

# Castingtexte Romeo & Juliet

## Our version of ROMEO & JULIET

Manhattan. Near future.

A duopoly has Manhattan in its grip: two big energy corporations, „Capulet & Co.“ and „Montague Inc.“, run by the families of the same name. The two CEOs Capulet and Montague were friends when they started their careers, but a secret affair between Capulet's wife, Lady Capulet, and Montague tore their friendship apart. Tybalt is Lady Capulet's and Montague's illegitimate son, which is kept secret by Capulet, Lady Capulet and Montague.

Several years later, their institutions and value systems start to divide a whole city into two; a civil war is brewing in the underbelly of Manhattan's society.

Montague's son Romeo and Capulet's daughter Juliet know and quite dislike each other – still, there is somewhat of a „merry war“ between those two. Romeo is, or at least thinks to be, in love with Rosalind; this love, however, is rather a shallow crush, which he later realises when he falls in love with Juliet at Paris's party. Romeo and Juliet begin to have a secret romance, their meetings are partly arranged by Goddess Laurence (who has a counselling function in that society).

Tybalt, who believes to be Juliet's brother (although only half brother), is furious when finding out about his sister's affair and wants to kill Romeo – Mercutio is caught in the crossfire and accidentally killed by Tybalt. Romeo, then, cannot control his emotions and kills Tybalt. He is sent into exile by Paris.

Capulet believes that Paris is a good match for his daughter (calculating his business profit as well) and wants to force her into marriage – Juliet, in her desperation, turns to Goddess Laurence who helps her simulate her own death.

Unfortunately, not only the people who hear of it, but also Romeo himself in exile believes her death to be true and kills himself, as nothing in life matters to him anymore. Juliet, after waking up and seeing Romeo dead, kills herself too.

## Characters

- **Romeo** - m/f - the one who can't handle his/her feelings, emotional, superficial at the beginning
  - » hat ein Herz für unbeschwertes Rumalbern und arrogantes performen (Mercutio), doch darunter liegt eine tiefe Sehnsucht nach authentischen Gefühlen, die ihm letztendlich zum Verhängnis wird.
- **Juliet** - m/f - feisty, headstrong, tomboyish
  - » traut sich Widerworte zu geben, sehnt sich nach "mehr" und schützt sich mit Zynismus, Witz und Schlagfertigkeit vor der starren Traditionalität ihrer Umgebung (ihre Eltern).
- **Lady Capulet** - f - ambivalent, cunning, stands strongly behind her relatives; the typical "Slytherin" features. After being forced to leave Montague for her bond with Capulet, she kept her frustration inside her
  - » Projiziert ganz viel von sich auf ihre Tochter. Man könnte denken, dass gerade sie weiß was es heißt, wenn man in eine Ehe gezwungen wird. Doch sie lebt schon zu lange in dieser Situation um Zweifel bezüglich der Ausweglosigkeit ihrer Ehe zuzulassen. Deswegen unterdrückt sie den potentiellen Ausweg auch für ihre Tochter und steht mit geballter Frustration hinter einer Zwangsehe.
- **Montague** - m - calm, insecure; difficult relationship with his son. Was born into the legacy of the Montagues, would rather have kept a good relationship to his former friends, the Capulets. Depressive and incapable to neither express nor process his emotions
  - » Innerhalb seiner Passivität ebenfalls voll unerfüllter Sehnsüchte nach Harmonie und Einheit (innerlich). Weiß aber, dass Schwäche zeigen keine Option ist und steht in seinem Stolz und seiner Bossaura Capulet in nichts nach (äußerlich).

- **Capulet** – m – alcoholic, impulsive, aggressive, wants to maintain a certain image, proud
  - » Manisch in seiner Außenwirkung, ruckartiger Stimmungswechsel manifestieren sich vor allem in seinem Changieren zwischen dem alten Capulet (will Juliet selbst entscheiden lassen wen sie heiratet) und dem neuen Capulet (zerfetzt Tybalt verbal in größenwahnsinniger Manier auf dem Ball)
  
- **Benvolio** – m/f – rational, calm, insecure at some points; often appears overstrained, torn and stressed. It's important to him what others think of him. Seems shy and clammed from the outside – but may have soft seething inside
  - » authentisch, verlässlich, leichtfüßiger als Romeo, nicht so intensiv im Ausdrücken seiner Gefühle. Ebenfalls kein Kostverächter der irdischen Genüsse. Ihm verleiht die Diskrepanz zwischen dem Bedürfnis mit Mercutio zu fliegen und den Hemmungen die ihn stattdessen am Boden halten, Tiefe. Die Hemmungen sind auch das was ihm in dieser fatalistischen “alles-egal” Welt noch Menschlichkeit und Subjekt-Status verleihen.
  
