

# ROMY & JULIAN

by

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@ allofyououtthere,

What I'd like to tell you about this play ... takes a bit more than 140 characters. It's not a blog entry, either. And there are no pictures, no emojis guiding you through the text. Yes, text – as in letters, words, sentences, paragraphs ... hey, watch it, I can just see (some of) you rolling your eyes!

I'm pretty sure about one thing, though: this year's VET Touring Production, **Romy and Julian**, is not just a **play** – it's **your play!**

**Romeo and Juliet** is one of the most famous love stories of all time. Whether in prose, poetry or drama, whether before Shakespeare or since, the story is attractive and successful because it covers the essential elements in human life: belonging, falling in love, conflict, and death. That's what makes it so easy to identify with the characters.

Shakespeare's **language and verse** create a wide range of emotions within us. Having the two main characters in this play use **blank verse** in key sections of the text further underlines the universality of the topics. It is also amazing how easily blank verse lends itself to 21<sup>st</sup> c. issues, language and dialogue.

In sharp contrast, we get a picture of **modern lifestyle**. In our fast-track information society, we are all constantly exposed to massive amounts of outside influences. We live our lives 'on the fast lane' and share them via **Social Media**. **Marketing** and **advertising** keep addressing **needs** we are sometimes not even aware we have, and in order to be 'cool' we are always pushed to make choices.

At the same time, none of us is 'an island' – we want to, **we need to belong**, to a family, to a group, to a club, to society. And yet we want to, we need to show our 'true colours', be ourselves, **retain our individuality**. We are looking for values and beliefs, for ways of self-expression. Often this gets confused with **image**, with rapidly **changing fashions and styles**.

So why pack these **contemporary issues** into a **story that has been around for centuries** and has (very successfully) withstood the changes of time, society and styles? You'll see! And no matter what your style is, this play is definitely not '*two hours of woe*'!

Why not pick out one or more issues for a project or stimulating classroom discussion – plenty of food for thought there!

And, time permitting (hopefully), you'll have a chance to go through the one or the other language/vocab activity in the worksheet<sup>1</sup>. You'll pick up a number of useful words and phrases, too – useful not only in your English classes, but to impress your English-speaking friends and/or Facebook/Twitter/Whatsapp/Instagram/Snapchat/... messaging partners all over the world!

And now, have fun and enjoy!

Helena Hirsch

***Note to teachers (and students):***

*Reading the text **before** the performance: please bear in mind that it is not necessary for your students to look up/translate new or unknown words/phrases to understand the gist of what's going on. Therefore, and to reduce the number of footnotes, there are no word explanations in the stage directions.*

***During** the performance (voice, action, movement and mime) there is no need to translate – students see, hear, and feel/live through what's happening onstage.*

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<sup>1</sup> Apart from some **quick-check comprehension questions** at the end of this text booklet, we offer plenty of **exploitation strategies, language activities and vocabulary tasks** in the accompanying **worksheet** (available for **download from [www.schooltours.at](http://www.schooltours.at)** as from September 2017).

## Characters in the play

<b>Actor 1</b>	Julian
<b>Actor 2</b>	Romy
<b>Actor 3</b>	Mrs Moore Sara Woman Mercutio Chorus
<b>Actor 4</b>	Ben Mr Caple Al Tybalt

Note: Sometimes Romy and Julian speak in blank verse (iambic pentameter) to echo Romeo and Juliet. Where this happens a dash (/) marks the length of the verse lines.

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## Scene 1

*To the back of the acting area is a large backdrop which shows a collage of random logos and apps for different aspects of lifestyle: social media, clothes, music, food, drink etc. There are also four simple chairs and a sound system.*

*Music: "Can you hear me" (Wiley)*

*Julian enters. He is dressed in his school uniform - black trousers, white shirt, school tie, black blazer. He wears the tie with a very large knot leaving little in the way of a tail. His hair is gelled so that the fringe stands upright. He has his phone in his hand and is checking for messages.*

JULIAN: I went to see a play. A school play. Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare. Not the best way to spend a Friday night. Not ... cool. It was a school trip. I didn't want to go, but my mate, Ben, he said it'd be a laugh because the school putting on the play<sup>1</sup> is an all-girls school, see? Ben thought it'd be fun to see the girls prancing about<sup>2</sup> the stage in tights. Yeah? Only, they'd got hold of some lads to play the men's parts, so we had to watch a load of boys prancing about in tights.

*The Chorus from "Romeo and Juliet" enters and stands behind Julian.*

JULIAN: William Shakespeare? Per - lease<sup>3</sup>! The bloke's<sup>4</sup> been dead five hundred years! Give me Wiley, Drake, Kendrick Lamar!

*He notices he's standing in front of The Chorus and steps out of the way.*

JULIAN: (to us) Oh, sorry.

CHORUS: Two households, both alike in dignity<sup>5</sup>,  
In fair Verona where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge<sup>6</sup> break to new mutiny<sup>7</sup>,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

*Julian steps in front of the Chorus who continues although we no longer hear the play.*

JULIAN: I couldn't understand a word of it. It would have helped if Shakespeare had written it in English. From what I could make out of it – there were these two families who didn't like each other ...

*A second actor enters and a sword fight begins behind Julian ...*

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<sup>1</sup> ... die Schule, an der das Stück aufgeführt wird ...

<sup>2</sup> herumstolzieren, -hüpfen

<sup>3</sup> übertriebene Aussprache von 'please' (gelangweilt, genervt)

<sup>4</sup> Alter, Mann (Slang)

<sup>5</sup> Ehrenhaftigkeit, Würde, Ansehen

<sup>6</sup> Groll hegen (etwas nachtragen)

<sup>7</sup> hier: Kämpfe

JULIAN: ... so there was always trouble whenever they met. Then one of the families decides to have a party. Of course, members from the other family decide to gatecrash<sup>1</sup>, just for fun. Everyone is wearing masks, don't ask me why, so nobody knows who anyone is.

*Juliet enters in a mask. A male actor puts on a mask and dances with her.*

JULIAN: Can you imagine it? You're at a masked party, you pull a girl<sup>2</sup>, at then end of the night she takes off the mask – and it turns out to be your Aunt!

Yuk! So, we have Romeo, from one family, meeting Juliet, from the other.

What happens? You've guessed it – they fall in love. Just like in the films!

*Juliet removes her mask.*

JULIAN: I did sit up at this point in the play. The girl playing Juliet ... she took off her mask and even from the back, where I was sitting, I could see that she was ... hot!

*Juliet and the other actors exit.*

JULIAN: After the party they all go home and Romeo just happens to pass Juliet's bedroom window – as if!

*Juliet appears...*

JULIET: Aye me<sup>3</sup>!

JULIAN: She speaks!

JULIET: O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou<sup>4</sup> Romeo?

JULIAN: They chat for a bit, then decide to get married. Secretly. Fast workers!

But, as someone once said, the course of true love never did run smooth<sup>5</sup> - it would have been a happy ending ...

*Enter Mercutio and Tybalt with swords. They start fighting.*

JULIAN: ... if Juliet's cousin hadn't started a fight with Romeo's best mate ...

MERCUTIO: I am hurt. A plague o' both your houses! I am sped<sup>6</sup>.

JULIAN: Romeo couldn't stand by and do nothing...

*Julian takes Mercutio's sword.*

JULIAN: Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads

Staying for thine<sup>7</sup> to keep it company:

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*They fight. Tybalt falls.*

JULIAN: Romeo kills his wife's cousin. Not the best start to a marriage. Romeo has to leave town and Juliet's parents try to marry her off to some prince, not knowing she's already married.

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<sup>1</sup> sich einschleichen, ohne Einladung teilnehmen

<sup>2</sup> ein Mädchen aufreißen

<sup>3</sup> Always me! (Sprachform zu Shakespeare's Zeit!)

<sup>4</sup> Why are you ... (Sprachform zu Shakespeare's Zeit!)

<sup>5</sup> ... wahre Liebe geht niemals glatt ...

<sup>6</sup> Ich bin verletzt. Ein Fluch (eigentl.: Pest) über beide Familien. Mit mir ist es vorbei.

<sup>7</sup> alte Form von 'dein(e)' (Akk.)

*Juliet enters.*

JULIAN: Juliet takes a couple of pills and pretends to be dead. She's put in a tomb<sup>1</sup> ...

*Juliet lies across two chairs.*

JULIAN: But Romeo hears about it, comes galloping back, sees her dead and takes a couple of pills himself ... (*clutching at his stomach*) ...

Thy<sup>2</sup> drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

*Julian seizes his opportunity and kisses Juliet. He collapses next to her and "dies".*

JULIAN: Juliet then wakes up and sees her dead husband...

*Juliet takes the sword from Julian's hand.*

JULIET: O happy dagger<sup>3</sup>!

*Juliet stabs herself and falls into the waiting arms of Julian.*

JULIAN: End of play.

*The Chorus enters and stands over the dead couple.*

CHORUS: O, never was a story of more woe<sup>4</sup>

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

*Juliet and the Chorus leave.*

JULIAN: Woe? Apart from the sword fighting and the good-looking girl who played Juliet, it was two and half hours of woe! What a waste! I could have been streaming some sweet Jungle tunes<sup>5</sup>, Facetiming the lads from school<sup>6</sup> –

– anything but sit through<sup>7</sup> that!

## **Scene 2**

*Ben enters. He is dressed identically to Julian.*

JULIAN: Then my mate Ben suggested we go to the party. What party?

BEN: The end-of-play party. It's the last night tonight. They're having a party backstage.

JULIAN: We're not invited.

BEN: I've got a friend who's got a sister who goes to this school. She said it'd be all right. She said no one would notice.

JULIAN: No one would notice two boys at an all-girls school?

