

RSC ASSOCIATE SCHOOLS
PROGRAMME

PLAYMAKING
FESTIVAL

**ROMEO
AND
JULIET**
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY ROBIN BELFIELD

IN COLLABORATION WITH REGIONAL THEATRES

The Core
at Corby Cube

INTER+MISSION
YOUTH THEATRE

THE GRAND
THEATRE | BLACKPOOL

BELGRADE
THEATRE
COVENTRY

EMBASSY
THEATRE
Skegness

ALHAMBRA
THEATRE

NEW VIC THEATRE

N
NORTHERN
STAGE

Theatre
Royal
Newcastle upon Tyne

Hull
TRUCK
THEATRE

N Norwich
Theatre

THE
MARLOWE

THEATRE
ROYAL
ROYAL CONCERT
HALL

HALL
for CORNWALL

SILHOUETTE YOUTH THEATRE

Y
YORK
THEATRE
ROYAL

The Associate Schools programme is our partnership programme with regional theatres and schools across England. It is built around the principle of schools working in local partnerships to develop communities of practice inspired by Shakespeare's work. Each local partnership consists of a theatre partner (either the RSC or the school's local theatre) and a Lead Associate School who in turn recruits a number of Associate Schools. The programme aims to enrich the teaching, learning and enjoyment of Shakespeare's work across the country.

The Associate Schools programme also supports young people to perform Shakespeare's plays, engaging with his work as actors and theatre makers; exploring character and staging, making interpretive choices and speaking the language with understanding and confidence.

This Playmaking pack - an abridged version of William Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* - has been created for young people and teachers. It is designed to support performances that will take place across the country through the Associate Schools programme and with our Stratford Schools partnership.

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This Playmaking Pack is an abridged version of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Act 1 Scene 4 also includes in it Act 1 Scene 5.

As well as the usual scene divisions, this script has been broken down further into units of action for ease in rehearsals.

Dramatis Personae

THE HOUSE OF MONTAGUE

ROMEO

LORD MONTAGUE, Romeo's father

LADY MONTAGUE, Romeo's mother

BENVOLIO, Lord and Lady Montague's nephew

ABRAHAM, a servant

BALTHASAR, a servant

THE HOUSE OF CAPULET

JULIET

LORD CAPULET, Juliet's father

LADY CAPULET, Juliet's mother

NURSE to Juliet

TYBALT, Lord and Lady Capulet's nephew

PETER, a servant

SAMPSON, a servant

GREGORY, a servant

PRINCE Escalus of Verona

MERCUTIO, friend of Romeo

PARIS, a rich young Count

FRIAR LAURENCE

FRIAR JOHN

APOTHECARY

PAGE

CONSTABLE

SERVANTS, GUESTS, WATCH and CITIZENS of VERONA

1

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life,
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Exit.

2

ACT 1 SCENE 1

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY (of the House of Capulet) with swords .

GREGORY

Draw thy tool, here comes of the house of the Montagues.

*Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR (of the house of Montague).
SAMPSON draws.*

SAMPSON

Let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

GREGORY

I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

SAMPSON

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.
(Bites his thumb).

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

(Aside) Is the law of our side, if I say 'ay'?

GREGORY

No.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM

Quarrel sir? No, sir.

SAMPSON

If you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

Enter BENVOLIO.

SAMPSON

Draw, if you be men.

They fight. Benvolio draws his sword to stop them.

BENVOLIO

Part, fools! Put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward!

They fight. Enter CITIZENS.

CITIZENS

Strike! Beat them down! Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter LORD CAPULET and LADY CAPULET.

LORD CAPULET

What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET

A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

LORD CAPULET

My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter LORD MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

LORD MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet!— Hold me not, let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

3

Enter PRINCE ESCALUS with his officers.

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stainèd steel—
Will they not hear?— What, ho! You men, you beasts,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, everyone depart away.

Exeunt all except LORD MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE and BENVOLIO.

4

LADY MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
Right glad am I he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood.

LORD MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

LORD MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned him by any means?

LADY MONTAGUE

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO.

BENVOLIO

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

Exit LORD MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

5

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me, sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was. 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 favour where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs,
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes,
Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

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

He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Exeunt.

6

ACT 1 SCENE 2

Enter LORD CAPULET, PARIS and SERVANT.

LORD CAPULET

Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS

Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

LORD CAPULET

But saying o'er what I have said before:
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.

