BEFORE SHOW—DURING PATRICK’S SPEECH

Mercutio Twitter: Oh hell yes! Look what came in the mail. Gotta get out my dancing shoes. It’s gonna be #capuLIT… You guys think I can get Romeo to go? *photo of invitation*

Tybalt repy: Romeo is a Montague. If I see him there, I can’t be responsible for my actions.

Sabrina, this could be where a test of the system could go!
REEL ONE: SCENE ONE

JULIET (V.O.)
Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross’d lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark’d love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Chaos, violence, pandemonium. Some Shakespeare, some shouts,
some cries, some contemporary speaking. As it peaks, we here a
blaring alert sound and a message appears across the scene: Stand
by for an announcement from Prince Escalus

REEL ONE: SCENE 2

INT. PRINCE’S OFFICE - DAY
Prince Escalus appears on the screen.

PRINCE ESCALUS
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper’d weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
These civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
Between the Capulets and Montagues,
Have thrice disturb’d the quiet of our streets,
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
And now, on pain of death, all men depart.

It’s going down! Tybalt better watch out. #DogsBeatCats

ALERT FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PRINCE: Lay down your weapons! All parties must IMMEDIATELY cease bandying and leave the city center of Verona.
REEL ONE: SCENE 4

Benvolio is working on her online portfolio.
A beep sounds and Benvolio answers the call, and the music stops.

BENVOLIO
Auntie!

MONTAGUE (appearing on a call from her office)
O, where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at the fray.

BENVOLIO
Madam, an hour before the worshipp’d sun
Peer’d forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city’s side,
So early walking did I see your son.

MONTAGUE
Many a morning hath he there been seen,
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to rise,
Away from the light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night.
Dark and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO
My noble Aunt, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE
I neither know it nor can learn of him.
Could I discover whence his sorrows grow
I would as willingly give cure as know.

BENVOLIO
I’ll know his grievance, or be much denied.

They both reach out of frame and turn off their screens. Their images flicker out, revealing:
TEXT: Benvolio to Romeo: Hey cuz, where have you been? I really need to talk to you!

REEL ONE: SCENE 5

INT. CAPULET’S STUDY - DAY
Capulet is sitting at his desk, in his study, musing aloud. He has a ridiculously large pile of invitations, and also stationary. He listening to a news report on the Prince’s edict on his computer.

CAPULET
So Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and ‘tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Someone out of frame to his left catches his attention, he reaches out and takes something from the unseen hand.

CAPULET
(Muttering) Now, what is this?

Capulet opens letter, and reads.

PARIS (V.O.)
Lord Capulet, what say you to my suit?
Capulet looks up, contemplating. Then he takes paper, writes a response, and hands it back to the unseen hand. As he is still looking to his right, the screen slides left to right to reveal:

INT. CAFE VERONA - CONTINUOUS
PARIS is enjoying a cup of espresso at a charming sidewalk café.

CAPULET (V.O.)
But saying o’er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Paris reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a pen.

CUT TO: EXT. CAPULET’S STUDY - CONTINUOUS
Capulet, in his study. An unseen hand delivers him Paris’ response as before.

PARIS
Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Capulet turns letter over. Is that really all he wrote? He gets out another sheet of paper and begins to write furiously.

CAPULET (V.O.)
And too soon marr’d are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow’d all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
If she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.

CUT TO: EXT. CAFÉ VERONA - CONTINUOUS
Paris reading this new letter, as before. The first letter is on the café table.

CAPULET (V.O.)
This night I hold an old accustom’d feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

Paris looks up to his right. He reaches out to collect from the unseen hand an invitation to the Capulet party! He opens it: this is great news!

CLOSE UP on the invitation “Honoring my daughter Juliet, etc”.

CAPULET (V.O.)
The fresh female buds you shall see this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be.

PARIS, takes a selfie with the invitation.

IG Paris Photo with invite:
Stay tuned for big news!
#MeetingMyDestiny
#VeronaSummer #capuLIT

REEL ONE: SCENE 6

The scene begins on Romeo, who is lying on the roof in his hideout in the air. Benvolio calls him on the phone and we cut back and force between the two.
BENVOLIO
Good-morrow, cousin Romeo!

ROMEO
Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO
But new struck nine.

ROMEO
Ay me, sad hours seem long.

BENVOLIO
What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO
Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO
In love?

