

# **ROMEO AND JULIET**

*By William Shakespeare*

*Adapted for The Shakespeare Project by Karl Hawkins, Carmine DiBiase,  
& Carrie Colton*

*Note on music – on ([YouTube](#)). For preshow music, just press shuffle and go.*

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*music fades*

## **ACT I. SCENE I.**

**Morning. Day 1.**

**Verona (Anniston). A public place (A lunch counter - segregated).**

*Enter TYBALT and PARIS, of the house of Capulet*

**TYBALT**

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

**PARIS**

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

**TYBALT**

'Tis all one.

*Enter BENVOLIO, of the house of Montague.*

**Paris**

Here comes one of the house of Montague.

**TYBALT**

I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

**MERCUTIO**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**TYBALT**

I do bite my thumb, sir.

**MERCUTIO**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**TYBALT**

No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

**MERCUTIO**

You lie.

**TYBALT**

Draw, if you be men.

**BENVOLIO**

Part, fools!  
you know not what you do.

**TYBALT**

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?  
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

**BENVOLIO**

I do but keep the peace.

**TYBALT**

What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,  
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:  
*Music quietly fades into a higher volume than before*  
Have at thee, coward!

*Music is full blast now.*

*The prince enters and (music out)*

**PRINCE**

Two households both alike in dignity,  
In fair Anniston where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life.;

*music resume to 100%*

*Prince blowing whistle stops music.*

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
—Three civil brawls,  
—Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, on pain of death, all men depart.

*Exeunt all but MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

**MERCUTIO**

O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?  
*Enter ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;  
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

*Exeunt MERCUTIO*

**BENVOLIO**

Good-morrow, cousin.

**ROMEO**

Is the day so young?

**BENVOLIO**

But new struck nine.

**ROMEO**

Ay me! Sad hours seem long.

**BENVOLIO**

What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

**ROMEO**

Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

**BENVOLIO**

In love?

**ROMEO**

Out--

**BENVOLIO**

Of love?

**ROMEO**

Out of her favor, where I am in love.

**BENVOLIO**

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

**ROMEO**

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!  
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.  
Farewell, my coz.

**BENVOLIO**

Soft! I will go along;  
Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

**ROMEO**

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.  
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow  
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

**BENVOLIO**

Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

**ROMEO**

O, teach me how I should forget to think.

**BENVOLIO**

By giving liberty unto thine eyes;  
Examine other beauties.

**ROMEO**

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Transition to orchard walls music

**ACT I. SCENE II.**

Mid-morning. Day 1.

Outside Capulet's house.

*Enter LADY CAPULET, NURSE & PARIS*

**Paris**

But now, lady, what say you to my suit?

**LADY CAPULET**

My child is yet a stranger in the world;  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

**PARIS**

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

**LADY CAPULET**

And too soon marr'd are those so early made.  
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
This night we hold an old accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
(To NURSE) Go Madam, trudge about  
Through fair Anniston and find those persons out  
Whose names are written there.

*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Paris.*

**NURSE**

Find them out whose names are written here!? I can't read!

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

Why Romeo, art thou mad?

**NURSE**

Good e'en. I pray, sir, can you read?

**ROMEO**

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

“Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitravio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.”  
A fair assembly: whither should they come?

**NURSE**

To supper; to our house.

**ROMEO**

Whose house?

**NURSE**

My mistress, the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.  
Rest you merry!

*Exit Nurse*

**BENVOLIO**

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest.  
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

**ROMEO**

One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.  
I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

*Exeunt Music*

**ACT I. SCENE III.**

Afternoon. Day 1.

Juliet's Chamber.

*Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE*

*song fades*

**LADY CAPULET**

Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

**NURSE**

What, lamb! What, ladybird!

God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

*Enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

How now! Who calls?

**NURSE**

Your mother.

**JULIET**

Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

**LADY CAPULET**

This is the matter—nurse, give leave awhile,  
We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again:  
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

**NURSE**

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.  
She is not fourteen. How long is it now  
To Lammas-tide?

