

“GALLOP APACE YOU POETRY”

In response to the question: “Discuss the poetic merits and relevance to the overall play, of Juliet’s monologue at the start of Act 3 Scene 2.”

SCENE ONE

SCENE ONE

MEL, TIM & NICK are in the room.

TIM

Oh poetry!

MEL

Come on, it’s not that bad.

TIM

Somebody stick me in the eye with a pencil,
please!

NICK

Sometimes, poetry can be quite stimulating.

TIM

What?

NICK

What?

TIM

What kind of a word is that? ‘Stimulating?’

NICK

Well, it’s an adjective...or, I don’t know, a verb. Maybe.

TIM

Does that disturb you? It disturbs me.

Him being left alone in a room with poetry, being
stimulated.

NICK

I didn’t mean -.

MEL

I’m not judging anyone.

NICK

I didn’t mean it ‘stimulating’ – as in –

TIM

No?

MEL

Juliet –

NICK

- as in... 'that way' stimulating -

TIM

What did you mean then?

MEL

Juliet –

TIM

Hey? Come on. You said it.

MEL

Juliet is fourteen years old.

NICK

Don't touch me.

TIM

I don't want to touch you, poetry boy.

MEL

Fourteen years old and she has just -

TIM

I don't know where those hands have been.

MEL

She has just got married.

TIM

Although if you've been home reading poetry –

NICK

I didn't say I read poetry –

MEL

Married to Romeo.

TIM

O so how are you going to get 'stimulated' if you don't read poetry, genius?

MEL

She is sitting at home.

TIM

Look at the pictures?

MEL

On her own.

NICK

Poetry doesn't have pictures.

MEL

Waiting for Romeo to come.

TIM

What?! Poetry doesn't have pictures?

NICK

What poetry have you seen with pictures?

TIM

Plenty. Heaps. What do you mean 'poetry doesn't have pictures'? Who learned you, man? What school are you from?

MEL

Sitting at home.

NICK

What? Doctor Seuss?

MEL

On her own.

TIM

The pictures are in the words, Einstein.

That is what poetry does! Stimulate that!

MEL

Naked.

They stop bickering and turn to her.

NICK

....naked?.....did you say....?

TIM

I'm sorry. That was rude of us just then,... talking over you like that.

MEL

Not physically.

NICK

Not physically...what?

MEL

Naked.

NICK

No. Of course not. Not physically.....

TIM

Why not? What other sort of naked is there? See, that is the problem with Shakespeare – he gives you thispossibility - ...

MEL

She is metaphorically.....

NICK

'Metaphorically'...?

MEL

Yes.

TIM

A metaphor –

NICK

I know what a metaphor is –

TIM

Do you? What is it? Come on.

NICK

Do you?

TIM

Yes.

NICK

Well then?

TIM

I am going to let you suffer.

NICK

You don't know!

TIM

I know.

NICK

Yah yah yah.

TIM

I am the original 'knower' guy, buddy.

Suffer in your own not-knowingness.

NICK

Thick as a brick.

TIM

I beg your pardon? You are.

NICK

No. That is a metaphor.

TIM

Yeh.....? what is?

NICK

'Thick as a brick'.

A metaphor is using words to create a picture or impression to reveal something about someone or something.

TIM

Is that right?

NICK

Yes.

TIM

And what is that supposed to be a metaphor about, then, hey?

NICK

'Thick as a brick'?

TIM

Yes.

NICK

Intelligence.

TIM

Yeh, I know what it means-

NICK

Like, if I say you're 'thick as a brick', I'm not saying you're actually a brick. Because you're quite obviously a human being. Or close to it.

TIM

He just makes words. Have you noticed that?

NICK

It's just that as a metaphor, 'thick as a brick' is a simile; it is saying that you are about as intelligent as a lump of hardened mud.

TIM

I might just be a lot harder than that.

NICK

No offence.

TIM

It's a good metaphor.

NICK

Thank you.

TIM

You want to hear one from me?

NICK

Be my guest.

TIM

How about, 'boring as a piled up steamed-up pile of pony-puckies!'

MEL

Actually she's only metaphorically naked in a thematic sort of way. In reality, she is at home in her room, dreaming about being naked.

TIM

Who is?

MEL

Juliet.

TIM

I am not going to interrupt her again. Are you going to interrupt her again?

NICK

Absolutely not.

TIM

Your turn.

