

Side 6: Petra, Capulet, Paris, Benvolia, Romeo

ACT 1, SCENE II. A street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and PETRA the servant DS Right

Props: a parchment with names written on it as per the text below

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 honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
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 marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
Come, go with me.

To Servant, giving a paper

Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS US Right

Petra the Servant

Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ ... and I cannot read.

Oh, I must to the learned - and In good time.

Enter BENVOLIA and ROMEO DS Left carrying on their conversation

BENVOLIA

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROMEO

Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIA

For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO

For your broken shin.

BENVOLIA

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and--God-den, good fellow.

Servant

God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Servant

Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Servant

Ye say honestly: rest you merry! *(starts to exit)*

ROMEO

Stay, fellow; I can read.

Reads

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady
widow of Vitravio; Signior Placentio and his lovely
nieces; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters;

my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Sampson and Chiara,
Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.'

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Servant

I go.

ROMEO

Whither?

Servant

To supper; to our house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

Servant

My master's.

ROMEO

Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Servant

Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the
great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house
of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.
Rest you merry!

Exit DS Right

BENVOLIA

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
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;
One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

BENVOLIA

Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

ROMEO

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