

ROMEO AND JULIET

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ESCALUS: prince of Verona. (PRINCE)
PARIS: a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
MONTAGUE:
CAPULET: heads of two warring crime families.
ROMEO: son to Montague.
MERCUTIO: kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.
BENVOLIO: nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
TYBALT: nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE: a Franciscan.
SAMPSON: servant to the Capulets.
GREGORY: servant to the Capulets.
ABRAHAM servant to Montague.
JULIET daughter to Capulet.
NURSE to Juliet. (Nurse:)
Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, Attendants.

PROLOGUE. Enter Benvolio, from 8, in mourning. As the surviving member of the younger Montague generation, he frames the play, and this is all his reminiscence.

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

*ACT I SCENE I Verona. A public place.
[Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, from 7, of the house of Capulet, armed. It's the middle of the afternoon, and they're already a little drunk, a little belligerent, and more than a little in the mood for a fight. They're young, just this side of juvenile delinquency, and have both seen "The Lost Boys" about 200 times. In other words, not nearly as tough or immortal as they want to think they are.]*

SAMPSON I strike quickly, being moved.
GREGORY But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
SAMPSON A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.
SAMPSON A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.
GREGORY That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.
SAMPSON [*Grabbing Gregory and thrusting him against the wall*] 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. [*Grinds his hips suggestively into Gregory's; Gregory laughs and shoves him away.*]
GREGORY The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.
SAMPSON [*Sits with his feet dangling off the stage*] 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.
GREGORY The heads of the maids?
SAMPSON Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.
GREGORY They must take it in sense that feel it.
SAMP [*Gets to his feet*] Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh. [*Gregory snorts derisively, then notices ABRAHAM entering DC.*]
GREGORY Draw thy tool! here comes one of the house of the Montagues.
SAMP My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.
GREGORY How! turn thy back and run?
SAMPSON Fear me not.
GREGORY No, marry; I fear thee!
SAMP Let us take the law of our sides; let him begin.
GREG I will frown as I pass by, and let him take it as he list.
SAMP Nay, as he dare. I will bite my thumb at him; which is a disgrace to him, if he bear it.
ABRAHAM Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?
SAMPSON I do bite my thumb, sir.
ABRAHAM Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?
SAMP [*Aside to GREG*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?
GREGORY No.
SAMPSON [*Pivoting to put Gregory between himself and Abraham*] No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.
GREGORY Do you quarrel, sir?
ABRAHAM Quarrel sir! no, sir.
SAMPSON If you do sir I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.
ABRAHAM No better.
SAMPSON Well, sir.
GREGORY Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.
SAMPSON Yes, better, sir.
ABRAHAM You lie.

SAMPSON Draw, if you be a man! Gregory, remember thy washing blow.

[They fight]

[Enter BENVOLIO from 5]

BENVOLIO: Part, fools! Put up your swords; you know not what you do. [Beats down their swords]

[Enter TYBALT, also from 5.]

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

BENVOLIO I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, or manage it to part these men with me.

TYB What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward! [They fight]

[Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs, pipes, sawed-off pool cues]

[Enter MONTAGUE, from 2, and LADY CAPULET, from 7.]

CAPULET: My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

MONT Thou villain Capulet,--

[Enter PRINCE, with Attendants, from 4.]

PRINCE: Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--

Will they not hear? [Forces Capulet and Montague apart] What, ho! you men, you beasts

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,

And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, BENVOLIO. A handshake becomes an embrace; the warmth and easy affection of the Montagues should contrast sharply with the cold correctness of the Capulet household.]

MONT Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?

BENVOLIO Here were the servants of your

adversary, And yours, close fighting ere I did

approach: I drew to part them: in the instant came

The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,

Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,

He swung about his head and cut the winds,

Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn:

[Montague laughs easily at the image]

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

MONTAGUE: Where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO An hour before the worshipp'd sun peer'd forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;

So early walking did I see your son:

Towards him I made, but he was ware of me

And stole into the cover of the wood.

MONTAGUE Many a morning hath he there been seen, with tears augmenting the fresh morning dew.

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs,

And makes himself an artificial night:

Black and portentous must this humour prove,

Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO 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.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow.

We would as willingly give cure as know. [This saddens Montague, who has never before been excluded from his son's most private thoughts.]

[Enter ROMEO from 6. He looks pale and exhausted, unwashed, as if he's just come off a three day bender. Which he probably has.]

[Exeunt MONTAGUE, 2]

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

[Exeunt MONTAGUE, 2]

BENVOLIO [Effusively, joining him on the lower stage] Good-morrow, cousin. [Offers some old accustomed gesture, secret handshake, whatever. Romeo responds, but listlessly, clearly miserable.]

ROMEO Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO But new struck nine.

ROMEO Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOL It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

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

BENVOLIO In love?

ROMEO Out--

BENVOLIO Of love?

ROMEO Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BENVOLIO Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO Alas, that love, whose view is muffled

still, should, without eyes, see pathways to his will! Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here? Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire,
sick health! Dost thou not laugh?
BENVOLIO No, coz, I rather weep.
ROMEO Good heart, at what?
BENVOLIO At thy good heart's oppression.
ROMEO Why, such is love's transgression.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.
BENVOLIO: Soft! I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
ROMEO: Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
BENVOLIO Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.
ROMEO: What, shall I groan and tell thee?
BENVOLIO: Groan! why, no. But sadly tell me who.
ROMEO: Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
BENVOLIO I aim'd so near, when I supposed you
loved.
ROMEO: A right good mark-man! And she's fair I
love.
BENVOLIO: 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 arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the 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.
BENVOLIO: Then she hath sworn that she will still
live chaste?
ROMEO: She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste. For beauty starved with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
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.
BENVOLIO: Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.
ROMEO: O, teach me how I should forget to think.
BENVOLIO: By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
ROMEO: 'Tis the way to call hers exquisite, in
question more: These happy masks that kiss fair ladies'
brows, being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget. [Exits 2.
Benvolio, after a moment's hesitation, decides to follow
him.]

ACT I SCENE IIA street.

[Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and GREGORY from 7]

CAPULET But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For those as 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, lady, what say you to my suit?
CAPULET But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
PARIS Younger than she are happy mothers made.
CAPULET: [Sitting on side bench] And too soon marr'd are
those so early made. The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes
but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
Come, go with me. [To GREGORY, giving a palm pilot]
Go, sirrah, trudge about through fair Verona; find those
persons out whose names are written there, and to them say,
my house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS, 4. GREGORY sits on the
steps, tries to figure out the palm pilot, and gives up in
frustration after a few seconds.]
GREGORY: Find them out whose names are written here! I
must to the learned.--In good time.
[Pulls out a GameBoy and starts playing with it. Enter
BENVOLIO and ROMEO]
BENVOLIO Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
ROMEO: Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is; shut
up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and—[Gregory gives a loud,
triumphant whoop at the GameBoy, startling Romeo into
noticing him.] God-den, good fellow.
GREGORY: God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?
ROMEO: Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
GREGORY: Perhaps you have learned it without book: but,
I pray, can you read any thing you see?
ROMEO: Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

GREGORY: [Takes a bit of offense and starts off]Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

ROMEO: Stay, fellow; I can read. [Stops Gregory from leaving, and reads]

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

GREGORY [Turning it around and playing with Romeo now that he's got the upper hand] Up.

ROMEO Whither?

GREGORY To supper; to our house.

ROMEO Whose house?

GREGORY My mistress'.

ROMEO: Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

GREGORY: Now I'll tell you without asking: my mistress is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [Exit 5]

BENVOLIO [Sits on the stairs with Romeo]At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,

With all the admired beauties of Verona:

Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO: When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;

And these, who often drown'd could never die,

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun

Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

BENVOLIO Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,

Herself poised with herself in either eye:

But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd

Your lady's love against some other maid

That I will show you shining at this feast,

And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

ROMEO: I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,

But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [Exit 7]

BLACKOUT, SCENE CHANGE. Chair for Lady Capulet, stage right.

ACT I SCENE III A room in Capulet's house.

[Discover LADY CAPULET, sitting in front of the fire, and Nurse, pouring her a brandy. The Nurse has the warm, maternal relationship with Juliet that Lady Capulet wants but has no real idea how to have.

There's a little jealousy there, a little resentment, a little regret, and of course the Nurse is oblivious to it.]

CAPULET [Idly accepting a glass of brandy from the Nurse] Nurse, where's my daughter?call her forth to me.

NURSE: Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,

I bade her come. What, lamb! what, ladybird!

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

[Enter JULIET from 1]

JULIET How now! who calls?

NURSE Your mother.

JULIET Madam, I am here. What is your will?

CAP This is the matter--[Motions Juliet to sit at her feet.

Juliet complies, a little uncomfortably.] Nurse, give leave awhile, We must talk in secret. [Pauses for a second, unsure of how to begin, and realizes with a little frustration that this talk will go easier with the Nurse there. Calls the Nurse back after a brief, awkward pause.]

Nurse, come back again; I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel. Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE: [Affectionately, mussing Juliet's hair] Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour. [Stops the affectionate gesture abruptly at a sharp look from Lady Capulet.]

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

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

LADY CAP Tell me, daughter Juliet, how stands your disposition 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 suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAP [Coolly, covering a flash of irritation] 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. [Triumphantly; this is good news]

Thus then in brief:

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love. [Looks closely for Juliet's reaction; Juliet is surprised, but not displeased at the prospect of being loved.]

NURSE [Delighted] A man, young lady! lady, such a man

As all the world--why, he's a man of wax.

LADY CAP Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

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

LADY CAP What say you? can you love the gentleman?

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.

LADY CAP 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 SAMPSON from 1]

SAMPSON 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.

LADY CAPULET: [Back to business] We follow thee.
[Exit SAMPSON, 1]
Juliet, the county stays.
NURSE [Embracing Juliet] Go, girl, seek happy nights
to happy days.

BLACKOUT, strike chair, street flats up.

ACT I SCENE IV A street. [Enter ROMEO,
MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, ABRAHAM, five or six
Maskers, others, dressed spectacularly elegantly, with
masks for a Mardi Gras soiree. Romeo stands out in
sharp contrast to his friends; all of them are passing a
bottle of vodka, laughing and having a good time.
Mercutio takes a spoonful of coke from her necklace
and snorts it.]

ROMEO: [Sullenly; his friends are dragging him
along so he can watch them act like idiots while he
suffers mightily] Give me a torch: I am not for this
ambling; being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MERC [Wrapping herself around Romeo teasingly]
Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO: [Gently; he did love her once, and their
deep friendship suffered not at all for the days they
spent as lovers] 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.

MERC You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a 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.

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

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

MERC If love be rough with you, [wraps her arms
around him and pulls his hair mock-seductively, still
intent on teasing him out of his black mood] be rough
with love; prick love for pricking, and you beat love
down.

BENVOLIO [Trying to nudge the party along] Come,
knock and enter; and no sooner in, but every man
betake him to his legs.

ROMEO: [Ordinarily, he'd find all this funny, but
right now it's falling flat for him.] A torch for me: let
wantons light of heart

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

MERC Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word: If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho! [The party
starts moving again, DC, but Romeo takes hold of
Mercutio's arm before she can start walking.]

ROMEO [Somberly, quietly] I dream'd a dream to-night.

MERCUTIO And so did I.

ROMEO Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO [Pivoting around him teasingly] That
dreamers often lie.

ROMEO: [Very faintly annoyed that he can't make her be
serious even for a moment, but matching her wit with wit]
In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERC [Delighted; now he's playing, finally.] O, then, I
see Queen Mab hath been with you. [Stoned; this trip
alternates between humor, intensity and sheer scariness, and
the others find it increasingly unsettling.]

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;

Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,

The traces of the smallest spider's web,

The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,

Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,

Not so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,

Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,

Of hells five-fathoms deep; and then anon

Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,

And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,

That presses them and learns them first to bear,

Making them women of good carriage:

This is she--

ROMEO: Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!

Thou talk'st of nothing. [Holds her gently from behind,
trying to bring her out of it. She almost loses it, and it takes
her a minute to collect herself.]

MERCUTIO True, I talk of dreams,

Which are the children of an idle brain,

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,

Which is as thin of substance as the air

And more inconstant than the wind, who woos

Even now the frozen bosom of the north,

And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,

Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

BEN [More than a little in love with Mercutio, freaked out, and trying to reimpose normality on the situation with his typical gentle humor] This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves; Supper is done, and we shall come too late. [Collects Mercutio and starts leading the revelers out DC.]

ROMEO: I fear, too early: for my mind misgives 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.

