

ROMEO AND JULIET



Script

recursos

CHARACTERS

JULIET CAPULET

ROMEO MONTAGUE

THE NURSE

TYBALT

FRIAR LAURENCE

THE NOTARY

BENVOLIO

MERCUTIO

PREAMBLE

JULIA

ROBERTO

TINA

MERCEDES

MAURO



Este guión es propiedad de Recursos Educativos, S.L. y está inscrito en el Registro de Propiedad Intelectual.

Las canciones señaladas con * sólo estarán disponibles durante la representación.

PREAMBLE

(The scene opens in a theatre theatre. Enter the notary enters, who sits on a chair. Various props covered with a sheet suggest the stage hasn't been used in a long time. Enter Roberto through the stalls, humming a song.)

ROBERTO: Are you from the notary's office?

THE NOTARY: Indeed. Are you Roberto?

ROBERTO: The same one.

THE NOTARY: My name is Andrea, please, sit down. Roberto Montes Cano, here I have the letter from the late Marlon Newman, and he leaves this establishment, called Marlon Globe Theatre Theatre, at the free disposal of his friend Roberto, who has the surname Montes Cano. In other words, he gifts you this theatre theatre. Your ID, please.

ROBERTO: Sure! Here is my ID. Oh boy! What a surprise! I'll give you my ID and whatever you need, the theatre theatre is mine! Where is my ID? Is it necessary? Don't you trust me? I assure you I am Roberto Montes...

(Andrea pushes her glasses down with her finger and stares at him.)

ROBERTO: Protocol, I guess. Here... here, here it is.

THE NOTARY: You must sign these papers.

ROBERTO: No problem.

(Roberto takes a pen and he is about to sign, but Andrea suddenly takes the papers away.)

THE NOTARY: Before that, we need to wait for someone else.

ROBERTO: Excuse me... What?

(Voice off: Enter Julia, talking on her cell phone, through the stalls.)

JULIA: I am going to pick them up today. Two kittens that need a home. Yes, I know, I have already seven cats, and now two more will make nine, like the lives of a cat... Sure,

hahaha... "Eleanor Abernathy"

ROBERTO: Julia? Really?

(Roberto puts his hand on his heart and staggers backwards.)

THE NOTARY: Do you feel ok?

ROBERTO: Let's say that I have a very sensitive heart... And I am prone to having heart attacks.

JULIA: I have to hang up, I think I am watching my worst nightmare!

JULIA and ROBERTO: What are you doing here?

THE NOTARY: Julia Capps?

JULIA: Yes, It's me.

ROBERTO: What is she doing here?

JULIA: Our friend Marlon mentioned me in his will.

THE NOTARY: Take a seat, please. My name is Andrea. Julia Capps; here I have a letter of the late Marlon Newman, and he leaves this establishment, the Marlon Globe Theatre Theatre , at the free disposal of his friend Julia who has the surname Capps. In other words, he gifts you this theatre theatre. Your ID, please.

ROBERTO: Hahaha! Where is the hidden camera?

JULIA: Ha! Please, can you see the exit of my theatre? So, you know.

(Julia points to the exit, then takes a pen and is about to sign, but Andrea pushes the papers away.)

THE NOTARY: But before that, I must read this third letter.

ROBERTO: Ha! She did the same to me.

JULIA: What?

THE NOTARY: I quote Mr. Marlon's exact words: To my two best friends, well-known artists since we joined the amateur theatre theatre group at "(name)" high school, I leave the Marlon Globe Theatre Theatre , with both of them remaining as absolute legatees at fifty-fifty each...

ROBERTO: No, It can't be! I don't want to anything to do with this person.

JULIA: As I can see, you've thought a lot about me.

ROBERTO: Oh, yes... a lot!

(Roberto moves into a spotlight on one side of the stage.)

ROBERTO: Let's see, Marlon, how on earth did you come up with this idea? You know for sure that Julia doesn't like me. If you think you can make her and me friends, you're wrong. It was a great, bad, bad idea... It was a stupid idea...

(Lights down.)

ROBERTO: Perfect, that's it.

JULIA: And I thought about you... never. Solution: we sell the theatre theatre and we share the benefits evenly between us.

ROBERTO: Good idea. We can agree with that.

(Roberto sits.)

JULIA: Don't get used to agreeing with me.

THE NOTARY: I keep reading: if my legatees, Julia and Roberto decide to sell the theatre theatre , I demand a last performance, a last show about the classic and famous play Romeo and Juliet, by William Shakespeare.

JULIA AND ROBERTO: No!

JULIA: I told you not to get used to agreeing with me.

THE NOTARY: If you interrupt me again, I will keep the will until next year, leaving it suspended as a dormant inheritance.

(They both remain silent.)

THE NOTARY: I continue: They will have to perform the play Romeo and Juliet, each playing the corresponding protagonists...

ROBERTO: I refuse!

(Julia moves to the spotlight.)

JULIA: Marlon, I respect you a lot, but this is a bad taste joke, I don't understand how you could do this to us...

THE NOTARY: In fact, I have an answer to that question here, I read what Mr. Marlon says: I am aware of the toxic relationship between my friends Julia and Roberto, that is why I have decided, after my death, to help them with this request, which, by the way, occurred to me watching an episode of Black Mirror, blah blah blah... and you already know the rest.

JULIA: Do you want me to play Juliet and that one over there Romeo?

(Stage lights up. The notary stands, takes off her glasses, points to the chair, and clears her throat. Julia silently raises her hands and sits down.)

THE NOTARY: As soon as Julia Capps and Roberto Montes Cano...

JULIA: Do you have two surnames?

(The notary throws her glasses on the table and crosses her arms.)

ROBERTO: Yes, my parents are Spanish.

JULIA: Ah! That explains your Antonio Banderas accent.

THE NOTARY: Last warning!

BOTH: Sorry.

