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Playscripts, Inc.
P.O. Box 237060
New York, NY 10023

Phone/fax: 1-866-NEW-PLAY (639-7529)
Email: questions@playscripts.com
Web: www.playscripts.com

Cast of Characters

CHORUS ONE

CHORUS TWO

POLICE CHIEF, of Verona

MERCUTIO, friend of Romeo

BENVOLIO, cousin of Romeo

GREGORY, Montague crime family

SAMSON, Montague crime family

ABRAHAM, Capulet crime family

MONTAGUE

LADY MONTAGUE

ROMEO, son of Montagues

CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

JULIET, daughter of Capulets

TYBALT, Capulet nephew

NURSE

PARIS, rich man, alleged vampire

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FRIAR JOHN

SERVINGMAN

MESSENGER

POLICE OFFICER

DRUG DEALER

SERVANTS

ROMEO, YOU IDIOT

(ONE-ACT VERSION)

by Tim Kochenderfer

Prologue

(Enter CHORUS ONE and CHORUS TWO.)

CHORUS ONE. Two households, both alike in dignity, in fair Verona where we lay our scene. Households alike in beauty splendor, majesty and wealth. Alike in riches, tradition, and, um, wealth again. But there is one deep difference that divides these two houses. *(Dramatic pause.)* The curtains! One house has blue the other house has white.

CHORUS TWO. That's not the only difference!

CHORUS ONE. Oh yes, thank you for reminding me, Nevil. The landscaping is also different.

CHORUS TWO. No, I'm talking about a bigger difference.

CHORUS ONE. What? Oh right! They hate each other, sorry. Welp, enjoy the play.

CHORUS TWO. What?! You can't just end on that.

CHORUS ONE. Why not?

CHORUS TWO. Because, we're the chorus! We're supposed to set the play up.

CHORUS ONE. What do you know? You're my intern. Keep quiet.

CHORUS TWO. I am not your intern!

CHORUS ONE. Well what do you want me to say?

CHORUS TWO. Tell them about the star-crossed lovers.

CHORUS ONE. I'm not telling them that! That would give away the whole play!

CHORUS TWO. Tell them at least how each lover comes from families that hate each other.

(Pause.)

CHORUS ONE. No.

CHORUS TWO. You're not doing your job. I'm telling the boss.

CHORUS ONE. There is no boss! I'm an independent contractor chorus.

CHORUS TWO. Fine, I'll tell them! The fate of two star-crossed lovers lie in the depths...

CHORUS ONE. *(Interrupts:)* Blah, blah, blah. Ladies and gentlemen, sit back, relax and enjoy this happy-go-lucky story!

CHORUS TWO. It is not happy-go-lucky! You're in so much trouble!

CHORUS ONE. Shut up.

(They exit.)

Scene 1

(Enter GREGORY and SAMSON.)

GREGORY. So the boss says to me, Gregory, I want you to take care of Buglatti. So I go to his house and bring him soup, an ice pack, and Vitamin C drops. Only it turns out the boss wanted me to kill Buglatti. Well now the boss is all mad at me and sends me back out there to do him in, only now Buglatti is ultra healthy because of my good care and he knocks the junk out of me and escapes.

SAMSON. You're an idiot.

GREGORY. How am I an idiot?

SAMSON. You've been with the mob for how long and you still aren't familiar with the terminology?

GREGORY. Why do we even have to have terminology? Why can't we just say, for example, "Let's drown him," instead of, "Let's send him to sleep with the fishes"?

SAMSON. Was that you who locked that Capulet punk in the aquarium instead of taking him out?

(Enter ABRAHAM and SERVANT.)

GREGORY. Speak of Capulet.

ABRAHAM. *(Threatening:)* What's up?

GREGORY. *(Also threatening:)* What's up with you?

ABRAHAM. I asked you first.

SAMSON. You got a problem?

ABRAHAM. You got a problem?

SAMSON. *(Tough:)* Yes, thank you for asking.

ABRAHAM. *(Tough:)* No, thank you.

SAMSON. Oh that does it!

(The four begin to wrestle. Enter BENVOLIO with a gun.)

BENVOLIO. What's going on here? Break it up!

(The four stop fighting.)

GREGORY. Benvolio.

BENVOLIO. You're going to get the family in trouble. Do you want that?

GREGORY. He said "what's up" to me.

ABRAHAM. He asked me if I had a problem.

SAMSON. He thanked me for asking.

BENVOLIO. *(Pause, confused:)* So you had a regular conversation?

GREGORY. Yes, but it was the underlying tones.

ABRAHAM. And things that weren't said in words, but were still said, you know?

BENVOLIO. That police chief is going to crack down on all of us.

(Enter TYBALT with a gun.)

TYBALT. Benvolio! Turn or I'll fill you so full of love...

BENVOLIO. What?!

TYBALT. Lead! I meant lead!

BENVOLIO. I want no trouble Tybalt. I'm heading to the market to buy some peas, then I'm going home.

TYBALT. Peas? I hate the vegetable, as I hate hell, all Montagues, and you.

(TYBALT and BENVOLIO fight. ABRAHAM, his SERVANT, GREGORY, and SAMSON begin to wrestle. Enter CAPULET in his gown with LADY CAPULET, carrying a stack of papers.)

CAPULET. *(To LADY CAPULET:)* The Capulet Ball is tomorrow night and if I don't get this invitation to Jimmy Tight Lips, he's gonna be upset.

LADY CAPULET. Oh, he's not going to say anything.

CAPULET. Of course not, he's Jimmy Tight Lips, but still... *(Notices the ruckus.)* What's going on here? Give me my gun.

LADY CAPULET. What, you need a crutch too? Why do you need a gun? Why can't you fight with your fists?

CAPULET. Guns are more effective.

LADY CAPULET. If you were still a man, your fists would be effective. I want to see you use your fists, just like when we were dating.

CAPULET. That was 45 years ago!

LADY CAPULET. Come on!

CAPULET. I'm too old for fists. Give me my gun!

LADY CAPULET. Now the truth comes out!

(Enter MONTAGUE with LADY MONTAGUE.)

CAPULET. Give me my gun! Old Montague! *(Drops invitations.)*

MONTAGUE. Nice gown, gowny!

CAPULET. Gowny?! Oh that does it!

MONTAGUE. *(To LADY MONTAGUE:)* Give me my gun!

LADY MONTAGUE. What, you think I just carry your gun around with me where ever I go?

(Enter POLICE CHIEF.)

POLICE CHIEF. Alleged mobsters!

(The fighting stops.)

