

SCENE SIX: *In Juliet's House on the Night of the Party*

The party scene is established and those present should include JULIET, TYBALT and LORD CAPULET. ROMEO, BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO enter and stand on a different part of the stage.

- ROMEO:** I don't think we should be doing this, lads. I've got a really bad feeling about gatecrashing this party.
- MERCUTIO:** What's up with you?! We're not gatecrashing, we've been invited!
- ROMEO:** Yeah, but not by the Capulets, though.
- BENVOLIO:** Well, they're not likely to invite us, are they? We're their sworn enemies.
- ROMEO:** Exactly what I'm saying. There's going to be trouble, I can feel it.
- MERCUTIO:** There'll be no trouble, not from us, anyway. *(Pause)* Not unless they start it first.
- ROMEO:** There! That's what I'm saying!!
- BENVOLIO:** Don't get so worked up, Romeo! *(To MERCUTIO)* There won't be any trouble, will there? *(MERCUTIO doesn't answer, BENVOLIO raises his voice to him)* Will there?!
- MERCUTIO:** All right, all right! *(To BENVOLIO)* No!
- BENVOLIO:** Look, we'll just go in and have a few drinks, a bit of a dance, chat up a few ladies and then go home again, all right?
- ROMEO:** *(Still unsure)* Okay.
- MERCUTIO:** *(To ROMEO)* I hope you're not going to be chasing after Rosaline all night, 'cause if you are, it's going to be really boring.
- BENVOLIO:** Stop winding him up, Mercutio!
- MERCUTIO:** *(To ROMEO)* You ought to do what I do, just chill out and have a laugh. Don't take things so seriously! Life's too short to get yourself hitched to one lady before you've experienced lots of different ones!

BENVOLIO: *(Shocked)* Mercutio!!

ROMEO: *(To MERCUTIO)* You just don't understand.

MERCUTIO: No, you're right, I don't. You need to be more casual, learn to love 'em and leave 'em like I do.

BENVOLIO: *(Trying to stop an argument)* Right! Are we going in then, or what?

ROMEO: *(Worried)* I'm still not sure.

MERCUTIO: *(Grabs ROMEO and drags him into the party)* Oh, come on, lover boy! Don't be such a wimp!!

MERCUTIO, ROMEO and BENVOLIO enter the party. Other guests are already there, including TYBALT and JULIET. BENVOLIO goes off and returns with drinks. MERCUTIO and ROMEO stand chatting until he returns.

BENVOLIO: Here you go, I've got us some drinks.

MERCUTIO: Thanks, Benvolio. Good crowd, isn't it? I might go for a wander in a minute, see if there's anyone interesting.

BENVOLIO: *(Laughing)* You're terrible!

ROMEO: *(Looking round)* I can't see Rosaline... *(He stops dead and points at JULIET)* Who's that?!

MERCUTIO: *(Following his gaze)* I don't know. Cute isn't she?

ROMEO: Cute?! She's wonderful! She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my life!

BENVOLIO: I thought that was Rosaline.

ROMEO: Who?

MERCUTIO: Oh, here we go again!

ROMEO: I have to talk to her. I must find out who she is.

Suddenly TYBALT appears beside them.

TYBALT: *(To ROMEO)* What are you doing here?! You weren't invited!

ROMEO: Oh, hello, Tybalt. Well we were invited, sort of.

TYBALT: Don't be stupid! What on earth makes you think that you, a Montague, would be a welcome guest at a party thrown by the Capulets?! Get out! *(He indicates the exit)*

MERCUTIO: *(To TYBALT)* And who's going to make us?

TYBALT: *(Looking at MERCUTIO)* What's it to do with you? It's the organ grinder I'm talking to, *(Nods at ROMEO)* not the monkey. Now are you and your little pals here going to leave quietly, or am I going to have to throw you out?!

The argument is just about to get heated when LORD CAPULET comes over.

LORD CAPULET: What's going on?

TYBALT: This is Romeo, a Montague. Him and his friends have gatecrashed the party, but it's all right, I was just asking them to leave.

MERCUTIO: And being most unpleasant about it as well.

TYBALT: Shut it, you!

LORD CAPULET: *(Angrily to TYBALT)* Tybalt! That's enough! Leave them alone. You're welcome to stay gentlemen.

TYBALT: *(To LORD CAPULET)* You what?!

LORD CAPULET: I said that's enough! Remember your manners, Tybalt. These people are guests in my house and I'll have no trouble while they're here, all right?

TYBALT: *(Angrily)* But they weren't invited! They're Montagues! They have to go! *(Menacingly)* Let me sort it.

LORD CAPULET: *(Shouting)* Leave it, Tybalt! I want no arguments here and I don't need any trouble from you. *(Brief pause)* I think you'd better leave.

TYBALT: *(Astounded)* Me?!

LORD CAPULET: Yes. Go on. Go and cool off somewhere. Leave this to me.