- **Mercutio** – m/f – confident, flamboyant, strong, perky, desperate
  - » Personifiziert das komplette “am Abgrund wandeln” seiner Welt. Kompensiert in seinem Hang zur Selbstdarstellung die fatalistische, intensive Verzweiflung, die all unsere Figuren umgibt. Immer einen Ticken zu viel, geht immer etwas weiter als alle Anderen, macht aus allem ein Spiel, oberflächliches Spiegelfechten bis in seinen Tod.
  
- **Tybalt** – m/f – hatredriven, seeks for acknowledgment, a welcome instrument but no victim of it. Serious, eager, determined, mischievous
  - » Auf den ersten Blick ist es Hass, der ihn antreibt. Sieht man tiefer, spürt man, dass er sich eigentlich vor allem nach Liebe sehnt und wild um sich schlagend alles bis aufs Blut verteidigt, dass die wenige Liebe um ihn herum bedroht: Romeo stiehlt seine Schwester, die Liebe seines vermeintlichen Vaters Capulet ist sowieso rar gesät und er kämpft verzweifelt um Anerkennung, er sieht wie seine Mutter mit dem alten Montague auf der Party flirtet – gegen den Alten kann man sich schlecht stellen, muss halt der Junge herhalten.

- **Mary** - m/f - smart, witty, cheeky, jaunty, not afraid of telling the truth and expressing her opinion; at times provocative, loyal to Juliet, slightly intimidated by Capulet

» Eigentlich perfekt in ihre oberflächlichen Welt angepasst. Ihre Bodenständigkeit und ihre Liebe zu Juliet verleihen ihr Tiefe. Schlagfertig behauptet sie sich allen Lagern gegenüber.

- **Goddess Laurence** - m - Dragqueen a la Ru Paul ..a true Goddess.

» Eine schillernde emanzipierte Person Gottes. Möchte Liebe auf der Welt sehen, durchschaut Oberflächlichkeiten, allwissender Ruhepol ohne egoistische Agenda. Man kann auch in Juwelen und Seide gehüllt authentisch alles unterstützen was "emotional echt" ist.

- **Paris** - m/f - Mayor of Manhattan, republican eye-candy, first priority: business.

» Hat seine eigene Agenda (Juliet wegheiraten) um endlich einen weißen Zaun um sein sonst schon perfektes Leben zu ziehen. Seine professionell charmante Art verbirgt nur oberflächlich seine kühle Business-Attitüde. Wenig Verständnis für emotionale Befindlichkeiten. Für ihn ist alles Verhandlungssache und eine Frage der richtigen Druckmittel.

- **James** - m/f - servant of the Capulets, appears to be rather absent minded and confused...but his eyes never miss anything.

» Noch ganz offen. Wir freuen uns über Angebote.

## Castingtexte

### Overview

Scene 1: [I.2] Capulet, Paris, James

Scene 2: [I.3] Juliet, Lady Capulet, Mary

Scene 3: [I.4] Romeo, Benvolio, Mercutio

Scene 4: [I.5] Romeo, Juliet

Scene 5: [I.5] Romeo, Juliet

Scene 6: [I.5] Capulet, Tybalt

Scene 7: [I.5] Romeo, Juliet / Mercutio, Benvolio / Lady Capulet, Montague

Scene 8: [II.2] Romeo, Juliet

Scene 9: [II.3] Goddess Laurence, Romeo

Scene 10: [III.1] Tybalt, Mercutio, Benvolio, Romeo

Scene 11: [III.4] Romeo, Juliet / Mercutio, Benvolio / Lady Capulet, Montague

Scene 12: [IV.1] Paris, Juliet, Goddess Laurence

Scene 13: [II.4] Mary, Romeo

### Monologues

Paris [I.1]

Mercutio [I.4]

Woman (not necessarily biological) [IV.2]

Goddess Laurence [IV.1]

Benvolio [III.1]

Romeo [V.2]

## TEXTE

Scene 1: [I.2] Capulet, Paris, James

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant*

**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 offer?

**CAPULET**

But saying o'er what I have said before:  
My child is yet a stranger in the world;  
She hath not seen the change of twenty years,  
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**

Woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a part;  
And if she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night you hold an old accustom'd ball,  
Come you to our side of the place, she shall  
Wait and meet you there.

**PARIS**

...Capulet's lounge.

**CAPULET**

*To Servant, giving a paper*

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

*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS*

**Servant**

Find them out whose names are written here! I am  
sent to find those persons whose names are here

writ, and can never find what names the writing  
person hath here writ. I must to the learned.--In good time.