LORD CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she:
She's the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart:
My will to her consent is but a part;
This night I hold an old accustomed 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.
Come, go with me.—

(To Servant, giving paper) Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona, find those persons out
Whose names are written there and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exeunt LORD CAPULET and PARIS.

7

SERVANT

But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ — I must to the learned — in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

ROMEO

Good e'en, good fellow.

SERVANT

I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SERVANT

Ye say honestly, rest you merry!

ROMEO

Stay, fellow, I can read.

(reads the letter).

"Signior Martino and his wife and daughters, Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces, Mercutio and his brother Valentine, my fair niece Rosaline, Livia, Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena..." A fair assembly: whither should they come?

SERVANT

To our house. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montague, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Exit.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

Exeunt.

8

ACT 1 SCENE 3

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

Now by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come. 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, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

NURSE

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth — and yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four — she's 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. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, and she was weaned — I never shall forget it...

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

God mark thee to his grace! Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed. An 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 honour that I dream not of.

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now: younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. Then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE

A man, young lady! Lady, such a man.

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
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.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT

Madam, the guests are come, supper served up.

Exit.

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.— Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt.

9

ACT 1 SCENE 4

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with other masquers and torch-bearers.

ROMEO

Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes
With nimble soles, I have a soul of lead
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
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,
Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love:
Give me a case to put my visage in.
(Puts on a mask).

BENVOLIO

Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

ROMEO

A torch for me:
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dreamt a dream tonight.

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:
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
Her traces of the smallest spider's web,
Her collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love,
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.
This is that very Mab, 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,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

BENVOLIO

This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

They move aside.

10

Enter SERVANTS preparing for the feast.

SERVANT 1

Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?

SERVANT 2

Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate.

SERVANT 1

Let the porter let in Susan and Nell.— Antony, and Potpan!

(Enters.)

SERVANT 3

Ay, ready.

SERVANT 1

You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

SERVANT 4

We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys, be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

Enter the CAPULETS and all the GUESTS in masks.

LORD CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies!

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.

11

Music plays, and they dance. ROMEO sees JULIET.

ROMEO

(To a Guest) What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

GUEST

I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an ebony 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.
Fetch me my rapier, boy.— What dares the slave.

Exit a SERVANT.

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

LORD CAPULET

Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe.

LORD CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone:

And to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.

TYBALT

It fits when such a villain is a guest:

I'll not endure him.

LORD MONTAGUE

He shall be endured.

What, goodman boy? I say, he shall: go to.

Am I the master here or you? Go to.

Exit.

12

ROMEO approaches JULIET.

ROMEO

If I profane with my unworhiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin 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

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

ROMEO

Oh then, dear saint, let lips to 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.

(He kisses her).

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

(JULIET stands aside.)

ROMEO

What is her mother?

NURSE

Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO come forward.

BENVOLIO

Away, begone, the sport is at the best.

ROMEO

Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

LORD CAPULET

Come on, then let's to bed. It waxes late.

The GUESTS begin to leave. JULIET and NURSE come forward.

JULIET

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE

I know not.

JULIET

Go ask his name.— If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

The NURSE returns.

NURSE

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

All exit except JULIET.

JULIET

My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE re-enters.

NURSE

Come, let's away: the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

13

ACT 2 SCENE 1

Enter ROMEO alone.

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
(*Stands aside*).

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

BENVOLIO

Romeo! My cousin Romeo, Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He is wise,
And on my life hath stolen him home to bed.

BENVOLIO

He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Romeo!

BENVOLIO

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees.

MERCUTIO

Romeo, goodnight: I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.—
Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO

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

Exeunt BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

14

ROMEO comes forward. Enter JULIET above.

ROMEO

(*Aside.*) 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,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
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

Ay me!

ROMEO

(*Aside.*) 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

(*Aside*) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
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 word would smell as sweet.
Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROMEO

(*To JULIET*) I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How cam'st 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

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I vow
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JULIET

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

NURSE calls within.

Anon, good nurse! — Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

Exit JULIET, above.

ROMEO

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

Enter JULIET, above.

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
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 calls within 'Madam!'

JULIET

A thousand times goodnight!

Exit, above.

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

ROMEO starts to go. Enter JULIET again, above.

JULIET

Hist, Romeo, hist!

ROMEO

It is my soul that calls upon my name.

JULIET

What o'clock tomorrow shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

By the hour of nine.

