uncle's lands and causing trouble wherever they could. He asked if I'd be willing to put my particular skills to use solving these

[2] This battle is historically documented. See *National Park Service: Heritage Preservation Service: ABPP.*

problems. Now, I had seen my share of violence during the war, and truth to tell, I wasn't looking to pick up where I had left off. Nonetheless, I couldn't outright refuse my uncle after all he had done for Mama, and me so I told him I'd consider his offer. I didn't have to wait long to receive a sign that showed me my path.

A few nights later, my Auntie C went into labor. She'd lost all her other babies, and this time the family was praying for a miracle. No sooner was the doctor at his work than a group of Montagues decided to make a raid on my uncle's house. They drew away most of the house hands by setting fire to one of the out buildings, and then they broke in through the kitchens. I was playing cards with a few of the boys so we could stay out of the doctor's way, when I heard them break the door in. In that moment I knew that if I didn't do something, my uncle and auntie, and my still unborn baby cousin would be trapped with no escape. I motioned for Samson and Gregory to take cover wherever they could. I hauled up my chair and waited until the first one came through the door from the kitchen. As soon as he was through and the second one began to step into the room I struck. I brought the chair down into the second one's head, reached forward as the first one turned and rammed my knife into his chest. He was so surprised he didn't even get a shot off. As he collapsed, I snatched up his revolver, turned and fired point-blank into the third intruder. It was then that Samson and Gregory joined in, having retrieved their own weapons, and together we made short work of the rest. It was only in the silence afterwards that I heard Juliet cry for the first time upstairs, and I knew that my life meant nothing if I didn't protect her and my kin. The rest of my story stems from that moment.

There isn't a lot more given that anyone needs to understand about me. Everyone knows I am trained, able, and willing to fight for what I believe in. They know that I

know my way around a weapon, and that I am deadly. Of course, only my family knows that Uncle Capulet struggles to keep me under control. He knows I'm a grown man and capable of taking charge in a heated situation, and I think that looks like a challenge to his authority sometimes. As a result, he comes down on me hard if it even looks like I'm stepping out of line. Everyone assumes that I'm an unruly hothead, but if they would just look at things from my perspective, they'd see that sometimes a man has to take bold actions. That I hate the Montagues is certainly no secret, nor the fact that I usually let my actions speak for me rather than words. I don't claim to be a complex man, so I don't understand when people make a big fuss to say something with lots of fancy words. It's better to come right out and say what you mean, and act on what you say and know to be right. That is how you earn respect.

I'm not one for worrying much over what others think of me. Of course I want my uncle and auntie to be proud of me; and keeping Juliet safe and happy means more to me than I can say. More than that though, if I could command the respect of those around me, I think I'd be truly content with my place in the world. I do know that I hold the respect of Samson and Gregory, as they leap to back me up in a fight. The one person whose respect I seek is Mercutio. To have an upright gentleman like him say, "Despite our differences, I respect you," would possibly be my greatest victory. This is a man who is learned, and is kin of Sheriff Escalus, and quite good in a fight, so if I could just prove myself better than him in one thing, I think I could almost let his fondness for the Montagues slide.

Character Analysis: Present

The Montagues are a constant threat to my family. Their lumber operations directly compete with my uncle's business prospects, and they are constantly finding ways to sabotage our sawmills and logging ventures. Fights break out nearly weekly, and we've lost a fair number of men to confrontations. To make matters worse, my cousin Juliet is coming into a marriageable age, and more than one Montague boy has come sniffing around where he doesn't belong. I feel that it is my duty to end this feud by wiping out any Montagues I can find, thereby ensuring the safety of Juliet and the rest of my kin.

To accomplish my goal, I have to be proactive. The other day I came upon Samson and Gregory in the street just as a Montague had insulted my uncle. Samson drew his knife on the boy, and the two of them went at each other. Their fight was interrupted by Benvolio who, despite talking about keeping the peace, was carrying his fancy sword-cane and shoving Samson around. I couldn't stand for that, so I called Benvolio out for the coward he is and went after him with my hatchet. I could have probably rid us of Benvolio forever if Sheriff Escalus hadn't broken us up and put a ban on public brawling. That ban is going to be a problem for me because nowadays people are too distrustful of one another. Rather than settling differences face to face like men, quite a few people like my uncle would rather use legal trickery to get what they want. It just doesn't seem honest.

Take for instance a recent family celebration. All I wanted was to relax and have a good time with my kin, but that was ruined when Romeo, Mercutio, and Benvolio dared to sneak into our festivities. I decided to remove Romeo from the picture, but just as I

was about reach him a new obstacle presented itself in the form of my uncle. It seems that Uncle Capulet was more concerned with his party's appearance than ridding ourselves of our enemy's son. I tried to reason with him, but he just took it as disobedience, and I was forced to let my prey run free. I couldn't directly defy my uncle's wishes, but since he only told me to go and be quiet, that is precisely what I did. Because I was unable to eliminate Romeo from the picture, I was forced to stand by and watch as that Montague boy forced his attentions on my cousin Juliet. Since my uncle forbade me from taking action that night, I've decided to protect my family the only way I know how: I will challenge Romeo to face me man to man and then kill him and put an end to the Montague line once and for all. That, of course, will mean skirting the Sheriff's ban, but it's a risk I must take.

All of the events I have just recalled have brought me to this moment. I have come searching for Romeo, so I can face him and redress the harm he has done to me and my kin. First I had to deal with Benvolio and Mercutio, who seemed intent on mocking me, even though I went out of my way to be civil towards them. I believe they were trying to keep me from Romeo, because when the boy finally appeared, Mercutio cut off my advance, challenging me to fight him in Romeo's stead. I know I should have stayed calm and persisted on my course, but I just couldn't let Mercutio's jibes unanswered. I accepted his challenge and was beginning to get the better of him, when Romeo interfered. Grabbing a revolver from Gregory, I turned and fired, not really caring who I hit. I did not want to shoot Mercutio in the back; that isn't how I conduct my affairs. Doing it that way upset me so much, I realized I had to get away from there and clear my head so I didn't make any more mistakes. After I had calmed down a bit, I returned.

Romeo is the greatest obstacle to my family's happiness, and I intend to destroy him, no matter what it takes.

The conditions in Verona haven't helped the tensions that led to this moment. Verona is just off Tug Fork on the border between West Virginia and Kentucky. The Montagues live on the western side of the creek and we Capulets live on the eastern side. There aren't many people around that aren't related to one side or the other in some way. Hell, even Paris and Mercutio are connected to the two families, even though they are both related to Sheriff Escalus. The people around here tend to be simple country folk. Occasionally you'll find someone who was raised with the southern aristocracy, like Benvolio, or who was lucky enough to receive formal education up north like Mercutio, but by and large the people around here are used to working in the fields or the lumber mills. The frequency of fights between the two households has increased in recent months, so there is always an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust when we are out in public. It seems all the locals who aren't affiliated with one house or the other have been keeping to themselves whenever they can.

Recent rains haven't done much to cool off the summer's heat, and as a result tempers flare all the easier, mine included. The Sheriff is fed up with all of us, as he's made increasingly stricter demands on our public department, and the local priest has felt compelled to urge both families toward reconciliation. I don't see how that is possible. There's just too much bad blood.

In truth, I want the feud to end. It isn't that the killing bothers me; I know what I'm doing is for the good of my family. The only thing that interests me is seeing them safe, especially Juliet. She's still young, and doesn't really know how cruel the world

can be. If this conflict with the Montagues continues much longer, I'm afraid she'll learn just how awful life can be. I know my uncle is trying to win his disputes with the Montagues using Paris and his legal knowledge, but to be honest I can't see how that will work out. I have no interest whatsoever in politics. Politicians were responsible for starting the war and then they left it to be sorted out by people like me. If we have an ear with the Sheriff, it makes no difference because the Montagues have the other ear. The only way we'll come out of this ahead will be if we slaughter every last Montague.

Recent events have lead me to conclude that no matter how good a man is at something, sooner or later he's going to meet someone better. My uncle is losing his stomach for the fight, and the Montagues are growing too bold for my comfort. Since witnessing Romeo kissing Juliet at our celebration, I've decided that it is vital for the sake of Juliet's safety that he dies immediately. It is important to the survival of the Capulets that he and the rest of his clan are exterminated, and I can't trust my uncle to see it done. If this feud is going to end, it will end in blood, and I'm going to have to ensure that happens. Next to Juliet's future and the future of my family, my life isn't important. It is for the best that I haven't settled down yet, because I can do what I need to do without worry for myself.

Character Analysis: Expectation

If I succeed in killing Romeo, then a whole range of possibilities will open up for me and my kin. First, and most importantly, Juliet will be safe from not just Romeo but any other Montague who might have designs on her. She'll marry Paris, bringing us closer to Sheriff Escalus's family and making the Capulets that much more influential in

the area. With the loss of their only son and their ally Mercutio, the Montagues will likely give up on the feud.

For me personally, if I manage to kill Romeo and survive there is a good chance that I will be arrested, tried, and executed. If I somehow avoid that fate, I imagine little will change in my life until I see the feud ended. Once that happens, I'll hang up my hatchet and revolver for good. Don't get me wrong: I still enjoy a good fight, and it's exhilarating to square off against another man knowing that one of you might not walk away. But the longer I keep fighting, the more it wears on me. While the Montagues threaten us, I can't let go of the rage and the violence, but I look forward to the day I can be finished with it all. I'll see about getting more involved with my uncle's business and start looking for a lady to settle down with and begin my own family.

Chapter Three: The Process of the Production

In this chapter I explore the production from auditions through striking the set following the final performance. This account, coupled with the previously established analysis of the play, treatment, and character should accurately illustrate the play as it developed and was performed. It is my hope that I have also demonstrated in this chapter the full extent of my involvement with making this production a success.

Auditions

I attended auditions for Riverside Shakespeare Theatre Company's *Romeo and Juliet* at the Foundry Art Center in St. Charles on April 2, 2013, between 5:00 PM and 8:00 PM. Attendance was sparse during my audition time, and I remember wondering if the treatment of the show might have put off some of the regular Riverside alumni. All those auditioning were asked to prepare a one-minute monologue by William Shakespeare or one of his contemporaries. Because I was auditioning specifically for the roles of either Mercutio or Tybalt, I selected a monologue from *Titus Andronicus*, where Titus reveals to Chiron and Demetrius his plans to be revenged on them and their mother for the crimes against his family. I wanted Titus' rage to come through on multiple levels while using the lyrical quality of Shakespeare's language.

Following my monologue, Melissa asked if I could repeat it, this time using a dialect closer to that of the Appalachian region of the Midwest. Having grown up on the border of Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky, I accomplished this task with relative ease. I was then asked to wait around for a short while, and eventually I was called back into the room with three other potential cast members. We were then asked to participate in an improvisation exercise as a test of our ability to follow direction. This exercise involved

moving in a manner given to us by the director in a game of musical chairs. The loser of each round was then asked to relay a personal story about a significant event in our lives as actors using, if we could, our dialect. While I seemed to excel at following the directions I was twice unable to reach a chair and thus had to tell of my proudest moment as an actor, and a time I had to deal with extreme stress as an actor. After completing the exercise, I was thanked for my time and told it would not be necessary to see me at callbacks the following Tuesday, and should I be selected for a part I would be contacted within the next two weeks. On Wednesday, April 17th Melissa called me and offered me the role of Tybalt.

Rehearsals

Due to scheduling conflicts, the company was never able to meet for an initial read through of the script prior to the start of the rehearsal process. The early rehearsals were designed to maximize an actor's time by rehearsing scenes according to characters rather than chronologically. I was overjoyed to learn this, because during the previous year's production I had often been called to be present for three or four hours of rehearsal nightly, during which I only did fifteen minutes of actual rehearsing. I began rehearsals on May 8, 2013, at which time I was introduced to various exercises and directing practices that were new to me. While a complete record of rehearsals can be found in Appendix A, there are a few items of note that arose during the rehearsal process that warrant mentioning.

