

GROW UP, GIRLS

A one-act comedy by
Rex McGregor

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

NANA, woman in a dog suit.

WENDY, 16-year-old girl.

FATHER, Wendy's father.

MISS JACOBS, sensitive principal.

MANDY, impressionable student.

ERIN, conceited head girl.

JULIET, teenage girl.

FRIAR LAURENCE, etc., played by a teenage girl.

TYBALT, teenage boy or adult man.

ROMEO, teenage boy.

This play may be performed with a cast of 10 actors (7 female and 3 male—or 10 female) or fewer, with doubling (e.g., 5 actors: 3 female, 2 male):

	Scene 1	Scene 2	Scene 3
Teenage girl:	WENDY	MANDY	JULIET
Teenage girl:		ERIN	LAURENCE,
etc.			
Woman:	NANA	MISS JACOBS	
Man:	FATHER		TYBALT
Teenage boy:			ROMEO

SCENE 1

The Girl Who Would Rather Not Grow Up Just Yet

Setting: A living room.

Time: The present.

Synopsis: Wendy is a spoilt 16-year-old. Like her namesake in *Peter Pan*, she enjoys having a Newfoundland dog for a nanny.

SCENE 2

Refloat Our Whale

Setting: A beach.

Time: The present.

Synopsis: While rescuing a stranded whale, a high school principal and two of her students deal with the aftermath of a cyberbullying case.

SCENE 3

Grow Up, Juliet

Setting: Capulet family crypt, Verona.

Time: Medieval or Elizabethan period, chosen by the costume designer.

Synopsis: Grieving Juliet wants to join Romeo in death. But she learns she is the victim of an elaborate hoax. Who is behind it? Surely not Friar Laurence.

SCENE 1: The Girl Who Would Rather Not Grow Up Just Yet

(Dim lighting. The actress playing NANA tiptoes in, wearing a full-body Newfoundland dog costume. She is carrying a bag over one shoulder and pulling a suitcase with squeaky wheels. Terrified that the noise will give her away, she takes extra care with every step. Suddenly, lights flash on. WENDY, a 16-year-old girl, is at the switch.)

WENDY: Going somewhere?

(Nana stops and hangs her head in shame.)

Are you expecting a litter and keen to give birth without human intervention? Or have you got rabies and you're leaving us to avoid infecting the household? Help me out here. I'm trying to think of any reasonable justification for you sneaking away in the middle of the night. Do you need to go and nurse a dying relative in Newfoundland? If you can put a charitable spin on this exhibition of canine disloyalty, I'd love to hear it. You must admit it looks suspiciously as if you're deserting your post. But surely not. That would mean you're an ungrateful... I believe the correct word is bitch.

(Nana expresses shock.)

By the way, aren't you supposed to be on all fours?

(Nana expresses resentment.)

It's in the contract.

(Nana reluctantly gets down on her hands and knees. Wendy pats a thigh, indicating, "Come." Nana doesn't budge.)

Not very well trained, are you?

(Nana reluctantly approaches. Wendy pats her affectionately.)

Bad dog. You know I've got exams at the moment. You're meant to be protecting me from distractions, not causing them. Do I have to contact the agency?

(Nana expresses anxiety.)

All right, Nana. I'll let you off this once.

(Nana nuzzles Wendy, expressing gratitude.)

Now get back to work and we'll say no more about it.

(Nana gives an exasperated huff.)

Excuse me. Was that the obligatory cheerful bark?

NANA: *(Grudgingly.)* Woof.

WENDY: Come on. I'll help you unpack.

(As Wendy approaches the suitcase, Nana reacts with terror. She stands up and frantically points offstage.)

NANA: Woof woof woof!

(While Wendy is looking offstage, Nana grabs her bag and suitcase and tries to make a quick getaway.)

WENDY: I can't see any —

(Realizing she has been tricked, Wendy intercepts Nana and tackles her to the ground.)

Not so fast. What do you think you are? A greyhound?

(Wendy sits astride Nana, holding her down.)

Mother! Father! Rogue governess gone wild!

(Nana struggles to get free.)

Stop behaving like a puppy! — Mother! Father! — Do I have to fetch a leash?

(FATHER comes in, wearing pajamas.)

FATHER: Wendy! What are you doing?

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WENDY: Call the agency. This mongrel's totally unsatisfactory.

