The Seussification of Romeo and Juliet (3rd ed. 11.08.2011) - seussification8gm
Copyright © 2004 Peter Bloedel

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Copyright Protection. This play (the "Play") is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Berne Convention.

Reservation of Rights. All rights to this Play are strictly reserved, including, without limitation, professional and amateur stage performance rights; motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video, and sound recording rights; rights to all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction now known or yet to be invented, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, photocopying, and information storage and retrieval systems; and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments. Amateur and stock performance rights to this Play are controlled exclusively by Playscripts, Inc. ("Playscripts"). No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this Play without obtaining advance written permission from Playscripts. Required royalty fees for performing this Play are specified online at the Playscripts website (www.playscripts.com). Such royalty fees may be subject to change without notice. Although this book may have been obtained for a particular licensed performance, such performance rights, if any, are not transferable. Required royalties must be paid every time the Play is performed before any audience, whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. All licensing requests and inquiries concerning amateur and stock performance rights should be addressed to Playscripts (see contact information on opposite page).

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Playscripts, as well; such inquiries will be communicated to the author and the author's agent, as applicable.

Restriction of Alterations. There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the Play, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, the cutting of music, or the alteration of objectionable language, unless directly authorized by Playscripts. The title of the Play shall not be altered.

Author Credit. Any individual or group receiving permission to produce this Play is required to give credit to the author as the sole and exclusive author of the Play. This obligation applies to the title page of every program distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in any instance that the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing, or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and of a font size at least 50% as large as the largest letter used in the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the author. The name of the author may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

Publisher Attribution. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with the amateur or stock production of the Play shall include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Playscripts, Inc.
(www.playscripts.com)

Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying. Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book is strictly forbidden by law. Except as otherwise permitted by applicable law, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including, without limitation, photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Playscripts.

Statement of Non-affiliation. This Play may include references to brand names and trademarks owned by third parties, and may include references to public figures. Playscripts is not necessarily affiliated with these public figures, or with the owners of such trademarks and brand names. Such references are included solely for parody, political comment, or other permitted purposes.

Permissions for Sound Recordings and Musical Works. This Play may contain directions calling for the performance of a portion, or all, of a musical work *not included in the Play's score*, or performance of a sound recording of such a musical work. Playscripts has not obtained permissions to perform such works. The producer of this Play is advised to obtain such permissions, if required in the context of the production. The producer is directed to the websites of the U.S. Copyright Office (www.copyright.gov), ASCAP (www.ascap.com), BMI (www.bmi.com), and NMPA (www.nmpa.org) for further information on the need to obtain permissions, and on procedures for obtaining such permissions.

The Rules in Brief

1) Do NOT perform this Play without obtaining prior permission from Playscripts, and without paying the required royalty.

2) Do NOT photocopy, scan, or otherwise duplicate any part of this book.

3) Do NOT alter the text of the Play, change a character's gender, delete any dialogue, cut any music, or alter any objectionable language, unless explicitly authorized by Playscripts.

4) DO provide the required credit to the author(s) and the required attribution to Playscripts in all programs and promotional literature associated with any performance of this Play.

For more details on these and other rules, see the opposite page.

Copyright Basics

This Play is protected by United States and international copyright law. These laws ensure that authors are rewarded for creating new and vital dramatic work, and protect them against theft and abuse of their work.

A play is a piece of property, fully owned by the author, just like a house or car. You must obtain permission to use this property, and must pay a royalty fee for the privilege—whether or not you charge an admission fee. Playscripts collects these required payments on behalf of the author.

Anyone who violates an author's copyright is liable as a copyright infringer under United States and international law. Playscripts and the author are entitled to institute legal action for any such infringement, which can subject the infringer to actual damages, statutory damages, and attorneys' fees. A court may impose statutory damages of up to $150,000 for willful copyright infringements. U.S. copyright law also provides for possible criminal sanctions. Visit the website of the U.S. Copyright Office (www.copyright.gov) for more information.

THE BOTTOM LINE: If you break copyright law, you are robbing a playwright and opening yourself to expensive legal action. Follow the rules, and when in doubt, ask us.

Playscripts, Inc.
450 Seventh Ave, Suite 809
New York, NY 10123

toll-free phone: 1-866-NEW-PLAY
email: info@playscripts.com
website: www.playscripts.com

Cast of Characters

NARRATOR #1
NARRATOR #2
PROLOGUE
SAMPSON
GREGORY
ABRAM
BALTHASAR
CAPITULATE (LORD)
LADY CAPITULATE
MONOTONE (LORD)
LADY MONOTONE
THE PRINCE
ROMEO
BENVOLIO
PARIS
SERVANT OF CAPITULATE
NURSE
JULIET
MERCUTIO
TYBALT
MONK LARRY

Setting

An empty stage.

Production Notes

See the end of the play for two optional endings.

Acknowledgments

The Seussification of Romeo and Juliet was first produced on September 21, 2001 in Mankato, Minnesota at Bethany Lutheran College. It was directed by Peter Bloedel and Jason Jaspersen. Technical direction was provided by Jonas Nissen and Costumes were designed by Esther Iverson. The cast was as follows:

ABRAM, NURSE, MONK, LARRY . . . . . Mery Bartos
MERCUTIO . . . . . Peter Faugstad
PROLOGUE, MONOTONE, PARIS . . . . . Nolan Harris
NARRATOR #2, LADY MONOTONE . . . . Andi Hocking
GREGORY, PRINCE, SERVANT . . . . . Dan Jaspersen
LADY CAPITULATE . . . . . Joanna Kopperud
JULIET. . . . . .Tricia Quist
ROMEO. . . . . .Simon Schmitt
BALTHASAR, BENVOLIO. . . . . Chad Stoufer
SAMPSON, TYBALT. . . . . Carilyn Thorne
CAPITULATE . . . . . .Shawn Woller
NARRATOR #1 . . . . . Nicole Zahn

Disclaimer

The Seussification of Romeo and Juliet is not affiliated, endorsed, or sponsored by Dr. Seuss Enterprises.