[Shaking himself out of that grim reflection with a little difficulty] But He, that hath the steerage of my course,

Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen. [Romeo is every bit as worried about Mercutio as Benvolio is; Mercutio seems to be spiraling faster and faster down the path of self-immolation, and neither of them quite knows what to do about it. With those last words, there's a badly forced cheer, a Romeo finally coming out of himself enough to worry about his friend and try to 'put an antic disposition on' for her sake.]

BLACKOUT, SCENE CHANGE: A costume party at the Capulets'. Genuinely elegant; the glacial, controlling Capulet has unfailingly exquisite taste.

ACT I SCENE V A hall in Capulet's house. [Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of her house, meeting the Guests and Maskers. Jazz and big band music contrast sharply with the harsh industrial/thrash/grunge we've been hearing so far for the younger generation.]

CAP [Gracious, flirtatious, the picture-perfect hostess] Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now? Welcome, gentlemen!

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls. [Music plays, and they dance. Capulet takes a brief turn with her lover, Tybalt, and hands him off to Juliet when she decides it's time to play hostess again. Tybalt dances with her for a minute or two, then introduces her to Paris. Paris asks her to dance, and she accepts. Romeo, who's in no mood to be here, goes down into the garden to watch the party from outside.]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up, And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

ROMEO: [Watching Juliet dance] What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand of yonder knight?

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear; Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. [Juliet, more than a little overwhelmed by meeting her prospective husband, finally excuses herself and wanders outside. She finds Romeo in the garden. He bows and smiles charmingly, and she listens to a moment's impulse and accepts his unspoken invitation to dance with him in the garden below. All this flirtation takes place during Tybalt's quarrel with Capulet.]

TYBALT: This, by his voice, should be a Montague.

[to Gregory] Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, To flear and scorn at our solemnity?

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

CAP Why, how now, Tybalt! wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT Lady, 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; He bears him like a courtly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:

I would not for the wealth of all the town Here in my house do him disparagement:

Therefore be patient, take no note of him: 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 [Showing us a little of the steel beneath the easy and open jocular] He shall be endured:

What, Goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to; Am I the master here, or you? go to.

You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul! You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

You will set cock-a-hoop! [Sneering, quiet irony] you'll be the man.

TYBALT: [Furious] Why, lady, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?

You are a princely; go: Be quiet, or I'll make you quiet.

[Tybalt has a momentary struggle with his pride, and gives her a curt, brief nod of acquiescence. She's got the money, she's got the power, and he can't afford to defy her openly. She moves off upstage to play hostess, satisfied with his apparent submission.]

TYBALT Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting makes my flesh tremble in their indifferent greeting. I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.[Exit 8]

ROMEO [To JUL, in the bottom stage garden, softly, holding one of her hands in his and slowly tracing her fingers] If I profane with my unworthiest hand this holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss. [Kisses the palm of her hand, testing the waters to see how she'll react.]

JULIET [Coily; she's waited her whole life to be wooed this way, dreamed of what it would be like, and it's every bit as wonderful as she imagined] 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 prayers' sake

ROMEO: Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take. [Kisses her] Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

JULIET Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO: Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again. [They kiss again, heedless of the risks.]

JULIET [Breathlessly, teasing him into more] You kiss by the book.

NURSE [Leans out over the balcony, startling them] Madam, your mother craves a word with you. [Juliet nods and runs off, flustered and suddenly remembering to be afraid of the fact that her mother may have seen her being kissed by a stranger in the garden. In the background on the upper stage, Capulet introduces her daughter to Paris. The Nurse eyes Romeo suspiciously, wondering whether or not she should be taking him to task for molesting her young charge. Romeo hesitates for an instant, and decides to take the risk of fishing for information about Juliet.]

ROMEO What is her mother?

NURSE: [Relaxing visibly at what she takes for a statement of honorable intention] 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 talk'd withal; I tell you, he that can lay hold of her Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO: [Stunned, quietly] Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

BENVOLIO [Who's been keeping a subtle eye on Romeo, and decided that this is a good time to pull them all out] Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

ROMEO Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
[Exeunt the Montagues 7, Juliet breaks free of her mother as quickly as she can and heads back out to the garden. She sees Romeo leaving, and casts quickly around for the Nurse, knowing she'll be noticed if she runs after him herself.]

JULIET What's he that follows there? Go ask his name: if he be married
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE [Cautiously; she knew who Romeo was] His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET [The sweetest night of her life spoiling in an instant] My only love sprung from my only hate!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE: What's this?

JULIET [Bitterly] A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal.

BLACKOUT, Exit guests, clear out the party, change back to street scene/orchard setup.

ACT II PROLOGUE [Enter BENVOLIO, from 8]

BENVOLIO: Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike betwitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

BLACKOUT

ACT II SCENE I A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

[Enter ROMEO from 7]

ROMEO: Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[He moves silently through the garden, and slips into a hiding spot behind the audience barrier, 6.]

[Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO, drunk, from 7.]

BENVOLIO Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

MERCUTIO He is wise;

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

BENV He ran this way, and leap'd 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';
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!
 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 Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
 To be consoorted with the humorous night:
 Blind is his love and best befits the dark.
 MERCUTIO If love be blind, love cannot hit the
 mark. Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
 Come, shall we go?
 BENVOLIO: Go, then; for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here that means not to be found.

ACT II SCENE II. Capulet's orchard. [Enter ROMEO]

ROMEO: She jests at scars that never felt a wound.
 [JULIET appears above at a window]
 But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
 It is my lady, O, it is my love!
 O, that she knew she were!
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright
 That birds would sing and think it were not night.
 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
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
 Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
 ROM [Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
 JULIET 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes
 Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
 And for that name which is no part of thee
 Take all myself.
 ROMEO: I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
 JULIET What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night so
 stumblest on my counsel?
 ROMEO: By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am:
 my name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee.
 JULIET My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
 Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?
 ROMEO: Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
 JULIET How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
 The orchard walls are high and hard to climb, and the place
 death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
 ROM With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
 for stony limits cannot hold love out,
 And what love can do that dares love attempt;
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
 JULIET If they 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: I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
 and but thou love me, let them find me here:
 My life were better ended by their hate,
 Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
 JULIET By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
 ROMEO: [Climbs up to the balcony] By love, who first did
 prompt me to inquire;
 He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
 I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
 As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandise. [Kisses her]
 JULIET [Awkward and embarrassed as any teenager would
 be] Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
[She means to turn that into a bit of a joke, but doesn't
succeed; her heart is in her eyes, and she finally
abandons all pretense as he kisses her again.] 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; at lovers' perjuries
Then say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
[Romeo kisses her again, and after a moment she
breaks the kiss and drops back to teasing him; it's
safer.] 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.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
[Laughing] I should have been more strange, I must
confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
ROMEO: Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops--
JULIET O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon, that monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
ROMEO What shall I swear by?
JULIET Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
ROMEO If my heart's dear love--
JULIET Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' [They kiss again, long and
sweetly, and Juliet finally collects herself long enough
to remember that her mother and her Nurse could catch
them at any moment.]
Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!
ROMEO O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
[Trails kisses down her throat.]
JULIET What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
ROM The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
mine.
JULIET I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:

