***Romeo and Juliet***

By William Shakespeare

Adapted by Rob Duval

Verona, Italy

ROMEO Son of MONTAGUE  
BENVOLIO Montague cousin of ROMEO  
ABRAM a Montague  
LORD MONTAGUE Father of ROMEO  
LADY MONTAGUE Mother of ROMEO

JULIET Daughter of CAPULET  
TYBALT Capulet cousin of JULIET  
SAMPSON a Capulet  
GREGORY a Capulet  
LORD CAPULET Father of JULIET  
LADY CAPULET Mother of JULIET  
NURSE Capulet servant to JULIET

MERCUTIO Friend of ROMEO  
PARIS To wed JULIET  
PRINCE Prince of Verona  
FRIAR LAWRENCE Marries ROMEO & JULIET  
FRIAR JOHN Messenger for FRIAR LAWRENCE  
APOTHECARY Sells poison to ROMEO

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**PROLOGUE**

CHORUS *(spoken by NURSE)*  
Two households, both alike in dignity, *families, rank*  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny, *rivalry, outbreaks, fighting*  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. *civilian*  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes *fateful, children*  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life, *doomed*  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows *unfortunate, pitiful, downfall*  
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife. *end, fighting*  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love, *doomed*  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove, *except for, nothing*  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage. *performance*  
The which if you with patient ears attend,

What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

**SCENE 1**

*[Verona, a street, morning. SAMPSON & GREGORY, armed]*

GREGORY  
The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. *menservants*

SAMPSON  
I strike quickly, being moved. *attack, angered*

GREGORY  
But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON  
A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

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

SAMPSON  
A dog of that house shall move me to stand. And  
'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.  *[ABRAM and BENVOLIO enter, armed]*

GREGORY  
Draw thy tool!  *sword*

SAMPSON

I will bite my thumb at them, *give the finger*  
which is a disgrace to them if they bear it. *take it without a fight*

ABRAM  
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON  
I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM  
Do you bite your thumb *at us*, sir?

SAMPSON *[to Gregory]*  
Is the law on our side if I say "ay"? *yes*

GREGORY  
No!

SAMPSON *[to Abram]*  
No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

GREGORY *[to Abram]*  
Do you quarrel, sir? *challenge us*

ABRAM  
Quarrel sir? No, sir!

SAMPSON  
But if you do, sir, I am for you! I serve as good a man as you. *will fight you, master*

ABRAM  
No better?

SAMPSON  
Well, sir—

GREGORY *[sees Tybalt coming; to Sampson]*  
Say "better"! Here comes one of our kinsmen. *relatives*

SAMPSON  
Yes, better.

ABRAM  
You lie!

SAMPSON  
Draw, if you be men! *[They fight]*

BENVOLIO  
Part, fools! You know not what you do! *separate*

TYBALT *[enters, to Benvolio]*  
What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? *deer/servants*  
Turn thee, Benvolio. Look upon thy death! *[draws his sword]* *face your death*

BENVOLIO  
I do but keep the peace. *just*

TYBALT  
What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word, *your sword drawn*  
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee! *[They fight]*

CAPULET *[enters with LADY CAPULET, after MONTAGUE & LADY MONTAGUE]*

My sword I say! Old Montague is come

And flourishes his blade in spite of me. *[They fight.]* *defiance*

PRINCE *[enters]*  
Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground. *hostile*  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word *public, started by few words*  
By thee, Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets. *three times*  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace! *you'll be executed for*  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart! *[All exit]*

**SCENE 2 - the same**

*[LORD & LADY MONTAGUE, BENVOLIO]*

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

BENVOLIO  
Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun  
Peered forth the golden window of the east, *from*  
Underneath the grove of sycamore  
So early walking did I see your son.

LADY MONTAGUE  
Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew, *adding to*  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun *as soon as*  
Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, *god of dawn*  
Away from the light steals home my heavy son, *comes home, sad*  
And private in his chamber pens himself, *bedroom, locks*  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
And makes himself an artificial night.