We began each rehearsal with some simple yoga exercises. This served not only to help quiet the mind but also served to help actors limber up (save of course, when we began rehearsals with a lengthy fight call). Occasionally during a rehearsal, Melissa or

Kathy would take actors not currently in scenes to do character building exercises. These ranged from interviews of the characters, conducted by other characters or just the cast and crew, to thought exercises performed by the characters. I really enjoyed these exercises, because it allowed me to live Tybalt outside of the text and within the period established for the production. Several decisions I made in developing Tybalt's character - such as his involvement during the Civil War, were a direct result of these exercises - and I felt that I grew to know this version of Tybalt much more closely than I might otherwise would have been able to left on my own.

Due to the complexity of Shakespeare's language, we began blocking the show at the very beginning of the rehearsal process. The idea behind this was that we wanted the characters to be built into the action of a scene as we learned our lines; so that once we were off book our actions would seem more natural with the dialogue. Because the majority of rehearsals took place in a donated space, chairs were used to indicate set features. This turned out to be both a blessing and a hindrance, as it gave us an idea of what to expect when we got to the set, but also accustomed us to taking actions that would need to change once the set and costumes came into the picture. Due to my previous experience with Shakespearean works, I found it fairly easy to memorize lines, which aided greatly in growing comfortable in the scenes where I had to fight. We also began fight choreography on my first day of rehearsal, which I was thankful for given the amount and complexity of the fighting I was involved with.

On May 30, 2013, we began full Act rehearsals. When a show is rehearsed in bits and pieces as this one had up to this point, it is encouraging to begin seeing the show in its intended chronology. The downside of full Act rehearsals is that, as an actor, you

become increasingly away of how much "down time" you have between scenes, which can be nerve-wracking if you are not one of the principals. It was around this time that Tracey began taking measurements for costume, a simple process for me as I had worked with Tracey the previous year and she had a fair idea for what would and wouldn't work for me. We were also fine-tuning the fight scenes on a nearly daily basis in preparation for any final adjustments that needed to be made once we were on the set. While the established elements were beginning to tighten up, I was somewhat concerned with how often we were altering the format of the fights and how slowly one of my partners was adapting to the changes.

Friday, June 7 and Saturday June 8 the cast were asked to help with the construction of the set. Even though we had rehearsal that Friday evening, I arrived early to help with as much of the construction as I could. It has always been my belief that some of the best cast members are those who are able to help out with other aspects of the production, so when offered a chance to help, I have always been one to take it. Production stills from the build dates are included along with the other production photos in Appendix F. June 7 was also the start of full run-throughs. Beginning the full runs early enough is crucial to rehearsing any work, let alone a Shakespearean play, because it is only during the full runs that you truly get a sense for how long your production is running. During the full runs, actors learn where the dialogue or action needs to be tightened, and where we might be able to relax it slightly.

Despite having our set, frequent rainstorms kept us from rehearsing on it until June 12, giving us only three rehearsals on the stage before tech-week began. Once on stage, however, the play really began to take shape. We were able to lock down final

choreography for the fights and get a better sense for the actual set. Also, since we were finally out doors and in the performance space, we were able to begin using the firearms. This was a vital component of two fight scenes, and because we were using blank firing weapons for the first time, the cast began to discover new technical difficulties with prop management in certain scenes. Some of these issues were eliminated by tech week, while others plagued us for the entire run of the show.

Technical rehearsals began on Sunday, June 16. It would be a day that would see some early variations of our costumes, a hasty attempt at a cue-to-cue run, and a personal injury. I've always enjoyed tech week, because that is the time when the spectacle really begins to show. All of the pageantry that is missing during average rehearsals suddenly emerges, and the show takes on a new life. My cast-mate, Dave Burk, explained this phenomenon to our Juliet using me as an example. He told her, "The great thing about Andrew is how the moment he has that costume on, it doesn't matter what he has done before. The instant he gets into the costume the character is there." What I took him to mean in this exchange is something I've noticed in several shows I've been in during my brief career. When you watch a person rehearse something over and over again, regardless of how well they act, you can always see a friend or colleague "acting." Once that actor is costumed and on a completed set however, you tend to see the character instead of the actor. From my own perspective the same holds true for me. Until I'm in costume and on set, there is some minuscule part of me that remains conscious that I'm presenting a fictional scenario rather than living the life of whatever character I am playing, so once the design elements of a show begin to coalesce, the story really begins to come alive for me. The costumes Tracey provided evoked decidedly Southern and

Western themes. Nearly all were pulled from stock available to her, and in a few cases actors were asked if they could contribute anything to aid the clothing of the show. One of the earliest pieces that were offered to me for Tybalt was a period oilskin trench coat that actually dated back to the late Nineteenth Century. Sadly the garment proved too large for me and could not be used. I did however take to Tracey's idea of having me in a long coat and was able to offer my own leather duster and western style hat. This proved an advantage because I was able to complete the villainous look Tracey desired, and being familiar with the garments, there was less adjustment needed as I prepared myself to become Tybalt during performances.

I have previously mentioned that I sustained an injury during our first tech rehearsal. This is an item that requires some attention. During the first tech run of a show the cast will often run into a number of hiccups. Due to the secondary fitting of several costume pieces, we were unable to start the run in a timely fashion. This also meant that we had not set aside the appropriate amount of time for a fight call that evening. This was a mistake. By the time we reached the fight between Tybalt and Mercutio the light was beginning to fade somewhat. That coupled with adrenaline being high as a result of the night's excitement led to our Mercutio failing to pull a blow in time and connecting his knee with a portion of my ribs that had been cracked some years before. The blow landed, and I immediately felt a jolting pain in my side that knocked the breath from me momentarily. I recovered and continued the fight as best I could; and to my credit, neither Melissa nor Kathy seemed to notice anything wrong with me until quite some time later. The incident was an accident; and Mark Kneels, who played Mercutio, felt terrible about the whole thing. Later I would rationalize that when hurt, I

had continued to fight, as I imagine Tybalt would have done, and that led me to enhance the work I was doing in Tybalt's death scene.

Our two final dress-tech rehearsals were opened to a limited audience as invited preview nights. Each night we had a few friends or family of the cast present, and a member of my thesis committee, who was unable to attend any other performance, attended our final dress-tech. I was immensely grateful to everyone who attended these final rehearsals, because the presence of an audience, no matter how small, pushes performers to exert extra effort. Without an audience, players on the stage are merely people playing a scripted game of dress-up; and because these particular audiences were comprised of people close to the actors, there was an extra incentive to impress them and allow the show to make a good first impression. For the actors, these preview audiences also allowed us to "test the waters" so to speak and make final adjustments to our performances before the show opened. I myself made one such adjustment to the secondary role I played in the show. The voice I had been using for the Apothecary did not play favorably with our preview audiences, and I was able to modify it before opening night.

Performances and Strike

Riverside Shakespeare Theatre Company's production of *Romeo and Juliet* opened on June 21, 2013, to a robust audience. Due to mild weather and uncharacteristically cool temperatures the performances were very well attended. Because Riverside's summer shows are always free to the public, there are no records of how many people attended the five performances, but audience size was even fair during both Sunday matinee performances, when rains caused the cancellation of the first

matinee and the delay of the second. The final running time of the show was around two and a half hours including a fifteen-minute intermission. I have noticed that the prospect of performing a show energizes me, regardless of the fatigue many suffer from the transition from tech week into the run. The chance to entertain counterbalances all the long hours of rehearsing and waiting, and permits my fellow actors and me the chance to display the fruits of our labors.

All good things must eventually come to an end however, and this show was no exception. Following the final matinee the cast assisted in not only striking the set, but also demolishing it completely. The space that the company had been using for storage became permanently unavailable during the course of the production, resulting in the company auctioning away the vast majority of its materials. Anything that was not hauled away by other companies during strike had to be broken down completely for transportation to the local landfill, and so there was a measure of sadness as we disassembled not only the show we had been working so hard on, but also some of the bedrock of the company's summer stock.

Chapter Four: The Evaluation

In this chapter I provide my personal evaluation of the experience of becoming Tybalt Capulet and my thoughts on the performance as a whole. Production photos of me as Tybalt can be found in Appendix F. I have included feedback from advisors, committee members, the crew, peers, and even a few random strangers as a way of reviewing the show in the absence of any professional critics. The peer critique, in particular, addresses an earlier concern brought forth in Chapter Two over reconciling the two worlds of the play.

Evaluation

According to Internet reviews and performance data, *Romeo and Juliet* ranks as one of William Shakespeare's best-known plays. It is often performed across the globe, taught in nearly every high school in English-speaking countries, has been adapted to film dozens of times, and will be receiving another film revival in October 2013. Because of its popularity, the play affords actors of all calibers the chance to try their hands in a Shakespearean play that virtually every audience will understand and appreciate. Since I first saw the play performed, I have dreamed of playing two of its roles: Mercutio and Tybalt. Thankfully, Riverside Shakespeare Theatre Company gave me the chance to meet half of that dream. The things that challenged me most in playing Tybalt were the lightning quick way he would flip into a searing rage and the burden of maintaining that rage through the majority of his scenes. The version of Tybalt I portrayed in this performance was not my ideal Tybalt. The gruff, earthy nature of the Hatfields and McCoys just don't lend very well to the aristocratic, overbearing nature of the character. I do believe I found a way to make this Tybalt a real person for our

audiences, and enjoyed playing him. During one exercise performed late in the rehearsal period I learned that over half the cast felt intimidated by my Tybalt, which I felt translated to our audiences as well.

I was surprised by how well the production was received by the average audience member. Though I did hear one audience member remark, "I don't understand why you didn't change the names or language to make it fit with the Hatfields and McCoys," others were heard to comment, "This is the first time I've gone to a Shakespeare play and felt like I understood what was going on." Usually during a production run there is a percentage of patrons who are unable to enjoy the show for whatever reason, and during this show that percentage seemed to shrink. Response to the play received from faculty, including Professor Larry Quiggins, was generally positive. Following one performance I spoke with Larry and he said he felt the cast had done very well. Despite overly thick accents by some cast members, he said the dialogue was quite clear, and that I had done quite well as Tybalt. He especially liked how we were able to pare down the script so that the show ran close to two hours without losing continuity in the plot. This, in his opinion, made the play accessible to a wider audience who might not be as familiar with Shakespeare's works, which is something Riverside Shakespeare strives to achieve.

The harshest criticism the show received came from colleagues and friends who had either participated in other versions of the play or were knowledgeable of Shakespeare's work. While a few took issue with some of the performances, the majority of critics were set against certain aspects of our staging and thematic framework. Brian Peters, local director, producer, and colleague, commented on the show after attending opening night. He noted that certain individuals involved in the fight scenes were

obviously unsuited to performing stage combat. He acknowledged that in a few cases, the only thing that saved a particular fight was my ability to cover the shortcomings of others with my own performance. "The play worked really well as *Tombstone*," he said, "but it wasn't the Hatfields and the McCoys, and it wasn't *Romeo and Juliet*." Brian's charitable critique was offset by a mostly scathing review by actress Tasha Zebrowski. In addition to acting in several period productions, Tasha's studies of English Literature focused on the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and she was quite vitriolic concerning some of the choices made by the cast and director.

> I threw my shoe five times! I wanted to have Tybalt's babies, and Romeo was great, but what were they thinking reversing the balcony scene? And why did the play open with Mercutio and Tybalt playing poker? It was confusing to have Capulets on the Montague side of the set and vice versa at the opening. (Zebrowski)

Tasha's commentary, while echoed by a few others, was not the popular sentiment regarding the play. Overall, students, faculty, and friends I spoke with reviewed the show favorably, and were very complimentary of my choices as Tybalt. In my opinion, the show did suffer somewhat from the disconnect between its two worlds. This created what I would call a "muddiness of theme," so I can understand how many who saw the show just assumed we had set *Romeo and Juliet* in the Old West rather than Tug Fork, Kentucky.