Scene 2: [I.3] *Juliet, Lady Capulet, Mary*

*Enter LADY CAPULET and MARY*

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**MARY**

Now, by my virginity at twelve year old,  
I bade her come. Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

*Enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

How now! who calls?

**MARY**

Your mother.

**JULIET**

Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

**LADY CAPULET**

This is the matter:--Mary, give leave awhile,  
We must talk in secret: --Mary, come back again;  
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.  
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

**MARY**

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.  
The counsel that we two have shared,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence--  
We, Juliet, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key -

**LADY CAPULET**

Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

**MARY**

An I might live to see thee married once.

**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 honour that I dream not of.

**MARY**

An honour!

**LADY CAPULET**

Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,  
Here in Manhattan, 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:  
Paris seeks you for his love.

**MARY**

A man, young lady! lady, such a man  
As all the world--why, he's a man of wax.

**LADY CAPULET**

Manhattan's summer hath not such a flower.

**MARY**

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 the 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:  
So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
By having him, making yourself no less.

**MARY**

No less! nay, bigger; men grow by women.

**LADY CAPULET**

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

**JULIET**

I will be prepared to like him if I find him attractive to look at.

**MARY**

Women are angels, wooing:  
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.  
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:  
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:  
That she was never yet that ever knew  
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.  
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:  
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:



Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

*Enter a Servant*

**Servant**

Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you  
called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in  
the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must  
hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

**LADY CAPULET**

We follow thee.

*Exit Servant*

Juliet, Paris waits.

**MARY**

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

*Exeunt*

Scene 3: [I.4] Romeo, Benvolio, Mercutio

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO*

**ROMEO**

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?  
Or shall we on without a apology?

**BENVOLIO**

Such prolixity is outdated, Romeo:  
faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance:  
But let them measure us by what they will;  
We'll measure them a measure, and leave.

**ROMEO**

Give me a torch: I am not for this prank;  
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 concrete  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

**MERCUTIO**

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

**ROMEO**

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft  
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

**MERCUTIO**

And, to sink in it, should you burden love;  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

**ROMEO**

Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too noisy, 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.  
Give me a case to put my visage in.

**BENVOLIO**

Come, knock and enter;

**ROMEO**

A torch for me:  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

**MERCUTIO**

We'll draw thee from thy misery  
Of this heavy-hearted 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.

**ROMEO**

And we mean well in going to this mask;  
But 'tis not smart to go.

**MERCUTIO**

Why, may one ask?

**ROMEO**

I dream'd a dream to-night.

**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

she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,

This is that very Mab

which picks two souls to couple them by fate,

Which once in love, that fate misfortune bodes:

This is the hag, when lovers meet on grove or green

or springles starlight sheen she pursues to marry

and when they do, oh heaven! They carry

a bag of misery. They are not meant to be

so Destiny starts to change the course of history -

and moments later, quicker than you can say „love is blind“,

they kill themselves for love -

**BENVOLIO**

They are out of their mind...

**MERCUTIO**

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...

Scene 4: [I.5] Romeo, Juliet

**ROMEO**

If Capulet be her father, she would not  
have his head on her shoulders for all Manhattan, as  
like him as she is.

**JULIET**

I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior  
nobody marks you.

**ROMEO**

What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

**JULIET**

Is it possible disdain should die while she hath  
such meet food to feed it as Signior Shallow?  
Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come  
in her presence.

**ROMEO**

Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I  
am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I  
would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard  
heart; for, truly, I love none.

**JULIET**

A dear happiness to women: they would else have  
been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God  
and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I  
had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man  
swear he loves me.

**ROMEO**

God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some  
gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate  
scratched face.

**JULIET**

Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such  
a face as yours were.

**ROMEO**

Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

**JULIET**

A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

**ROMEO**

I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and  
so good a continuer.

Scene 5: [I.5] Romeo, Juliet

*Romeo&Juliet dance, come very close...*

**JULIET**

You nauseate me.

**ROMEO**

All this talk about how you have to be with someone you have to marry or the World will end. Face it. It's never gonna happen.

**JULIET**

You sound like a jealous boyfriend.

**ROMEO**

(Scoffs) Yeah, right. You wish.

**JULIET**

No. You wish.

**ROMEO**

Please. You forget who you're talking to.

**JULIET**

So do you. Do you ... like me ?

**ROMEO**

Define "like".

**JULIET**

Oh. Uh, you have got to be kidding me. I do not believe this.

**ROMEO**

How do you think I feel? I feel sick, like there's something in my stomach, fluttering.