MEL

With Romeo.

TIM

She is naked with Romeo? I don't remember that bit?

MEL

No. She is daydreaming about being naked with Romeo.

TIM

OK. Still your turn.

NICK

Interruptions.

MEL

That is what this soliloquy is about.

TIM

Juliet with her kit off.

NICK

Juliet with her metaphoric kit off. In her room.

MEL

Getting stimulated. No sorry. By her thoughts. By her thoughts. She is waiting for Romeo to arrive. For their wedding night.

TIM

You think you can handle this? You're not going to embarrass yourself?

NICK

You're interrupting again.

TIM

OK. What've we got to do?

MEL

We have to examine this soliloquy, for it's poetic merit.

TIM

Poetic merit. Yes.

MEL

And it's connections to the rest of the play.

TIM

Yes.

And what about the?

MEL

Naked bits?

TIM

Well, I mean, we get to see that, do we? I mean..Juliet?

MEL

Poised on the edge of her sexual awakening? Stripped of her unknowing?

Who's Juliet?

TIM

Not that I give a care.

NICK

Neither do I.

TIM

Liar.

NICK

No I'm not. You are.

MEL

Are you ready then?

TIM

Bring it on.

MEL

“Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,

Towards Phoebus lodging;”

TIM

I'm not interrupting.

MEL

No. It's the first line and a half. What's that mean?

TIM

Gallop apace – that's like old language for giddy-up.

She's hot to trot.

NICK

Phoebus is the Greek god of the sun.

TIM

Hey I was getting to that. What?

NICK

In ancient times Phoebus was depicted as driving a chariot across the sky pulled by wild horses with flames coming out of their feet.

TIM

Hooves. Horses have hooves. Flames coming out of their hooves.

NICK

Yes. For the sun.

TIM

So Juliet is talking to the sun.

MEL

Yes.

TIM

And what? Like she's done some pills or something?

MEL

No. What are you talking about?!

TIM

Well, come on; the chick is obviously hallucinating.
She's seeing flaming chariots in her room.

MEL

She is speaking poetically. It is late afternoon. Juliet is waiting for the night to come so Romeo can sneak into the Capulet compound and climb up to her room –

TIM

For her wedding night.

MEL

Yes.

TIM

And that's where the naked bit comes!

MEL

Probably. Yes.

TIM

OK! Reading on: "towards Phoebus lodging".

Who's he?

MEL

Phoebus lodging is where the sun, Phoebus, lives, when he goes home to bed. At night.

NICK

The ancient Greeks didn't know the world was actually a spherical planet orbiting 93 million miles out in space around a huge burning fireball of nuclear gas.

TIM

Well that'd be why they're extinct then.

MEL

No.

NICK

So they thought of the sun as this god –

TIM

This Phoebus guy -

NICK

Yes. Who drove his chariot, pulled by wild fiery horses,
from east to west across the sky.

MEL

And when night came, that was when Phoebus had gone
home to his 'lodging' down behind the western horizon.

TIM

That is a very egocentric view of the universe.

What?

MEL

So Juliet, impatient for her wedding night, is saying,
hurry up sun; go over the horizon, cause when night
comes –

NICK

So does Romeo. I didn't ...mean....

TIM

That is a lame lame name. I mean 'Phoebus' – for the
sun?

Come on.

MEL

Maybe it means something different in Greek.

TIM

I mean, 'giddy-up Phoebus, drive that chariot on.' It's
like, not very 'sunny' is it? No, I mean,. Come on; we're
talking about the centre of the solar system here.

NICK

Why? What would you call him?

MEL

No. Don't start -

NICK

I'm just interested.

TIM

I don't know. Reg. Why? What's the matter with Reg?

NICK

Mordon

TIM

Mordon?!

NICK

Morodon X!

TIM

You have got to graduate from that World of Warcraft stuff. It is doing things to your head.

Hank! Hank would be a perfect name! "Gallop apace horsies, to Hank's place get thee gone!"

Lame name. That's all I'm saying.

NICK

Just read on.

MEL

"Such a wagoner as Phaeton would whip you to the West - ."

TIM

Oh! Who? 'Ph - ' Who?

MEL

Phaeton.

TIM

Who is he? Is it a 'he'? 'Phaeton', sounds like he's out of Star Trek.

NICK

Phaeton was Phoebus' son.

TIM

Wait. You said the guy with the lame name was the sun.