Technically, the show ran very smoothly. The notable exception was the rifle Romeo uses to kill Tybalt. In every show but one, the rifle jammed after the first shot. Before each show, Michael Pierce (Romeo) would test fire the rifle with multiple rounds

to ensure the firearm was in working order for my death scene, where Romeo would fire three shots into Tybalt before Tybalt finally collapses. Despite these preparations however, the rifle failed to repeat fire ninety-five percent of the time in performance. These sorts of hiccups required me to be on my toes as I died, so that I could react appropriately if the rifle managed to work properly.

In the end, however, my time as Tybalt was quite successful. It presented challenges and forced me to consider the character in an alternate light. I am thankful that I was given the chance to undertake this role before I grew too old be considered a viable, young firebrand. I felt I was able to demonstrate my skill as an actor by playing a role that, many will agree, goes against my natural demeanor. This production also sparked a desire to return to the role in the future so that I will have a chance to further explore the role in new lights.

Appendix A

Journal

May 8 - Arrived to find an array of stage weaponry, including two pistols, a rifle, a hatchet, a wood axe, several knives, a cane, and a cluster of farm implements. We began rehearsal with focus exercises, yoga, and basic stretching; something I am told will happen at all rehearsals. Concentration exercises included "Peter Piper" in a round similar to our improv game "zip zap zop." Due to scheduling conflicts, we altered the schedule to work more scenes than originally planned, and took almost the first half of rehearsal choreographing the opening fight sequence. As the play begins, I am playing cards with a Montague, which is odd given how vitriolic I am about the family during the play. He leaves and passes by two other Capulets, which begins the "bite your thumb" scene. I trail the Montagues in DSR and interrupt Benvolio once he breaks up the fight, and then we fight with axes. The sequence is as follows: *T*: 5, blocked and thrust parry. *B*: back shot, 5 to *T* on ground. *T* roll come up, 5 for neck dodge, swipe 3 dodge. *B*: body blow. *T*: backhand left, 5 to prone *B* blocked. Capulet fires rifle, back up. Fight resumes: *B*: 4 swipe ducked. *T*: 3 swipe dodged. *B*: X-cuts ducked, 5 caught in offhand. *T*: 5 caught offhand. Sheriff ends with rounds in air. I expect the fight will expand and change once the set is built and we can begin rehearsing on stage. Following the opening fight, we worked on the first nonscheduled scenes. Two of these included the scene following my death where Lady Capulet cradles me. Our Lady C is played by a woman who is quite a few years younger than me, so I'm interested to see how this will play once we have costumes and makeup. The largest challenge during this scene will be breathing shallowly enough to be considered dead by the audience, and if the rehearsal is

any indication, not blinking. This second issue could be solved as easily as asking Lady C to close my eyes when she first reaches me. After my corpse scene we ran the portion of the Capulet ball/hootenanny where Lord Capulet and I interact. Noting Romeo, I was told to cross DSL and pseudo-soliloquy the opening lines of my speech, then cross USR, bumping into Lord C, giving him occasion to speak to me. Melissa asked that I keep my lines low and simmering at first, and to hold my tension in my face and body. Once Lord C chides me, I should turn away and sulk until my line, "but uncle, tis a shame," which should be delivered less angry and more whining. Once released I cross back USL and hide to witness the rest of the scene.

May 15 - The majority of tonight's rehearsal revolved around running the first fight and learning a new sequence. We decided that I need to be closer to him to badger Benvolio into a fight, while remaining on "Capulet Land," thus taunting Benvolio onto the bridge. Melissa asked me to be more belligerent, to pick the fight and really bully everyone else. I worry that Tybalt needs to really enjoy fighting and take it a little lighter; at least initially, otherwise I won't have anywhere to go emotionally. We ran the opening fight 4 or 5 times and then began choreographing the Mercutio-Tybalt fight. Over the next 2 hours we worked out almost 3/4 of the fight (I hope). The sequence so far is as follows: *T*: 3 swipe with staff circling head into 2 swipe circling into 5 (all dodged) *M*: 4 with dagger (ducked) square up. *T*: thrust 4, thrust 3, thrust 4, thrust 4. *M*: catches, dagger slide down staff *T* drops. *M*: tosses dagger to a Montague swipe 4 with staff into backhand 3 (both ducked) push forward. *T*: catches push, they struggle, *T* swings *M* left 180 then right 180. *M*: forward push to face into 4 (ducked). *T*: dodging towards Capulets is tossed axe. Brandishes axe above head into 5. *M*: blocks and deflects down

then knees to spine. *T*: 4 circling into 5 (blocked) axe haft disarm, pommel strike to stomach, 5 (dodged), brandish into 4 into 5 (dodged by roll), running kick, stomp, 5 dodged. *M*: RC, LC, RC. *T*: backhand, push kick. This is where we left off for the evening. Watching this, Melissa decided two things: When *R* distracts *M*, *T* will take a pistol from one of the *C*s and shoot *M* in the back. Secondly, *R*, despite his skill, cannot hope to stand against *T*, so as *T* is drawing his gun, *R* will take a rifle from a Montague and empty it into *T* until the gun dry-fires.

May 16 - Arrived early to rehearsal hall. Used time to look up more clips demonstrating an Appalachian dialect and a few clips from the History Channel's *Hatfields & McCoys*. I am looking for a good, strong accent that doesn't tear up my throat as badly as the semi-guttural one I've been using. I ran through my lines again, and am almost completely off book. I'm going to try playing the Apothecary as a Native American and see if Melissa likes it. More on that once we run the scene (probably later this week or next). Just found out rehearsal for today and tomorrow (5/17) has been canceled for some reason.

May 19 - We finished and modified the fight for *M* and *T*. Fight proceeds as follows: *T*: circle swipes as before. *M*: knife swipe (ducked). *T*: jab R, jab L, jab R. *M*: grab knife scrape and takes staff, 4 to backhand 3 (ducked and jumped), forward push (caught). *T*: swings *M* 180 L then R. *M*: forward push to face 4 (ducked). *T*: grab axe, brandish 5. *M*: deflect, kick to hip. *T*: 4 circle 5, pommel disarm, pommel strike to stomach, 5 (dodged) brandished, high 4 into 5. *M*: roll dodge. *T*: kick, stomp, 5 (dodged). *M*: RC, LC, RM, LM, RC, LC, RC (blocked). *T*: RC, LC, LH blocked into RM, RH blocked into LM. *M*: RH and LH rapid (blocked) wrestle. Both grab knives and circle. *T*: testing thrusts. *M*: X cut (dodged), 4 swipe. *T*: catch arm, 4 (ducked), 3 (caught). *M*: head-butt. *T*: grabs

hatchet, dual wield swipes L then R (dodged), 5 stab with knife (caught), 5 with hatchet (dodged), 5 hatchet (dodged) into backhand 3 with hatchet (caught). *M*: cuts *T*'s arm. *T*: drops hatchet, 5 with knife (caught). *M*: 5 (blocked). They wrestle. *R*: interrupts. *T*: retrieves pistol and fires.

Following the fight, I sat down with Melissa, Mark (Merc), and Sean (Paris) and they interviewed Tybalt as part of a character-building exercise. We determined that Tybalt is 27, making him too young to have fought in the war (I think I'll change my backstory so that I was a banner-man, possibly that I had my fist kill in the war even though I wasn't officially a soldier). Tybalt acknowledges that there was one person between the two clans that fought for the North, and he doesn't seem too happy about it. Tybalt's father was killed in the war and his mom died of illness a few years later, so he lives with his cousins and works as a hand in his uncle's timber business. He isn't musically inclined, but he sees a similarity between fighting and dancing. He takes pride in his ability to fight and kill, and in his endurance. "Work all day, party the night away, and f*ck and fight till we drop." I was asked about what I thought of Samson as a freed slave working for the Capulets (Rennell [Samson] was the only African American in the production, set in the post-Civil War South). My response was I feel that he was given a pass by one of the uncles because Samson's mamma was his mistress. "Truthfully, he's never done me any hurt, but if he does, or if he hurts someone I care about, I'll put him in the ground." Lastly, I learned that Tybalt isn't afraid to die. He assumes that sooner or later he's going to go out against someone younger and quicker, but today isn't that day, and he hasn't met the man yet.

May 22 - Minor changes to *T/M* fight. Removed stomp from previous sequence. Cleaned up Merc's staff strikes a bit to make movements more fluid. We ran the Apothecary scene. The Native American dialect proved too funny to work, so we need to find a different southern accent. Melissa suggested something gravelly. Following the Apothecary scene we sat down for another character work section, this time with Mark (Merc), Dave (Benvolio), Mike (Romeo), and myself. I learned that *M* is so pompous because he was educated in private schools and had begun to receive medical training. In the war he served as a surgeon's assistant, so when asked, he replied that he does feel that he's smarter than those around him. I also learned that despite growing up as the son of a southern plantation owner, Benvolio got to know the slaves as people, and when the war broke out he took the first chance to switch sides. Thus my comment in the last session about the one man serving for the Union has been fulfilled, and I have a reason for hating Benvolio. I felt that my interview this time was less productive that last time. We touched again on Tybalt's dislike of Merc's attitude and inflated ego. We did learn that I am not happy with how I kill Merc. I acknowledge that my ire was up and, in the haze of anger at having the fight disrupted, I reached for the pistol and fired without thinking. The only other item of note in my interview was Benvolio questioning whether the Capulets who follow me are really "friends" or if they are, in fact, followers. Thinking on this, I had to admit it is a bit of both. As the spearhead of the Capulet forces, I take the lead naturally, but at the same time, I also work in the lumberyards with them, drink with them, and trust them to have my back in a fight. So if they aren't friends, they are the closest things I ever get to friends.

May 29 - Significant changes to the *T/M* fight. Kick to hip is now a knee to stomach. After staggering my midsection axe swipe is now a full 360 spinning swipe. We reversed the grip on the disarm to open us both up to the audience and make the haft strike easier. We tightened up the hand-to-hand, and worked out where the knaps are happening. We also changed the footwork to make the hatchet strikes smoother and reordered the final cut sequence before I lose the hatchet. The hatchet sequence is now much more elegant that previously.

May 30 - We had our first full run of Act One. There were issues in the Capulet ball scene because Anthony (Capulet) - who instigates the Capulet/Tybalt interaction - decided to disregard all the blocking. I compensated as best as I could, but Tybalt's objective in the scene doesn't give me much leeway. During the run, our Tybalt-Merc fight ran smoother than it ever has, due, in part, to us taking the fight at full speed for the first time. The scenes felt pretty good, and the notes seem to be fairly easy to accommodate. Melissa said that my first lines needs to be lower in my vocal register, more sinister and threatening. I need to seethe more at the party, and my final entrance and cross needs to be slower and more menacing.

May 31 - Storms abound! We ran Act I again despite the rain and tornado watches/alerts. The weather did put people off a bit, but it was still a successful run of the Act. Melissa liked the vocal register I used for the opening scenes and wants me to apply it to the rest of my scenes. I'm not sure how that is going to work in the party scene, but it will be something to try. My first reaction to Merc mocking me needs to be bigger. Melissa suggested Tybalt "fly off the handle." She said it might help if I could grow louder and angrier at that point as well. Melissa also asked that we find a way to bind my hair up for

the fight so that the audience can see my expressions better. The fight itself was off tonight. We definitely need more work on the knaps and punches, but Melissa really liked the "predator" entrance to my death scene, so I will definitely keep the slow stalk as I come onstage for my final Tybalt scene.