Cease your fighting or face arrest! This is the third street fight I've broken up in five minutes! Five minutes! Now I've been trying to decide what to do with you. I've thought about yelling at you, I've thought about spanking you, I've even thought about building one of you your own city, but none of that will work. So instead, the next fight will result in criminal charges, not to mention the fact that my trigger finger has been itchy lately. Break the peace again and you'll never see these streets again.

CAPULET. He's talking in the same violent, yet vague speech we talk in.

POLICE CHIEF. Old Capulet, you come with me. Montague, I'll talk to you later. The rest of you get out of here!

(All exit except for MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO.)

MONTAGUE. Did you start the fight Benvolio?

BENVOLIO. No sir, I tried to break it up.

MONTAGUE. Did you, Lady Montague?

LADY MONTAGUE. No you idiot, I've been with you the whole time!

MONTAGUE. Oh well, I'll just assume the fight started itself.

LADY MONTAGUE. *(To BENVOLIO:)* Have you seen Romeo today?

BENVOLIO. Earlier. He sat under the weeping willow, braiding a string of buck-eyed beads. He seemed melancholy and as he talked he plucked petals off a daisy.

MONTAGUE. Oh great, he's turning into a girl!

LADY MONTAGUE. He is not! That's what people do when they're melancholy.

MONTAGUE. You know what I do when I'm melancholy? I eat until I can't think anymore.

LADY MONTAGUE. Do you think he's okay?

BENVOLIO. In a word, yes. In two words, no way.

(Enter ROMEO.)

Here he comes. I'll have a talk with him.

LADY MONTAGUE. We'll leave you alone.

MONTAGUE. You tell him not to let anyone see him doing that braiding crap.

(They exit.)

BENVOLIO. What's up cousin?

ROMEO. Nothing is up, everything is down, down on top of me. For my love borrows but she doesn't give back. She absorbs my love until I am dry. One kiss would replenish me, instead tears stream down my face, but are not wet.

(Pause.)

BENVOLIO. What?! Snap out of it man! And don't you ever, ever recite your homemade poems to me again! Man! I feel all uncomfortable now!

ROMEO. It's not a poem dude, it's a rap song.

BENVOLIO. Well it sucks! Why don't you tell me what's the matter.

ROMEO. You know that Rosaline girl? We've been talking right, so I ask her out and she tells me she'll think about it. So I ask her the next day, and she says she's still thinking. So finally I called her and asked her to go out with me that night and she says she can't because she's thinking about going out with me!

BENVOLIO. Dude, just forget about her.

ROMEO. How am I supposed to forget about her? She is in my mind, like the ability to walk. Do you expect me to forget how to walk?

BENVOLIO. The drunk man can forget how to walk.

ROMEO. That's it! I'll take up drinking. Good thinking, I say winking!

BENVOLIO. No you rhyming fool. I'm saying things can be distracted, or drowned out with other beauties. Like those flowers for example.

ROMEO. Flowers make me nauseous when I compare them to Rosaline.

BENVOLIO. *(Glances down and picks up papers on the ground:)* Hello, what's this? *(Reads:)* Mister Corleone, his wife and kids. Senior Untouchable. Uncle Capulet. Fat Tony. Jimmy Tight Lips. Fredo. Rosaline. The Professor and Mary Ann. Hey, these are invitations to the Capulet Ball.

ROMEO. Capulet must have mistook the ground for a mailbox.

BENVOLIO. Dude, were you even listening to what I read? Rosaline's going to be there. This is your big chance!

ROMEO. To win her love?

BENVOLIO. No, to let her see what she's missing. I say we go to that ball and you bust moves like they've never been busted before. I want you to be more than a dancing machine, I want you to be an entire dance factory!

ROMEO. How about I just declare my love for her instead.

BENVOLIO. Dance factory, dude.

ROMEO. Fine!

(They exit.)

Scene 2

(Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.)

LADY CAPULET. Nurse, call my daughter.

NURSE. She's just outside the door if you want to call her yourself.

LADY CAPULET. No I don't. I didn't become the wife of a rich mobster to have to call my own daughter!

(Enter JULIET.)

JULIET. What do you want, Mother? I can hear you.

LADY CAPULET. No, go back out and come back when the Nurse calls you!

JULIET. What?

LADY CAPULET. Do as I say!

(JULIET leaves.)

Now do your job!

NURSE. Fine! *(Half-heartedly:)* Juliet.

(Enter JULIET.)

JULIET. What Mother?

LADY CAPULET. No, you ask the Nurse what and then she tells you that I called for you!

JULIET. She's right there! You're right here. I already know you want me so what do you want?

LADY CAPULET. No, leave and come back in when you're called.

JULIET. Fine!

(Exit JULIET.)

NURSE. Juliet.

(Enter JULIET.)

JULIET. Yes Nurse?

NURSE. Your mother calls for you.

JULIET. What is it Mother?

LADY CAPULET. Good news Juliet, you're getting married!

JULIET. What?!

LADY CAPULET. Do you know Count Paris?

JULIET. No.

LADY CAPULET. Good news, you're marrying him.

JULIET. What?! What are you talking about?!

LADY CAPULET. Your father and I have arranged a little wedding for the both of you. Oh, you're going to love him, sweetheart! Count Paris possesses wealth untold!

JULIET. Wait, did you say count?

LADY CAPULET. Yes.

JULIET. Oh my gosh, I can't believe you're trying to hook me up with a vampire!

LADY CAPULET. Count Paris is not a vampire.

JULIET. Every count I've ever heard of is a vampire. Count Dracula, Count Chocula, Count Von Count. Remember that count that tried to attack me?

LADY CAPULET. You kept poking him with a stick! Not all counts are vampires dear.

JULIET. Name one count that's not.

LADY CAPULET. Count Paris.

JULIET. He doesn't count.

LADY CAPULET. Oh, he counts.

JULIET. Don't count on it.

LADY CAPULET. Who's counting?

JULIET. Someone who counts.

LADY CAPULET. What are we talking about again?!

JULIET. I don't know!

LADY CAPULET. That reminds me, Count Paris will be at the Capulet Ball tonight. Do you want to marry him tonight or later?

JULIET. I don't want to marry him at all!

LADY CAPULET. You'll do as this family says!

JULIET. Fine, but when I'm trying to constantly suck your blood and can't be exposed to sunlight, don't get mad at me!

LADY CAPULET. I'll get mad at you whenever I want and if that count doesn't like it, well he can shove it!

NURSE. Perhaps we need to take time to think this through.

LADY CAPULET. Perhaps we all need to shut up, "we all" meaning you Nurse! You're marrying Count Chocula and that's final!