THE SEUSSIFICATION OF ROMEO AND JULIET

by Peter Bloedel

(The two NARRATORS *enter the playing area. They dress and behave similarly.)*

NARRATOR #1. Dear Ladies and Menfolk!

NARRATOR #2. Women and Gents!

NARRATOR #1. You're people of culture and true common sense.

NARRATOR #2. You know what you know, and you like what you like.

NARRATOR #1. Like singing a song, or riding a bike.

NARRATOR #2. Two hour symphonies!

NARRATOR #1. Ping-pong!

NARRATOR #2. Canoeing!

NARRATOR #1. Poetry!

NARRATOR #2. Football!

NARRATOR #1. Or, yellow snowshoeing!

NARRATOR #2. *(Glancing at* NARRATOR #1 *with disgust:)* We like that stuff too!

NARRATOR #1. It's the greatest!

NARRATOR #2. You bet!

NARRATOR #1. And topping the list…

BOTH. Romeo and Juliet.

NARRATOR #2. It's Shakespeare's great classic.

NARRATOR #1. We can't get enough! But make no mistake…

BOTH. Writing that stuff is tough.

NARRATOR #2. Sublime in its scope, no thing is more artful.

NARRATOR #1. It deserves honors and lauds by the cart-full.

NARRATOR #2. The play is just perfect.

NARRATOR #1. Nothing is wrong.

NARRATOR #2. Except that it's almost two hours…

BOTH. *(Glancing at each other and then to the audience)* Too Long!

NARRATOR #2. The play is still great, so we need not repeat it.

NARRATOR #1. But, you need to be Albert Einstein just to read it.

NARRATOR #2. Now, don't get us wrong, we love William Shakespeare,

NARRATOR #1. But, in this new century he's not very clear.

NARRATOR #2. Yet, only in reverence to him our great hero,
Do we pull "The Bard" back to our level, zero.

NARRATOR #1. We've shortened the play, changed some names, made it rhyme
No more of that blank verse, we don't think he'd mind.

NARRATOR #2. A rhyming tetrameter is thought quite useful,

NARRATOR #1. But, could make the play sound a bit Dr. Seussful.

NARRATOR #2.…And What's wrong with that, why as sure as we're standin',
Seuss is good too, and most folks understand him.

NARRATOR #1. But don't get the notion that the Seussification
Of Romy and J is our one main intention.

NARRATOR #2. We'd never do that.

NARRATOR #1. No we wouldn't.

BOTH. Oh No!
And that's why we're bothering telling you so.

NARRATOR #2. A prologue is given to the top of the play.

NARRATOR #1. A paragraph giving the whole plot away.

NARRATOR #2. It must be important, there must be a reason
For Shaky to put it there.

NARRATOR #1. 'less he's just teasin'.

NARRATOR #2. Our Prologue's addressed…

(From offstage, suspended by a long stick, a dress on a hanger appears. Being misunderstood, and annoyed, NARRATOR #2 *reiterates.)*

Addressed!

(The dress is pulled out of sight and the character of the PROLOGUE *makes a leaping entrance.)*

Our Prologue's addressed, so let's watch and see…

NARRATOR #1. This lamentable,

NARRATOR #2. Horrible!

NARRATOR #1. Gross, comedy.

*(*NARRATOR #2 *nudges* NARRATOR #1*, who then realizes a mistake.)*

(Oh!) Tragedy.

(The PROLOGUE *crosses the playing area and continues his/her speech to one side, because there will be action taking place behind him/her.)*

PROLOGUE. Verona's the place from where our play is picked.
Two families lived there, and man were they ticked.

(Two distinct groups of players materialize behind the PROLOGUE*, representing the two feuding houses of* CAPITULATE *and* MONOTONE*. Both groups stand there, perhaps in fighting stance, looking "ticked.")*

PROLOGUE. Their ancient grudge match happened before the story,
And rekindled hatred made their feud more gory.

(The two families growl at one another, or generally show their hatred, still in the frozen fighting stance.)

Straight from the loins of those mentioned above…

*(*LADY CAPITULATE *and* LADY MONOTONE*, both visibly pregnant, walk into their respective family huddles, which conceal them.)*

Popped kid one…

(Popping sound.)

*(*ROMEO *pops out of the Monotone huddle, crying and sucking on a bottle with a nipple. His mother is now visibly not pregnant.)*

And kid two…

(Popping sound.)

*(*JULIET *pops out of the Capitulate huddle, crying and sucking on a pacifier. Her mother is now visibly not pregnant.)*

And they fell in love.

*(*ROMEO *and* JULIET *walk to center stage and drop their baby props.* ROMEO *dips* JULIET *and kisses her.)*

Kid one and kid two, later, each took their life…

*(*ROMEO *and* JULIET *punch each other and both drop dead.)*

As a result of their parental strife.
Their families to fighting and feuding were fettered,
But, somehow the death of their kids made it better.
The families were pals now, they'd all go on hikes…

(We see members of each family hiking.)

…Mud wrestle…

(We see dirty members of each family running across the stage doing wrestling moves – headlocks, etc.)

…Play lawn darts…

(We see members of each family playing lawn darts, or similar lawn game.)

…And pedal their bikes.

