

ROMEO & JULIET

By William Shakespeare

Adapted and edited for TNT theatre

ROMEO AND JULIET Jan 2014 working version

(Violence as Chorus speaks):

CHORUS:

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

M1: Non Nobis **cued by Richard C.**

ALL SING: (*DEATH moves across stage*)

Non nobis Domine, non nobis
sed nomine tuo da gloriam
sed nomine tuo da gloriam
Non nobis Domine

SAMPSON

I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY (woman):

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON

A dog of the house of Montague shall move me.

GREGORY

'Tis well thou draw thy tool! here comes
one of the house of the Montagues.

SAMPSON

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!

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at him; which is a disgrace to them, if they 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?

SAMPSON

Is the law of our side, if I say aye?

GREGORY

No.

SAMPSON

No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.
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! *They fight Enter BENVOLIO*

BENVOLIO

Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.
Beats down their swords
Enter TYBALT

TYBALT

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

BENVOLIO

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

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward!
M3: *They fight* Lyk as the dum, version 2

CAPULET

What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!
My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.
Enter MONTAGUE

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet,-- *(They fight with long swords)* **cue by**
Gigi

M4, Fanfare Enter PRINCE,

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--
Will they not hear? 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,
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.

M5 Short Fanfare

Cue: Gigi

Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, Benvolio

MONTAGUE

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

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,
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

We neither know it nor can learn of him.
Enter ROMEO

BENVOLIO

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

BENVOLIO

Good-morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

In love?

ROMEO

Out--

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

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 any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire,
sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
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

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,

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think.

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
Exeunt

SCENE II. Enter CAPULET, PARIS *they spy on Juliet*

CAPULET

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

PARIS

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

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

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.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Come, go with me. **M7 Frog Galliard, fast.** Cued by Tally **Cut on**
Cue!
To Servant, giving a paper
Potpan! 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

Servant

I am sent before to find those persons whose names are here
writ, and can never find what names the writing
person hath here writ. I must to the learned.--In good time.
Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

BENVOLIO

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--God-den, good fellow.

Servant

God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Servant

But, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Servant

Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

ROMEO

Stay, fellow; I can read.

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 his brother Valentine; my fair niece
Rosaline; Signior Valentio and his cousin
Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.' A fair
assembly: whither should they come?

Servant

Up.

ROMEO

Whither?

Servant

To supper; to our house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

Servant

My master's.

ROMEO

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

Servant

Now I'll tell you without asking: my master 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

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps 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

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

SCENE III. A room in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse

CAPULET

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

NURSE

Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, ladybird!
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!
Enter JULIET

JULIET

How now! who calls?

NURSE

Your father.

JULIET

My Lord, I am here.
What is your will?

CAPULET

This is the matter: -Nurse,
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

NURSE

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,--
And yet, to my teeth be it spoken, I have but four--
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

CAPULET

A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE

Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
That shall she, marry; Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I

nursed:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

CAPULET
Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I wish to talk of. 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.

CAPULET

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

NURSE

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

CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

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

CAPULET

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

CAPULET

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Servant *Enter a Servant*

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

CAPULET

Juliet, the young man stays.

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

M8, Merula pizzicato Cued by R.C.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Garden of statues – M6

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO

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.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

A torch for me: let dancers light of heart
Tickle the senseless carpets with their heels,
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

MERCUTIO

Come, we burn daylight, ho!

ROMEO

Nay, that's not so.

MERCUTIO I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dream'd a dream to-night. **M9: Queen Mab**

Cued by Tally

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife that gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom 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. (*He stamps on the light perhaps*).

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 **aim to end of music here.**

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.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO **M10 glass harmonics** **cued by Tally as he exits.**

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.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

M11: Agreers **cued by Tally**

SCENE V. A hall in Capulet's house. (Agreers for scene changeM11)

Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house,

CAPULET

Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a dance 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! I have seen the day
That I have worn a mask and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! come, musicians, play. **M12(Corranto)**
cued by tally.segued Celeste Giglio
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

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

ROMEO

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.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT

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

CAPULET

Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe.

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
To say the truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT

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

CAPULET (*He speaks sweetly but is physically violent to Thybalt*).

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! you'll be the man!

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET

Go to, go to; Is't so, indeed?
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or- For shame! I'll make you quiet.
What, cheerly, my hearts! **M13: Can she excuse my wrongs**
(DANCE)

ROMEO

If I profane with my unworhiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

NURSE

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

ROMEO

What is her mother?