(LADY CAPULET storms out, then storms back in.)

Paris, I meant Count Paris.

(She storms out.)

Scene 3

(Enter ROMEO, BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.)

BENVOLIO. Do you have your dance moves down?

ROMEO. No! I'm not going to try and steal the dance floor for the last time!

MERCUTIO. We're lucky this is a costume party or there would be major problems tonight. Tell me what you think of my mask.

(MERCUTIO puts on a monster mask.)

BENVOLIO. Mercutio, you idiot. Why did you bring a monster mask? No girls are going to want to dance with you.

MERCUTIO. Well what sort of mask was I supposed to bring?

ROMEO. A normal one, like this.

(ROMEO puts on a mask that just covers his eyes.)

MERCUTIO. Dudes, you don't understand women. They're attracted to what they're afraid of. Monsters, growing old, everything.

BENVOLIO. You're an idiot.

ROMEO. I will confront Rosaline for the last time. She better be in the corner thinking about going out with me and not dancing. Unless of course it's some sort of dance that will help her decide to go out with me.

MERCUTIO. That's the spirit.

BENVOLIO. It's a good thing we have these masks or they'd shoot us the second we stepped in.

ROMEO. Actually, I did have an ominous dream last night.

BENVOLIO. As did I.

ROMEO. You did?!

BENVOLIO. Yes. But then again, I had an ominous dream the night before that about yesterday and another ominous dream about the day before yesterday the night before that, so I'm not worried.

MERCUTIO. Dreams? Dreams? They mean nothing. Delivered to us nightly on angel's wings to ease the devil's horns that pierce our minds, to soothe the violent day, and make wrong things fine.

(There is a pause.)

BENVOLIO. Look you, I'm going to tell you the same thing I told Romeo! No trying out your poetry on me! Got that?! I hate that!

MERCUTIO. Geez, sorry man!

BENVOLIO. Now come on, we're almost there!

(Enter CAPULET, his household, his guests dressed in masks.)

CAPULET. Welcome gentlemen, to the Capulet ball.
Drink, dance, be merry, fun for one and all.

It's the greatest party, and I boast her.
See to it you don't set your drinks down without a coaster.

ROMEO. We won't sir.

CAPULET. Nice costumes. Look, a monster. How cute.

MERCUTIO. Uh, thank you sir.

CAPULET. Well have fun boys.

(CAPULET goes and mingles in the crowd.)

BENVOLIO. Well, do you see her?

(ROMEO looks around, then catches sight of JULIET.)

ROMEO. Who is that?

MERCUTIO. Who?

ROMEO. Up ahead. Her face is like starlight. Bright, distinctive, and far away. Her hair flows like a butterfly. Beautiful, majestic, and hard to catch. Her lips are like a camel...

BENVOLIO. Oh come on! How are her lips like a camel?

ROMEO. Soft, sweet, and slobbery.

MERCUTIO. Go talk to her, dude.

(SERVINGMAN walks by.)

ROMEO. You, servingman, who's that girl up ahead? What's her name? Where is she from? Does she have a boyfriend?

SERVINGMAN. *(Sarcastic:)* Yeah, well hey, I'm her biographer so let me just go check my notes, I'll be right back.

ROMEO. Hurry lad.

(Pause.)

SERVINGMAN. I was being sarcastic.

ROMEO. There will be plenty of time for you to be sarcastic after you get back with those notes. Hurry back.

SERVINGMAN. No, you don't understand, there are no notes.

ROMEO. Then why did you tell me there were?

SERVINGMAN. Because I was being sarcastic.

ROMEO. Well you can continue being sarcastic after you get me those notes. Hurry back.

SERVINGMAN. You don't understand!

ROMEO. Notes! Now, or I'll cut you from end to end.

(TYBALT overhears as he stands with ABRAHAM.)

TYBALT. I recognize that voice, that inability to recognize sarcasm. It's a Montague.

(A SERVANT walks by.)

You, fetch me my nine!

(The SERVANT leaves.)

Abraham, you distract the monster while I shoot the Montague.

(CAPULET walks over.)

CAPULET. What's the matter?

TYBALT. Over there, a Montague has invaded our ball!

CAPULET. Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT. I believe so.

CAPULET. He's highly respected in Verona as a man of peace. Rumor has it he broke up a bullfight and now the bull and the matador are best friends. Let him be.

TYBALT. Uncle, he invades our ball. It's as if you just made a big bowl of punch and there was a rat floating in it. Would you want a rat in your punch?

CAPULET. I would if it were "rat punch."

TYBALT. This is not rat punch! Let me dispose of this vermin.

CAPULET. Now you listen to me. If you create one disturbance at this party someone won't be getting that Little House on the Prairie box set he's been hoping for.

TYBALT. I'll be good.

(ROMEO dances his way to JULIET.)

ROMEO. *(Rehearsing to self:)* If I profane this worthy hand thy holy shrine, if I profane this worthy hand thy...

(He reaches JULIET and grabs her hand.)

If I profane thy...

JULIET. *(In pain:)* Ouch!! Ah!

ROMEO. What? What's the matter?

JULIET. I'm sorry, hand cramp. I've been arm wrestling all day. What were you going to say?

ROMEO. I don't know. I wasn't expecting you to get hurt, so it kinda threw me off.

JULIET. Oh.

ROMEO. Um...

(ROMEO dances away to BENVOLIO.)

ROMEO. Quick, trade me masks!

BENVOLIO. Why?

ROMEO. Just do it!

(They trade masks. ROMEO dances back and grabs JULIET's hand.)

ROMEO. I am someone completely different. Forgive me for taking thy holy hand, but from the moment I met you, I wanted to destroy the alphabet.

JULIET. Destroy the alphabet?!

ROMEO. Yes, I wanted nothing to ever come between U and I again.

JULIET. Why you'd be removing several key letters from our English language, letters that I hold very dear... Wait, you're hitting on me, aren't you?

ROMEO. Those letters be not needed, for letters are written in letters for people who are very far away, whose faces shine as a memory, but not as bright as the stars in your eyes.

JULIET. There are stars in my eyes? *(She wipes her eyes.)* Are they out? Wait, you're complimenting me, aren't you?

ROMEO. No compliment I could ever say would do justice. For a picture is worth a thousand words, and you are like a thousand pictures. Just like a movie.

JULIET. Yes, but what would you give to see this film?

ROMEO. I guess that depends on if you're throwing in free popcorn.

JULIET. I guess that depends on what you're using as a metaphor for popcorn.

ROMEO. I'm not sure, I'm kind of lost here to be honest with you.

JULIET. Lost in me?