(Kids ride Dr. Seuss-looking bikes across the stage. All exit, except PROLOGUE.*)*

Now we're not saying that taking your life
Is an antidote to family tumult and strife.
That's an idea that sure can make plays sell,
But in real life, it just doesn't work out well.
So, kids – Never try this. Forget what you've heard
We're trained professionals and we're insured.

*(*PROLOGUE *exits.* NARRATOR #2 *enters carrying an odd musical instrument.)*

NARRATOR #2. Just a reminder – This interpretation
Takes nothing from Dr. Seuss as inspiration.
Our thoughts are our own, as I stand alone,
And I play on this xylophone, eight-belled trombone.

(Exits.)

*(*NARRATOR #1 *enters as a boxing announcer. A microphone drops from the ceiling. He/she speaks into it.)*

NARRATOR #1. In this corner, here are Sampson and Gregory,
From the house of Capitulate, they were born ang-o-ry.
And representing the house of Lord Monotone,

Abram and Balthasar—a tenor…

ABRAM. *(High voice:)* Hi!

NARRATOR #1. …And baritone.

BALTHASAR. *(Low voice:)* Hi!

(A bell rings and the match starts.)

ABRAM. Excuse me do you bite your thumb at us sir?

SAMPSON. I did bite my thumb and it hurts, see the pus there?

ABRAM. I think your pus mocks us!

GREGORY. Do you have a quarrel?

ABRAM. No, I don't yet, only this simple moral.
We serve lord monotone, as you must know,
And monotones have on their bellies an "O."
Nothing's more fashionable, what could be better?

GREGORY. Nothing except that you've picked the wrong letter.

SAMPSON. Capitulates all have an "X" on their tummy,
And if you don't have one you're prob-ly a dummy.

BALTHASAR. Do you mean a dummy with a capital "D"?

SAMPSON. Yes, that's what I meant, that's what I meant indeed.

BALTHASAR. Draw if you be men you "X"-bellied fools.

SAMPSON / GREGORY. Now to our anger you've added the fuel.

(They fight in slow motion as NARRATOR #2 *enters and speaks.)*

NARRATOR #2. A giant brawl started, you wouldn't believe it,

*(*CAPITULATE *and* MONOTONE *came to see it.)*

CAPITULATE (LORD). Bring me my longsword, the one that cuts deep.
While I'm waiting, I'll yell—"Monotone, you're a creep!"

MONOTONE (LORD). *(In a monotone voice:)* You villain Capitulate! I'm more the man,
And you are the creepiest, creep in the land.

CAPITULATE. *(To* LADY CAPITULATE*:)* Hmmm. The creepiest creep. Does he have a point there?

LADY CAPITULATE. He's lying my love you must never surrender.

(Enter NARRATOR #1.*)*

NARRATOR #1. Enter the prince, royal and wise,

(The PRINCE *enters. All fighting stops and all eyes are on His Majesty.)*

He's had about all he can take from these guys.
A crusader for peace, he stops the fight,
And everyone listens, 'cuz they know he's right.
He pauses and makes the most eloquent speech.

THE PRINCE. Will you jerks knock it off? I've been trying to sleep.

NARRATOR #1. Upon hearing the prince's great message of virtue,
The crowd all dispersed, it was almost past curfew.
Only Lord and Mrs. Monotone stayed.

MONOTONE. Where's our Romeo? I've not seen him all day.
Why won't he fight in the brawls like the others?

LADY MONOTONE. He spends his time day dreaming, why should he bother?

*(*ROMEO *enters. He's pathetic. His parents watch him speak.)*

ROMEO. Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
Where I may read who passed that passing fair.
She is too fair, too wisely too fair.
It must be unfair to be passed at the fair.
'cuz fairs, they don't care whose passing them rarely.
Even the fair will pass rarely but barely.
My love is fair, stripped bare, and cooked rare,
But, fair cupid steals my bliss, so I despair.

(Romeo's parents exit shaking their heads as if to say, "Where did we go wrong?" ROMEO *exits in the other direction.)*

NARRATOR #1. That was young Romeo, kid number one,
But, as we can see he's not having much fun.

(She holds up a bottle labeled "Sneezle Fruit Juice.")

Perhaps he could use some red Sneezle Fruit Juice.
That's the best juice when your mind's on the loose.
It's guaranteed for ten thousand—six uses,
And it's nothing, no nothing like old Dr. Seuss's.
Nor is our play, which can stand on its own.
…Just thought we'd remind you before you go home.

*(*NARRATOR #2 *exits.* NARRATOR #1 *enters.)*

NARRATOR #2. Meanwhile at the Capitulate pad,
There's a suitor for Julie and he's with her dad.

(Enter CAPITULATE, PARIS, *and* SERVANT OF CAPITULATE. NARRATOR #1 *exits.)*

PARIS. Capitulate! I am the man for your daughter.

CAPITULATE. I don't think you'll do.

PARIS. But who could be hotter?
Besides that I brought you some peppermint candy.

CAPITULATE. *(To the* SERVANT*:)* Does he have a point?

(The SERVANT *nods.)*

I think you'll be dandy.
Let's have a banquet.
(To the SERVANT*:)* Young man go and get
All of these people whose names I have writ.

*(*CAPITULATE *hands an invitation list to the servant and then exits with his arm around* PARIS*.)*

SERVANT OF CAPITULATE. Before I can find all the people and greet 'em,
I need to find help from someone who can read 'em.

(Enter ROMEO *and* BENVOLIO. ROMEO *is chanting his same pathetic litany.* BENVOLIO *is annoyed by it.)*

ROMEO. …'cuz fairs, they don't care whose passing them rarely.
Even the fair will pass rarely but barely.
My love is fair, stripped bare, and cooked rare,

BOTH. But, fair cupid steals my bliss, so I despair.