June 2 - Most of rehearsal was cancelled in order to do something to make up for the cancellation of Julia's high school graduation ceremony as the result of the storms. We held a ceremony of our own, including a commencement speech by Mark Neels (Merc) and a diploma created by Ronni Rossi (Lady C). We ran fights even though we were working Act II scenes. We found a system for Tybalt's hair that we think will work, consisting of braiding the center of my hairline and leaving the sides and back to hang naturally. This will allow me to wear a hat, but take it off during the T/M fight and not have my hair flying everywhere. We had a few people missing when the ball scene choreographer arrived, so I stepped in for first Renell (Samson) and then Steve (Lord M) and learned the dance. This should prove useful in the instance that someone injures himself like last year and a stand-in is needed. Other than that, we didn't get to the Apothecary, so I didn't get to rehearse my only scene in Act II. I expect we will get to it on Wednesday.

June 3 - Cast unity activities outside of rehearsal. I met several cast-mates in Forest Park and we feigned running through our lines while we toured the zoo before settling in at the park to watch the Shakespeare Festival's *Twelfth Night*. Following the show, Mark and I ran our fight choreography without weapons in the park, much to the amusement of our fellow cast members. I think with some more work we should have the fight in hand before we begin performing.

June 5 - We ran the Apothecary scene today. Melissa liked the gruff, "mountain-man" voice I used, though she did say if I used it I would need serious diction work. I personally don't like the voice all that much and am afraid if I do it consistently I may hurt my throat, I believe I will abandon it. No fight call tonight and no work on Tybalt.

June 6 - Another run of Act II. Once again the Apothecary voice did not work. I tried for a "rascally old hermit voice," which - while sounding fairly Appalachian - proved almost as humorous as the Native American accent. During tomorrow's run I will try the somewhat effeminate-sounding Southern man and see how well it works. Outside of the run tonight, Melissa sat the cast down and had us respond in character to a few questions. It was illuminating when she asked us to name the person we respect most and the person we fear most. I found out that I am both respected and feared by Mercutio, and that I am most feared by Romeo, Benvolio, Paris, the Sheriff and, most surprisingly, Lord Capulet. Learning this about Capulet changes my perspective of our confrontation at the Capulet ball, and gives me an understanding of why he comes down on me so hard. For myself, I had to admit that I admire Mercutio even though he infuriates me with his know-it-all attitude, and that I most fear the Sheriff because sooner or later he might catch me breaking the law and hang me. In one other part of this character exercise I was able to bare a bit more of Tybalt's soul. Melissa asked us to complete the phrase, "You don't know this but . . ." My response was, "Nobody knows this, but I will be glad when the feud is done, and I can stop fighting." I truly believe that part of my Tybalt is worn down from all the constant combat. While he would never show it publicly, I think he feels the weight of it in his bones.

June 7 - I was at Wapelhorst Park at 9:00 AM to help with load in and set construction. By the time I left for rehearsal we had most of the basic framework completed. Working in the sun all day, however, took its toll. Tonight's first full run went fairly well. The fight was slower than usual due to aching muscles and sun-addled minds, but no major slips or injuries occurred, so I'm counting it a win. Melissa told me to really incite the riot during the first scene, so I guess I'll try to needle Benvolio more and increase the intensity. We need to find a new place for the rifle so that Romeo doesn't have to retrieve it from "Capulet land" before shooting me. The effeminate voice worked for the Apothecary, so I think we are going to use that.

June 9 - Tonight's run went alright but lacked some of its usual energy. Melissa told me to push my boundaries in the party scene and infuriate Anthony. In general, I need to turn up the intensity in everything but the fights. Also, Melissa noted that I am dying more quickly than I used to, and has asked me to draw out my death scene a little longer.

June 12 - We are finally on the stage. It feels good to know the actual amount of space we have available for the fights. Apparently Merc and I were stealing focus with our argument over the cards before the "bite my thumb" scene, and as such, have been asked to wait longer before allowing that argument to erupt. Melissa asked me to be sure to charge at Romeo during the party scene and trust that Capulet will be there in time to intercept me. I have been hesitant to do this because Anthony has been inconsistent in following the blocking of the scene; I'm not sure what to do if I reach Mike before Anthony can grab me. The fight choreography has been switched to compensate for the change in space and the incorporation of scenery. It will require a lot of work to get the Tybalt-Merc fight in shape.

June 13 - I'm not sure how it has happened, but I've recently been missing my rhyming couplet at the end of the Capulet Ball scene. I will work that out and have it fixed for tomorrow. Melissa wants my reaction to Mercutio's taunting to be bigger. She used the phrase "powder keg." I am hoping that tonight's adjustments to the T/M fight are the last. As it stands, we have quite a bit of "catch-up" to do on that fight. Melissa would like the Apothecary to have bad teeth. I will see about buying some Tootsie Rolls to black out a tooth for tomorrow.

June 14 - Not much to report tonight. The show was better than last night, but the fight remains a bit awkward, particularly because Dave and Mike have pointed out that Mark's exclamations during our fight are reminiscent of the old *Batman* TV show. We've managed to convince Chris that the knaps aren't working and instead we will cover the hits with grunts. The rifle jammed during my death scene. I hope that issue gets resolved soon, or I may have to die by a single gunshot.

June 16 - Tech Week! Not only that but we got a first look as some of our costume pieces. There was a gorgeous period oilskin coat that was going to be mine, but it was too big. Still, I'd like to wear a trench coat for Tybalt, so I think I'll bring in my duster and see if it passes muster. Because of costume fittings, we were only able to get through Act I in tonight's cue-to-cue. Most importantly, though, is that I believe my ribs are bruised. We didn't run fight call, and I swear I will never let that happen again. The result was that the knee to my stomach didn't get pulled properly and was miss-aimed. Mark's knee connected squarely with the rib I cracked 5 years ago, and I immediately had no air in my lungs. I managed to finish the fight, and neither Melissa nor Kathy could tell anything was wrong, but I can tell from the pain that I won't be sleeping on my side for a while.

June 17 - Despite the pain in my side, the fight went well tonight, as did my death scene. Kathy warned me to watch my breathing, as I lay dead. I had been fine with this until last night. Sadly, the way I am laying on stage is putting pressure on my rib, which in turn causes me to breathe more deeply. I think I will try to collapse somewhat differently and see if that helps the situation.

June 18 - The energy was a bit off tonight. There were no real issues with the run, other than the rifle jamming again, but several scenes seemed to lack the intensity they needed. It is possible that the heat tonight and the technical failure of a few of the microphones dragged down the cast's energy, but who can say.

June 19 - Jess and Tasha came to see the show tonight for our first preview. My scenes went well, and Tasha was very complimentary of my performance. Other than that and Mike's performance as Romeo, she hated our theme and treatment of Shakespeare. I attempted to defend the show, but not too much since I agree with her on a few points (the balcony scene in particular). I do find that if people aren't leaving the party at the correct time, then I can't witness R & J's first kiss, which threatens to deflate my reason for raging at him later.

June 20 - Final Dress Tech. Donna came to see the show because she had conflicts with the show dates the next two weeks. She was only able to stay until the end of Act I, which is fine considering that the Apothecary isn't part of my thesis. A few of us were thrown off during the opening fight because someone fired off more rounds than in previous rehearsals, causing us to believe the Sheriff had arrived early, freezing the fight preemptively. We will fix this by extending our struggles until the final cue is given. Because Jess and Tasha really disliked the Apothecary's voice last night, I tried

something similar to my father's voice but slightly more southern-accented. It seems to be going over well with the cast, so I guess I'll keep it.

June 21 Opening Night! Many friends from the theatre community turned out to lend us support. They chose tonight to film the show rather than waiting until the second week when we will have hit our stride. Nonetheless, the show went really well and the audience was wonderful. Some of our friends were critical, like Tasha, who despite hating the preview night came out again. While she still doesn't like the treatment we're using, she did admit that tonight was better. Brian was also on hand and said, "It worked really well as *Tombstone*." As I feared, there were a number of people in the audience that did not catch the Hatfield and McCoy theme and just assumed it was a western. Even with that mistake, most of the audience seemed to enjoy it a great deal.

June 22 - Another good show. We were a bit worried that it would rain, but apparently we've been blessed. Another great audience. My family drove in from Indiana to watch the show tonight, and they were impressed with the production. On a performance level, we ran into a few glitches. During our fight tonight, Mark misjudged the distance and actually punched me in the forehead. I was able to recover quickly enough that the audience didn't notice it and there was no interruption to the show. Later when Capulet threatens to banish Juliet from the family, Anthony apparently dragged Julia into the pit mid-stage, causing her to hit her back as she fell. The rifle gave Mike problems again but he eventually managed to pull off the second shot. All in all, it was a good night.

June 23 - Storms caused us to cancel the matinee. This happens at least once each year, so hopefully next weekend will be clear.

June 26 - Brush up rehearsal. The usual shenanigans ensued with silly voices and everyone trying for a speed-through, so I'm not sure how much was accomplished, other than giving us a chance to "clear the cobwebs" a bit.

June 28 - Larry was in the house tonight, so I did my best to bring my "A game." Kathy warned us at intermission to keep our energy up, but I thought the show went at least as well as it had the first weekend. Larry seemed to enjoy the show and wasn't too put off by the theme, even though the more people I talk to, the more I can see how the Hatfield and McCoy feud is getting buried by the somewhat western style of the set and costumes. For our first night back on stage since last week, I am thankful to report that there were no accidents this time, and the rifle managed to work well for once during my death scene.

June 29 - I had heard that Nick was in the audience tonight, but I wasn't able to meet with him after the show. I think everyone was excited for the cast party tonight, and as such we didn't see the slight lull that sometimes hits during Act II. I thought the fights went well, even though the axe rebounded a bit from the saloon railing during the T/M fight. We've been told that the set is not only being struck tomorrow, but also demolished. Given how that rail looks following the beating it's taken in the show, I think that tomorrow I'm going to see if I can't split it with the axe.

June 30 - There is a mixture of sadness and joy whenever I close a show and this one has been no exception. Our final performance was great. We had an audience that sat in the rain until we decided to remove our microphones and perform the show without lights or sound so that they could see the show. Despite the challenges, we put on an excellent show, and everyone I met afterwards was happy they had stayed and braved the elements.

I accomplished my mission from last night, if not in the way I expected. I had warned everyone who was close to the rail to be on guard, and when I hit it, it did indeed split in half, but not in the direction I had planned. The board split lengthwise and flipped down onto the vacant bench in front of it. There was a bit of pride as I turned for my next swing at Mercutio to see the beam rolling through the air in the corner of my eye. My triumph was short lived, however, as during strike I stepped on a rusty screw. Tomorrow I will be going for a tetanus shot, but for tonight all I can think is about how odd it felt to help rip apart flats that the company has been using for years and carry the remains to a dumpster. Stranger still was the sight of the vacant space in the field where once the houses of Montague and Capulet stood. It has been a wonderful experience, and now I only hope that I can garner a roll when St. Louis Shakespeare produces *Romeo and Juliet* next spring.

