

Verona of 2084 has devolved into a patriarchal city-state, plagued by warring factions, decay, hunger, and an uncertain future. Fade to black.

PROLOGUE

(A spot on the Chorus)

CHORUS

Two households, (Tableaus of the Capulets and Montagues) both alike in dignity
 In old Verona, where we lay our scene
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny. (All move to a conflict tableau.)
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes (Tableau of R&J inner-above)
 A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life.
 (The R&J tableau slowly morphs into a surreal vision of the lovers in repose.)
 Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
 Doth with their death bury their parents' strife. (The parents embrace)
 (A prompt book boldly labeled ROMEO & JULIET appears in the hands of the Chorus)
 The fearful passage of their death-marked love (light out on R&J tableau as parents
 change to choking each other)
 And the continuance of their parents' rage
 Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,(light out on parents)
 (Chorus holds the prompt book for all to see) Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage-
 The which, if you with patient ears attend, (A gesture to the prompt book)
 What here shall miss, (A gesture to the stage) our toil shall strive to mend.
 (Chorus exits as lights bump up to reveal Sampson struggling to be brave while receiving
 a tattoo from Gregory. The actors should feel free to discover moments where Gregory
 would likely inflict pain quite deliberately.)

ACT I Sc.1

SAM

Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

GREG

No, for then we should be colliers.

SAM

I strike quickly, being moved.

GREG

To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand. Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'st
 away.

SAM

A dog of the house of Montague moves me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or
 maid of Montague's.

GREG

That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAM

'Tis true, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall.
 Therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GREG

The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

SAM

'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant - when I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids. I will cut off their heads.

GREG

The heads of the maids?

SAM

Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREG

They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAM

Me they shall feel while I am able to stand, and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREG

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

(Enter Abram and Balthasar. Everyone tries to look much tougher and cooler than they are.)

SAM

My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back thee.

GREG

How, turn thy back and run?

SAM

Fear me not.

GREG

No, marry, I fear thee!

SAM

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

ABRAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir!

(Sam looks to Greg who shrugs.)

SAM

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAM

(Aside to Greg) Is the law of our side if I say ay?

GREG

No.

SAM

No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, (Abram starts to go) but I bite my thumb, sir. (Abram turns to Balthasar in puzzlement.)

GREG

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM

Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

(Greg turns to Sam as if to say, "It's settled.")

SAM

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

ABRAM

No better.

(Sam turns to Greg who chuckles)

SAM

Well, sir.

(Enter Benvolio)

GREG

(Aside to Sam) Say 'better', here comes one of my master's kinsman.

SAM

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM

You lie.

SAM

Draw, if you be men. (They do, followed by Greg and Sam.) Gregory, remember thy washing blow. (They fight. Somewhere a whistle is blown.)

BEN

Part, fools! You know not what you do. (He parts them as Tybalt enters)

TYBALT

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BEN

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. Have at thee, coward. (He reveals a claw-like weapon and attacks. They all fight in earnest. Enter Capulet with Lady Capulet)

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

(Enter Montague with a weapon. Lady Montague follows.)

CAPULET

My sword, I say! Old Montague is come.

MONTAGUE

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

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

(Enter Prince Escalus with two officers with guns)

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace.

Will they not hear? (Directs his officers to break it up.) What ho, you men, you beasts

Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of

Your moved prince. (They do so. The officers collect them)

Three civil brawls, 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 all the rest depart away:
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
 (All exit except Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio)

MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak nephew, were you by when it began?
 (Benvolio starts to speak)

LADY MONTAGUE

O where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray. (A clock strikes nine)

MONTAGUE

Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself,
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night:
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless good cause remove.

BEN

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
 (Light up on Rosaline and Romeo at Inner-above. During the dialogue we see the following: Romeo attempts a kiss. She rebuffs him. He begins to take a necklace from off her neck and she slaps him. He goes down on one knee and offers her a ring. She laughs and then dismisses him. He goes as lights fade at end of Montague's speech.)

MONTAGUE

I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

BEN

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends,
 But he, his own affections' counsellor,
 Is to himself (I will not say how true)
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
 (Light out on inner-above)
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure as know.

BEN

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

(The Montagues exit. Enter Romeo))

BEN

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BEN

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me, sad hours seem long.

BEN

What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

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

BEN

In love?

ROMEO

Out -

BEN

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favour where I am in love.

BEN

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!

BEN

Tell me in sadness, who is it that you love?

ROMEO

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BEN

Groan? Why no;

But sadly tell me, who?

ROMEO

In sadness, cousin, (Groaning) I do love a woman!

BEN

I aimed so near, when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

(During this next section, Rosaline appears in the inner-above. A man appears, who we will soon know as Mercutio. They kiss. She gives him the necklace on which there is a

key. He kneels before her and unlocks her chastity belt. She takes the key and puts it around his neck. He rises and they embrace, kissing with great passion as lights fade at end of Romeo's speech.)

BEN

A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO

Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
 With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
 And in strong proof of chastity well armed,
 From Love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
 O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
 That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
 (Lights out on inner-above)

BEN

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.
 She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
 To merit bliss by making me despair.
 She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
 Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BEN

Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O teach me how I should forget to think.