BENVOLIO. Romeo, I know your heart has been broken,
Because on this matter you've endlessly spoken.
And I've tried my best to be philanthropic,
But, cousin, I think you've exhausted the topic.
This tether to sadness I think you must cut,
Or, if you don't will you please just shut up?

ROMEO. Benvolio, it is so rare to forbear…

BENVOLIO. *(Interrupting him:)* Hey buddy! What's up? Can we help you there?

SERVANT OF CAPITULATE. Sure enough, if there is help then I need it,

'cuz I've got this list here, and I just can't read it.
To find a strong reader is what I've been hoping…

ROMEO. *(Taking the list:)* I'll read it to you, it will keep me from moping.
(He reads:) These folks can come to Capitulate's party:
Smarty Martino and his boy named Arty,
Bronco Buck Billy, and Buck Billy Buff,
And Lady McDinky, McDucky, McDuff,
Sonny's son Daily, and his pal Baloo,
John Jimmy Jack Jamerson, from Katmandu,
Mercutio and Winnifred Winnie Waters,
Old Uncle Perk and his ninety-six daughters,
Dave from Topeka, and Lady Von Rybald,
Rosaline, Valentine, Livia, Tybalt,
Anyone named Gordie or Tim or Melissa,
Can come to this bash, if you can't then we'll miss ya.
(Finished reading, he says to SERVANT*:)* This party sounds great.

BENVOLIO. Like the best of the best.

SERVANT OF CAPITULATE. If you're not a Monotone, come be our guest.

(The SERVANT *exits.)*

BENVOLIO. Romeo, we've got to go crash this wingding.
There's sure to be beauties to make even you sing.

ROMEO. This party will never cure my broken heart,
But, I'll go along with you to take your part.

*(*ROMEO *and* BENVOLIO *exit. Enter* NARRATOR #1.*)*

NARRATOR #1. Meanwhile, back at the Capitulate place,
We meet Juliet full of splendor and grace.

(Enter JULIET. *She trips and falls.* LADY CAPITULATE *and* NURSE *enter from other side of playing area.* NARRATOR #1 *exits.)*

LADY CAPITULATE. Nurse where is Juliet? Now where could she be?
I want my daughter, so lead her to me.

NURSE. Oh, little plum dumplin', oh, sweet puddin' pie.
Where's my fragrant blossom—come out don't be shy.
Oh little love monkey, thou sweet chimpanzeezel,
Answer my call and quit hiding, you weasel!

JULIET. *(From the floor:)* How now? Who calls?

NURSE. *(Helping her up:)* Get up off the floor!
It's your Mother, she's waiting just outside your door.

JULIET. *(A bit bewildered from the fall:)* Mom?

LADY CAPITULATE. Yes! It's I. I'm your own dearest Mother.
I've been called the same by your sisters and brother.
I meant to say just what I said when I meant
That I am your Mother, One-hundred percent.

JULIET. I suppose this is a moment I'll cherish.

LADY CAPITULATE. Juliet, you are to marry young Paris.

JULIET. I'm not yet fourteen. Is there some room for doubt?

LADY CAPITULATE. I married young, and look how I turned out.

*(*LADY CAPITULATE *strikes some sort of cheerleader or beauty pageant pose.* JULIET *is disgusted.)*

NURSE. He is so handsome. He's a man of wax.

LADY CAPITULATE. Here is his picture. He sent us a FAX.

(Hands JULIET *the fax picture. It isn't flattering.)*

We're having a party, and there you can meet him.

NURSE. He's so delicious, you'll just want to eat him.

(They exit. NARRATOR #1 *and* NARRATOR #2 *enter.)*

NARRATOR #2. On their way to the party Benvolio and Romeo,
Meet up with their friend Clifford Deacon First Folio
Carmichael Zanzibar Hoos Foos Petruchio
Zip Zip Shabang, also known as Mercutio.

NARRATOR #1. Now, I think you can see by this point in the play,
That there isn't a singular possible way
That our show could have taken on Seuss attributes,
We'd sooner put bounce berry beans in our boots.

(The NARRATORS *exit, "bouncing off" Enter* ROMEO, BENVOLIO, MERCUTIO. *They are dressed for a costume party.* ROMEO *is wearing a visor.)*

BENVOLIO. *(To* ROMEO*:)* Forget this girl who won't return your affection,
Dance with some others make a new selection.

MERCUTIO. Yes, gentle Romeo, we must see you dance.

ROMEO. My heart is too heavy. There isn't a chance.

MERCUTIO. You love sick dreamer, your dreams aren't all dreamt. Each man sees a new day and you're not exempt.

*(*MERCUTIO *pulls a flat black disk from his pants. It's a "hole.")*

Do you want to live your whole life in a hole?

(He throws the hole onto the ground. ROMEO *and* BENVOLIO *look down into it as if it's bottomless.)*

I know what I know and I'm telling you so,
A life should be filled with adventure and bliss,
And that's why I'm bothering telling you this.
Suddenly we're at the party and Capitulate greets the three at the door.

CAPITULATE. Good evening Gents—there's plenty to eat,

(Capitulate's party members enter the playing area dancing to mellow party music playing softly. The ladies have corn cobs strapped to their feet. JULIET *is in the party group.)*

And ladies who'll dance despite corns on their feet.
Corn-footed feet are the best feet for dancing,
If I were a youngster you bet I'd be prancin'
Why I might dance now. Wait! Could that be true?
Do I have a point there? I certainly do.