BEN: We won't be the only boys - there'll be Romeo and that lot. They'll be a whole crowd – no one'll notice there's two more.

JULIAN: Cool!

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<sup>1</sup> Grabmal, Gruft

<sup>2</sup> alte Form von 'dein(e), diese' (Nom.)

<sup>3</sup> Dolch

<sup>4</sup> Tragik, Unglück, Schmerz

<sup>5</sup> Drum and Bass (Musikstil)

<sup>6</sup> Facetiming = ähnlich wie Skyping (face time urspr.: talking face to face)

<sup>7</sup> durchstehen, durchhalten bis zum Ende



BEN: But the point is: it'll be mainly girls – and not much competition.

JULIAN: There's Romeo and his mates.

BEN: What? Would you fall for a boy who wore tights?

JULIAN: Back off!

BEN: Well then.

JULIAN: It'll be like shooting fish in a barrel<sup>1</sup>.

BEN: Taking candy from a baby.

JULIAN: I'm an air-to-air heat-seeking missile<sup>2</sup> ...

BEN: I hope I do pull<sup>3</sup>.

JULIAN: How can we fail? We're the very height of low temperature<sup>4</sup>. Dead cool.

BEN: Hang on, the uniform is a bit of a give-away<sup>5</sup>.

*They remove their ties and blazers. Ben pulls two cans of beer from the pockets of his. He throws a can to Julian.*

JULIAN: Where did you get this?

BEN: Off-licence<sup>6</sup>, where do you think? We want the party to go with a swing.

JULIAN: How do we get in?

BEN: Follow me.

*Julian and Ben go.*

*Music: "Everybody's going to the party have a real good time" (Felguk remix)*

### **Scene 3**

*Romy and Sara enter. They are dressed in their "Romeo and Juliet" costumes.*

SARA: Now it's all over you can tell me ... what was it like snogging<sup>7</sup> Romeo?

ROMY: Stop it...

SARA: Was he any good?

ROMY: It was only acting. It wasn't real ...

SARA: That's not what he said on Facebook.

ROMY: Which is why I've blocked him.

SARA: Do you think he'll keep his costume on for the party?

ROMY: I'm sure you'll be able to persuade<sup>8</sup> him to take it off!

SARA: Romy!

ROMY: Or get him to Snapchat himself!

*Sara shrieks with laughter as Julian enters. He is holding a can of beer and looks lost.*

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<sup>1</sup> Fass; hier: shooting fish in a barrel = ein Kinderspiel; null Problem

<sup>2</sup> ... Luft/Luft Wärmesuchrakete (Infrarot)

<sup>3</sup> einen Aufriss machen

<sup>4</sup> ... am höchsten (= tiefsten) Kältepunkt, d.h. 'über-drüber cool'

<sup>5</sup> ... aber in der Schuluniform fallen wir auf ... (give-away = verraten)

<sup>6</sup> Getränkeshop, wo auch Alkohol verkauft wird

<sup>7</sup> ... mit Romeo schmusen (umgangsspr.)

<sup>8</sup> überreden

ROMY: Who's he? He didn't have anything to do with the play.

SARA: I don't know. Oh - he might be one of my guests. I told my sister to mention the party to a few boys.

ROMY: What? You are going to get into such trouble...

SARA: No one will know. You can't have a party without boys.

ROMY: What's wrong with the ones who were in the play?

SARA: I want one who isn't acting.

ROMY: He looks ... nice.

SARA: He looks like a loser!

JULIAN: Ben spoke the truth, there were not many boys./ The crowded stage was full of giddy<sup>1</sup> girls,/ their perfume strong and high as alcopops<sup>2</sup>./ Some music played, 'though not my favourite tunes./ I moved backstage to check the action there./ Two girls, that's all, they clocked me<sup>3</sup> as I came,/ one eyed me, big time, made it obvious,/ there's no two ways: she fancied me to death<sup>4</sup>./

SARA: That boy's a prat. What is he staring at?/ Thinks he's God's gift to girls<sup>5</sup>!

ROMY: Oh, shhh! He'll hear./

JULIAN: But then the other looked at me and smiled,/ making my heart lurch to a sudden stop<sup>6</sup>./ My cheeks pricked red, blood pounded in my ears<sup>7</sup>./ I'd seen no girl this beautiful before;/ her eyes rich jewels, two stars, burning bright,/ which, with her smile, set her face alight<sup>8</sup>./

SARA: Oi! Your tongue's hanging out.

ROMY: Sara!

JULIAN: Sorry?

SARA: What are you staring at? Not seen a girl before? Well? Cat got your tongue<sup>9</sup>?

JULIAN: I ... er ... Hi, I'm Julian.

SARA (*Mimicking*): Hi, I'm Julian.

ROMY: My name's Romy.

JULIAN: Romy. You ... you were Juliet! You were gor ... (geous) ... good.

SARA: Romy, you have a fan. I'm called Sara, by the way.

JULIAN: Hi, I'm Julian. Were you in the play?

SARA: No, I always dress like this. I played the Chorus.

*Romy motions Sara to leave, but she stands her ground.*

ROMY: I'm glad you enjoyed the play.

JULIAN: Oh, I did. That's why I came backstage. I wanted to tell you how good

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<sup>1</sup> ausgelassen, aufgereg, überdreht

<sup>2</sup> Mischung aus Fruchtsaft, Alkohol und Soda

<sup>3</sup> ... Dort waren nur zwei Mädchen ... sie haben mich gemustert, als ich reingekommen bin ...

<sup>4</sup> ... eine hat mich voll angestarrt, ganz eindeutig ... ganz klar, die steht total auf mich ...

<sup>5</sup> ... der da ist ein Idiot. Was starrt er so? Der glaubt auch, er ist der Liebling aller Frauen ...

<sup>6</sup> ... mein Herz hat sich überschlagen, ist kurz stehen geblieben ...

<sup>7</sup> ... ich bin rot geworden und ich spürte ein Pochen (Herzschlag) in meinen Ohren ...

<sup>8</sup> ... ihre funkelnden Augen ... brachten ihr ganzes Gesicht zum Strahlen ...

<sup>9</sup> Noch nie ein Mädchen gesehen? Und - was ist ... (bildlich: hat die Katze Deine Zunge erwischt?)

it was.

SARA: Oh, please ...

JULIAN: How good you were ... remembering all those lines!

SARA: You'll be asking for a selfie, next

*Romy waves her away and Sara moves off a little.*

JULIAN: I'd better be going, I'm not really supposed to be here.

ROMY: Don't go! ... Yet. I'm sure no one will mind. Are you studying "Romeo and Juliet"?

SARA: He's certainly studying Juliet.

*Mr Caple, Romy's father, enters. He nods to Sara, then slowly realises there's a boy talking to his daughter...*

ROMY: Don't mind, Sara. She has a strange sense of humour.

SARA: Huh!

*Julian sees Mr Caple and hides his can of beer behind his back.*

JULIAN: That's random<sup>1</sup>. What's he doing here?

ROMY: Who?

JULIAN: Mr Caple. He's a teacher at my school.

ROMY: Oh, dear...

JULIAN: I didn't think he'd be interested in the play, he's my Maths teacher.

ROMY: He came to see me. He's my father.

JULIAN: Oh, dear.

MR CAPLE: What's this? An uninvited guest? Romy? Introduce me to your young friend ...

ROMY: Julian has just seen the play...

JULIAN: Mr Caple, I can explain...

SARA: He wanted to sneak a cheeky selfie<sup>2</sup> with the star of the show...

MR CAPLE: Mr Moore from year eleven. Of course, the school trip ... Did you enjoy the play?

JULIAN: Er ... yes, thank you.

MR CAPLE: Good. I wasn't aware you knew my daughter.

JULIAN: I don't, sir. I didn't.

MR CAPLE: I see. Just thought you'd call backstage to pay your respects to the leading lady? Or were you hoping to gatecrash the party?

JULIAN: No, Mr Caple. My mate ... I mean my friend, Ben, you see, he's got a friend who knows a girl whose sister ...

ROMY: Is Sara!

SARA: Thanks!

MR CAPLE: And that qualifies as an invitation, does it? Well, I suppose if you behave yourself Romy's school won't mind you staying. But no trouble. And we'll speak further on Monday, Mr Moore.

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<sup>1</sup> ... das glaub ich jetzt aber nicht ... (random = seltsamer Zufall)

<sup>2</sup> ... er wollte ein freches Selfie ergattern ...

JULIAN: Yes, sir. Thank you.

ROMY: Thanks, Dad.

*Mr Caple is about to go when he realises Julian is hiding something.*

MR CAPLE: What's that?

JULIAN: Er ...

MR CAPLE: Behind your back. Let's have it, lad<sup>1</sup> ...

*Julian shows the can of beer.*

MR CAPLE: That's it. I'm sorry Romy, but you know the school rules: no alcohol.

*(To Julian)* You – out!

ROMY: He didn't know. He's only just got here.

MR CAPLE: Everyone's under age<sup>2</sup>. The school has a responsibility. Out, I said.

*Julian starts to move, followed by Mr Caple and Sara.*

JULIAN: I'm sorry, sir, I didn't mean ...

MR CAPLE: Out!

*Julian, Mr Caple and Sara leave. The music ends abruptly.*

ROMY: Julian Moore. His surname sums it up<sup>3</sup>,/ for knowing him for such a little time/ I wish to know him more. Where does he live?/ Sara's sister! Her friend knows his friend Ben./ I'll get his number, Facebook him<sup>4</sup>, perhaps./ This party's dull<sup>5</sup>, I think that I'll go home,/ it's spoilt, ruined, I'd rather be in bed/ - much more fun to dream of him, instead./

*She goes.*

#### **Scene 4**

*Music: "Ghost Town" (The Specials)*

*Julian enters.*

JULIAN: Thrown, unceremoniously<sup>6</sup>, out of a party! I wouldn't have minded but he kept my can of beer! I was furious! I stormed off<sup>7</sup> into the night, not waiting for Ben ...

