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# **RMEO + JULEZ**

Michael Salomon

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*Rmeo + Julez* was the winner of 2009 MTC/Dentyne National Student Playwriting Competition. It was produced by Manhattan Theatre Club on May 14, 2009. The director was Andy Goldberg. The cast was as follows:

ROMEO: Utkarsh Ambudkar

JULIET: Shirley A. Rumierk

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## CHARACTERS

**JULIET:** *The classic Juliet—a teenager, dressed in her nightgown, lovely as the sunset (or Taylor Swift).*

**ROMEO:** *The classic Romeo—a teenager, more lover than fighter (probably listens to indie), dressed in the clothes that he wore to the night's masquerade.*

## TIME

*A warm summer evening.*

## SETTING

*JULIET's balcony and courtyard in Verona, Italy.*

*A warm summer evening. JULIET stands at the edge of her balcony. ROMEO lingers in the grassy courtyard below.*

**JULIET:** Oh 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:** 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 bescreened 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 . . .

*Her cell phone begins to ring. Pause.*

My name, dear saint, is . . .

*The cell phone is still ringing.*

**JULIET:** I should probably get that.

**ROMEO:** Of course.

*JULIET pulls out a cell phone. Into phone:*

**JULIET:** Hello? . . . Oh, hi Tybalt. . . Yeah, I'm good. I did. I had a great time. Look . . . No I didn't know, but listen, I . . . your sword? . . . Well I'm sure that'll teach him to bite his thumb at you then.

*She mouths, "I'm sorry" to ROMEO. Back to phone:*

Look—look, Tybalt, now really isn't a good time. . . . No, I'm at home. It's just that . . . I know. I know. We'll do something soon—I promise. It's just been such a crazy week for me with the masquerade and you know. . . . yes, you're absolutely right. . . . Fine, brunch on Tuesday sounds great. I really got to go. . . . No, nurse is calling me right now. . . . She is not! Don't say things like that about her. . . . Fine. I have to go, we'll discuss later. . . . Okay. . . . Bye.

*She hangs up the phone.*

Sorry. My cousin.

**ROMEO:** No worries.

**JULIET:** Shall we?

**ROMEO:** Of course.

*Clears his throat.*

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 . . .

*JULIET's phone rings again.*

**JULIET:** Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

**ROMEO:** It's fine.

**JULIET:** Seriously, no one ever calls me. This is like some freak occurrence.

**ROMEO:** Uh huh.

*JULIET checks her phone.*

**JULIET:** It's my mom.

**ROMEO:** Go ahead.

*JULIET picks up the phone.*

**JULIET:** Hey Mom. . . . No, I'm in the house. What do you need? . . . Yeah, I had a great time . . . Yes, I saw him. Very charming . . .

What? . . . What? . . . Where did you hear that? . . . I was not . . .

*She casts a glance at ROMEO and whispers into the phone:*

I was not kissing any. . . I don't know where you heard something like that, but whoever . . .

*Normal volume:*

Mom . . . Mom, that's ridiculous . . . That's none of your business . . . Because I'm fourteen, that's why. I'm allowed to make those decisions myself, okay? Look, can we please not talk about this right now? . . . Mom, we'll talk about it later. I need to . . . Nobody's here . . . Who would be here right now? . . . Yes, that's right, Mom, I'm inviting strange men into our house . . . No. Goodnight, Mom . . . Goodnight, Mom . . . Goodnight . . . Love you too.

*She hangs up the phone.*

Oh my God.

**ROMEO:** Moms?

**JULIET:** Tell me about it.

**ROMEO:** Everything okay?

**JULIET:** Oh yeah. She's just . . . you know.

**ROMEO:** Uh huh.

**JULIET:** Um, you were saying something about your name being an enemy to me.

**ROMEO:** Right. Um. . . My name. . . it is an enemy to thee.

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

**JULIET:** My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words

Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Ro—. . .

Her phone rings again. A different tone.

**ROMEO:** Oh for God's sake.

**JULIET:** I'm sorry. Really.

**ROMEO:** It's okay. Just answer it.

*She takes out the phone.*

**JULIET:** It's just a text.

**ROMEO:** Ah.

*She looks at the text. Makes a face.*

**JULIET:** Oh God.

**ROMEO:** What?

**JULIET:** It's just from this guy. Ech.

**ROMEO:** This guy?

**JULIET:** Yeah, this guy, Paris. God, he will not leave me alone. It's like every night with him—like clockwork or something.

*She starts to reply to the text.*

And of course my parents adore him, so you know how that is.

**ROMEO:** Totally. So is there, like, anything, um, going on between you guys, then?

**JULIET:** Going on between . . .? Ooooh! No, no, no. Not right now. Just . . . friends. Hardly even.

**ROMEO:** Not right now?

**JULIET:** Well, like I said, my folks are really pushing for this to happen, but I am not into him at all. So no: nothing going on there.

**ROMEO:** Cool.

**JULIET:** Yeah.

*She finishes the text and puts the phone away.*

Sorry about that.

**ROMEO:** Not to worry.

**JULIET:** Right. Um. . . . How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen . . .

*ROMEO's phone begins to ring. He sighs in frustration. JULIET takes her phone out and checks it.*

That's not me.

**ROMEO:** Oh crud.

*He takes out his phone and looks at it.*

I don't know the number.