Appendix B

The Adapted Script

Romeo and Juliet

By William Shakespeare
Adapted by Melissa Baird

ROMEO ..... Son of MONTAGUE
BENVOLIO ..... Montague cousin of ROMEO
BALTHASAR ..... Montague servant to ROMEO
ABRAM..... Montague
LORD MONTAGUE..... Father of ROMEO
LADY MONTAGUE..... Mother of ROMEO
JULIET ..... Daughter of CAPULET
TYBALT..... Capulet cousin of JULIET
SAMPSON..... Capulet
GREGORY ..... Capulet
LORD CAPULET..... Father of JULIET
LADY CAPULET ..... Mother of JULIET
NURSE ..... Capulet servant to JULIET
MERCUTIO..... Friend of ROMEO
PARIS ..... to wed JULIET
SHERIFF ESCALUS..... Sheriff/Peacekeeper
FRIAR LAWRENCE..... marries ROMEO & JULIET
FRIAR JOHN ..... Carries message for FRIAR LAWRENCE
APOTHECARY..... Sells poison to ROMEO
GREGORY

INDEX

Tuesday

10 Friar agrees to marry Romeo & Juliet

11 Mercutio, Benvolio, and Romeo joke around; Romeo meets Nurse
Mercutio teases Nurse; Romeo plans wedding night

12 Nurse tells Juliet the wedding plans

13 {Friar marries Romeo & Juliet}

14 Tybalt challenges Romeo; Romeo refuses; Mercutio fights Tybalt and dies;
Romeo kills Tybalt

15 Lady Capulet demands justice; Sheriff banishes Romeo

INTERMISSION

Act 2

1 Juliet anticipates her wedding night; Nurse tells her about Tybalt & Romeo

2 Friar consoles Romeo; they plan for Romeo to visit Juliet and flee

3 Capulet plans for Juliet to marry Paris on Thursday

Wednesday

4 Romeo & Juliet wake as he must leave for Mantua

5 Juliet's mother tells her she'll wed Paris; she refuses; her father is enraged; Nurse
advises her to marry Paris

6 Juliet evades Paris at church; Friar plans for her to fake her death
Capulet advances wedding to Wednesday when Juliet feigns obedience

7 Juliet takes the sleeping potion;
Capulet is preparing the wedding

Thursday

8 They believe Juliet is dead; ~~{Friar delivers Juliet's eulogy}~~
~~Peter and Musicians discuss a song~~

9 Romeo hears Juliet is dead; he plans to die by her side

10 Friar realizes Romeo didn't get his message

11 He buys poison from an apothecary
Romeo fights and kills Paris ~~{Guards fight Romeo; he escapes}~~
Romeo finds Juliet and drinks the poison; Friar arrives;
Juliet wakes and kills herself

Friday morning

12 Everyone discovers what happened
Sheriff condemns Montague and Capulet, who finally make peace

ACT 1--PROLOGUE

CHORUS

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
Doth 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, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage.

SCENE 1

SAMPSON
Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY
No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON
I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw.

GREGORY
Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

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.
A dog of that house shall move me to stand and
'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY
Draw thy tool! Here comes of the house of Montagues!

SAMPSON
Let us take the law on our side; let them begin.
I will bite my thumb at them,
which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

ABRAM
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON
I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM
Do you bite your thumb *at us*, sir?

SAMPSON *[aside to Gregory]* Is the law on our side if I say "ay"?

GREGORY *[aside to Sampson]* No!

SAMPSON
No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir,
but I bite my thumb, sir.

GREGORY
Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM
Quarrel sir? No, sir!

SAMPSON
But if you do, sir, I am for you! I serve
as good a man as you.

ABRAM
No better?
SAMPSON
Well, sir—
GREGORY *[sees Tybalt coming; to Sampson]* Say "better"! Here comes one of our kinsmen.
SAMPSON
Yes, better.
ABRAM
You lie!
SAMPSON
Draw, if you be men! *[They fight]*
BENVOLIO *[enters, sword drawn]* Part, fools!
You know not what you do!
TYBALT *[enters, to Benvolio]* [redacted] *[draws his sword]*
BENVOLIO
I do but keep the peace
TYBALT
[redacted] *[They fight]*
[LORD ~~& LADY~~ CAPULET and LORD ~~& LADY~~ MONTAGUE enter]
CAPULET
~~My sword, I say!~~ Old Montague is come
And flourishes his blade in spite of me!
MONTAGUE
Thou villain Capulet! ~~*[she stops him]* Hold me not, let me go~~!
[SHERIFF enters]
SHERIFF
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
—Will they not hear?— On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word
By thee, Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed 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.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart! *[All exit]*

SCENE 2

[LORD & LADY MONTAGUE, BENVOLIO]
LADY MONTAGUE
O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
BENVOLIO
Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun

Peered forth the golden window of the east,
underneath the grove of sycamore
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.

LADY MONTAGUE

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 fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.

MONTAGUE

Black and portentous must this humor prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

So please you, step aside.
I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

MONTAGUE

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away. *[They exit]*

SCENE 3

[Capulet house, or a street. CAPULET, PARIS]

CAPULET

But Montague is bound as well as I
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS

Of honorable reckoning are you both,
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET

But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.
My will to her consent is but a part.
And, she agreed, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest
Such as I love; and you, most welcome,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,
And like her most Come, go with me. *[Capulet & Paris exit]*

SCENE 4

[A street. 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 favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas, that Love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anything of nothing first create!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO
Good heart, at what?
BENVOLIO
At thy good heart's oppression.
ROMEO
Why, such is love's transgression.
This love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
A madness most discreet,
BENVOLIO
Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
ROMEO
Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented, and -
BENVOLIO
Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?
ROMEO
In sadness, I do love Rosaline.
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
And in strong proof of chastity well armed,
From Love's weak bow she lives uncharmed.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
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 is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair
To merit bliss by making me despair.
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

One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

BENVOLIO

At this night's 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

When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these who, often drowned, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

BENVOLIO

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning.

ROMEO

I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. *[They exit]*

SCENE 5

[Capulet house. LADY CAPULET & NURSE]

LADY CAPULET

Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

NURSE

I bade her come
God forbid! Where's this girl?— Juliet! *{repeat}*

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again!
I have remembered me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls—
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me.
And since that time then she could stand alone. Nay, by the 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,
He 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, if I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it.
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.
And I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

Marry, that "marry" is the very theme
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET

It is an honor that I dream not of.

NURSE

An honor? Were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem
Are made already mothers. By my count
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE

A man, young lady! Lady, such a man
As all the world.

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower.

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.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover.
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.

NURSE

No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men.

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.
NURSE
Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. *[They exit]*
SCENE 6
[A street, that night. ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO]
ROMEO
What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?
BENVOLIO
Let them measure us by what they will.
We'll measure them a measure and be gone.
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
MERCUTIO
You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings
And soar with them above a common bound.
ROMEO
I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers.
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
MERCUTIO
And to sink in it, 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.
BENVOLIO
Come, no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
ROMEO
I'll look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
MERCUTIO
If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire

Of love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!
ROMEO
Nay, that's not so.
MERCUTIO
I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.
ROMEO
And we mean well in going to this,
But 'tis no wit to go.
MERCUTIO
Why, may one ask?
ROMEO
I dreamt a dream tonight.
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 forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, who dream on curtsies straight;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very 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.

BENVOLIO

This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves!
Supper is done, and we shall come too late!

ROMEO

I fear too early, for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen! *[All exit]*

SCENE 7

Capulet house [LORD & LADY CAPULET, COUSIN CAPULET, NURSE, JULIET, TYBALT,and more Guests enter]

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen
Ah ha, my mistresses! Which of you all
Will now deny to dance?
Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day
That I could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please.
You are welcome, gentlemen

[ROMEO, MERCUTIO & BENVOLIO enter in masks]

ROMEO *[seeing Juliet]*

What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT

[aside] [redacted] *[starts to go]*

CAPULET

Why, how now! Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

[redacted]

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

[redacted]

CAPULET

Content thee. Let him alone.
He bears him like a portly gentleman,
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
Take no note of him.

TYBALT

[redacted]

CAPULET

He shall be endured!
I say, he shall! Go to!
Am I the master here, or you?
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests?

TYBALT

[redacted]

CAPULET

You must contrary me? Go,
Be quiet, or—For shame! I'll make you quiet!

ROMEO *[taking Juliet's hand]*

If I profane with my unworthiest hand
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. *[kisses her]*
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.
JULIET
Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
ROMEO
Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again. *[kisses her]*
JULIET
You kiss by th' book.
NURSE
Madam, your mother craves a word with you. *[Juliet goes]*
ROMEO
[aside] Is she a Capulet?
BENVOLIO *[comes to Romeo]*
Away, be gone! The sport is at the best!
ROMEO
Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest. *[All start to exit but Juliet & Nurse]*
JULIET
Nurse. What is yond gentleman?
[aside] If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed!
NURSE
His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy!
JULIET
My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
LADY CAPULET
[offstage] Juliet!
NURSE
Come, let's away.
TYBALT *[aside]*
[redacted] *[They exit]*

PROLOGUE

CHORUS
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,

Alike betwitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new beloved anywhere.
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

SCENE 8

[Outside the Capulet house, same night. ROMEO]
[BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO enter]

BENVOLIO
Romeo! My cousin Romeo!

MERCUTIO
He is wise,
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

BENVOLIO
He ran this way and leaped this wall.

MERCUTIO
Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover!
Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.
Cry but "Ay me!" Pronounce but "love" and "dove".
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,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

BENVOLIO
And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him!

MERCUTIO
This cannot anger him. My invocation
Is fair and honest. In his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

BENVOLIO
Come, he hath hid himself.
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO
If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open-arse and thou a pop'rin pear!
Romeo, good night. –I'll to my bed.

BENVOLIO
'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. *[They exit]*

SCENE 9

[Outside Juliet's balcony. ROMEO]

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound. *[JULIET enters at window]*
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!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks.
O, speak again, bright angel,

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 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 called,
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.

ROMEO *[to her]* I take thee at they word.
Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou that thus bescreened 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.

JULIET

Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO
Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
JULIET
How came'st thou hither?
This place is death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
ROMEO
Thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
JULIET
If they do see thee, they will murder thee!
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
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
ROMEO
By love, who first did prompt me to inquire.
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
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. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
by yonder blessed moon I swear—
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!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! 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

Th' 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.

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET

But to be frank and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
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.
Sweet Montague, be true.

ROMEO

O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE

[inside] Madam!

JULIET

[to her] I come, anon!
[to him] But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

NURSE

[inside] Madam!

JULIET

[to her] By and by I come!
[to him] To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times good night! *[goes in]*

ROMEO
A thousand times the worse to want thy light.
JULIET *[comes out again]*
Hist! Romeo, hist!
ROMEO
My dear?
JULIET
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
ROMEO
Let me stand here till thou remember it.
JULIET
I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
ROMEO
And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
JULIET
'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *[exits]*

SCENE 10

[St. Peter's Church, dawn. FRIAR LAWRENCE with basket]
FRIAR
The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities *[examining a flower]*
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
ROMEO *[enter]*
Good morrow, Father.
FRIAR
Benedicité!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;

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

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

That's my good son. But where hast thou been then?

ROMEO

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

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.
We met, we wooed and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us today.

FRIAR

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.

ROMEO

Thou chide'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

And bade'st me bury love.

FRIAR

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.

FRIAR

O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

In one respect I'll thy assistant be,
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

ROMEO

O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste!

FRIAR

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast. *[They exit]*

SCENE 11

[A street, noon. BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO]

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home tonight?

BENVOLIO

Not to his father's.

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it.

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].
O, he's the courageous captain of compliments.
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time,
distance, and proportion. He rests his minim rests,
one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very
butcher. Ah, the immortal
passado! The punto reverso! The hay!—

BENVOLIO

The what? *[ROMEO enters]*
Here comes Romeo

MERCUTIO

You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROMEO

Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MERCUTIO
The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?
ROMEO
Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and
in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.
MERCUTIO
Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.
ROMEO
"Pink" for flower?
MERCUTIO
Sure wit!
Come between us, good Benvolio. My wits faint.
Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art
thou sociable, now art thou Romeo, now art thou what thou
art. For this drivelling love
is like a great natural that runs lolling up
and down to hide his bauble in a hole *[NURSE enter]*
NURSE
Good morrow, gentlemen.
I desire some confidence with you.
MERCUTIO
Romeo, will you come to your father's?
We'll to dinner thither.
ROMEO
I will follow you.
MERCUTIO
Farewell ancient lady, farewell *[Mercutio & Benvolio exit]*
NURSE
Pray you, sir, a word.
My young lady bade me inquire you out. What she
bade me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell
ye, if you should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they
say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say,
For the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you
should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing
and very weak dealing!
ROMEO
Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.
Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon,
And there she shall
Be married.
NURSE
This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.
ROMEO
And stay, good Nurse, behind the abbey wall.

Within this hour my man shall be with thee
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell, commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE

Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

ROMEO

What say'st thou, my dear Nurse?

NURSE

Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
"Two may keep counsel, putting one away"?