**LADY CAPULET**

A fortnight and odd days

**NURSE**

Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
And she was wean'd—I never shall forget it—  
Of all the days of the year, upon that day.  
My lord and you were then at Mantua,  
For then she could stand alone; nay,  
She could have run and waddled all about;  
For even the day before, she broke her brow.  
And then my husband—God be with his soul!  
He was a merry man—took up the child:  
“Yea,” quoth he, “dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?”

The pretty wretch left crying and said "Aye."

**LADY CAPULET**

Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

**NURSE**

Yes, Madam,

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:

If I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

**LADY CAPULET**

Marry, that "marry" is the very theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

**JULIET**

It is an honor that I dream not of.

**LADY CAPULET**

Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,

Here in Anniston, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers. Thus, in brief:

The valiant-Paris-seeks you for his love.

**NURSE**

A man, young lady! Lady, such a man

As all the world ...

**LADY CAPULET**

The city's summer hath not such a flower.

**NURSE**

Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

**LADY CAPULET**

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

**JULIET**

I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

But no more deep will I endart mine eye

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

**NURSE**

Madam, the guests are come, I beseech you, follow straight.

*Lady capulet exits*

**LADY CAPULET**

We follow thee.

Juliet, the county stays.

**NURSE**

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

*Exeunt* cricket sounds

## **ACT I. SCENE IV.**

Evening. Day 1.  
A Verona Street.

*Enter* ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO,

**MERCUTIO**

You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings  
And soar with them above a common ground.

**ROMEO**

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

**MERCUTIO**

And to sink in it should you burden love –  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

**ROMEO**

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough.

**MERCUTIO**

If love be rough with you, be rough with love.

**ROMEO**

And we mean well in going to this bash;  
But 'tis no wit to go.

**MERCUTIO**

Why, may one ask?

**ROMEO**

I dream'd a dream to-night.

**MERCUTIO**

And so did I.

**ROMEO**

Well, what was yours?

**MERCUTIO**

That dreamers often lie.

**ROMEO**

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

**MERCUTIO**

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

**BENVOLIO**

Queen Mab? What is she?

**MERCUTIO**

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage:  
This is she--

**ROMEO**

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

**MERCUTIO**

True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain.

**BENVOLIO**

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

**ROMEO**

I fear, too early: for my mind misgives  
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars.  
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail!

**MERCUTIO**

Come, we burn daylight, ho!

**Exeunt MUSIC**

**ACT I. SCENE V.**

**Day 1. Night.**

**A hall in Capulet's house.**

*Enter JULIET & NURSE start doing the twist, then Benvolio, Mercutio and Romeo, Tybalt and Paris will join in - We will do the twist throughout the following dialogue. -*

**ROMEO**

What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

**BENVOLIO**

I know not, coz.

**ROMEO**

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

**TYBALT**

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,  
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

**PARIS**

Why, how now! Wherefore storm you so?

**TYBALT**

This is a Montague, our foe,

**PARIS**

Young Romeo is it?

**TYBALT**

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

**PARIS**

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;  
He bears him like a courtly gentleman;  
And, to say truth, the city brags of him  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:

**TYBALT (to audience)**

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

*Exit TYBALT*

**MUSIC**

**ROMEO**

*[To JULIET]*

If I profane with my unworhiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

**JULIET**

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

**ROMEO**

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

**JULIET**

Aye, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

**ROMEO**

O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

**JULIET**

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

**ROMEO**

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.  
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

**JULIET**

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

**ROMEO**

Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!  
Give me my sin again.

**JULIET**

You kiss by the book.

**NURSE**

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

**ROMEO**

What is her mother?

**NURSE**

Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house,

**ROMEO**

Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.

**BENVOLIO**

Away, begone. The sport is at the best.

*[Party begins to exit]*

**ROMEO**

Can I go forward when my heart is here?

**JULIET**

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?  
Go ask his name: if he be married.  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

**NURSE**

His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy.

*(Romeo exits)*

**JULIET**

My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

**NURSE**

Come, let's away. The strangers are all gone

*Exeunt* **MUSIC FADES to crickets**

## **ACT II. SCENE I.**

**Night. Day 1.**

**A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.**

*Enter ROMEO hiding*

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO*

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo! My cousin Romeo!

