

McCreery

Howell

Lillie

KILL SHAKESPEARE

PAST IS PROLOGUE: *Juliet*



"Would make the Bard of Stratford proud." – Graphic Policy

KILL **SHAKESPEARE** PAST IS PROLOGUE: *Juliet*

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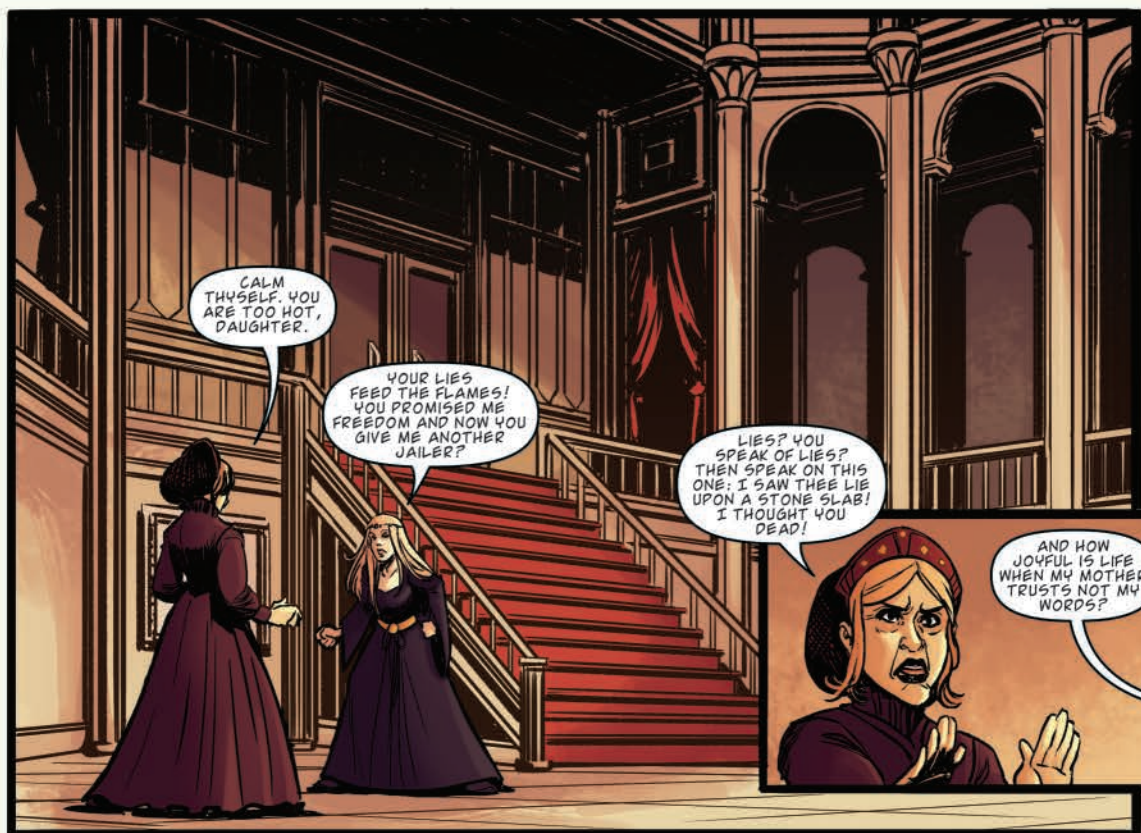
THOU
LIEST IN THY
THROAT!

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."





NO, IF YOU WISH TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE, THEN YOU DO SO IN THE SAFE COMPANY OF KIND BENVOLIO.



I'LL NOT WALK WITH HIM. HE LOOKS AS IF A WORM DIED 'PON HIS LIP.



DO YOU THINK ME A FOOL? YOU CARE NOT FOR MY SAFETY. YOU CARE ABOUT THY STANDING.

IF I AM SEEN WITH THE NEW LORD MONTAGUE THEN IT MEANS I AM FORGIVEN. IF I AM FORGIVEN THEN SO ART THOU. IF THOU ART FORGIVEN THEN THOU CANST AGAIN WEAR THY COLOURFUL PARTY DRESSES.

HOW INCONVENIENT IT MUST BE TO HAVE A DAUGHTER WHO WILL ONLY WEAR BLACK.