BEN

By giving liberty unto thine eyes,
 Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite in question more:
 These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
 Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair;
 He that is stricken blind cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost;
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
 What doth her beauty serve but as a note
 Where I may read who passed that passing fair?
 Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

BEN

I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
 (Both exit)

ACT1 Sc.2

(Enter Capulet, and County Paris.)

CAPULET

But 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?

(Juliet appears at inner-above, angelic, at prayer.)

CAPULET

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

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

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;
And she agreed, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.

(We hear the Nurse calling for Juliet. Light out on Juliet as she crosses herself)

This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest.

(Puts his arm around Paris)

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparelled April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh fennel buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see;
And like her most whose merit most shall be;
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come go with me. (Both exit)

ACT 1 SC. 3

(Lady Capulet enters watching Capulet and Paris exit arm in arm, followed by Nurse)

LADY CAPULET

Nurse, where is 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!

(Juliet appears)

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 a while,
We must talk in secret. (There is an uncomfortable silence) Nurse, come back again,
I have remembered me, 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

(A little weepy) She's not fourteen.

NURSE

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth - She's not fourteen.
Susan and she - God rest all Christian souls -
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God,
She was too good for me. (Chokes back tears)
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,
And she was weaned - I never shall forget it -
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall.
When she did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
"Shake!" quoth the dove-house; 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years,
For then she could stand alone. Nay, by the rood,
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 hast more wit,
 Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holy dame,
 The pretty wretch left crying and said "Ay."
 I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he,
 And, pretty fool, it stinted and said "Ay."

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

I pray thee, Nurse.

NURSE

Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace,
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.
 And 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 dispositions to be married?

JULIET

It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE

An honour! Were not I thine only nurse,
 I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
 Are made already mothers. By my count,
 I was your mother much upon these years
 That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE

A man, young lady! Lady, such a man
 As all the world - Why, he's a man of wax.

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.
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story:
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,
 By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE

No less? Nay, bigger! Women grow by men. (A look from Lady C.)

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.

(Enter Peter, the servant, perhaps played by the Chorus. Noises off.)

PETER

Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight. (Exit)

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee. Juliet, the County Paris stays. (Exit. More noises off as Juliet struggles to contain her anger.)

NURSE

Go girl! Seek happy nights to happy days. (Pinches Juliet's cheek and exits)

(Juliet crosses herself and exits. Party music can be heard in the dark. Lights up)

ACT 1 SC 4

(Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio and others. Romeo is choking Mercutio with the chain around his throat. He throws the laughing Mercutio to the ground as Benvolio comes between them.)

ROMEO

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all!

BEN

Why Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented and...O brawling love!
O loving hate!

Misshapen chaos, of well-seeming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Waking sleep...no, that is not what it is!
This love feel I...that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BEN

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart at what?

BEN

At thy good heart's oppression. (Sounds of the party)

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

ROMEO

A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.

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
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO

You are a lover, borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above the common bound.

ROMEO

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough.
Too rude. Too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love.
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

ROMEO

I'll be a candle holder, and look on.

I am done.

(There is laughter and party sounds off)

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

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

BEN

Queen Mab, what's she?

MERCUTIO

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 atomi
 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 watery beams,
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
 Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid.
 And in this state she gallops nigh by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love,
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on cur'sies straight,
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 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.

BEN

Supper is done, and we shall come too late. (Ben and Mercutio exit)

ROMEO

I fear too early, for my mind misgives (Light change as Chorus enters, and listens with amusement.)

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels, and expire the term
 Of a despised life closed in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death. (Chorus directs him to the party)
 But He that hath the steerage of my course
 Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen. (But they are gone)
 (Romeo exits followed by Chorus, as wild raucous music begins)

ACT1 SC. 5

(The party is on. The whole cast is dancing. Juliet and Paris start out together, but are soon alone. Tybalt and Rosaline are partnered. Much writhing, dancing and lusty behavior. This goes on for some minutes and ends with great energy. Romeo, Mercutio, and Benvolio enter. There is a face off with Tybalt as Mercutio takes the key from off his neck and hands it to Rosaline. Enter Capulet who comes between Tybalt and the rest.)

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with you.
Ah, my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance?

You are welcome, gentlemen. Come, musicians, play. (A slow dance begins.)
Capulet goes to Lady Capulet. Romeo is staring painfully at Rosaline, who turns to Sampson and plants a long wet kiss. Romeo moans and slides to the floor against a pillar. Mercutio, discussed, guides Benvolio and two young ladies off to more intimate surroundings. Juliet feels Romeo's pain from across the room and goes to his side. He looks up and instantly falls in love. They begin a conversation, which we can see but not hear, that becomes increasingly intense during the following)

CAPULET

(To Lady Capulet) How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask? (He tries an intimacy, which she rebuffs) 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe:
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
'A bears him like a portly gentleman;
And to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

It fits when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

CAPULET

He shall be endured.

What, goodman boy, I say he shall, go to!
 Am I the master here, or you? God shall mend my soul,
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
 You'll be the man!