BEN (*Off*): Julian! Julian!

JULIAN: I turned street corners<sup>8</sup>, this way and that, not noticing where I was going ...

BEN (*Off*): Julian! Wait for me!

JULIAN: A bus shelter, dimly lit and evil smelling, offered a place of sanctuary<sup>9</sup> ...

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<sup>1</sup> ... her damit, Freundchen ...

<sup>2</sup> minderjährig

<sup>3</sup> ... sein Familienname sagt es schon ...

<sup>4</sup> ... ihn auf Facebook suchen und kontaktieren ...

<sup>5</sup> ... fad, langweilig, glanzlos ...

<sup>6</sup> ... einfach kurzerhand von der Party rausgeworfen ...

<sup>7</sup> ... in die Nacht hinaus stürmen ...

<sup>8</sup> ... ziellos/planlos hin- und herlaufen ...

<sup>9</sup> ... ein Buswartehäuschen, schwach beleuchtet und übel stinkend, wurde mein Zufluchtsort ...

*He's in a bus shelter ...*

BEN (*Off*): Julian? Julian!

*Julian takes out his phone and keys in a number ...*

JULIAN: Hi, Mum. It's me, Julian. I'm at Ben's. We saw the play. Boring.

Playing *Call of Duty* on the Xbox. Be back at half eleven<sup>1</sup>? All right, eleven then. What? Traffic noises? Ben's window is open ...

*He holds the phone out of the phone box ...*

BEN (*Off*): Julian! Julian!

JULIAN: See! See you at elevenish<sup>2</sup>. I waited till I knew that Ben had gone...

BEN (*Off and very faintly*): Julian! Julian!

JULIAN: ... and roamed the streets<sup>3</sup> then, quite by chance, saw a car pull up to the kerb<sup>4</sup>; Romy and her father got out and went into a house! So this was where she lived. I really wanted to see her again, talk to her. Checking that the coast was clear<sup>5</sup>, I climbed the wooden fence and dropped into her garden garden ... It had started to rain and I landed in a puddle. My shoes let the water in and my trousers were splattered with mud<sup>6</sup>. Then a rose bush snagged<sup>7</sup> my blazer, tearing it. Great! Hair-gel ran down the back of my neck. This wasn't very cool. Getting into a state because of a girl? I decided to go home but then a light shone from a bedroom window. Curtains were drawn. Romy! I threw a stone up and it bounced off<sup>8</sup> the glass. Nothing. I chucked<sup>9</sup> another. Ping!

*Mr Caple's head appears over the top of the backdrop...*

MR CAPLE: Who the bloody hell is throwing stones at my window at this time of night!

JULIAN: Oh, God! Wrong window!

MR CAPLE: Who's down there?

JULIAN: I tried to get away but my blazer got caught on the rose bushes. I could have left it, but it had my name in it.

MR CAPLE: Who's there?

*Romy enters, she's wearing a dressing gown.*

ROMY: What are you doing here?

JULIAN: Romy!

ROMY: Shh!

JULIAN: I came to see you.

ROMY: Thanks a bunch!

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<sup>1</sup> = half past eleven (Kurzform, umgangsspr.)

<sup>2</sup> so gegen elf Uhr

<sup>3</sup> ... ich bin durch die Straßen gezogen ...

<sup>4</sup> ... ein Auto blieb am Straßenrand stehen ...

<sup>5</sup> ... umschauen (ob die Luft rein ist) ...

<sup>6</sup> ... mit Schmutz bespritzt, bekleckert

<sup>7</sup> ... dann blieb ich mit meinem Blazer an einem Rosenstrauch hängen ...

<sup>8</sup> abprallen

<sup>9</sup> schleudern

JULIAN: I didn't mean to upset your father. I thought that was your window.

ROMY: Do you often climb into people's gardens in the middle of the night?

JULIAN: Do you often wander about outside in your dressing gown?

ROMY: I saw you in the garden. Wondered what you were doing.

MR CAPLE: Is that you, Romy?

ROMY: Dad'll kill you if he comes down. It's only me, Dad!

*(To Julian) Go away!*

JULIAN: I wanted to see you again.

MR CAPLE: What are you doing out there?

ROMY: I wanted to see you, too. *(To Mr Caple)* I was putting the rubbish out, the door closed behind me and locked me out.

MR CAPLE: Why didn't you knock on the door? You could've broken the window ...

ROMY: Now you've seen me, go away!

MR CAPLE: Are you alone?

ROMY: Let me in, it's raining.

*Mr Caple disappears.*

JULIAN: Can I see you again?

ROMY: If you like.

JULIAN: When?

ROMY: Tomorrow.

JULIAN: Where?

ROMY: In town. Outside Starbucks. Go!

*He's about to go.*

JULIAN: What time?

ROMY: I don't know. Twelve o'clock. Please, go.

*He's about to go...*

JULIAN: Can I have your phone number?

ROMY: Tomorrow. If Dad...

JULIAN: All right, I'm going ...

*He's about to go...*

JULIAN: Just one more thing...

*Julian takes Romy's hand, he is about to kiss her, but just as he gets there Mr Caple appears.*

MR CAPLE: Romy?

ROMY: Here I am.

*She turns and runs and both she and Mr Caple go.*

### **Scene 5**

*Mrs Moore enters with a pile of washing in a basket.*

MRS MOORE: What time do you call this?

JULIAN: This is my mother. I'm late and she's angry. Eleven o'clock?

MRS MOORE: It's nearly midnight.

JULIAN: The bus was late.

MRS MOORE: Ben only lives around the corner.

JULIAN: I meant the bus ... in *Call of Duty*! We had to hijack it. Had to wait for ages and then two came at once!

MRS MOORE: Look at the state of you! You've torn your blazer! Your trousers are dirty, your shoes are caked in mud<sup>1</sup>! Have you been fighting?

JULIAN: No. It's a filthy<sup>2</sup> night. The trousers will wash. The blazer is old. I'll throw it out ...

MRS MOORE: You've had it three months.

JULIAN: Exactly.

MRS MOORE: Go to bed.

JULIAN: Are my jeans washed?

MRS MOORE: Yes.

JULIAN: Ironed?

MRS MOORE: Yes, Julian.

JULIAN: Great. I need them for tomorrow. My Adidas hoodie?

MRS MOORE: Good night, Julian.

JULIAN: Are my Nike's clean?

MRS MOORE: Go to bed!

JULIAN: Good night.

*Julian goes. Through the following items of Julian's uniform are thrown over the backdrop.*

MRS MOORE: Julian and his clothes. He spends more money on them than I do. He won't wear anything that isn't the right label. Or anything that doesn't look new – as soon as the colours start to fade<sup>3</sup> he throws them out and buys new ones. He says it doesn't look cool. He'll only wear something once before it has to be washed – I'm sure some of these things haven't even been worn. And the hours he spends in the shower, he's got more lotions and shampoo than a hairdresser. All this cleanliness – it can't be healthy. Now, in my day, I was all for Girl Power. I lived in a track-suit most of the time. Mind you, I once went to a party dressed in nothing but a Union Jack flag. Cool? I was freezing. My parents were shocked, but then they were into Bob Dylan. They tried to tell me Dylan was cool. But The Spice Girls were cool. Now Julian tells me he's the coolest person he knows. So, what is cool? And who decides? Journalists, in glossy magazines who tell us what to wear? Music executives<sup>4</sup> who tell us what to listen to? Or is it advertisers who tell us what to buy? In which case they think I'm only interested in soap powder, frozen

---

<sup>1</sup> ... deine Schuhe sind ganz schmutzverkrustet ...

<sup>2</sup> schmutzig, unwirtlich

<sup>3</sup> auswaschen, blasser werden

<sup>4</sup> die Musikbosse

chips and fat-free yoghurt. Julian sees me as ... old. My parents see me as a sporty feminist. When I'm walking along the street people don't see me at all. Perhaps Julian's got it right – it's how you see yourself ...

*She picks up the discarded clothing...*

MRS MOORE: How can one sixteen year-old create so much work...?

*She goes.*

## **Scene 6**

*Music "Wearing my Rolex" (Wiley)*

*Julian enters. He is wearing jeans and tee shirt and carries a hoodie and cap.*

JULIAN: How to impress a girl:

Get in the shower, at least for thirty minutes,/ use all the soap and shampoo you can find;/ I'm into Grime, it doesn't mean I'm skanky<sup>1</sup>;/ I want to smell good at that vital moment/ so splash on Lynx, and I mean everywhere!/  
The threads are crucial<sup>2</sup>; the brand, not just the style/ so forget the stuff from Primark, shop online./ Hilfiger shorts – ok, so no one sees them,/ but should my luck be in<sup>3</sup> – then I'm prepared!/  
Larkin Denim jeans by Akademiks,/ distressed, not ripped, and ironed with no crease<sup>4</sup>./ Boy Better Know tee shirt with a cheeky logo,/(he puts on the hoodie) on top a three stripe hoodie – Adidas!/  
The trainers? Nike Air Max 95,/ ninety-five, cos that's how much they cost,/ snow white, loose-laced and looking like brand new./(He holds the cap above his head with both hands as if were a crown. Through the following he slowly puts it on his head) To finish it off: a white-on-white New Era/ 59FIFTY New York Yankees cap./ The peak is flat, not curved<sup>5</sup>, and most important:/ the golden label's still stuck in its place!/  
This is the look, the image that best suits me,/this tells you who I am and that I'm cool;/ I'm urban, into Grime, I'm individual.../ If this don't knock her dead – then nothing will<sup>6</sup>!