ROMEO

I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

NURSE

Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady, Lord,
Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing! O, there
is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain
lay knife aboard. But she, good soul, had as lief
see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her
sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer
man. But I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks
as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not
"rosemary" and "Romeo" begin both with a letter?

ROMEO

Ay, Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.

NURSE

Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name!
R is for the—no, I know it begins with some other
letter—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it,
of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times. *[They exit]*

SCENE 12

[Capulet house. JULIET]

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse.
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him.
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.
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.
But old folks, many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead. *[NURSE enters]*
O honey Nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him?
Now, good sweet Nurse- –O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.

NURSE

I am aweary, give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt had I!

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

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?

NURSE

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.

JULIET

But all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back, o' th' other side! O, my back, my back!

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? 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? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to church today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' 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!

JULIET

Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse. Farewell! *[They exit]*

SCENE 13

[Church, afternoon. FRIAR weds ROMEO & JULIET]

FRIAR

So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so.
God joined your hearts and I your hands; do then
Seal with a righteous kiss
Your faith in heaven. *[They kiss]*
Now Holy Church incorporate two in one. *[They exit]*

SCENE 14

[A street. MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO & Servants]

BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.

The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl,
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO

Come, come, thou art as hot a jack in thy mood as
any, and as soon moved to be moody, and as
soon moody to be moved.
Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of
meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as
an egg for quarreling. Thou hast quarreled with a
man for coughing in the street because he hath
wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun.
And yet thou wilt
tutor me from quarreling? *[TYBALT & other Capulets enter]*

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not!

TYBALT

[to Capulets] [redacted]
[to Benvolio & Mercutio] [redacted]

MERCUTIO

And but one word with one of us? Couple it with
something: make it a word and a blow!

TYBALT

[redacted]

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT

[redacted]

MERCUTIO

Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels?
And thou make minstrels of us, look to
hear nothing but discords. Here's my
fiddlestick! Here's that shall make you dance!
Zounds, consort!

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart! Here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I! *[ROMEO enters]*

TYBALT

[redacted]

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain am I none.
Therefore farewell. I see thou know'st me not.

TYBALT

[redacted]

ROMEO

I do protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
Alla stoccato carries it away! *[draws his sword]*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

[redacted]

MERCUTIO

Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your
nine lives that I mean to make bold withal,
and as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the
rest of the eight! Will you pluck your sword
out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste,
lest mine be about your ears ere it be out!

TYBALT

[redacted] *[draws his sword]*

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up!

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your passado! *[They fight]*

ROMEO

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio! *[draws and tries to disarm them, Tybalt stabs Mercutio]*

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.
A plague on both your houses! I am sped. *[Tybalt & Capulets exit]*
Is he gone and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO
What, art thou hurt?
MERCUTIO
Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch.
ROMEO
Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.
MERCUTIO
No, 'tis not so deep, nor so wide, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man.. A plague on both your houses! Why the devil
came you between us? I was hurt under your arm!
ROMEO
I thought all for the best.
MERCUTIO
Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague on both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,
And soundly too. Your houses! *[dies] [All exit but Romeo]*
ROMEO
My very friend, hath got his mortal wound
In my behalf. Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath softened valor's steel!
Away to heav'n, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—
This day's black fate on more days doth depend:
This but begins the woe others must end.
Tybalt! *{repeat} [TYBALT re-enters]*
ROMEO
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again
That late thou gave'st me, for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company!
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him!
TYBALT
[redacted]
ROMEO
This shall determine that! *[They fight. Romeo kills Tybalt; Benvolio enters]*
BENVOLIO
Romeo, away, be gone!
Stand not amazed! The Sheriff will doom thee death
ROMEO
O, I am Fortune's fool!
BENVOLIO
Why dost thou stay?

be gone, away! *[Romeo exits]*

SCENE 15

[SHERIFF, LORD & LADY MONTAGUE, LORD & LADY CAPULET,and Others enter]

SHERIFF

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt! O my brother's child!

SHERIFF

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio,
Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.

LADY CAPULET

He is a Montague.
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true!
Sheriff, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague!

BENVOLIO

Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! Friends, part!"
And 'twixt them rushes, but
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace,

LADY CAPULET

I beg for justice, which thou, Sheriff, must give.
Romeo slew Tybalt. Romeo must not live!

SHERIFF

Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

MONTAGUE

Not Romeo, Sheriff, he was Mercutio's friend.
His fault concludes but what the law should end:
The life of Tybalt.

SHERIFF

And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses.
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore use none! Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last!
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
Romeo is banished! *[All exit]*

INTERMISSION
ACT 2, SCENE 1
[Juliet's bedroom. JULIET]
JULIET
Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come thou day in night.
And Leap to these arms,
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
untalked-of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties. Or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.
Come gentle night.
Give me my Romeo, and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heav'n so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun. *[NURSE enters]*
JULIET
Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?
NURSE
He's gone, he's killed, 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
—God save the mark– -here on his manly breast.
A pitcous corse, a bloody piteous corse,
JULIET
O, break, my heart! Break at once!
NURSE
O Tybalt, Tybalt, That ever I should live to see thee dead!
JULIET
Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?
NURSE
Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished.
Romeo that killed 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!
JULIET
O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Despisèd substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.
O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
NURSE
There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men. All perjured,
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
JULIET
Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame!
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
NURSE
Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?
JULIET
Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo...banished."
That "banished," that one word "banished"
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death. No words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, Nurse?
NURSE
Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
JULIET
Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
I'll to my wedding-bed,
And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE

I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.

JULIET

O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight, *[hands her a ring]*
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *[They exit]*

SCENE 2

[Church, that night. FRIAR, ROMEO]

FRIAR

Romeo, come forth. Come forth, thou fearful man.
Affliction is enamored of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

ROMEO

Banishment? Be merciful, say "death"!
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death! Do not say "banishment"!

FRIAR

Hence from Verona art thou banished.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself!
Hence "banished" is "banish'd from the world,"
And world's exile is death! Then "banished"
Is death mis-termed. Calling death "banished,"
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe
And smile'st upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Sherrif,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law
And turned that black word "death" to "banishment."
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy! Heav'n is here
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not; he is banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?

FRIAR

Thou fond madman, hear me but speak a word.

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR
I'll give thee armor to keep off that word:
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
ROMEO
Hang up philosophy!
It helps not, it prevails not! Talk no more!
FRIAR
O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
ROMEO
How should they when that wise men have no eyes?
FRIAR
Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
ROMEO
Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel! *[NURSE knocks at door]*
FRIAR
Good Romeo, hide thyself.
Thou wilt be taken! *[Knocking]*
—I come, I come!
Who knocks so hard?
NURSE *[outside]*
Let me come in,
I come from Lady Juliet.
FRIAR
[opens door] Welcome then!
NURSE *[enters]*
O Holy Friar, O, tell me, Holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?
ROMEO
Nurse!
NURSE
Ah sir, ah sir! Death's the end of all.
ROMEO
Spake'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Where is she? And how doth she? And what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?
NURSE
O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And "Tybalt" calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
ROMEO
As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursèd hand

Murdered her kinsman! O, tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion! *[tries to stab himself]*

FRIAR

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 in a seeming man,
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?
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,
Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt.
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

NURSE

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir. *[hands him the ring]*

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber. Hence and comfort her.
But look thou stay not till the break of day
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 Sheriff, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
[to Nurse] Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady,
Romeo is coming.

NURSE

[to Romeo] My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come!

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

FRIAR
Go hence, and here stands all your state:
be gone by break of day
Sojourn in Mantua.
And I shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.
ROMEO
But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.
Farewell. *[They exit]*

SCENE 3

[Capulet house. LORD & LADY CAPULET, PARIS]
LADY CAPULET
'Tis very late. She'll not come down tonight.
CAPULET
Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved Tybalt dearly,
LADY CAPULET
And so did I.
CAPULET
Well, we were born to die.
PARIS
These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.
LADY CAPULET
I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.
CAPULET
Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her—mark you me? —on Wednesday next—
But soft, what day is this?
PARIS
Monday my lord.
CAPULET
Monday! Ha, ha. Well, Wednesday is too soon.
O' Thursday let it be. *[to her]* O' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble!
[to him] Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado, a friend or two,
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,

if we revel much.
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow!

CAPULET

Well get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then!
[to her] Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
[to him] Farewell, my son. *[They exit]*

SCENE 4

[Juliet's bedroom, dawn. ROMEO & JULIET]

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhaled,
To be to thee this night a torchbearer
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet. Thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO

Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death.
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come death, and welcome; Juliet wills it so!
How is't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.

JULIET *[realizing it is late]*

It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

ROMEO

More light and light, more dark and dark our woes!

NURSE *[enters]*

Madam!

JULIET
Nurse?
NURSE
Your lady mother is coming to your chamber!
JULIET
Then, window, let day in, and let life out!
ROMEO
Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend. *[climbs down]*
JULIET
Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
ROMEO
Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
JULIET
O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
ROMEO
I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
JULIET
O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
ROMEO
Adieu, adieu! *[exits]*
JULIET
O Fortune, Fortune! All men call thee fickle.
Be fickle, Fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back!

SCENE 5

LADY CAPULET
[offstage] Ho, daughter, are you up?
*[enters]*Why, how now, Juliet?
JULIET
Madam, I am not well.
LADY CAPULET
Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
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 slaughtered him.
That same villain Romeo.

JULIET

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 murd'rer lives.

JULIET

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not!
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo till I behold him...dead...

LADY CAPULET

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl!
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 expects not, nor I looked not for.

JULIET

Madam, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
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 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, *[CAPULET enters]*

CAPULET

How now, still in tears?
Evermore showering
Have you delivered 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
How! Will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
JULIET
Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
CAPULET
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
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
CAPULET
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!
we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
NURSE
God in heav'n bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so!
CAPULET
Hold your tongue,
Good Prudence! Smatter with your gossips, go!
NURSE
I speak no treason—
CAPULET
Peace, you mumbling fool!
LADY CAPULET
You are too hot!
CAPULET
God's bread! It makes me mad!
to have a wretched puling fool,
in her fortune's tender,

To answer "I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me!"
[to Juliet] I'll "pardon" you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me!
I do not use to jest!
Thursday is near.
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend.
If you be not, hang! Beg! Starve! Die in the streets!
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee!
Trust to't. I'll not be forsworn! *[exits]*

JULIET

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. *[exits]*

JULIET

O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

NURSE

Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banished, 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.
I think it best you married Paris
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dish-clout to him.
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.

JULIET

Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.

JULIET

Amen.

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
Go in and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE
Merry, I will; and this is wisely done. *[exits]*
JULIET
Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
To dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times?
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die. *[exits]*

SCENE 6

[Church, later that day. FRIAR & PARIS]
FRIAR
On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.
PARIS
My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
FRIAR
You say you do not know the lady's mind?
Uneven is the course. I like it not.
PARIS
Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
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, *[JULIET enters]*
Happily met, my lady and my wife!
JULIET
That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
PARIS
That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next.
JULIET
What must be shall be.
FRIAR
That's a certain text.
PARIS
Come you to make confession to the Friar?
Do not deny to him that you love me.
JULIET
I will confess to you that I love him.
PARIS
So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
JULIET
[to Friar] Are you at leisure, Holy Father, now,
FRIAR
My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS

God shield I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, early will I rouse you.
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. *[kisses her, exits]*

FRIAR

O Juliet, I already know thy grief.
It strains me past the compass of my wits.

JULIET

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently! *[threatens to stab herself]*
Be not so long to speak! I long to die
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy!

FRIAR

Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with Death himself to 'scape from it;
And if thou dare'st, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O, I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR

Hold, then. Go home, be merry. Give consent
To marry Paris. Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drink thou off.
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou live'st.
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes. Thy eyes' windows fall
Like Death when he shuts up the day of life.
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
Then thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift
And hither shall he come, and
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 fear
Abate thy valor.

