

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/f - 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] Capulet, Tybalt

Scene 6: [I.5] Romeo, Juliet / Mercutio, Benvolio / Lady Capulet, Montague

Scene 7: [II.2] Romeo, Juliet

Scene 8: [II.3] Goddess Laurence, Romeo

Scene 9: [III.1] Tybalt, Mercutio, Benvolio, Romeo

Scene 10: [III.4] Romeo, Juliet / Mercutio, Benvolio / Lady Capulet, Montague

Scene 11: [IV.1] Paris, Juliet, Goddess Laurence

Scene 12: [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, Servant James

Kontext: In der vorangehenden Szene wird die Feindschaft zwischen den Familien etabliert. Paris hält bei Capulet um Juliets Hand an. Der Ball wird geplant.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant

CAPULET³¹

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, Servant James*

Kontext: Paris wurde bei Capulet vorstellig und hat um Juliets Hand angehalten. Es wird eine exklusive Feier bei Paris organisiert, damit Juliet ihn kennen lernen kann. Hier wird Juliet nun im Vorhinein, die Idee einer Ehe mit dem angesehenen Junggesellen unterbreitet. Eine Verbindung, die Lady Capulet (Juliets Mutter) stark befürwortet und gutheißt.

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

Kontext: Es ist bereits etabliert, dass Romeo schwer unglücklich verknallt ist in die schöne Rosalind, die sich allerdings bereits Gott versprochen hat und Romeo deswegen nicht ran lässt. Romeo und Juliet haben sich zu der Zeit gedanklich noch gar nicht auf dem Schirm, besteht ihre Kommunikation doch lediglich aus neckischen Bemerkungen und Anfeindungen. Zeitlich findet die Szene kurz vor dem Ball bei Paris statt. Mercutio hat Einladungen besorgt und alle haben Bock - nur Romeo ist skeptisch.

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.

(...)

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

Kontext: Unsere Version von R&J propagiert weniger Liebe auf den ersten und mehr Liebe auf den dritten Blick; Dies ist der zweite von drei "Blicken", die schließlich zur Liebe führen. (Geklaut ist der Text übrigens aus *Much Ado About Nothing*. Grüße gehen raus an Beatrice und Benedick!)

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] Capulet, Tybalt

Kontext: Romeo und Juliet sind sich gerade über den Verlauf des Abends sehr nah gekommen. Tybalt (Juliets vermeintlicher Bruder und somit ein Capulet) entdeckt Romeo (nachdem zuvor noch ein großer Bandenkampf zwischen Montagues und Capulets stattgefunden hat) und ist darüber nicht sehr erfreut.

TYBALT

Romeo Montague.

Fetch me my weapon, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To flear 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 6: [I.5] Romeo, Juliet / Mercutio, Benvolio / Lady Capulet, Montague

Kontext: Unser Stück dreht sich um die zarten zwischenmenschlichen Momente, die in intensiver Verbundenheit münden. Dieser romantische, innige Dialog illustriert das perfekt und wird wahrscheinlich auf der Bühne parallel von Romeo & Juliet und Lady Capulet & Montague (letzteren unterstellen wir eine Affäre aus der Tybalt entsprang) dargestellt. Natürlich könnt ihr uns so eine Parallelversion präsentieren und selbst schauen, wie ihr den Text aufteilt. Gedacht sind die “/” aber vor allem als “oder”: ob Romeo & Juliet Oder Mercutio & Benvolio Oder Lady Capulet & Montague. Sie alle verbindet eine Form der Liebe, alle könnten diesen Dialog so führen. Stichwort: Chemie.

ROMEO

[To JULIET] If I profane with my unworthiest 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 7: [II.2] Romeo, Juliet, Mary

Kontext: Gerade haben sich R&J auf dem Ball bei Paris verliebt. Romeos Freunde wollten sich eigentlich mit ihm zurückziehen, doch der springt entgegen aller Warnungen durch Mercutio liebestoll aus ihrer Mitte und zurück zum Haus. Spot on: Balkonszene.