NICK

Yes. He was. Phoebus.

TIM

Then who is - ?

MEL

Phaeton?

TIM

Phaeton.

NICK

His son.

TIM

You guys planned this.

MEL

No. Phoebus was the Greek god of the sun.

TIM

Yes. I get that.

NICK

And Phaeton was Phoebus - ...man-child. His first-born son.

TIM

Oh, 'son'!

MEL/NICK

Yes!

TIM

Phaeton was the sun's son?

MEL/NICK

Yes. Finally.

TIM

Where did they get these names....?!

MEL

No. Forget about the names.

TIM

I can't forget about the names. They are just so pathetic.

I mean, I'd rather go back to Mogadon.

NICK

Morodon X.

TIM

I mean, 'Phaeton'?

MEL

Phaeton pinched his father's chariot and drove the horses all over the sky to see how fast they could go.

TIM

OK. So he grew a neck. He went joy-riding.

MEL

Yes. Until he went too close to the ground, nearly caught the earth on fire and Zeus, the King of the Gods, had to kill him.

TIM

Well, that's harsh.

NICK

So, "Gallop apace you fiery footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus lodging:"

MEL

Means, 'come on, sun, move across the sky faster.'

NICK

"Such a wagoner as Phaeton would whip you to the west
_"

TIM

Me!: 'if your boy, Phaeton was in the fire-chariot,
Phoebie, he'd have it across the sky like that!'

MEL

Yes! "And bring in cloudy night immediately".

TIM

Snap! What's next?

MEL

No, wait. First there's another thing.

TIM

What's that?

MEL

Well, Phaeton was young, and he wanted to break out of what he was used to; what he was allowed to do: his upbringing -

TIM

Yes.

MEL

- he wanted to test himself. So he stole his father's chariot, raced it across the sky -

TIM

And nearly stacked it.

MEL

Yes.

NICK

Which resulted in his death.

TIM

Sad story. For him.

MEL

Remind you of somebody?

TIM

I don't know. James Dean?

NICK

Fired Up. The movie.

TIM

No. What?!

NICK

It's got fire in it.

MEL

Romeo and Juliet.

TIM

Yeh. That's where this is from.

NICK

I thought you were talking about -

MEL

Don't you see? Romeo and Juliet are trying to break free of the way they were brought up. They're also doing something that's completely

NICK

Gonna get them killed.

MEL

Yes. So, when Juliet comes out and invokes the story of how Phaeton got himself killed through impatience and taking risks, to make her day go quicker –

TIM

So she can get with Romeo.

MEL

Then the audience is aware of this impending sense of doom in her own impatience.

TIM

What you're saying is she puts the mocka's on herself.

MEL

If I knew what that meant. Probably.

TIM

Because the audience is already aware that while she is jumping around the room trying to make the sun go down, Romeo has just killed Tybalt, and been banished out of town.

MEL

Exactly.

NICK

And that's dramatic irony.

TIM

That is also a recurring theme in this play.

MEL

Pardon?

TIM

Time and death. The whole play occurs in about 3 days, Romeo and Juliet grow up too quick, Romeo kills himself about five seconds before Juliet wakes up, and Friar Laurence runs out of time to get Juliet out of the tomb when the soldiers are coming, so he leaves her alone, and she tops herself. Recurring theme. Time and death.

MEL

That's right.

TIM

I got it. I just keep it buried. Deep.

MEL

I'm impressed.

TIM

You should be.

NICK

I'm reading the next bit now.

TIM

What we got a new Juliet? We stimulated you that much?

NICK

I am just trying to move it along.

TIM

OK. Be our guest.

NICK

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,"

TIM

Woah! What's that mean? That 'close-curtain' bit?

NICK

When you close a curtain, the room is dark. Now she's talking to the night.

TIM

She is talking to the 'love-performing night.'

NICK

Yes.

TIM

Meaning?

NICK

Well.....

TIM

You don't know what it means do you?

NICK

Of course I know what it means!

TIM

I'll give you a clue. It's not a metaphor, stimulation boy;
it's an adjective.

NICK

She is talking about the ritual –

TIM

Hoh! 'ritual'!

NICK

Of making - ...

TIM

Happy. Go on, say it. Rumpy pumpy.

Hey, Juliet, you're the one who read it.

MEL

She is talking about how the acts of love – all things in
the act of love, are best 'performed' under the darkness
of night.