ROMEO
Out-

BENVOLIO
Of love?

ROMEO
Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO
No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO
Good heart at what?

BENVOLIO
At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO
Why, such is love's transgression.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BENVOLIO
Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO
I aim’d so near, when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO
A right good mark-man! And she’s fair I love.

BENVOLIO
A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO
There you miss, Rosaline can not be hit
With Cupid’s arrow, she hath Dian’s wit;
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

BENVOLIO
Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO
She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.

Benvolio’s phone chirps.

BENVOLIO
Hold, Cousin!

TEXT MESSAGES appear on screen:
From Mercutio: Beauties! Big haps tonight! The Capulet’s
got a big party going on. I’m on the guest list. I’ll sneak you
in. Let’s crush a cup of wine! #WineNot

From Benvolio: (thumbs up emojis and wine glasses)
From Romeo: Not me. No mood.
From Mercutio: Rosaline will be there.

Mercutio Twitter:
TFW I get my Loverboy Romeo
to party like it’s 1999!
#PrinceKnowsBest
#BestFriendsTillTheEnd
REEL ONE: SCENE 7

INT. JULIET’S BEDROOM - DAY Juliet is on her bed, drawing

LADY CAPULET (V.O.)
Nurse, thou know’st my daughter’s of a pretty age.

NURSE (V.O.)
Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

CUT TO: We see Juliet’s drawing. It is a sweet image of herself and the Nurse.

NURSE (V.O.)
She wast the prettiest babe that e’er I nursed:
An I might live to see her married once, I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET (V.O.)
Marry, that ‘marry’ is the very theme I come to talk of.

Lady Capulet and the Nurse appear as floating bubbles, just above her head.

LADY CAPULET
Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET
It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE
An honour! were not I thine only nurse, I would say thou hadst suck’d wisdom from my teat.

LADY CAPULET
Well, think of marriage now; younger than you, Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, Are made already mothers: by my count, I was your mother much upon these years That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE
A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world--why, he's a man of wax.

LADY CAPULET
Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE
Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

LADY CAPULET
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
From off screen, Juliet's party dress is tossed into her lap.
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover!
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET
I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

PETER appears as a bubble, in between Lady Capulet and Nurse.

PETER
Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

LADY CAPULET
We follow thee.
Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE
Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Peter, Lady C, and Nurse bubbles. They disappear, by sliding upwards, fast.

Juliet looks up at camera. Yikes!
LIVE SCENE ONE:

XAVI:
Welcome to Verona Live! I’m Xavi Moreno, and this is a special report on what people are calling, “the party of the summer!” Lord and Lady Capulet have invited a whose who of our fair city. We’re here with the Capulet social secretary, Peter. Peter! Can you tell us a bit about tonight’s event?

PETER
Lord Capulet has spared no expense on this party in honor of his precious only child, Juliet! We have over 25 cooks here Hautboys, musicians, tapsters, and so many guests I can’t even count!

NEWSCASTER
Sounds exiting! Can you tell us who is expected for tonight’s event?

PETER
With pleasure, Xavi. Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitravio; Signior Placentio and his lovely niece the fair Rosaline; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; Juliet’s Cousin, Tybalt, Lucio and lively Helena.’ (**add in several audience names, too)

NEWSCASTER
A fair assembly!

PETER
It certainly is. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have so much to attend to. Potpan! Potpan! Not there, don’t put that there...

NEWSCASTER
Thank you Peter. It sounds like it is going to be a terrific party and one hot night in Verona!

REEL 2: SCENE 8

Mercutio, Benvolio, and Romeo are outside the party, talking. Benvolio takes some photos of her friends as they chat.
ROMEO
What, shall a speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO
Let them measure us by what they will;
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

MERCUTIO
Gentle Romeo, we must have you dance!

ROMEO
Not I, believe me, you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO
You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings.

ROMEO
I am too sore enpierced with his shaft.

MERCUTIO
If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

ROMEO
We mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO
Why, may one ask?

ROMEO
I dream'd a dream to-night.

MERCUTIO
And so did I.

ROMEO
Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO
That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO
In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO
O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies’ midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
Drawn with a team of little atomies.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O' er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O' er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.
Sometime she gallops o' er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
Sometime she driveth o' er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of hells five-fathom deep; this is that very Mab
When maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she--

ROMEO
Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO
True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

BENVOLIO
This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROMEO
I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels and expire my term
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen!