*Julian's mother enters...*

MRS MOORE: Julian, you look very smart ... Ooh! Hang on ... you've left the label on your cap ...

*She reaches for his cap but Julian ducks out of the way. Mrs Moore laughs.*

JULIAN: Get off! She thinks I look smart. Smart! Given half a chance she'd have me wearing a jumper with a collar and tie. I'm not trying to look smart, I told her, I'm trying to look ... cool. But we're of different times; Spice Girl or something she was, in her day. Not that you'd be able to tell that now.

---

<sup>1</sup> Ich finde Grime (= Schmutz; Musikstil) geil, aber ich bin nicht ungepflegt/heruntergekommen ...

<sup>2</sup> Von den Klamotten hängt alles ab ... (nicht nur Stil, sondern auch Marke)

<sup>3</sup> ... sollte ich Glück haben ...

<sup>4</sup> ... gebraucht/getragen aussehend, nicht zerrissen; gebügelt, aber ohne Falte ...

<sup>5</sup> ... der Mützenschirm ist flach, nicht gebogen ...

<sup>6</sup> ... wenn sie das nicht umwirft, weiß ich nicht ... (umgangsspr.: don't = doesn't)



Now she's just ... Mum.

*She kisses his cheek and goes.*

JULIAN: Thanks, Mum...

*He goes as Romy enters dressed Hipster-style; Doc Martens boots, leggings, denim shorts, tee-shirt with a cute logo, checked shirt which is too big, and woollen Beanie hat ...*

*Music: "Dressed to Kill" (New Found Glory)*

ROMY: The boots, well yes, they were quite expensive,/ although I found this shirt in a charity shop./ And the leggings I bought, cheap, from the market<sup>1</sup>/ Sara lent me the shorts along with the hat/. My Dad calls me rag-bag, scarecrow, dog's dinner<sup>2</sup>./ What do I care? I think it's artistic,/ a form of expression, shows my true colours<sup>3</sup>./ I dress how I'm feeling. Today, I feel .../ quite nervous; I'm waiting for Julian./ Got here too early, I hope he comes soon./ I hope he likes the clothes I am wearing./ I made an effort<sup>4</sup>, dressed specially for him./

*Julian enters.*

JULIAN: Aagh! I'm late! I hope she hasn't gone ...

*Julian walks past Romy without noticing her, she doesn't recognise him. They stand apart from each other. They look at each other and double-take.*

JULIAN: Romy!

ROMY: Julian?

JULIAN: I didn't realise...

ROMY: Nor me...

JULIAN: I didn't know you were Hipster<sup>5</sup>.

ROMY: That's not the way I'd describe myself! The clothes I wear are pretty cool. I'm surprised that anyone could be dumb enough to dress like a Chav<sup>6</sup>.

JULIAN: Chav? This is cool! Do you know how much this lot cost?

ROMY: Typical Townie<sup>7</sup>. The only label that matters is the price label.

JULIAN: At least nobody's worn these clothes before...

*Music stops as Sara and Ben appear and bring chairs downstage, sitting either side of Romy and Julian.*

SARA AND BEN: Well? How did it go?

*Romy and Julian turn to them...*

JULIAN: Disaster, man!

ROMY: Aaaagh!

JULIAN: She's an Emo<sup>8</sup>! I can't believe it, she's into Indie<sup>9</sup>.

---

<sup>1</sup> Wochenmarkt (i.e. typische Stande mit billiger Massenware)

<sup>2</sup> Lumpensack, Vogelscheuche, Hundefutter (d.h. verschiedenste Reste, durcheinander gemischt)

<sup>3</sup> ... es zeigt meine Personlichkeit, mein wahres Ich ...

<sup>4</sup> ... hoffentlich gefallt ihm mein Outfit, ich habe mich besonders bemuhrt ...

<sup>5</sup> Stylerichtung (siehe Worksheet)

<sup>6</sup> Stylerichtung (siehe Worksheet)

<sup>7</sup> Stylerichtung (siehe Worksheet), bei der Designerlabels von groer Bedeutung sind

<sup>8</sup> abwertende Bezeichnung fur Anhanger einer Stylerichtung (siehe Worksheet)

<sup>9</sup> Stylerichtung (siehe Worksheet)

ROMY: He's a Chav. Even wore a baseball cap!

SARA: Oh no!

BEN: Where did you go?

JULIAN: Starbucks ...

*Romy and Julian sit facing each other. Silence.*

SARA: What did you talk about?

ROMY: Nothing much ...

JULIAN: Do you like Urban?

ROMY: No.

JULIAN: What music do you listen to, then?

ROMY: Ben Howard, Laura Marlin, Ed Sheeran ...

JULIAN: Oh.

*Silence.*

BEN: Did you buy her a Chicken Curry Wrap?

ROMY: No thanks, I'm veggie ...

*Silence.*

BEN: What did you talk about?

JULIAN: Not much ...

ROMY: Sara and I are going to the Glastonbury festival<sup>1</sup>. Dad says it's all right as long as there's enough of us. Sara's got a tent we can use. Cool, eh?

JULIAN: You've got to camp?

ROMY: That's right.

JULIAN: In a tent, on a campsite?

ROMY: More of a field, really.

JULIAN: Are there any toilets?

ROMY: Yeah, though I hear they're pretty gross<sup>2</sup>.

JULIAN: What about showers?

ROMY: Don't think so. It's only for three days.

*Silence*

SARA: You must have talked about something...

BEN: You can't have just sat there...

JULIAN: Have you played *Call of Duty*?

ROMY: Not really into it.

JULIAN: What? You must be. Ben and I were up all night a couple of weeks ago, managed to get to prestige four<sup>3</sup>. Awesome!

ROMY: I've never seen the point of computer games.

*Silence.*

SARA: What happened after Starbucks?

*Romy and Julian stand – they're waiting at a bus stop.*

---

<sup>1</sup> jährlich stattfindendes Open-air Musikfestival (vgl. Nova Rock, Electric Love, Frequency, Wiesen)

<sup>2</sup> grauslich, unappetitlich, abstoßend

<sup>3</sup> Spiel-Modus bei *Call of Duty*

ROMY: He walked with me to the bus stop.  
SARA: A real gent!  
BEN: Did you get anywhere<sup>1</sup>?  
JULIAN: Shut it<sup>2</sup>!  
SARA: Did he ... you know!  
ROMY: Don't be daft<sup>3</sup>!  
*Julian tries to kiss Romy, but she looks away and he misses.*  
ROMY: My bus is here.  
JULIAN: See you, then.  
ROMY: Yeah, see you.  
*She gets on the bus and is gone.*  
BEN: Did you fix up another date?  
JULIAN: No. I didn't think I'd bother.  
SARA: Are you seeing him again?  
ROMY: Don't think so!  
JULIAN: Do you think I should?  
BEN: Should what?  
JULIAN: See her again?  
BEN: Do you want to see her again?  
SARA: Do you want to go out with him?  
ROMY: What do you think?  
BEN: Waste of time, if you ask me...  
SARA: Half an hour in Starbucks isn't my idea of fun...  
BEN: Do you really want to go out with a Hipster?  
SARA: I wouldn't be seen dead with a Chav...  
BEN: It wouldn't be cool...  
SARA: He's a total tosser<sup>4</sup> ...  
BEN: Especially if you didn't get anywhere.  
JULIAN: Shut it!  
ROMY: He's not ...!  
JULIAN: It's not like that!  
JULIAN AND ROMY: S/he's really hot!  
BEN AND SARA: Oooo! Sorry! Pardon me for breathing! You asked.  
*Sara and Ben leave.*  
ROMY: Sara's right. I can't go out with someone who dresses like that.  
JULIAN: It could never work out. She likes all that Indie ...  
ROMY: Grime ...  
JULIAN: ... stuff. She knows nothing about ...  
ROMY: Music festivals. Never heard of Panic! at the Disco ...

---

<sup>1</sup> ... ist was gelaufen, hast Du sie rumgekriegt ...

<sup>2</sup> Halt die Klappe!

<sup>3</sup> Spinnst Du?

<sup>4</sup> Selbstdarsteller, der auf aufdringliche bzw. unangenehme Weise angibt

JULIAN: ... DJ's. Never heard the fat beats of Kendrick Lamar! What would we ever talk about?

ROMY: We'd never visit the same clubs.

JULIAN: See the same films.

ROMY: What would be the point?

JULIAN: We've no ...

ROMY: ... common ...

JULIAN: ... ground.

*Music "Teenage Dirtbag" (Wheat) plays gently ...*

JULIAN: Romy, why do I have to fall for you? / Listen to other music, wear something else./

ROMY: Townie, Rude Boy<sup>1</sup>, are names I cannot stand./ Why can't you be yourself, and not a Chav?/ What's in a name? Jeans that are called *Levis*/ with any other label would look neat<sup>2</sup>./

JULIAN: Romy would, whether she wore *Docs* or not, /still be as beautiful. It is not clothes/ that makes her who she is. She is herself!/  
ROMY: It is Julian, a boy, I've fallen for,/ not what he wears, it's something underneath.../

JULIAN: Forget your clothes and I will forget mine./ We'll need no cover if we have each other./

ROMY: I'd Facebook, but Dad checks who I'm friends with./

JULIAN: I'd text her but I didn't get her number./

ROMY: I could write but I don't know his address./

JULIAN: I'd call round<sup>3</sup> if it wasn't for her father./

ROMY AND JULIAN: I'll send a note!