NICK

Actually, it's not so much an adjective as an
anthropomorphication.

MEL

What?

TIM

You just made that up.

NICK

I did not.

TIM

There is no such word as – what?

NICK

Anthropomorphication.

TIM

Hoh! It's gibberish! It's not even English.

NICK

When you anthropomorphize something, you are giving human characteristics or personality traits to an inanimate object or concept.

TIM

He believes it! You actually believe what you're saying.

NICK

It's true. Look at it. Juliet is talking to the concept of night, as though 'night' is thiscreature, this living human that has a choice.

“Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalk'd of and unseen.”

Juliet is talking to the concept of the night as though it has a personality.

TIM

And that is -?

NICK

Anthropomorphizing. Yes.

They do it all the time in poetry

TIM

Spell it.

No. No. I'm just giving him a chance to back himself.

NICK

A-n-t-h-r-o-p-o-m-o-r-p-h-i-z-e. Anthropomorphize.

MEL

Is that right?

TIM

I don't know. Look it up.

So in poetry terms, Juliet is anthro-

TIM/NICK

Pomorphize –

TIM

- ing the night?

NICK

Yes.

TIM

Giving a time of day human qualities.

NICK

Yes.

MEL

“‘Anthropomorphize’. To ascribe human form or attributes to an animal, plant or material object”

It's a verb.

TIM

Yeh. We know all that.

Thank you.

So what's she get out of it? Juliet?

NICK

Anthropomorphizing the night?

TIM

No. Jumping up and down on her bed. What do you think I'm talking about?

NICK

I don't know. It's what they do in poetry.

MEL

She's making the night her friend.

TIM

What?

MEL

Yes. Look. She does it again further down the page:
“Come civil night, thou sober-suited matron, all in
black”

TIM

What’s she need a friend for? She’s getting married.

MEL

She is married. She got married in secret earlier on that
afternoon.

TIM

Yeh. So, I ask again –

MEL

She’s nervous! This is her wedding night. She’s never
beenwith anyone before.

TIM

What?! How old is she?

MEL

Fourteen. Come on!

TIM

Yeh. OK. I guess that’s sort of....plausible. I guess.

MEL

Plus she’s excited that Romeo is going to secretly climb
up the ladder into her room as soon as night is come and
it’s late in the afternoon and she’s been waiting and
waiting and she’s going crazy. So she starts talking to
the night. She needs a friend.

TIM

Girls.

NICK

Yeh.

TIM

What do you mean, ‘yeh’?

MEL

Which also makes 'night', the figure of 'night', a co-conspirator in this secret little adventure she is going on with Romeo; getting married without each of their parents knowing.

NICK

Which makes her feel like the whole world is on her side.

MEL

Yes.

NICK

Which again is a dramatic irony. Because what we know, the audience, is that with Romeo having killed Tybalt and being banished from Verona, Romeo and Juliet haven't got anyone on their side.

MEL

Yes. So the terrible thing is, while we watch Juliet in this happy dream that the whole world, even the elements are her friend; we know the truth, which is that there's this humungous catastrophe of having Romeo ripped away from her, just around the corner, which she doesn't even know about yet.

NICK

Which only increases our sense of her vulnerability.

MEL

Yes. Her fragility.

NICK

And innocence. Yes. Because she anthropomorphizes things just like a child does.

MEL

And her loneliness. Potentially.

NICK

Which is why she needs a friend.

MEL

And hence, the –

MEL/TIM

Anthropomorphication!

TIM

I could've worked all that out.

Eventually.

NICK

I don't understand this, 'runaways' bit.

MEL

“Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,

That runaways eyes may wink and Romeo leap to these
arms, untalk'd of and unseen.”

TIM

I thought he was Juliet.

NICK

Is it them?

TIM

Who? Romeo and Juliet? They're not running away,
dude. They're going to bed.

NICK

Maybe it's metaphorically running away. You know, not
real.

TIM

You're the one on drugs.

NICK

No, but, they are. They are running away.

Metaphysically.

TIM

Oh, man!

NICK

No. No. Listen.

TIM

They're not physically running away? They're metaphysically running away?!

NICK

It's a theory.

MEL

I think he does read poetry at home. A lot.

TIM

I don't know about reading but he's certainly a home-stimulator.

NICK

Romeo and Juliet are secretly married, right? This is their wedding night.