**JULIET**

Butterflies ? No, No, No, No, No, No, No. This is not happening.

**ROMEO**

Believe me, no one is more surprised than I am.

**JULIET**

Romeo, you know that I adore all of God's creatures and the metaphors that they inspire, but... those butterflies have got to be murdered.

**ROMEO**

Fine. It wasn't that great anyway.

**JULIET**

Thanks.

Scene 6: [I.5] Capulet, Tybalt

**TYBALT**

Romeo Montague.

Fetch me my weapon, boy. What dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,

To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

**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;

It is my will, the which if thou respect,

Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,

An unsuitable expression 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, father, 'tis a shame.

**CAPULET**

Go to, go to;

You are a rude boy:

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts! You are an idiot; go:

Be quiet, or--More light, more light! For shame!

I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

**TYBALT**

Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

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

Scene 7: [I.5] Romeo, Juliet / Mercutio, Benvolio / Lady Capulet,  
Montague

**ROMEO**

[To JULIET] If I profane with my unworhiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:  
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.  
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

*(They kiss)*

**JULIET**

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

**ROMEO**

Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!  
Give me my sin again.

*(They kiss)*

**JULIET**

You kiss by the book.

Scene 8: [II.2] Romeo, Juliet

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

It is easy for those who have never loved to make fun of a lover.

*JULIET appears above at a 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,

It is my lady, O, it is my love!

**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.

**ROMEO**

[Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET**

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet;

**ROMEO**

I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

**JULIET**

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd 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;  
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

**JULIET**

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.  
I would not for the world they saw thee here.

**ROMEO**

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;  
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**

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'  
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be hard-to-get and say thee nay.

**ROMEO**

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops--

**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,  
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 to-night:  
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!

**ROMEO**

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

**JULIET**

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

**ROMEO**

The 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.

*Mary calls within*

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!  
Sweet Montague, be true.

*Exit, above*

**ROMEO**

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

*Re-enter JULIET, above*

**JULIET**

Three words, dear Romeo, eight letters,  
say it, and I am yours.

**MARY**

[Within] Madam!

**JULIET**

I come, anon.--

**MARY**

[Within] Madam!

**ROMEO**

I love you.

*They kiss*

**JULIET**

A thousand times good night!

*Exit, above*

**ROMEO**

I love you.

*Exit*

Scene 9: [II.3] Goddess Laurence, Romeo

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

Good morrow, Laurence.

**LAURENCE**

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

**ROMEO**

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

**LAURENCE**

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

**ROMEO**

With Rosaline, my friend? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

**LAURENCE**

That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

**ROMEO**

I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,  
My intercession likewise steads my foe-

**LAURENCE**

Be plain, Romeo, 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:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
when and where and how  
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou help us to marry to-day.

**LAURENCE**

Holy Sh - Shoebox, 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.  
Jesus Maria, what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy shallow face for Rosaline!  
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

**ROMEO**

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

**LAURENCE**

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

And requested that I bury love.

**LAURENCE**

Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

**ROMEO**

I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;

The other did not so.

**LAURENCE**

O, Rosaline knew well

Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

**ROMEO**

It's different here

whilst Rosalind enchanted nothing but mine eye

Its o sweet Juliet that really took mine heart tonight

**LAURENCE**

Mhh..It may be different here...

So come, young waverer, come, go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

*Exeunt*

Scene 10: [III.1] Tybalt, Mercutio, Benvolio, Romeo

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO » playing with Revolver (Russian Roulette)*

**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 in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as

soon moody to be moved.

**BENVOLIO**

And what to?

**MERCUTIO**

Thou! why,  
thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more,  
or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou  
wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no  
other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes.

**BENVOLIO**

An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art,  
I would be killed faster than I can say „brut dargent“.

**MERCUTIO**

*puts on blindfold*

Brut Dargent! Benvoliont!

**BENVOLIO**

By my head, here comes a Capulet.

**MERCUTIO**

By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT*

**TYBALT**

Gentlemen, good day: a word with one of you.

**MERCUTIO**

And but one word with one of us? couple it with  
something; make it a word and a blow.

**TYBALT**

*takes Benvolios Revolver and puts on his blindfold*

You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you  
will give me occasion.

**MERCUTIO**

*THEY SIT ACROSS FROM EACH OTHER*

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

**TYBALT**

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

*(FIRST SHOT - nothing happens)*

**MERCUTIO**

Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an  
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,  
And reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

*(SECOND SHOT - nothing happens)*

**MERCUTIO**

Eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure.

*Enter ROMEO*

**TYBALT**

Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this,-- *(takes off blindfold)* thou art a villain.