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy! Is't so indeed?
 This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what!
 You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time -
 Well said, my hearts! - You are a princox, go,
 Be quiet, or - (Handing his glass to Lady Capulet) More wine, more wine! -
 For shame, I'll make you quiet, what! - Cheerly, my hearts!
 (Exits after Lady Capulet.)

TYBALT

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall.
 (Romeo and Juliet are now in a special light)

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

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 prayer's sake.

ROMEO

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.
 (The gentlest, sweetest, lips-barely-touching, kiss)
 Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took. (She starts to wipe off the kiss, but he stops her.)

ROMEO

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again. (Another nearly chaste kiss.)

JULIET

You kiss by th' book.

(He takes the cue and kisses her with some passion. She separates from him for a moment and then they come together in a lusty rush. Nurse sees them from across the room and lets out a little yip, as she crosses to them in a hurry.)

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
(Juliet exits)

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.
I nursed her daughter that you talked withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.
(The party begins to break up. Ben enters with his young lady in tow)

BENVOLIO

Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

ROMEO

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

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone.
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
(Lady Capulet whispers in his ear.)
Is it e'en so? Why then I thank you all.
I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night.
More torches here, come on! Then let's to bed.
(To Tybalt)

Ah, young man, by my fay, it waxes late. (Tybalt turns on his heel and leaves in a huff.)
I'll to my rest.

(All exit but Juliet and Nurse.)

JULIET

Come hither, Nurse. What is yond gentlemen?

NURSE

The son and heir of old Tiberio. (She knows right well who Juliet means.)

JULIET

What's he that now is going out of door?

NURSE

Marry, that I think be young Petruchio.

JULIET

What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

NURSE

I know not.

JULIET

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.

JULIET

My only love sprung from my only hate! (She weeps)

NURSE

(Comforts her) What's tis? What's tis?
(Lady Capulet calls off, "Juliet")

JULIET

Anon, anon!

NURSE

Come let's away, the strangers all are gone. (They exit as lights fade)

ACT 2 SC 1**PROLOGUE**

(Spot up on Chorus)

CHORUS

Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks.
Now passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.
(We hear Benvolio and Mercutio off, calling for Romeo. Chorus exits and lights change as Romeo enters.)

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
(He hides as Benvolio and Mercutio enter.)

BEN

Romeo! My cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He is wise,

And on my life hath stol'n him home to bed.

BEN

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

MERCUTIO

Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! Humours! Madman! Passion! Lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
 Cry but "Ay me!" Pronounce but "love" and "dove."
 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,
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BEN

And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MERCUTIO

This cannot anger him. My invocation
 Is fair and honest. In his mistress' name
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

BEN

Come, he hath hid himself.
 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.
 (They exit and Romeo comes forward)

ACT 2 SC 2

ROMEO

(A little too bravely) He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
 (Enter Juliet above, as she prepares for bed and prayers.)
 But, soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the east and Juliet is the sun!
 (Indeed, she is glowing.)
 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.
 Be not her maid since she is envious,
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green
 And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off.
 (He's quite manic now)
 It is my lady, O it is my love!
 O that she knew she were!
 (Juliet is now at prayer.)
 She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
 (He starts toward her- she crosses herself - he realizes his mistake and returns)
 I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.
 (She now takes out her diary and begins to write.)
 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

Ay me.

ROMEO

She speaks.

O speak again bright angel, for thou art...

JULIET

(As she writes his name.) O Romeo, (She reads her writing trying out the name) Romeo,
 (A nasty taste. The name holds no magic for her. But, after all, she loved him before she
 knew his name) Wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name. (Romeo doesn't like that idea)

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love

And I'll no longer be a Capulet. (Yes, more to his liking)

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 word 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 thy name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself.

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word. (She jumps, of course.)

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptis'd.

JULIET

What man art thou?

ROMEO

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am.

JULIET

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

(Climbs up to her)

With love's light wings did I o'erperch 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

If thy do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet
And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

And but thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death postponed, wanting of thy love.

JULIET

Thou knowest 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.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell, compliment.
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay",
And I will take thy word. Yet, If thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow...

JULIET

O swear not by the moon, th'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 unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say "It lightens". Sweet, good night.
(He begins to protest, she kisses him on the forehead)
Good night, good night.

ROMEO

O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it.
(They kiss passionately)
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.
(Nurse calls within) Dear love, adieu.
Anon, good Nurse - Sweet Montague be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

ROMEO

O blessed blessed night. I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream.
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.
(Returns) 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 off, "Madam")
I come, anon - But if thou meanest not well
I do beseech thee...
(Nurse off, "Madam")

By and by I come -

To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul...

JULIET

A thousand times good night. (Exits)

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

(He climbs down)

Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

(She's back)

JULIET

Hist! Romeo, hist!

ROMEO

My dove?

JULIET

What o'clock tomorrow

Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

By the hour of nine.

JULIET

I will not fail. 'Tis twenty year till then.

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

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone.

Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow

That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

(Exit)

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 Sire's close cell,

His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

(Exit as lights fade)

ACT 2 SC 3

(Friar Laurence and The Chorus sit in meditative pose. The Friar holds a cut plant.)