(The music abruptly changes to raucous dance music playing loudly. CAPITULATE *goes and dances for five seconds and then greets the three at the door again. Mellow music resumes.)*

*(*CAPITULATE *continues – capitulating:)*

Good evening Gents—there's plenty to eat,
And ladies who'll dance despite corns on their feet.

(Raucous music again. CAPITULATE *goes and dances again for five seconds and comes back greet the three at the door for a third time. Mellow music resumes.)*

Welcome young fellows, I recall the day
When I'd wear a visor to such a par-tay,
And whisper sweet tales in the young ladies ears.
Have a good time and enjoy these young years.
Wait! That can't be right! Or is it? Tarnation!
Blast this infernal recapitulation.

(Holds his head as if in a daze, smiles and goes back to dancing. JULIET *and* ROMEO *are both downstage but on opposite sides of the stage.* ROMEO *notices* JULIET.*)*

ROMEO. Ei-hotchee-mama, Growl, Whoo! Hubba-hubba!
That girl is a babe or my name is dumb bubba.

*(*ROMEO *pulls his visor down over his eyes to conceal his identity, he goes to* JULIET *and commences flirting. An alarm goes off.* TYBALT *rushes down stage from the party group.)*

TYBALT. My Monotone alarm just gave the alert!
I keep it hidden right here in my shirt.
It detects Monotones. It's never wrong.
And this one is foolin' where he don't belong.
This brazen young trespasser needs to be smitten.

CAPITULATE. Dear nephew Tybalt did you lose this mitten?

*(*TYBALT *takes the mitten because he did lose it.)*

TYBALT. *(Points:)* Uncle your house has a monotone there.

CAPITULATE. Leave him alone.

*(*ROMEO *takes his visor off for a second and runs his fingers through his hair.)*

Wow! Does he have nice hair!

TYBALT. But uncle, that's Romeo, Monotone's son!

CAPITULATE. Lighten up boy I'm not done having fun.
I know not to kill him must fill you with sorrow,
But, look on the bright side, there's always tomorrow.

*(*CAPITULATE *goes back and dances again.* TYBALT *falls back and watches* ROMEO *like a hawk.* ROMEO *grabs.* JULIET's *hand and brings her to the center of the playing area.)*

ROMEO. Please, don't think I'm forward, but I think you're hot!

JULIET. *(Aside:)* I can't see his face is it worth it or not?

*(*ROMEO *lifts his visor.)*

ROMEO. I have twelve billion, sixty-two million and sixty,
Hormones and all of them want you to kiss me.

JULIET. Hey, you're kind of cute, okay, here, hold my gum first.
It's raspberry, lima bean, sneezle fruit, bratwurst.

(They kiss.)

ROMEO. Wow! Hey, you're right, that is good tasting gum.

NURSE. Your mother would like a few words with you, hon.

*(*NURSE *grabs* JULIET *by the arm and sends her back to* LADY CAPITULATE *who is standing with* PARIS. ROMEO *pops Juliet's gum in his mouth.)*

ROMEO. Who is her Mom, if I may be so bold?
Quickly, please tell me before I get old.

NURSE. Her Dad is the host, who bought that main course dish you ate.
Her Mother's no other than Lady Capitulate.
Juliet is her name and she is the fairest.
But don't get ideas. She's marrying Paris.

ROMEO. She's a Capitulate what rotten luck.

BENVOLIO. *(Emerging from the party:)* Romy, we're outta here, this gig is up!
We mustn't stay here, we have to go home-e-o.

JULIET. *(To the* NURSE*:)* What is his name?

ROMEO. *(With a dashing pose:)* There are those who call me Romeo!

(Everybody exits. NARRATOR #1 *enters.)*

NARRATOR #1. Needless to say Romy's heart-ache was done.
He met a new girl and she had good gum.
All of the guests from the banquet had parted,
But not Romeo, he was just getting started.

*(*ROMEO *runs on.)*

ROMEO. How can I leave here when she holds my heart,
My importantest, blood-pumping, chest body part.

*(*ROMEO *dashes to the back of the stage and stands as if to hide. He is still in plain view, so a stagehand walks in with a bush and puts it down in front of him. Enter* BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.*)*

BENVOLIO. Yo, Romeo yo! Where'd he go Romeo!

MERCUTIO. He went home to bed, that's where I'm gonna go.

BENVOLIO. But, I saw him running back toward the feast.

MERCUTIO. Well that can't be right, 'cuz his bed is due East.

BENVOLIO. I'm telling you he didn't go home to bed.

MERCUTIO. My friend, no offense, but you need a new head.

(They exit. JULIET *enters pushing on a ladder and an electric megaphone. She climbs to the top of the ladder.)*

ROMEO. Coming back to this place may seem capricious,
But, I just can't help myself, she's gorge-o-licious.

JULIET. *(Into the bullhorn:)* Testing, one, two, Check! Check! Is this thing on?

ROMEO. *(On one knee below the ladder:)* She speaks to herself through her self-speaking horn.
No thing is more useful to speak private stuff to,
It makes it all louder so others can know too.

JULIET. *(Into the horn:)* Romeo baby-o, baby-o, buff!
Wherefore art thou, I just can't get enough.
Forsake your name, or else I'll forsake mine,
But, if I forsake mine there's a ten-dollar fine.
My tap dancing lessons will prob-ly get cancelled,
No more T.V., root beer floats, no more Seinfeld.
I might get grounded for three or more hours,
So, if there's a name to dump let's make it yours.

ROMEO. Oh, Juliet, you're a pearl of great price.
You're like two pearls only much, much, more nice.
You might be like three pearls—shiny and rare,
But, four pearls? I think I'd be pushing it there.