**MERCUTIO**

He is wise;  
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

**BENVOLIO**

He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:  
Call, good Mercutio.

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! humours! Madman! Passion! Lover!  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.-  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

**BENVOLIO**

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night:  
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

**MERCUTIO**

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;  
Come, shall we go?

**BENVOLIO**

Go, then; for 'tis in vain  
To seek him here that means not to be found.

**ACT II. SCENE II.**

Night. Day 1.

Capulet's orchard.

*Enter Romeo*

**ROMEO**

*JULIET appears*

But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief.  
It is my lady, O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were!  
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?  
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.  
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

**JULIET**

Aye me!

**ROMEO**

She speaks:  
O, speak again, bright angel!

**JULIET**

O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

**ROMEO**

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET**

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for that name which is no part of thee  
Take all myself.

**ROMEO**

I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

**JULIET**

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night  
So stumblest on my counsel?

**ROMEO**

By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am:  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee;  
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

**JULIET**

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:  
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

**ROMEO**

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

**JULIET**

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?  
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

**ROMEO**

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;  
For stony limits cannot hold love out.  
And what love can do that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

**JULIET**

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Aye,'  
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries  
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

**ROMEO**

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear

**JULIET**

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

**ROMEO**

What shall I swear by?

**JULIET**

Do not swear at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

**ROMEO**

If my heart's dear love--

**JULIET**

Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract tonight.  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden.  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night!

**ROMEO**

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

**JULIET**

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

**ROMEO**

The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

**JULIET**

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:  
And yet I would it were to give again.

**ROMEO**

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

**JULIET**

But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.  
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!  
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again.

*Exit*

**ROMEO**

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard.  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*Re-enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honorable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

**NURSE**

Madam!

**JULIET**

I come, anon.  
To-morrow will I send?

**ROMEO**

So thrive my soul--

**JULIET**

A thousand times good night!

*Exit*

**ROMEO**

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

*Re-enter JULIET, above*

**JULIET**

Romeo!

**ROMEO**

My love?

**JULIET**

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

**ROMEO**

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

**JULIET**

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Remembering how I love thy company.

**ROMEO**

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

**JULIET**

Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,  
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine  
With repetition of "My Romeo."  
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

**ROMEO**

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!  
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

*JULIET exits*

Hence will I to the holy father's cell,  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

fade into [bird sounds](#)

## **ACT II. SCENE III.**

**Morning. Day 2.**

**Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,

I must upfill this osier cage of ours  
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

*Enter ROMEO sound fades out*

**ROMEO**

Good morrow, father.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure  
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

**ROMEO**

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.  
Plainly know, then, my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
And all combined, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage: when and where and how  
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? But come, go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

*Exeunt*

*Mercutio enters.*

**ACT II. SCENE IV.**

Mid-morning. Day 2.

An Anniston street.

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO*

**MERCUTIO**

Where the devil should this Romeo be?  
Came he not home last night?

**BENVOLIO**

Not to his mother's;  
Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his mother's house.

**MERCUTIO**

A challenge, on my life.

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo will answer it.

**MERCUTIO**

Alas poor Romeo! He is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

**BENVOLIO**

Why, what is Tybalt?

**MERCUTIO**

More than the prince of cats, I can tell you.

*Enter ROMEO*

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes Romeo.

**MERCUTIO**

Signior Romeo, bon jour! There's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

**ROMEO**

Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

**MERCUTIO**

The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

**ROMEO**

Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

**MERCUTIO**

Come between us, good Benvolio.

*Enter NURSE*

**NURSE**

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.  
Can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

**ROMEO**

I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

**NURSE**

If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

**BENVOLIO**

She will indite him to some supper.

**MERCUTIO**

A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

**ROMEO**

I will follow you.

**MERCUTIO**

Farewell, lady; farewell, lady, lady,  
lady.

**NURSE**

Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy fellow was this?

**ROMEO**

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear themselves talk.

**NURSE**

If he speak anything against me, I'll take them down, and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: my young lady bade me inquire you out. What she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell you, if you should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior. For the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman.

**ROMEO**

Commend me to thy lady. Bid her devise  
Some means to come to church this afternoon;  
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell  
Be married.

