

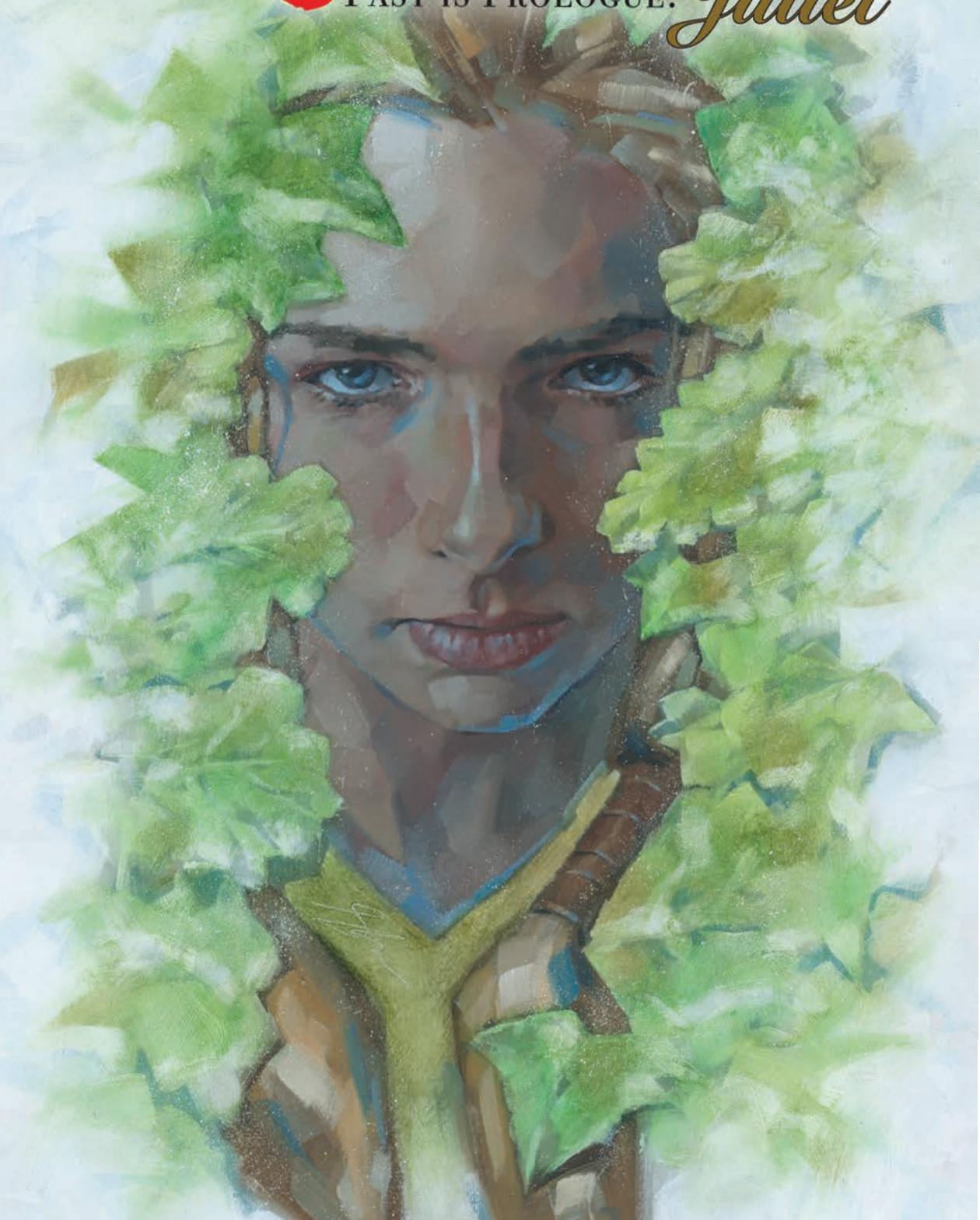
IDW
ISSUE
1
\$3.99

McCREERY • HOWELL
CHANKAHAMMA

KILL

SHAKESPEARE

PAST IS PROLOGUE: *Juliet*



KILL SHAKESPEARE

PAST IS PROLOGUE: *Juliet*



Created by **Conor McCreery**
& **Anthony Del Col**

Written by
Conor McCreery

Art by
Corin Howell

Colors by
Shari Chankahamma

Letters by
Chris Mowry

Edits by **Tom Waltz** Publisher
Ted Adams

Issue #1 Covers Checklist:



STANDARD COVER

Artwork by
Simon Davis



SUBSCRIPTION COVER

Art by **Adam Gorham**
Colors by **Shari Chankahamma**

For international rights, contact licensing@idwpublishing.com

IDW[®]
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher • Greg Goldstein, President & COO • Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist • Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer • David Hedgecock, Editor-in-Chief • Laurie Windrow, Senior Vice President of Sales & Marketing • Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer • Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services • Jerry Bennington, VP of New Product Development • Eric Moss, Senior Director, Licensing and Business Development