(They look at each other.)

JULIA: Go on.

THE NOTARY: When you and you finish performing the aforementioned play, you'll be free to sell the theatre theatre if you wish. Okay, that's all there is to it. Sign here if you agree, and if you want to perform Romeo and Juliet, that's your problem. However, if you don't, the theatre theatre will belong to the state.

(They both look at each other... they nod, and sing.)

THE NOTARY: My work here is done. Have a good day.

(The notary gathers her things and leaves.)

ROBERTO: Well then...

JULIA: Aha...

ROBERTO: Exactly.

JULIA: Yes.

ROBERTO: Because if not...

JULIA: Sure...

ROBERTO: So, we try doing it, right?

JULIA: That would be ideal. Do we start tomorrow with the rehearsal?

ROBERTO: Tomorrow?

(Julia makes a gesture of despair.)

ROBERTO: Ok, tomorrow. I know an actress and a technician.

JULIA: I'll bring someone too.

ROBERTO: See you tomorrow then.

(Exit Roberto through the stalls, without saying goodbye. Julia heads toward the spotlight.)

JULIA: You've gone too far.

(The light goes out and the entire theatre goes dark.)

ACT I

(Mercedes enters the scene as Benvolio, carrying her cell phone and posting things on social media. On the other side, Tina enters as Tybalt. Tina seems very self-confident and quite narcissistic. She takes out a mirror and finishes her makeup. They dress normally but they wear a costume party mask.)

MAURO (OFF): The rehearsal is about to begin, please, everyone to the first, act one, scene five, the meeting at the ball of Romeo and Juliet.

(Both get into different positions. Mercedes remains outside one of the spotlights.)

MAURO (OFF): Please, Mercedes, more to your right. Camera, lights, sound...

ROBERTO (OFF): Mauro, this is not a movie, let's start the rehearsal and don't rumble on.

MAURO (OFF): Okay, let's start the rehearsal... three, two, one, go!

(Mercedes and Tina put on their masks. The masked Romeo and Juliet appear, both from different sides.)

MAURO (OFF): Welcome, gentlemen. The ladies who don't have corns on their toes will dance with you. Ha, my ladies, which of you will refuse to dance now? Whichever of you acts shy, I'll swear she has corns. Does that hit close to home? Welcome, gentlemen. There was a time when I could wear a mask over my eyes and charm a lady by whispering a story in her ear. That time is gone, gone, gone. You are welcome gentlemen. Come on, musicians, play music!

(Romeo approaches Benvolio.)

ROMEO: *Who's that girl dancing with that fellow over there?*

(Mercedes takes out the script to read her line, but Romeo grabs the script and throws it off the stage.)

MERCEDES: I can't remember my lines.

ROBERTO: You have to know the script.

(Mercedes makes a nervous gesture and seems to suddenly remember.)

MERCEDES: Ah, yes!

ROMEO: *Who's that girl dancing with that fellow over there?*

BENBOLIO: *I don't know, Sir.*

(Roberto waits for her to continue speaking. He signals to her.)

ROBERTO: Go on.

MERCEDES: That's it. That's all. Shall we do it again?

(Roberto groans.)

ROMEO: *Who's that girl dancing with that fellow over there?*

BENVOLIO: *I don't know, Sir.*

ROMEO: *Oh, she shows the torches how to burn bright! She stands out against the darkness like a jeweled earring hanging against the cheek of an African. Her beauty is too good for this world; she's too beautiful to die and be buried. She outshines the other women like a white dove in the middle of a flock of crows. When this dance is over, I'll see where she stands, and then I'll touch her hand with my rough and ugly one. Did my heart ever love anyone before this moment? My eyes were liars, then, because I never saw true beauty before tonight.*

TYBALT: *I can tell by his voice that this man is a Montague.*

(Tina screams. She turned up the volume too high, and the others cover their ears. Julia gestures with her hand for her to lower the tone a little.)

TYBALT: *I can tell by his voice...*

(Tina repeats it again. This time she says it in a normal tone.)

TYBALT: *I can tell by his voice that this man is a Montague. Here is my sword. How dare this peasant come here with his face covered by a mask to sneer at and scorn our celebration? Now, by the honor of our family, I do not consider it a crime to kill him.*

MAURO (OFF): *What's going on here, nephew? Why are you acting so angry?*

TYBALT: *Uncle, this man is a Montague, our enemy. He's a scoundrel who's come here out of spite to mock our party*

MAURO (OFF): *Is it young Romeo?*

TYBALT: *That's him, that villain Romeo.*

MAURO (OFF): *Calm down, dear cousin. Leave him alone. He carries himself like a dignified gentleman, and, to tell you the truth, he has a reputation throughout Verona as a virtuous and well-behaved young man. I wouldn't insult him in my own house for all the wealth in this town. So calm down. Just ignore him. That's what I want, and if you respect my wishes, you'll be nice and stop frowning because that's not the way you should behave at a feast.*

TYBALT: *It's the right way to act when a villain like him shows up. I won't tolerate him.*

MAURO (OFF): *You will tolerate him. What, little man? I say you will. What the— Am I the boss here or you? What the— You won't tolerate him! God help me! You'll start a riot among my guests! There will be chaos! It will be your fault, you'll be the rabble-rouser!*

TYBALT: *But Uncle, we're being disrespected.*

MAURO (OFF): *Go on, go on. You're an insolent little boy. Is that how it is, really? This stupidity will come back to bite you. I know what I'll do. You have to contradict me, don't you?*

TYBALT: *The combination of forced patience and pure rage is making my body tremble. I'll leave here now, but Romeo's prank, which seems so sweet to him now, will turn bitter to him later.*

(Tybalt/Tina leaves. The music gets louder, and Benvolio is seen encouraging Romeo to dance with Juliet. Romeo finally makes up his mind and begins to dance with her. Benvolio/Mercedes leaves.)

