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## Untitled

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## Carnes: Untitled

## ACT THREE, SCENE 3

Inside the brick house. Immediately following, BENVOLIO sits reading.

BENVOLIO: Alas, this but reinforces my solitude. Ah! the wolf (for tis the fiend indeed, I have learned) attempts to chimneyate me. But it shall not come to pass. (Builds a fire, puts a kettle of water on the fire.)

WOLF: (from above) Be still my hunger! Thou shalt be avenged! (Falls into the kettle) 'Sblood! A very soup!

BENVOLIO: 'Tis my brothers, then, sirrah, and not thy stomach, to feel the strong balm of a liquid revenge! Cook, thou wretched rogue, and provide me with a meal of emotional sustenance!

WOLF: I am undone! (Dies)

BENVOLIO: I thank the wisdom of my dead mother, the retaining of my courage, and the gracious attendance of a merciful God in the vanquishment of my enemy. For, where foolish pigs their lives must give, a wise one may yet get to live!

(Exeunt)