Facebook: facebook.com/idwpublishing • Twitter: [@idwpublishing](https://twitter.com/idwpublishing) • YouTube: youtube.com/idwpublishing
Tumblr: tumblr.idwpublishing.com • Instagram: instagram.com/idwpublishing



KILL SHAKESPEARE: JULIET: PAST IS PROLOGUE #1. MARCH 2017. FIRST PRINTING. Kill Shakespeare is © and ™ 2014 Kill Shakespeare Entertainment, Inc. All Rights Reserved. All logos, character likenesses, and related elements featured in this publication are © and ™ Kill Shakespeare Entertainment, Inc. © 2017 Idea and Design Works, LLC. All Rights Reserved. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego, CA 92106. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea. IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.



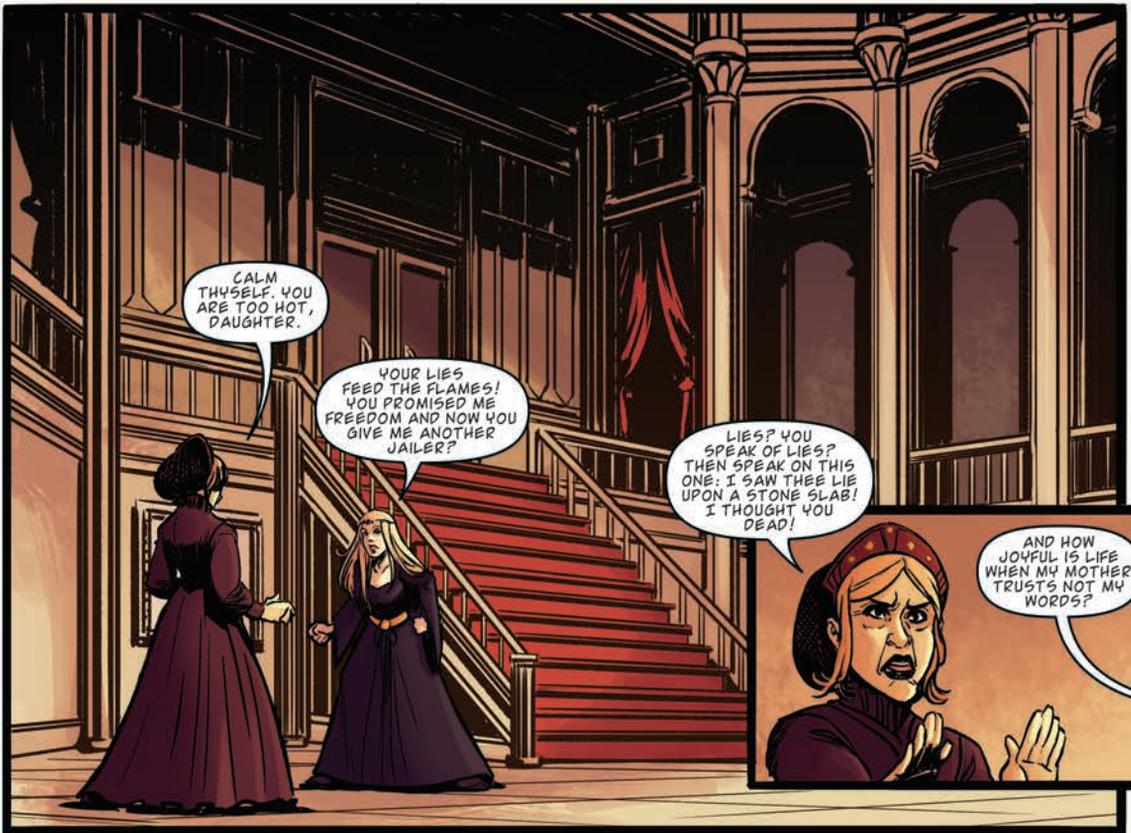
THOU
LIEST IN THY
THROAT!

MY NAME IS JULIET CAPULET.

BUT YOU KNOW THAT.
EVERYONE KNOWS IT.
MINE IS THE NAME THEY
WHISPER AT PARTIES,
AS IF SAYING IT ALOUD
WOULD BE A CURSE.

"JULIET, THE GIRL WITH A
CORPSE FOR A HUSBAND."

"THE GIRL WITH
NOTHING TO LIVE FOR."



CALM
THYSELF. YOU
ARE TOO HOT,
DAUGHTER.

YOUR LIES
FEED THE FLAMES!
YOU PROMISED ME
FREEDOM AND NOW YOU
GIVE ME ANOTHER
JAILER?

LIES? YOU
SPEAK OF LIES?
THEN SPEAK ON THIS
ONE: I SAW THEE LIE
UPON A STONE SLAB!
I THOUGHT YOU
DEAD!

AND HOW
JOYFUL IS LIFE
WHEN MY MOTHER
TRUSTS NOT MY
WORDS?