TIM

Yes! The naked bits!

NICK

But then they are running away. Aren't they? Inside themselves, they're running away from their parents, and the family feud, and everything they've grown up with.

MEL

I like that.

TIM

Do you?

MEL

Yes.

TIM

You're on the same drugs that he is?

NICK

Come on. You've got to admit. It's a possibility.

TIM

What about, that in Shakespeare's time; OK? I am giving you a context for what the whole audience would have understood here, right? You got your head around that? A context. In Shakespeare's time, girls were pretty

much the property of their dads until their dads decided who they got to marry. Right? Which means, if girls got it on with someone who didn't pass the dad test, then they had to bale out the window in the middle of the night. Elope. It's in all Shakespeare's plays.

NICK

Yes. So.

TIM

So, what Juliet is saying, obviously, is that come on night, get yourself here, so that under cover of darkness, those other kids out there, doing what kids do, hanging around the streets after curfew, do not see Romeo, climb up the ladder and leap to the naked bits and start talking about it all over town.

NICK

I didn't see that.

TIM

No. You were too busy stimulating yourself digging around in the metaphysical deep and meaningful to see the plain obvious.

MEL

It could be both of them.

Well, isn't that what poetry is? Lots of different layers of meaning.

TIM

I am reading the next bit.

NICK

What, you're going to be Juliet?

TIM

Make a better Juliet than you two.

NICK

Just so long as there's no naked bits.

TIM

"Lovers can see to do their amorous rites

By their own beauties;”

OK. I know what the ‘amorous rites’ bit is. I got no idea about the rest.

MEL

It means that lovers have so much light shining out of their eyes they don’t need daylight to see what they’re doing.

TIM

So she still wants the night to move it along?

MEL

Yes.

TIM

“or, if love be blind,

It best agrees with night.”

You know, I’m starting to really appreciate plain English.

NICK

Cupid.

TIM

Wha’d you say? Honey?

NICK

No. Cupid is the God of Love.

TIM

More gods.

MEL

Yes. And Cupid, at least in Shakespeare’s time, was depicted as this little fat baby with a blindfold on.

NICK

And a bow and arrow.

MEL

Yes. And whoever he shot his arrow into –

NICK

Would fall in love.

MEL

Even though Cupid didn't know who he was shooting
his arrow into –

NICK

Because he was blind. With the blindfold.

TIM

Who would blindfold a baby and then give it weapons?
Not only that – who would give a weapon to a plainly
obese toddler on a sugar high?!
I mean no wonder Romeo and Juliet ended up dead!

NICK

Well, maybe that's a thematic connection!

MEL

No. No. Don't encourage him.
Juliet is saying, if love is blind, which we have
established, the God of Love is; then people in love,
don't need light to see by.

TIM

Because they're blind too?

MEL

Sort of. Yes. In a good way.

TIM

So bring on the night.

MEL

Bring it on.

TIM

Strange how I seem to be able to say that a lot quicker
than Shakespeare.

You noticed that?

NICK

Yes, but not quite with as much meaning.

TIM

Not quite as stimulating.

MEL

“Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play’d for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:”

TIM

Yours.

NICK

Well, there’s the anthropomorphication again:
“Thou sober-suited matron, all in black’

MEL

Yes, only this time she makes her an old woman.

TIM

Yeh. Why is that? Nobody wants an old woman sitting
in the corner of your room when you’re husband walks
in. ‘Come on baby! Giddy grannie.’

NICK

She is talking about losing her virginity.

TIM

Is she?

NICK

Well, yes. I think so.

TIM

You’d know I guess.

NICK

‘Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods’.
That’s losing her virginity.

MEL

And traditionally, old mothers of the tribe gave brides-
to-be advice on those sort of things.

NICK

So the metaphor is, that night, like a wise old woman,
will come to Juliet and teach her how to play this game
of love.

TIM

Hence the antithesis.

NICK

I'm...what did you say?

TIM

Oh! Oh! It's only you who is allowed to know about poetical stuff is it? Is that how it is?

NICK

No. I'm glad you know about antithesis.

TIM

I didn't say I knew about it. I just used the word. 'Antithesis'.

MEL

Well, are you going to tell me?

NICK

Antithesis is –

TIM

When you put two words together, that mean the exact opposite of each other –

NICK

Yes, but when used with each other, create a whole new meaning. Or a balance ...to the separate meaning.... of each of the twooriginal words.....

