

Margaret

MARGARET (to *HERO*, *VERY* into it, *sunny*)

OK! So. The wedding's happening.

Then the Friar does that bit about,

"If either of you know any inward impediment why you
should not be conjoined, charge you, on your souls, to utter it,"
and everyone just rolls their eyes, like,

"Oh my god, why are Friars always asking that dumb question?"

and then out of *literal nowhere* Claudio turns to the crowd

and tells everyone that he saw you fucking a stranger through an open window.

It was *insane*.

He said that you were a horny, savage, animal! That he had seen it with his own eyes!

You just banging the shit out of some dude, like it was *nothing*.

Then you started to weave a little, kind of like you are now,

all weak and dizzy,

and you just went

BOOM

WHOOSH

SMASH to the ground.

BAM!

MARGARET (to *HERO*)

I'm not jealous.

This is about injustice.

This is about the fact

that you have done *nothing*

to earn your place in this life.

You are primed to get everything.

I am primed to get nothing.

And why?

An accident of birth.

Borachio came to me.

He wanted to fuck me in your bed, wearing your clothes. Guess what I wanted to do?

I wanted to have sex

in a pretty dress

in a frilly princess bed

I wanted to feel what that was like

and I wanted everyone to see me do it. And I don't know what that makes me.

I don't know who it makes me.