ROMEO. Um, yes yes, lost in you.

JULIET. So you love me upon one glance?

ROMEO. How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. One, two three. I love thee three ways.

JULIET. You speak heavy words.

ROMEO. Please give me one kiss, for such a kiss would put wings to my words and lighten my burden.

JULIET. I don't know, my mom doesn't want me kissing anybody until I'm 25.

ROMEO. Then I shall stand here and wait until you turn 25.

JULIET. OK, sounds good.

(They both stand there for a few seconds.)

Oh screw this, let's just kiss.

(They kiss. The NURSE walks over.)

NURSE. Young lady, your mother wants a word with you.

JULIET. Not now, I'll talk to her later.

NURSE. She says she won't wait until later.

JULIET. How do you know, you didn't even walk away.

NURSE. Your mother says to obey your Nurse.

JULIET. Fine.

(JULIET walks to her mother.)

ROMEO. Who is her mother?

NURSE. The Lady Capulet.

ROMEO. Oh Crap-u-let!

NURSE. What?

ROMEO. Nothing.

NURSE. You're weird, but handsome. I'll let your oddness go this time.

(The NURSE walks away. BENVOLIO walks up.)

BENVOLIO. Nice, dude! I watched the whole thing! Well, as much as I could.

ROMEO. She's a Capulet, my natural enemy. I should hate her, as the lion hates the antelope. But instead, I love her, like the gorilla loves the hoot owl.

BENVOLIO. I think we better take you home.

ROMEO. Where's Mercutio?

BENVOLIO. The ladies can't stay away from his monster mask.

(CAPULET gets everyone's attention.)

CAPULET. Ladies and gentlemen, the Capulet ball is at an end. It's with loving wishes that I part from you friends. I wish you sweet dreams under the moon and stars. And whoever cellophaned my toilets, I'll find out who you are.

(All exit except JULIET and NURSE.)

JULIET. Nurse, who is that heading to the door?

NURSE. Tybalt?

JULIET. No, not Tybalt.

NURSE. The vampire?

JULIET. No, not Count Paris. Next to him.

NURSE. The garbage can?

JULIET. No, in the mask!

NURSE. I don't know.

JULIET. Find out.

(NURSE walks away, then walks back.)

NURSE. That's Romeo, son of Montague.

JULIET. Oh no, I'm Monta-screwed. My only love and I should hate his guts, only instead I love them and the rest of his digestive system to boot.

NURSE. Come to bed young lady, you probably won't even remember him in the morning.

Scene 4

(ROMEO sneaks through Capulet's garden.)

ROMEO. If Capulet knew I was trespassing in his garden he'd kill me. Especially if he found out I accidentally smashed his zucchini plants...and his tomato plants...and his corn and his rhubarb. Yes, he certainly would kill me. Maybe I shouldn't talk out loud.

(He walks further.)

Ow! Thorns!

(He takes another step.)

Ah! Poison ivy!

(He takes another step, there is a snap.)

Ouch! Mousetraps! Who puts mousetraps in their garden?!

(JULIET comes out to her balcony.)

JULIET. Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name *(Shaking her fist in a threatening manner:)* because if you don't...

ROMEO. The stars aren't out, yet the sky is lit, because you are out.

JULIET. What burglar is in my garden?

ROMEO. No burglar, except one who wants to burgle your heart.

JULIET. Romeo? The Montague? Is that you?

ROMEO. Yes.

JULIET. Then come up here, but you won't find my heart. You already burgled it at the ball.

ROMEO. I did? You didn't want it back did you?

JULIET. Come up here, you're ruining the moment.

(ROMEO takes a step. A loud clap is heard.)

ROMEO. Ow! Bear trap! Why do you have a bear trap? There are no bears in Verona.

JULIET. Sorry, my dad kind of has a phobia of bears.

(ROMEO begins to climb her balcony.)

ROMEO. Ow, loose nail! Ow! Splinter! Ow, hornet!

(He finally reaches JULIET.)

JULIET. Oh my love, your wounds!

ROMEO. I'd endure them two more times for you, um... I don't think I ever caught your name.

JULIET. Juliet.

ROMEO. Juliet, your love is so loud in my life that your name now rings in my ears.

JULIET. Tell me, why did you scale our orchard wall, it is so high and filled with pickers.

ROMEO. I don't remember the wall filled with...

(He pulls a picker from his shirt.)

Ow!

JULIET. Tell me love, what makes you grace this threshold which has been no stranger to the diamondback rattler?

ROMEO. Diamondback rattler?

(ROMEO pulls a snake from his shirt.)

Darling, I would endure a mild storm on the ocean for just one more embrace from you.

JULIET. Oh Romeo, your words are like music to my ears, except without all the notes, or rhythm.

ROMEO. Darling Juliet, all my life I've searched for the one with whom I'd spend my eternity. I looked for her in crowded streets, in vast fields, I've even looked for her in my clothes hamper where I sometimes leave my keys, but tonight, I'm sure I've found her.

JULIET. You came here to tell me that?! Who is she you cruel...

ROMEO. Juliet, it is you for whom my heart longs.

JULIET. Oh yes, of course.

ROMEO. I am sure I love you. Marry me.

JULIET. Marry? I don't know, we're skipping a lot of important steps. I mean first we have to be "talking," then we have to "see" each other, then we have to be "together" then we have to be "serious."

ROMEO. Juliet, we are talking, I see you, we're together, and I'm serious. God gives us all these presents at once. To take all these steps would be a waste of time. It would be like if I went home, studied botany, bought a pair of scissors, and hired a team of specialists just to pick this flower.

(He plucks a flower.)

Ow! Thorns!

JULIET. Romeo, you are Montague, I am Capulet. We are supposed to hate each other!

ROMEO. The cat and the fish are supposed to hate each other too, yet how do you think the catfish came to be? Juliet, our children will be like catfish.

JULIET. Oh Romeo, you say such wonderful things! I will marry you!

(They kiss.)

ROMEO. Tomorrow night, let us meet at Friar Lawrence's cell. Something tells me this thing is going to go off without a hitch!

Scene 5

(Enter MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.)

BENVOLIO. Hey Mercutio, I got a bad feeling. Let's get out of here.

MERCUTIO. You always say that.

BENVOLIO. No I don't.

MERCUTIO. Yes you do. You said it in church last weekend.

BENVOLIO. I can't help it if I'm ultra-intuitive.

MERCUTIO. You are not ultra-intuitive.

BENVOLIO. I've probably saved your life 50 times over by now.

MERCUTIO. Whatever.

BENVOLIO. My instincts have never been wrong before.