FRIAR L

The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb:

What is her burying grave, that is her womb;

And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking of her natural bosom find.
 Almighty is the powerful grace that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.
 For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
 Virtue itself turns vice being misapplied,
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 (Romeo enters and sits in meditation. Friar taps him on his head with the flower)
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this, being smelt, (He rubs some of the plant between his fingers and under the nose
 of the Chorus) with that part cheers each part;
 Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs: grace and rude will;
 And where the worser is predominant
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.
 (He gives the plant to the Chorus who exits)

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR

(Hits him) Benedicite
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed. (Romeo starts to protest)
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right. (Hits him again)
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR

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

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
 That's by me wounded. Both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies.
 I bear no hatred, blessed man, for lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRIAR

Be plain, good son, and 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,
And all combin'd save what thou must combine
by holy marriage. Know now, this I pray;
That thou consent to marry us today.

FRAIR

Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! What a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline. (Pinching his cheek till "not washed off
yet.") Lo here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash's off yet. (Releases Romeo who is much relieved)
And art thou changed? (Eye to eye) Pronounce this sentence then:
(Romeo chants this with him.)
Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

ROMEO

Thou child's me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR

Not in a grave!

(A Zen-like instruction that Romeo may have heard before.) To lay one in,
another out to have.

ROMEO

I pray thee chide me not, her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.
The other did not so.

FRIAR

O, she knew well

Thy love did read by rote that could not spell.
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 household' rancour to pure love.

ROMEO

(Jumping, turning, as a child) O let us hence: I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR

(He trips him up) Wisely and slow; (He helps him up) they stumble that run fast. (They exit)

ACT 2 SC 4

(Enter Mercutio and Benvolio)

MERCUTIO

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

BEN

Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

MERCUTIO

Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, torments him so that he will sure run mad.

BEN

Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life!

BEN

Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO

Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BEN

Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

MERCUTIO

Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead, stabbed with a white wench's black eye. And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BEN

Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

More than Prince of Cats. The very butcher of a silk button. A duelist, a duelist, a gentleman of the very first house. The pox of such antic affecting phantasimes. (Imitating Tybalt.) "By Jesu, a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore..."

BEN

Here comes Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO

Romeo, bonjour. 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

That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROMEO

Meaning to cur'sy

MERCUTIO

Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROMEO

A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO

Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO

Right.

ROMEO

Why then is my pump well flowered.

MERCUTIO

Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done;
for thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure,
I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

ROMEO

Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not
there for the goose. (All laugh)

MERCUTIO

Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now
art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art,
by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great idiot
that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole. (Romeo likes not this.)

BEN

Stop there, stop there.

(Enter the Nurse and Peter, played by the Chorus, holding a huge fan.)

ROMEO

(Trying to get the spirit back) Here's goodly gear!
A sail, a sail!

MERCUTIO

Two, two: a shirt and a smock. (They force a laugh)

NURSE

Peter!

PETER

Anon.

NURSE

My fan, Peter

MERCUTIO

Good Peter, to hide her face.

NURSE

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman

NURSE

Is it good den?

MERCUTIO

'Tis no less, I tell ye, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

NURSE

Out upon you, what a man are you?

MERCUTIO

One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

NURSE

By my troth, it is well said: "For himself to mar", quoth'a?

Young Romeo, I desire some confidence with you.

MERCUTIO

A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho! (Feigning a confidence with Romeo) An old hare hoar is very good meat in Lent. Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither.

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell, ancient lady, farewell, lady, (singing) "Lady, lady." (Mercutio and Ben exit)

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.

NURSE

And 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-girls, I am none of his skains-mates. (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, if I see occasion, in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

NURSE

Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: my young lady bid me enquire 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. I protest unto thee...

NURSE

Good heart, and i'faith I will tell her as much.

ROMEO

What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

NURSE

I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

ROMEO

Bid her devise

Some means to come to Confession this afternoon,

And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell

Be shrived and married.

NURSE

This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there. (She pinches his cheek.)

ROMEO

Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times.

(Exit Romeo) Peter!

PETER

Anon.

NURSE

Before and apace. (She and Peter exit)

ACT 2 SC 5

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse;

In half an hour she promised to return.

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me.

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. (Peter exits)

JULIET

Now, good sweet Nurse - O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

NURSE

I am a-weary, give me leave a while.

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I!

JULIET

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.

NURSE

Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay a while?

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.
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

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. He is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench, serve God. What, have you dined at home?

JULIET

No, no! But all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage, what of that?

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches!

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? "Your love says, like an honest gentleman, where is your mother?"

NURSE

Are you so hot? Marry come up, I trow;
Is this 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 confession today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse, farewell. (Juliet exits. Lights fade)

ACT 2 SC 6

(Lights up on Friar Lawrence in the middle of the marriage ceremony. Romeo and Juliet kneel before him.)

FRIAR

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

ROMEO AND JULIET

Amen. (They kiss)

ROMEO

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament;
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.
(They kiss with much passion. Friar finally separates them.)

FRIAR

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
(He blesses them.)

