

# Romeo and Juliet

## Audition Information

**Note:** There's a reason this play is a classic. It has comedy, romance, violence, tragedy... everything we look for in an inspiring story. Unfortunately, it's gotten so famous that it has become a parody of itself, a cliché.

**Our Mission:** Our job is to breathe real passion back into this story. By doing so, we'll make this the most amazingly memorable play the KHS stage has ever seen.

**Our Paradox Challenge:** To master the language of Shakespeare so we can *unleash* its power. This is a **paradox** because it requires two seemingly opposite goals: to attain **mastery and control** over the language and at the same time **turn its potential energy into something wildly dynamic**. In other words, to use our technical mastery and control of the language to unleash the power of the language and the passion of the characters.

**Our Setting:** This production is set in New Orleans and Baton Rouge in modern times. The modernity will most likely not be exaggerated with things like phones and guns. Instead, it will be evident in sets, costumes, and music. The musical theme of the show is blues with an Irish twist, featuring mostly songs by the Irish singer/songwriter Hozier. If you've never done a Mr. Moore play before, trust me when it comes to picking good music.

**Our Theme:** This play has many themes. We'll be focusing some currently relevant thematic questions:

- What is polarization? What happens when you place individuals or groups of people in a position where they have to choose between two over-simplified options?
- What is balance? How do we find a gray area between supposed opposites? What are the consequences when that balance can't be found?

**Our Script:** The script uses the original text from the Arden edition of the play. I have made lots of cuts for the sake of time and clarity. The play, uncut, would run about three hours with intermission. My goal is to get it under two hours. I'll share the script with everyone.

**Our Set:** My original idea was to do this show "black box" style just like *Curious Savage*. If, however, social distancing mandates and maximum capacity issues are still controlling our lives by the time set building begins, plans will have to change. Either way, the set will place Montagues on stage right, Capulets on stage left and the Cathedral in the middle as the center of the town square.

**Our Combat:** Because the play is set in modern times, combat will be modern. However, I'm not interested in using guns. We'll be focusing on unarmed (hand to hand) combat and combat with "found" objects. Possibly some knife work.

**The Playlist:** [Click to Play \(if you have Spotify\) - Enjoy](#)

### Cast of Characters:

The Montagues:

Romeo Montague..... A young man of New Orleans  
Mr. Montague..... Romeo's wealthy father  
Mrs. Montague..... Romeo's mother  
Benvolio..... Romeo's cousin  
Abram..... a cousin  
Balthasar..... a cousin

The Capulets:

Juliet Capulet.....a young woman of New Orleans  
Mr. Capulet..... Juliet's wealthy father  
Mrs. Capulet..... Juliet's mother  
Tybalt..... Juliet's cousin  
Nurse..... Juliet's nanny and confidant  
Peter..... A family employee  
Samson..... A cousin  
Gregory..... A cousin

The Neutral Parties:

Sherriff..... The police chief of New Orleans  
Mercutio..... Kinsman to the Sherriff, best friend to Romeo  
Friar Laurence..... Catholic priest at the Church of Saint Peter  
Friar John..... Catholic priest and friend to Friar Laurence  
An Apothecary..... drug dealer in Baton Rouge

### Our Auditions:

- Auditions are tentatively scheduled for
  - Tuesday, August 25th
  - Wednesday, August 26th
- Cast list posted: Thursday, August 27th
- First Rehearsal/Read Through, full cast: Friday, August 28th

### Our Rehearsals:

- Monday, Tuesday, Thursday from 2:30-5 or 5:30, August through November

## Our Performance Dates

- November 19, 20, 21

**Monologue Choices:** You need to prepare, fully memorize, and perform one of the following monologues at auditions.

**Note:** Plan to attend at least one of the "Shakespeare Basics" classes held over the summer. Depending on COVID-19 restrictions, these sessions may be in person or online.

Benvolio: Two households both alike in dignity  
(In fair Verona, where we lay our scene)  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life,  
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Is now the two hours traffic of our stage;  
The which, if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Prince: Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel -  
Will they not hear? What ho! You men, you beasts!  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground  
And hear the sentence of your moved mayor.  
Three civil brawls bred of an airy word  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets.  
If ever you disturb our streets again  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
Once more, on pain of death, all shall depart.

Nurse: On August first at night shall she be sixteen. upon that day.  
By then she could stand alone, nay, by th'cross,  
She could have run and waddled all about;  
For even the day before she broke her brow,  
And then my husband - God be with his soul,

He was a merry man - took up the child,  
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' And by my holy word  
The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay'.

Mercutio:     O then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
                  She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
                  In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
                  On the forefinger of an alderman,  
                  Drawn with a team of little atoms  
                  Over men's noses as they lie asleep.  
                  Her chariot is an empty hazelnut;  
                  Her wagon-spokes made of long spinner's legs,  
                  The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,  
                  Her traces of the smallest spider web,  
                  Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
                  Not half so big as a round little worm  
                  Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;  
                  And in this state she gallops night by night  
                  Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;

Romeo: He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*Enter Juliet.*

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the east and Juliet is the sun!  
Arise fair sun and kill the envious moon  
Who is already sick and pale with grief  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.  
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.  
I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.  
O that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek.

Friar:     O, great is the powerful grace that lies  
                  In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.  
                  For naught so vile that on the earth doth live  
                  But to the earth some special good doth give.  
                  Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.  
Within the infant rind of this weak flower  
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs: grace and rude will;  
And where the worser is predominant  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Juliet: 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's a 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 word would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were not not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.