**CAPULET – RECALL SCRIPT**

**ACT 1 SCENE 5**

**CAPULET** Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! come, musicians, play.
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

*Music plays, and they dance*

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

In the dance, ROMEO sees JULIET for the first time. He is seen by TYBALT who storms forward to accost him. Beneath the following ROMEO and JULIET end up dancing together.

**CAPULET** Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

**TYBALT** Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

**CAPULET** Young Romeo is it?

**TYBALT** Tis he, that villain Romeo.

**CAPULET** Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

**TYBALT** It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

**CAPULET** He shall be endured:
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

**TYBALT** Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

**CAPULET** Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

**TYBALT** I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.

**Act 3 Scene 5**

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse*

**CAPULET** How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

**LADY CAP** 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;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

**CAPULET**'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.

You tallow-face!

**LADY CAP** Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

**JULIET** Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

**CAPULET** Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, 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:
Out on her, hilding!

**Nurse** God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

**CAPULET** And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

**Nurse** I speak no treason.

**CAPULET** Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.

**LADY CAP** You are too hot.

**CAPULET** God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
But, as you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee. [*Exit*]