*They produce notes. Sara and Ben enter and the notes are passed in choreographed, though convoluted, fashion, accompanied by scratch&sample rhythms. Julian brings a note downstage and the others leave...*

## Scene 7

JULIAN: I received a note ... (*reading*) Hey Julian, it's Parent's Evening at your school tonight. I'll be in the car park in my father's car. See you then, question mark. Love, Romy. Kiss, kiss ... I don't usually like Parent's Evening, but tonight I'll make an exception.

*Mrs Moore enters.*

MRS MOORE: Which teachers are we here to see? Is that the list?

*Julian puts the note away.*

JULIAN: No. You wanted to talk to the English, Art and History teachers.

---

<sup>1</sup> rude = unverschämt, primitiv; hier aber auch: cool, hip (Doppelbedeutung) --> siehe Worksheet

<sup>2</sup> ... Jeans, auf denen Lewis steht, würden auch mit einem anderen/ohne Label klasse aussehen ...

<sup>3</sup> ... wenn da nicht ihr Vater wäre, würde ich bei ihr vorbei schauen ...

MRS MOORE: That's right. And who is your Maths teacher?

JULIAN: Romy.

MRS MOORE: Mr Romy?

JULIAN: I mean Mr Caple. Why do you want to see him? I'm very good at Maths.

MRS MOORE: I want to thank him. Your work has improved so much recently, he must have something the other teachers haven't.

JULIAN: It's not a good idea. The English, History and Art teachers will spend what little time we have bending your ear<sup>1</sup> on what an illiterate, unpatriotic philistine<sup>2</sup> I am.

*Mr Caple enters.*

JULIAN: But it's too late, along the corridor, armed with a charming smile, comes Mr Caple.

MR CAPLE: Ah, Julian Moore. Into the lion's den<sup>3</sup>, eh, lad? Good evening, you must be Mrs Moore. I'm John Caple, teacher of Maths to this young boy here.

MRS MOORE: I was hoping to see you.

MR CAPLE: Oh dear.

MRS MOORE: To thank you.

MR CAPLE: Really? Parent's evening is usually a night fraught with problems, not one of such grace<sup>4</sup>.

MRS MOORE: What? Oh! Er ... thank you. No. I wanted to thank you because of the improvement in Julian's work. You must have something special.

MR CAPLE: I wonder what that could be, eh, Julian, lad?

*Julian shrugs.*

MR CAPLE: No, the truth of it is, this young boy (*he ruffles Julian's hair*) is actually very bright. He's got a fine brain. He likes Mathematics and so applies himself<sup>5</sup>. With maturity<sup>6</sup>, which we expect to arrive any moment now, he'll settle down and catch up<sup>7</sup> in the areas in which he is currently lacking

...

*Mr Caple and Mrs Moore continue talking, although we cannot hear them ...*

JULIAN: He calls me a boy and says I'm immature,/ ruffles my hair and treats me like a child./ If he knew how I felt about his daughter,/ he'd see me in a different light, I'm sure./

*Mr Caple laughs.*

JULIAN: What's going on? It's as if I'm not here./ My mother's blushing, standing awkwardly<sup>8</sup>./ He's oozing charm<sup>9</sup>, his body says it all./

---

<sup>1</sup> ... die Ohren voll jammern ...

<sup>2</sup> ... unpatriotischer, ungebildeter Kulturbanause ...

<sup>3</sup> ... in der Höhle des Löwen, nicht wahr ... (jovial, leicht herablassend)

<sup>4</sup> Elternabend ist üblicherweise eher angespannt und nervenaufreibend, nicht so erfreulich ... /

<sup>5</sup> ... und deshalb strengt er sich auch an ...

<sup>6</sup> ... mit etwas Reife (die sich demnächst einstellen sollte) ...

<sup>7</sup> ... sich zusammenreißen/bemühen (eig.:beruhigen) und aufholen, sich verbessern ...

<sup>8</sup> Meine Mutter wird rot und steht verlegen da ...

<sup>9</sup> Er trieft nur so vor Charme, seine Körpersprache ist eindeutig ...

*Mrs Moore laughs.*

JULIAN: They're on the pull<sup>1</sup>! They can't be. OMG!/ She's old and faded, like a pair of jeans./ He's square as graphs and dull as averages<sup>2</sup>./ They can't be serious! That's all I need./

MRS MOORE: I've really enjoyed talking to you but I must see Julian's English teacher.

MR CAPLE: I shall show you the way. I'm going in that direction, myself.

MRS MOORE: That's very kind of you.

MR CAPLE: The pleasure's mine, I assure you<sup>3</sup>.

*Mrs Moore and Mr Caple leave.*

JULIAN: Now's my chance. I don't think they'll notice I'm not following.  
*Julian leaves.*

### **Scene 8**

*Music: "Smells Like Teen Spirit" (Nirvana)*

*Romy enters. She brings two chairs down to make a car. She sits in the passenger seat, listening to the music and then turns the car music player down...*

ROMY: I hope he got my note. What if he's changed his mind and doesn't want to see me? Of course he'll come! How can he not want to see me? He'll be here. Don't worry. He'd better hurry; Parent's Evening finishes in twenty minutes. He's leaving it a bit late. He didn't get my note. Or he did and he doesn't want to see me. Romy, you idiot!

*She turns the music up full blast. Listens to it for a moment and then begins to dance in her seat, letting herself be taken by the music. Julian appears, searches the car park, notices Romy and moves carefully towards her. She doesn't know he's there and continues with her head-banging ... He watches her, bemused, for a moment before tapping on the glass. She sees him, composes herself and turns off the music.*

ROMY: Oh, hi. I didn't think you were coming. I was just ...

JULIAN: What? I can't hear you.

ROMY: What did you say?

JULIAN: Sorry, I didn't ...?

ROMY: I can't hear you ...

JULIAN: Open the window.

ROMY: What?

*Julian motions to her to wind the window down.*

---

<sup>1</sup> ... die flirten ja ... (einen Aufriss machen')

<sup>2</sup> ... er hat Ecken und Kanten und ist ein langweiliger Durchschnittstyp ...

<sup>3</sup> Die Freude ist ganz meinerseits, das kann ich Ihnen versichern ...

ROMY: Oh!

*She winds down the car window.*

ROMY: Sorry. I – I didn't think you were coming. I was just listening to...

JULIAN: I heard it. From the science block.

ROMY: Was it loud? Do you want to get in?

JULIAN: Better not.

ROMY: Why?

JULIAN: It's your Dad's car. He's a teacher. My teacher.

ROMY: Right.

*She gets out. Their closeness makes them feel awkward.*

ROMY: Hi.

JULIAN: Hello.

ROMY: Have you seen my father, then?

JULIAN: He and my mother were trying to pull each other when I left.

ROMY: No!

JULIAN: They were taking more than a healthy interest in one another.

ROMY: Like mother like son<sup>1</sup>? Or does the way I dress still upset you?

JULIAN: It's not the way you dress that interests me, Romy, it's you.

ROMY: This is me; what I wear, the music I listen to, the films I like to watch.

This is the kind of person I am. Why do you wear clothes like that?

JULIAN: This is how I want to be seen. What's wrong with them?

ROMY: Everything's brand-new. Nothing out of place.

JULIAN: I want to be brand-new, with nothing out of place, sharp focused, on the ball<sup>2</sup>. Image is important. What you see is what you get; clean, neat, precise, fast, sharp, cool...

ROMY: And is that how you feel inside?

JULIAN: Yes.

ROMY: Not the riot of confusion<sup>3</sup> that the rest of us are.

JULIAN: Hey, you have to be a step ahead of the crowd<sup>4</sup>.

ROMY: You are the crowd. You all look alike. Let me guess; you like football; Cristiano Ronaldo is God. You listen to Drake, club music, drink Bud<sup>5</sup>, and Snapchatting obscene selfies<sup>6</sup> is just a joke. In a couple of years you'll go clubbing in Ibiza, drive a Ford Fiesta with the windows blacked out, the mega bass pounding the tarmac<sup>7</sup>, shouting „Phwoaaar!“ at any female between sixteen and thirty. You and a million others.

JULIAN: Clanship. Brotherhood. Tribal belonging<sup>1</sup>. We all want to belong.

---

<sup>1</sup> ... wie die Mutter so der Sohn ...

<sup>2</sup> ... alles genau, wo/wie es ein soll, zielgerichtet, immer am Ball ...

<sup>3</sup> ... nicht so ein wirres Durcheinander wie wir alle ...

<sup>4</sup> Tja, man muss der Masse einen Schritt voraus sein (sich von der Masse abheben)

<sup>5</sup> Budweiser (Lager)

<sup>6</sup> ... ordinäre Selfies/Videos auf Snapchat posten ...

<sup>7</sup> ... der Megabass bringt den Straßenbelag zum Vibrieren ...

ROMY: Perhaps you're afraid of being a step behind the crowd.

JULIAN: Perhaps I like the clothes I wear. And everything else that goes with it.

It doesn't mean I'm the same as they are. You don't think so, otherwise you wouldn't be here now. You're no different yourself.

ROMY: This is individuality. You won't see anyone else dressed like this.

JULIAN: Not exactly, but the style is the same. Let me guess; you buy your clothes from charity shops, read *Buzzfeed*<sup>2</sup>, Youtube Indie bands<sup>3</sup>, meat is murder, Brexit is wrong, the Greens are right and David Bowie's in heaven. You've joined a club.

ROMY: I believe in art, freedom, in not caring about the price but about the value of things that can't carry a price tag. If there's a group of us, then it strengthens the way I feel. You can still be an individual within a group. This is how I feel inside.

JULIAN: We're in different clubs.

ROMY: Does it matter?

JULIAN: A Chav and Hipster going out together?

ROMY: If it's all just image for you, you could change.

JULIAN: If you've discovered your individuality, so could you.