IG POST: Paris in his outfit, with a cocktail
“This party’ is *fire emoji*
I’m loving the signature cocktail, The Fiery O.
Something tells me I’ll find *heart* tonight.
REEL 2: Scene 9

INT. CAPULET’S MANOR - NIGHT
People are getting ready for the party, guests arrive, and the music starts! Romeo, Mercutio, and Benvolio sneak in. They are spotted by Tybalt.

TYBALT
Uncle, that is a Montague, our foe.

CAPULET
Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT
Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET
Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone. Show a fair presence and put off these frowns.

TYBALT
It fits, when such a villain is a guest: I’ll not endure him.

CAPULET
He shall be endured: What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to; Am I the master here, or you? go to.

TYBALT
Why, uncle, ’tis a shame.

CAPULET
Go to, go to;
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
Be quiet, or I'll make you quiet.

TYBALT
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.
Dancing continues. Romeo sees Juliet.

ROMEO
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it sight!
For I ne’r saw true beauty till this night.

*He breaks the laws of time and space and jumps into Juliet’s square.*

ROMEO
If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET
Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much, Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims’ hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers’ kiss.

ROMEO
Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET
Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO
O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET
Saints do not move, though grant for prayers’ sake.

ROMEO
Then move not, while my prayer’s effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.
JULIET
Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO
Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

JULIET
You kiss by the book.
_Nurse appears._

NURSE
Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Juliet pushes Romeo back to his square and leaves. Sounds of party dispersing

ROMEO
What is her mother?

NURSE
Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house.

_Nurse leaves._

ROMEO
Is she a Capulet?
_O dear account! my life is my foe's debt._

_Romeo leaves._Squares are empty. Silence. Then: Benvolio and Mercutio are looking for Romeo, appearing in and out of their squares._

BENVOLIO
Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO
Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

BENVOLIO
And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him

MERCUTIO
I conjure only but to raise up him.

BENVOLIO
Come, he is wise; and stol'n him home to bed,
To be consorted with the humorous night.
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO
If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Romeo, good night: Goodnight Lover! Goodnight!

There is the sound of a light switch, and the squares go out.

REEL 2: SCENE 11

INT. JULIET’S BEDROOM - NIGHT Juliet on her bed. She is drawing Romeo.

JULIET (V/O)
O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I’ll no longer be a Capulet.

CUT TO: Romeo on the roof. Romeo is following Juliet’s Instagram.

ROMEO (V/O)
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sickand pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.

CUT TO: INT. JULIET’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

JULIET (V/O)
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

CUT TO: Romeo

ROMEO (V/O)
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.

An IG POST appears: A photo of her work in progress sketch of Romeo, including a handwritten “wherefore art thou Romeo”.

ROMEO TEXT:
{3 heart emojis}

INTERCUT WITH: INT. JULIET’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS
Juliet is sitting on her bed. She is shocked and embarrassed. She texts.

JULIET TEXT. OMG. Dying. *blush face*

ROMEO TEXT:
Juliet? Srsly, if it’s what you want, henceforth I never shall be Romeo. Romeo Montague is *dead face emoji*

JULIET TEXT:
Do you*heart emoji* me?

ROMEO TEXT:
I swear by the *moon*

JULIET TEXT:
The *moon*??? The inconstant *moon*?
Romeo, texting, intensely. The most important text of his life.

JULIET TEXT:
Never mind! Although you make me *smiley face* I’m also kind of *sad face*. This is all too fast, like *lightning* which disappears before you say look *lightning*
ROMEO TEXT:
“Wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied??”
Jump to Juliet, looking a bit shocked, at computer.

JULIET TEXT:
“What satisfaction can’st thou have tonight??”
Jump to Romeo texting.

ROMEO TEXT:
The exchange of your *heart* for my *heart*

JULIET TEXT:
I gave thee mine already!
I wish I could take it back.

ROMEO TEXT
Y?

JULIET
I’m teasing! So I could give it to you again, and again...For real, my
*heart* is as deep as the *sea*...Wait! Someone is calling for me!
BRB

Romeo dances

Jump to Juliet, back at her computer.

JULIET TEXT:
My nurse says it’s time for *zzz* I gotta be quick.
LMK if you really *heart* me, and wanna get *bride*. If you do

I’ll text you tomorrow so you can tell me what *church*, what
*clock* and I’ll be there.

Goodnight!