HOW CANST I TRUST
THEE? LOOK AT THEY
ARMS! AT THE MARKS
THOUH MADE TRYING
TO REUNITE WITH RO-



ENOUGH!



THAT WAS
A PASSING
MADNESS. I'VE NOT
MARRIED MYSELF
FOR WEEKS. I WILL
NOT AGAIN.

LIES.

GLORIOUS
WORDS. BUT
WHAT MOTHER
WOULDEST I BE IF
I TOOK WORDS
ALONE?





YOUR MOTHER IS NOT THINE ENEMY.

SHE WORRIES ABOUT THESE MARKS, BUT CARES NOT FOR THE WOUNDS BENVOLIO WOULD CAUSE ME.

WOULD A FRIEND HAVE ME WALK WITH HIM? A MONTAGUE? EVERY STEP WILL BE MEMORY'S DAGGER.



AS LONG AS APPEARANCES HOLD, INDEED, MOTHER?

TALK NOT TO ME, FOR I'LL NOT SPEAK A WORD; DO AS THOU WILT, FOR I HAVE DONE WITH THEE.

THOSE WORDS... SHE SPOKE THEM TO ME BEFORE HE DIED. OH, HOW BASE THOU ART, MOTHER.

I TOLD YOU IT WAS TOO SOON, SHYLOCK. THE GIRL IS NOT READY.



WE CANNOT KEEP HER FROM THE WORLD.

LET HER BALCONY BE HER WORLD.

IF HER HOME BECOMES A PRISON IT WILL FOREVER TAINT HER AFFECTION FOR THEE.

SHE HAS NO AFFECTION. IT IS ALL BLED OUT OF HER.



PATIENCE...

...SHE WILL BE THY LOVING DAUGHTER AGAIN.



COME. WALK WITH ME.

I WON'T BE ORDERED ABOUT.

CALL IT AN INVITATION THEN. BUT IF YOU WISH TO SET FOOT OUTSIDE THIS HOUSE, YOU WILL COME WITH ME, AND QUICKLY.



DO YOU EXPECT ME TO THANK YOU, "UNCLE?"

I LEARNED LONG AGO TO NOT WAIT 'PON THE GRATITUDE OF YOUNG MAIDENS.

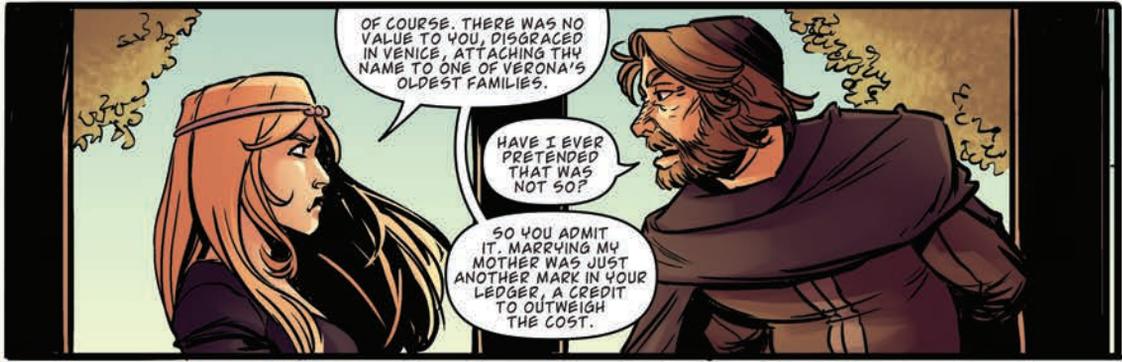
THE GRATITUDE OF RICH WIDOWS SATISFIES THEE, THEN?



HOW LONG AFTER MY FATHER DISAPPEARED AT WAR WAS IT THAT YOU THOUGHT TO WOO MY MOTHER?

A WEEK? A DAY? OR WAS IT SOMETHING YOU HAD PLANNED BEFORE AND WAITED ONLY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY?

SOME WOULD SEE A MAN WHO STEPPED INTO THE RESPONSIBILITY HIS PARTNER ABANDONED.



OF COURSE. THERE WAS NO VALUE TO YOU, DISGRACED IN VENICE, ATTACHING THY NAME TO ONE OF VERONA'S OLDEST FAMILIES.

HAVE I EVER PRETENDED THAT WAS NOT SO?

SO YOU ADMIT IT. MARRYING MY MOTHER WAS JUST ANOTHER MARK IN YOUR LEDGER, A CREDIT TO OUTWEIGH THE COST.



IN LOVE, AS IN BUSINESS, THE BEST CONTRACTS ARE THOSE THAT BENEFIT BOTH PARTIES.

AND IS THIS HOW YOU DO BUSINESS BY HIDING YOUR TRUE SELF FROM THE WORLD?



PERHAPS THAT IS WHY I LOVE THY MOTHER. UNLIKE THE REST, SHE HAS NEVER ASKED ME TO BE ANYTHING OTHER THAN A JEW.