ROMEO: **(Taking Juliet's hand.)** *Your hand is like a holy place that my hand is unworthy to visit.*

If you're offended by the touch of my hand, my two lips are standing here like blushing pilgrims, ready to make things better with a kiss.

JULIET: Good pilgrim, you don't give your hand enough credit. By holding my hand you show polite devotion. After all, pilgrims touch the hands of statues of saints. Holding one palm against another is like a kiss.

ROMEO: Don't saints and pilgrims have lips too?

JULIET: Yes, pilgrim, they have lips that they're supposed to pray with.

ROMEO: Well then, saint, let lips do what hands do. I'm praying for you to kiss me. Please grant my prayer so my faith doesn't turn to despair.

JULIET: Saints don't move, even when they grant prayers.

ROMEO: Then don't move while I act out my prayer.

(The two stare at each other, pretending to kiss, but their expressions are more disgusted than eager... they've lost character. Roberto blows her a kiss.)

ROBERTO: Let's carry on.

JULIET: Yes, yes...

(Mercedes and Tina's heads are sticking out from the wings.)

MERCEDES: What? We've been waiting for this moment! I took this role just to see the kiss.

(Julia orders to be quiet.)

ROMEO: Now my sin has been taken from my lips by yours.

JULIET: Then do my lips now have the sin they took from yours?

ROMEO: Sin from my lips? You encourage crime with your sweetness. Give me my sin back.

(Julia throws him a silly kiss.)

TINA: What a shame! Come on, babe!

(Both exit.)

JULIET: *You kiss like you've studied how.*

(Tina enters as the nurse and Benvolio reappears.)

NURSE: *Madam, your mother wants to talk to you.*

ROMEO: **(To the nurse.)** *Who is her mother?*

NURSE: *Young man, her mother is the lady of the house. She is a good, wise, and virtuous lady. I nursed her daughter, whom you were just talking to. Let me tell you, the man who marries her will become very wealthy.*

ROMEO: **(To himself.)** *Is she a Capulet? Oh, this is a heavy price to pay! My life is in the hands of my enemy.*

BENVOLIO: **(To Romeo.)** *Come on, let's go. Time flies when you're having fun.*

ROMEO: *Yes, but I'm afraid I'm in more trouble than ever.*

(Both exit.)

JULIET: *Come over here, nurse. Who is that gentleman?*

NURSE: *His name is Romeo. He's a Montague. He's the only son of your worst enemy.*

JULIET: **(To herself.)** *The only man I love is the son of the only man I hate! I saw him too early without knowing who he was, and I found out who he was too late! Love is a monster for making me fall in love with my worst enemy.*

NURSE: *What's this? What's this?*

JULIET: *Just a rhyme I learned from somebody I danced with at the party.*

NURSE: *Right away, right away. Come, let's go. The strangers are all gone.*

MAURO (OFF): *And end of act one, scene five. Bravo.*

(Mauro claps and then looks at a newspaper. The four of them enter the stage.)

MERCEDES: *Wow! Great! Right? I have to put this on my social media.*

(She takes out his cell phone while she carries a bag of peanuts.)

MERCEDES: Do you want some? Julia, right? We've barely spoken.

JULIA: No, thank you, I'm allergic to peanuts.

MERCEDES: Oh, I'm so sorry. Allergies are very common at the moment.

TINA: One thing, the kiss won't be that bad again... right?

ROBERTO y JULIA: It is a rehearsal.

(They look at each other.)

JULIA: It is not necessary to kiss during rehearsals.

(Roberto agrees with his hand.)

ROBERTO: The play must have four acts.

JULIA: Five.

ROBERTO: What?

JULIA: Five acts that represent everything that is important.

ROBERTO: We could tell it in four.

JULIA: The party, the balcony, the fight between Mercutio and Tybald, the exile and the crypt.
Five.

(Roberto grabs the finger she used for the exile and pulls it back down.)

ROBERTO: We can skip the exile.

JULIA: And how do we explain Romeo's reappearance, the Phoenix of his return, his struggle to return?

ROBERTO: The audience knows how the story goes. They shouldn't be given everything on a plate.

JULIA: In the end, this play is going to be very short.

ROBERTO: Of course! Ok! We'll leave the theatre theatre theatre dark and, with a voiceover, we'll make a podcast of the entire play, from beginning to end.

MERCEDES: Guys, guys...

(Roberto and Julia stare at each other, annoyed.)

TINA: Why don't you think about doing it in four acts and that way, you'll have to put up with each other for less time.

(Roberto smiles. He takes some peanuts from Mercedes and eats them all, staring at Julia.)

JULIA: Okay, four acts. Let's look at the second one, the balcony scene. *(Exit)*

TINA: But, Will there be a kiss?

JULIA (OFF): Nooo.

(Exit Tina.)

MERCEDES: Well, I like the idea of doing a podcast, you know.

(Mercedes looks at the script carefully.)

ROBERTO: Go on, get your costumes ready. And learn the script!

(Roberto snatches the script off her.)

MERCEDES: Idiot.

(Exit Mercedes. Roberto looks at Marlon's light and raises the script in a gesture of despair. Lights down.)

ACT II

(Lights up. Tina comes in, looking at herself in the mirror, and Mercedes comes in with her cell phone. They begin to remove the fabric from an object and set up the balcony.)

TINA: Mercedes, do you think Roberto and Julia will be able to make it to the premiere of the play?

MERCEDES: What do you mean?

TINA: They hate each other.

MERCEDES: Don't worry, remember Dirty Dancing with Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey? Or... The Notebook? Ryan Gosling didn't want to act with Rachel McAdams. Dustin Hoffman disrespected Meryl Streep in Kramer vs. Kramer... or, without going any further, in Romeo and Juliet, Claire Danes found Leonardo DiCaprio insufferable. In the end, they were good films, and some of them earned nominations from that explosive combination.

