

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

FRIAR LAURENCE is hosting his phone in show on Verona FM. He is sat in the presenter chair behind a microphone, in full monk garb, wearing headphones.

FRIAR LAURENCE

And welcome back to *What Ails Thee?*  
on Verona FM with me, Friar  
Laurence. And our next caller is  
Juliet, who has a problem with her  
parents. How art thou, Juliet?

We hear the caller's voice, but only see Friar Laurence in the studio.

JULIET

Uh...hi. Yeah, things have been a  
bit difficult recently, and I'm not  
sure what to do.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Go ahead, my child.

JULIET

Well, recently I've fallen in love  
with someone that my parents don't  
approve of.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Well, have they made the effort to  
get to know him?

JULIET

Not really. Our families are sworn  
enemies, so it's a bit tricky.

FRIAR LAURENCE

I see...

JULIET

We actually got married in secret a  
couple of days ago.

FRIAR LAURENCE

I'm sorry, you sound very young.  
How old are you?

JULIET

I'm thirteen.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Ah, okay. Sorry, I thought you sounded a bit young, but thirteen is fine. Go on.

JULIET

Well, I married this guy, Romeo, but on our wedding night he brutally murdered my cousin in a fit of rage.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's not ideal.

JULIET

No, and to make matters worse, the Prince banished him to Mantua.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wait, your husband or your cousin?

JULIET

My husband. My cousin was killed.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Oh yes, sorry. Go on.

JULIET

So, I've been feeling quite low about that, but then today, my father has given me an ultimatum. He says that I either have to marry a different man he's chosen for me, or I'll be cut off forever from my family and our vast, vast fortune.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Goodness me. What a pickle.

JULIET

So, I'm thinking that I should probably just take the financial hit and go to Mantua to be with my husband, but -

FRIAR LAURENCE

Juliet, I'm sorry. I'm going to stop you there. That is a desperately simplistic idea. It will never work. No, the answer is pretty clear to me.

JULIET

Oh?

FRIAR LAURENCE  
Absolutely. You're going to have to  
fake your own death.

A pause.

FRIAR LAURENCE (CONT'D)  
Juliet? Are you still on the line?

JULIET  
Uh...yes. Sorry, did you say *fake*  
*my own death*?

FRIAR LAURENCE  
It's the only way, Juliet.

JULIET  
Couldn't I just go to Mantua to be  
with Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE  
It would never work. Forgive me,  
dear, but that's the folly of youth  
talking there. No, for the  
simplest, cleanest solution, you're  
going to have to fake your death.

JULIET  
But...wouldn't that devastate my  
family?

FRIAR LAURENCE  
Oh, absolutely. But it draws a line  
under this whole family mess, you  
see. This way, you also let down  
this other chap nice and easy. It's  
fool proof, really.

JULIET  
How would I even go about doing it?

FRIAR LAURENCE  
It's quite simple really. You go to  
any disreputable poison shop.  
They're ten a ducat in Verona these  
days. Ask them for a draft that  
will make you *seem* dead, when, in  
fact you're actually just in a  
quite deep, but hopefully,  
temporary coma. Your family find  
you, grieve, stage a funeral. You  
escape. Go to your husband. Hey  
presto! All your problems sorted!

JULIET

That sounds risky. Are you sure it's safe?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Oh, yeah. I recommend it to most of my callers. Never had anyone call back to complain. It's amazing how many problems can be resolved by simply faking your own death. I don't know why everyone doesn't do it. I tried to cancel a free trial of something recently and they said I couldn't do it online, that I had to call instead. So, I just faked my death, and bang! Problem gone. And, I got a shiny new identity and my credit history was reset. It really works wonders.

JULIET

It *sounds* good. My only worry is that if my husband believes I'm dead, he's liable to act somewhat rashly. I guess you'd say he's something of an emotional hothead.

FRIAR LAURENCE

He sounds great. But don't worry. I'll tell him that it's all pretend. There's really nothing that can go wrong.

JULIET

Well, if you're *sure*...

FRIAR LAURENCE

Trust me, Juliet. I'm a friar.

JULIET

And you'll definitely tell Romeo that I'm not *really* dead?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Almost definitely! Good luck to you, Juliet. Can't wait to hear how things work out for you crazy star-crossed kids. Our next caller is Macbeth from Scotland, and he has had a curious encounter with three old hags on a spooky moor near Dunsinane. Macbeth, what's all this about?

I/E - TROPICAL ISLAND - DAY

A bright, high-energy, bold, poppy intro to a dating reality TV show, *Sexy Reef*. A brash young Scottish narrator speaks over footage of a picturesque island paradise, with young, beautiful people flirting and laughing by a pool.

NARRATOR

Day six at Casa Sexy, and the  
Reefers are living it large! But  
Jean-Pierre is feeling a petit bit  
bleu...

In black and white, Jean-Pierre delivers his monologue direct to camera while sat in a chair in a small island hut. Under his monologue, Satie's *Gnossienne No. 1* plays. The speech is interspersed with black and white footage of the other young, beautiful people engaging in high-energy flirtation and fun, some in slow motion.

Throughout the montage, Jean-Pierre is alone, always, with a cigarette in hand, looking miserable, numb, empty, oblivious of what is happening around him. He is seen sat at a pool-side bar while the others play a drinking game, in a swimming pool, with an inflatable unicorn around him, while the others play an energetic game of Marco Polo, and at the dinner table while couples all around him are feeding each other spoonfuls of rich, chocolatey deserts. At one point, they are on a party boat with a DJ, and Jean-Pierre is stood in the middle of the dancefloor while the couples around him dance intimately, and he remains perfectly still, as though a statue.

When we hear about KATYA, we see footage of her and MARCO urgently and passionately entering a luxury treehouse together.

There is something vaguely Wes Anderson-esque about his stillness contrasted with the action taking place around him.

JEAN-PIERRE

(in French, subtitled) Without  
love, life is pure misery. For me,  
there is now only pain and  
suffering. Katya has chosen to  
spend the night with Marco at the  
Fellatio Forest retreat, and now I  
wish to die. There is no meaning to  
anything. There is only pain and  
sorrow. And so, I must shut myself  
off. I shall not attempt to win her  
affections any longer. Instead, I  
shall commit myself to nothingness.

(MORE)

## JEAN-PIERRE (CONT'D)

Was it not Nietzsche who said, 'He who cannot give anything away cannot feel anything either'? And so, I swear off love. I swear off life. I shall merely exist. I shall see these young, beautiful people engage in their fornications and flirtations, but I shall not partake. My participation in the world has ceased, for it is a cruel world. A world that mocked me, and left me for dead. And so, I concede defeat. No more, Jean-Pierre. No more...

Returning to bright, bold colour, KATYA is sat in the same hut, in front of a diary cam type thing, looking a bit perplexed. She speaks with a strong Geordie accent.

## KATYA

That John-Paul's a bit weird, ain't he? Like proper weird...yeah. Is he, like, alright?

In the background, at a window to the hut, the camera zooms in on Jean-Pierre, who is standing, motionless, neutrally, looking into the hut at Katya. He is in black and white, in contrast to the bright colours of the island.

INT. THRONE HALL - DAY

A KING is sitting on his throne, playing with a Rubik's Cube.  
A royal SERVANT runs in urgently.

SERVANT  
Your Majesty, I bring some grave news.

KING  
Oh no! Has something happened to me?!

SERVANT  
No, my Lord. You are quite well.

KING  
Oh, thank goodness for that. Then what's all this fuss?

SERVANT  
My Lord...Humpty has fallen.

KING  
What are you blithering on about?

SERVANT  
Humpty Dumpty, m'Lord.

KING  
Humpty Dumpty...Humpty Dumpty...why do I know that name?

SERVANT  
He's an egg, Your Highness. A sentient egg. The only one in the kingdom.

KING  
That's the chap! The one who sits on that big wall?

SERVANT  
Yes, Your Majesty.

KING  
Well?

SERVANT  
My Lord, he has...suffered a great fall.

KING  
Is he alright?

SERVANT

I'm afraid not, Sire. As an egg, falling from a significant height, he's broken. The egg is broken. He's smashed.

KING

Oh my days, that's dreadful. Is there anything we can do?

SERVANT

My liege?

KING

To fix him. Can't we just put him back together?

SERVANT

M'Lord, I don't believe that is a thing. I -

KING

Gather the horses.

SERVANT

The horses, Sire?

KING

Send in the horses. If anyone can do the job, it's the horses. Best horses in the land.

SERVANT

Sir, might I suggest that their hooves and heavy step might make horses wholly *unsuited* to the task of reassembling an egg? Perhaps we could assemble a team of men to attempt it?

KING

Men?! You think *men* could put an egg back together?

SERVANT

It may be worth a try, Your Excellency.

KING

I have to say, I'm sceptical. Tell you what. We'll try it my way. We give the horses first dibs. If for some reason they can't fix it, we can give the men a try.



SERVANT

Of course, Sire. How many men should I send?

KING

All of them. All of the horses, and all of the men. I want this to be everyone's top priority today. We only have one talking egg in the kingdom, and I want him taken care of, understand?

SERVANT

Yes, my Lord.

The servant hurries off. The King returns his focus to his Rubik's Cube.

KING

Blasted thing. Simply can't be done...

The King petulantly throws the cube on the ground, smashing it.

KING (CONT'D)

Oh, well who's going to fix *that*?!

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