JULIET

I will not fail.

Goodnight, goodnight! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Exit above.

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

Exit.

15

ACT 2 SCENE 2

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE alone with a basket and herbs.

FRIAR LAURENCE

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring 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-juicèd flowers.
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter ROMEO.

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No,
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

ROMEO

I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again:
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Be plain, good son, rest homely in thy drift,
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
When and where and how
We met, we wooed and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us today.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!

ROMEO

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Exeunt.

16

ACT 2 SCENE 3

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

Not to his father's: I spoke with his man.
Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO

Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead, run through the ear with a love-song: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Enter ROMEO.

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Signior Romeo, bonjour: 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?

17

Enter NURSE and PETER (her servant).

ROMEO

Here's goodly gear. A sail, a sail!

MERCUTIO

Two, two: a shirt and a smock.

NURSE

God ye good morrow, gentlemen. Peter?

PETER

Anon.

NURSE

My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO

Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face.

NURSE

Out upon you! What a man are you? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

ROMEO

I am the youngest of that name.

NURSE

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

MERCUTIO

Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner, thither.

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell, ancient lady, farewell, 'lady, lady, lady'.

18

Exeunt MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO.

NURSE

I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?

ROMEO

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

NURSE

An a speak anything against me, I'll take him down. Scurvy knave,
(*To Peter*) And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

PETER

I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man.

NURSE

(*To Romeo*) Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out: what she bid me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, 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, and very weak dealing.

ROMEO

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.
Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon,
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married.

NURSE

This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.
Now God in heaven bless thee!

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

Exit ROMEO.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times. — Peter?

PETER

Anon.

NURSE

Before and apace.

Exeunt NURSE and PETER.

19

ACT 2 SCENE 4

Enter JULIET.

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse:
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! Love's herald should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills.
But old folks, many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE

Peter, stay at the gate.

Exit PETER.

JULIET

Now, good sweet nurse — O lord, why look'st thou sad?

NURSE

I am aweary, 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.
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!

JULIET

I'faith, I am sorry that 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? How oddly thou repliest:
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'

NURSE

O God's lady dear!
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

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

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Go, I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

Exeunt.

20

ACT 2 SCENE 5

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

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,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so:
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET running.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot.

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.

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.

Music as we see a dumbshow in which FRIAR LAURENCE marries ROMEO and JULIET.

Exeunt.

21

ACT 3 SCENE 1

A street. Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO and other MONTAGUES.

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,
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Enter TYBALT and other CAPULETS.

BENVOLIO

By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT

(To the Capulets) Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—

(To the Montagues) Gentlemen, good e'en, 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, an you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO

(Points to his sword) Here's my fiddlestick, here's that shall make you dance!

Enter ROMEO.

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you, sir, here comes my man.

Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford

No better term than this: thou art a villain.

ROMEO

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,

Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:

And so, good Capulet — which name I tender

As dearly as my own — be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

MERCUTIO draws his sword.

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

I am for you.

TYBALT draws his sword.

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

TYBALT and ROMEO fight.

ROMEO

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

ROMEO

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

ROMEO comes between them and TYBALT stabs MERCUTIO.

MERCUTIO

A plague o'both the houses! I am sped.

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. 'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me tomorrow, 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

Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o'both your houses!

He dies.

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO

Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again,
That late thou gav'st 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.

They fight. TYBALT falls and dies.

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, begone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed: the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken. Hence, begone, away!

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO

Why dost thou stay?

Exit ROMEO and enter other CITIZENS of Verona.

CITIZENS

Which way ran he that killed Mercutio? Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt.

Enter PRINCE, LORD and LADY MONTAGUE and LORD and LADY CAPULET.

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.

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin? O my brother's child!
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.

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.

LORD CAPULET

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?

LORD MONTAGUE

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 offence
 Immediately we do exile him hence.
 I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding:
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
 Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body and attend our will.

Exeunt.

22

ACT 3 SCENE 2

Juliet's bedroom. Enter JULIET alone.

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner
 As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.
 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-browed night,
 Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine
 That all the world will be in love with night
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, here comes my nurse,

Enter NURSE.

Now, nurse, what news?
 Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE

Ah, welladay! He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
 Alack the day, he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!
 O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
 O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman,
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET

What storm is this that blows, is Tybalt dead?

NURSE

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd,
 Romeo that killed 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 flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE

There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men: all naught.
Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame.