TINA: I hope you're right, I don't want this situation to damage my image.

(Roberto and Julia enter. Both are in costume.)

ROBERTO: I am already dressed. Are you getting changed?

(Roberto offers her a bag containing Juliet's costume.)

JULIA: I am already dressed as Juliet.

(Julia is wearing a futuristic, unique costume.)

ROBERTO: *(Laughs.)* No, really.

JULIA: I thought of a modern, futuristic adaptation.

ROBERTO: This is Shakespeare, born on April 23rd...

MERCEDES: World Book Day. *(Showing cell phone.)*

ROBERTO: ...1564 in England. He wrote Romeo and Juliet around 1597.

JULIA: And don't you think it's a good idea to adapt it, to be original and not always do the same thing? Have you seen Baz Luhrmann's version?

ROBERTO: Leonardo DiCaprio's version shooting with a gun?

JULIA: It's an interesting universe.

ROBERTO: Let's talk about an interesting universe. Are you planning on wearing a wig to play Juliet? Because she has to have long hair...

(All three sigh.)

JULIA: Excuse me? Let's talk about sexist clichés. What do you think about this?

(He puts a finger on her belly.)

ROBERTO: What's wrong with my belly?

JULIA: You'll go on a diet... right?

ROBERTO: I look buff.

JULIA: Yes, and your almost long hair to cover your baldness?

ROBERTO: Hey! What's wrong with my hair?

MERCEDES: Guys, guys...

TINA: Are you aware that you have to rehearse and we're running out of time? And she is right about the belly, so take care of yourself.

ROBERTO: Hey!

(Roberto sighs and calms down. He picks up the bag containing Juliet's outfit.)

JULIA: What do we say now?

(Roberto smiles.)

ROBERTO: Please.

(Julia takes the bag.)

JULIA: But it is not final, we will talk about it later.

(Roberto and Julia exit.)

MERCEDES: They say that when we do the play the tickets will sell out theatre theatre, what a pity, right?

TINA: Yes... Plus, streaming and new technologies aren't helping; they're making fewer and fewer people go to the theatre theatre. Are you listening?

MERCEDES: What? Sorry, but I was posting a story.

(Mercedes films the balcony they have set up.)

MERCEDES: Juliet's Balcony Act Two Scene One.

TINA: You're totally disconnected from reality, girl. You're living in your own bubble.

MAURO (OFF): Come on, let's clear the stage.

(They both leave. Julia as Juliet.)

JULIA: Did you give me a dress stained pink?

(Roberto pokes his head out.)

ROBERTO: I accidentally put some red socks in the washing machine with the dress.

JULIA: Perfect.

MAURO (OFF): You two, if you keep talking nonsense, you'll be left without a technician.

(Julia takes up position behind the balcony. Romeo appears.)

ROMEO: *It's easy for someone to joke about scars if they've never been cut. But wait, what's that light in the window over there? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. Rise up, beautiful sun, and kill the jealous moon. The moon is already sick and pale with grief because*

you, Juliet, her maid, are more beautiful than she. Don't be her maid, because she is jealous. Virginity makes her look sick and green. Only fools hold on to their virginity. Let it go.

(Juliet appears on the balcony.)

ROMEO: *Oh, there's my lady! Oh, it is my love. Oh, I wish she knew how much I love her. She's talking, but she's not saying anything. So what? Her eyes are saying something. I will answer them. I am too bold. She's not talking to me. Two of the brightest stars in the whole sky had to go away on business, and they're asking her eyes to twinkle in their places until they return. Look how she leans her hand on her cheek. Oh, I wish I was the glove on that hand so that I could touch that cheek.*

JULIA: *Oh, my!*

ROMEO: **(To himself.)** *She speaks. Oh, speak again, bright angel.*

JULIET: **(Not knowing ROMEO hears her.)** *Oh, Romeo, Romeo, why do you have to be Romeo? Forget about your father and change your name. Or else, if you won't change your name, just swear you love me and I'll stop being a Capulet.*

ROMEO: **(To himself.)** *Should I listen for more, or should I speak now?*

JULIET: **(Still not knowing ROMEO can hear her.)** *It's only your name that's my enemy. You'd still be yourself even if you stopped being a Montague. What's a Montague anyway? It isn't a hand, a foot, an arm, a face, or any other part of a man. Oh, be some other name! What does a name mean? The thing we call a rose would smell just as sweet if we called it by any other name. Romeo would be just as perfect even if he wasn't called Romeo. Romeo, lose your name. Trade in your name, which really has nothing to do with you, and take all of me in exchange.*

ROMEO: **(To JULIET.)** *I trust your words. Just call me your love, and I will take a new name. From now on I will never be Romeo again.*

JULIET: *Who are you? Why do you hide in the darkness and listen to my private thoughts?*

ROMEO: *I don't know how to tell you who I am by telling you a name. I hate my name, dear saint, because my name is your enemy. If I had it written down, I would tear up the paper.*

JULIET: *I haven't heard you say a hundred words yet, but I recognize the sound of your voice.*

Aren't you Romeo? And aren't you a Montague?

ROMEO: I am neither of those things if you dislike them.

JULIET: Tell me, how did you get in here? And why did you come? The orchard walls are high, and it's hard to climb over them. If any of my relatives find you here they'll kill you because of who you are.

ROMEO: I flew over these walls with the light wings of love. Stone walls can't keep love out. Whatever a man in love can possibly do, his love will make him try to do it. Therefore your relatives are no obstacle.

JULIET: If they see you, they'll kill you.

ROMEO: Alas, one angry look from you would be worse than twenty of your relatives with swords. Just look at me kindly, and I'm invincible against their hatred.

JULIET: I'd give anything to keep them from seeing you here.

ROMEO: The darkness will hide me from them. And if you don't love me, let them find me here. I'd rather they killed me than have to live without your love.