ROMY: Perhaps you'll find the answer in a battle rap<sup>4</sup>, Bro'.

JULIAN: Or maybe it's on *Nevermind*, Dude.

ROMY: Does rap instruct you on how to kiss a girl?

JULIAN: I don't need help with that.

*Julian takes hold of Romy. He is about to kiss her when Mr Caple enters...*

MR CAPLE: There you are.

*Julian and Romy spring apart.*

MR CAPLE: I think your mother will be wondering where you've got to, Julian.

Parent's Evening ended five minutes ago.

JULIAN: Right. Yes, I'd better go. Bye, then.

ROMY: Bye. See you.

*Julian goes. Mr Caple and Romy get in the car. He turns on the radio, we hear "My Generation" (The Who) underscoring the following ... Mr Caple drives the car.*

MR CAPLE: You seem to be close to Julian Moore?

ROMY: Close?

MR CAPLE: From what I saw you couldn't have been any closer.

ROMY: I like him. I like him a lot. Does it matter?

MR CAPLE: I don't mind you having a boyfriend, that's only natural, but there's something about Julian Moore.

ROMY: He's nice, he bright. He's intelligent...

---

<sup>1</sup> Familienbande. Bruderschaft. Zusammengehörigkeitsgefühl (Interessensgemeinschaft)

<sup>2</sup> Website mit Boulevardinhalten, ziemlich links; viel oberflächliche, billige Schmiererei ...

<sup>3</sup> ... hier: auf Youtube anhören/-sehen, bzw. hochladen (to Youtube, Youtubing)

<sup>4</sup> Rap, bei dem ein Gegenüber gedisst, und die eigene Person total überhört wird (angeben)



MR CAPLE: Look at this traffic. Come on hurry up! ... Oh, he's bright enough. His work is quite impressive. It's the way he dresses, the music he listens to, there's something ... dangerous about it. I don't like it. Get a move on, will you!

ROMY: You've got him all wrong. He's just a boy, like any other sixteen year-old. He's gentle.

MR CAPLE: Look at that idiot! I've seen it all before. Once they were called Teddy Boys who became Mods who turned into Skinheads who became Mods again. They rode around on scooters looking for trouble, invading the football terraces. Nowadays they're called Chavs. It's the same blood-line. Next year they'll be called another name, wear different clothes. That's right! Cut me up! But it's all the same. Gum-chewing insolence<sup>1</sup> with two fingers stuck up at society. That front, that cool, is undercut with violence<sup>2</sup>. Get out of the bloody way! Squeaky clean neatness<sup>3</sup> listening to dead rappers chanting out their sexist and racist views. How much road do you need, for God's sake? Playing war games on *XBox*. It's offensive<sup>4</sup>. He's driving like a maniac! I'm not saying that Julian Moore is any of those things – but he wears the uniform. He's a card-carrying member of the party<sup>5</sup>.

ROMY: That was you! You rode a scooter, wore a Parka when you were young, you've told me. I've seen the photos!

MR CAPLE: Yes. And that's how I know. Come on before it turns red! That's how I know what certain young men can be like. Signal, why don't you?

ROMY: You don't know what Julian is like. You can't judge him by the clothes he wears.

MR CAPLE: Christ! Who's parked just there? I judge him by the impression he makes.

*The journey is over, the music stops.*

ROMY: It's only image. We dress up for fun. It's not real.

MR CAPLE: It depends on what your idea of fun is. As you point out – I used to be like Julian. I know the type of fun he's after.

ROMY: And what about me? You often tell me that I look scruffy, a mess, that I'm dressed like a tart<sup>6</sup>. Is that what you think of me?

MR CAPLE: Of course not! That's different. I know what you're really like.

ROMY: Are you telling me I can't go out with him?

MR CAPLE: I'm advising you not to see him. He's ... not really suitable<sup>7</sup>.

ROMY: It's all right for you to flirt with his mother!

---

<sup>1</sup> ... kaugummi-kauend und unverschämt, auf die Gesellschaft pfeifend ...

<sup>2</sup> ... nach außen cool, aber hintergründig gewaltbereit ...

<sup>3</sup> ... geschniegelt und gekämmt ...

<sup>4</sup> herausfordernd, beleidigend

<sup>5</sup> ... er gehört zu der Gruppe (sozus. ein Mitglied des Vereins) ...

<sup>6</sup> ... du erzählst mir immer, dass ich ungepflegt aussehe, dass ich wie eine Schlampe daherkomme ...

<sup>7</sup> ... er ist nicht passend für dich ...

MR CAPLE: Wherever did you get such an idea?

ROMY: Julian told me. I never thought you could be so shallow-minded<sup>1</sup>!

MR CAPLE: There's no need to get upset, Romy. As a parent, it's important to offer guidance<sup>2</sup> ...

*They're getting out of the car ...*

ROMY: As long as the guidance isn't hypocritical<sup>3</sup>!

MR CAPLE: That's enough! I don't want you to see him again. Do you hear?

*Romy runs off.*

MR CAPLE: Romy? Romy!

*Mr Caple follows.*

## **Scene 9**

*Julian enters.*

JULIAN: So, I had a girlfriend. I walked tall<sup>4</sup>. Felt proud. I wasted no time in telling my mates all about her. Romy, her name is, sixteen, bright as a button, beautiful<sup>5</sup>. I didn't tell them that she was a Hipster. Or that she was the Maths teacher's daughter. Some things you keep to yourself. But I liked the sound of it: my girlfriend. I'm going out with Romy, I'm seeing Romy, Romy and I; we're an item<sup>6</sup>. Though it wore a bit thin when this girlfriend of mine never materialised<sup>7</sup>. An invisible girlfriend. After Parent's Evening Romy didn't phone, text, *Facebook*, *Tweet*, *Snapchat*, *WhatsApp* or *Instagram*. And she didn't reply to any of mine. I thought I'd risk it – go round and call at her house. So, here I am at the bus stop, wearing my best gear, an extra splash of Lynx, smelling lush<sup>8</sup>. Excited by the prospect<sup>9</sup>, imagining how thrilled she'll be when she opens the door and finds me on the doorstep...

*Sara enters, she is followed by a boy, Al, dressed in skinny jeans, tight-fitting suit jacket, shades ... they stand at the bus stop, next to Julian. Both get out their phones and begin swiping the screens. Sara recognises Julian.*

SARA: All right?

*Julian nods.*

SARA: It's Julian, isn't it?

JULIAN: Yeah. You're Sara, Romy's friend?

---

<sup>1</sup> oberflächlich

<sup>2</sup> ... als Elternteil ist es Pflicht, Ratschläge zu geben (eig.: Führung) ...

<sup>3</sup> ... so lange die Ratschläge nicht heuchlerisch, scheinheilig sind ...

<sup>4</sup> mit erhobenem Haupt, aufrecht

<sup>5</sup> ... Sie heißt Romy, ist 16, blitzgescheit und aufgeweckt, sieht gut aus ...

<sup>6</sup> ... Romy und ich, wir sind zusammen ...

<sup>7</sup> ... es wurde allerdings ein bisschen fadenscheinig, als diese Freundin nie auftauchte (mitkam) ...

<sup>8</sup> fein, luxuriös

<sup>9</sup> aufgeregt, nervös im Hinblick auf ...

SARA: Yeah. Shame about you and Romy.

JULIAN: Is it?

SARA: Her Dad's really got it in for you<sup>1</sup>.

JULIAN: Has he?

SARA: Hasn't Romy told you?

JULIAN: Not ... totally.

SARA: You know, she's not allowed to see you again, it's because her Dad thinks you're trouble, a violent, nasty piece of work<sup>2</sup>.

AL: You wouldn't think he had it in him.

*Al and Sara laugh.*

SARA: This is Al, by the way. My boyfriend.

*Julian nods at Al but there's no response.*

SARA: Didn't you know?

JULIAN: Er ... yeah, of course.

SARA: You look surprised.

AL: That's just his mean and dangerous look!

JULIAN: I'm ... no ... it's cool.

SARA: So, where are you going?

JULIAN: Oh... nowhere...

AL: Typical loser ... going nowhere.

JULIAN: Sorry?

AL: Don't be.

JULIAN: Smart arse.

AL: Not as smart as you, Rude Boy. Off to a fancy dress party?

*Julian turns to face Al.*

AL: Hey, chill. You don't want your *New Era* peak to curl up<sup>3</sup>.

SARA: Any messages?

JULIAN: Eh?

SARA: For Romy. I've passed on so many notes recently ... Like, what's wrong with texting? It's what your thumbs are for ...

AL: Ah ... romantic. He can't be all attitude<sup>4</sup> if he's got time to write love letters.

Dear Joni!

JULIAN: Romy!

AL: It must be love!

JULIAN: Shut it!

AL: Down, tiger. Joni's Dad has summed you up right<sup>5</sup>.

SARA: So what bus are you catching if you're not going anywhere?

---

<sup>1</sup> ... ihr Vater hat wirklich was gegen dich ...

<sup>2</sup> ... weil er meint, du bist gewalttätig und ein übler Mistkerl ...

<sup>3</sup> ... sonst dreht sich dein *New Era* Mützenschirm noch auf ... (Hersteller von Baseball-Kappen)

<sup>4</sup> ... er kann ja nicht nur aggressiv sein ... (attitude: Einstellung, Haltung)

<sup>5</sup> Platz! Sitz! Ihr Vater hat dich schon richtig eingeschätzt ...

JULIAN: I ...

SARA: You're going to Romy's! What are you going to do, climb into her back garden again?

AL: What's this?

SARA: He broke into Romy's garden. Threw stones at her Dad's bedroom window!

AL: No wonder her old man's gone off him. Rule one, Julie, be polite to your girlfriend's parents. Do they teach you nothing at your school?

