

Parts for Performers under 20(ish):

ROMEO - the only son of Lord and Lady Montague. A melancholy romantic at heart, Romeo falls deeply in love with the daughter of a rival family.

JULIET - the only living daughter of Lord and Lady Capulet. Juliet is skeptical of her parents' efforts to have her get married - until she falls head over heels for Romeo, the only son of a rival family.

BENVOLIO - Romeo's cousin and friend, Benvolio is a voice of reason, making efforts to diffuse tense situations.

TYBALT - Juliet's cousin. He is a skilled swordsman with a fiery temper, and an intense hatred of the Montagues.

PARIS - a young nobleman and friend of the Prince who seeks Juliet's hand in marriage.

MERCUTIO - a cousin of the prince and friend to Romeo, Mercutio is a charismatic and quick-tempered wordsmith with a wicked sense of humour.

VARIOUS SERVERS, TOWNSFOLK, AND COURTESANS

Parts for Adult Performers:

PRINCE ESCALUS - the Prince of Verona - a wise and fair leader.

NURSE - Juliet's serving-woman. Scatter-brained and chatty.

FRIAR LAWRENCE - a Franciscan Monk, and a friend and mentor to Romeo.

LORD MONTAGUE - a wealthy Lord, father to Romeo.

LADY MONTAGUE - a wealthy Lady, mother to Romeo.

LORD CAPULET - a wealthy Lord, father to Juliet. Wishes to have his daughter marry PARIS.

LADY CAPULET - a wealthy Lady, mother to Juliet.

Pick whichever monologue is most interesting to you! Don't worry too much about character ages or genders for now - the director will worry about that when fitting the puzzle pieces together. You don't have to memorize your piece - just read it through a few times to get familiar.

In this scene, Mercutio has learned that his friend Romeo has fallen in love with Juliet. He teases Romeo by telling him about Queen Mab, a Fairy who is supposedly responsible for making men such as Romeo fall in love by driving her carriage over them as they sleep.

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 atomi

Over men's noses as they lie asleep.

Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,

Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Pricked 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.

In this scene, Tybalt is at a masquerade ball held at his Uncle's home, when he hears a masked stranger talk and realizes that it is a Montague - a member of an enemy family. Enraged, he asks his page to fetch his sword, so that he can challenge the stranger to a duel.

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.

Fetch me my rapier, 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.

In this scene, Romeo and his friends have just left a masquerade ball, where he met Juliet and fell madly in love with her. Here, he returns alone to the garden outside her home, and waits for her outside her bedroom balcony. When she appears, he compares her features to the sun, the moon, and the stars. He contemplates announcing himself to her, but worries it might be too rash.

ROMEO

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.

Be not her maid since she is envious.

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.

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

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

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.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

In this scene, Juliet, having just learned the identity of the mysterious stranger she's fallen in love with, wishes to herself that Romeo could abandon his name and his family so that they could embrace their love without fear of their Families' ancient rivalry.

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.

'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 word would smell as sweet.

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,

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.

In this scene, Benvolio tells Lord Montague about a clash in the streets between members of his house and the rival Capulets. He explains that he tried to stop the fighting, but when Tybalt wouldn't listen to reason, he was pulled into the fray, until the Prince arrived to break up the fight.

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

In this scene, Friar Lawrence tries to keep Romeo from despair, having just been banished from Verona and Juliet's side.

FRIAR LAWRENCE Hold thy desperate hand!

Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better tempered.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,

And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,

By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heav'n, and earth,

Since birth and heav'n and earth all three do meet

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?

What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:

There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy.

The law that threatened death becomes thy friend

And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.

A pack of blessings light upon thy back;

Happiness courts thee in her best array;

But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,

Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love.

In this scene, Lord Capulet goes to his daughter Juliet, who is distraught after her cousin Tybalt was killed by Romeo in a duel. He compares her endless tears to a raging sea, as he prepares to tell her about her coming marriage to PARIS.

LORD CAPULET

When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew,

But for the sunset of my brother's son

It rains downright.

How now, a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?

Evermore show'ring? In one little body

Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind.

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs,

Who, raging with thy tears and they with them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body. *(to Lady Capulet)* How now, wife?

Have you delivered to her our decree?

The Prince of Verona arrives to the scene of a brawl in his city's street - between two warring families, the Capulets and the Montagues. Here, he calls an end to the fighting and chastises both sides for disturbing the peace.

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 prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
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 old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.