JULIET: Who told you how to get here, under my?

ROMEO: Love showed me the way, the same thing that made me look for you in the first place. Love told me what to do, and I let love borrow my eyes.

JULIET: You can't see my face because it's dark. Otherwise, you'd see me blushing about the things you've heard me say tonight.

ROMEO: Lady, I swear by the sacred moon above, the moon that paints the tops of fruit trees with silver...

JULIET: Don't swear by the moon. The moon is always changing. Every month its position in the sky shifts. I don't want you to turn out to be that inconsistent too.

ROMEO: What should I swear by?

JULIET: Don't swear at all. But if you have to swear, swear by your wonderful self, which is the god I worship like an idol, and then I'll believe you.

ROME: If my heart's dear love...

JULIET: Well, don't swear. Although you bring me joy, I can't take joy in this exchange of promises tonight. It's too crazy. We haven't done enough thinking. It's too sudden. It's too much like lightning, which flashes and then disappears before you can say, "it's lightning." My sweet, good night. I hope you enjoy the same sweet peace and rest I feel in my heart.

ROMEO: *Oh, are you going to leave me so unsatisfied?*

JULIET: *What satisfaction could you possibly have tonight?*

ROMEO: *I would be satisfied if we made each other true promises of love.*

JULIET: *I pledged my love to you before you asked me to. Yet I wish I could take that promise back, so I had it to give again.*

ROMEO: *You would take it back? Why would you do that, my love?*

JULIET: *Only to be generous and give it to you once more. But I'm wishing for something I already have. My generosity to you is as limitless as the sea, and my love is as deep. The more love I give you, the more I have. Both loves are infinite.*

TINA: *Is it my turn?*

MERCEDES: *Yes!*

JULIET: *I hear a noise inside. Dear love, goodbye—Just a minute, good Nurse. Sweet Montague, be true. Stay here for a moment. I'll come back.*

(Juliet disappears from the balcony.)

ROMEO: *Oh, blessed, blessed night! Because it's dark out, I'm afraid all this is...*

TINA: *When do I call her again?*

MERCEDES: *Not yet.*

JULIA: *Stop making so much noise.*

ROMEO: *I'm afraid all this is just a dream, too sweet...*

(A cell phone rings.)

MERCEDES: *Oops! Sorry.*

TINA: *Will there be a kiss?*

(Roberto orders them to be quiet.)

ROMEO: *...just a dream, too sweet to be real.*

(Juliet comes out onto the balcony in futuristic costume.)

JULIET: *Three words, dear Romeo, and then it's good night for real. If your intentions as a lover are truly honorable and you want to marry me, send me word tomorrow. I'll send a messenger to you, and you can pass on a message telling me where and when we'll be married. I'll lay all my fortunes at your feet and follow you, my lord, all over the world.*

ROBERTO: Will you marry me dressed like this?

MAURO (OFF): Enters off Nurse.

BOTH: Waiting we are.

(Roberto and Julia look at each other but Tina doesn't reply.)

JULIET: ***(To the NURSE.)*** *I'll be right there!* ***(To Romeo.)*** *But if you don't have honorable intentions, I beg you...*

NURSE (OFF): ***Madam! (In a feminine voice, Roberto signals to Mauro that he has done well.)***

JULIET: *Alright, I'm coming! I beg you to stop trying for me and leave me to my sadness. Tomorrow I'll send the messenger.*

ROMEO: *My soul depends on it...*

JULIET: *A thousand times...*

NURSE: ***(Offstage.)*** *Madam!*

BOTH: *Not now!*

JULIET: *A thousand times good night.*

(Juliet leaves the balcony.)

ROMEO: *Leaving you is a thousand times worse than being near you. A lover goes toward his beloved as enthusiastically as a schoolboy leaving his books, but when he leaves his girlfriend, he feels as miserable as the schoolboy on his way to school.*

(Romeo withdraws slowly, but Juliet returns.)

JULIET: *Psst, Romeo! Psst! Oh, I wish I could make a falconer's call...*

(Romeo helps himself to climb the balcony using a bench, and when he reaches Juliet he kisses her.)

JULIA: *New version?*

ROBERTO/ROMEO: *Julia... Juliet!*

(Julietta puts a finger on his lips.)

JULIET: ***I have forgotten why I called you back.***

ROMEO: *Let me stay here until you remember your reason.*

JULIET: *I'll forget it, and you'll have to stand there forever. I'll only remember how much I love your company. But I would kill you by holding you too tight too much. Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow that I'll say good night until tonight becomes tomorrow.*

(Juliet leaves the balcony.)

ROMEO: *I hope you sleep peacefully. I wish I were Sleep and Peace, so I could spend the night with you. Now I'll go and see my priest, to ask for his help and tell him about my good luck.*

JULIA: *What was that?*

ROBERTO: *I'm sorry, I'm sorry... I forgot my lines and I had to improvise.*

JULIA: *Don't you dare do that again. Julia is very upset.*

ROBERTO: *I am really sorry...*

(Roberto is about to leave the stage but stops to touch his heart and leans against the side of the stage.)

JULIA: Are you ok?

(Julia holds his arm.)

ROBERTO: Sure, always.

(Roberto leaves. Tina and Mercedes enter. Mercedes claps.)

MERCEDES: Hey, that's great... right? I still need this, don't worry, Roberto.

(He takes out the script and Roberto grabs it and throws it away.)

TINA: Not bad, but give it a little more passion.

JULIA: Too much intensity, I've seen.

MERCEDES: Do you want some?

(Mercedes offers her peanuts, which Roberto rejects. Tina takes them and when she reaches Julia, she stares at her.)

MERCEDES: Oh, yeah! Allergy!

ROBERTO: Now it's time for Mercutio's scene. Go change, Julia and I will do the changing.

MERCEDES: I'm so nervous!