**NURSE**

This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

**ROMEO**

Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

**NURSE**

Aye, a thousand times.  
Now God in heaven bless thee!

*Exeunt*

## **ACT II. SCENE V.**

Mid-day. Day 2.

Capulet's orchard.

*Enter JULIET*

**JULIET**

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse.  
In half an hour she promised to return.

*Enter NURSE*

O honey nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him?  
Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?  
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

**NURSE**

I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:  
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

**JULIET**

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:  
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

**NURSE**

Jesu, what haste? Can you not stay awhile?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

**JULIET**

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that.

**NURSE**

Well, you have made a simple choice. You know not how to choose a man. Romeo?  
No, not he, though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's, and  
for a hand and a foot and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past  
compare. Go thy way wench. Serve God.

**JULIET**

No, no!  
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

**NURSE**

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back, o' th' other side. Ah! My back, my back!

**JULIET**

I' faith, I am sorry thou art not well.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

**NURSE**

Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a  
handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous— Where is your mother?

**JULIET**

Where is my mother! Why, she is within.

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!

**NURSE**

O God's lady dear!  
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

**JULIET**

Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?

**NURSE**

Have you got leave to go to church to-day?

**JULIET**

I have.

**NURSE**

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell:  
There stays a husband to make you a wife. *(they celebrate)*  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks.  
Go. I'll to dinner. Hie you to the cell.

**JULIET**

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

*Juliet exits - Romeo and Friar enter*

**MUSIC**

## **ACT II. SCENE VI.**

**Friar Laurence's cell. Afternoon. Day 2.**

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

**ROMEO**

Amen, amen! But come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

These violent delights have violent ends.  
Therefore love moderately.

*Enter JULIET*

Here comes the lady!

**JULIET**

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

**JULIET**

As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

**ROMEO**

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbor air.

**JULIET**

They are but beggars that can count their worth;  
But my true love is grown to such excess  
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Come, come with me, and we will make short work;  
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone  
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

- — *friar Laurence exits*

*music fade in*

*then Exeunt*

**ACT III. SCENE I.**

Afternoon. Day 2. A public place.

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO*

**BENVOLIO**

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;

**MERCUTIO**

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat.

**BENVOLIO**

By my head, here come the Capulets.

**MERCUTIO**

By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT and Paris*

**TYBALT**

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

**MERCUTIO**

And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something: make it a word and a blow.

**TYBALT**

You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

**MERCUTIO**

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

**TYBALT**

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

**MERCUTIO**

Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? Here's my fiddlestick! Here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

**BENVOLIO**

We talk here in the public haunt of men:  
Either withdraw unto some private place,  
And reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

**MERCUTIO**

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter ROMEO*

**TYBALT**

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.  
Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

**music to underscore**

**ROMEO**

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting: villain am I none.  
Therefore farewell—I see thou know'st me not.

**TYBALT**

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw.

**ROMEO**

I do protest, I never injured thee,  
But love thee better than thou canst devise.  
And so, good Capulet—which name I tender  
As dearly as my own—be satisfied.

**MERCUTIO**

O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!  
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

**TYBALT**

What wouldst thou have with me?

**MERCUTIO**

Good *king* of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.

**TYBALT**

I am for you.

**MERCUTIO**

Come ,now your passado.

*FIGHT***ROMEO**

Gentle Mercutio, put thy Switchbalde up.  
for shame, forbear this outrage!  
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath  
Forbidden fighting in Anniston streets.

**MERCUTIO**

I am hurt.  
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.  
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

**BENVOLIO**

What, art thou hurt?

**MERCUTIO**

Aye, aye, a scratch, a scratch—marry, 'tis enough.

**ROMEO**

Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

**MERCUTIO**

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill  
serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. A plague o' both your  
houses! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

**ROMEO**

I thought all for the best.

**MERCUTIO**

Hold me Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,  
And soundly too: your houses!

*Benny helps Mercutio exit*

*Benny re-enters.*

**BENVOLIO**

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead.