JULIET
Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

FRIAR *[gives her the vial]*
Get you gone. Be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send
To Mantua my letters to thy lord.

JULIET
Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford!
Farewell, dear Father! *[They exit]*

SCENE 7

[Juliet's bedroom, that night. JULIET & NURSE]

JULIET
Gentle Nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

LADY CAPULET *[enters]*
What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

JULIET
No, madam. We have culled such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state tomorrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,

LADY CAPULET
Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. *[Nurse and Lady Capulet exit]*

JULIET
Farewell. God knows when we shall meet again.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
—Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it.
Romeo, I come! I drink to thee. *[She drinks then falls in bed within the curtains]*

SCENE 8

[Blackout: NURSE discovers JULIET in the morning]

NURSE

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!
What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,
Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little! God forgive me,
Marry, and amen.—
Madam, madam, madam!
What, dressed? And in your clothes? And down again?
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!

LADY CAPULET *[enters]*

What noise is here?
What is the matter?

NURSE

Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET

O me, O me! My child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!

CAPULET *[enters]*

For shame, bring Juliet forth! Her lord is come.

LADY CAPULET

Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET

Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold!
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

O woeful time!

CAPULET

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak. *[FRIAR, PARIS enter]*

FRIAR

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET

The night before thy wedding day
Hath Death lain with thy wife.
Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir.
My daughter he hath wedded.

PARIS

Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

FRIAR

Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid. Now heav'n hath all,
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and as the custom is,
In all her best array, bear her to church.
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.
Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him,
And go, Paris. Everyone prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heav'ns do lour upon you for some ill.
Move them no more by crossing their high will. *[They exit]*

SCENE 9

[Mantua, that afternoon. ROMEO on stage, BENVOLIO enters]

ROMEO

News from Verona! How now, Benvolio!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How fares my Juliet?
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

BENVOLIO

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,

ROMEO

Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!—
Leave me!

BENVOLIO

I do beseech you, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceived!
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BENVOLIO

No,

ROMEO

No matter. Get thee gone,
So shalt thou show me friendship.
Live and be prosperous, and farewell. *[Benvolio exits]*
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
Let's see for means... I do remember an apothec'ry,
If a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

He would sell it him.

SCENE 10

[Church. FRIAR]

JOHN *[enters]*

Holy Friar!

FRIAR

Welcome from Mantua! What says Romeo?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

JOHN

I could not send it—here it is again — *[hands him the letter]*
Nor get a messenger to bring it

FRIAR

Unhappy fortune!
The letter was
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger!
Within three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! *[They exit]*

SCENE 11

[Outside apothecary shop in Verona, that night. ROMEO]

ROMEO

What, ho! Apothec'ry!

APOTHECARY *[enters]*

[redacted]

ROMEO

Let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead

APOTHECARY

[redacted]

ROMEO

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this! *[Offers money]*

APOTHECARY

[redacted]

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

APOTHECARY *[offers poison]*

[redacted]

[redacted]

ROMEO *[hands him the money]*

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
[aside] Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. *[They exit]*

[Enter Paris]

PARIS

I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard, yet I will adventure. *[scattering flowers over the tomb]*
Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.
O woe! Thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears distilled by moans.
What cursèd foot wanders this way tonight*[hides]*

[ROMEO enters with BALTHASAR with torch, pick, crowbar]

ROMEO

Hold, take this letter. Early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs!

BALTHASAR

I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye.
[aside] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. *[hides]*

ROMEO *[starts forcing open the tomb]*

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,

PARIS

This is that banish'd haughty Montague
That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief
It is supposed the fair creature died!
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies! I will apprehend him.
[to Romeo] Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!
I do apprehend thee!
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die!

ROMEO

I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.

tempt not a desperate man!
Fly hence, and leave me!
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury!
For I come hither armed against myself.
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

PARIS

I do defy thy commination,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO

Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!

[They fight. ROMEO escapes]

BALTHASAR

O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch! *[exits]*

PARIS

O, I am slain! *[falls]* If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *[dies]*

ROMEO *[enters]*

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Paris! O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.—*[opens the tomb]*
A grave? O no, A lantern, slaughtered youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
O my love! My wife!
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy checks,
And death's pale flag is not advancèd there.—
Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorrèd 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
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
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. *[kisses her]*
Come, bitter conduct, Here's to my love! *[drinks]* O true apothec'ry,
Thy drugs are quick. *[kisses her]*
Thus with a kiss I die. *[dies]*

FRIAR LAURENCE *[enters tomb]*
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too?
And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance! *[JULIET wakes]*
The lady stirs!
JULIET
O comfortable Friar, where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo? *[Noise outside]*
FRIAR
I hear some noise! Lady, come from that nest
Of death.
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents! Come, come away!
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too! Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns!
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming!
JULIET
Go, get thee hence, for I will not away! *[Friar exits]*
What's here? 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
To make me die. *[kisses him]*
Thy lips are warm!
Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. *[finding Romeo's dagger]*
O, happy dagger!
This is thy sheath! There rust, and let me die. *[kills herself]*

SCENE 12

[Dawn. SHERIFF, LORD & LADY MONTAGUE, LORD & LADY CAPULET, FRIAR, NURSE, BENVOLIO, and Others enter]
SHERIFF *[enters with Attendants]*
What misadventure is so early up
That calls our person from our morning rest?
CAPULET
O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, for lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And it mis-sheathèd in my daughter's bosom!
LADY CAPULET
O me! This sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.
SHERIFF
Come, Montague, for thou art early up
To see thy son and heir now early down.

MONTAGUE

Alas, Sheriff, my wife is dead tonight.
Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

SHERIFF

Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE

O thou untaught! What manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

FRIAR

I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direful murder.
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.

SHERIFF

We still have known thee for a holy man. –

BALTHASAR

This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
I departed not and left him there.

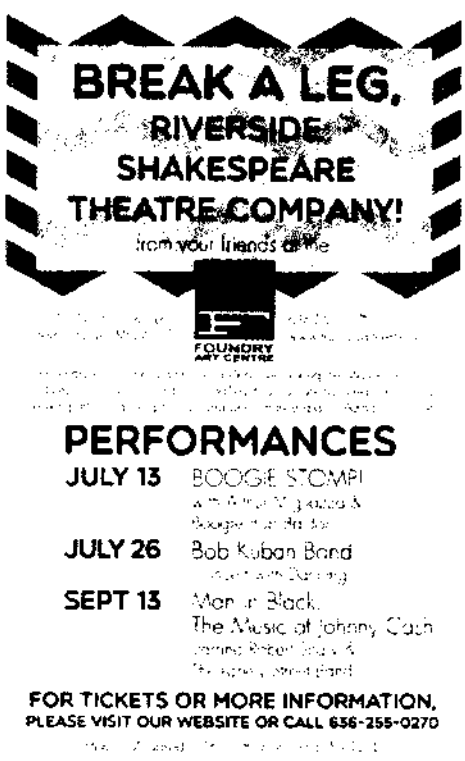
SHERIFF

Give me the letter, I will look on it. *[takes the letter]*—
This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[End]

Appendix C

The Program (above) The Cast and Crew (below)



CAST

Romeo	Michael Pierce
Juliet	Julia Brady
Nurse	Laura Devenny
Fr. Laurence	Dennis Marlin
Capulet	Anthony Wininger
Capulet's Wife	Ronnie Rossi
Montague	Stephen Heffernan
Montague's Wife/Chorus	Alissa Brooks
Benvolio	B. Conrad Burk
Mercutio/Mail Carrier	Mark Neels
Tybalt/Apothecary	Andrew Weber
Paris/Gregory	Sean Michael
Samson/Baltasar	Bennell Parker
Sheriff Escalus	Chance Shoults/Jeff Loyd

CREW

Producer	Christopher Ferguson
Director	Melissa Boyer
Stage Manager	Kathy Diehl
Asst. Stage Manager	Quen Tibbs
Costume Designer	Tracey Newcomb-Musgrave
Master Carpenter	Jonathan Elkins
Lighting Director	Joseph Thomas
Audio Technician	Gabe Larose
Technical Director	Ryan Shepard
Set Design	Destiny Graham
Technical Crew	Zach Mielke
	Christopher Ferguson
Run Crew	John Sbarra
Scenic Painter	Lilly Brinkley
Fight Choreography	Christopher Ferguson
	Harlen Kirk II
Dance Choreography	Becky Lauderdale

Appendix D

The Rehearsal Schedule

May 2013

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1 6-7pm Act 2 1 7-8pm Act 2 3 8-9pm Act 2 5 9-10pm Act 2 7	2 6-7pm Act 1 12 7-8pm Act 1 5 8-9pm Act 1 15	3 NO REHEARSAL	4
5 1-1:30pm Act 2 1 1:30-2:30p Act 2 3 2:30-3:30p Act 2 5 3:30-4pm Act 2 7	6	7	8 6-8pm All men except Michael 6-8:45p Act 1 15 8:45-10pm Act 2 12	9 6-7pm Act 1 12 7-8pm Act 1 5 8-9pm Act 2 12	10 6-7pm Act 1 8 7-8pm Act 2 10 8-9pm Act 1 11	11
12 1-2pm Act 1 13 2-3pm Act 2 4 3-4pm Act 1 9	13	14	15 6-7:30p All men except Michael 7:30-8:30p Act 1 1 8:30-9pm Act 1 10 9-10pm Act 2 2	16 6-7pm Act 1 1 7-8pm Act 1 3 8-9pm Act 1 8 9-10pm Act 2 10	17 6-7p Prologues 1& 2 7-8p Act 1 2 8-9p Act 1 7 9-10p Act 2 6	18
19 1-3pm Act 2 11 3-4pm Act 1 7	20	21	22 6-7pm Act 2 9 7-8pm Act 1 4 8-9pm Act 1 6 9-10pm Act 1 11	23 6-7pm Act 1 2 7-8pm Act 2 4 8-9pm Act 2 8 9-10pm Act 2 11	24 6-6:30p Prologues 1& 2 6:30-7:30p Act 1 9 7:30-8:30p Act 2 2 8:30-9:30p Act 1 10	25
26 1-1:30p Act 1 3 1:30-2p Act 1 13 2-3pm Act 2 6 3:4pm Act 2 8	27	28	29 6-7:30p Act 1 14 Night work also: 7:30-8:30p Act 1 6 8:30-9:30p Act 1 4 9:30-10p Act 2 9	30 6-7:30p Act 1 14 7:30-10p Run Act 1 Line Call	31 6-10pm Run Act 1 Line Call	

June 2013

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
2 1-4pm Run Act 2 Line Call	3	4	5 6-10pm Run Act 2 Line Call	6 6-10pm Run Act 1 No line call	7 6-10pm Run Act 2 No line call	8
9 1-4pm Run Show	10	11	12 6-10pm Run Show	13 6-10pm Run Show	14 6-10pm Run Show	15
16 1-4pm Tech Run Cue to Cue Run Show if we have time	17 7pm Run Show no costumes/makeup	18 7pm Run Show no costumes/makeup	19 6:30pm call 8pm Run Show Complete with costumes/makeup	20 6:30pm call 8pm Run Show Complete with costumes/makeup	21 6:30pm call Opening Night	22 6:30pm call Show
23 12:30 call 30 Show *2:30 call Show and Strike	24	25	26 7pm brushup no costumes or makeup	27	28 6:30pm call Show	29 6:30pm call Show