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that killed 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?
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?
Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

NURSE

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corpse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET

Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

NURSE

Hie to your chamber, I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
I'll to him, he is hid at Laurence' cell.

JULIET

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exeunt.

ACT 3 SCENE 3

Friar Laurence's cell. Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO, reluctantly.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou fearful man.

ROMEO

Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom.

FRIAR LAURENCE

A gentler judgement vanished from his lips:
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say 'death',
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say 'banishment.'

FRIAR LAURENCE

Here from Verona art thou banishèd.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word 'death' to 'banishment'.
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.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Then, fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

ROMEO

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

A knocking at the door.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Arise, one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

*ROMEO remains on the floor.
More knocking.*

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hark, how they knock! — Who's there? — Romeo, arise,
Thou wilt be taken. — Stay awhile! — Stand up!

More knocking. ROMEO does not move.

Run to my study. — By and by! — God's will, What simpleness is this? — I come, I come! Who
knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your will?

NURSE

(From outside.) Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Welcome, then.

NURSE enters.

NURSE

O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where's 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,
Just in her case. O, woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.
Stand up, stand up, stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.

ROMEO

Nurse!
Speak'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murderer?

NURSE

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps.

FRIAR LAURENCE

What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt: there art thou happy.
The law that threatened death became thy friend
And turned it to exile: there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
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 thy Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.

NURSE

O lord, I could have stayed here all night
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is! —
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

NURSE exits.

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this!

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: I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand, 'tis late. Farewell, good night.

Exeunt.

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ACT 3 SCENE 4

Enter LORD CAPULET, LADY CAPULET and PARIS.

LORD 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.

PARIS

These times of woe afford no times to woo.
Madam, goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET

I will, and know her mind early tomorrow:
Tonight she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

LORD CAPULET

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next —
But, soft, what day is this?

PARIS

Monday, my lord,

LORD 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.
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

LORD CAPULET

Well get you gone: o'Thursday be it, then.—
(To LADY CAPULET) Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.

Exeunt.

25

ACT 3 SCENE 5

Juliet's bedroom. Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

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;
Nightly she sings on yon pom'granate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains tops.
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.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE

Madam!

JULIET

Nurse?

NURSE

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

NURSE exits.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend.

JULIET

Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay, husband, friend.
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.

JULIET

O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

ROMEO

Adieu, adieu!

ROMEO exits, as LADY CAPULET enters from another direction.

26

LADY CAPULET

Ho, daughter, are you up?

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?

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET

And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child,
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet. These are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father: tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter LORD CAPULET and NURSE.

LORD CAPULET

How now? What, still in tears girl? How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

Ay, sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave.

LORD CAPULET

Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will she none? Doth she not give us 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

Not proud you have, but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

LORD CAPULET

How now? How now? Chop-logic? What is this?
'Proud' and 'I thank you' and 'I thank you not',
And yet 'not proud', mistress minion you?
Thank me no thankings nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion, out, you baggage,
You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie, what, are you mad?

JULIET

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

LORD 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.

NURSE

God in heaven bless her!

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

LORD CAPULET

God's bread, it makes me mad!
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched. I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend,
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.

Exit LORD CAPULET.

JULIET

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
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.

Exit LADY CAPULET.

JULIET

O God! — O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE

Faith, here it is:
Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you,
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!

JULIET

Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too,
Or else beshrew them both.

JULIET

Amen.

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marv'llous much.
Go in and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

NURSE exits.

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Go, counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

Exeunt.

27

ACT 4 SCENE 1

Friar Laurence's cell. Enter FRIAR and JULIET.

JULIET

O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help!

FRIAR LAURENCE

O, Juliet, I already know thy grief,
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

JULIET

Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of any tower,
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow:
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone,

Shows a vial.

And this distilling liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou liv'st.
Now when the bridegroom 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 kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift.

JULIET

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

She takes the vial.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET

Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father!

Exeunt.

28

ACT 4 SCENE 2

Juliet's Bedroom.

Enter LORD CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE and SERVANTS.

LORD CAPULET

So many guests invite as here are writ.—

(Gives a list to one of the Servants).

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

SERVANT

Ay, forsooth.

Enter JULIET.

NURSE

See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

LORD CAPULET

How now, my headstrong? Where have you been gadding?