(Mercedes retrieves the script, but as she passes Roberto, he snatches it off her. Tina and Mercedes exit. Julia looks at the light representing Marlon.)

JULIA: Do you think he would be happy?

ROBERTO: What?

JULIA: Do you think Marlon would like what we're doing?

ROBERTO: Well...

(The light turns on.)

ROBERTO: It seems so.

(Julia and Roberto dismantle the balcony and install the bridge. Roberto takes out a notebook and begins taking notes.)

JULIA: What is that?

ROBERTO: I usually write down everything that I...

JULIA: Do you keep your notes in a book, like the Bibles? Or is it a diary where you note... "I kissed Julia today."

ROBERTO: Juliet.

JULIA: Yes, of course.

ROBERTO: I have this so I can write things down and perfect my art. What do you have? Miss youth who prefers an e-book to a good notebook with its pages and its essence...

JULIA: Hey, I wasn't attacking you! So... what's going on? Don't you trust my memory? It's you who missed the point.

ROBERTO: No, I mean, yes, but you questioned my work as an actor.

JULIA: As long as you don't take out your diary during rehearsals...

ROBERTO: Maybe it's you who needs a little help. You've also skipped several lines... Pay attention to the script, Mauro, Julia needs help with the text!

JULIA: Maybe I can't focus when I see you dressed in a caveman's outfit. You look like a retrograde who hasn't moved forward in time. A kiss?

ROBERTO: At least I have a historical responsibility! And the hardest part of the whole performance was kissing you!

JULIA: Oh! Really?

MAURO (OFF): Guys, guys...

BOTH: What?

(Mauro turns off all the lights. Marlon's light also goes out, and the theatre theatre goes dark.)

MAURO (OFF): Get lost, weirdo!

ACTO III

BENVOLIO (OFF): Oh great, here come the Capulets.

(Enter Mercutio enters.)

MERCUTIO: Well, well, I don't care.

(Tybald enters.)

TYBALT: Good afternoon, gentlemen. I'd like to have a word with one of you.

MERCUTIO: You just want one word with one of us? Put it together with something else. Make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT: You'll find me ready enough to do that, sir, if you give me a reason.

MERCUTIO: Can't you find a reason without me giving you one?

TYBALT: Mercutio, you hang out with Romeo.

*MERCUTIO: "Hang out?" Who do you think we are, musicians in a band? If we look like musicians to you, you can expect to hear nothing but noise. **(Touching the blade of his sword.)** This is my fiddlestick. I'll use it to make you dance. Goddammit, "Hang out!"*

BENVOLIO (OFF): We're talking here in a public place. Out here everybody can see us.

MERCUTIO: Men's eyes were made to see things, so let them watch. I won't move to please anybody.

(Romeo enters.)

TYBALT: Well, may peace be with you. Here comes my man, the man I'm looking for.

MERCUTIO: He's not your man. Alright, walk out into a field, and he'll chase you. In that sense you can call him your "man."

TYBALT: Romeo, there's only one thing I can call you. You're a villain.

ROMEO: Tybalt, I have a reason to love you that lets me put aside the rage I should feel and excuse that insult. I am no villain. So, goodbye. I can tell that you don't know who I am.

TYBALT: Boy, your words can't excuse the harm you've done to me. So now turn and draw your

sword.

ROMEO: *I disagree. I've never done you harm. I love you more than you can understand until you know the reason why I love you. And so, good Capulet, which is a name I love like my own name, you should be satisfied with what I say.*

MERCUTIO: *This calm submission is dishonorable and vile. The thrust of a sword will end this surrender. **(Draws his sword.)** Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you go fight me?*

TYBALT: *What do you want from me?*

MERCUTIO: *Good King of Cats, I want to take one of your nine lives. I'll take one, and, depending on how you treat me after that, I might beat the other eight out of you too. Will you pull your sword out of its sheath? Hurry up, or I'll smack you on the ears with my sword before you have yours drawn.*

TYBALT: *I'll fight you. **(He draws his sword.)***

ROMEO: *Noble Mercutio, put your sword away!*

MERCUTIO: **(To TYBALT.)** *Come on, sir, perform your forward thrust, your "passado".*

(They fight.)

ROMEO: *Gentlemen, stop this disgraceful fight. Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince has banned fighting in the streets of Verona.*

(Romeo tries to break up the fight.)

ROMEO: *Stop, Tybalt. Stop, good Mercutio.*

(Tybald reaches under Romeo's arm and stabs Mercutio.)

MERCUTIO: *I've been hurt. May a plague curse both your families. I'm finished. Did he get away clean?*

ROMEO: *Have courage, man. The wound can't be that bad.*

MERCUTIO: *No, it's not as deep as a well, or as wide as a church door, but it's enough. It'll do the job. Ask for me tomorrow, and you'll find me in a grave. I'm done for in this world, I believe. May a plague strike both your houses. Goddammit! I can't believe that dog, that*

rat, that mouse, that cat could scratch me to death! That braggart, punk villain who fights like he learned swordsmanship from a manual! Why the hell did you come in between us? He struck me from under your arm.

ROMEO: *I thought it was the right thing to do.*

MERCUTIO: *May a plague strike both your families! They've turned me into food for worms. I'm done for. Curse your families!*

(Mercutio dies.)

ROMEO: *This gentleman Mercutio, a close relative of the Prince and my dear friend, was killed while defending me from Tybalt's slander... The future will be affected by today's terrible events. Today is the start of a terror that will end in the days ahead.*

BENVOLIO OFF: *Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.*

(Tybald enters.)

ROMEO: *He's alive and victorious, and Mercutio's dead? Enough with mercy and consideration. It's time for rage to guide my actions. Now, Tybalt, you can call me "villain" the way you did before. Mercutio's soul is floating right above our heads. He's waiting for you to keep him company on the way up to heaven. Either you, or I, or both of us have to go with him.*

TYBALT: *Wretched boy, you hung out with him here on Earth, and you're going to go to heaven with him.*

ROMEO: *This fight will decide who dies.*

(Tybald dies.)