TIM

He's good isn't he?

MEL

I have no idea what you just said.

TIM

"Lose me a winning match"

Juliet says to the old night woman, show me how to 'lose a winning match'. 'Lose' and 'winning' mean completely opposite things. That's an antithesis. So what's Juliet talking about?

MEL

She's talking about sleeping with Romeo. We know that.

TIM

Yes. So by sleeping with Romeo, that's the game or the match the old woman's going to teach her how to play. And by playing the match, she loses her virginity, that's the maidenhoods thing, but by losing her virginity she wins -?

MEL

Love.

TIM

And that's antithesis.

NICK

Actually it proves there that Romeo is a virgin too, because Juliet says, 'a pair of stainless maidenhoods.'

TIM

Ah! That's just what she thinks.

What? Now you want Romeo to be like you?

MEL

Is it my turn?

TIM

Go for it.

MEL

'Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle;'

TIM

Right. She's still talking about her virginity.

NICK

What? Where?

TIM

'Unmann'd blood'. She ain't yet had a man. She is
'unmann'd'. Keep up!

What?

MEL

'Unmann'd' is short for unmannered because of the rhythm of the verse.

TIM

What?

MEL

Yes. She can't say, 'Hood my unmannered blood' because then the verse would lose its beat. 'Hood my unmannered blood' doesn't have the same rhythm as, 'Hood my unmann'd blood'.

TIM

And we care about that because?

MEL

Look. You tap out the rhythm of the stressed words. 'Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks'; she's talking about blushing when she

TIM

Gets naked with the boy.

MEL

Yes. I don't know why I pulled back then.

TIM

You just don't want to say those words in front of me – 'naked'.

MEL

That's only one word.

TIM

Takes more than one.

Unless you're a home-stimulator.

NICK

At least I like myself.

MEL

Look.

Tap out the syllables that you have to stress for the meaning of what she's saying.

'Hood my unmann'd blood'

See? You need the stress on 'hood' 'un' 'blood' if she's saying 'cover up my blushing'.

But if you try to tap out the stress with the full

'unmannered' word in there:

'Hood my unmannered blood'

It doesn't work. It gets clumsy.

NICK

Or it turns into iambic stress.

TIM

What?!

MEL

No. he's right.

Iambic stress, which is what Shakespeare mostly wrote in, is short, long, short, long. Light, strong, light, strong.

So if I was speaking in iambic stress, it would be:

'Hood my unmannered blood, bating in my cheeks'

But see how iambic stress is sing-songy; it bounces things along.

So, no – you can get this - if you're talking in iambic stress, which pushes you along, then you lose that interrupted holding back rhythm that you need because she's talking about blushing when she gets –

TIM

-her kit off. Yes. I knew this had to make sense somewhere. That what keeps hanging me in there, you know. That we keep coming back to the word, 'naked'.

MEL

It has to be reverse iambic.

TIM

What?

NICK

Trochaic.

TIM

Hey! This is a schools video.

NICK

Trochaic metre is a poetical metre that goes; long short;
long short; strong, light, strong, light.

MEL

Whereas iambic stress is the opposite. In a line of poetry
in iambic, it goes: short, long, short, long; light, strong,
light, strong.

NICK

Every syllable in dramatic verse is either a strong or a
light stress. According to the meaning of the words.

MEL

It's either iambic. Short long, short, long.

NICK

Or trochaic. Long, short, long short.

TIM

You're not gonna break me.

I mean this is probably against the Geneva convention,
but you are not gonna break me.

MEL

And in this line, Juliet, well, Shakespeare really, is using
trochaic stress, because Juliet is holding back, like this,
long short, long short, thinking about blushing in front of
Romeo.

TIM

Yeh. I'm not gonna say it. ('naked')

HE taps it out.

'Hood my unmann'd blood.'

OK. That works. She's worried about blushing.

MEL

If you did it in iambic it would be like playing reggae
music in country and western.

The rhythm wouldn't be supporting what the words are saying.

NICK

And, if you have a look, when you use the trochaic rhythm the second half of the line, balances the first half.
'Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheek,'

MEL

It does too.

NICK

See, there's 3 stressed beats in each half line.

THEY clap all this out.

'Hood my unmann'd blood' –

MEL

'Bating in my cheeks'

They match.

NICK

They do. They do.

I echoed myself then.