ROMEO AND JULIET

Amen. (They kiss again, as their passion slowly rises, and Friar must stop them again.
Lights fade.)

Intermission

ACT 3 SC 1

(Lights up on Abram and Balthazar, arm wrestling. Benvolio and Mercutio sharing a
bottle of homemade.)

BEN

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day's hot, the Capulets are abroad,
And if we meet we shall not scape a brawl,
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO

Thou art like one of these fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me
his sword upon the table, and says "God send me no need of thee!"; and by the operation
of the second cup draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BEN

Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy.

BEN

And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should...
By my head, here comes the Capulets.
(Enter Tybalt, Samson and Gregory)

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

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, and you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick, here's that shall make you dance.
'Zounds, consort!

BEN

We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or 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.

MERCUTIO

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.

TYBALT

Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain. (Slaps him, all react)

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 knowest 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 mine own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonourable, 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 that I mean to make bold withal.
(He attacks and Tybalt responds)

TYBALT

I am for you. (They fight, Sam, Greg, Abram and Balthazar shout strategy and warnings)

ROMEO & BEN

(At various moments during the fight.) Gentlemen. Put up thy weapon. Tybalt!
Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath forbid... Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!
(Romeo steps between them. Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts into Mercutio. Tybalt
is dragged from the scene by his followers. In the scuffle Tybalt drops his weapon)

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

A plague a'both houses! I am sped.
Is he gone and hath nothing?

BEN

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, 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 tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered,
I warrant, for this world. A plague a'both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a
cat to scratch a man to death... A villain....Why the dev'l 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 a'both your houses! (Ben helps him up)
They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,
And soundly too. Your houses! (He starts to exit with Benvolio, but collapses. Ben
sees he is dead and looks to Romeo. Sam and Greg carry Mercutio off)

BENVOLIO

That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander...

(Re-enter Tybalt with Abram close behind. They stop at the sight of Romeo)

ROMEO

Again, in triumph, and Mercutio slain?
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
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

(Picks up his weapon) Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

ROMEO

This shall determine that.

(The fight is very fast. Romeo wins by turning Tybalt's own claw against him. Abram flees.)

BEN

Romeo, away, be gone!
Stand not amazed, the Prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence be gone, away!

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool.

BEN

Why dost thou stay?

(Exit Romeo as the Prince's officers enter.)

OFFICER

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

BEN

There lies that Tybalt.

OFFICER

Up, sir, go with me;

I charge thee in the Prince's name obey.

(Enter Prince, and the Capulets and the Montagues.)

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BEN

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 kinsmen, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O Prince! O husband! O my brother's child!

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BEN

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.

(The rest of Benvolio's speech he says but the audience doesn't hear it. Instead, a light comes on Juliet at the inner-above. We hear **her** words.)

BEN

*Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure; all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
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 entertained 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.*

JULIET

Come, civil night,

Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange love, grow bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night, Come, Romeo. Come, thou day in night,
Whited than new snow upon a raven's back.
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.
 Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possessed it, and though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child that hath new robes
 And may not wear them.

BEN

(Lights change back leaving Juliet in silhouette, and we hear Ben's last line)
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET

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?

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 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 is found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
 (All exit)

ACT 3 SC 2

(Light up on Juliet as Nurse enters below)

JULIET

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

NURSE

We are undone, lady, we are undone.
 Alack the day, he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can,
 Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET

What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roared in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? (The Nurse cries out)

O break, my heart, poor bankrout, break at once!

NURSE

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

JULIET

What storm is this that blows so contrary?

NURSE

Tybalt is gone and Romeo banished,

Romeo that killed him, he is banished.

JULIET

O God, did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE

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

JULIET

Oh serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!

Dove-feathered raven, wolvish-ravens lamb!

O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE

There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men, all perjured,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

Ah, where's my man? Give me some brandy;

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue

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

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;

O what a beast was I to chide at him!

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;

Some word there was, worsen that Tybalt's death,

That murdered me; I would forget it fain:

That "banished", that one word "banished".
 "Romeo is banished": to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banished"

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 Lawrence's cell.

JULIET

O find him! Give this ring to my true knight,
 And bid him come to take his last farewell.
 (Exit both)

ACT 3 SC 3

(Enter Friar Lawrence)

FRAIR

Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou fearful man:
 Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,
 And thou art wedded to calamity.
 (Enter Romeo)

ROMEO

What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom.

FRIAR

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 banished.
 O Friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
 To mangle me with that word...

FRIAR

Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

ROMEO

And sayest thou yet that exile is not death?
 Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But "banished" to kill me?

FRIAR

I'll give thee armour to keep off that word:
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy...

ROMEO

Hang up philosophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.

FRIAR

O then I see that mad men have no ears.

ROMEO

How should they when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I...
(A knocking within)

FRIAR

Arise, one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

Not I.
(Knocking)

FRIAR

Who's there? - Romeo, arise,
Thou wilt be taken. - Stay a while! - Stand up;
(Knocking)

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

NURSE

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

FRIAR

Welcome then.

NURSE

O holy Friar, O tell me, holy Friar,
Where's my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?

FRIAR

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!

