

**EXT. CIVILIAN FAMILY HOME - DAY**

Romeo and the mother walk up the rocky hill near her home. A bit winded Romeo holds the child closer to his chest.

He approaches the mother who is ahead of him and overhears her loud sighs and sniffles.

ROMEO

What was he like?

The woman quickly wipes her face.

THE MOTHER

Pardon?

ROMEO

Thy son. What was he like? Didst he hath any companions.

THE MOTHER

Oh yes, he wast most liked amongst the children that play near our home. I can recall a time that they wouldst chase and hide from one another.

ROMEO

Ah, I too recall playing such games with a lief cousin of mine.

They share a laugh.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Wast he a curious issue or wast he timid?

MOTHER

He hath't the most imaginative mind and at each moment. So curious of the ordinary.

ROMEO

How long hath thee and thy family lived in fair Verona?

MOTHER

I hath lived hither ever since I wast but a young girl as my husband doth. After we wed, we stayed to raise our family. We tried for many years to conceive, but after many long years the lord blessed us with our son.

ROMEO  
How old was your boy?

MOTHER  
He wast all but seven. Seven years  
wast not enough with him.

The mother and Romeo approach the doorway. She pushes the door open, Romeo wanders in.

**INT. CIVILIAN FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS**

The mother closes the door behind Romeo as he lay the child on the ground in the center of her entry way. She kneels down to her child and cradles him in her arms. She kisses the boys forehead and continues to rock him gently.

Romeo stands to side as he watches the moment between mother and son. He makes an attempt to quietly exit but she notices Romeo reach towards the door.

MOTHER  
I beg thee wait. I shall thank thou  
with the kindness thou hath't shown  
to me and mine son.

ROMEO  
Oh no madame. You doth not need to  
lend a kind hand to thyself.  
Bringing your son home is the only  
reward I couldst ask for.

MOTHER  
At least let me give offer a drink  
to refresh thyself for the journey  
back.

Romeo nods as she gestures for him to take a seat at their small table. She quickly finds a pitcher of homemade wine while Romeo removes his cape to sit down.

The mother walks over to fill Romeo's cup and takes a seat. Romeo smiles and raises his cup to her before he takes a sip.

She gives Romeo a weary smile then turns her head to look at her son.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
At which hour will this end?

ROMEO  
Madame?

MOTHER

This sinful feud between the houses of Capulet and Montague. They hath't painted the streets red with the blood of innocents, yet they prolong this feud for generations.

ROMEO

Well perhaps they prolong their feud with valorous reason.

MOTHER

I doth not care for their reasons their feud hast endanger the working people like the pair of us.

Romeo shifts.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Within the past few months their feud hast started a fire in the square, a mob which trampled an elderly gent to his death, and now they has't taken mine own knave!

The mother gets up from they table to sit next to her son again. She brushes the child's hair out of his face, she sobs quietly to herself.

ROMEO

I am sorry to hear of such calamities. I hadst not an idea of how far their feud hadst stretched.

MOTHER

How couldst thee not hear of such things, they occur almost daily. Where didst't thee say thee came from?

ROMEO

Oh I- reside from outside of these walls. I traveled to see a family cousin.

MOTHER

Well I am sorry Verona hast welcomed thee in the most unwholesome way.

Abruptly THE FATHER (early 40s) flings the front door of the home open and rushes inside.

FATHER

O mine own love! I-I heard of the brawl in the market an- and I panicked then ran to be with the pair of thee.

He pulls his wife in for a tight intimate embrace. As they pull away she steps to the side to reveal their dead child on the ground.

He falls to his knees next to his son and gives him a kiss on his forehead as tears bursts from his face. His wife kneels to his side to comfort him.

He is able to collect himself as his wife helps him to his feet.

FATHER (CONT'D)

My love could you please grab a cloth to put over the boy. I can not see mine own knave like this.

MOTHER

Yes my love.

Before she leaves to grab the cloth she signals Romeo to stand next to her.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Oh my love, this is the kind gentleman that carried our son home when I couldst not find the strength to.

The mother walks off.

FATHER

Thou has't mine own mercy and I am indebted to-

He offers out his hand to Romeo's to shake. Romeo extends his hand, revealing the house colors of Montague.

DUNCAN'S FATHER

Those colors.

Romeo pulls his hand back but he has a tight grasp around Romeo's forearm as his wife enters back into the room to lay the cloth over her child.

FATHER

Those colors!

Suddenly the father lunges at Romeo grabbing him by the collar of his shirt. The two get into a struggle, Romeo tries to escape his grasp to no avail.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
Montague bastard!

The woman jumps up and tries to pry her husband off of Romeo.

MOTHER  
Husband! What are thou doing!

FATHER  
That gent is not any plain sir he's  
a Montague!

She looks at Romeo as his eyes drop from her gaze and nods his head. The woman steps back in shock.

ROMEO  
Yes I am. But I only came hither to  
help.

FATHER  
No thou has come hither to mock our  
family. Thine's own family should  
know the same suffering as us.

The man raises his fist, Romeo flinches.

MOTHER  
Husband stop this! There hast been  
enough violence for one day this  
must stop at once!

FATHER  
This shall only stop with violence!

MOTHER  
I beg thee to think! If it be true  
that this gent is a Montague, then  
his entire family shall come after  
thee then mine own life and our  
family. Thou has't already lost a  
son doth not make me lose a  
husband.

The husband looks at his wife then to Romeo, he releases him from his grip.

FATHER

Just know the only reason that thou  
stands hither in front of me is for  
the colors thee wears, for one day  
those robes shall not mean  
anything.

The man walks away pushes a chair out of frustration.

ROMEO

Please acknowledge my condolences.  
Twas not mine own intent-

MOTHER

Thou shouldst leave.

The woman picks up Romeos cape and hands it to him. Romeo  
stands disheveled he looks to the father then to the mother  
before he walks to the door. He looks back at the child one  
last time before he exits the door slams behind him.