And yet I would it were to give again.
ROM Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
JULIET But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. [She runs a hand
through his hair, memorizing every line of his face, locking
it safely into her memory. They kiss again, and are startled
apart by the Nurse. Romeo leaps down off the balcony and
back into the garden.]
NURSE: [calls from within] Juliet!
JULIET: I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.[Juliet exits hastily]
ROMEO: O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard.
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.
[Re-enter JULIET, above]
JUL 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 [Within, unseen] Madam!
JULIET I come, anon.--But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee--
NURSE [Within] Madam!
JULIET By and by, I come:--
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
ROMEO So thrive my soul--
JULIET A thousand times good night! [begins to exit 7]
ROMEO: A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
[Looks for a moment at the place where she was standing,
collects his wits and starts to sneak off DC. Re-enter
JULIET, above.]
JULIET Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
ROMEO: It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
JULIET Romeo!
ROMEO My dear? [The words are a little
awkward on his tongue, a little old-fashioned; he tries it on
as a name for her, and isn't sure himself if it quite fits.]
JULIET At what o'clock to-morrow shall I send to thee?
ROMEO At the hour of nine.
JULIET I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
ROMEO: [Climbing again] Let me stand here till thou
remember it. [Kisses her]
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:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
ROMEO I would I were thy bird.
JULIET Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [Romeo,
with a last lingering kiss, climbs back down into the
garden. Juliet disappears back into the house. Romeo,
unable to help himself, turns for a brief moment and
drinks in the sight of the balcony.]
ROM Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast! Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to
rest! [Turning to leave at last] Hence will I to my
ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

BLACKOUT, SCENE CHANGE. Friar Laurence's cell.

ACT II SCENE III Friar Laurence's cell.
[Enter ROMEO from 4]
ROMEO Good morrow, father.
FRIAR LAURENCE [Startled; he's been tending
his plants] Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
ROMEO: That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
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.
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:
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 combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
FRIAR [Disbelieving] Holy Saint Francis, what a
change is here!

Is Rosaline, whom 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!
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
ROMEO: Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
FRIAR LAURENCE: For doting, not for loving, pupil
mine.
ROMEO And bad'st me bury love.
FRIAR LAURENCE: Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
ROMEO: I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
FRIAR LAURENCE O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and 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 households' rancour to pure love.
ROMEO: O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.
FRIAR Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

BLACKOUT. SCENE CHANGE. Street scene.

ACT II SCENE IV [Enter BENVOLIO, MERCUTIO from
2]
MERCUTIO Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?
BENVOLIO Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.
MERCUTIO [Sitting on center bench, her head in his
lap] Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
BENVOLIO Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
MERCUTIO A challenge, on my life.
BENVOLIO Romeo will answer it.
MERCUTIO Any man that can write may answer a letter.
Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a white
wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song;
the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-
shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
BENVOLIO [Sardonic and disdainful] Why, what is
Tybalt?
MERCUTIO More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he
is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you
sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests
me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom:
the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a
gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second
cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!
BENVOLIO The what?

MERCUTIO The pox of such antic, lipping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdonami's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

[Enter ROMEO from 6]

BENVOLIO Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERC Without his roe, like a dried herring: [sniffing the air around him as he comes up the steps] flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

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

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

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

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

ROMEO Meaning, to court'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. [Flower, in this case, being an image for a woman's genitalia.]

MERCUTIO Right. [Amused and suspicious; has a sense of what he's getting at]

ROMEO: [Grabs her playfully and grinds his crotch into her] Why, then is my pump well flowered.

MERC [Laughing, shocked and delighted to see him playing at last] Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

ROMEO: And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

MERC 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 natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

BENVOLIO: [Laughing, but that is entirely too much information] Stop there, stop there.

MERCUTIO: [Wrapping herself around Benvolio] Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BENVOLIO: [Joining in the innuendo] Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

ROMEO: Here's goodly gear! [Enter NURSE from 8]

MERCUTIO A sail, a sail!

NURSE Give ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE Is it good den?

MERC 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon. [Grabs Benvolio's crotch, hoping to shock a reaction out of the Nurse.]

NURSE [Offended] Out upon you! what a woman are you! [Mercutio and Benvolio fall apart laughing, leaving Romeo the unenviable task of diplomacy.]

ROM One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for herself to mar.

NURSE [Archly] By my troth, it is well said; 'for herself to mar, 'quoth he'? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

ROMEO: I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

NURSE [Mollified and impressed] You say well.

MERCUTIO Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

NURSE If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you
BENVOLIO [Howling, remembering the results of the last supper Romeo was invited to] She will invite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO [Almost unable to breathe with laughter, rolling around on the ground] A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! so ho! [Crawls on top of Benvolio and mimes having sex with him, which only makes them both laugh harder.]

ROMEO: [Stoutly trying to ignore the antics of his friends] What hast thou found?

MERC [Turning and considering the Nurse's crotch pointedly] No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

[Sings] An old hare hoar,

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent

But a hare that is hoar

Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.

[Ironically, teasing Romeo] Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner, thither. [Oh, yeah, that's great news...]

ROMEO: [Resigned; anything to get rid of them] I will follow you.

MERCUTIO Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [Singing] 'lady, lady, lady.'

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO, laughing]

NURSE Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of her ropery?

ROM A lady, nurse, that loves to hear herself talk, and will speak more in a minute than she will stand to in a month.

NURSE [Feistier now that Mercutio is gone] An she speak any thing against me, I'll take her down, an she were lustier than she is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall.

Scurvy wretch! I am none of her flirt-gills; I am none of her skains-mates. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. [Collecting herself at last] Pray you, sir, a word and as I told you, my young lady bade

me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, 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 [Cheerfully; relieved. Boy, sure didn't take much to convince her...] Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

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 gentlemanlike offer.

ROMEO Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon; and there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

NURSE No truly sir; not a penny.

ROMEO Go to; I say you shall. [The Nurse gets a good look at the denomination and hastily changes her mind and pockets it.]