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 an 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 8: [II.3] Goddess Laurence, Romeo

Kontext: Direkter Anschluss an die Balkonszene. Romeo und Juliet sind total verliebt, Romeo sucht Halt/Rat bei der weisesten Lichtgestalt Manhattans und bittet Laurence auch direkt um eine Eheschließung. Wir erinnern uns: Romeo stand vor ein paar Seiten noch total auf Rosalind und hat nun Mühe, Laurence zu überzeugen.

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 9a: [III.1] Tybalt, Mercutio, Benvolio, Romeo

Kontext: Romeo und Juliet wurden gerade von Goddess Laurence vermählt. Mercutio und Benvolio wissen von nichts. Tybalt hingegen erfährt von dem Bündnis und ist wutentbrannt. Mercutio und Benvolio hängen gerade miteinander rum und Mercutio bedrängt Benvolio mit ihm zu spielen, der hat aber gar keinen Bock (weil es einfach immer gefährlich ist mit Mercutio zu zocken)..im Gegensatz zu Tybalt, der wesentlich weniger Berührungsfähigkeit mit der Waffe hat.

Anmerkung: Diese Szene ist in der finalen Umsetzung sehr von Theater-Magie durch Licht, Ton, Props durchzogen. Fühlt euch hier im geschützten Raum des Castings also so frei wie ihr mögt, es geht uns beim Vorsprechen dieses Monsters vor allem um Stimmung und die Sichtbarkeit unterschiedlicher Agenden! Außerdem kann die Szene auch potentiell nahtlos in die Todesszene von Mercutio übergehen, muss aber nicht.

Mercutio & Benvolio are already in the scenery, both have guns, Mercutio tries to convince Benvolio for the hundredth time that it is fun to play a little Russian-Roulette-Game -- 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.
Or at least a shoot: Six chambers, one bullet?

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion without us giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

*(- Tybalt wants to draw his own gun, Benvolio stops Tybalt, hands him his gun
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.

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,-- thou art a villain.

Draws in Romeos direction

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 in Tybalts direction

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.

Draws in Mercutios direction

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier down.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your passado.

SECOND SHOT - nothing happens

ROMEO

Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Manhattan streets:

Good Mercutio!

Mercutio hesitates and slowly lowers his arm a little bit

Hold Tybalt!

ROMEO beats down TYBALT'S arm, TYBALT shoots MERCUTIO by mistake, and flees the scene

Scene 9b: [III.1] Mercutio, Benvolio, Romeo

Kontext: Tybalt wollte eigentlich Romeo töten, lässt sich aber von Mercutio provozieren und es entsteht ein Showdown zwischen Mercutio und Tybalt. Romeo versucht seinen Freund zu beschützen, stellt sich allerdings etwas ungeschickt an und Mercutio fängt sich gerade dadurch die tödliche Kugel. Tragisch.

Anmerkung- Previously on Romeo & Juliet: Wir werden hier Zeugen von Mercutios Tod. Dieser schließt nahtlos an den Kampf zwischen Mercutio und Tybalt an und kann losgelöst, oder mit diesem zusammen gespielt werden (dafür bitte **Scene 9a: [III.1]** suchen).

Durch die Trennung ist euch die Möglichkeit gegeben um das aufwendige Blocking beim Kampf herum zukommen, es ist aber auch schwerer in die Stimmung reinzukommen. The choice is yours.

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?

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

Kontext für Romeo und Juliet: Romeo hat Tybalt aus Rache getötet (dieser hatte zuvor Mercutio erschossen). Familie Capulet trauert also eigentlich gerade um einen getöteten Sohn und ein paar Zimmer weiter verspricht Capulet dem schönen Paris nun final die Hand seiner Tochter. Juliet verbringt, wohlwissend was Romeo getan hat, die letzten Momente mit ihrem Geliebten, bevor der Tag anbricht und Romeo sie wieder verlassen muss.