**ROMEO**

Tybalt, the reason that I have to bear 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**

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

**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 my own,--be satisfied.

**MERCUTIO**

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
Are you serious, Romeo?

*Draws*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you shoot?

**TYBALT**

What wouldst thou have with me?

**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, beat up the rest of the  
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher  
by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your  
ears ere it be out.

**TYBALT**

I am for you.

*Drawing*

**ROMEO**

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier down.

**MERCUTIO**

Come, sir, your passado.

*They fight*

**ROMEO**

Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Manhattan streets:

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

*ROMEO beats down TYBALT'S arm, TYBALT shoots MERCUTIO by mistake, and flies*

**MERCUTIO**

I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

**BENVOLIO**

What, art thou hurt?

**MERCUTIO**

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my flask?

*Exit Page*

**ROMEO**

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

**MERCUTIO**

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a  
church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for

me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. *(sees wound)*

I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o'  
both your houses!

**ROMEO**

I thought all for the best.

**MERCUTIO**

Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!

They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,

And soundly too: your houses!

Scene 11: [III.4] Romeo, Juliet / Mercutio, Benvolio / Lady Capulet,  
Montague

**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 day-light, I know it, I:  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
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'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:  
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**

It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes,  
O, now I would they had changed voices too!  
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day,  
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

**ROMEO**

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



Scene 12: [IV.1] Paris, Juliet, Goddess Laurence

*Enter LAURENCE and PARIS*

**LAURENCE**

On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

**PARIS**

Capulet will have it so;

And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

**LAURENCE**

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,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;

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;

Which, too much minded by herself alone,

May be put from her by society:

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

**LAURENCE**

[Aside] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady.

*Enter JULIET*

**PARIS**

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.

**LAURENCE**

That's a certain text.

**PARIS**

Come you to make confession to this lady?

**JULIET**

To answer that, I should confess to you.

**PARIS**

Do not deny to him that you love me.

**JULIET**

If I do so, it will be of more price,  
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

**PARIS**

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

**JULIET**

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

**PARIS**

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

**JULIET**

It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

**LAURENCE**

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

**PARIS**

God forbid that I should interfere with your devotions!

Juliet, on Thursday early will I marry ye:

Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

*Exit*

### Scene 13: [II.4] Mary, Romeo

**MARY**

Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy  
merchant was this, that was so full of his offensive jokes?

**ROMEO**

A gentleman, Mary, that loves to hear himself talk,  
and will speak more in a minute than he will stand  
to in a month.

**MARY**

If he speaks any thing against me, I'll take him  
down, I am none of his flirt-gills; Pray you, sir, a word:  
and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you  
out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself:  
but first let me tell you, 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 to be offered

to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

**ROMEO**

Miss, bid thy lady to come to Goddess Laurence' etablissement

There we are safe and alone

And our family's foe does not encounter us.

Here is for thy pains.

**MARY**

This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

But is your friend secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two can keep a secret, if one of them is dead?

**ROMEO**

I warrant thee, my friend is as true as steel.

Commend me to thy lady.

**MARY**

Ay, a thousand times.

*Exeunt*

## MONOLOGUES

Paris [I.1]

**PARIS**

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away.

You Capulet; shall go along with me:

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our further pleasure in this case,

To new Wall Street, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Mercutio [I.4]

**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  
she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
This is that very Mab  
which picks two souls to couple them by fate,  
Which once in love, that fate misfortune bodes:  
This is the hag, when lovers meet on grove or green  
or springles starlight sheen she pursues to marry  
and when they do, oh heaven! They carry  
a bag of misery. They are not meant to be  
so Destiny starts to change the course of history -  
and moments later, quicker than you can say „love is blind“,  
they kill themselves for love.

Woman (not biological) [IV.2]

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:  
I'll call them back again to comfort me:  
Mary! 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 to-morrow morning?  
No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.  
*Laying down her dagger*  
Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,--  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packed:  
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,  
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,  
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:--  
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears?  
And madly play with my forefather's joints?  
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

Goddess Laurence [IV.1]

**LAURENCE**

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy fluid, for no pulse  
Shall keep its natural beat, but stop:  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;  
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 power of movement,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:  
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
And this shall free thee from this present struggle.  
Get you gone, be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve.

Benvolio [III.1]

**BENVOLIO**

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;  
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal  
Your high displeasure: all this uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,  
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity,  
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,  
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than  
his tongue,  
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.  
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

Romeo [V.2]

**ROMEO**

Here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.  
How oft when men are at the point of death  
Have they been merry! which their keepers call  
A lightning before death: O, how may I  
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair?  
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again.  
Benvolio, thy drugs are quick.  
Thus with a kiss I die.