FATHER: For heaven's sake, don't hurt her! I should have known this would happen.

WENDY: What?

FATHER: Er, just the leave the poor thing alone, sweetheart.

WENDY: Omigod! I'm being abandoned and you're concerned about her.

FATHER: We don't want the ASPCA turning up.

(Nana groans in pain. Father rushes to help her to her feet.)

Poor darling.

WENDY: What did you say?

FATHER: Animals deserve to be treated with respect.

WENDY: Father. It's a woman in a costume.

FATHER: I'm glad you're finally acknowledging the fact. Now maybe we can put a stop to this nonsense.

WENDY: You called her darling.

FATHER: Er, isn't that the name of the family in the story? I was merely playing along with your fantasy.

WENDY: Omigod! You've been sleeping with the help!

FATHER: *(Amused:)* Don't be ridiculous.

WENDY: Pseudo-bestiality. That is so sick!

FATHER: *(To Nana, discreetly:)* Shall we come clean?

(Nana vigorously shakes her head.)

WENDY: No wonder she was skulking away. Obviously, she can't stay now.

FATHER: True. — Scram, girl.

(Nana picks up her bag. Wendy quickly snatches it from her.)

WENDY: Hang on. You can't leave right this minute.

FATHER: Why not?

WENDY: Don't be callous, Father. First, you cheat on Mother. Now you're kicking your bit of fluff out.

FATHER: You said yourself she has to go.

WENDY: As soon as the agency sends a replacement.

FATHER: Oh, for heaven's sake —

WENDY: Let's arrange it first thing in the morning.

(Nana nudges Father.)

FATHER: Enough's enough.

WENDY: Don't worry. We'll specify an ugly nanny. With warts. So you won't be tempted again.

FATHER: Wendy. You don't need a nanny.

WENDY: Someone has to take care of me.

FATHER: You're sixteen. Old enough to take care of y —

WENDY: To get up to all sorts of mischief. Being your daughter, I can't be trusted an inch.

FATHER: *(To Nana:)* I give up.

WENDY: Presumably, you two can keep your hands off each other for a few hours. *(To Nana:)* As a precaution, you'd better sleep in my room tonight. *(To Father:)* Will you update Mother?

(She picks up the suitcase.)

FATHER: Er, let's not wake her. If she's heard any of this, I'll land in the doghouse. Literally.

WENDY: You wish. —Hey, how come this is so light?

(Father and Nana share a guilty look. Wendy starts unzipping the suitcase.)

FATHER: Wendy! You can't breach an employee's privacy. We'll get sued by the Servants Union.

(Wendy shows the suitcase is completely empty.)

WENDY: *(To Nana:)* What's going on?

FATHER: Dogs don't own much.

WENDY: Nana. Please explain.

(Nana runs behind Father in a ludicrous attempt to hide.)

FATHER: Look, Wendy. I hate to shatter your illusion. But this particular Nana is one of several. She just does the night shift. None of them actually live here.

WENDY: I'm perfectly aware of the roster system. I wouldn't have it any other way. How else could I be guaranteed twenty-four/seven care?

FATHER: I thought you had a sentimental attachment to the mutt.

WENDY: Not when the incumbent's incompetent. I expect state-of-the-art surveillance. The Nana suit is simply to provide constancy and familiarity. I don't want to be bothered with new faces while I'm studying.

FATHER: I'm happy to get rid of the whole pack of 'em.

WENDY: She still hasn't accounted for the empty suitcase.

(Wendy stalks Nana, who clings to Father and forces him to back away.)

FATHER: I'm getting to that. Fact is, all these nannies have squeezed me dry. I can't cope anymore.

WENDY: Are you sleeping with all of them?

FATHER: No, of course not.

WENDY: But enough to stress you out.

FATHER: I'm under financial stress.

WENDY: Pardon?

FATHER: Facing ruin. Big time.

WENDY: I see.

FATHER: We'll have to tighten our belts.

WENDY: Fair enough.

FATHER: No more luxuries, I'm afraid.

WENDY: A Spartan lifestyle never hurt anyone.

FATHER: You're taking this very well.

WENDY: We'll get through it together. You, and Mother and I. And the Nanas.

FATHER: We can't afford a retinue of servants.

WENDY: Don't tease, Father. As if you'd compromise on your daughter's safety.