Anmerkung: Gedacht sind die “/” aber vor allem als “oder”. Ob Romeo & Juliet Oder Mercutio & Benvolio Oder Lady Capulet & Montague. Sie alle verbindet eine Form der Liebe, alle könnten diesen Dialog so führen und das wollen wir sehen! Stichwort: Chemie.

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 11: [IV.1] Paris, Juliet, Goddess Laurence

Kontext: Juliet wurde nach Tybalts Tod nun final dazu verdonnert Paris zu heiraten. Goddess Laurence wird von Paris aufgesucht und um eine baldige Vermählung des Paares gebeten. Da Laurence Juliet jedoch bereits mit Romeo vermählt hat, weiß er sehr gut, warum es nicht zu dieser überstürzten Zwangsvermählung kommen darf. Juliet hofft nach

wie vor um die Eheschließung herum zukommen. Das schlägt sich in dem Wortwechsel zwischen ihr und Paris subtil nieder.

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 12: [II.4] Mary, Romeo

Kontext: Romeo und Juliet sind verliebt ineinander, Romeo hat Goddess Laurence bereits um eine Vermählung mit Juliet gebeten. Juliet schickt ihre beste Freundin zu Romeo um Nachricht einzuholen. Mary nutzt die Gelegenheit um Romeo auf den Zahn zu fühlen. Dieser hat kurz zuvor noch mit Benvolio und Mercutio rumgealbert (was Mary mitbekommen hat und etwas abturnt), zeigt hier jedoch, dass er es absolut ernst mit Juliet meint.

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]

Kontext: Paris trennt die verfeindeten Familien und ihre Anhänger*innen, nachdem diese sich ein episches Einsteigsbattle auf Manhattans Straßen geleistet haben.

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]

Kontext: Mercutio steht mit Benvolio und Romeo vor den Toren der Feier des Paris. Er ist Feuer und Flamme die Party zu entern, während Romeo noch gedanklich an seinem Liebeskummer für Rosalind festhält. In der vorangehenden Diskussion über das für und wider eines Partybesuchs, bemerkt Romeo, dass er eine schlechte Vorahnung in einem Traum hatte. Mercutio nimmt dazu in diesem Monolog Stellung.

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 necessarily biological) [IV.2]

Kontext: Juliet hat für sich die Entscheidung getroffen eher zu sterben, als Paris zu heiraten. Goddess Laurence bietet ihr einen Ausweg aus diesem Dilemma. Ein Gift, dass sie nur Tod scheinen lässt. Hier setzt sie sich mit der Entscheidung auseinander das Gift zu nehmen und tut es schlussendlich auch. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again. Gerne kann dieser Monolog auch von den anderen Charakteren in minimal eigenständiger Abwandlung gesprochen werden. Das Leid der Zwangshe, die Verzweiflung von Julias

Ausweglosigkeit, lieber sterben als unter bestimmten auferzwungenen Bedingungen leben zu müssen – das sind Gefühle, die sich auch in den anderen (vornehmlich weiblichen) Rollen widerspiegeln. Wir freuen uns über eure Interpretationen.

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]

Kontext: Laurence bietet Juliet einen Ausweg aus ihrer Misere (Paris heiraten, oder sich umbringen). Er schenkt ihr eine Droge mit der sie ihren Tod vortäuschen kann. Hier erklärt er Wirkung und Prozedere.

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]

Kontext: Benvolio erstattet Paris Bericht, wie es zu dem Tod von Tybalt kam.

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, swift
 his tongue, beats down Mercutio's fatal gun,
 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]

Kontext: Romeo findet Juliet aufgebahrt in ihrer Grabstätte vor und betrauert sie und beschließt sich selbst ebenfalls das Leben zu nehmen. Er ahnt nicht, dass Juliet eigentlich nur narkotisiert ist.

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.