MERCUTIO. Uh huh! Remember that time your instincts told you to eat that chili dog that had been sitting on the ground and you got sick for a week?

BENVOLIO. That wasn't my instincts, that was you!

MERCUTIO. *(Laughs to self nostalgically:)* Heh heh, oh yeah.

(Enter TYBALT.)

TYBALT. Montagues! A word with one of you.

MERCUTIO. A word with one of us? How about two words with two of us?

BENVOLIO. Or three words with three of us!

MERCUTIO. Benvolio! Leave the sarcasm to me.

TYBALT. Quit wasting my time! Where's Romeo?

MERCUTIO. Hold on a second, let me get out my Romeo-tracking device.

TYBALT. Well hurry up. I don't have all day.

MERCUTIO. I was being sarcastic.

TYBALT. I'm sorry, I don't recognize sarcasm. The last 7 out of 8 people who tried to be sarcastic with me died by my knife.

BENVOLIO. What about the eighth?

TYBALT. Natural causes.

MERCUTIO. If there's one thing I can't stand it's someone who can't stand sarcasm!

TYBALT. And if there's one thing I can't stand it's someone who can't stand someone who can't stand sarcasm.

BENVOLIO. Wait, I'm lost. Does this mean you two like each other now?

MERCUTIO. No! Keep up!

(Enter ROMEO.)

TYBALT. My argument with you is over gentlemen, here comes my man.

ROMEO. Tybalt, my man, what's happening?

TYBALT. I'm not your man, jerk!

ROMEO. You just said I was your man, Tybalt.

TYBALT. You just took what I said out of context. I hate being taken out of context!

MERCUTIO. (*Moves towards TYBALT.*) I'll take you out of context!

ROMEO. Mercutio! Relax. Tybalt, good cousin, I wish you no harm.

TYBALT. You've done my family great disrespect by showing up at our annual Capulet ball. It's been Montague-free since '63.

ROMEO. Tybalt, we're family now. For I have married Juliet.

TYBALT AND MERCUTIO. What?!

BENVOLIO. Oh man, you're not supposed to do that!

TYBALT. My cousin would never marry a rat! Unless of course that rat had a lot of money... But she would never marry a Montague.

ROMEO. Look, cousin, now there's harmony, now there is a reason we must get along. You and I are now kin and a jerk I am not. We have to live together in peace now. Forget about the past brother, a new era has opened, an era of peace and love. An era of understanding and getting along. I don't want to fight you. Let us break this madness, for I love you like family.

(TYBALT pauses to reflect, then punches ROMEO.)

MERCUTIO. In the name of sarcasm!

(MERCUTIO attacks TYBALT. They fight. ROMEO gets up.)

ROMEO. Hey, guys, come on.

(TYBALT pulls out a knife and stabs MERCUTIO.)

MERCUTIO. Ouch! Jerk!

ROMEO. Tybalt! That was uncalled for.

(MERCUTIO falls. TYBALT looks around and runs off.)

BENVOLIO. Mercutio!

MERCUTIO. A plague!

BENVOLIO. Where?

MERCUTIO. A plague on both your houses!

BENVOLIO. (*Shouts:*) Yes Tybalt, a plague on both your houses!

MERCUTIO. No, not a plague, a plague, on both your houses.

ROMEO. Both our houses?

MERCUTIO. Yes, for I am dead.

ROMEO. How do you know you're not just really badly injured?

MERCUTIO. I can tell, okay?!

ROMEO. I mean you've never been mortally wounded before. What would you have to compare it to?

MERCUTIO. I am mortally wounded. I know. Don't ask me how I know I just do.

(ROMEO stands.)

ROMEO. Am I so blinded by Juliet's love that my friend is injured by the knife of the enemy I am sworn to hate?

MERCUTIO. Killed, not injured, killed.

BENVOLIO. Rest Mercutio.

ROMEO. Not one hour of marriage and I'm already whipped.

BENVOLIO. Romeo, Mercutio was right. He is dead.

ROMEO. That does it. (*Shouts:*) Tybalt! Come here you foul dog!

(Enter TYBALT.)

TYBALT. Did someone just call me an Owl Frog?

ROMEO. Foul dog! My friend is dead at your knife. Now you will pay with your life!

TYBALT. I'm not paying for that. I can't help it if his skin is extra soft and easy to penetrate.

ROMEO. You will die.

TYBALT. You think you can take my life? I'll pierce your soft, gentle, smooth skin too.

ROMEO. Stop talking like a spokesperson for a moisturizer and fight!

(They fight. TYBALT pulls out his knife but ROMEO grabs his and stabs TYBALT. He falls.)

BENVOLIO. Tybalt is dead!

ROMEO. Oh man, Juliet's not gonna like this.

BENVOLIO. Romeo, get out of here!

(ROMEO runs out as a POLICE OFFICER enters the scene.)

POLICE OFFICER. Where's Tybalt? He's under arrest in the murder of Mercutio.

BENVOLIO. He's right there.

POLICE OFFICER. *(To TYBALT:)* Wake up! This is no time for naps. You, you're under arrest.

BENVOLIO. Officer...

POLICE OFFICER. Quiet! *(To TYBALT:)* Come on! You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be held against you in a court of law.

BENVOLIO. Officer, Tybalt is...

POLICE OFFICER. Stop interrupting the justice process!

(Enter POLICE CHIEF, CAPULET, MONTAGUE, and their WIVES.)

POLICE CHIEF. This is it! I'm going to make the mob illegal after this!

POLICE OFFICER. Sir, it already is illegal.

POLICE CHIEF. You believe everything they teach you at the academy? Who's responsible for this?

LADY CAPULET. Tybalt! My sweet Tybalt! He's murdered! My nephew, my sweet nephew. Although you were my third favorite nephew I loved you as my first favorite.

BENVOLIO. Tybalt iced Mercutio so Romeo avenged his death.

LADY CAPULET. He's a Montague. He's lying. It's obvious what happened here. Romeo was about to go on a murder rampage. He already killed Mercutio when Tybalt stepped in and sacrificed his life to stop a madman.

LADY MONTAGUE. Shut up!

LADY CAPULET. You shut up!

LADY MONTAGUE. Why don't you?

LADY CAPULET. Shut up!

MONTAGUE. Both of you, shut up!

CAPULET. You shut up, Montague!

MONTAGUE. I don't shut up, I grow up, and when I look at you I throw up!

CAPULET. Oh that does it! Get me my gun!

POLICE CHIEF. Silence!

LADY CAPULET. Romeo must be convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of Tybalt.

MONTAGUE. He was only avenging the death of Mercutio!

