

STU. 2/4. K-I-S-S-I-N-G first comes love then comes marriage.
Then comes junior in the baby carriage ...

(Student 3 tries to make a run for it, but Students 2 & 4 block his way and make kissing sounds. The taunting continues through the following.)

STU. 3.

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscados, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plaits the manes of horses in the night
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she — !

(Trying to escape the taunting, Student 3 makes a run for it. Student 1 grabs him and tries to calm him.)

STU. 1 (R).

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

STU. 3 (M).

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence
Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.

(Students 2 & 4 approach, attempting an apology.)

STU. 2.

This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves ...

(Student 4 offers up the script, hoping the evening can continue.)

STU. 4.

Strike, drum?

(Student 3 drops to the floor and begins drumming and chanting.)

Students 2 & 4 join in. Then Student 1 silences them by whipping the cloth. He backs away and announces:)

STU. 1. Juliet's bedchamber. *(Thrilled with the idea of finding out what happens in girls' bedrooms, Students 2, 3, & 4 set up Juliet's bedroom.)*

STU. 3. Enter Lady Capulet. *(Student 3 strikes a very stereotypical "feminine" pose.)*

STU. 4. Enter Nurse. *(Student 4 strikes a very stereotypical "feminine" pose.)*

STU. 3 (LC).

Nurse, where's my daughter?

(He strikes another pose.)

Call her forth to me.

(Student 4 strikes another pose.)

STU. 4 (N).

Now by my maidenhead at twelve year old,

I bade her come.

(Students 3 & 4 get sillier and sillier with their "playing" of women. Meanwhile, Student 1 gives Student 2 the red piece of fabric, which transforms him into Juliet.)

STU. 3 (LC).

Juliet?!

STU. 4 (N).

What, lamb. What, ladybird.

STU. 3 (LC).

Juliet?!!!

STU. 4 (N).

God forbid. Where's this girl?

STU. 3 (LC).

Juliet!

STU. 4 (N).

What, Juliet!

(They laugh. Student 2 "enters" as Juliet [J] without any attempt at playing "a girl." This is not a game to him.)

STU. 2 (J).

How now, who calls?

(Students 2 & 3 stop laughing.)

STU. 4.

Your mother.

(Student 2 sits and spreads the fabric out like a wide quilt. Students 3 & 4 join him and sit with the cloth on their laps, and all three

begin to simulate sewing. They play the rest of the scene without any hint of stereotype.)

STU. 2 (J).

Madam, I am here, what is your will?

STU. 3 (LC).

This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.

(Student 4 leaves and joins Student 1 to watch the scene. Student 3 attempts to talk to Student 2. It is difficult.)

Nurse, come back again,

I have remember'd me.

(Student 4 rejoins the scene as the Nurse.)

Thou's hear our counsel.

Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

STU. 4 (N).

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

STU. 3 (LC).

She's not fourteen.

STU. 4 (N).

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth —

And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four —

She's not fourteen. How long is it now

To Lammas-tide?

STU. 3 (LC).

A fortnight and odd days.

STU. 4 (N).

Even or odd, of all days in the year,

Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls —

Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;

She was too good for me. But as I said,

On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.

That shall she;

(Pause. Student 3 is about to address Student 2 again when:)

Marry, I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,

And she was wean'd — I never shall forget it —

Of all the days of the year upon that day.

And since that time it is eleven years,

For then she could stand high-lone, nay, by th'rood,

She could have run and waddled all about;

For even the day before she broke her brow,

And then my husband — God be with his soul,

He was a merry man — took up the child,

"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?"

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,

Wilt thou not, Jule?" And by my holidame,

The pretty wretch left crying and said "Ay."

To see now how a jest shall come about.

I warrant, and I should live a thousand years

I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he,

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said "Ay."

STU. 3 (LC).

Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace!

STU. 4 (N).

Yes, madam ...

(Student 3 is about to continue, when:)

Yet I cannot choose but laugh

To think it should leave crying and say "Ay";

And yet I warrant it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone,

A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly.

"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?"

Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age,

Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted, and said "Ay."

STU. 2 (J).

And stint thou too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I.

STU. 4 (N).

Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace,

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd.

And I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

STU. 3 (LC).

Marry, that marry is the very theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your dispositions to be married?

STU. 2 (J).

It is an honor that I dream not of.

STU. 4 (N).

An honor. Were not I thine only nurse

I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.
STU. 3 (LC).

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.

STU. 4 (N).

A man, young lady. Lady, such a man
As all the world — why, he's a man of wax.

STU. 3 (LC).

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

STU. 4 (N).

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

STU. 3 (LC).

What say you, can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of your Paris' face
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
Examine every married lineament.
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

STU. 2 (J).

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.

(Student 1 enters as a servant [S].)

STU. 1 (S).

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

(He exits the scene.)

STU. 3 (LC).

We follow thee; Juliet, the County stays.

STU. 4 (N).

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
(Suddenly, magically, Elizabethan music starts playing. The boys are
mesmerized and then excited, as they realize what is coming next.)
ALL. The ball! (The boys grab each other playfully and dance foolishly

in that teenage way, switching partners as they go. During the last
switch of partners, Student 3 & Student 4 end up dancing together,
which turns into horseplay and then wrestling. Student 1 is left dancing
with Student 2. Their dancing becomes intimate, awkward, confusing,
and exciting.)

STU. 1 (R).

Did my heart love till now? Foreswear it sight.

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

(They dance awkwardly cheek to cheek. Students 3 and 4 notice this
intimacy. Student 4 takes on the role of Tybalt [T].)

STU. 4 (T).

This by his voice should be a Montague.

What, dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,

To f leer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now by the stock and honor of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

(Student 4 makes a go at Students 1 & 2, who quickly break apart,
pretending as if nothing has happened. Student 4 gets in Student 1's face.)

I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall.

(Students 3 & 4 lean against the wall as if at a school dance not watching
the scene. Student 1 sneaks over to Student 2 and grabs his hand.
Student 2 tries to pull away.)

STU. 1 (R).

If I profane with my unworthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

(Student 1 kisses Student 2's hand. Student 2 pulls away. Despondent,
Student 1 starts to exit. Panicked, Student 2 yells out to him to stop
him from leaving.)

STU. 2 (J).

Gende pilgrim!!

(Students 3 & 4 turn and glare suspiciously. Student 2 throws his arm
over Student 1's shoulder in a manly, "buddy," sort of way and walks
him to sit down side by side on the trunk. Students 3 & 4 look on
admonishingly. Students 1 & 2 turn and face away from each other to
make it appear as if they are not talking to one another. Students 3 &
4 back off.)

STOP