**JULIET:** Could be important.

**ROMEO:** Do you mind?

**JULIET:** How could I?

**ROMEO:** Right. Thanks.

*He answers the phone.*

Hello? . . . Hi, who is this? . . . Oh! Rosaline! Yeah. . . . No, I, um, just got a new phone so I don't have all the numbers programmed . . . Well of course I wouldn't delete it. No, that's ridiculous . . . We are still friends . . . Look, I completely understand, but right now isn't a good time for . . . I—I don't know when it'll be a good time . . . Because I'm busy right now. Look, I really have to go . . . No, I'm not with anybody, I just can't talk . . . Because I can't, okay? . . . I'll call you . . . Yes, I have your number now . . . Yes, okay? . . . Okay. Bye.

*He hangs up his phone.*

**JULIET:** Rosaline?

**ROMEO:** Just an old friend.

**JULIET:** An old friend?

**ROMEO:** Yeah.

**JULIET:** Whose number you deleted? Ouch.

**ROMEO:** I didn't delete . . . Okay. Fine, she was kind of sort of an old flame. Things didn't really end well. I may have taken her out of my phonebook.

**JULIET:** I guess that's good news then.

**ROMEO:** Good news?

**JULIET:** For me.

**ROMEO:** Oh. Uh, right. Then . . . um . . . With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,  
For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.  
Therefore . . .

*JULIET's phone rings.*

Man, you are just one popular girl tonight.

**JULIET:** Look, I'm sorry.

*She checks her phone.*

Oh shoot, I was supposed to call this guy back. Do you mind? This is the last one. I promise.

**ROMEO:** Go ahead.

*JULIET answers the phone.*

**JULIET:** Hey Sampson. How are you? . . . I know. I know. I'm so sorry I forgot. Things just got crazy, you know? . . . I know. You're right.

*ROMEO's phone begins to ring.*

Yeah, no—I know. Gregory told me . . . Really?

*ROMEO answers his phone. ROMEO and JULIET are talking on the phone simultaneously.*

**ROMEO:** *Into phone.* Whatup, Mercutio. . . nah, I'm still here. . . . Because you guys were being a bunch of dicks . . . Yeah, I'm in her courtyard . . . Oh grow up . . . No, I'm literally in her courtyard . . . Juliet . . . Ju-li-et . . . You remember her. The brunette with the really nice . . . yeah, that one . . . No, I'm just—we're standing here talking . . . Yeah, just talking . . . Maybe because I'm a gentleman . . . Well we're not all you, are we? . . . No . . . No, forget Rosaline. That's over . . . Yeah, yeah, I know . . . Fine. You were right, I was wrong. Are you happy now? . . . Of course not . . . She's totally different. . . . Well for starters she's the most . . . No I can . . . Hello? You're still. . . Okay. Okay . . . Now I can . . . All I'm saying is if you'd just think for like two seconds. She's the

**JULIET:** *Into phone.* Well it does sound like you guys sort of instigated the thing. . . . No, see, that's just silly. . . . Yeah, but that's not grounds for— . . . I don't care what family they're from. You can't just go around drawing your sword every time there's a— . . . no, I'm not taking their side. I'm just saying— . . . Because who the hell cares if he's a Montague? . . . Oh yeah, and my dad's just the picture of mental stability to emulate. . . . I said my dad's just the picture . . . Hello? . . . Hello? Yeah, you're breaking up. . . . No I can—Hello? You're still— . . . Ok. Ok. . . . Now I can. . . . All I'm saying is if you'd just think for like, two seconds . . . then maybe you'd realize how idiotic you look

most . . . beautiful girl I have ever laid eyes on. . . . Shut up . . . Shut up . . . You have no idea how . . . That's gross. Come on, man . . . Look, I kind of have to go . . . I'll be back soon . . . Yeah, I'll give you a play by play . . . No . . . Alright, man. See ya.

*Both hang up their phones.*

**ROMEO:** Well. . .

**JULIET:** Sorry about that.

**ROMEO:** No problem.

**JULIET:** That's it. I'm putting mine on Silent.

**ROMEO:** Actually, it's getting kind of late. . .

**JULIET:** Oh.

**ROMEO:** So I think I'm gonna head out.

**JULIET:** Yeah, I understand.

**ROMEO:** But this was fun.

**JULIET:** Oh yeah. Totally.

**ROMEO:** Look, I uh, I think you're pretty cute, and, I mean, really cool, so I was kind of wondering . . . do you think I could get your number?

**JULIET:** Yeah. Of course.

*ROMEO takes out his phone.*

It's 917-555-2813.

**ROMEO:** Cool.

**JULIET:** Actually, do you want to call mine, so I can . . . ?

**ROMEO:** Oh yeah. Sure. Calling right now.

*He presses Send. A pause. JULIET's phone rings. She looks down at it.*

**JULIET:** Got it.

*They both put away their phones.*

**ROMEO:** Awesome. So then I'll give you a call sometime.

**JULIET:** Sounds good to me.

MICHAEL SALOMON

ROMEO: Great. Well, goodnight.

JULIET: Goodnight.

ROMEO: Bye.

JULIET: Bye.

*ROMEO begins to walk off. JULIET watches him for a moment before pulling out her phone and excitedly starting to text.*

ROMEO: *Suddenly, grandly.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes . . .

*He spins around to finish the line toward her, but sees that she is focused on her texting.*

*Half-heartedly, to himself:*

. . . peace in thy breast.

*He exits. Lights down.*

END OF PLAY

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## SECOND KISS

Andrea Lepcio

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