POLICE CHIEF. Let it be known, if Romeo ever steps foot in this town again, so help me he will be arrested on the spot. From there he will be tried for first-degree murder and will face a death sentence.

Scene 6

(Enter JULIET.)

JULIET. Oh Romeo, I miss you like a mob informant misses non-concrete shoes.

(Enter ROMEO.)

ROMEO. Hey.

JULIET. My love!

(She runs to him, kissing him. ROMEO just kind of stands there.)

What's wrong?

ROMEO. Nothing.

JULIET. No, tell me.

ROMEO. Promise not to be mad?

JULIET. I could never be mad at you!

ROMEO. Promise?

JULIET. Promise.

ROMEO. I killed Tybalt.

JULIET. You did what?!

ROMEO. You promised you wouldn't be mad.

JULIET. I didn't think you'd tell me you killed my cousin!

ROMEO. He killed my best friend!

JULIET. Oh, and that just gives you the right to kill my cousin?!
You don't love me!

ROMEO. Yes I do! I don't know what came over me.

JULIET. How could you do that?!

ROMEO. Well, it's not like you asked me not to.

JULIET. It's implied in our relationship that you wouldn't kill any
members of my family!

ROMEO. I'm sorry Juliet.

*(JULIET turns her back. ROMEO goes to leave and she whips back
around.)*

JULIET. Oh, I can't stay mad at you! Just don't do it again.

ROMEO. I won't.

JULIET. Promise?

ROMEO. Promise.

(They kiss.)

So, was that like our first fight?

JULIET. I think so.

ROMEO. We did pretty well, didn't we?

(They kiss.)

Oh my gosh. What if the police chief finds out? He'll put you in jail, or worse.

ROMEO. Jail?! Oh man, I never thought about consequences.

JULIET. What if they put you to death? What will I tell our kids when they ask why their daddy is a skeleton?

ROMEO. We don't have kids.

JULIET. I want kids.

ROMEO. If they kill me we can't have them.

JULIET. I wouldn't have married you if I knew you didn't want kids.

ROMEO. I want kids, okay?! It's just not physically possible if I'm dead. Look, I'm going to Friar Lawrence to see if he'll give me a hiding place for a little while.

JULIET. Be careful, and disguise yourself along the way.

ROMEO. I will.

JULIET. But don't disguise yourself so much that cars can't see you when you walk and you get hit, because that would defeat the purpose.

(Pause.)

ROMEO. I won't.

(ROMEO exits.)

Scene 7

(CAPULET stands in contemplation. Enter LADY CAPULET and JULIET.)

LADY CAPULET. Wait till I tell your father about this, young lady! Julian!

CAPULET. What?! What is it?

LADY CAPULET. Juliet here refuses to marry Count Paris!

CAPULET. Juliet, is this true?

LADY CAPULET. Of course it's true! What, do you think I'm lying?!

CAPULET. No, I want to hear it from her.

JULIET. Daddy, I hate Count Paris!

LADY CAPULET. How could you hate him? You've never even met him.

CAPULET. That doesn't have anything to do with it. I've hated tons of people I've never met. Hitler, Stalin, that guy from those beer commercials.

LADY CAPULET. Why do you have to always counterpoint me?

CAPULET. Why do you have to use counterpoint has a verb?

LADY CAPULET. Why do you have to be so picky about grammar?

CAPULET. Because it's all I got, damn it!

JULIET. Mom, Dad, stop fighting! I'm not marrying that vampire!

LADY CAPULET. Vampire or no vampire, he's a good man with wealth untold.

CAPULET. He's not a vampire.

LADY CAPULET. What does it matter if he is? It doesn't mean he doesn't deserve love.

CAPULET. It matters! I will not have a family of vampires!

LADY CAPULET. You're so closed minded!

CAPULET. You are!

LADY CAPULET. No you!

CAPULET. No you are!

JULIET. Dad! Mom! I don't love Count Paris!

LADY CAPULET. You don't have to. You learn to love over the years.

CAPULET. Oh you do, do you? How long did it take you to learn to love me?!

LADY CAPULET. Five years!

CAPULET. The same amount of time it takes to get a college education!? I hope you didn't waste too much time studying.

LADY CAPULET. Shut up!

CAPULET. You shut up!

JULIET. Stop fighting! No marriage!

CAPULET. You're marrying Count Paris and that's final! (*To LADY CAPULET:*) Come on honey, let's go somewhere and not talk.

(They exit.)

Scene 8

(Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.)

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Ah, the evening air. Is there nothing like it? Except for maybe the afternoon air? And um, the morning air?

(Thunder crashes. Enter PARIS.)

PARIS. Good evening.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. (*Startled:*) Ah! Good evening.

PARIS. Friar Lawrence I presume? I am Count Paris. They call me Count Paris, because I am a count.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Yes, hello.

PARIS. I am here to make wedding arrangements for Juliet Capulet and myself.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Oh I'm sorry, I'm all booked up.

PARIS. I haven't even told you when I need it.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Believe me, I've got tons of weddings.

PARIS. But I need it for a Thursday. Who gets married on Thursday?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. I have bridge club on Thursday.

PARIS. Certainly bridge club can wait.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. No way, we're almost done building that bridge.

PARIS. Friar, I have wealth untold. I'll make it worth your while.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Sorry, not interested in money. Just bridges.

(Enter MESSENGER.)

MESSENGER. Father, message for you. Bridge club's cancelled.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Crap.

PARIS. Excellent. See you Thursday.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. I guess.

PARIS. And could you do me one more favor? Would you mind taking down all these crosses? They make me uncomfortable.

(There is a pause as FRIAR LAWRENCE gives him a concerned look.)

FRIAR LAWRENCE. No. No I will not do that.

(Enter JULIET.)

PARIS. Ah, here is my love.

(PARIS grabs her hand and kisses it up her arm. She yanks it away.)

JULIET. Ew! Gross!

PARIS. Well get used to it, 'cause we're getting married on Thursday, and Count Paris likes to kiss.

JULIET. Great.

PARIS. Why do you look so upset darling? Have you come to make a confession?

JULIET. Yes, what's it to you?

PARIS. Tell me.

JULIET. I can't tell you or my sins won't be forgiven.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. That's not true. You're thinking about wishes not coming true if you tell them to someone.

JULIET. Fine! I've come to confess I have several diseases and they're easily transmissible and non-curable.

PARIS. Ha ha! I like a sense of humor in a wife. This will be great! I have wealth untold, you're hot. It's an even trade!

JULIET. I don't want to marry you.