ROMEO: *Oh, I have awful luck.*

(The lights turn on.)

MAURO (OFF): Cut!

ROBERTO: It's not a movie, Mauro!

(Julia enters.)

JULIA: Wow! You guys were great!

TINA: Certainly...

ROBERTO: Seriously? Did I do it right?

JULIA: Don't push it!

(Mercedes is still on the ground.)

ROBERTO: Mercedes, the scene is over. Mercedes?

(Everyone looks at her.)

ROBERTO: Mercedes, don't scare us, I'm the one with heart problems.

JULIA: Do you have heart problems?

(Roberto approaches Mercedes and slight snores are heard.)

ROBERTO: Mercedes!

MERCEDES: What? What!?

ROBERTO: You won't fall asleep on opening day... right?

MERCEDES: No, no, don't worry. I didn't sleep much today as I was streaming and uploading content.

TINA: Oh, my gosh!

JULIA: Shall we prepare the last scene?

ROBERTO: Everyone?

TINA: This is starting to look like a theatre theatre group.

(They start setting the crypt scene between everyone.)

JULIA: I've thought about including a certain type of music for the play.

ROBERTO: Which one?

JULIA: Mauro, please, play the song I gave you.

(Mauro plays a track.)

ROBERTO: Sci-fi soundtrack?

JULIA: From Interstellar. The song "STAY," from when the protagonist's daughter tells her father not to leave, hence the "STAY" part.

ROBERTO: I know the movie, but let's put on this instead. Mauro, put on the CD I gave you.

MAURO (OFF): Negative, Roberto, I don't have a CD player. Get modern, man.

(Julia smiles.)

JULIA: He just stabbed you under the arm.

ROBERTO: Don't get used to winning.

(Mercedes grabs Roberto and takes him off-screen while she broadcasts the news on her cell phone.)

MERCEDES: "And here we are preparing the last scene, my audience. Romeo is getting ready," say hello. "And now we go to Juliet, who also has to leave to get ready." Say hello, too.

(Mercedes takes Julia off-scene.)

MERCEDES: "And our Tina..."

TINA: No, babe, I look horrible.

(Tina exits.)

MERCEDES: "Well, now we're going to act five, scene three... what? Can't you see me? I'm going to

stand in this spotlight, there's a little more light here."

(Mercedes heads towards Marlon's light... but it goes out.)

MERCEDES: Did he just ghost me?

(Mercedes exits.)

ACT IV

(Julia lies in the crypt, seemingly "dead," having drunk the potion Friar Lawrence gave her. Roberto enters like Romeo and very sad, approaches the tomb.)

ROMEO: Oh, my love! My bride! Death has sucked the honey from your breath, but it has not yet ruined your beauty. You haven't been conquered. There is still red in your lips and in your cheeks. Death has not yet turned them pale Juliet, why are you still so beautiful? Should I believe that death is in love with you, and that the awful monster keeps you here to be his mistress? I don't like that idea, so I'll stay with you. And I will never leave this tomb. Here, here I'll remain with worms that are your chamber-maids. Oh, I'll rest here forever. I'll forget about all the bad luck that has troubled me. Eyes, look out for the last time! Arms, make your last embrace! And lips, you are the doors of breath. **(Taking a bottle with poison.)** Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide! You desperate pilot, let's crash this seaweary ship into the rocks! Here's to my love! **(Romeo drinks the poison.)** Oh, that pharmacist was honest! His drugs work quickly. So I die... **(Juliet wake up slowly.)**

JULIET: ...with a kiss.

(Juliet kisses Romeo.)

ROMEO: Juliet...

JULIET: *Romeo! (Romeo and Juliet kiss... then, he collapses because of the poison and Juliet realises what is happening. The friar approaches Juliet.) Oh friendly friar! Where is my husband? I remember very well where I should be, and here I am. Where is my Romeo?*

(Enter Friar Laurence.)

FRIAR: *I hear some noise. Lady, come out of the tomb. A greater power than we can fight has ruined our plan. Come, come away. Your husband lies dead there, and Paris too. Come, I'll place you among the sisterhood of holy nuns. Don't wait to ask questions. The watch is coming. Come, let's go, good Juliet, I don't dare stay any longer.*

JULIET: *Go, get out of here. I'm not going anywhere. (Exit Friar Laurence.) What's this here? It's a cup, closed in my true love's hand? Poison, I see, has been the cause of his death. How rude! He drank it all, and didn't leave any to help me afterward. I will kiss your lips. Perhaps there's still some poison on them, to make me die with a medicinal kiss. (She kisses Romeo.) Your lips are warm.*

OFFICER (OFF): *Lead, boy. Which way?*

JULIET: *Oh, noise? Then I'll be quick. Oh, good, a knife! My body will be your sheath. Rust inside my body and let me die. (She stabs herself with Romeo's dagger and dies.)*

(Deathly silence again.)

MAURO (OFF): *Great guys, love you!*

(They both get up slowly.)

ROBERTO: How did you feel?

JULIA: Good... And you?

ROBERTO: Fine, thanks.

(Mercedes and Tina enter clapping.)

MERCEDES: We won't say anything about the kiss.

(Roberto and Julia are staring at each other smiling.)

MAURO (OFF): Listen, I've been thinking that when the show is over we can play a rock song I composed to say goodbye to the audience, something like this

(Mauro plays a song from his discography.)

ROBERTO AND JULIA: No!

(Mauro stops the song.)

MAURO (OFF): Ok, ok... I get it.

ROBERTO: We're ready for opening night tomorrow!

MERCEDES: Yes, rehearsals are finally over... wait, what? Tomorrow? So soon?

(Mercedes eats peanuts uncontrollably and leaves.)

