

Excerpt from....

**“UNDER THE BALCONY”  
(A One Act Comedy)  
by Bruce Kane**

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**“UNDER THE BALCONY”  
by Bruce Kane**

PLACE: Courtyard of the Capulets  
TIME: After midnight

SET: Two balcony windows

CHARACTERS:

Romeo  
Juliet  
Casanova

*(Lights up on Romeo pacing anxiously under Juliet's balcony. Suddenly, a figure in black races across the stage and crashes into Romeo, knocking them both off their feet)*

CASANOVA: My apologies, my young lord.

ROMEO: Who art thou?

CASANOVA: (*stands*) No one of consequence.

ROMEO: (*being helped to his feet*) Then what is it you seek in this place?

CASANOVA: Exit. If thou would'st be so kind as to point me to the nearest gate.

ROMEO: My direction will do thee no good.

CASANOVA: If it is good direction it will, indeed, do me a great deal of good.

ROMEO: Only if thou art a phantom.

CASANOVA: How so, my young friend?

ROMEO: All gates are locked at the stroke of twelve.

CASANOVA: Then, perhaps, thou would'st be so kind as to accompany me to the nearest wall. A leg up and I will disappear into the night as though I were a phantom.

ROMEO: Leave this very place? I cannot.

CASANOVA: Art thou a prisoner?

ROMEO: Only of my lady's smile.

CASANOVA: Ah... A damsel.

ROMEO: Aye. The fairest eyes have ever gazed upon.

CASANOVA: So here thee stands in darkness, lit only by a pale moon, waiting for a sign, a signal, perhaps, that the husband of the lady in question is otherwise occupied?

ROMEO: Oh no. Tis not so.

CASANOVA: I am truly sorry to hear such.

ROMEO: I would'st not dally with another man's wife.

CASANOVA: Other men's wives are the only wives with which one should dally.

ROMEO: And dishonor the bonds of matrimony?

CASANOVA: Never. I honor the bonds of matrimony more than any man thou shalt make acquaintance of.

ROMEO: I am happy to hear such.

CASANOVA: Without marriage there would's't be no married women. And a world without married women would be a sad and empty world indeed.

ROMEO: Indeed.

CASANOVA: A marriage is liketh a beautiful garden, would's't thou agree?

ROMEO: Ay, I would's't.

CASANOVA: And a garden must be constantly tended, would's't thou also agree?

ROMEO: I would's't.

CASANOVA: But left to neglect a garden will wither and die.

ROMEO: True.

CASANOVA: And in this age, most husbands, tis sad to behold, pay little attention to the tending of their marriage garden.

ROMEO: Tis sad, indeed.

CASANOVA: If the garden is to blossom into full ripeness, tis the wife, then, who must see to its tender care.

ROMEO: Spoken well.

CASANOVA: So it is only in the service of restoring the bloom to that rose that is the married woman that I enter the garden to plow her neglected furrow.

ROMEO: (*circling Casanova*) I know thee.

CASANOVA: I fear that is not possible

ROMEO: I have seen thee before.

CASANOVA: I think not. I am not of this city.

ROMEO: My friend Mercutio didst point thee out when once we did visit Venice. Thou art Casanova. Mercutio said thou has't seduced more women than any man in Italy. He says every man dos't hate thee.

CASANOVA: Jealousy sometimes doth find expression in anger.

ROMEO: And there is not a woman in all Christendom that trusts thee.

CASANOVA: Indeed.

ROMEO: And this thou freely admit?

CASANOVA: Why else would'st so many extend me invitation to attend them in their boudoir?

ROMEO: Is that what thou art doing here this night? Dallying with another man's wife?

CASANOVA: No longer, I am sad to report.

ROMEO: Scorned by a woman much offended?

CASANOVA: Chased by a husband much surprised. Which is why I implore thine help in scaling that far wall.

ROMEO: Thou dishonor a woman and expecteth me to aid thy retreat?

CASANOVA: Dishonor? By showing my appreciation of what her husband has so foolishly chosen to ignore? Why, I pay her the highest honor.

ROMEO: Thou art quick of tongue.

CASANOVA: Exactly what the lady was saying before we were so rudely interrupted.

ROMEO: Thou art carnal and debased.

CASANOVA: Before passing judgment my young Lord, hear me out.

ROMEO: Dos't I have choice in the matter?

CASANOVA: Thou could'st aid my escape and render me speechless.

*(A light appears on Juliet's balcony)*

ROMEO: But soft what light through yonder window breaks?

CASANOVA: Excuse me?

*(Juliet steps out onto the balcony)*

ROMEO: Tis, the east and Juliet is the sun.

CASANOVA: *(gazes on Juliet appreciatively)* Thou speakest the truth, young lord. Your maiden is fair, indeed. If she was but married, I would'st gladly be your rival.

ROMEO: I must speak to her.

CASANOVA: Quiet... Thou must not speak.

ROMEO: How will she know my feelings?

CASANOVA: If thou is to find success with maidens fair, thou must never reveal thy true feelings,

ROMEO: But she must know I love her.

CASANOVA: No... She must only know that she loves thee.

ROMEO: Thy preaching makes no sense.

CASANOVA: When engaging the fairer sex, young lord, take thy satisfaction in harvesting the fruit. Tis not necessary to own the orchard.

ROMEO: It is my lady, O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were!

CASANOVA: Wait one minute. Thou art are standing here in the middle of the night, under her balcony and she knows not you are her love?

ROMEO: I was wearing a mask when first we met?

CASANOVA: A mask?

ROMEO: Aye, a mask.

CASANOVA: Good. Tis very good.

ROMEO: Tis?

CASANOVA: Tis. She knows not your face, therefore, when the moment comes, and it will, she cannot slappeth it nor spitteth in it.

*(Juliet starts to speak)*

ROMEO: She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?

CASANOVA: Tis what women do. Thou art young, but thou wilt become accustomed. It falleth under the heading "If thou cared for me, thou couldst't read my mind."

ROMEO: Look!!!

CASANOVA: *(frightened)* What? Where?

ROMEO: Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

CASANOVA: Be careful how thou callest out my young lord. You scareth the very crap out of me.

*(The play continues...)*

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