

ROMEO & JULIET'S DEATH SCENE

INT. A RENAISSANCE TOMB - NIGHT

JULIET LIES DEAD ON A COLD SLAB.

ROMEO RUSHES IN.

ROMEO

My sweet Juliet! Dead. Here's to my love!

ROMEO DRINKS A FLASK OF POISON.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Oh, true, apothecary, thy drugs are
quick. Thus with a kiss... I die.

ROMEO KISSES JULIET'S CHEEK. HE CHOKES.

JULIET SUDDENLY WAKES UP.

SHE AND ROMEO EXCHANGE A LOOK.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Aw... crap...

ROMEO COLLAPSES AND DIES.

JULIET

Where is my love, Romeo? Dead!

SHE DRAWS A DAGGER.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Oh, happy dagger, this is thy sheath!

SHE STABS HERSELF, FALLS, AND DIES.

ROMEO COUGHS AND SITS BACK UP.

ROMEO

Oh, apothecary, thy generic drugs were
too weak! I live.
(re: dead Juliet)

But my love! My Juliet! Dead. Again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROMEO (CONT'D)

I shalt refuse to breathe the air that my
Juliet cannot. Thus with a gasp, I die!

ROMEO HOLDS HIS BREATH UNTIL HE FLOPS OVER DEAD.

JULIET WAKES UP AGAIN.

JULIET

Ooooh! Thy happy dagger missed my vital
organs, and for the sight of blood,
passed out I hath. But here lies my true
love, still and dead.

JULIET PULLS OUT A PLASTIC BAG.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Oh, happy grocery bag, this is thy head
of cabbage!

SHE PULLS THE BAG OVER HER HEAD. SHE DIES AGAIN.

ROMEO WAKES UP AGAIN. GASPING FOR AIR.

ROMEO

Oh, cruel fate, still live do I. Killing
oneself is more difficult than I had
imagined. I must take a brief respite
from attempting suicide and replenish
myself with this grape!

ROMEO TAKES A GRAPE AND POPS IT IN HIS MOUTH.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Choking! Thus with a grape, I die!

ROMEO FALLS OVER DEAD.

JULIET SITS UP AND PULLS OFF THE BAG.

(CONTINUED)

JULIET

Methinks the Happy Grocery Bag was too
loose to snuff the air from mine lungs.
And the crinkling inside was deafening.
But here is my love still dead!

JULIET RUSHES OVER TO AN OVEN.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Oh, Happy Gas Oven, I am thy Honey-baked
Ham!

JULIET PUTS HER HEAD IN THE OVEN AND DIES.

A NARRATOR ENTERS.

NARRATOR

Never was there a story of more woe, than
this of Juliet and her...

ROMEO

Romeo yet lives!

ROMEO SPRINGS UP AND SPITS OUT A GRAPE.

NARRATOR

Thou canst be serious...

ROMEO

But mine Juliet yet dies... and smells
delicious. How shalt I follow her to the
sweet embrace of the grave?

THE NARRATOR HANDS A GUN TO ROMEO.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Thank you, sweet... whoever you are. Thus
with a click, I die.

ROMEO SHOOTS HIMSELF.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

Never was there a story of more woe
than...

JULIET

Methought I heard my love's voice!
Where's my Romeo?!

JULIET POPS OUT OF THE OVEN AGAIN.

NARRATOR

Oh no, you do not!

THE NARRATOR GRABS THE GUN AND SHOOTS JULIET.

JULIET DIES AGAIN.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Never was there a story of...

ROMEO

Thy bullet's aim was not true!

THE NARRATOR TURNS AND SHOOTS ROMEO SEVERAL
TIMES.

NARRATOR
(quickly before anyone can get
up again)

Never was there a story of more woe than
this of Juliet and her Romeo. The end!
Sheesh-ith!

THE NARRATOR STOMPS OFF STAGE AND WE'RE...

OUT.