NURSE

Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO

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

CAPULET

Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.
By my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest.

Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse

JULIET

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

NURSE

Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.

JULIET

Who's he that follows there, that would not dance?

NURSE

I know not.

JULIET

Go ask his name: if he be married.
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

What's this? what's this?

JULIET

A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal.

CAPULET

Nurse!

NURSE

Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it

ACT II
SCENE I. Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO wandering among statues – he hears Mercutio and hides)
Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

BENVOLIO

He ran this way & leapt this orchard wall
Call good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I'll conjure to: Romeo! Humours! Madmen! Passion! Lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sign
Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.

BENVOLIO

Romeo! My cousin Romeo!

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too wet for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?
Exeunt

SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.

*Enter ROMEO he plays music M10 – the statues then move forward
taking up the theme to create a balcony.*

ROMEO

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:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
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!

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO

[Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords:

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

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.

JULIET

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
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.

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 in this contract to-night:
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JULIET

But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

Nurse calls within

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

Exit, above

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

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
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] 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!
Exit, above

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Retiring Re-enter JULIET, above

JULIET

Hist! Romeo!

ROMEO

My dear?

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

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

FRIAR LAURENCE

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:
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 LAURENCE

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:

FRIAR LAURENCE

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;
this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? 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

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 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' hatred to pure love.

ROMEO

O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt **M16: Soltarello**

SCENE IV. (*A café*)

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

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

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

Why, what is Tybalt?

Music ends here.

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, lispings, affecting
fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu,
a very good blade! a very hard man! a very good
whore!

Enter ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Without his roe, 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?

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Meaning, to 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.

MERCUTIO

Right.

ROMEO

Why, then is my pump well flowered. (*sexual*)

MERCUTIO

Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

ROMEO

O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness.

MERCUTIO (*possible cuts in banter after this call for intervention*)

Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

ROMEO

Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

MERCUTIO

I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROMEO

Nay, good goose, bite not.

MERCUTIO

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?

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

Stop there, stop there.

MERCUTIO

Thou desirest me to stop in my tale?

ROMEO

Here's goodly gear! *Enter Nurse and Peter Potpan*

MERCUTIO

A sail, a sail!

NURSE

My fan!

MERCUTIO

To hide her face; for her fan's the
fairer face.

NURSE

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE

Is it good den?

MERCUTIO

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

NURSE

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

ROMEO

I 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

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

BENVOLIO

She will indite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO

A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! so ho!

ROMEO

What hast thou found?

MERCUTIO

No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie,
that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

M16a: Hare Hoar cannon.

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.

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

ROMEO

I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,
Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

NURSE

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

ROMEO

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

NURSE

An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; And if I cannot I'll find someone who can, God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! 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.

ROMEO

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee--

NURSE

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

NURSE

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

ROMEO

Farewell; commend me to thy lady.

NURSE

Ay, a thousand times. Peter!!!

M17: Go from my window, (harpichord solo)

Cued by D.C.

Exeunt & scene change

SCENE V. Capulet's orchard.

Enter JULIET

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine to twelve

Is three long hours – yet she is not come.

O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse

O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him?

Note: End music

JULIET

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

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
Is thy news good, or bad?:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

NURSE

Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not
how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his
face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels
all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,
though they be not to be talked on, yet they are
past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy,
but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy
ways, wench; serve God.

JULIET

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

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!

NURSE

O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE

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

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' church;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
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 church.

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.
Exeunt **M18: Hosanna (Palestrina)** Cued by D.C.

SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

These violent delights have violent ends
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Enter JULIET
Here comes the lady.

JULIET

Good even to my holy confessor.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. (*They enter in the Church and the curtains are closed on them*).

Exeunt

ACT III **M19: Death.** Cued by Richard Croughan (after Laurence leaves)

SCENE I. A public place. M17

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO,

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

By my head, here come the Capulets. **M20: hammer blow** Cued
by Tally.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.
Enter TYBALT –

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

MERCUTIO

Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? 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!

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,--thou art a villain.

ROMEO

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

TYBALT

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries **M21: hammer 2**
Cued by Tally
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO

I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:

And so, good Capulet,--which name I tender
As dearly as my own,--be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away.
Draws Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives; that I mean to make bold withal, 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. *Drawing*

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy weapon up.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your passado.

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! **M22: Lyk as the Dum + Multiplex (31") Cued by Tally**
good Mercutio!
TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs MERCUTIO

MERCUTIO

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

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. 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!

Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses!
Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

ROMEO

My very friend, hath got his 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!
Re-enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

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

Re-enter TYBALT

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

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

This shall determine that. **M23: Hammer fight music (48")** Cued by Gigi.
They fight; TYBALT falls

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!
As Romeo flees Death enters from the house where Mercutio died and
bows. Blackout end music - interval.

_____**INTERVAL**_____

PART TWO

M25: Quen a Omagen Virgen (also sung & tambourines) Cued by
Gigi.

CHORUS

Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he? *(repeated as necessary)*
(M25): Fanfare Enter Prince, attended on high; MONTAGUE,
CAPULET

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fight?

MONTAGUE

There lies the man.

CAPULET

Slain by young Romeo.

MONTAGUE

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin!
Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

PRINCE

Who began this bloody fray?

MONTAGUE

Tybalt, here slain

CAPULET

Whom Romeo's hand did slay;

CAPULET

I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRINCE

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

MONTAGUE

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

PRINCE

And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
Bear hence this body and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
M26: Fanfare Cued by R. Ede Exeunt

SCENE II.

Enter JULIET **(M26): Queen Mab**

JULIET

Gallop apace you fiery footed steeds
And bring in cloudy night immedietly
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
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, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day

Enter Nurse, with cords (By now on her entrance the stars are fixed in the firmament behind or above Juliet).
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE (*enters*)

Ay, ay, the cords.

JULIET

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?
If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

NURSE

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,--
God save the mark!
A piteous corpse, a bloody piteous corpse;
All bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.

JULIET

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

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?

NURSE

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

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

JULIET

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-ravening lamb!
A damned saint, of such sweet flesh?

NURSE

There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, Ah, 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?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring -
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished!'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

NURSE

Will you go, to your father's and mothers?

JULIET

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

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

JULIET

O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt*

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell **M26a Benedicamus Domino, voices.**

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

ROMEO

Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death;'

FRIAR LAURENCE

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.
heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
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;
Banished!

FRIAR LAURENCE

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 LAURENCE

Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
Knocking

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

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

NURSE

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Welcome, then.
Enter Nurse

NURSE

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

NURSE

O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! 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

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

NURSE

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man?! Thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy:
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;
But, thou pout'st on 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,
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

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*

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR LAURENCE

Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

ROMEO

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

SCENE IV. A room in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, and PARIS

CAPULET

Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:--Well, we were born to die.

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:

PARIS

These times of woe afford no time to woo.

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
I will tell my wife
to acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next--
But, soft! what day is this?

PARIS

Monday, my lord,

CAPULET

Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

CAPULET

Well get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.
Farewell, my lord.

Exeunt

SCENE V. **M26b: His Rest**

Cupid and angels prepare love nest

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.

ROMEO

Let me be taken, 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

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

ROMEO

More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!
Enter Nurse, to the chamber (Note End music).

NURSE

Madam!

JULIET

Nurse?

NURSE

Your lady mother has called you to her chamber.
The day is broke; be wary, look about.
Exit

JULIET

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

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,

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 below,
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

CAPULET (*Enter CAPULET*)

Why, how now, Juliet!

JULIET

Father, I am not well.

CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

JULIET

My Lord, in happy time, what day is that?

CAPULET

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

JULIET

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

Soft! take me with you, take me with you, child.
How! will you none? doth you not give me thanks?

CAPULET

You 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!

JULIET

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

CAPULET

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

NURSE

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

CAPULET

And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

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.

NURSE:

You are too hot.

CAPULET

God's bread! it makes me mad:
All 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,
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:
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:
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in
the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

JULIET

O, sweet my father, 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.

CAPULET

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

JULIET

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

NURSE

Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd;
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with young Paris.
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

Amen!

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in: and tell my father I am gone,
Having displeas'd him so, to Friar Laurence' chapel,
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
M27: Violin & harpsichord flourish. Cued by Dan.

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

ACT IV M28: Oime el cuor, organ & sung Cued by R. Ede

SCENE I. Friar Laurence's – **the Church again**

JULIET

O shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me;

FRIAR LAURENCE

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
I hear thou must, on Thursday next be married to this Paris.

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.

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a new made grave,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, then; go home, be merry,
Give consent to marry Paris;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
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 each part
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
So 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 shalt be borne to that same ancient grave
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, before 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.