ROMEO

Nurse!

NURSE

Ah, sir, ah, sir, death's the end of all.

ROMEO

Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?

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,
And then down falls again.

ROMEO

As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murdered her kinsman. O tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? (He draws his dagger) Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

FRIAR

Hold thy desperate hand!
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman is a seeming man.
Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
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 slewest Tybalt: There art thou happy.
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile: There art thou happy.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
Happiness courts thee in her best array,
But like a mishaved and sullen wench,
Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love:
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 the Prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, Nurse, commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
 Romeo is coming.

NURSE

O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night
 To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
 (Nurse starts to go, turns back)

NURSE

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
 (She leaves)

ROMEO

(Staring at the ring) How well my comfort is revived by this.

FRIAR

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.

ROMEO

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
 Farewell.
 (They exit separately)

ACT 3 SC 4

(Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.)

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.
 I promise you, but for your company,
 I would have been abed an hour ago.

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's mew'd up to her heaviness.

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
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.

CAPULET

Monday, ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
A'Thursday let it be - a'Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

Well, get you gone, a'Thursday be it then. -
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell, my lord. Afore me, it is so very late that we
May call it early by and by, Good night.
(Exit all as lights up on inner-above)

ACT 3 SC 5

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.

ROMEO

Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe of the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhaled
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO

I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't my soul? Let's talk, it is not day.

(Enter Nurse)

NURSE

Madam!

JULIET

Nurse?

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! One kiss, and I'll descend.
(As he climbs down Lady Capulet is heard off)

LADY CAPULET

What ho, daughter, are you up?

JULIET

Who is't that calls?

(Enter Lady Capulet)

LADY CAPULET

Why how now, Juliet?

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him - dead -
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vexed.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should upon receipt thereof
Soon sleep in quiet.

LADY CAPULET

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

(Kisses her)

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, and when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET

Go to your father, tell him so yourself;
And see how he will take it at your hands.

(Both exit. Light up below on Capulet and Chorus as valet. We hear thunder.)

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew,
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.

(Enter Juliet followed by Lady Capulet)

How now, a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? 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.

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?

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.

CAPULET

How how, how how, chopt-logic? What is this?
 "Proud", and "I thank you", and "I thank you not",
 And yet "not proud", mistress minion you?
 Thank me no thanking, 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.

CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch!
 I tell thee what: Get thee to church a' Thursday,
 Or never after look me in the face.
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!
 My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
 That God had lent us but this only child,
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we have a curse in having her.
 Out on her, hilding!

NURSE

God in heaven bless her!

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

CAPULET

And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue.

NURSE

May not one speak?

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool!

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

CAPULET

God's bread, it makes me mad! Day, night, work, play,
 Alone, in company, still my care hath been to have her matched.
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer "I'll not wed, I cannot love;
 I am too young, I pray you pardon me!"
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise:
 And you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
 And 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.
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. (Exit with Chorus behind)

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. (Exit)

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:
 I think it best you married with the County.
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dishcloth to him. An eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first, or if it did not,
 Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were
 As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET

Speak'st thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too, else I curse them both.

JULIET

Amen.

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
 Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
 Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell,
 To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

Marry, I will, and this is wisely done. (She exits)

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
 Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
 Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
 Which she hath praised him with above compare
 So many thousand times? 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. (Exit)

ACT 4 SC 1

(Enter Friar Lawrence and County Paris)

FRIAR

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS

My father Capulet will have it so,
 And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR

You say you do not know the lady's mind?
 Uneven is the course, I like it not.

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
 And therefore have I little talked of love.
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
 That she do give her sorrow so much sway;
 And in his wisdom...

FRIAR

I would I knew not why it should be slowed. (Escorting him forward in her direction)
 Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

(Enter Juliet)

(An awkward pause)

PARIS

(Searching for the right words) 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.

FRIAR

That's a certain text.

PARIS

Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET

To answer that, I should confess to you. (She starts to move past him)

PARIS

(Taking her arm, confidentially) Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET

I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS

So will he, I am sure, that you love me.

JULIET

If I do so, it will be of more price,
 Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PARIS

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET

The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.

(Paris starts to protest)

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PARIS

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

JULIET

It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRAIR

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
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. (The kiss is something other than holy. Exit)

JULIET

(Furiously wiping off the kiss) O shut the door! Past hope, past cure, past help!

FRIAR

O Juliet, I already know thy grief,
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, on Thursday...

JULIET

Tell me not, Friar, that thou hearest of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands,
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire...

FRIAR

Hold, daughter, I do spy a kind of hope;
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent. (Tries to take the knife, but she won't give)

If, rather than to marry County 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,
 That cop'st with Death himself to scape from it;
 And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy. (Now takes the knife and returns it to it's sheaf)

JULIET

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of any tower,
 Or bid me lurk where serpents are;
 Chain me with roaring bears...