JULIET

(Kneeling). Where I have learned me to repent the sin

And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

LORD CAPULET

Send for the county, go tell him of this:

I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.

LADY CAPULET

No, not till Thursday: there's time enough.

LORD CAPULET

Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church tomorrow.

Exit LORD CAPULET.

29

ACT 4 SCENE 3

The same (Juliet's Bedroom).

LADY CAPULET

Need you my help Juliet?

JULIET

Madam, no.

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you,

For I am sure you have your hands full all,

In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET

Goodnight.
Get thee to bed, and rest, for thou hast need.

LADY CAPULET and NURSE exit.

JULIET

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
Come, vial.
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink: I drink to thee.

She drinks and falls onto the bed within the curtains.

30

ACT 4 SCENE 4

Enter NURSE.

NURSE

Mistress, what, mistress? Juliet?—
Why, lamb, why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed!
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

LADY CAPULET

What noise is here?

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.

Enter LORD CAPULET.

LORD CAPULET

For shame, bring Juliet forth, her lord is come.

LADY CAPULET

Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

LORD CAPULET

Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas, she's cold:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

LORD CAPULET

Ready to go, but never to return.—
(To PARIS). O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies.

PARIS

Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corpse, and as the custom is,
And in her best array bear her to church.

LORD CAPULET

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast.

Exeunt.

31

ACT 5 SCENE 1

Mantua. Enter ROMEO.

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!— How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady Juliet? That I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BALTHASAR

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROMEO

Is it even so? Then I deny you, stars! —
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

No matter: get thee gone,

Exit BALTHASAR.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts a dwells, which late I noted.
What, ho, apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

APOTHECARY

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison.

APOTHECARY

Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO offers money.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

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

There's thy gold, worse poison to men's souls.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

Exeunt.

32

ACT 5 SCENE 2

Verona. Enter FRIAR JOHN (with a letter) and FRIAR LAURENCE separately.

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!

FRIAR LAURENCE

This same should be the voice of Friar John. —
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN

The searchers of the town, would not let me forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it — here it is again —

Gives him the letter and exits.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Unhappy fortune!
Now must I to the monument alone,
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corpse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

Exit.

33

ACT 5 SCENE 3

Capulet's monument. Enter PARIS and his PAGE (with a torch).

PARIS

Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE

(aside) I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard, yet I will adventure.

Exits.

Paris lays flowers at JULIET's tomb.

PARIS

O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears distilled by moans.

PAGE whistles.

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR. (PARIS hides).

ROMEO

Hold, take this letter: early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.

BALTHASAR

I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Exit BALTHASAR. ROMEO enters the tomb, revealing JULIET.

PARIS

(Aside) This is that banished haughty Montague
That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief
It is supposed the fair creature died.

(Stepping forward) Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

ROMEO

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.
Fly hence and leave me.

PARIS

I do defy thy conjuration
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

They fight.

PARIS

O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet

PARIS dies.

ROMEO

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
A grave – O, no, a lantern, slaughtered youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair?

ROMEO

Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace!
Here's to my love. O true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Drinks.

Kisses JULIET and dies.

34

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE with lantern.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo! O, pale! Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

JULIET stirs.

JULIET

(Waking) O, comfortable friar, where's my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE

A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.
Come, go, good Juliet, I dare no longer stay.

Exit.

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, drink 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 me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Kisses him.

35

Enter PAGE, CONSTABLE and other WATCH.

JULIET

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger,
This is thy sheath: there rust, and let me die.

Kills herself.

PAGE

This is the place, there where the torch doth burn.

CONSTABLE

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

Exit some WATCH.

Pitiful sight! Here lies Romeo slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the Prince, run to the Capulets,
Raise up the Montagues, some others search.

Exit some WATCH as others return with BALTHASAR.

WATCH

Here's Romeo's man: we found him in the churchyard.

CONSTABLE

Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter another WATCH with FRIAR LAURENCE.

WATCH

Here is a friar that trembles, sighs and weeps.

Enter the PRINCE.

PRINCE

What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter the MONTAGUES and CAPULETS.

CONSTABLE

Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

FRIAR LAURENCE comes forward.

FRIAR LAURENCE

I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that's Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city –

PRINCE

Where be these enemies? Capulet, Montague?
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punished.

LORD CAPULET

O brother Montague, give me thy hand.

They shake hands.

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 pardoned, and some punishèd,
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt.