

Beatrice

BEATRICE (*to HERO*)

OK. Fine. Let's say that Claudio,
a *decorated war hero*
and *functioning adult human*
somehow became "confused"
about whether or not he saw his fiancé ROTTEN ORANGING HERSELF
against some STRANGE DRUNKARD
in FULL VIEW OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC. *Even then*, Claudio had options.
He could have *come to you*.
Or your father!
Or the Friar!
He could have gone anywhere! But instead, what did he do? He let that wedding go on.
He got you standing up there in front of everyone you love.
Oh, and then he really let you have it.
He pushed your name into the dirt.
He buried you in shame out where everyone could see.

BEATRICE (*to HERO*)

I love Benedick, Hero.
Like... I actually love him.
Am in love with him.
Like... *bad*.
No games no pretending no manipulation just
love.
He drives me crazy but
I want to be near him all the time
and show him every dark stupid corner of myself
and hold him in my arms
and skip with him in fields of flowers
and make stews in big clay pots
and fight all night
and *kiss* all day
and just... I want to be *with him*.
And I never thought that I would feel that way about someone.
It's counter to everything I know about myself and it makes me feel...
weak
and frightened
and like he might ruin my life
like he might hurt me
like he might break my broken pieces and I hate it
but
I...love...it.