Romeo IG Post:
TFW you get everything you’ve ever wanted #loveatfirstsight
#blessed #dreamgirl

JULIET TEXT:
Romeo!

Romeo!
ROMEOSTEXT:
My angel!

JULIETTEXT:
What *clock* tomorrow should I text you?
Jump to Romeo, on his couch, texts his reply.

ROMEOSTEXT:
9 *clock*

JULIETTEXT:
It's 20 years till then. *calendar* *calendar* *calendar*

...

I have forgot why I did text thee back. *embarrassed smily face*

ROMEOSTEXT:
Let me stay here till thou remember it.

JULIETTEXT:
I shall forget, to have thee still stay there.
Remembering how I *heart* thy company.

ROMEOSTEXT:
And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget.
Forgetting any other *house* but this.

JULIETTEXT:
It's almost *sunrise* I would you were my *bird*, so I could let you go, but pull you back again with a silken cord.

ROMEOSTEXT:
I would I were thy *bird*

JULIETTEXT:
Sweet so would I.

JULIETTEXT:
Goodnight!

ROMEOSTEXT:
Goodnight
Fading to black.
JULIET TEXT:
Parting is such sweet sorrow...
That I shall say goodnight ‘till it be morrow.

LIVE SECTION 2 (SCENE 12): Friar Laurence With the Lark

The Friar is broadcasting. There is a hand-written “on air” placard.

FRIAR LAURENCE
(Ad libs—its morning, welcome to my broadcast, drop comments in the chat, Oh hi [audience member] didn’t see you in church, etc.)

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities: For nought so vile
that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but strain’d from that fair use Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Friar gets a call—maybe it’s a church bell iPhone ring tone, and he looks confused—he never gets a call! He answers with a “oh my, a call! Oh. Let me see, do I press this, let’s do speaker…etc.”

ROMEO (V.O.)
Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Benedicite! Young son, it argues a distemper’d head So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
ROMEO (V.O.)
That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
*Friar realizes this is private and a bit dangerous.*

FRIAR LAURENCE
That's all for today, thank you to my viewers. All....four of you.
*Friar switches his sign, which now reads “off air”*

FRIAR LAURENCE
God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO (V.O.)
With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name’s woe.

FRIAR LAURENCE
That’s my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

ROMEO (V.O.)
Plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage and this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

ROMEO (V.O.)
Thou chid' st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO (V.O.)
And bad' st me bury love.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Not in a grave, To lay one in, another out to have. But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

ROMEO (V.O.)
O, tell me quick; I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. Oh dear. This is still on. I think...they heard all of that. Like, subscribe and sign that bell! How do I turn this—

REEL THREE

INT. JULIET'S BEDROOM - DAY

ROMEO TEXT:
Good morning *heart emoji*.

JULIET TEXT: My *heart emoji*!

ROMEO TEXT: Meet with me at the *church* as soon as you can! Friar Lawrence will marry us! *ring* Then we can *champagne bottle* then *Hamburger* then *Kiss* *fireworks*

JULIET TEXT: *Sexy winky face* BRT!!! [Or whatever kids say for “be right there“

REEL THREE: SCENE 13

EXT. LOADING DOCK - DAY
Benvolio is filming Mercutio, who is practicing his sword moves.

MERCUTIO
Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home last night?

BENVOLIO
Not to his father's.

MERCUTIO
Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Escalus Alert:
We are expecting RECORD HEAT throughout Verona today. All citizens of Verona are encouraged to conserve energy to avoid outages. And a reminder: NO BANDYING of any kind in the streets.

Tybalt—
I'm going to settle this with Montague once and for all. Let's see what he does when he gets my challenge. Will he run and hide?
BENVOLIO
Tybalt, the nephew of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father’s house.

MERCUTIO
A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO
Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO
Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO
Nay, he will answer the letter’s master, how he
dares, being dared.

MERCUTIO
Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a white
wench’s black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very
pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy’s butt-shaft: and is he a
man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO
Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO
More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is
the courageous captain of compliments. A duellist, a duellist; a
gentleman of the very first house, ah, the immortal passado! the
punto reverso! the hai!

BENVOLIO
The what?

MERCUTIO
By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore! You
thirsty? I need BOBA!

BENVOLIO
Let’s go…

Tybalt—
“Still waiting ...but on
the positive side, My
favorite barista is in
today. She makes the
best coffee in Verona.
REEL 3: SCENE 14

INT. FRIAR LAURENCE’S CELL - DAY

Romeo and the Friar are waiting for Juliet. She arrives, and the Friar marries the young couple. Suddenly: Static, blaring alert sounds.

This resolves into:

Mercutio Twitter Post:
TFW you’ve been ABANDONED by your best friend. Seriously, anyone seen Romeo?

Mercutio Twitter Post:
FORGET IT. I know when I’m not wanted. I’m taking a BOBA BREAK. I’ll catch you all up on the search for loverboy once I finish my cookies and cream. Don’t @ me.

Mercutio Twitter Post:
BRB my lovely followers!

LIVE SCENE THREE

XAVI
Good morning! You are watching Verona Live, and this is Xavi Moreno. First up this morning, I don’t need to tell you that Verona is in the grip of an unprecedented heat wave. The Prince asks you to conserve power, and stay hydrated. At noon, we’ll let you know what people are doing across the city to stay cool - Hold on a moment, I’m being told….Oh no….This just in. We have disturbing news of an event this morning at cafe Verona, a popular spot for young people. Tempers flared once again between the Capulets and Montagues, with tragic results. I’m being told that Mercutio, the nephew of Prince Escalus, was caught up in the melee. We have obtained some footage from a witness, Benvolio Montague, who appears to have caught footage from the scene. We are bringing it to you now. And a warning, this may be too intense for some viewers.
REEL FOUR: SCENE 15

This is all shot as if on Benvolio's camera, from her point of view.

BENVOLIO (V/O)
I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO
By my head, here comes a Capulet.

TYBALT
Gentlemen, good day: a word with one of you.

MERCUTIO
And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT
You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO
Could you not take some occasion without giving?

BENVOLIO
We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO
Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

TYBALT
Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.
Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,-thou art a villain.
Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,--which name I tender
As dearly as my own,--be satisfied.

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

What wouldst thou have with me?

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives!

I am for you.
Tybalt draws his sword.

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.
Benvolio puts camera down and steps in frame

Come, sir, your passado.

They fight.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!
Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio, and flies.

MERCUTIO
I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO
What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO
Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
He falls near the camera, quite close

ROMEO
Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO
No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO
I thought all for the best.

Mercutio dies.

This day's dark fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

BENVOLIO
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company!

They fight. Tybalt falls.

BENVOLIO
Romeo, away, be gone!
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO
Oh I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO
Why dost thou stay?

REEL 4: SCENE 16

ON SCREEN ALERT: WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST TO BRING YOU LIVE TO THE PUBLIC MEETING IN RESPONSE TO CAPULET / MONTAGUE VIOLENCE.

The following is a public zoom meeting.

PRINCE ESCALUS
Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO
O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
Tybalt slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio,
Therefore was Tybalt slain by Romeo.

CAPULET
She is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes her false; she speaks not true:

LADY CAPULET
I beg for Justice, which thou Prince must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

MONTAGUE
Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutio’s Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE ESCALUS
And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate’s proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding; But I’ll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:  
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he’s found, that hour is his last.

Music. Fade out. Intermission interlude.

REEL 5: Scene 18

We began in darkness, and fade up on Juliet writing in her journal.  
As she speaks, the words unspool on the screen.

JULIET (V.O.)  
Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner  
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaway’s eyes may wink and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk’d of and unseen.  
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow’d night,  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night...

There is knocking. Juliet looks up.

CUT TO: INT. JULIET’S DOOR - DAY  
The scene takes place on opposite sides of Juliet’s bedroom door.

NURSE  
We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
Alack the day! he’s gone, he’s kill’d, he’s dead!  
Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo that kill’d him, he is banished.

JULIET  
O God! did Romeo’s hand shed Tybalt’s blood?

NURSE  
It did, it did; alas the day, it did.

JULIET  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives that Tibalt would have slaine,
And Tibalt dead that would have slaine my husband: All this is comfort, wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death, That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory: 'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished;'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
But 'Romeo is banished!'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And I and Romeo press one heavy bier!

NURSE
I'll find Romeo to comfort you:
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll send for him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

JULIET
O, find him! Bid him come to take his last farewell.

REEL 5: SCENE 19

INT. FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL - DAY

FRIAR LAURENCE
Romeo! Romeo!