MEL

You did.

NICK

The second half of the line rhythmically echoes –

MEL

The first half of the line.

NICK

Yes!

It's like an echo of her fear.

NICK/MEL

'Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks'

TIM

OK. OK. Stop all this.

You are frightening the children.

You're frightening me.

So she wants the night to cover up her blushing.

MEL

Yes.

TIM

Let's leave it there.

NICK

You can say it, you know.

TIM

Say what?

NICK

Trochaic. It's not going to hurt you.

TIM

I am not –

MEL

No. Iambic. Say iambic then.

NICK

Trochaic.

MEL

No. Iambic.

NICK

Trochaic.

MEL

Say iambic.

TIM

Hey! Hey! Hey!

Who are you people?!

I am not saying any of them!

OK?

Now. Whose turn is it to be Juliet?

NICK

Mine!

MEL

Hey, I hadn't finished my bit.

NICK

I'll help you.

TIM

Somebody needs to help me.

MEL

'Hood my unmann'd blood –

TIM

Oh, -!

MEL

No, I have to do it cause it runs on.

'bating in my cheeks,' that's the blushing bit,

'with they black mantle' –

NICK

That's the anthropomorphizing. Night has like this old woman's veil, this 'mantle'

TIM

I get it. Thank you.

MEL

"Till strange love, grown bold,

Think true love, simple modesty."

TIM

That's simple. That is, when you do it the first time you don't know what you're doing; you're all thumbs; it's 'strange'. But 'when strange love grows bold', you get over yourself; you're cool.

NICK

Well, that's not strictly what it means –

TIM

I don't care what it strictly means. I just want to move on.

I'm getting more impatient here than Juliet.

"Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night"

See the repetition there? "Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night." Builds up the rhythm. The impetus. This girl is desperate.

NICK

Antithesis too.

TIM

I beg your pardon?

NICK

'Day in night.'

Romeo will be her day, her light, in the night.

MEL

We better move on.

TIM

Your turn.

Are we even half way through yet?

MEL

I don't know. Don't even look at it.

TIM

I am going to tear out my eyes.

NICK

No. That's Oedipus.

TIM

Read!!

NICK

"For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back."

TIM

Oh, this girl is out of her mind! Now she wants the night to have wings and what? Romeo's going to lie on them?!

Actually that's not a bad metaphor. Very pictorial.

MEL

No, if Romeo is like white snow upon a raven's back, that's an image of how pure he is to Juliet.

NICK

Yes, but a raven is a symbol of death, as is winter time,
which is when snow falls – which is a connection to that
recurring theme of death and time and love.

Sorry. Poetry.

TIM

Do you think we really needed that little complication?
I am tired. My head hurts.

MEL

“Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die - “

NICK

Oh - !

TIM

Hey.

NICK

No, this is really important.

TIM

So is this. Someone is reading!

NICK

OK. Sorry. I'll wait.

MEL

“.....Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.”

TIM

That was beautiful.

MEL

Thank you.

TIM

She loves him.

MEL

She does.

TIM

Now, what have you got to say, stimo-boy?

NICK

It's all about sex.

Actually, orgasm.

No, no -

TIM

Are we even reading off the same page?!

NICK

No, see, in Shakespeare's time 'die' the word, 'die' also meant orgasm. It was called 'the little death'. The last breath.

TIM

This is rubbish!

NICK

No. See. Look, death and orgasm, they have like, the same breathing rhythm.

TIM

How would you know? Oh, that's right, you're into self-stimulating.

NICK

NICK is simulating

See, see, if you're dying....or, you know,...the other thing,....your breath gets shorter.....

TIM

What are you doing?!

NICK

It gets shorter ...and shorter....

TIM

Stop that!

NICK

...and you have no control over it....see.....it just keeps building.....

TIM

Dude!

NICK

And then there's the last – the last – the last -.....ah – ah – ah – ahh –

TIM

You are a total freak! You are a mess!!

NICK

BREATH!.....and then, the world,disappears. Like little stars up in the heaven. And your soul.... Your soul is..... released.

That's death. And orgasm.

And that's why the Elizabethans called orgasm 'the little death'.

TIM

They teach this stuff in school?!

NICK

So, when Juliet is talking about dying, the audience is laughing at her innocence, because they know she is also talking about orgasm. She just doesn't know it.

MEL

As well as, death is again being linked to her dreams of love.

NICK

Yes. That too.