FATHER: The contract ended this afternoon. Couldn't keep up the payments.

WENDY: Omigod.

FATHER: I wanted to tell you sooner. But your mother had this crazy idea to soften the blow.

(Nana thumps Father.)

WENDY: What?

FATHER: The last governess walked off the job at five o'clock. Ditched the suit and up and left. Your mother wanted you to at least have some CCTV footage of Nana sadly walking out of your life forever.

(Wendy gapes at Nana.)

WENDY: Mother?

(Nana removes the dog's head, revealing MOTHER, who glares fiercely at Father.)

MOTHER: Actually, dear, your father and I made the decision together. I just happen to be the one who fits the blasted costume.

FATHER: Plus, you make a more convincing dog.

(He unzips the costume and helps Mother out of it.)

WENDY: Stuff the pooch. What I want to know is—if the contract's been cancelled— who's looking after me?

MOTHER: We are, dear.

WENDY: Are you receiving a constant stream of data on my whereabouts from my ankle monitor?

FATHER: Well, no. That's been deactivated.

(Wendy gasps in horror.)

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SCENE 2: Refloat Our Whale

(Darkness. The sound of waves breaking on a shoreline. Gulls cawing. Lights up on MISS JACOBS on a bare stage. Through a combination of lighting and mime the audience sees she is thigh deep in water, tending to a stranded whale, keeping it moist and calm. Miss Jacobs wears shorts and a high-visibility vest. During the course of the play, lighting will convey the tide gradually rising until it is up to the actors' chests at the end. MANDY approaches, wading through water. She wears a swimsuit. Both her forearms are wrapped in bandages.)

MANDY: Hello, Miss Jacobs...How are you getting on?

(Miss Jacobs hesitates, unsure what to say.)

MISS JACOBS: Coping.

MANDY: Sorry. I didn't mean...I just meant...with the whale.

MISS JACOBS: So did I.

(Pause. Mandy starts splashing the whale.)

MANDY: Know what Erin said? "Why do we call them pilot whales when they're so hopeless at navigation?"

MISS JACOBS: At times we all lose our way.

MANDY: Another one just died further up the beach...We started to bury it in the sand. Erin said, "Leave it. For the necropsy." I asked her, "What's a necropsy?" She said, "An autopsy where they slice an animal open from the neck." *(Giggle.)* She was just joshing. Erin always joshes me.

MISS JACOBS: Shouldn't you be keeping your bandages dry?

MANDY: Already soaked through. I'm like numb from the elbows down. I can waggle my fingers, but I can't feel – Whoa!

(Mandy and Miss Jacobs react to a flailing movement from the whale.)

MISS JACOBS: Steady.

MANDY: Poor thing... Wonder why he landed so far from the rest. Maybe he's an outcast. Rejected by the "in" pod.

MISS JACOBS: (*Soothing the whale:*) That's better.

MANDY: You're real good at massaging, Miss. Where'd you learn that?

MISS JACOBS: Mandy!

MANDY: Back to normal, Miss. I shoot my mouth off. You growl at me. Yay!

MISS JACOBS: I'm pleased you're recovering so well.

MANDY: No big deal. Hardly the first time I cut myself.

MISS JACOBS: We were all very worried.

MANDY: It was my forearms. Not my wrists. Duh!

MISS JACOBS: I take full responsibility.

MANDY: Don't be whack, Miss! I had like mega issues way before you bawled me out.

MISS JACOBS: Even so—

MANDY: We're good now, aren't we? Chatting away. It's all blowing over. Soon the whole thing'll just be an incident in the past.

MISS JACOBS: I doubt if any of us will ever get over it.

MANDY: 'Course we will. I'll have some decent scars. Whenever I look at 'em, I'll remember, "That was the year I helped Miss Jacobs refloat our whale."

MISS JACOBS: Shouldn't be long now. Tide's rising fast.

MANDY: He'll have scars too. From all that thrashing around on the rocks. Big, beautiful scars.

MISS JACOBS: Now, now.

MANDY: Don't you just love the healing power of skin?

MISS JACOBS: What we're doing is actually illegal. Only authorized people are allowed to touch a marine mammal.

MANDY: What do they think we're gonna do? Give him a disease?

MISS JACOBS: Or catch one.