NURSE This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

ROMEO: And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall: within this hour my man shall be with thee And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair; Which to the high top-gallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:

Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

ROMEO What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

NURSE Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

ROMEO: I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

NURSE Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady-- Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing:--O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world.

ROMEO Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE [Squeezing his arm affectionately] Ay, a thousand times. [Exit Nurse from 1.]

BLACKOUT, SCENE CHANGE. Juliet's bedroom.

ACT II SCENE V. Capulet's orchard. [Enter JULIET]

JULIET [Agitated; pacing] The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse; In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts, Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, Driving back shadows over loursing hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

O God, she comes! [Enter NURSE from 3, out of breath.]

O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? [Nurse collapses into a chair, gasping]

Now good sweet nurse--

O Lord why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE [Teasing her unmercifully, holding the delicious news back for a few moments] I am a-weary, give me leave awhile: Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

JULIET I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JUL 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;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

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.

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! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,--O, my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

JULIET [Plaintively, trying to hold on to some shred of patience] 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! why, she is within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!

'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

Where is your mother?'

NURSE O God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

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

NURSE [Shrewdly] Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

JULIET I have.

NURSE Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife: [Juliet
squeals like a game show winner, and she and the
Nurse fall happily into each other's arms]

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

JULIET Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.
[Gives her a quick affectionate kiss on the cheek and
runs out to meet Romeo, exiting 3. The Nurse sighs,
shakes her head and smiles indulgently after her.]

BLACKOUT, SCENE CHANGE. Bench for Friar
Laurence's cell.

ACT II SCENE VI Friar Laurence's cell.

[Friar Laurence discovered alone onstage, praying.]

FRIAR So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not! [Enter
Romeo, Aabraham, Benvolio and Mercutio, from 4.]

ROMEO: Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine. [While Romeo is
talking to Laurence, his friends take up a defensive
perimeter around the room, half-expecting to be
attacked by Capulets at any moment.]

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:

[Enter JULIET from 4. Mercutio pulls a gun on her,
then lowers it sheepishly as she realizes who just
walked in.]

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:

A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

JULIET [Her eyes never leaving Romeo's; for them,
there's no one else in the room] Good even to my
ghostly confessor.

FRIAR Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

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

FRIAR [Coming between the two of them, hastily]

Come, come with me and we will make short work.
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone

Till holy church incorporate two in one.

DIM LIGHTS TO HALF, SPECIAL ON CENTER
[Pantomime the wedding scene, on the dais if possible]

BLACKOUT, SCENE CHANGE: Street scene.

ACT III SCENE I A public place.

[Discover MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO sitting on the steps,
Mercutio's head cradled in Benvolio's lap. There's a half
empty bottle of vodka close at hand. A homeless woman
begs them for money. Benvolio, soft touch that he is, gives
her some, and Mercutio passes her the bottle. She takes a
long drink, hands it back and wanders upstage. Sampson
and Gregory enter from 6, notice Benvolio and Mercutio,
and alter their course to exit 7.]

BENV I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,

And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERC Thou art like one of those 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!'

BENVOLIO Am I like such a fellow?

MERC Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as
any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon
moody to be moved.

BENVOLIO And what to?

MERC [Affectionately] Nay an there were two such we
should have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair
more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt
quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason
but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye
would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels
as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten
as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with
a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened
thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall
out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter?
with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and
yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BENV An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man
should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a
quarter.

MERCUTIO: [Teasing] The fee-simple! O simple!
[Benvolio is trying to decide whether or not he feels like
quarreling or laughing, somewhere between tenderness and
exasperation when he notices TYBALT, SAMPSON and
GREGORY entering from 7.]

BENVOLIO By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERC By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT: Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

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

MERC And but one word with one of us? couple it with
something; make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT: You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

MERC [Climbing to her feet angrily and confronting Tybalt on the lower stage] Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

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

MERC [Letting the jacket slide off her shoulders in preparation for a fight] Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze; I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

[Enter ROMEO and ABRAHAM, from 2.]

TYB [Ironically] Well, peace be with you, lady: here comes my man. [Brushes past her to join Romeo on the upper stage.] Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford no better term than this,--thou art a villain.

ROMEO: [Instantly angry, but remembers Juliet and collects himself] Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting: villain am I none;

Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not. [Begins to walk past him and continue on his way; Tybalt blocks him.]

TYBALT: Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw

ROMEO: [Determined to be calm] I do protest, I never injured thee, but love thee better than thou canst devise,

Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:

And so, good Capulet,--which name I tender

As dearly as my own,--be satisfied.

MERC O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alla stoccata carries it away. [Draws]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT What wouldst thou have with me?

MERC Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and as you shall use me hereafter, drybeat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYBALT I am for you. [Draws his sword as Mercutio joins him on the upper stage]

ROMEO Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO Come, sir, your passado. [They fight. It begins as a test of skill, and the two are very evenly matched. Tybalt, being sober, has the slight upper hand, and while he fights with meticulous and deadly precision, Mercutio fights with passion and aggression. Each of them gets in one or two good hits, and finally Mercutio breaks through Tybalt's guard and deals a

ssevere wound. The pain enrages Tybalt, and the combat turns deadly. Romeo has the sense to panic at this; one of them is going to kill the other if he stands there and does nothing.]

ROMEO Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons. Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[TYBALT gives in to a furious impulse he regrets even as the blow falls; he takes advantage of Romeo's cover to stab Mercutio. He realizes what a deadly mistake it is for him to kill the prince's cousin even as the blow lands. He pales, backs away and moves quickly to the DC exit, Sampson and Gregory hot on his heels. Abraham runs in the opposite direction for help.]

MERCUTIO I am hurt.

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

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO: [In shock and denial, waiting for the punchline; this has to be one of Mercutio's jokes] What, art thou hurt?

MERC Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

[Starts to reel, and Benvolio catches her and props her up.]

ROMEO: [As far gone in denial as Benvolio] Courage; the hurt cannot be much.

MERC [Turning to reveal the knife wound] No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave woman. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!

They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,

And soundly too: your houses!

[Mercutio leans heavily on Benvolio as they stagger towards 8, then collapses in his arms. He lowers her gently to the stage, checks for a pulse, finds none, grieves.]

ROMEO: Mercutio, the prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got her mortal hurt

In my behalf; my reputation stain'd

With Tybalt's slander,--Tybalt, that an hour

Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate

And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

BENV O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROM This day's black fate on more days doth depend;

This but begins the woe, others must end.