JULIAN: I think I'll ... catch a later bus.

AL: Back to the garage to scratch vinyl<sup>1</sup>?

JULIAN: See you around.

*Al trips Julian as he goes.*

AL: Don't get those shiny new trainers all mucky<sup>2</sup>, Rude Boy!

JULIAN: They're dirty enough from standing next to you.

*Julian and Al get up close to each other.*

AL: They'll be filthier still if you don't watch your mouth.

JULIAN: You think so?

AL: Anytime, Julie, anytime.

JULIAN: *(To the audience)* All right, I shouldn't have done it. I know I shouldn't have done it. Later, the police called it an unprovoked attack<sup>3</sup>, me; a vicious young thug<sup>4</sup>. But I was provoked. They were laughing at me because of what I wear, the things I like. He was challenging me. But even so I could ... I should have walked away. But I felt the injustice; Romy's father wouldn't let us see each other again, he'd poisoned her against me. All that I felt for Mr Caple I transferred to this Al and his Cheshire cat grin<sup>5</sup>. So when he said...

AL: Pluck, pluck, pluck! The Chav is a chicken!

JULIAN: I let him have it<sup>6</sup> ...

*Julian pushes Al. Al pushes him back. Sarah is working her phone ...*

SARA: No. Hang on. Wait ...!

*Julian head-butts Al and he goes down.*

JULIAN: I should have left it there. He was on the ground ...

*Al, still on the ground, has pulled out a knife. Sara has her phone up and is filming ...*

AL: Oi! Chav!

JULIAN: But when I saw the knife I wanted to show them I wasn't scared.

Truth be told – it wasn't Al I had on the ground. What I didn't see was that Sara was recording it ...

---

<sup>1</sup> In die Garage, Platten auflegen (Scratch&Sample)?

<sup>2</sup> Pass auf, dass deine schönen neuen Schuhe nicht schmutzig werden ...

<sup>3</sup> ... die Polizei bezeichnete es als unmotivierten tätlichen Angriff ...

<sup>4</sup> ... und mich als böartigen (hinterhältigen) jungen Gewalttäter ...

<sup>5</sup> über beide Ohren grinsend (ein Grinsekatz-Lächeln -->Figur aus 'Alice in Wonderland')

<sup>6</sup> ... da hab ich es ihm gegeben (da hab ich ihm eine rein gehaut)

*Julian gives Al a hard kick as he struggles to his feet. He goes down again, losing the knife. Julian and Sara are face to face, with her iphone between them. She stops filming, then presses another button before turning to help Al.*

SARA: Loser.

JULIAN: Sara streamed it on Facebook. Then it went viral on Youtube. The whole world watched it, my whole world – Romy. From the angle Sara had filmed it you couldn't see the knife, just me sticking the boot in, angry face, yelling<sup>1</sup>. If Romy hadn't believed her father before, she would now.

*Sara helps Al up and they go.*

*Music: "My Mistakes" (Wiley)*

## *Scene 10*

JULIAN: The police were called. The knife had disappeared by then. Al had bruises but no real damage. I was given a caution and a police record<sup>2</sup>. After seeing the Youtube clip, school suspended me for a week. Mum was ... furious. She grounded me for six months<sup>3</sup>, took my smartphone away and I wasn't allowed online at home. I couldn't see my friends, I couldn't see Romy, though I don't suppose she wanted to see me. It was cruel, you know, not having my phone – that's where my music is. Whenever I'm down I listen to music and ... it helps. I listen to Wiley. He's the one I rely on most to get me through the dark times. Wiley – he's a legend, he's my hero. He raps about everything that's important and he keeps it real<sup>4</sup>. He makes sense of the world. I knew he'd have something to say about what I was going through, but I had no access to him. But then I had a bright idea – I used Ben's phone at school and I tweeted him. And you know what? He replied! Can you believe it? The main man actually reached out to a suffering fan<sup>5</sup>. He didn't say much, though, he just tweeted "Sorry you have beef, bro<sup>6</sup>. Chill. You'll find another honey." But I didn't want another honey, I wanted Romy. I was relying on this guy to give me answers. I heard he was gigging at the Brixton Academy, so I decided to bunk off school<sup>7</sup> and pay him a visit. I took the train to London, a short ride, and found myself in Brixton. Blagging my way past Stage Door I arrived backstage<sup>8</sup> ...

*A woman appears holding three smart phones – she's preoccupied working all of them. She's dressed simply, wears spectacles.*

---

<sup>1</sup> ... nur mich, als ich schreiend und mit wutverzerrtem Gesicht nachgetreten habe ...

<sup>2</sup> ... ich habe eine Verwarnung und eine Eintragung ins Vorstrafenregister ausgefasst ...

<sup>3</sup> ... ich bekam ein halbes Jahr Hausarrest ...

<sup>4</sup> ... und er bleibt sich treu (bleibt immer er selbst) ...

<sup>5</sup> Der Typ ist echt auf einen Fan, dem's nicht gut geht, zugegangen.

<sup>6</sup> ... tut mir leid, dass es Brösel gibt/du Troubles hast, Alter ...

<sup>7</sup> die Schule schwänzen

<sup>8</sup> ... ich habe irgendeinen Mist erzählt und mich durch den Bühneneingang geschwindelt ...

WOMAN: Leave them over there. Don't know who ordered them. Do I need to sign?

JULIAN: Sorry?

WOMAN: Stage door said a pizza man was here.

JULIAN: I've come to see Wiley.

WOMAN: We'd all like to see him. He should have been here an hour ago.

JULIAN: I'll wait.

*She stops working the phones and looks at Julian.*

WOMAN: Where's your backstage pass?

JULIAN: It's important.

WOMAN: I'm calling security.

JULIAN: Wiley is the only person who can help me. Please.

WOMAN: What's it to do with?

JULIAN: Who are you?

WOMAN: Tell me what it's about and I'll see if he can help.

JULIAN: But...

WOMAN: It's either that or you leave.

JULIAN: I'm a massive fan. I listen to him all the time. He puts into words some of the things I think and can't express ...

WOMAN: Get to the point.

JULIAN: I tweeted him, about a girl. Her father doesn't want her to see me. I got into trouble with the police ...

WOMAN: @CoolJules, right? I remember your tweet. And?

JULIAN: I know there's way out of all this. But all Wiley told me was to forget it.

WOMAN: Well, there's your answer.

JULIAN: He must have more advice than that.

WOMAN: Wiley's a rapper, not a psychologist. You've been given an opinion. I'm sorry if it disappoints you. Look, you're not going to get anywhere with this girl. Forget her. I'm sure it's hard to believe but there will be other girls. *She's walking him to the exit.*

JULIAN: There's got to be more than that! If Wiley took the trouble of showing you my tweet<sup>1</sup> ...

*She laughs ...*

WOMAN: Oh, kid, get real! Wiley hasn't read your tweet.

JULIAN: But, he replied!

WOMAN: I replied. I read your tweet and I replied. I'm his PR Manager, I look after all his social media. It's my job to make sure he's got lots of followers, lots of likes, that the Youtube channel is getting thousands of views ...

JULIAN: Wiley wouldn't let someone else speak for him?

*She looks at the smartphones and holds one up.*

WOMAN: Since we've been talking there's been forty-seven tweets or retweets

---

<sup>1</sup> Immerhin hat er Ihnen meinen Tweet gezeigt (... sich die Mühe gemacht ...)

to or about Wiley. (*She holds up a second phone*) Twenty-five new Facebook messages and ... (*She looks at the third phone*) Damn! Dead! Needs charging – who knows what’s happening on Instagram. Wiley’s too busy making the music you like to deal with all this stuff. So when it comes to social media, kid, I am Wiley!

JULIAN: You’re a woman!

WOMAN: Yes.

JULIAN: And...

WOMAN: Use the word old and you’re out that door.

JULIAN: But it’s grime, it’s urban, it’s gangsta<sup>1</sup>.

WOMAN: When you listen to the music – that’s Wiley. Anything else – Facebook, Twitter, newspaper articles, website – that’s me!

JULIAN: That’s wrong.

WOMAN: That’s reality. It’s all about brand – brand Wiley. Everything that is said by, or on behalf of<sup>2</sup>, or about Wiley has to fit with the brand. And I make sure it does. That way we can fulfil your expectations so that you hit all the different “like” buttons, visit the website, Youtube and, ultimately, buy the product...

JULIAN: Product?

WOMAN: The music, lad! Whether by download, CD, vinyl, we don’t mind. Of course, we are also monetising through all the different social networks<sup>3</sup> – each and every hit: kerching<sup>4</sup>! We’re lean and mean<sup>5</sup> and we know what we’re doing. So believe me when I tell you – forget the girl and move on.

JULIAN: I’m an idiot! I’ve been conned<sup>6</sup>. You’re telling me that Wiley’s music is nothing more than a money-making exercise!

WOMAN: Whoa! I never said that. I don’t have to be a fan to know the music is good. It’s the beating heart of all we do, it’s why we’re successful. Life can be painful at times, as you well know, and music, art, theatre, cinema, books, they get us through the night. But the spin-offs<sup>7</sup> – the tee-shirts, posters, video clips, blogs, hairstyles – let’s call it fashion – that’s for fun. It’s decoration, bubble gum. But it’s not important. Twenty years from now when your kids see a photo of you dressed like that they’ll laugh and so will you. But you’ll still be listening to the Wiley classics.

*Julian removes his baseball cap and looks at it.*

JULIAN: What’s the point in liking all this stuff if it’s not for real?

---

<sup>1</sup> Kultur-/Stylerichtungen (siehe Worksheet)

<sup>2</sup> an Stelle von, in seinem Namen

<sup>3</sup> ... natürlich machen wir auch Kohle mit Hilfe aller sozialer Netzwerke ...

