



Romeo and Juliet

By William Shakespeare

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Shakespeare & Violence Prevention

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In Partnership with the Center for the Study and Prevention of Violence and the Department of Theatre and Dance at CU Boulder

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Distribution of Roles

Actor 1	Mercutio (Spanish)	Friar	Nurse	Montague
Actor 2	Juliet	Tybalt	Benvolio	
Actor 3	Romeo	Prince	Capulet	

Note: if you plan to use this script, please be sure to include the following statement in your material:

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BENVOLIO

Two households, both alike in dignity...

MERCUTIO

Dos familias de igual nobleza...

Actor 3 holds up two signs: Montague and Capulet

BENVOLIO

In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,

MERCUTIO

En la hermosa Verona, donde situamos nuestra escena,

BENVOLIO

From ancient grudge break to new mutiny
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

MERCUTIO

Consumidas por antiguos odios, a otros nuevos se entregan.

ACTOR 3 hands the Capulet sign to ACTOR 1, transforming him into A Capulet. ACTOR 3 transforms into A Montague. Perhaps there's something solemn about this first visible transformation, the putting-on of a role? A Capulet might stir up the crowd, get them to start chanting something pro-Capulet? Perhaps it feels like a political rally?

Scene 1—Sunday morning

A MONTAGUE

Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?

A CAPULET

I do bite my thumb, sir.

A MONTAGUE

Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?

A CAPULET

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

They fight. Enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO

Part, fools!
You know not what you do.

MONTAGUE

Benvolio!

They give Benvolio a look, then keep on fighting.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace!

Montague changes to Prince

A CAPULET *turns his attention to Benvolio*

What talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward!

Their fight escalates. While the PRINCE addresses the audience, Benvolio and A Capulet join the crowd.

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By 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.

Enter Benvolio, recovering from the violence.

MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

BENVOLIO

See where he comes. So please you, step aside.
I'll know his grievance or be much denied. *Exit Montague*
Good-morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me! sad hours seem long.

BENVOLIO

What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

In love?

ROMEO

Out—

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favor, where I am in love.

Dost thou not laugh?

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 Rosaline.

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.

Benvolio points out a few audience members. Especially teachers 😏

ROMEO

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

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

Exeunt

SCENE 2. A room in Capulet's house. Afternoon on Sunday.

MUSIC.

Enter the NURSE, singing an old song, interacting with audience. Opportunity for lightness and fun. We should LOVE the Nurse. Enter CAPULET.

CAPULET

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

NURSE

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

Enter JULIET

JULIET

How now! who calls?

NURSE

Your father.

JULIET

Father, I am here.
What is your will?

CAPULET

This is the matter:--Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret:--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

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I saw:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

CAPULET

Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET

It is an honor that I dream not of.

CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now,
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE

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

CAPULET

What say you? can you love the gentleman?
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

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

NURSE (*noticing the audience*)

My lord, the guests are come, supper served up, you
called, my young lady asked for. I must
hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

CAPULET

Juliet, Lord Paris stays. *exits*

NURSE

Come, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
Exeunt

Capulet provides some kind of transition. Establish firm parental presence—perhaps disciplining someone in the audience with feet on the seat in front of them, or wearing a hat?

SCENE 3. A street. Sunday evening.
Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO

MERCUTIO

Romeo! Humors, madman, passion, lover,
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh!

Romeo! Capricho, locura, pasión, amor

BENVOLIO

Mercutio, peace.
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,
Where underneath the grove of sycamore
So early walking did I see our friend.
Towards him I made, but he was 'ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood.

MERCUTIO

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew.
Away from light steals home our heavy friend
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out.
Black and portentous must this humor prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

**A casa vuelve cuando amanece
para recogerse en su aposento.**

**Esta aflicción promete desdichas
si no hay consejo que la remedie.**

See where he comes.

Mirad, aquí viene.

Enter Romeo.

The trio does a secret handshake or something.

MERCUTIO

Tonight there is an old accustomed feast
Where Capulet's invited many a guest.

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves.

ROMEO

I am not for this ambling.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

No, noble Romeo, a bailar te traemos.

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.

**Tú eres un enamorado, toma las alas de cupido
y álzate con ellas por encima del hombre común.**

ROMEO

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

BENVOLIO

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

They bust a move.

ROMEO

I dream'd a dream to-night.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

Y yo también.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

Que el soñador suele mentir.

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she 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 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,
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes.
This is she—

Ah, veo que Queen Mab ha estado contigo.

Matrona de las hadas, galopa noche y noche
sobre la cabeza de los amantes, y entonces sueñan
con el amor;

sobre el regazo de los cortesanos, que enseguida
sueñan con cortesías;

sobre los labios de las mujeres, y de inmediato
sueñan besos.

A ellas suele cubrir la irritada Mab de ampollas.

A veces cabalga sobre la nuca de un soldado
y éste sueña con cortar el cuello al enemigo

Tamborilea en su oído y éste se despierta

Esa es ella

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

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

Cierto, hablo de sueños,

y estos son el fruto de una mente ociosa.

BENVOLIO

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Benvolio runs off stage to become Tybalt.