*Re-enter TYBALT*

**MUSIC**

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

**ROMEO**

Alive, in triumph! And Mercutio slain,  
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again,  
That late thou gavest me. For Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

**TYBALT**

Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

**ROMEO**

This shall determine that.

**FIGHT.**

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo, away, be gone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,  
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

*Exit ROMEO*

*music fade out*

*CITIZENS enter*

**PRINCE**

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

**BENVOLIO**

O noble prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

**PARIS**

Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

**PRINCE**

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

**BENVOLIO**

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;  
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal

Your high displeasure: all this uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace.  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.  
But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.  
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.

**PARIS**

He is a kinsman to the Montague.  
Affection makes him false: he speaks not true.  
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give.  
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

**PRINCE**

Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;  
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

**BENVOLIO**

Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;  
His fault concludes but what the law should end:  
The life of Tybalt.

**PRINCE**

And for that offense  
Immediately we do exile him hence: *(crowd reacts)*  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses.  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.  
Therefore, use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence these bodies and attend our will:  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

**SOUND: thunder & lighting**

*Juliet enters*

**ACT III. SCENE II.**

Evening. Raining. Day 2.  
Juliet's Chamber.

**JULIET**

Oh, here comes my Nurse!

Ay me! What news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

**NURSE**

He's dead, he's dead, he's dead! O Romeo, Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

O courteous Tybalt! Honest woman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

**JULIET**

What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?

My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?

**NURSE**

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd;

Romeo that kill'd him - he is banishèd.

**JULIET**

O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

**NURSE**

It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

**JULIET**

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

**NURSE**

There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men;

Shame come to Romeo!

**JULIET**

Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish! He was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit.

**NURSE**

Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

**JULIET**

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banishèd.

Where is my mother, nurse?

**NURSE**

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corpse:  
Will you go to them?

**JULIET**

I'll to my wedding bed,  
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!  
"Romeo is banishèd." To speak that word  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet  
All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banishèd."

**NURSE**

Stay in your chamber: I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you: I know well where he is.  
he is hid at Laurence' cell.

**JULIET**

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

*NURSE exits*

**JULIET**

If love be blind, it best agrees with night.  
Come civil night, Come night. Come, Romeo.  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back  
Come gentle night, come loving black browed night,  
Give me my Romeo.

*Exeunt*

*Sound thunder and lighting as before*

## **ACT III. SCENE III.**

**Evening. Day 2. Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE & ROMEO*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hence from the city art thou banishèd.

**ROMEO**

Banishment? Be merciful, say 'death;'  
Do not say 'banishment.'

**ROMEO**

There is no world without the city walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

**ROMEO**

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not; he is banishèd:  
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.  
Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

**NURSE**

Let me come in, and you shall know my errand. I come from Lady Juliet.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Welcome, then.

*Enter NURSE*

**NURSE**

O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

**NURSE**

O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,  
Stand up, stand up; stand, if you be a man.  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!

**ROMEO**

Nurse?

**NURSE**

Aye sir!

**ROMEO**

Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?  
Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Where is she? And how doth she? And what says  
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

**NURSE**

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;  
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries.

**ROMEO**

As if that name  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold thy desperate hand:  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?  
What? Rouse thee man. Thy Juliet is alive,  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:  
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend  
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:  
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse: Romeo is coming.

**NURSE**

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.  
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

*NURSE Exit*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:  
Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguised from hence.  
Sojourn in Mantua.  
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

**ROMEO**

Farewell.

*Exeunt*

**SOUND of storm fades**

## ACT III SCENE 4

Evening. Day 2. A room in Capulet's house.

*Enter LADY CAPULET, and PARIS*

### LADY CAPULET

Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:  
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.  
'Tis very late. She'll not come down tonight.

### PARIS

These times of woe afford no time to woo.  
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

### LADY CAPULET

I will, and know her mind early tomorrow;  
Tonight she is mew'd up to her heaviness.  
But, soft! What day is this?

### PARIS

Monday, madam,

### LADY CAPULET

Monday! Ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,  
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.

### PARIS

Madam, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

### LADY CAPULET

Well get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.  
Farewell, my lord, it is so very very late,  
That we may call it early by and by.

*Exeunt*

*SOUND: crickets and bird*

## ACT III. SCENE V.

Morning. Day 3. Juliet's chamber.