JULIET. *(Coming down off of the ladder:)* Who is that? Yo! Romeo, Is that you?

ROMEO. Yes, it is I, Romeo that is true.
I heard your whole self speaking speech, through your horn,
And I love you, my love, just as sure as you're born.

JULIET. Let's find the preacher!

ROMEO. Let's get hitched tomorrow.
Enough of this fighting…

JULIET. …This feuding…

BOTH. This Sorrow.

ROMEO. Kiss me once more and send my lips to heaven!

JULIET. I can't anymore tonight, It's past eleven.

ROMEO. *(Scratching his head:)* Well it couldn't hurt if we kissed through the horn,

Then we'll elope when the sun lights the morn.

(They kiss through the horn and the bullhorn alarm goes off. They run away blowing kisses to each other. Enter NARRATOR #2. *Enter* MONK LARRY *on the opposite side of the playing area.)*

NARRATOR #2. So Romeo ran to the home of Monk Larry,
Not monkey Larry…he's not quite that hairy,
He's just a monk, he's the monkiest one
That Romeo knew and could get the job done.

(Enter ROMEO.*)*

ROMEO. Oh good! Monk Larry! I'm glad that you're here.

MONK LARRY. *(In a Bronx accent:)* Where else would I be, I've not left here in years
You sure are chipper, last time I saw yous,
You were blubbering, moping, and singing the blues.

ROMEO. That was the old me. I'm new and improved.
I'm a hip-hoppin', happenin', cool, righteous dude!

MONK LARRY. How can I help you, my dude filled with glee?

*(*ROMEO *grabs* MONK LARRY's *hand and gets down on one knee.)*

ROMEO. I need your consent, Monk, will you marry me?

MONK LARRY. *(Grabbing him by the throat:)* Listen punk! I am a monk, don't you get it?
I live all alone and I'm wearing a habit.

ROMEO. *(Choking:)* No, No! There's a girl that I've met as of late,
She is the daughter of Capitulate.
Our love is true.

MONK LARRY. Are you sure?

ROMEO. Yes indeed.
One-Hundred and Ninety percent guaranteed.

MONK LARRY. *(Aside to the audience:)* If I marry the girl to this Monotone dude-ling,
It may end the war, all this troublesome feud-ling.
(To ROMEO:*)* Okay, my young pup, I'll tie your knot,
But, if you're eloping, then you'll need a plot.

*(*MONK LARRY *puts his arm around* ROMEO *and they exit. Enter* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.*)*

MERCUTIO. So, Romeo never came home late last night?

BENVOLIO. He never came home and he's still out of sight.
Now, Tybalt the nephew of Capitulate,
Challenges him to a bumballoon fight.

MERCUTIO. A bumballoon fight? That's the worst!

BENVOLIO. Yeah, I know.

MERCUTIO. That would mean curtains for poor Romeo.
Tybalt's the best bumballoonist around,
I've seen him bumballoon twenty men down.
I can hold my own at true bumballooning,
But, lovesick young Romy's been too busy crooning.

BENVOLIO. Here he comes now! Hey Romy, what gives?
You didn't go back to the place where you live.

*(*ROMEO *enters.)*

ROMEO. There's an optometrist whose name is Cupid,
He's opened my eyes, and made me less stupid.
I met a new girl, she's the best of the best.
She passed the Romeo "hot mama" test.

(Romeo's friends chime in with masculine banter.)

MERCUTIO. Heeeey, well okay, well okay hey, I say…

BENVOLIO. Heeeeeey!

ROMEO. Yippy-Yeeeea!

MERCUTIO. Yippy, okay ei-yeeea!

(Enter NURSE.*)*

NURSE. Has anyone seen Romeo Monotone?
I need to see him before I go home.

(Romeo's friends think that the Nurse is Romeo's new girlfriend.)

MERCUTIO. *(Winking and nudging* ROMEO*:)* Hey there! Not bad, she's a fine catch old son.

BENVOLIO. I guess I was picturing someone more young.

MERCUTIO. *(Love-stricken by the nurse:)* Wow! She's a babe alright, look at those curls.

ROMEO. What! Are you mental? That's not the new girl.

*(*MERCUTIO *is dumbfounded.)*

NURSE. *(To* ROMEO*:)* Juliet, my mistress inquires about you,
But, I think she's missing a half-dozen screws.
As her nurse, I must ask, what makes you so great?
Why do you deserve Miss Capitulate.

ROMEO. I make a great milkshake, all my friends say so,

NURSE. That's good enough for me, so where should we meet you.

ROMEO. We'll meet at Monk Larry's place later today,
He'll marry us there, and then we'll say "hurray!"

NURSE. I love small weddings. What could be humbler?

(The NURSE *exits.)*

MERCUTIO. *(Following the nurse:)* Excuse me there Miss, could I get your number?

*(*BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO *exit – looking puzzled by* MERCUTIO*.* NARRATOR #1 *enters.* ROMEO *reenters with* MONK LARRY*.)*

NARRATOR #1. So Romeo went back to Monk Larry's house. Not a creature was stirring, not even…

ROMEO. *(Screaming in horror:)* A Mouse!

*(*MONK LARRY *is holding a stuffed pet rodent.)*

MONK LARRY. It ain't a mouse it's a Shnosel-nosed dodrent,
Amongst the tamest of lint-eating rodents.
He lives in my sleeve, with this lint-eating rabbit.

*(*MONK LARRY *produces a pet rabbit from his sleeve.)*

Both of them eat clean, my stinky, bad habit.

ROMEO. I'm just so nervous my stomach's a wreck,
Where could they be?