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.
But he that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail. On, lusty gentleman.

Romeo and Mercutio exit.

Scene 4 Capulet's Party. Sunday Evening.

MUSIC. Enter Romeo and Mercutio, masked and dancing. They are having a great time.

TYBALT

Welcome, gentleman. Which of you all
Will now deny to dance? If you be not of the house of Montagues,
Come and crush a cup of wine!

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!

Tybalt sees this exchange. Romeo transitions to Capulet

TYBALT

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

CAPULET

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

TYBALT

'Tis he that villain Romeo.
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz. Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
Therefore be patient. Take no note of him.

TYBALT

I'll not endure him.

CAPULET

He shall be endured.
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall. Go to.
Am I the master here, or you?

Mercutio looks around to find musicians.

TYBALT *to audience*

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall.

Mercutio can't find any musicians, so Mercutio plays the music to cover Tybalt's transition into Juliet
MUSIC. TYBALT to JULIET. Juliet greets the audience as guests at the party

ROMEO [To audience]

What lady is that?
O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight,
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
[To JULIET] If I profane with my unwortheist 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.

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

NURSE

Madam, your father craves a word with you.

Juliet exits.

ROMEO

What is her father?

NURSE

Marry, bachelor,
Her father is the master of the house.

ROMEO

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

Romeo leaves through the audience. Juliet is back.

JULIET

Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE, *referencing a student in front row.*

The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET

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

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!

NURSE

Anon, anon!

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

Exeunt

Scene 5. Capulet's backyard. Sunday night into Monday morning.

Enter ROMEO

Maybe he enters, singing some love song? Involving the audience?

ROMEO

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.

JULIET appears above at a window

It is my lady, O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel!

JULIET

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 word would smell as sweet;

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

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.
If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here.

JULIET

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear—

JULIET

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
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.

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

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

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
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.
Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
And I will follow thee 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:
Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times good night!
'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
Exit above

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

Exit

SCENE 6. Friar Laurence's cell. Very early Monday morning.
Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

FRIAR LAURENCE

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
Poison hath residence and medicine power.
Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, I think I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Where hast thou been, then?

ROMEO

I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me.

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:
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us today.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts but in their eyes.

ROMEO

I pray thee, chide not!

FRIAR LAURENCE

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' rancor to pure love.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt

SCENE 7. A street. Monday morning.

Enter BENVOLIO calling "Romeo!" and asking the audience if they've seen him. Then enter MERCUTIO.

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo be?

¿Dónde demonios puede estar este Romeo?

BENVOLIO

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

MERCUTIO

A challenge, on my life.

Un reto, por mi vida.

BENVOLIO

Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO

Alas poor Romeo!

He is already dead; shot through the ear with a
love-song; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

¡Pobre Romeo!

**Ya está muerto; herido en el oído por
una canción de amor; ¿y es hombre él para encontrarse con
Tybalt?**

BENVOLIO

Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. **Oh, él es el valeroso capitán de las alabanzas.**

Enter ROMEO

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Signior Romeo, bon jour!

You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Señor Romeo, ¡buenos días!

Bien nos engañastes anoche.

ROMEO

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

*Romeo rushes past on his way to his wedding. Mercutio and Benvolio try to get his attention, to no avail.
Romeo exits, Benvolio and Mercutio are annoyed.*

SCENE 8. Friar Laurence's quarters. Monday afternoon.
Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

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

Enter JULIET

JULIET

Good e'en to my ghostly confessor.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

My true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

FRIAR

Come, come with me and we will make short work.

Friar Laurence officiates a wedding ceremony.

Music Moment?

SCENE 9. A public place. Monday late afternoon.
Enter MERCUTIO

MERCUTIO, *entering thru audience*

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.

El día está caldeado, los Capulets fuera,
y, si nos encontramos, no evitamos la reyerta,
En estos días de calor se revuelve enloquecida la sangre.

Enter TYBALT

TYBALT

Mercutio, good den: a word with you.

MERCUTIO

A word with me? couple it with
something; make it a word and a blow.

**¿Una palabra conmigo? Emparéjala
con algo; que sea una palabra y un golpe.**

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

**¡Concertar! ¿Nos tomas por músicos?
Si músicos nos crees, no esperes escuchar
más que discordancias: he aquí el arco de mi violín
que habrá
de hacerte bailar. ¡Diantres, concertar!**

make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Enter ROMEO

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

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

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
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!
Draws

¡Qué sumisión deshonrosa y vil!

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tybalt, cazarratas, ¿ya te vas?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives. Oh, rey de los gatos, tan solo una de tus nueve vidas.

TYBALT

I am for you. *Drawing*

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up!
They fight

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets:
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!
TYBALT under ROMEO's arm kills MERCUTIO, and flies

MERCUTIO

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

Estoy herido.
¡Maldigo vuestras dos casas! Estoy acabado.
¿Se marchó ileso?

ROMEO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough. **Sí, sí, un rasguño, pero basta.**

ROMEO

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

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

No es tan profunda como un pozo, ni tan ancha como la puerta de una iglesia, pero basta para cumplir su función: pregunta por mí mañana, habrás de encontrarme en una fosa.