ROMEO
Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

FRIAR LAURENCE
A gentle judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO
Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death;'
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'
FRIAR LAURENCE
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush’d aside the law.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO
’Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
More validity, more honorable state,
More courtship lives in carrion flies than Romeo
They may seize on the wonder of dear Juliet’s hand
And steal immortal blessings from her lips
But Romeo may not: he is banished:
And say’st thou yet that exile is not death?
How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess’d,
To mangle me with that word ‘banished’?

FRIAR LAURENCE
Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

ROMEO
O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAURENCE
O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO
How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR LAURENCE
Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO
Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak!

The Friar’s cell phone rings.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Who calls?

NURSE (V/O)
O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE
Here with me, with his own tears made drunk

ROMEO
Spakest thou to Juliet? how is it with her?

NURSE (V/O)
O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then falls down again.

ROMEO
As if that name,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Hold thy desperate hand:
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And stay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there are thou happy too:
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
Go, get thee to thy love, as is decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

NURSE (V/0)
O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO
Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Go hence; good night; by break of day
Set forth in Mantua; I'll find Benvolio,
And she shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

ROMEO
But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee: Farewell.

REEL 5: SCENE 20

EXT PARIS’ CAFE - DAY Paris is reading a letter from Capulet.

CAPULET (V.O.)
Things have fall’n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
She loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:--Well, we were born to die.
I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
By me. Therefore on Thursday, next
She shall be married to you noble earl.
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. Farewell my lord.!

PARIS folds the letter carefully, placing it in his jacket.

---

REEL 5: SCENE 21

INT. JULIET'S BEDROOM - DAY: Romeo and Juliet are in bed, he is preparing to go.

JULIET
Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day.

ROMEO
Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET
(As she speaks this, an animation appears of the scene she is imagining)

Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

NURSE (O.S.)
Madam!
Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

JULIET
Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROMEO
One kiss, and I'll descend. Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET
O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO
I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Adieu!

Romeo exits. We hear the sound of a door opening.

LADY CAPULET
Why, how now, Juliet!
Evermore weeping for your cousin’s death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

CAPULET
Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy.

LADY CAPULET
Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
Young Count Paris, at Saint Peter’s Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET
Now, by Saint Peter’s Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.

CAPULET
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
I tell thee what: get thee to church o’ Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face!
LADY CAPULET
Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

JULIET
Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAPULET
Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have you match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
But, as you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will you shall not house with me: Look to't, think
on't, I do not use to jest. Thursday is near; lay hand on heart,
advise: If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend; And you be not,
hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

JULIET
Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

LADY CAPULET
Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Sound of door shutting. Juliet calls Nurse.

JULIET
O God!--O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE (V/O)
Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with Count Paris.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him: Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET
Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE (V/O)
And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

JULIET
Amen!

NURSE (V/O)
What?

JULIET
Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
Go and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to the Friar’s cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE
Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
She hangs up

JULIET (V/O)
Go, counsellor; Thou and I henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

REEL 5: SCENE 22

INT. FRIAR LAURENCE’S CELL - DAY
INTERCUT WITH INT: PARIS DRESSING ROOM

They are on the phone.
FRIAR LAURENCE
On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

PARIS
My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE
You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

PARIS
Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

PARIS
Juliet?! Let me talk to her. I—.

The Friar hangs up. Juliet enters.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

JULIET
Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it: If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame.
If thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET
O, bid me lurk, rather than marry Paris,
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears.
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain’d wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
And in this borrow’d likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, in thy best robes uncover’d on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

JULIET
Love give me strength. Farewell dear father.

REEL 6: SCENE 24

INT. JULIET’S BEDROOM - NIGHT JULIET is alone.

JULIET
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
Come, vial.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,--
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed:
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefather's joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

JULIET LOOKS UP, and feels that the image she is picturing are attacking her.
JULIET
Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

She takes the poison

REEL 6: SCENE 25

INT. JULIET’S BEDROOM - DAY
Stillness. The nurse knocks and enters the room.

NURSE (O.S.)
Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
What, not a word
You take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me.

Undraws the curtains

NURSE
I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!

She walks out of frame towards bed. We hear a scream.

REEL 6: SCENE 26

FADE TO INT. CAPULET’S MANOR - DAY
Montage of people getting ready for a funeral Three squares that intercut Lady C., Capulet, Paris, and Nurse. Sad music.

REEL 6: SCENE 27

CUT TO: EXT. MANTUA - DAY

ROMEO
If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!--
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

His phone chirps.