*Enter ROMEO and JULIET, Juliet helping Romeo make sure his outfit looks nice —  
Romeo is putting on his shoes*

### JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

**ROMEO**

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale.  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

**JULIET**

Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:  
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

**ROMEO**

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.  
How is't my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.

**JULIET**

It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

**ROMEO**

More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

**JULIET**

Madam! *BEAT. Knocking*

*(NURSE enters)*

**NURSE**

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:  
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

**JULIET**

Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

**ROMEO**

Farewell, farewell!

**JULIET**

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

**ROMEO**

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*Exit ROMEO sound out*

**LADY CAPULET**

Ho, daughter! Are you up?

*Enter LADY CAPULET & nurse*

**JULIET**

Madam, I am not well.

**LADY CAPULET**

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

**JULIET**

What are they, beseech your ladyship?

**LADY CAPULET**

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,  
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,  
The County Paris, at Saint Michael's Church,  
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

**JULIET**

Now, by Saint Michael's Church and Michael too,  
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

**LADY CAPULET**

How, will she none? Doth she not give thanks?  
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

**JULIET**

My lady, I cannot wed, I cannot love.

**LADY CAPULET**

Fie, Fie! What, are you mad?

**JULIET**

Mother, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

**LADY CAPULET**

Hang thee, young baggage! Disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face:  
Speak not; reply not; do not answer me.

**NURSE**

You are to blame, my lady, to rate her so.

**LADY CAPULET**

Hold your tongue,

**NURSE**

I speak no treason.

**LADY CAPULET**

O, God ye god-den.

**NURSE**

May not one speak?

**LADY CAPULET**

Peace, you mumbling fool!  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;  
For here we need it not.  
God's bread! It makes me mad!  
Thursday is near! Lay hand on heart,  
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

**JULIET**

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week.

**LADY CAPULET**

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

*LADY CAPULET Exit*

**JULIET**

O God!--O nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
My husband is on Earth, my faith in heaven.  
How shall that faith return again to Earth?  
What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

**NURSE**

Faith, here it is. Romeo is banishèd.  
And he dares ne'er come back to challenge you.  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with Count Paris.

**JULIET**

Speakest thou from thy heart?

**NURSE**

And from my soul too.

**JULIET**

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.  
Go in. And tell my lady I am gone,  
to Friar's cell,  
To make confession and to be absolved.

**NURSE**

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

*NURSE Exit*

**JULIET**

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:  
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

*JULIET Exit*

**Music**

## **ACT IV. SCENE I.**

**Day 3. Afternoon.**

**Outside Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter PARIS - Enter JULIET*

**PARIS**

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

**JULIET**

That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

**PARIS**

That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next.

**JULIET**

What "must be" shall be.

**PARIS**

Come you to make confession to this father?

**JULIET**

To answer that, I should confess to you.

**PARIS**

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

*Enter Friar*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

**PARIS**

God shield I should disturb devotion!

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:

Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

*PARIS Exit*

**JULIET**

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this county.

**JULIET**

Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:  
Be not so long to speak. I long to die. (*pulls out switchblade*)

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,  
If, rather than to marry lord Paris,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

**JULIET**

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
And I will do it without fear or doubt.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris, look that thou lie alone.  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink ~~thou off~~.  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;  
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the Nurse in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the faithful of the Capulets lie.  
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our plan,  
And hither shall he come: and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

**JULIET**

Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve: I'll send a ~~fr~~ friar with speed  
To Romeo, with my letters.

**JULIET**

Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father!

*Exeunt*

*transition music*

## **ACT IV. SCENE II.**

**Juliet's Chamber. Day 3. Evening.**

*Enter LADY CAPULET, NURSE*

**LADY CAPULET**

How now, my headstrong! Where have you been roaming?

**JULIET**

Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition, and beg your pardon.  
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

**LADY CAPULET**

Why, I am glad of it. This is well. Sand up:  
This is as't should be.  
My heart is wondrous light  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

*LADY CAPULET & NURSE exit.*

## **ACT IV. SCENE III.**

**Day 3. Evening. Juliet's chamber.**

*Enter Nurse*

**JULIET**

Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,  
So please you, let me now be left alone.