MANDY: Sometimes you have to take a risk... Like, they say "teachers shouldn't touch students." But sometimes... Sometimes a student needs you to reach out... Or else... Oh well. Still have my pen knife.

(Miss Jacobs opens her arms. Mandy moves towards her. They hug tightly for a while.)

MISS JACOBS: Mandy. I'm so sorry!

MANDY: I stuffed up, Miss. I was just showing off. Trying to impress someone. Got carried away. Please say you don't think I'm a bad person.

MISS JACOBS: I never thought you were a bad person.

MANDY: Not even when I was a bad person?

MISS JACOBS: *(Teasingly:)* Not even then.

MANDY: Cool!

MISS JACOBS: We're neglecting our baby.

MANDY: He'll forgive us. We've set a good example.

(Mandy and Miss Jacobs resume soothing the whale. They continue in silence, sharing smiles without any need to talk. ERIN appears – optionally, on a rock. She wears a lifejacket over a wetsuit.)

ERIN: Mandy! What the hell are you up to?

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(Mandy immediately stands rigid, terrified.)

MANDY: Nothing.

ERIN: Don't lie.

MISS JACOBS: It's all right, Erin.

ERIN: You needn't protect her, Miss. I had a clear view of the little suck-up wheedling her way into your good books.

MISS JACOBS: It wasn't like that.

ERIN: Let's ask her, shall we? – Well, Mandy? What was your motive for coming over here? Your plan. Don't tell me you were only thinking of the whale. *(Pause, as Mandy hangs her head.)* You're a case. First, you cyberbully Gwyneth. Then, you play the attempted suicide card, putting Miss Jacobs through hell. And now you seek her out and hassle her when she can't very well slip away. Unbelievable! Go and help where you can't do any damage. Gwyneth's off seeing her therapist again. I assume you don't have any other victims. Or, do you?

MANDY: *(Quietly:)* No.

ERIN: Then scram!

(Mandy leaves.)

MISS JACOBS: That was harsh, Erin.

ERIN: Can you honestly say she wasn't making you feel guilty?

MISS JACOBS: I don't need her for that.

ERIN: You did what any self-respecting principal would do.

MISS JACOBS: I named and shamed her.

ERIN: You put a stop to her bullying. You should be proud.

MISS JACOBS: Of driving a student to—?

ERIN: —take a good hard look at herself. Your zero tolerance policy works.

MISS JACOBS: I deserve a zero for tolerance.

ERIN: You show strong leadership, Miss Jacobs. That's why I chose you to support my college applications.

MISS JACOBS: Oh, that's right. You asked for a recommendation letter.

ERIN: I realize you've been preoccupied lately.

MISS JACOBS: I'll get straight onto it.

ERIN: No rush. Finish what you're doing.

MISS JACOBS: We need to turn him. Face him out to sea. Can you lend a hand?

ERIN: What's the point? They'll just head for shore again.

MISS JACOBS: We have to do something.

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SCENE 3: Grow Up, Juliet

(A crypt. Tybalt's coffin has a sword on the lid. ROMEO lies "dead" at the foot of Juliet's bier. JULIET is weeping over Romeo's body. She finds his empty poison bottle, holds it above her mouth, shakes it and casts it aside in frustration. Then she kisses Romeo to get some poison and licks her lips. There is a huge racket backstage, as if a pile of stuff has fallen over. Juliet is so startled she drops out of character.)

JULIET: What the—! *(Resuming her character:)* "Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!" *(Snatching Romeo's dagger:)* "This is thy sheath..."

(She stabs herself in the chest, but is surprised when the blade slides back into the handle.)

"This is thy sheath..."

(She tries again, with the same result. She repeatedly tests the spring against the palm of her hand.)

Intractable retractability!

(FRIAR LAURENCE appears. The actress playing him speaks in a deep voice. Optionally, she wears a beard.)

LAURENCE: Ingenious device. From Sicily.
They like to have their little jests down there,
Where villainy is done with comic flair.
Verona could learn much from these our betters.
Sicilians have such fun with their vendettas.

JULIET: Thou'rt not surprised this dagger doth not hit?

LAURENCE: Forsooth, my dear, 'twas I that planted it.

JULIET: What, holy father? Hast thou lost thy mind?
To trick a poor girl thus is most unkind.

LAURENCE: Be these the thanks I get? Were't not for me,

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Thou'dst done thyself a nasty injury.