MONTAGUE  
Black and portentous must this humor prove, *foreboding, mood*  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove. *advice, remove the cause*

BENVOLIO  
So please you, step aside.  
I'll know his grievance or be much denied. *[They exit]* *the cause of his distress*

**SCENE 3**

*[Capulet house. CAPULET, PARIS]*

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

PARIS  
Of honorable reckoning are you both, *reputation*  
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit? *courtship of your daughter*

CAPULET  
But saying o'er what I have said before: *just saying over again*  
My child is yet a stranger in the world,  
Let two more summers wither in their pride, *pass by*  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride. *before, ready*

PARIS  
Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET  
And too soon marred are those so early made. *harmed*  
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she; *grave, other children*  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth. *of my earthly body (my offspring)*  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.  
My will to her consent is but a part. *my wishes are less important than hers*  
And, she agreed, within her scope of choice *if she agrees*  
Lies my consent and fair according voice. *agreeing*  
This night I hold an old accustomed feast, *customary*  
Whereto I have invited many a guest  
Such as I love; and you among the store, *whom*

One more, most welcome, makes my number more. *[exit]* *then like the best one*

**SCENE 4**

*[A street. BENVOLIO & ROMEO]*

BENVOLIO  
Good morrow, cousin. *good morning*

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO  
But new struck nine. *just now*

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.

BENVOLIO  
Alas, that Love, so gentle in his view, *too bad Cupid who looks gentle*  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof! *is actually rough*

ROMEO  
Alas, this love feel I, that feel no love in this. *I love one who does not love 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. *it's all about*  
Why, then, O brawling love, O loving hate,  
O anything of nothing first create! *created of nothing*  
O heavy lightness, serious vanity, *foolishness*  
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms, *attractive*  
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No coz, I rather weep. *cousin*

ROMEO  
Good heart, at what? *friend*

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO  
Why, such is love's transgression. *love's ways*  
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;   
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; *love being exchanged*  
Being vexed, a sea raging with lovers' tears; *love being denied*  
A madness most discreet.

BENVOLIO  
Why, Romeo, art thou mad? *going mad*

ROMEO  
Not mad, but bound more than a madman is, *confined*  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipped and tormented, and—

BENVOLIO  
Tell me in sadness, who is that you love? *seriously*

ROMEO  
In sadness, coz, I do love Rosaline.

BENVOLIO  
A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit. *target in plain sight*

ROMEO  
Well in that hit you miss! She'll not be hit with Cupid's arrow.  
And in strong proof of chastity well armed, *armor, virginity*  
From Love's weak bow she lives uncharmed. *Cupid's, unaffected*  
She will not stay the siege of loving terms, *won't be won by sweet talk*  
Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes, *loving looks*  
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold. *open (bawdy), riches*

BENVOLIO  
Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste? *always stay a virgin*

ROMEO  
She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste, *withholding*  
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair *beautiful, just*  
To merit bliss by making me despair. *win a place in heaven*  
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow *sworn not to love*  
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO  
Be ruled by me; forget to think of her. *listen to me*

ROMEO  
O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO  
By giving liberty unto thine eyes.  
Examine other beauties!

ROMEO  
One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun. *anyone as beautiful*  
He that is strucken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.  
Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO  
I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *teach you that lesson, failure*  
At this night's ancient feast of Capulet's *traditional*  
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so loves, *dines*  
With all the admired beauties of Verona.  
Go thither, and with unattainted eye *there, unbiased*  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO  
When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires. *accepts such a lie*

BENVOLIO  
Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning. *nonsense*  
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong!

ROMEO  
I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, *not to see whom you show*  
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. *[exit]* *the beauty of Rosaline*

**SCENE 5**

*[Capulet house. LADY CAPULET & NURSE]*

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

NURSE  
I bade her come. God forbid! Where's this girl? Juliet! Juliet! *told*

JULIET  
Madam, I am here. What is your will? *what do you want*

LADY CAPULET  
This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile, *leave us*  
We must talk in secret. *[Nurse starts to leave]*

Nurse, come back again! I have remembered me.   
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE  
Even or odd, of all days in the year,

Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age:  well, Susan is with God;

She was too good for me: but as I said,

On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

‘Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;

For then she could stand alone: nay, by the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about;

For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband—God be with his soul!