FRIAR

Hold then, go home, be merry,
 Give consent to marry Paris. Tomorrow night, being then in bed,
 Take thou this vial, and this distilling liquor drink thou off, (A dreamlike quality begins
 with lights and music)
 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A gold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;
 No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To wanny ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like Death when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, deprived of supple government,
 Shall stiff and stark and cold appear like death,
 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
 Then as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier,
 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,
 And hither shall he come, and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame,
 If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JULIET

Give me, give me! O tell not me of fear.
 (During the following the Friar fades from the scene and the Capulet household with
 Paris begin to slowly gather about the stage.)

ACT 4 SC 2

FRIAR

Hold, 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.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no, (Unsheathing the dagger) this shall forbid it; lie thou there.
(Here begins a keening from the Capulets which gradually builds throughout the scene.)
What if it be a poison which the Friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is, and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place -
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed,
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud, where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort -
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking - what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad -
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefather's joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
(Indeed, Tybalt has appeared)
O look! Methinks I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
 Upon his own point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
 Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink - I drink to thee.

(She lies down and "dies" with her eyes open, as the keening turns into a chorus of the following voices, sometimes blending, sometimes alone, creating a great lamentation.)

NURSE

O lamentable day! Look, look! O heavy day! (Closes Juliet's eyes)

LADY CAPULET

O me, O me, my child, my only life!

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

O child, O child! My soul, my child!

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

O woeful time!

CAPULET

Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed!

NURSE

O woe! O woeful, woeful day!

LADY CAPULET

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

NURSE

O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!

PARIS

Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain.

CAPULET

(This should be heard solo, but with the keening still going)

Death is my heir, my daughter he hath wedded.

I will die, and leave him all; life, living, all is Death's...

(Friar appears above and stops all)

FRIAR

Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all.

And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death,

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion,

For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced,

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
 She's not well married that lives married long,
 But she's best married that dies married young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse, and as the custom is,
 And in her best array, bear her to church;
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.
 (Some start to carry her off) Every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
 The heavens do low'r upon you for some ill;
 Move them no more be crossing their high will.
 (All exit slowly to music)

ACT 5 SC 1

(Light up on Romeo above with Chorus as his servant)

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
 My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
 And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead
 (Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!)
 And breathed such life with kisses in my lips
 That I revived and was an emperor. (Chorus finishes some task and leaves.)
 Ah me, how sweet is love itself possessed,
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

(Sc. 2 is interspersed here. Friar Lawrence appears below. Friar John enters)

ACT 5 SC 2

JOHN

Holy Friar, brother!

FRAIR

Friar John! Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo?
 Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

JOHN

Going to find a barefoot brother out,
 One of our order, to associate me,
 Here in this city, visiting the sick,
 And finding him, the searchers of the town,
 Suspecting that we both were in a house
 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
 Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth,
 So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FRAIR

Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

JOHN

I could not send it - here it is again -
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR

Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

JOHN

Brother.

(They exit separately as lights come back up on Sc 1 and Romeo. Balthasar enters.)

ROMEO

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How doth my Juliet? (Balthasar is silent)
Nothing can be ill if she be well.

BALTHASAR

Then she is well and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O pardon me for bringing these ill news...

ROMEO

Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars! (He weeps, Balthasar tries to comfort, but he will
have none. Romeo's madness begins.) Get me ink and paper, I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceived.
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

No matter, get thee gone,
I'll be with thee straight.
(Balthasar exits)

ROMEO

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
 Let's see for means. (Suddenly going to the window)
 I do remember an apothecary,
 And hereabouts 'a dwells,
 In tattered weeds,
 A beggerly account of boxes,
 Remnants of packthread,
 and old cakes of roses...
 And if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 (Sure enough he spots the Apothecary)
 What ho, apothecary!

APOTHECARY

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

Come hither, man. (The Apothecary takes some cautious steps forward as Romeo
 scrambles down to meet him.) I see that thou art poor.
 Hold, there is forty Goldens; 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

Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
 And fearest to die? Famine is in thy cheeks.
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law,
 The world affords no law to make thee rich;
 Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

APOTHECARY

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

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 is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
 I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
 Farewell, (They begin to exit separately) buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. (Exit)

ACT 5 SC 3

(Paris and Page, played by the Chorus, stand at either side of Juliet's bier, the head of which is at an angle, so that the body can be better viewed.)

PARIS

...Whistle then to me
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
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. (Retires)

PARIS

(During this, strews the flowers, while reading from a book)

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew -
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones! -
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
With tears distilled by moans.

The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

(Page whistles. Paris turns a bit wide-eyed. A heavy door slams. Enter Romeo)

PARIS

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

ROMEO

I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man,
Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O be gone! (He lunges, Paris stumbles and draws his weapon)
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither armed against myself. (Shows him the vial.)
Stay not, be gone: live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS

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

ROMEO

Wilt thou provoke me? (Paris sticks out his chin.) Then have at thee, boy! (They fight)

PAGE

O Lord, they fight. I will go call the Watch. (Exits)

(Romeo has backed Paris into the inner below, where he dispatches him. Paris embraces Romeo, face out to the audience.)

PARIS

(In Romeo's ear) If thou be merciful, lay me with Juliet. (We see the light leave his eyes, his hands fall from Romeo's back. Romeo drops him. He wipes his blade, returns it to its sheath, and turns to Juliet. He looks at her face and begins to smile a little strangely.)