(Juliet puts the dagger down and assumes a declamatory tragic manner.)

JULIET: I wish to die. Hence, leave me on my own.

LAURENCE: Youth suicide the Church cannot condone.

JULIET: I am already old in widowhood,
And weep more tears than any widow could.
In this wide world I'll offer any stakes
No softer heart in fonder widow breaks.

LAURENCE: A pretty pride, this boasting of thy grief.

JULIET: I'll mourn in silence then.

LAURENCE: That's a relief.

JULIET: No funeral mask or sad, pathetic mute
With moistened eye and quiv'ring lip to boot
Did e'er express such quiet sorrow yet
As dumbstruck Juliet's wordless woe.

LAURENCE: I'll bet.

JULIET: No buttoned lip of taciturn mortician,
No tongueless victim of the Inquisition,
No laryngitic mummer's dumb charade
Can match my unvoiced —

LAURENCE: Enough! Thy point thou hast conveyed.

JULIET: No —

LAURENCE: Sweetheart, let me get a word in please.

JULIET: How now? Thou "sweetheartst" me?

LAURENCE: I do but tease.

JULIET: Familiarity from Friar Laurence?

Such brazenness decorum never warrants.
 Did I not know thee better, I might doubt
 Thou art a friar.

LAURENCE: Well, half the secret's out.
 Best hear the rest. Thy precious Friar Laurence
 Hath blood in's veins. Hot blood that flows in torrents!
 Yea, though I fear 'twill fill thee with abhorrence,
 He is a man, thy wretched Friar Laurence.

JULIET: (*Backing away:*) Don't touch me!

LAURENCE: Come, thou hast no need to fear.

(Juliet grabs the dagger and threatens Laurence with it.)

JULIET: Nay, that must thou, vile lech'rous fiend!

LAURENCE: Oh dear.

JULIET: In my defense I am prepared to kill.

LAURENCE: Hast thou forgot? That blade's retractable.

*(Juliet throws the dagger away and scampers behind the coffin.
 She grabs the sword.)*

JULIET: O even happier sword! This is thy sheath.

*(She makes various attempts to stab herself in the chest, but the
 sword is too long.)*

LAURENCE: List, would'st not like to see what lies beneath
 This heavy, rough and rather itchy habit?

(Juliet threatens Laurence with the sword.)

JULIET: Nay, strip not naked, fornicating rabbit!

*(Laurence removes his habit, revealing a colorful costume with
 tights, prominent codpiece and sword. The actress switches
 character, becoming MERCUTIO – optionally, removing her
 beard, leaving a moustache.)*

MERCUTIO: Hey, nonny nunny nanny ninny nee.
Lo, I'm Mercutio!

(He performs a series of extravagant bows. Juliet gapes in disbelief. Mercutio is disappointed with her reaction.)

Hast not heard of me?

JULIET: I've only ever heard of one Mercutio.
He wouldn't show the liveliness that you show,
For he is dead.

MERCUTIO: As thou canst see, I live.
What's more, I am thy distant relative.
My aunt's a Capulet. And, strange to tell,
I'm kinsman to the Montagues as well.
Despite the awkwardness your feud arouses,
I'm friend to all. A cuz of both your houses.

JULIET: Mercutio died. By noble Tybalt slain.

MERCUTIO: In troth, we lied. Permit me to explain.
I drank this potion, which made me appear
To be a pallid corpse as cold as —

JULIET: Look here,
I know about the potion.

MERCUTIO: O, that's right.
I gave thee some to drink the other night.

JULIET: 'Twas Friar Laurence gave it me.

MERCUTIO: 'Twas I.
He lent me the disguise. Ay, he'll comply
With aught I ask. I said his blood be hot.
But, Juliet, *thy* delights do tempt him not.

JULIET: What care I for the friar's private life?
'Twas that kind man who made me Romeo's wife.

MERCUTIO: Alack-a-day, thy claim is far from true.

JULIET: You mean the man who wed us twain was you?

MERCUTIO: Well, I performed the ceremony, but I'm
No clergyman. Nor now, nor at the time.

JULIET: O monstrous! Thou hast plotted all of this
To steal poor Romeo's bride and Juliet's kiss!