**NURSE**

Good night:  
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

*Exeunt NURSE*

**JULIET**

My dismal scene, I needs must act alone.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins  
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

Come, vial.  
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo: this do I drink  
to thee ... .

*Transition into morning*

## **ACT IV. SCENE V.**

**Day 4. Morning. Juliet's chamber.**

*Enter NURSE.*

**NURSE**

Mistress! Juliet! Fie, you slug-a-bed!  
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!  
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!  
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!  
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!  
ho! My lady!

*Enter LADY CAPULET*

**LADY CAPULET**

What noise is here?

**NURSE**

O lamentable day!

**LADY CAPULET**

What is the matter?

**NURSE**

Look, look! O heavy day!

**LADY CAPULET**

O me, O me! My child, my only life,  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!  
Help, help! Call help.

**NURSE**

She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!

**LADY CAPULET**

Ha, let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold:  
Life and these lips have long been separated.  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.  
Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,  
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

**LADY CAPULET**

Accursed, wretched, unhappy, hateful day  
Most miserable hour that ere time saw  
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage.

**NURSE**

O day, O day, O day, O woeful day

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

**CAPULET**

O child! O child! My soul and not my child.  
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,  
And with my child my joys are buried.

*Exeunt*

**MUSIC**

## **ACT V. SCENE I/II.**

Mantua. A street. Noon. Day 4.

*Enter ROMEO,*

**ROMEO**

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.  
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead  
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips  
That I revived—and was an emperor.

*(Benvolio enters)*

News from the city!  
How doth my lady? How fares my Juliet?

**BENVOLIO**

Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault  
And presently took post to tell it you.

**ROMEO**

Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?  
Hast thou no letters from the friar?

**BENVOLIO**

No, my good lord.

**ROMEO**

No matter: get thee gone.

*Exit BENVOLIO*

**ROMEO**

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
.Let' s see for means: O mischief, thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
I do remember an apothecary,--  
And hereabouts he dwells,--which late I noted  
*(ENTER APOTHECARY)*

Come hither man Let me have  
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear  
As will disperse itself through all the veins  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.

**APOTHECARY**

Put this in any liquid thing you will  
And drink it off, and if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

**ROMEO**

Come poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

*Exit.*

*music fade in*

**At JULIET'S Grave**

*Enter Friar Laurence*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Unhappy fortune! I could not send the letters.  
Now must I to the monument alone;  
Within three hours will fair Juliet wake:  
She will beshrew me much that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;

*Exit*

*Enter Romeo*

**ROMEO**

O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty,  
Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? I still will stay with thee;  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again: here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chamber-maids. O here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!  
Arms, take your last embrace! And, lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!  
Here's to my love!  
O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Poor living corpse, closed in a dead man's tomb!  
Fear comes upon me:  
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.  
Romeo! O, pale!  
Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

*JULIET wakes*

**JULIET**

O comfortable friar! Where is my Romeo?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
Come, go, good Juliet, I dare no longer stay.

**JULIET**

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.  
What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:

O churl! Drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make die with a restorative.  
Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!  
There rust, and let me die.

*Enter Prince and others (Paris, benvolio, lady capulet)*

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo! O, pale! – Who else? What, Juliet too?  
And steeped in blood? – Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!  
Pitiful sight! here lies Romeo slain,  
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

**LADY CAPULET**

O heavens! O God, look how my daughter bleeds!  
This dagger mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!  
O me!

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.  
Here I stand both to impeach and to purge  
Myself condemned and myself excused.  
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:  
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the city.  
Then comes she to me,  
Gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,  
A sleeping potion; which so took effect  
As I intended, for it wrought on her  
The form of death  
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault  
But when I came, some minute ere the time  
Of her awakening, here untimely lay Romeo dead.  
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth  
And she it seems did violence on herself.  
All this I know

Their untimely deaths caused by ancient quarrel.  
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!

music quietly fades in

**PRINCE**

A glooming peace this morning with it brings.  
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.  
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things.  
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished,  
For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo

**END OF PLAY**

Curtain call music