MERCUTIO

What’s so funny?

TYBALT

Us. Here. This.

MERCUTIO

I’m perfectly serious about this.

TYBALT

I know. And I’m perfectly unserious. *(He laughs)*

MERCUTIO

I’ll leave you with your jokes then. *(He starts to exit)*

TYBALT

Wait. *(He stands. They look at each other in silence for a moment. Then TYBALT bursts out laughing)* I can’t think of anything to say. Aren’t I supposed to spout a sonnet or something? Here we are in an orchard, under the moon, and I don’t have a couplet in me.

MERCUTIO

Meter is performative. It doesn’t belong to us. Tell me in prose.

TYBALT

I can feel my heartbeat thumping in my neck, like I’ve been running. My skin feels like a breeze could blow it off. My lips remember yours. And you’re just standing there, like the world isn’t ending.

MERCUTIO

I’m absolutely, Earth-quakingly terrified. I just hide it well.

TYBALT

What are you scared of?

MERCUTIO

That the world *isn’t* ending. That I’ll wake up in the morning tomorrow and the world will be the same.

TYBALT

If you don’t wish to wake up tomorrow, don’t go to sleep tonight.

*(While they’ve been talking, the distance between them has closed. TYBALT reaches out and takes MERCUTIO’s face in his hands, and kisses him)*

MERCUTIO

*(smiling)* You kiss like the moon.

TYBALT

Cold and virginal?

MERCUTIO

Luminous.

*(They kiss. It starts gentle, but starts to get more intense, hands under shirts. They’re both into it. TYBALT pulls off MERCUTIO’s belt)*

MERCUTIO

Wait.

TYBALT

I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to—

MERCUTIO

I can’t.

TYBALT

It’s alright. We don’t need to—

MERCUTIO

No, I can’t. I’m sorry.

*(MERCUTIO runs offstage, leaving TYBALT standing by himself, hurt and bewildered, staring after him. TYBALT drops the belt. From offstage, faintly, we hear a few lines of the balcony scene, starting from “If they do see thee, they will murder thee”)*