PARIS. You'll do it and you'll like it! Your parents have promised you to me and if you disobey them you'll get grounded young lady. Now if you'll excuse me, night comes and I have some things to do. See you Thursday, and wear something with an open neck.

(Exit PARIS.)

JULIET. Father, help me! I don't want to marry him. My life won't be worth living.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. I don't know what I can do.

(JULIET pulls out a dagger and puts it to her chest.)

Whoa! I mean, I know exactly what I can do. Put that away.

(JULIET puts down the dagger.)

JULIET. What's the plan?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. I don't know.

(JULIET holds the dagger back to her chest.)

I mean I do know.

(JULIET puts down the dagger.)

JULIET. What?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Let me think. I got it!

JULIET. What?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Oh man, OK. Last month I was trying to make my own homemade Seven-Up when something went wrong, terribly wrong, and I accidentally created a poison that made me appear dead for a day.

JULIET. Really?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Yeah, you take the poison, they'll bring your body to me. Then I'll send a message to Romeo to come and take you away and you'll live happily ever after.

JULIET. Oh Father!! Thank you!

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Oh man, this is the best idea I've ever had! Nothing could possibly go wrong.

JULIET. Yeah, well what if your message doesn't get to Romeo on time and he...

FRIAR LAWRENCE. *(Interrupts:)* I said, nothing can go wrong. Here.

(He pulls out a vial.)

Take it just before bed. Side effects may include drowsiness, headache or cramps. These instances were rare. Talk to your doctor about the benefits of this poison.

JULIET. *(Cautiously:)* Thanks.

(JULIET lies down in bed. She pulls out a vial.)

Sweet potion, may I awake in my lover's arms.

(JULIET swigs it back, then spits it out.)

Ah! That was mouthwash!

(She grabs another vial.)

Here we go. What ever I said before, may it apply now.

(She drinks the potion and falls back. The lights go down for a few seconds, then come back up. Enter NURSE.)

NURSE. Rise and shine young lady. Your guests have arrived.

(Nothing happens.)

Rise and shine.

(Nothing still.)

I said rise and shine!! Now!

(NURSE pulls back Juliet's blanket and screams.)

Ahhh!!!

(CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR LAWRENCE run in, alarmed.)

CAPULET. What? What's the matter?

NURSE. Nothing. Juliet's not waking up so I'm trying to wake her up by screaming.

LADY CAPULET. Juliet, get up!

(CAPULET puts his hand on her forehead.)

CAPULET. Sweet heavens! She's dead!

LADY CAPULET. How can you tell that by feeling her forehead?

CAPULET. She's got no pulse.

LADY CAPULET. That's not how you check a pulse. Nurse, check her pulse!

NURSE. *(Nervous:)* Um, okay.

(NURSE clumsily grabs JULIET's foot and listens to it.)

LADY CAPULET. Nurse!! What are you doing?!

NURSE. Um, just um... I don't know how to check a pulse.

CAPULET. I thought you were a nurse.

NURSE. I lied to get the job, okay? I'm really a carpenter.

LADY CAPULET. I knew it! I knew it!

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Let's not waste time Nurse.

NURSE. Carpenter. It's Carpenter now.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Carpenter, whatever. The pulse is just below her neck.

NURSE. OK.

(NURSE feels JULIET's pulse.)

Ew, ew! I just touched a dead person!

CAPULET. She's dead?

LADY CAPULET. No! Sweet Juliet!

PARIS. Oh horror of horrors. Where am I going to find someone else that young and hot?! Where?!

CAPULET. How could she have died so suddenly? She was so young.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. My guess is she had sudden death syndrome. The disease can be fatal *(Pause.)* and sudden.

CAPULET. Oh, this is horrible!

PARIS. *(Teary:)* Tell me, does she still have all her blood?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Why?!

PARIS. Um, no reason.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. I think right now while we have everyone here, we should plan her funeral.

CAPULET. I can't even think of that! My daughter is gone!

FRIAR LAWRENCE. It's easy. Just do as you did to Jimmy the Squeeler, or Tommy Two Names, or Joey the Informer...

CAPULET. That's enough!

FRIAR LAWRENCE. I'll take her body back to the church. I'll deal with it from here. Until then, my deepest condolences.

CAPULET. Thank you Father.

Scene 9

(ROMEO kicks back in a beach chair.)

ROMEO. I can't believe they banished me here. This is like the sweetest beach ever!

(Enter SAMSON.)

ROMEO. Samson! What are you doing here? How's Verona? How's my father? How's my sweet love Juliet?

SAMSON. Whoa, whoa, whoa! I can't be expected to remember and answer all those questions.

ROMEO. Then just answer me one. How is my sweet love Juliet?

SAMSON. Romeo, dear Romeo, Juliet is in the care of angels.

ROMEO. Yes, that Nurse of hers sure is an angel.

SAMSON. No, I mean, Juliet, sweet Romeo, is now behind the pearly gates.

ROMEO. Good. 'Bout time those Capulets fixed those rusty gates.

SAMSON. No, sweet, yet naive Romeo, Juliet is now in a better place.

ROMEO. She's moved from Verona? Where can I find her?

SAMSON. Sweet, stupid Romeo, Juliet has passed.

ROMEO. She's passed this town?

SAMSON. Idiot, Juliet's dead!

ROMEO. Dead tired of Verona?

SAMSON. No! Just plain dead!

ROMEO. What?!

SAMSON. She's dead.

ROMEO. I don't believe it. I don't believe it. Not until I hear it from her.

SAMSON. Romeo, I wouldn't lie to you.

ROMEO. Oh yeah? Remember that time you told me there was a spot on my shirt and I looked down and there wasn't a spot and you used the opportunity to flick me in the nose with your finger?!

SAMSON. Romeo, we were twelve.

ROMEO. If she's dead, how did she die?

SAMSON. Well, word is she spontaneously combusted after carrying a gasoline soaked monkey through a hot desert, but rumors can sometimes get messed up in the mix.

ROMEO. I don't believe it. Not till I see her. She hated monkeys. Still, if she is dead, I won't be able to carry on. Oh, if only there were someone who made suicide potions in the area.

(Enter DRUG DEALER.)

DRUG DEALER. Did I hear someone say they're looking for a suicide potion?

ROMEO. Yes, me.

DRUG DEALER. Well, I just so happen to be a drug dealer who specializes in suicide potions.

ROMEO. How convenient.

SAMSON. *(To audience:)* Yes, a little too convenient.

DRUG DEALER. Never mind that. What ya lookin' for?

ROMEO. Something that will help me end it all, should the need arise.

SAMSON. Romeo, you don't want to do that.