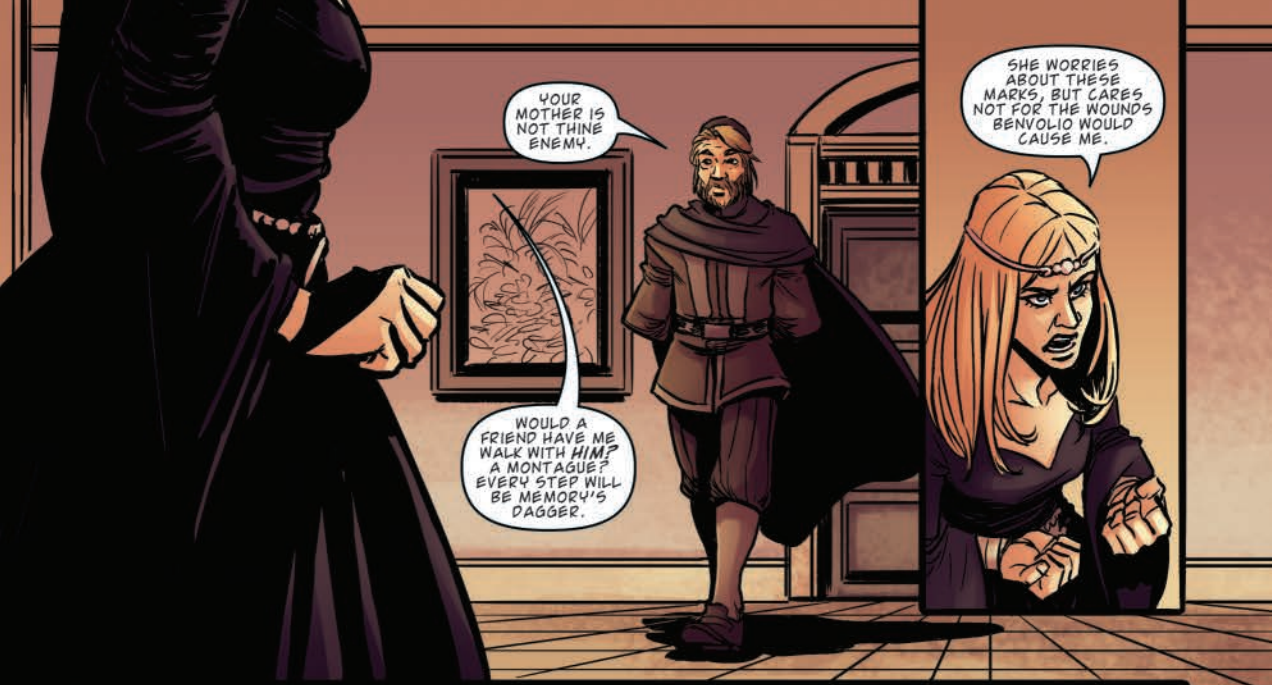
OH, THESE WORDS ARE RAZORS TO MY WOUNDED HEART.

WHAT IS IT THE POETS SPEAK? "THE TRUTH CAUSES PAINS."

YOU THINK I KNOW NOT OF MY SINS? THEY HELPED KILL A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MAN.

AND NOW THAT IT IS PARTY SEASON IT IS TIME TO FORGET HIM AND FIND MY NEXT HUSBAND.

KEEP THY PEACE, JULIET.



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 MY LOVE 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.

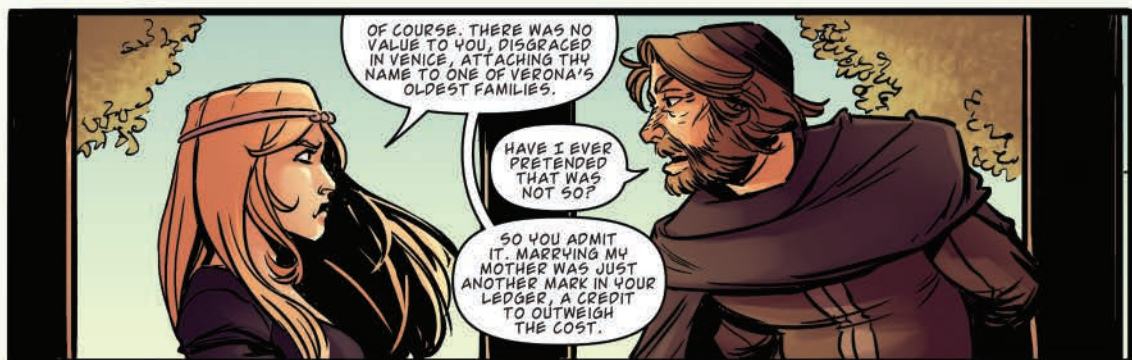
THE GRATITUDE OF RICH WIDOWS SATISFIES THEE, THEN?



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.