[Tybalt reenters from 7, realizing his only chance to stay in Verona is to kill both Romeo and Benvolio.]

BENVOLIO Here comes the furious Tybalt back again. [Surges to his feet, wanting to kill Tybalt himself. Romeo warns him back; he has lost his honor, and killing Tybalt is his one chance of recovering it. After a brief inner struggle, Benvolio agrees to let Romeo have the first crack at him.]

ROMEO: Alive, 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 her company:

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with her!

TYB Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort her here,
Shall with her hence!

ROM This shall determine that. [They fight. This one is brutal; Romeo doesn't care how many hits he takes as long as he can slice through Tybalt's defenses. Tybalt is the better technical fighter, but his exacting style of fencing doesn't cope well with an opponent so set on killing that he doesn't care if he dies in the process. Towards the end of the fight Romeo loses his sword and stumbles backward onto the stair. Tybalt hesitates a moment too long in delivering the blow that will finish him. Romeo draws a knife from his boot, uses his shield arm to take the cut of Tybalt's sword, and stabs him. Sampson and Gregory consider trying to collect Tybalt, but decide to run for reinforcements instead. Romeo stabs Tybalt several times in a sweeping rage, and Benvolio finally grabs his arm and stops him. Shouts from offstage of the coming crowd.]

BENVOLIO Romeo, away, be gone!

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

ROMEO O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO [Shoving him towards the exit] Why dost thou stay? [Exit ROMEO from 6. Benvolio returns to Mercutio's body.]

[Enter Citizens, &c]

MONTAGUE [Entering from 2] Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO There lies that Tybalt.

MONTAGUE Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

[Enter PRINCE, from 1, CAPULET, from 4, and others]

PRINCE [furious] Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

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

LADY CAP [Weeping hysterically, alternating between grief and rage] Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
O my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague!
O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENV Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
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 entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
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: Some twenty
of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life!

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?

MONT 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's found, that hour is his last.

Bear hence this body and attend our will:

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [Lady
Capulet kisses Tybalt goodbye. She's incoherent with grief.
Benvolio's grief is quieter, but more deeply felt.]

BLACKOUT

INTERMISSION

SCENE CHANGE. Juliet's bedroom.

ACT III SCENE II Capulet's orchard. [Enter JULIET]

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

[Enter Nurse. She is distraught.]

Now, nurse, what news? [Getting a really good look at her, and realizing there's something very, very wrong – Nurse leaves the balcony and enters the room, Juliet follows her.] Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE: Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead! We are undone, lady, we are undone!

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, 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 roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself?

NURSE I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,--
God save the mark!--here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.

JUL O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

NURSE O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?

My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

JUL [Pause to let the shock settle] O God! did
Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

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

JULIET O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravens lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitae:

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

Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET Blister'd be thy tongue

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

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

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

JULIET Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

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

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

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

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished;'

That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

Where is my mother, nurse?

NURSE Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:

Will you go to her? I will bring you thither.

JUL Wash she his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
when hers are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:

He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE [Suddenly afraid Juliet will kill herself if she doesn't find a way to make things right] Hie to your
chamber: I'll find Romeo

To comfort you: I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
JULIET O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

BLACKOUT, SCENE CHANGE. Friar Laurence's cell.

ACT III SCENE III: Friar Laurence's cell. Romeo is hiding behind the curtains, and has been for about the last hour, shellshocked, grieving and afraid to come out Enter FRIAR]

FRIAR Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man: Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

[Romeo comes out from behind the curtains at 3, shakily.]

ROMEO: Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?

FRIAR A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO: [Dissolving into hysterics] Ha, banishment!
be merciful, say 'death;'

For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

FRIAR Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

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

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then banished,
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd 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: more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives

In carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
But Romeo may not; he is banished:

Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.

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

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;

Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

FRIAR Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

ROMEO: O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR I'll give thee armour to keep off that word:

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

ROMEO: Yet 'banished'? 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 madmen have no ears.

ROMEO How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR LAURENCE: 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, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
and fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Knocking within]

FRIAR Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[Knocking]

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

[Knocking] Run to my study. By and by! God's will,
What simpleness is this! I come, I come! [Knocking]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

NURSE [Entering from 4; Laurence blocks her] Let me
come in, and you shall know

my errand; I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAURENCE Welcome, then. [Laurence
relaxes and lets her into the room.]

NURSE O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,

Where is 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 woful sympathy!

Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.

Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;

ROMEO Nurse!

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

ROMEO Speakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy

With blood removed but little from her own?

Where is she? and how doth she? and what says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

NURSE O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
 And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
 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
 Murder'd her kinsman. *[Rising hysteria; draws his knife]* O, tell me, friar, tell me,
 In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
 The hateful mansion. *[Romeo moves to stab himself, and Laurence takes the knife away.]*
 FRIAR LAURENCE *[Furious]* 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 in a seeming man!
 Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
 Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
 And stay thy lady too that lives in thee,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there are thou happy too:
 The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
 And turns it to exile; *there* art thou happy:
 A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st 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 stay'd here all the night
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
 ROMEO: *[Wearily, but with rising hope]* Do so, and
 bid my sweet prepare to chide.
 NURSE Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. *[Exit 4]*
 ROMEO: 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.
 ROMEO: But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee: Farewell.
[Embraces him and exits 4.]

BLACKOUT, SCENE CHANGE. Bare stage.

ACT III SCENE IV A room in Capulet's house.
[Enter CAPULET and PARIS. Capulet's been drinking, but conceals that even as she conceals the true depth of her grief.]

CAPULET: Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
 That I have had no time to move my 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 to-night:
 I promise you, but for your company,
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
 PARIS These times of woe afford no time to woo.
 Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.
 CAPULET I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
 To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness. 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.
 I'll bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next--
 But, soft! what day is this?
 PARIS Monday, my lady,
 CAPULET: Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
 O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,
 She shall be married to this noble earl.
 Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
 We'll keep no great ado,--a friend or two;
 For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
 PARIS My lady, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.
[The sad part is that he really does. He isn't marrying Juliet for her money or family connections; he's genuinely taken with her beauty, and fancies himself in love with her in exactly the same fashion that Romeo does.]
 CAPULET: Well get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.
[EXIT PARIS]

BLACKOUT, SCENE CHANGE. Juliet's bedroom.