TIM

I want you, to take your seat.

NICK

Sorry.

I feel a bit ...light-headed.

TIM

Uh! And next time you want to share things with us.

Don't.

Moving on?

No. I'll read it first.

'O' – nothing! There aint nothing in it. It doesn't mean anything. She just says....'O'.

"I have bought the mansion of a love,

But not possessed." So, we know that she is talking aboutlove again...the act of love –

See? You've ruined it for me now.

I can't get that out of my head.

NICK

Sorry.

Blame Shakespeare.

MEL

She's talking about the mansion of love, that, through marriage, she has bought, has many rooms of experience, and she hasn't had a chance to explore any of them yet. And she wants to.

TIM

Nothing! From you. Thank you. That'll do.

"and, though I am sold,

Not yet enjoy'd:"

Now she's the mansion, isn't she?

MEL

Yes.

NICK

And that's also a sort of cyclical wit.

TIM

Stops him with a gesture.

OK. Speak very very slowly. And don't move.

NICK

Well, one moment she has bought the mansion, and the next moment she is the mansion; of love. The contrasts sort of compliment each other. They close the circle.

TIM

Close the circle. OK. That's good.

Your turn.

MEL

“so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them.”

TIM

That's like the first day of school, isn't it? When you're a kid.

MEL

How?

TIM

Well, you've got all your new gear, clothes and shoes, and, you know, Hulk pencil case; and you're so excited about it all your wear the whole lot to bed the night before. You can't wait for the next day.

MEL

Yes. That's what she feels like.

NICK

Did you like school when you were little?

TIM

I am not talking to you.

NICK

No, it's just, I did too.

I had a Cookie Monster pencil case.

TIM

Hey!Shakespeare!

MEL

That's a simile.

TIM

What is?

MEL

Using one thing to describe something else. Juliet saying that what she's feeling waiting for her wedding night is just like a child with new clothes waiting for a festival.

It's a simile.

NICK

Can I read now?

TIM

Just what's on the page.

NICK

O –

TIM

It's just an 'O'. it's an exclamation of surprise.

NICK

Here comes my nurse –

TIM

Yep. Her nurse walks in.

NICK

And she brings news:

MEL

Because she's been out on the street.

NICK

And every tongue that speaks

But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

TIM

Which means she loves to talk about him. That's what chicks, pardon the expression, do.

NICK

There's also that little reference to 'heavenly eloquence' goes back to the stars and the –

TIM

Enough!

OK. That's it. We've finished?

MEL

There's just one bit we missed.

TIM

What?

MEL

Just up near the top. In the first line.

TIM

Oh no. We're not going back to the top?!

MEL

No, just 'fiery footed' steeds. Fiery footed, that's an alliteration.

TIM

An alliteration.

MEL

Yes. Two or more words beginning with the same letter.

TIM

Like, 'stop this pedantic para-perusal of poetry, please?'

MEL

That's a bad one, but yes. On the first line, 'Fiery-footed'! It gives us the energy of Juliet's pent up

-....

TIM

'Naked-me'. She wants to get naked.

MEL

Yes!

TIM

I was forgetting that bit.

You destroyed it for me.

OK. Do it.

MEL

What?

TIM

Well, we've torn it to bits and he...did things to it.
You put it back together.

MEL

Why me?

TIM

Because it's Juliet.

MEL

I'm not fourteen.

TIM

Well, you're a lot closer to her than I am.

NICK

I'll do it.

TIM

No!

OK. Nobody's doing. It's poetry. Who cares.

Juliet's sitting in her room waiting for her wedding night
to come. She can keep waiting. All we did was ripped
the whole thing up and left it lying all over the floor. It
doesn't even make sense any more.

I blame Shakespeare.

Leave it!

I'm out of here.

MEL

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,

Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
 Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
 Think true love acted simple modesty.
 Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine
 That all the world will be in love with night
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child that hath new robes
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
 And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

TIM

Yeh! Poetry! I love it!
 Bring on the night! Come on night, the girl is waiting!
 Get down here night!
 You might notice that – I'm anthropomorphizing.
 Get your night on night!
 Dude, turn out the light.
 Where's Juliet going? Hey, Juliet –
MEL flicks the light out as she exits. Darkness.
 Yeh! Poetry!
 What happened to the naked bit? I missed the naked bit.

NICK

Hold my hand.

END OF SCENE