<sup>4</sup> ... bei jedem Hit klingelt die Kassa ... (vgl. Geräusch einer sich öffnenden Kassalade)

<sup>5</sup> vgl. *quick and dirty*, d.h. jede Kleinigkeit zu Geld machen und dabei das Maximum rausholen

<sup>6</sup> ... und ich hab das alles geglaubt ... (ich wurde reingelegt/da bin ich eingefahren)

<sup>7</sup> Nebenprodukte, Merchandise/Fan-Artikel

WOMAN: You like it, that's the point. It's a lot of fun, so go for it. But how you look on the outside isn't the real you on the inside; I see a kid who's confused, if you've a younger brother he'll see you as a hero.

What makes you who you are is how you deal with life. (*She checks the phones*) Hey, the tweets are growing and you really have to get out of here.

My advice to you is still the same: you'll get over her, eventually.

JULIAN: Yeah, thanks ...

*He turns to go.*

WOMAN: Hey, CoolJules, you want a ticket for tonight?

JULIAN: No, I'll give it a miss, but thanks anyway.

*The woman watches Julian go and then leaves.*

### **Scene 11**

*Romy enters followed by Ben, he's trying to catch up with her, but she's not waiting for him.*

BEN: Hey! Hang on. Wait, will you. It's me, Ben.

*Romy stops.*

ROMY: I thought you were someone else. Do I know you?

BEN: A friend of mine knows Sara's sister. I saw you when you did your school play.

ROMY: You crashed the party afterwards.

BEN: Sara said it'd be all right.

ROMY: What do you want?

BEN: It's about Julian.

ROMY: He sent you?

BEN: No. But I heard what happened, what really happened, from Sara's sister.

ROMY: Oh? What really happened?

BEN: It wasn't like they said on Facebook: vicious young thug attacks innocent bystander<sup>1</sup>.

ROMY: I watched it on Youtube. It certainly looked that way.

BEN: You saw the end of it. According to Sara's sister, Al started it. He and Sara were goading<sup>2</sup> Julian about your Dad not letting you see him. Al tripped him up, threatened him, Julian gave it to him, wham.

ROMY: And that makes it all right?

BEN: No. But it doesn't make him a crazed hooligan<sup>3</sup>, either. Stupid, yes, crazed crazed

hooligan, no. And then ... Al pulled a knife on Julian<sup>4</sup>.

---

<sup>1</sup> ... hinterhältiger junger Gewalttäter fällt über unbeteiligten Passanten her ...

<sup>2</sup> sekkieren, provozieren, herausfordern

<sup>3</sup> ... er ist aber auch kein verrückter, wildgewordener Halbstarker/Randalierer

<sup>4</sup> Al hat ein Messer gezückt ... (ihn mit einem Messer bedroht)



ROMY: I didn't see a knife, I only saw Julian ...

BEN: Yeah. That's because Sara filmed it from behind Al. And she's his girlfriend and she isn't going to make Al look like the villain, is she?

ROMY: Why are you telling me this?

BEN: Thought you'd like to know the truth. So you can make up your own mind. See Julian how he really is. He had a choice; he could fight back or walk away.

OK, he made the wrong decision, but there were reasons.

ROMY: He doesn't know you're here?

BEN: He'd kill me if he knew. Not really. Vicious unprovoked attack is more his style. I know how he feels about you and ... it's just not fair. It was a great party, by the way, till your Dad threw me out. Bye.

ROMY: Ben. Thanks.

*Ben goes.*

*Music: "A 1000 Times" (Hamilton Leithauser + Rostram.)*

*Romy listens to the opening before she goes.*

## **Scene 12**

*Julian appears. He is wearing his school uniform. He carries a hold-all.*

JULIAN: It's night. Early morning. The wee small hours<sup>1</sup>./ The whole town sleeps, except for me. I am/ dressed as a school boy, in my uniform,/ for this is all I know I really am;/ sixteen years old, a boy and still at school./ This bag contains the Julian that was,/ all of my favourite clothes. I've shed a skin<sup>2</sup>,/ hoping to find a better one beneath.

*Julian takes the clothes out of the bag and lays them on the ground as if laying out a dead body: trainers, jeans, hoodie, baseball cap.*

JULIAN: I'll lay him out beneath Romy's window./ When she wakes up she'll see that he has gone,/ this Chav, this Rude Boy that upset her so./ This is my only way to say goodbye./

*Julian leaves. Romy enters in her dressing gown with a bundle of clothes. She looks for Julian but can't find him.*

ROMY: Julian – are you there? Oh, no, he's gone./ These empty clothes are not the real you,/ I'd rather they were full. But still, to keep/ them company I'll add some of my own.

*Romy lays her clothes down next to Julian. Julian enters at the back, but she doesn't see him.*

ROMY: So lay there for the wind and rain to spoil,/ the sun to fade<sup>3</sup>. There is no sadder end/ to this tale of Romy and her Julian<sup>1</sup>./

---

<sup>1</sup> ... ganz früh am Morgen ... (knapp nach Mitternacht)

<sup>2</sup> eine Haut abstreifen, sich häuten

<sup>3</sup> 'Auf dass Wind und Regen Euch zerstöre und die Sonne Euch ausbleiche' (Anlehnung an Shakespeare's Sprache)

*Romy goes. Julian comes down to see what she has done. Romy returns. They look at each other for a moment. They kiss. She pushes him away and goes.*

JULIAN: Romy!

*Romy returns, she's holding her phone. She runs to Julian and kisses him.*

ROMY: Please go. You really shouldn't be here./

*Romy kisses him, again.*

MR CAPLE (Off): Romy! What's going on?

ROMY: Go now!

JULIAN: OK./

MR CAPLE (Off): What's all the noise? Who's down there?

ROMY: No, just wait ...!/  
*She hugs him and takes a selfie of them together, with her phone.*

ROMY: I'll WhatsApp this – and let's meet when we can./

JULIAN: Good night then, Romy!

ROMY: Good night, Julian./

*They kiss once more then both go their separate ways.*

***The End***

---

<sup>1</sup> vgl. die Schlussverse von *Romeo und Julia* (siehe Worksheet)

## Quick Comprehension Check

### Scene 1

- Which play did Julian see and which part did Romy play?
- Describe what Julian looks like.
- How does Julian feel about Shakespeare's play?

### Scene 2

- What is the name of Julian's friend?
- Which party are they going to? What for?

### Scene 3

- What is Romy's friend called and what does she think of Julian?
- How does Romy feel about Julian?
- Why does Mr Caple ask Julian to leave the party?

### Scene 4

- After leaving the party, what does Julian tell his mother?
- When is he supposed to be at home?
- What happens when he finds out where Romy lives?
- How does he attract Romy's attention?
- Is Romy pleased to see Julian? What is she telling her father?

### Scene 5

- Does Julian get home in time? What is his excuse?
- How does Mrs Moore feel about Julian's way of dressing and his idea of style?
- What was her style when she was young?

### Scene 6

- Describe how Julian is getting ready for his date with Romy.
- How does he think his mother would like him to dress?
- How does Romy dress for her date with Julian?
- What happens when they meet? What do they talk about?

- After the date, what do they tell their friends?

Romy tells Sara that

.....

Julian tells Ben that

.....

- Are they keeping in touch? How?

### **Scene 7**

- Romy suggests they could meet ... when and where?
- Why does Mrs Moore want to see Julian's Maths teacher at Parent's Evening?
- How does Mr Caple talk to Mrs Moore about Julian?
- What does Julian think is happening between his mother and his teacher?

### **Scene 8**

- What is Romy doing when Julian meets her at the car park?
- What are they talking about?
- What is Julian's self-image?
- How does Romy describe 'the crowd'?
- How does Julian see Romy's 'club'?
- What is Romy's self-image?
- How do you feel about Mr Caple's driving style?
- What does Mr Caple judge Julian by?
- How does Mr Caple react when Romy calls him 'shallow-minded'?

### **Scene 9**

- What does the idea of having a girlfriend do for Julian's self-confidence?
- Where is he going when he comes across Sara and Al?
- What is Sara telling him about Romy?
- Why is he so surprised/confused?
- How are Sara and Al provoking Julian?
- Julian and Al have a fight. What happens at the end?

### **Scene 10**

- What consequences does the fight have for Julian?

- Julian is quite desperate. Who does he turn to for answers? Why?
- Is Julian happy with the advice he gets? Why/why not?
- What is Julian going to London for?
- Who does the Woman work for and what is her job?
- What is the Woman telling Julian about the business of music?
- What, according to her, is life all about?
- How does she explain style, fashion and social media to Julian?
- Did Julian get the answers he was hoping for? Yes/no/maybe?

### Scene 11

- Who tells Romy what really happened with Sara and Al?

### Scene 12

- Julian appears with a bag. What's in it?
- What does Julian do with his 'uniform' clothes?
- Romy puts her clothes next to his. Why?
- What does Romy do at the end of the play?

### What do you think?

- Did you like the play and its two main characters? Why/why not?
- Did you like the way original verses of Shakespeare's play become part of the action going on?
- What did you think about the way the language changes in the play? Did you find the mixture of colloquial 'teen speak' and Shakespeare's 'old language'?

difficult – interesting – unnecessary – unnatural – different – or what?

.....

- Were you familiar with the storyline of 'Romeo and Juliet'? How (i.e. film, play script, song lyrics, ... other ...)?
- Did you expect the play to end the way it does? Why/why not?
- Is there anything you would like to add/say?

*You can find plenty of **exploitation strategies, language activities and vocabulary tasks** in the accompanying **worksheet** (available for **download from [www.schooltours.at](http://www.schooltours.at)** as from September 2017).*