TINA: I am going home to have a rest.

(Tina exits.)

ROBERTO: Are you ready?

JULIA: Yes.

ROBERTO: When we finish tomorrow we'll be able to sell the theatre theatre theatre.

JULIA: Yes.

(They both smile but they are not very convinced.)

ROBERTO: Rest well.

(Roberto starts leaving...)

JULIA: Roberto...

(Roberto turns around.)

JULIA: Good job!

ROBERTO: Good job, Julia.

(Roberto exits. Julia looks at Mauro.)

JULIA: Mau, places, everyone!

(With music and the sole illumination of the Marlon light, they turn all the elements of the scene around, presenting the scenery to an imaginary audience, the exact opposite of the real audience. All the actors have contributed to this change. Where the Marlon light once stood, it is now in the opposite corner. Applause begins to be heard, and the actors are seen with their backs to the real audience, greeting an imaginary audience. They leave the scene and remain in the foreground, celebrating the premiere.)

TINA: It was wonderful!

(The four of them hug each other.)

MERCEDES: I've seen some of them in the audience with their cell phones. I'm going to post that lack of respect right now.

(Roberto y Julia continue hugging.)

ROBERTO: Great!

JULIA: Huge!

(She points to his belly.)

ROBERTO: Hey!

(And they laugh. Julia's cell phone rings. She picks it up from between the chairs where the costumes are arranged.)

JULIA: Yes? Oh! Yes... *(To Roberto.)* It's from the notary's office. Of course, I'll go out and wait for you outside. *(Hangs up.)* I'm going to meet Andrea, who's coming to the theatre theatre so we can sign the sale.

ROBERTO: Oh, ok!

(Both of them aren't entirely sure. Mercedes and Tina watch, their heads downcast.)

JULIA: I'll be back soon.

(Julia exits. Roberto sits and touches his heart. He looks for the pills but can't find them.)

TINA: So you are selling... right?

MERCEDES: It's a shame to rehearse so much to only do the play once.

ROBERTO: Have you seen my pills? It's a small bottle... oh, I think I left them in the car.

(Roberto feels worse.)

TINA: Are you ok?

MERCEDES: Do you want some?

(He offers peanuts but Roberto brushes them away.)

ROBERTO: I don't feel so good.

(The Marlon light blinks several times.)

ROBERTO: Can you call an amb...

(Roberto tries to stand up, but collapses in Tina and Mercedes's arms, who leave him on the floor. They both look at each other in alarm. Tina touches his neck.)

TINA: He fainted!

MERCEDES: So... it's not a heart attack?

TINA: No, we have to look for his pills.

MERCEDES: Yes, yes! Quick! He said they're in the car!

(Mercedes takes out her cell phone.)

MERCEDES: My audience! We have a serious problem!

TINA: Girl, not now!

(Tina pulls Mercedes and the two hurry offstage. Julia enters.)

JULIA: Andrea called me to say she's late... Roberto? Roberto!?

(She runs to him and tries to revive him.)

JULIA: Wake up, man! Don't be silly! Oh, come on! I was starting to understand you now... even though you're so stubborn.

(She slaps him in the face.)

JULIA: Come on, man, don't scare me! Who's going to contradict me now? Who's going to drive me crazy? Wake up!

(She hugs him.)

JULIA: You could have had a heart attack after selling the theatre theatre , so I could have gotten the money... ***(Laughs through tears.)*** Just kidding...

(Julia places her hand on the ground and touches the bag of peanuts. She takes it with surprise, fear, and hesitation...)

JULIA: Come, bitter peanuts, for my love!

(She slowly brings a handful of peanuts up to her mouth. Roberto has been waking up and just in time he throws the peanuts away and hug her tightly.)

ROBERTO: Stay.

JULIA: You are awake!

ROBERTO: Stay with me.

JULIA: You are delirious.

(Julia hugs him.)

ROBERTO: Were you going to eat the peanuts?

JULIA: No... I was rehearsing your poison scene.

ROBERTO: You were going to eat the peanuts.

(Roberto's voice breaks.)

JULIA: I said no!

(Roberto smiles.)

JULIA: Silly boy.

(The notary enters.)

THE NOTARY: Good afternoon, I was delayed by traffic, a thousand apologies.

(Roberto and Julia stand up.)

THE NOTARY: I'm in a hurry. You've fulfilled Marlon's last words, blah blah blah, and put on a performance of Romeo and Juliet. These are the papers to sell Marlon Globe Theatre. A signature here, another here...

(Roberto looks at Julia. They nod.)

JULIA: We'll keep the theatre theatre .

THE NOTARY: What?

ROBERTO: We want it.

(Julia and Roberto hug.)

THE NOTARY: Wow! What a surprise! You could have warned me before coming here. I hate these toxic couples who disguise themselves as arguments and then can't live without each other...

(Andrea leaves, grumbling. Mercedes and Tina enter with Roberto's pills.)

MERCEDES: We are here!

TINA: But... Look at that!

(Roberto approaches Julia slowly to kiss her but she puts a finger on his lips.)

JULIA: One moment. Do you think you're Romeo Montague and you have the right to kiss me?

(Roberto moves away.)

ROBERTO: Then we should perform Romeo and Juliet many, many times.

MERCEDES AND TINA: Excuse me?

TINA: Are you keeping the theatre?

JULIA: Yes, we are.

MERCEDES: **(To her phone.)** “What a twist in the story, my audience, they're keeping the theatre ...”

TINA: For the next performance I'm going to get a makeover.

(Tina freshens up a bit, Mercedes talks to her followers...)

JULIA: We still have to fine-tune the final song that closes the work.

ROBERTO: When we agree, we'll talk to Mauro.

(Mauro plays the rock song he had prepared to silence everyone and close the show.)

EVERYONE: Mauro!

(Little by little, all the lights go out... the last one to go out is the Marlon spotlight.)

THE END