I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! Why the devil came you between us?

Apuesto que estoy fuera de este mundo. ¡Maldigo vuestras dos casas! ¿Por qué demonios te interpusiste entre nosotros?

I was hurt under your arm.

Fui herido bajo tu brazo.

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

THEATRICAL STAGING OF MERCUTIO GHOST

MERCUTIO/GHOST

Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

ROMEO

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf;
This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

TYBALT

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

ROMEO

This shall determine that.

They fight; TYBALT falls. Tybalt looks down at his own body and exits. SECOND DEATH.

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!
Enter Benvolio.

BENVOLIO

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

Exit Romeo.

Enter PRINCE

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

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.

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair.

PRINCE

Immediately we do exile Romeo hence:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses.
Therefore use none.
Benvolio exits.

Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.

Exeunt

SCENE 9. Capulet's. Early Tuesday Morning.
Enter JULIET

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds.
Give me my Romeo; and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

NURSE (*off stage*)
Ah, weraday! he's dead.

JULIET

O, here comes my Nurse--

NURSE

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

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,
Who ever would have thought it Romeo?

JULIET

Hath Romeo slain himself?

NURSE

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes--

JULIET

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

NURSE

O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET

What storm is this that blows so contrary?

NURSE

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishéd;
Romeo that killed him, he is banishéd.

JULIET

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

NURSE

It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men;
Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame.
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit.

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that killed 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 killed my husband.
"Tybalt is dead and Romeo banishèd."
That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death. No words can that woe sound.

NURSE

Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you.

JULIET

O bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exeunt

SCENE 10. Friar Laurence's Cell. Tuesday afternoon

ROMEO

Friar, what news? What is the Prince's doom?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say "death;"

FRIAR LAURENCE

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word "death" to "banishment".
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not—

FRIAR LAURENCE

Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

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 murderèd,
Doting like me and like me banishèd,
Then mightst thou speak.

Romeo draws a weapon.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold thy desperate hand!
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive;
There art thou happy. Go, get thee to thy love,
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.—

ROMEO

Farewell.

SCENE 11. Early Tuesday morning.
Actor 3 makes lark sounds?

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.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I 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

NURSE

Madam!
Your lord father is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.
Exit

ROMEO

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

JULIET

Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

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

Romeo exit to change to Capulet.

JULIET, *as though Romeo is exiting through audience.*

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.
O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle.
Be fickle Fortune
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

CAPULET

[Within] Ho, daughter! are you up?
Enter CAPULET
Why, how now, Juliet!

JULIET

Father, I am not well.

CAPULET

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
Marry, my child, early Thursday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET

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

CAPULET

Soft! take me with you, take me with you, girl.
How! will you none? Do you not give me thanks?
Are you not proud?

JULIET

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

CAPULET

How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
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.

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.

NURSE

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

CAPULET

And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue.

NURSE

May not one speak?

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool!
God's bread! it makes me mad:
I'll not be forsworn. *Exit*

JULIET

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O God!--O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE

Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd;
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
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.

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 marvelous much.
Go in: and tell my father I am gone,
Having displeas'd him, to Friar's cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

NURSE

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
Exit

JULIET

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

Exit

SCENE 12. Friar Laurence's quarters. Tuesday morning.
Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and JULIET

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must be married to Lord 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,
Which craves as desperate an execution.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris!

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is tomorrow:
Tomorrow 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 humor,
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
Each part, shall, stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
In the mean time, shall Romeo hither come:
And he and I will watch thy waking.
Then shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

JULIET

Give me, give me!
Oh tell me not 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

Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father!

Exeunt

SCENE 13. Juliet's bedroom.

Enter JULIET and Nurse

JULIET

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins.

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

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

Laying down her dagger

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

She falls upon her bed, within the curtains

SCENE 14. Mantua. A street. Thursday morning.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!--

Opening a letter.

News from Verona!-- How fares my Juliet?
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Reads.

Her immortal part with angels lives.
Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.

Sharing plan with audience.

Let's see for means:

I do remember an apothecary,--let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.

Romeo exits.

SCENE 14. Thursday night.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

O my love, my wife,
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered. O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!
Here's to my love!

Kissing Juliet.

Drinking.

Thus with a kiss I die.

JULIET wakes just in time to see Romeo die.

JULIET

Where is my Romeo?
They embrace. Frantically she kisses him
Thy lips are warm.
O happy dagger!
This is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die.
Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies. The lovers step up, look at their bodies, and exit.

FRIAR LAURENCE

A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents.

PRINCE

What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?
What fear is this which startles in our ears?
The people in the street cry "Romeo,"
Some "Juliet," and all run
With open outcry toward the monument.

FRIAR LAURENCE

I am the greatest, able to do least.

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. Meantime I writ to Romeo

that he should hither come this dire night
to help to take her from her borrowed grave.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my letter back.

PRINCE

We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!

BENVOLIO enters with Capulet/Montague costumes

BENVOLIO

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

CAPULET

O brother, Montague, give me thy hand.

MUSIC BEGINS

BENVOLIO

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

Music begins—