*(She clumsily attacks him with the sword. Mercutio draws his
sword and casually parries each thrust.)*

MERCUTIO: Tush, let me finish.

JULIET: Thou shalt not begin!

MERCUTIO: Be gentle.

JULIET: Never!

MERCUTIO: Fie, thou canst not win.

JULIET: If only noble Tybalt held this blade,
He would avenge the honour thou'st betrayed.

MERCUTIO: Dost call for Tybalt? — Tybalt! There's thy cue.

*(Mercutio knocks on the coffin. The lid slides open. TYBALT sits
up and steps out.)*

JULIET: Alive?

TYBALT: I drank this potion —

JULIET: Not thou, too!
Dost recognize this villain?

TYBALT: One I hate.

MERCUTIO: Good morrow, cuz.

JULIET: *(Offering Tybalt the sword:)* Here, crack the prattler's
pate!

TYBALT: I scorn to lay a finger on a jade.

JULIET: Though he's effeminate, the man's no maid.

MERCUTIO: Not in the sense of virgin, no.

JULIET: (*To Tybalt:*) Dost hear?

TYBALT: (*Grumpily:*) I'm in the wench's power.

JULIET: Ah. 'Tis clear.

Like Friar Laurence, Tybalt too is smitten.

(*To Mercutio:*) And doth thy bidding, docile as a kitten.

TYBALT: I'd tear her limb from limb if I were free.

MERCUTIO: I thank thee for thy honest courtesy.

But, Juliet, we have toyed with thee too long.

JULIET: (*To Tybalt:*) Defend me!

TYBALT: Nay.

JULIET: Thou coward!

MERCUTIO: Tush, thou'rt wrong

To slander Tybalt. He but joined my game

To shield thy mother from a public shame.

TYBALT: Be silent, gossip!

MERCUTIO: (*To Juliet:*) Think how she did weep

And wail when Tybalt "died." Quite failed to keep

Her passion for her nephew under cover.

JULIET: (*To Tybalt:*) Doth he speak true? Art thou my mother's lover?

TYBALT: (*To Mercutio:*) I've played my part. Am I now free to go?

MERCUTIO: Nay, thou must stay to soothe poor Juliet's woe.

For she's about to suffer sore distress.

JULIET: My Romeo's dead. Thy violence hurts me less.

MERCUTIO: I push thee not. I pull thee from the cliff...
(*Nudging Romeo with his foot:*) Thy cue.

(*Romeo comes to life and stretches.*)

ROMEO: What joy to move! My neck's so stiff.

(*Juliet drops the sword on the ground.*)

JULIET: Alive? But, how? I tried thy pulse. No motion.
Thy lips expelled no breath.

ROMEO: I drank this potion.

JULIET: What care I how the miracle occurred?
My husband lives! My love! My world!

MERCUTIO: My word.

JULIET: My universe!

ROMEO: Nay, none of me is thine.
My faithful heart belongs to Rosaline.

(*Romeo gently lets down Mercutio's hair – and/or removes the moustache. The actress smiles and removes the codpiece, becoming ROSALINE. Romeo and Rosaline kiss.*)

JULIET: Foul treachery! My love doth love another?

ROMEO: Zounds, chide me not. I'm no worse than thy mother.

(*Tybalt furiously grabs his sword and threatens Romeo.*)

TYBALT: Base Montague! I'll send thy soul to hell!

ROSALINE: Peace, Tybalt! Sheathe thy weapon. Or I'll tell.

(*Tybalt struggles to control himself, then grudgingly puts up his sword and turns away with a frustrated huff.*)

JULIET: Is this the famous beauty Rosaline?

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The one a hundred swains declare divine?
I see thou'rt but a cheap seducing Circe.

ROSALINE: Nay, thou'rt the hussy who deserves no mercy.
Last week I saw thee flirting at the ball.
Thou almost hadst my Romeo in thrall.

ROMEO: Until that evening thou wert cold and cruel.

ROSALINE: I fired up. Jealousy's a potent fuel.

ROMEO: Thanks, Juliet, for deliv'ring me my bride.

JULIET: Was I thy plaything, quickly cast aside?

(Romeo, tongue-tied, turns to Rosaline.)

ROSALINE: *(To Juliet:)* My darling boy's not good at repartee.
I had to prompt him 'neath thy balcony.

JULIET: What? That whole courtship? Was it all a ruse?

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