Appendix E

The Performance Poster

Appendix D

The Rehearsal Schedule

May 2013

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1 6-7pm Act 2 1 7-8pm Act 2 3 8-9pm Act 2 5 9-10pm Act 2 7	2 6-7pm Act 1 12 7-8pm Act 1 5 8-9pm Act 1 15	3 NO REHEARSAL	4
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12 1-2pm Act 1 13 2-3pm Act 2 4 3-4pm Act 1 9	13	14	15 6-7:30p All men except Michael 7:30-8:30p Act 1 1 8:30-9pm Act 1 10 9-10pm Act 2 2	16 6-7pm Act 1 1 7-8pm Act 1 3 8-9pm Act 1 8 9-10pm Act 2 10	17 6-7p Prologues 1& 2 7-8p Act 1 2 8-9p Act 1 7 9-10p Act 2 6	18
19 1-3pm Act 2 11 3-4pm Act 1 1	20	21	22 5-7pm Act 2 9 7-8pm Act 1 4 8-9pm Act 1 6 9-10pm Act 1 11	23 5-7pm Act 1 2 7-8pm Act 2 4 8-9pm Act 2 8 9-10pm Act 2 11	24 5-6:30p Prologues 1& 2 6:30-7:30p Act 1 9 7:30-8:30p Act 2 2 8:30-9:30p Act 1 10	25
26 1-1:30p Act 1 3 1:30-2p Act 1 13 2-3pm Act 2 6 3-4pm Act 2 8	27	28	29 6-7:30p Act 1 14 (light work also) 7:30-8:30p Act 1 6 8:30-9:30p Act 1 4 9:30-10p Act 2 9	30 5-7:30p Act 1 14 7:30-10p Run Act 1 Line Call	31 6-10pm Run Act 1 Line Call	

June 2013

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
2 1-4pm Run Act 2 Line Call	3	4	5 6-10pm Run Act 2 Line Call	6 5-10pm Run Act 1 No line call	7 6-10pm Run Act 2 No line call	8
9 1-4pm Run Show	10	11	12 6-10pm Run Show	13 5-10pm Run Show	14 6-10pm Run Show	15
16 1-4pm Tech Run Cue to Cue Run Show if we have time	17 7pm Run Show (no costumes/makeup	18 7pm Run Show (no costumes/makeup	19 6:30pm call 8pm Run Show Complete with costumes/makeup	20 6:30pm call 8pm Run Show Complete with costumes/makeup	21 6:30pm call Opening Night	22 6:30pm call Show
23 12:30 call Show 12:30 call Show and Strike	24	25	26 7pm brush-up (no costumes or makeup)	27	28 6:30pm call Show	29 6:30pm call Show

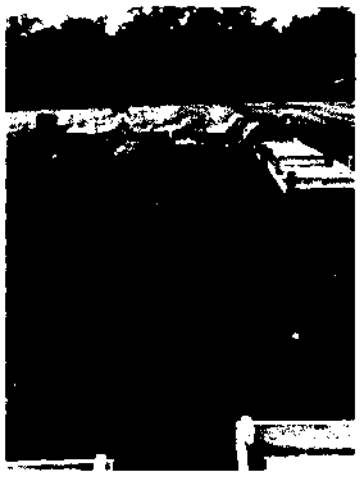
Appendix E

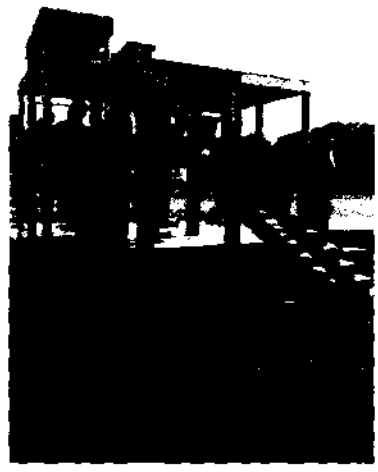
The Performance Poster

Appendix F

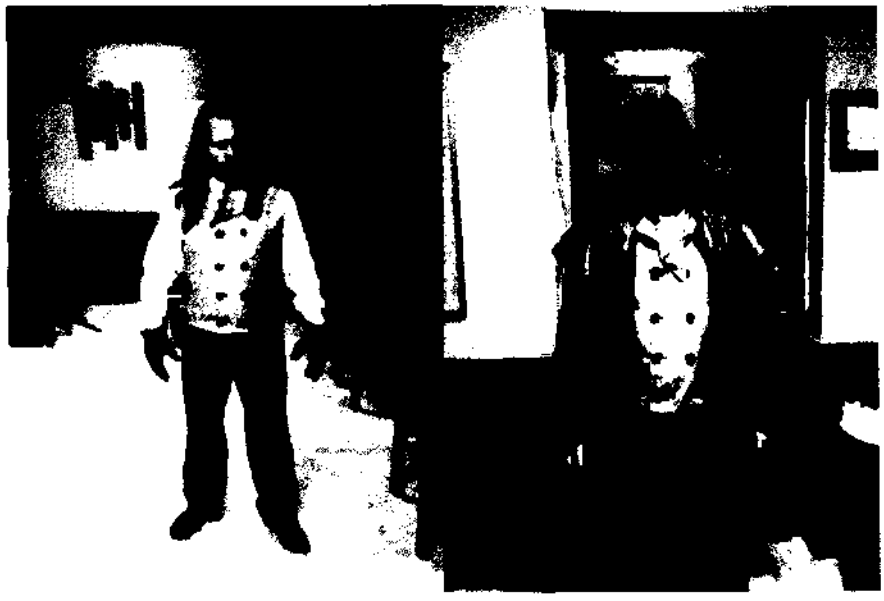
Production Stills

Set Build Day





Miscellaneous Costume and Promotional Pictures



A few shots from the costume fitting

A Promotional Poster Created for Facebook (Left)
A Promotional Picture for a Local Publication (Right)

Photographs from the Performances

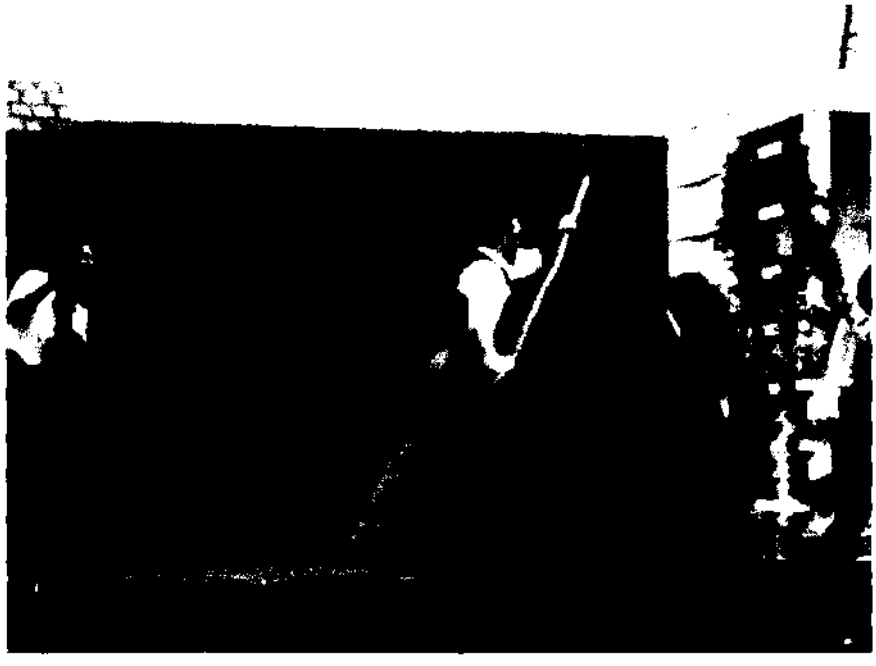
Opening Scene: Tybalt and Mercutio Playing Cards: Act I, Scene 1

The Riot: Tybalt Attacks Benvolio: Act I, Scene 1

Mercutio Mocks Tybalt: Act I, Scene 14

Romeo Attempts to Mollify an Enraged Tybalt: Act I, Scene 14

Tybalt Threatens Romeo and Mercutio Responds: Act I, Scene 14



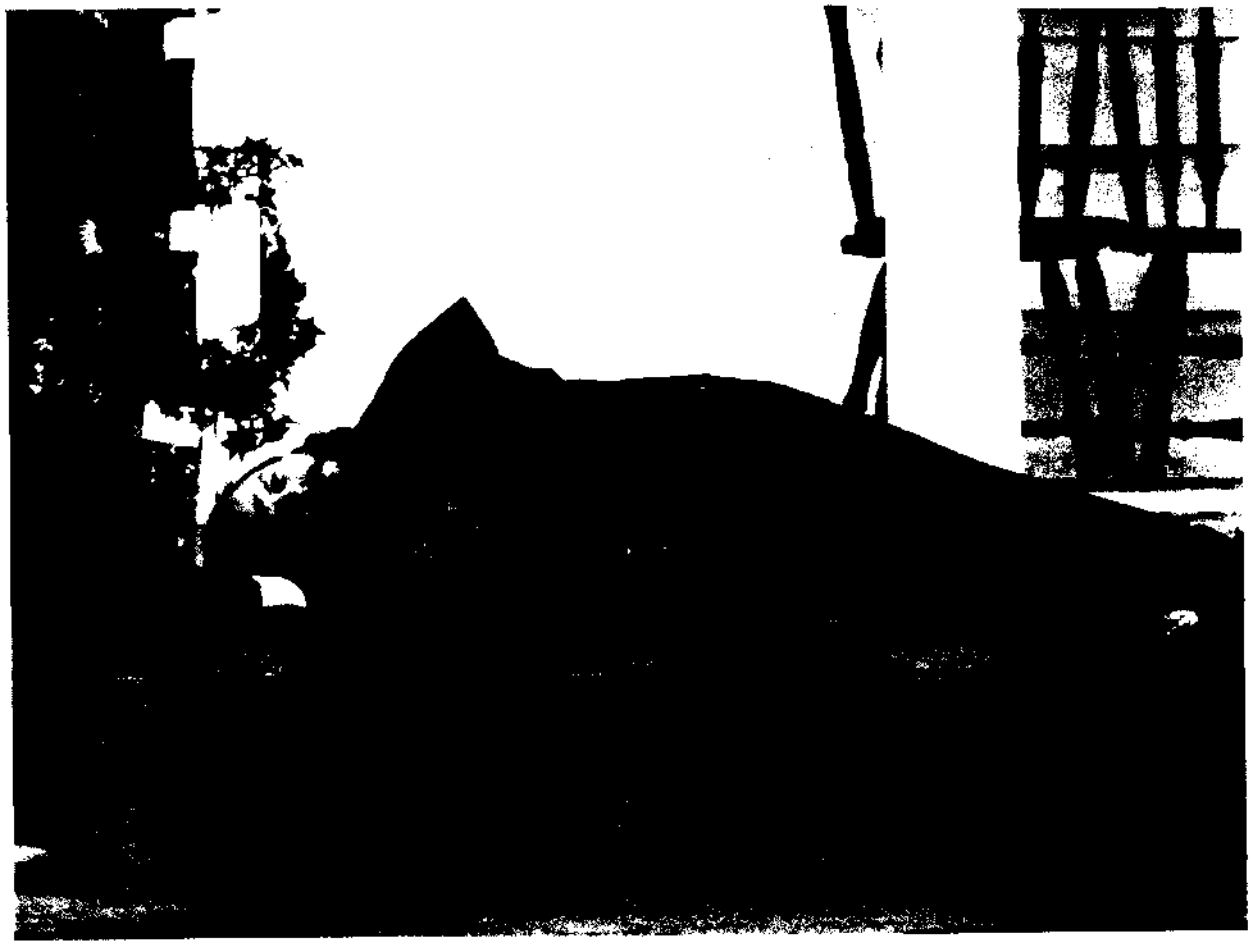
Mercutio Gains the Upper Hand Momentarily: Act I, Scene 14

Tybalt Enjoying the Thrill of Combat: Act I, Scene 14

Tybalt and Mercutio Hand to Hand: Act I, Scene 14

Romeo Interferes in the Fight: Act I, Scene 14

Mortally Wounded, Tybalt Refuses to Submit: Act I, Scene 14



Thus Ends the Ninth Life of Tybalt Capulet, the Prince of Cats: Act I, Scene 14

That Apothecary Looks Suspiciously Familiar: Act II, Scene I I

The Final Bows: June 30, 2013

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