ROMEO

Her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there? O my love, my wife,
 Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquered, beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Ah, dear Juliet, Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
 (He lifts her and slides in behind her, placing his cheek next to hers. Does her hand move?)
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again. Here, here will I remain,
 With worms that are thy chambermaids; 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! (As he kisses her, she begins to revive. Perhaps her arm moves, but he doesn't see it. He is, however, unnerved by the kiss. He turns from her and quickly takes out the vial)
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
 Here's to my love. (He drinks as she awakens.)

O true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick!

JULIET

Romeo?

(He turns and tries to speak, but he's right, the drugs are fast, and he can make no sound. She smiles)

Romeo!

(Again he tries to speak, and collapses into her arms. With great effort he shows her the vial.)

JULIET

What's here? (She turns it over to read the mark) Poison. I see. (She reaches out in love and rage, alternately wanting to save him or curse him.)

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.
 (She does so, and he uses his last energy to respond. She feels it.)
 Thy lips are warm.

ROMEO

Thus with a kiss I die. (Eyes open)
 (She wails, rocking him in her arms. She soon knows there's only one way out of this
 pain. Suddenly sober, she reaches for his dagger. The heavy door slams again.)

FRIAR

(Entering) Saint Francis be my speed. (He stops at the sight before him. Juliet has drawn
 Romeo's dagger and is holding it over her head.) Juliet...

JULIET

I'll be brief. (Looks to the dagger) O happy dagger...

FRIAR

Good Juliet. (Slowly walking toward her.)

JULIET

This is thy sheath. (As she plunges the knife, Friar Lawrence lunges forward, too late.
 They both stare at the wound.)

There rust, and let me die.

(And does so with her eyes open. Still holding Juliet, Friar reaches over to touch Romeo
 and close his eyes. He reclines them together and closes Juliet's eyes. He pulls out a
 ceremonial scarf and kisses it. He puts it on and starts prayer, when he is startled by a
 commotion outside. We hear the Captain of The Watch say "Lead, boy, which way?"
 Friar backs away from the sound and trips over or somehow finds Paris, which frightens
 him even further. The sound of the big door closing. Enter Page and Captain)

PAGE

This is the place. (They are stunned speechless by the sight before them.)

CAPTAIN

(Over his shoulder) Search about the churchyard.

Go, some of you, who'er you find attach. (He turns back into the room, as we hear the
 soldier's go about their business, and speculating as they go.)

Pitiful sight!

(Enter Watchman with Balthasar) WATCHMAN

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

CAPTAIN

Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

(The Watchman takes Balthasar up to the inner-below and finds the Friar)

WATCHMAN

Here is a friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps.

CAPTAIN

A great suspicion. Stay the friar too. (More ruckus outside and enter the Prince. We
 hear crying and wailing.)

PRINCE

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

(We hear the Capulet's before we see them)

CAPULET

What should it be that is so shrieked about?

LADY CAPULET

...all run with open outcry toward our monument.

PRINCE

What fear is this...

CAPTAIN

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

PRINCE

Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

CAPTAIN

Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo's man.

CAPULET

O heavens! O wife, look
how our daughter bleeds!

LADY CAPULET

O me, my old age to a sepulchre.
(Montague enters and the Prince steps forward.)

PRINCE

Come, Montague, for thou art early up
To see thy son and heir now early down

MONTAGUE

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight;
Grief of my son's exile hath sopped her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

PRINCE

Look and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE

O thou untaught! What manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

PRINCE

Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRIAR

I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder.

PRINCE

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR

I will be brief...(He pauses and gathers himself)

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 doomsday, whose untimely death
 Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city,
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
 You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
 Betrothed and would have married her perforce
 To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
 And with wild looks bid me devise some mean
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her (so tutored by my art)
 A sleeping potion, which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death. Mean time I writ to Romeo
 That he should hither come at this dire night
 To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
 Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
 Returned my letter back. Then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
 All this I know, and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy; and if ought in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

PRINCE

(He taps him on the head as the Friar first did to Romeo. Was the Prince also his student at one time?)

We still have known thee for a holy man.
 Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?
 (The Watchman brings him forward.)

BALTHASAR

I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
 And then in post from Mantua
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father,
 And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
 If I departed not and left him there.

PRINCE

Give me the letter, I will look on it.
 Where is the County's page that raised the Watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

PAGE

He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.
 Anon come one with light to ope the tomb,
 And by and by my master drew on him,
 And then I ran away - to call the Watch.

PRINCE

This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
 (Handing the letter to Montague)
 And here he writes that he did buy a poison
 Of a poor pothecary, and therewithal
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
 (Taking center and summoning)
 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.

CAPULET

O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
 Can I demand.

MONTAGUE

But I can give thee more,
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
 That whiles Verona by that name is known,
 There shall no figure at such rate be set,
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
 (The Prince breaks up this new competition.)

PRINCE

A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
 The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
 (Everyone turns to the audience)

ALL

Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;
 Some shall be pardoned, and some punished:
 For never was a story of more woe
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.
 (Lights fade out)

The End