MONK LARRY. Just a sec. I'll go check.

*(*MONK LARRY *exits.)*

ROMEO. I do not like his stinky clothes,
I do not like his Shnosel nose,
I do not like them near or far,
I do not like them in a car,
I do not like them in a tunnel,
I could not push them through a funnel,
I only love the girl I met,

*(*JULIET *and* NURSE *enter.)*

Here she comes. Hey Juliet!

JULIET. I'm sorry that we are late in getting here,
I had to use eight cans of spray in my hair.

NURSE. So, don't light a match!

ROMEO. No, I won't, I vow.

JULIET. So, where is the monk?

ROMEO. Aw! For crying out loud.

NURSE. I'll go and find him. I think I know where.
He'll be back in a jiffy, so never despair.

*(*NURSE *exits.* MONK LARRY *returns.)*

MONK LARRY. Well I couldn't find Juliet anywhere.
Hey! This girl looks good, how 'bout marry her.

ROMEO. This is Juliet you knucklehead monk!

MONK LARRY. Settle down tiger! I don't need this, Punk!
Okay, kneel down, now lets make this quick,
I gotta floss my cat, so he won't stick.
Both of you, make sure your rings are all switched.
You may now kiss the bride, I pronounce you hitched.

NARRATOR #2. Romy and J were now happily married,
They both yelled "hurray", and then off they scurried.
But not all was happy in this neighborhood,
Mercutio and Tybalt were up to no good.
It happened that both of them came to a place,
Where they stopped and they stood, nose to nose, face to face.

TYBALT. I am an East going Tybalt, I say,
You're blocking my path, you're right in my way.

MERCUTIO. I am Mercutio, I always go west,
So you'd better step aside if you know best.

TYBALT. Didn't you hear the words from my mouth?
I won't budge and inch to the North or the South!

MERCUTIO. I challenge you then, to a bumballoon battle.

TYBALT. You think you can beat me? Ha! fiddle-faddle.

MERCUTIO. You want to bumballoon poor Romeo.

TYBALT. Yeah? So big deal, what's it to yo?

(They fight with balloons roughly tied into the shapes of swords. ROMEO *enters.)*

ROMEO. Hold on there fellas! This isn't the way.
Tybalt we're practically kin, I'll explain.

TYBALT. *(Aside:)* When I finish here, one more victim to go.
(Points at ROMEO*:)* His name starts with "R" and rhymes with Omeo.

ROMEO. Hey guys! Quit fighting, 'cuz that's just as bad,
As putting chameleons on top of plaid.

*(*TYBALT *deals the fatal blow to* MERCUTIO*, leaving his bumballoon weapon stuck in* MERCUTIO's *chest – or under his arm.)*

MERCUTIO. Ouch! Ay-Carumba! I've been bumballooned!

TYBALT. I am the victor of this lame buffoon.

ROMEO. Mercutio!

MERCUTIO. Romeo!

ROMEO. Friend, are you dying?

MERCUTIO. No, I'm feeling fine…and…I am lying.

*(*MERCUTIO *lets out a blood-curdling scream.)*

ROMEO. Let me pull this bumballoon from your breast.

MERCUTIO. Please, I'd prefer that you call it my chest.

ROMEO. *(Trying to pull out the balloon:)* Chest, breast, whatever, Yoiks! This thing won't budge.

TYBALT. Prepare to die Romeo! I hold a grudge!

ROMEO. Sheesh! This stuck bumballoon's really a pain.

*(*ROMEO *finally pulls* TYBALT's *balloon free. He stumbles backwards from the pull, and kills* TYBALT *with his own balloon weapon.)*

TYBALT. With my own bumballoon, now I am slain!

*(*ROMEO *is stunned that he just killed* TYBALT*.)*

ROMEO. What in the world? Crap! How did this happen?

*(*TYBALT *quickly wakes up from death to answer* ROMEO*.)*

TYBALT. You caught me off guard. I was too busy yappin'.

*(*TYBALT *drops dead again.)*

BENVOLIO. Romeo run! Or you're a sitting duck!

ROMEO. Oh I'm fortune's fool, and the plaything of luck!

*(*ROMEO *exits. The* PRINCE*, the* CAPITULATES *and the* MONOTONES *enter.)*

THE PRINCE. What happened here? I'd like to explore
The reason there's two dead guys here on the floor.

BENVOLIO. Tybalt here bumballooned good friend Mercutio, and then got his bell rung by poor, sweet, young Romeo.

*(*LADY CAPITULATE *sees* TYBALT's *dead body and rushes to him trying to administer CPR, while delivering her line.)*

LADY CAPITULATE. Oh Tybalt-de-dibalt-de-dibalt-de-doo.
My brother's son's third cousin four times removed.
(To the PRINCE*:)* My kinsman Tybalt lies dead on the floor.
Romeo must die to even the score.

THE PRINCE. Easy there girly-girl! I call the shots.
I am the prince here believe it or not.
I'll banish young Romeo from fair Verona,
As soon as I finish this slice of bologna.

(Everyone exits. NARRATOR #1 *enters.* JULIET *enters from the other side. She sits on a bed that is rolled into the playing area. This represents her bedroom.)*

NARRATOR #1. Romeo has to go skip town or else,
The prince might find out and put him on the shelf. *(She does the slit-throat gesture.)*
We see here young Julie as she thinks and sits,

JULIET. I'm wife to a banished guy. Man! That's the pits.

NARRATOR #1. Yeah, that's not all, 'cuz there's more pits in store,
Here come her parents, through her bedroom door.

(Enter LADY CAPITULATE *and* LORD CAPITULATE*.)*

LADY CAPITULATE. Since poor Tybalt's death fills all our hearts with sorrow…

CAPITULATE. We're bumping your wedding day up to tomorrow.