DRUG DEALER. I got all kinds of potions. How you want to go? Slow and painful?

ROMEO. No, why would I want to do that?

DRUG DEALER. Wimp. How 'bout this one. *(Pulls out a vial.)* It will end your life over a period of about 50 to 70 years.

ROMEO. Won't that happen anyway?

DRUG DEALER. How can you be sure?

SAMSON. Romeo, I don't think you're thinking rationally.

ROMEO. I want something quick and painless.

DRUG DEALER. Then mister I've got just the thing for you. I call it "G-blue." One sip and you'll be at the pearly gates or the fires of hell. Oh and another good thing, it won't burn on the way down like other leading brand potions, but you might.

(He ponders.)

ROMEO. I'll take it.

DRUG DEALER. That will be a hundred bucks. Or, if you'd rather, ten dollars a month with no money down.

ROMEO. I'll do that.

DRUG DEALER. But, you gotta promise not to take it before you pay me in full. I'm going off the drug dealer code of honor here.

ROMEO. *(Lies:)* Oh, no, no. Of course not.

(The dealer hands ROMEO the potion.)

Well, I'm off, if my bride is dead, I toast to Juliet and meet her in the afterlife instead.

Scene 10

(Enter FRIAR JOHN, frantic.)

FRIAR JOHN. Friar Lawrence! Friar Lawrence!

(Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE.)

FRIAR LAWRENCE. That sounds like Friar Paul. Friar Paul... Oh, it's Friar John. Friar John you sounded exactly like Friar Paul.

FRIAR JOHN. Thank you Father, I've been working on an impression.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Did you deliver my message to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN. Message?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Yes, the one telling him about Juliet's potion and to meet us by the shore.

FRIAR JOHN. Oh right.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Well, did you deliver it?

FRIAR JOHN. Oh, um, no I couldn't.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. What?! What do you mean you couldn't??

FRIAR JOHN. Post office wouldn't let me. They said I needed a stamp... And an address... And an envelope.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Friar John I wanted you to deliver that message by hand! I could have mailed it myself!

FRIAR JOHN. Well you should have been more specific.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. More specific? I explained it to you three times in full detail!

FRIAR JOHN. Oh. Well next time I'll...

FRIAR LAWRENCE. There might not be a next time. I must quickly go wait for Juliet to awake. Watch these quarters. If anyone asks, tell them I'm in deep meditation and cannot be disturbed!

FRIAR JOHN. What if they say it's urgent?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Tell them no.

FRIAR JOHN. What if they insist?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Just make it up! You're wasting my time. I've got to go.

(FRIAR LAWRENCE *runs out.*)

Scene 11

(Thunder echoes. Enter PARIS. JULIET lies on a bed.)

PARIS. Oh Juliet, my one and 14th love. Your 14 years would have worked wonders for my image. Well, not at first of course. I will sorely miss you. Oh the things I would have bought you. I will still buy them for you, and bury them next to your coffin. Cars, exotic furs, jewelry, you name it. *(Reconsiders.)* Or, if you want me to buy those things for myself and keep them, then don't say anything. *(He listens.)* That's my generous girl.

(Enter ROMEO.)

ROMEO. Oh my sweet love! My sweet drop of dew has fallen. I will soon lie beside you darling in eternity.

PARIS. What the... *(He turns to ROMEO.)* Excuse me?

ROMEO. What?

PARIS. I hope you weren't talking to me.

ROMEO. I wasn't, I was talking to my wife.

PARIS. Your wife? Hey, you're Romeo Montague.

ROMEO. I know.

PARIS. You killed Juliet's cousin Tybalt! Medical tests are inconclusive, but doctors say she died because she was so upset over her cousin's death.

ROMEO. Why don't you leave?

PARIS. Not before I avenge Juliet's death.

ROMEO. Don't do that. I'm going to kill myself anyway. I'm trying to not commit any sins before I die. And I've already coveted my neighbor's ox on the way in.

PARIS. You won't die! I'm taking you into custody for the murder of my fiancée.

ROMEO. Fiancée? Wait, you're Count Paris.

PARIS. Yes, I know.

ROMEO. Stay back, I don't want your death on my soul.

PARIS. Then I'll take yours on mine.

(He attacks ROMEO with a knife. ROMEO grabs a nearby wooden stake and stabs PARIS.)

A wooden stake, to the heart! How did you know?

(PARIS dies. ROMEO walks to JULIET.)

ROMEO. Juliet, my sweet Juliet, you are my only love and I'll love you always. Since we could not be together in life, let us be inseparable in death.

(ROMEO drinks the vial of poison. JULIET wakes up.)

JULIET. Romeo! I'm not dead, I was just sleeping!

ROMEO. What?!

JULIET. I hope you're not mad.

ROMEO. No, it's just that I drank a vial of poison.

JULIET. No! Oh no!

(ROMEO gives a confused look.)

ROMEO. Wait.

(He puts the vial to his nose and sniffs. He then licks the top.)

(Angry:) Hey, that wasn't poison, it was blue Gatorade! That stupid drug dealer ripped me off!

JULIET. Romeo, that's wonderful! If you would have died I would have had to stab myself or something. That would suck.

ROMEO. Ha ha, yeah.

(ROMEO sits down on the bed. JULIET sits up next to him. There is a pause.)

JULIET. Hey Romeo, I was thinking. You wanna start seeing other people?

ROMEO. What?!

JULIET. You want to see other people?

ROMEO. Juliet, we just avoided the worst tragedy in literary history and now you want to see other people?!

JULIET. Yeah, you know, I'm 14 and I don't know if I'm ready for this whole marriage thing. I mean, what do I really know about you?

ROMEO. You know that I love you and that's all you need to know.

JULIET. I don't know. Part of me agrees with you and part of me just thinks you've been listening to too much lite rock.

ROMEO. Juliet...

(Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and FRIAR JOHN in a panic.)

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Romeo! Juliet's not dead! She's just drank a poison that... Oh, you found out. Good.

ROMEO. Yeah, but now she wants to break up with me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Yeah, I forgot one of the effects of that potion is that it makes you a super rational thinker.

(Enter CAPULET and LADY CAPULET.)

CAPULET. Father, we're back. We just wanted to lay eyes on our Juliet once more before...

(He sees JULIET alive.)

Ahh! Ghost!! Run!!

JULIET. Father, Mother, I'm alive!

LADY CAPULET. Sweetheart? I think she's telling the truth.

(Enter MONTAGUE.)

MONTAGUE. Friar Lawrence, I heard a rumor that Romeo was hiding out here and... Capulet!

CAPULET. Montague!

MONTAGUE. Capulet!

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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