MERCUTIO

*(Stepping in between BENVOLIO and the books)* It’s not our business.

BENVOLIO

*(Intrigued by MERCUTIO’s reaction)* I’m guessing they’re not Lady Capulet’s.

*(He steps around MERCUTIO, and picks one up. But before he can open it, MERCUTIO grabs it)*

MERCUTIO

Like you said, we’re in enemy territory. We should go.

BENVOLIO

Why don’t you want me to look at these?

MERCUTIO

It was a man, alright. I took off my belt. With a man.

BENVOLIO

Oh. *(He lets go of the book.)* Is it serious?

MERCUTIO

I tell you I had a, a “tryst” with a man and you ask me if it’s serious? You don’t have anything else to say?

BENVOLIO

What am I supposed to say?

MERCUTIO

Well it’s… news, isn’t it?

BENVOLIO

I had thought it was a bit obvious.

MERCUTIO

Obvious?

BENVOLIO

Not obvious to everyone. Just to people who… know you well.

MERCUTIO

And you don’t find it… wrong or disturbing?

BENVOLIO

Of course not.

MERCUTIO

Oh. Well. Good.

*(There’s a moment of awkwardness. BENVOLIO considers whether to say more. They both speak at once)*

BENVOLIO

In fact I—

MERCUTIO *(simultaneously)*

I think you might be the only decent person in all of Verona.

BENVOLIO

I’m not.

MERCUTIO

I interrupted you. What were you saying?

BENVOLIO

That I just want you to be happy. And that I’m not the only person who thinks about it this way.

MERCUTIO

Do you know why Valentine left Verona?

BENVOLIO

He’s off seeking his fortune, isn’t he?

MERCUTIO

My father intercepted a love letter he’d written to another man. So he sent Valentine away, and told him not to come back until he’d found a wife.

BENVOLIO

I didn’t know.

MERCUTIO

It’s not something we like to advertise. The wayward son.