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

JULIET

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

M29: violin flourish no. 2 Cued by **R. Ede**

SCENE II. Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter CAPULET, Nurse,

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 Friar Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET

Send for young Paris; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:

JULIET

Nurse, will you go with me into my chamber,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

CAPULET

Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow.
Exeunt

EXIT USC CURTAINS WITH NATALIA CAMPBELL.

CAPULET

Pot Pan! Go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

POTPAN

Ay, Sir. I'll test if they can lick their fingers.

CAPULET

How canst thou test them so?

POTPAN

Marry, sir. 'Tis an ill cook who cannot lick his own fingers.

CAPULET

Go, be gone.

SCENE III. Juliet's chamber. Enter JULIET and Nurse

ENTER USC CURTAINS AFTER NATALIA CAMPBELL.

JULIET

Gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to my self 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.

NURSE

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

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.
Laying down her dagger
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead?

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd
Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is. And methinks it should not,

For he hath still been proved a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,-- **M30: Glass harmonics long**

Cued by Tally

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;--
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks, hearing them, run mad:--
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost (*Tybalt*). **M31: Glass harmonics short Tally.**

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! This do I drink. I drink to thee.

SCENE IV. Hall in Capulet's house.

CAPULET

Make haste, make haste.

Exit First Servant

Sirrah, fetch drier logs:

Good faith, 'tis day:

Youg Paris will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would: I hear him near.

M32: Agreers Cued by R. Croughan

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say.

Exeunt

SCENE V. Juliet's chamber. (*Drawing curtains*).

Enter Nurse

NURSE

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!

ACT V

SCENE I. Mantua.

(M33): Thunder & Lacrime sung. Cued by:

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO (*bedraggled emerging cold from tent*).

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave
to think!--
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!
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

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's grave,
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,

ROMEO

Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BENVOLIO

No, none.

ROMEO

No matter: get thee gone,
get thee gone.

BENVOLIO

For all the same, I'll hide me hereabout – his looks I fear and his
intents I doubt. *Exit*

ROMEO

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means: O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
Come hither man, I see that thou art poor, here's 40 ducets, Let me
have a dram of poison,

APOTHECARY:

ROMEO: oh apothecary. **M34: Death Cued by Dave**
With such soon-speeding gear
may the life-weary taker fall dead.

M35: Thunder Cued by Dave

Exeunt (Note end music – no music for next scene).

SCENE II. (Friar Laurence's church.)

Enter FRIAR JOHN

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

FRIAR LAURENCE

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

FRIAR JOHN

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

The letter was not light, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
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 church till Romeo come;
Poor living flesh, closed in a dead man's tomb! **(Exit Friar Laurence)**

The Tomb Enter ROMEO with a torch, mattock,

ROMEO

My intents are savage wild, and tempt a desperate man.

. **M36: O Sleepe fond Fancie 2 Cued by Dave.**

ROMEO

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
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.

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;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Here's to my love! *Drinks*
O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.
Dies

FRIAR LAURENCE

Saint Francis be my speed! Who's there?
Fear comes upon me:
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing. *Enters the tomb*

Romeo! Romeo! O, pale! Ah, what an unkind hour!
The lady stirs.

JULIET

O, comforting friar, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

FRIAR

I hear some noise,
Lady, a greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents.
Thy husband in thy bosom lies there dead,
Come, I'll hide thee among a sisterhood of Holy Nuns,
Stay not to question for the watch is coming,
Come go, good Juliet – I dare no longer stay!

JULIET

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away
What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make die with a restorative. *Kisses him*
Thy lips are warm.

M36a – alarms, whistles in distance

Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
Snatching ROMEO's dagger
This is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die.

M37: Death Cued by Croughn.

Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies. Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Benvolio – music now ends –

BENVOLIO

Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: *Enter the PRINCE*

PRINCE

What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?
The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and all run,
With open outcry toward our monument.
Enter CAPULET, and others

FRIAR LAURENCE

Sovereign, here lies Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

PRINCE

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

CAPULET

. What further woe conspires against mine age? *Enter MONTAGUE*

PRINCE

Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

MONTAGUE

O Romeo! what manners is in this?
To go before thy father to a grave?

PRINCE

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRIAR LAURENCE

I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected of this direful murder;

PRINCE

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and to the marriage
Miscarried by my fault, let my dear life
Be sacrificed, unto the rigour of severest law.

PRINCE

Friar Laurence! We still have known thee for a holy man.
(*Friar Laurence exits.*)

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.

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!

PRINCE

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

SONG**THE END**

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