*(*LADY CAPITULATE *and* LORD CAPITULATE *exit.* NARRATOR #1 *exits.)*

JULIET. This is the double most "pits" situation.
I'm victim of my father's capitulation.
I can't marry Paris, 'cuz I've got a husband.
I'm sure that's illegal except on Fuzz Island.
I need to get help. If I don't, then I'm sunk.
This is a job for old Larry the Monk.

*(*MONK LARRY *enters.)*

JULIET. Monk Larry! You've entered my bedroom, but how?

*(*MONK LARRY *pulls a script out of his habit and shows it to* JULIET.*)*

MONK LARRY. Check the script Julie, it's my bedroom now.

JULIET. Ooooh! Is that because this is the magic of theatre?

MONK LARRY. *(Smiling tersely:)* Yes my child. *(Aside:)* She's got less brains than a sea otter.

JULIET. Gentle Monk Larry, I need some assistance.
My wedding's tomorrow despite my resistance.
To Romeo, you'll recall, I am now wed.
But, they'd have me wed Paris…

MONK LARRY. Not if you're dead.
Listen, I've got a plan, but it takes guts,
And you must eat two of these death faking nuts.

(He holds up a jar labeled – "Death Faking Nuts.")

These death faking nuts, they make you look dead.
Paris can't wed, if the bride's dead in bed.
That you are still living won't be understood,
They'll all think you're dead, 'cuz these nuts work good.
Then after the funeral, in a few days,
You'll wake up with Romeo, far, far, away.

JULIET. How'll Romeo know that I'm not really croaked?

MONK LARRY. I'll send him an email, I'll tell him our joke.
In your tomb, when the last tread has been trod,
Romeo will sneak in and collect your bod.

JULIET. I'll take the nuts when evening has come.

MONK LARRY. And I'll send an email to Romeo dot com.

*(*MONK LARRY *exits. We see* ROMEO *off to the side fiddling with his computer. Enter* NARRATORS.*)*

NARRATOR #2. The monk sent his email with details attached
But, Romeo missed it, 'cuz his P.C. crashed.
He never learned Juliet was faking disaster.

ROMEO. Shucks! Now I can't play "Double Sneetch Blaster."

(Exits.)

NARRATOR #1. Surely by now, you can see that it's true,
With Dr. Seuss our play has nothing to do.

NARRATOR #2. We'll say it again, in case you were snoozing,
It never dawned on us to make this a Seuss thing.

NARRATOR #1. Later that night Juliet ate the nuts.

*(*JULIET *eats the nuts looking around and chewing obnoxiously. Then, very suddenly, she falls over as if dead in her bed.)*

NARRATOR #2. Then in the morning, she wouldn't wake up.

(The NURSE *enters and screams*. JULIET's *parents rush in to see what the matter is.)*

CAPITULATE. What! What's the matter! Is Juliet dead?

LADY CAPITULATE. Is her body cold, is there blood on her head?

CAPITULATE. Did you check her pulse? Did you give CPR?

LADY CAPITULATE. Did you give her the Licking Heim-Heim Lick maneuver?

*(*NURSE *shakes her head.)*

CAPITULATE. Then why did you scream? Tell me, what's this about?

NURSE. My leg cramped up, I just got done working out.

*(*NURSE *exits.)*

LADY CAPITULATE. I'm so glad to hear Juliet isn't dead.

CAPITULATE. She's just a sound sleeper, she's got a good bed.
A good bed means everything to a sound sleep
Now that she's rested, from her bed she'll leap.

LADY CAPITULATE. Juliet wake up it's your lucky day.

(She nudges JULIET.*)*

CAPITULATE. Today is the day that we give you away.

(Nudges JULIET *harder.)*

LADY CAPITULATE. We give you to Paris today, the young lord.

(Nudges really hard.)

CAPITULATE. *(Lifting her out of bed:)* Up! Out of bed! Say, she's stiff as a board.

LADY CAPITULATE. She's awfully cold, maybe she froze in her dream.

CAPITULATE. Or, maybe she's dead.

LADY CAPITULATE. It's our turn to scream!

*(*CAPITULATE *nods. They scream and exit carrying* JULIET's *seemingly dead body. The bed rolls out of sight.)*

NARRATOR #1. Meanwhile back on the beach of Kadid,
We meet up with Romeo, that's where he hid.

NARRATOR #2. Benvolio found him there, sunning himself,
Disguised as an "antelope-sun bathing-elf."

BENVOLIO. Romeo wake up, and hear what I say,
Juliet's dead and her funeral's today.

*(*ROMEO, *waking up, is having a hard time remembering who Juliet is.)*

ROMEO. *(Scratching his head:)* Juliet, Juliet that name draws a blank,
Help me out here, does she work at the bank?

BENVOLIO. Juliet! She is your own heart's delight,
You married her yesterday, she is your wife!

ROMEO. Oooooh! That Juliet. Yeah, that name rings a bell,
Now what was the message you wanted to tell?

BENVOLIO. Juliet's dead!

ROMEO. Are you kidding me?

BENVOLIO. No!

ROMEO. How did she die?

BENVOLIO. Nobody knows.

ROMEO. It must have been her broken heart that went "Crack!"
I'll kiss her one last time. I must now go back!
Then I'll consume this authentic death cracker.

*(*ROMEO *holds up a single soda cracker.)*

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

In order to protect our associated authors against copyright infringement, we cannot currently present full electronic scripts.

To purchase books with the full text, and to apply for performance rights, click ORDER or go back to:

www.playscripts.com