ACT III SCENE V *[Romeo and Juliet are in her bed. Romeo rises and dresses in the half-light.]*
 JULIET Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
 ROMEO: It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
 JULIET Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 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. [Lures
 him back into the bed and kisses him deeply.]
 ROMEO: Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
 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.
 JULIET [Breaking away from him with difficulty] It
 is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
 Some say the lark makes sweet division;
 This doth not so, for she divideth us:
 O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
 ROMEO More light and light; more dark and dark our
 woes!
 NURSE [Calling from offstage] Madam!
 JULIET [Startled, reaches for her nightgown and
 throws it on over her head] 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.
 [They rush out to the balcony]
 ROMEO: Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll
 descend. [He goeth down]
 JULIET Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
 I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
 For in a minute there are many days:
 O, by this count I shall be much in years
 Ere I again behold my Romeo!
 ROMEO Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
 JULIET O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
 ROMEO: I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
 For sweet discourses in our time to come.
 JULIET O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
 Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
 Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
 ROMEO: And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [Exit 7]

LADY CAP [Within] Ho, daughter! are you up?
 [Enter LADY CAPULET from 5]
 LADY CAPULET [Notices her daughter in tears] Why,
 how now, Juliet!
 JULIET Madam, I am not well.
 LADY CAP [Sitting on the bed with her, showing her a
 tenderness she hasn't shown in years] Evermore weeping
 for your cousin's death?
 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
 An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
 Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
 But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
 JULIET Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
 LADY CA Well girl thou weep'st not so much for his death
 As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
 JULIET What villain madam?
 LADY CAPULET That same villain, Romeo.
 JULIET [Aside] Villain and he be many miles asunder.--
 God Pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
 And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
 LADY CAP That is because the traitor murderer lives.
 JULIET Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
 Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!
 LADY CAP [Almost warm and maternal here, but in the
 most frightening possible sense] We will have vengeance
 for it, fear thou not: Then weep no more. [Brushes Juliet's
 hair back with a gentle hand] I'll send to one in Mantua,
 Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
 Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
 And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
 [Striving to lighten the mood] But now I'll tell thee joyful
 tidings, girl.
 JULIET And joy comes well in such a needy time:
 What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
 LADY CAP Well, well, thou hast a careful mother, child;
 One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
 That thou expect'st not nor looked not for.
 JULIET Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
 LADY CAP 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 [Pauses to absorb that, then begins to react with
 rising hysteria] 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 the county, 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!
 CAPULET: [Shock, then growing anger. This woman isn't
 accustomed to being defied. Rises from the bed and circles
 Juliet slowly with the next few lines.]

How! will she none? doth she not give me thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that I have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
JULIET Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you
have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

CAPULET: What is this?

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

[Slaps her, and Juliet falls to her knees and starts
crying. NURSE enters from 3, hearing the shouting,
tries to figure out what she can do to help Juliet.]

JULIET Good mother, 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 o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. I scarce thought me blest
That God had lent me but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that I have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

NURSE God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lady, to rate her so.

CAPULET: And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

NURSE I speak no treason.

CAPULET O, God ye god-den.

NURSE May not one speak?

CAPULET: Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.

[Raving, pacing the chamber] God's bread, it makes
me mad!

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
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.'

But, as you will not wed, I'll pardon you:

[The quality of her anger changes here from storming to
quietly intense] Graze where you will you shall not house
with me: Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

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.

JULIET Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAP [Collecting her dignity and coldness again]

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.[Exit 5]

JULIET O God!--O nurse, how shall this be prevented?

Comfort me, counsel me.

Alack, alack that heaven should practise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE [Pauses for a brief moment, thinking, and then
gives the only advice there seems to be left to give.] Faith,
here it is.

Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman!

Romeo's a dishclout 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 Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE And from my soul too; or else beshrew them both.

JULIET [Quietly but vehemently] Amen!

NURSE What?

JULIET Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in: and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,

To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.[Exit 5]

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.

BLACKOUT, SCENE CHANGE. Friar Laurence's cell

ACT IV SCENE I Friar Laurence's cell.

[Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS from 4]

FRIAR On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

PARIS My lady Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack her haste.

FRIAR : [Moving to his plants, the one thing in the cell that is comforting and truly his] You say you do not know her daughter's mind:

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

PARIS Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

[Paris comes over to admire the plants, not realizing he's intruding in Laurence's most private domain]

Now, sir, her mother counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in great wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR [Aside] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [Enter JULIET from 4, in tears, trying to hold back hysterics. Paris turns, notices her and smiles. Juliet forces her expression into a neutral pleasantness, but the effort is obvious.]

PARIS Happily met, my lady and my wife!

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

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

JULIET What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAURENCE [Aside] That's a certain text.

PARIS Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS Do not deny to him that you love me.

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR 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.[Exit 4]

JULIET [Abandoning the mask she's been wearing for Paris, and dissolving in tears] O shut the door! and when thou hast done so,

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

[Collapses on the altar]

FRIAR [Joining her there and putting a comforting arm around her] Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

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

JULIET Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st 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.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution.

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

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 copes with death himself to scape from it:

And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy. [Moves to the herb garden and starts rummaging through his distillations.]

JULIET O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower;

Or bid me go into a new-made grave

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;

Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,

To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off;

When presently through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse

Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now, when the 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 uncover'd 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!

FRIAR Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.
JUL Love give me strength! and strength shall help
afford. Farewell, dear father!

BLACKOUT, SCENE CHANGE. Chez the Capulets.

ACT IV SCENE II Hall in Capulet's
house.[Enter CAPULET, NURSE, SAMPSON,
GREGORY. Capulet is all business, throwing all her
nervous energy into preparations for her daughter's
wedding.]

CAPULET: So many guests invite as here are writ.
And go hire me twenty cunning cooks. [EXIT
GREGORY from 8] We shall be much unfurnished
for this time. What, is my daughter gone to Friar
Laurence?

NURSE Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET: Well, he may chance to do some good on
her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

NURSE See where she comes from shrift with merry
look.

[Enter JULIET from 6]

CAPULET: How now, my headstrong! where have
you been gadding?

JULIET Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET: Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning. [EXIT
SAMPSON from 8]

Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,

Our whole city is much bound to him.

JULIET Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

CAP Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-
morrow. [Exeunt JULIET and NURSE, 6] All things
shall be well, I warrant me: my heart is wondrous light,
since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [Exit 7]

BLACKOUT

ACT IV SCENE III Juliet's chamber. [Discover
JULIET, NURSE upper stage center. The Nurse is
fussing lovingly with Juliet's gown, laying it over the
chair. Unable to resist, she picks up the veil and puts it
on Juliet. Juliet shrugs it off again.]

JULIET Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night,

For I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,

Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of sin.

[Enter LADY CAPULET from 3]

LADY CAP What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

JULIET [Fingering the wedding gown, unable to meet her
mother's eyes] No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you;

For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,

In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET [Touching Juliet's face, trying for the
closeness that's never been there] Good night:

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

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse, 3. Lady Capulet
looks back to see if she can get her daughter to look at her,
but Juliet doesn't look up until her mother's back is turned.]

JULIET Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me:

Nurse! What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She falls upon her bed, within the curtains]

ACT IV SCENE V Juliet's chamber. [Enter NURSE from
3]

NURSE Mistress! what, mistress!

Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!

Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!

[Moves to chair and starts preparing the wedding clothes,
talking over her shoulder to Juliet] Sleep for a week; for the
next night, I warrant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,

Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!

I must needs wake her. [Going back to the bed] Madam,
madam, madam!

[Undraws the curtains]

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you; Lady! lady!

Help, help! my lady's dead!

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!

Some aqua vitae, ho! My lady!

[Enter LADY CAPULET from 3]

LADY CAPULET What noise is this?

NURSE O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET What is the matter?

NURSE Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET: O me, O me! My child, my only life,
revive, look up, or I will die with thee!

Help, help! Call help!

NURSE [Moving to the chair, sinking into it, holding the wedding dress and rocking back and forth in her grief] She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!
CAP Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

[Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, PARIS from 3]

FRIAR Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET Ready to go, but never to return.

O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

PARIS Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

FRIAR [to PARIS] Sir, go you in; and, madam, go
with him; every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave:

The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;

Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[Exeunt CAPULET, supported by PARIS. The Friar stays to check Juliet's pulse, and notices the Nurse for the first time as she climbs to her feet and comes to stand by Juliet's body. She sinks down onto the bed, sobbing, and the Friar holds her and comforts her.]

BLACKOUT, SCENE CHANGE. Street, bare stage.

ACT V SCENE I Mantua. A street. [Discover ROMEO sitting on stairs]

ROMEO: If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

[Enter BENVOLIO from 8. Romeo is instantly cheerful, jumps up and hugs Benvolio. He draws back and holds him by the shoulders as he shoots questions about home at him, rapid fire in his enthusiasm.]

News from Verona!--How now, Benvolio!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BENVOLIO [Slowly, heavily; these are the hardest words he's ever had to say to anyone] Then she is ill,
and nothing can be well:

Her body sleeps in Capel's 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: [Pause to let the shock settle in; his first thought after that is suicide.] Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!

Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

BENVOLIO I do beseech you, coz, have patience:

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure. [Knows Romeo well enough to know exactly what he's thinking, and he's absolutely right.]

ROMEO Tush, thou art deceived:

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BENVOLIO No, my good coz.

ROMEO: No matter: get thee gone,

And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit BEN from 8] Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

BLACKOUT. Keep street set.

ACT V SCENE II Just outside Friar Laurence's cell. Enter ABRAHAM from 4

ABRAHAM Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

[Enter FRIAR LAURENCE from 1]

LAURENCE This same should be the voice of Abraham.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

ABRAHAM The searchers of the town,

Suspecting that I rested in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

Seal'd up the doors, and would not let me forth;

So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

FRIAR LAURENCE Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

ABRAHAM I could not send it,--here it is again,--

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearful were they of infection.

LAURENCE 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. Abraham, go hence;

Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight

Unto my cell.

ABRAHAM Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit 4]

FRIAR LAURENCE Now must I to the monument
alone;

Within three hours will fair Juliet wake:

She will beshrew me much that Romeo

Hath had no notice of these accidents;

But I will write again to Mantua,

And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;

Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! [Exit 7]

BLACKOUT, SCENE CHANGE: Crypt.

ACT V SCENE III Churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to Capulets.]

[Enter ROMEO and BENVOLIO, with a flashlight]

ROMEO: Hold, take this letter; early in the morning See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

BENVOLIO [Knows what Romeo intends, and it grieves him, but doesn't try to argue him out of it. A last gift, for friendship's sake.] I will be gone, coz, and not trouble you.

ROM So shalt thou show me friendship. [Hands him a ring] Take thou that: Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow. [BENVOLIO embraces him tearfully and exits]

ROMEOTHou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
[Draws back the curtain]

O my love, my wife,
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? 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;
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Thou desperat pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!

Here's to my love! [Drinks] Thus with a kiss I die. [Dies]
JULIET [Waking, dreamily] Where is my Romeo? [Comes to and finds his body on the bier with her. She smiles, and then reacts with horror when she realizes he isn't breathing. Take the time to make it real. After the initial hysteria passes, she searches the body tenderly, almost blinded by tears, using her hands to see for her. She wants to know exactly how he did it, so she can follow him.]

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him]
Thy lips are warm. [She's about to dissolve into tears again at that when she hears a voice, is startled, and suddenly filled with a terrible resolve.]

FRIAR [Within] Lead, Benvolio: which way?

JULIET Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[Snatches ROMEO's dagger] This is thy sheath;
[Stabs herself] there rust, and let me die.

[Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies. The Friar and Benvolio enter from 7. Benvolio, already knowing what he's going to find there, collapses on the steps and can't make himself move another inch. The Friar finds the bodies and reacts.]

BLACKOUT

FUNERAL SCENE: the bodies of Romeo and Juliet, decked out in flowers on an open bier. The surviving Capulets and Montagues surround the bier, grieving.

LADY CAPULET: O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
that warns my old age to a sepulchre.

PRINCE: Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.

And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

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 while 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!

[They shake hands and embrace, and then move to the head of the bier to say their farewells to their children. The Friar gives the bodies of Romeo and Juliet a final, silent blessing and looks around at the assembly. The Prince glares at him; it's clear to him that this is at least partially the Friar's fault. Laurence breaks down and sobs, but the Prince has no forgiveness left to give him. Not now. He leads the

procession out, downstage center, through the audience. Capulet and Montague walk side by side, not talking, but oddly comforted by each other's company. The mourners file out, leaving Laurence, Benvolio and the Nurse. Laurence is shattered, badly in need of the comfort he's always offered freely to anyone who needed it. The Nurse embraces him, and with a last look at the bodies of their charges, they follow the rest of the funeral procession out. Benvolio is left alone on the stage.]

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

BLACKOUT

CURTAIN CALL