ROMEO
How now, Benvolio!
Dost thou not bring me news from the friar?
How fares my Juliet?
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Benvolio’s image comes up inset into frame. It is a very bad connection.

BENVOLIO
Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in the Capulet tomb,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's tomb,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news.
I do beseech you, cuz, have patience.

BENVOLIO’S SCREEN FREEZES

TEXT MESSAGE:
Romeo to Friar What happened? I'm coming back to Verona.
MESSAGE NOT SENT
ROMEO TRIES AGAIN.
MESSAGE NOT SENT.

BENVOLIO UNFREEZES FOR A MOMENT

BENVOLIO
Romeo?

ROMEO
Hast thou no message to me from the friar?

BENVOLIO
No, my good lord.
Benvolio’s image freezes again.

CUT TO:
Romeo, who throws his phone..

ROMEO
Then I defy you, stars!

ROMEO (V.O.)
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let’s see for means: O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,--
And hereabouts he dwells,--which late I noted

REEL 6: SCENE 28

CUT TO: INT. APOTHECARY SHOP

In tatter’d weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff’d, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes.
Noting this penury, to myself I said
‘An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

ROMEO
What, ho! apothecary!

APOTHECARY
Who calls so loud?

ROMEO
Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.

APOTHECARY
Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua’s law
Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO
Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear’st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend nor the world’s law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

APOTHECARY
My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet’s grave; for there must I use thee.

REEL 6: SCENE 31

DISOLVE TO DARKNESS WE SEE:
Animation: “Calling sister Joanna”
We hear: **ALL CIRUCITS ARE BUSY. PLEASE TRY YOUR CALL AGAIN LATER**

Lights fade up to INT. FRIAR LAURENCE’S CELL

The power grid is down.

The friar finds candles and lights them. As he is struggling in the dark we hear:

SISTER JOANNA
Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Sister Joanna enters, with a lantern. This scene should feel very traditional, and very, very dark. Candlelit. Technology is failing us.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Friar John! Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

SISTER JOANNA
Going to find a bare-foot brother out
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the wardens of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal’d up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay’d.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

SISTER JOANNA
I could not send it,--here it is again,--
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Sister, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

SISTER JOANNA
Father, I’ll go and bring it thee.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Now must I to the monument alone;
Within three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corpse, closed in a dead man’s tomb!

REEL 6: SCENE 30

INT. TOMB - NIGHT  Paris enters the tomb.

NEWSCASTER (V/O)
Power and communications are completely out throughout Verona.
All citizens are urged to stay indoors. Reports of a break at the
cemetery are not substantiated, but authorities have been dispatched to investigate.

PARIS
Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,--
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;--
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill’d by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?

*Paris retreats. Enter Romeo.*

This is that banish’d haughty Montague,
That murder’d my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROMEO
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me: I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury.

PARIS
I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO
Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee!
They fight, Paris is slain.

PARIS
Oh I am slain...If thou be mericiful...lay me with Juliet.

ROMEO
Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio’s kinsman, noble County Paris!
O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune’s book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O no! a lantern, slaughter’d youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
O my love! my wife!
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck’d the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer’d; beauty’s ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death’s pale flag is not advanced there.
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: come thou lie in my arms
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.
Here’s to thy health, where’er thou tumblest in;
O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.
Silence. Enter Friar.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who’s there?
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep’d in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs.

Juliet wakes.

JULIET
O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE
Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet!

JULIET
Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them.

She kisses Romeo

Thy lips are warm.
O happy dagger!
This is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die.

CAPULET (V/O)
O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!

LADY CAPULET (V/O)
O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!

BENVOLIO (V/O)
I brought my cousin news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.

MONTAGUE (V/O)
O thou untaught! what manners is in this?
To press before thy mother to a grave?

NURSE (V/O)
Most lamentable day, most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

PRINCE ESCALUS (V.O.)
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
LADY CAPULET (V.O.)
O sister Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter’s jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

MONTAGUE (V.O.)
But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET (V.O.)
As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

PRINCE ESCALUS (V.O.)
A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

As this final speech is going, we dissolve to Juliet’s drawing of herself and Romeo. There, Romeo and Juliet are together, in the dark, surrounded by stars.

JULIET (V/O)
Take us. And cut us out in little stars! And we will make the face of heaven so fine....that all the world will be in love with night.....

END.