He ‘was a merry man—took up the child:

‘Yea,’ quoth he, ‘dost thou fall upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou has more wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule?’ and, by my holidame,

The pretty wretch left crying and said ‘Ay.’

And I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET  
Marry, that "marry" is the very theme I came to talk of.

Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married? *how do you feel about marriage*

JULIET  
It is an honor that I dream not of.

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE  
A man, young lady! Lady, such a man as all the world.

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

NURSE  
Nay, he's a flower, i'faith, a very flower. *indeed*

LADY CAPULET  
What say you? Can you love the gentleman?  
This night you shall behold him at our feast. *see*  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, *read like a book*  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen. *written*  
This precious book of love, this unbound lover, *uncovered/unmarried*  
To beautify him, only lacks a cover. *he only needs a cover*  
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory *a book cover is made*  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. *beautiful by a beautiful tale*  
So shall you share all that he doth possess *all his wealth and status*  
By having him, making yourself no less. *marrying him*

NURSE  
No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men. *get pregnant*

LADY CAPULET  
Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET  
I'll look to like, if looking liking move, *if looks will make me like him*  
But no more deep will I engage mine eye *I won't look any deeper*  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly. *than you want me to*

The guests are come.

NURSE  
Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. *[exit]* *to make*

**SCENE 6**

*[A street, that night. ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO]*

ROMEO  
What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? *apology for intruding*  
Or shall we on without apology? *go on into the party*

BENVOLIO  
Let them measure us by what they will. *judge how they want*  
We'll measure them a measure and be gone. *dance a dance*

ROMEO  
I am not for this ambling. *dancing*

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. *leap/limit*

ROMEO  
I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft *wounded, arrow*  
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, you burden love, *you'd burden love by sinking in it*  
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. *quarrelsome*

MERCUTIO  
If love be rough with you, be rough with love!  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down. *pricking you, (bawdy)*

BENVOLIO  
Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in, *as soon as we're inside*  
But every man betake him to his legs. *start dancing*

ROMEO  
I'll look on. The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done. *party, bright (proverb)*

MERCUTIO  
If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire *a horse named Dun, pull, mud*  
Of love, wherein thou stick'st up to the ears. Come, ho! *pardon me, are stuck*

ROMEO  
And we mean well in going to this mask, *masquerade party*  
But 'tis no wit to go. *not wise*

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO  
I dreamt a dream tonight. *last night*

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO  
Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie! *(pun)*

ROMEO  
In bed asleep, while they do dream things true!

MERCUTIO  
O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you!  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone *gem-stone*  
On the forefinger of an alderman, *officer*  
Drawn with a team of little atomies *pulled by, tiny creatures*  
Over men's noses as they lie asleep.

Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,  
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers, *canopy*  
The traces of the moonshine's watery beams, *harnesses, moonbeams*  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees; *right away*  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream, *right away dream of kisses*  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues *often, gives them blisters (herpes)*  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are. *smell of sweet foods (bawdy)*  
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, and then anon *crossing enemy lines, ambushes, soon*  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes, *is startled*  
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two  
And sleeps again. This is that very  
Hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them and learns them first to bear, *teaches, bear children (bawdy)*  
Making them women of good carriage.  
This is she—

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy, *born, foolish*  
Which is as thin of substance as the air  
And more inconstant than the wind. *changeable*

BENVOLIO  
This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves! *plans*  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late!

ROMEO  
I fear too early, for my mind misgives *fears*  
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars *still*  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
With this night's revels, and expire my term *party, end the life*  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death. *evil, early death*  
But He that hath the steerage of my course  
Direct my sail!

BENVOLIO  
On, lusty gentlemen! *let's go, merry*

*[All exit]*

**SCENE 7**

*[Capulet house. Music plays. SAMPSON, GREGORY, LORD & LADY CAPULET, PARIS, NURSE, JULIET, TYBALT, FEMALE COUSIN]*

CAPULET  
Welcome, gentlemen. Ah ha, my mistresses! *ladies*  
Which of you all will now deny to dance? *refuse*  
She that makes dainty, she I'll swear hath corns! *hesitates*

I have seen the day that I could tell  
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, such as would please. *beautiful, delight her*  
You are welcome, gentlemen! *[ROMEO, MERCUTIO & BENVOLIO enter in masks]*

ROMEO *[seeing Juliet]*

Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight, *before, deny it, eyes*  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT *[aside]*   
What, dares a Montague come hither *here*  
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? *sneer, festivity*  
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin, *family*  
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin! *[starts to approach Romeo]*

CAPULET  
Why, how now, nephew! Wherefore storm you so? *hello, why so angry*

TYBALT  
Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,  
A villain that is hither come in spite *came here, to spite and*  
To scorn at our solemnity this night! *festivity*

CAPULET  
Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he.

CAPULET  
Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone. *calm down*  
He bears him like a portly gentleman, *behaves like, dignified*  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him  
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth. *well-behaved*  
I would not for the wealth of all the town  
Here in my house do him disparagement. *disrespect him*

TYBALT  
I'll not endure him!

CAPULET

He shall be endured! I say he shall! Go to! *go away*  
Am I the master here or you? Go to!

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

TYBALT  
Why, uncle, 'tis a shame!

CAPULET  
You must contrary me? *you'll cross me*  
Go, be quiet, or for shame, I'll make you quiet!

TYBALT *[aside]*  
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall, *go*  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt'rest gall. *[exits, all Dance, exit]* *okay, bitterness*

ROMEO *[taking Juliet's hand]*  
If I profane with my unworthiest hand SONNET, *defile*  
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, *statues of saints*  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss. *shaking hands, pilgrims'*

ROMEO  
Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too? *pilgrims*

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. *grant me a kiss, else*

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

ROMEO  
Then move not while my prayer's effect I take. *[kisses her]*  
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged. *washed away*

JULIET  
Then have my lips the sin that they have took. *my lips now have your sin*

ROMEO  
Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urged! *so sweetly you tell me I sinned*  
Give me my sin again. *[kisses her] give back*

JULIET

You kiss by th' book. *properly*

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.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.

BENVOLIO *[To Romeo]*  
Away, be gone! The sport is at the best! *let's go, party, its peak (proverb)*

ROMEO  
Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest. *[exit with Mercutio, Benvolio]* *uneasiness*

JULIET  
Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman? *who is that*

If he is 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  
*[aside]* My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me, *monstrous and ominous*  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

LADY CAPULET*[offstage]*

Juliet!

NURSE  
Anon, anon! Come, let's away. *[They exit]*

**SCENE 8**

*[Outside the Capulet house, same night. ROMEO]*

ROMEO  
Can I go forward when my heart is here? *walk away*  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out. *[exits]* *weary body, follow your heart*

*[BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO enter]*

BENVOLIO  
Romeo! My cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He is wise, and, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

BENVOLIO  
He ran this way and leaped this wall. *garden fence*

MERCUTIO  
Romeo! Humors! Madman! Passion! Lover! *moody one*  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh! *form*  
Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied.  
Cry but "Ay me!" Pronounce "love" and "dove".—  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not.  
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.— *monkey is playing dead*  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us! *flesh and blood*

BENVOLIO  
And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him!

MERCUTIO  
This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle *(bawdy)*  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it and conjured it down. *cast a spell and laid it down*  
That were some spite! My invocation *would provoke him, spell*  
Is fair and honest. In his mistress' name,  
I conjure only but to raise up him. *(bawdy)*

BENVOLIO  
Come, he hath hid himself to be consorted with the night. *commune*  
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO  
If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark. *target*  
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were  
An open-etcetera and thou a pop'rin pear! *medlar, long pear*  
Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle bed. *baby bed*

BENVOLIO

'Tis in vain to seek him here that means not to be found. *[They exit.]* *useless*

**SCENE 9**

*[Outside Juliet's balcony. ROMEO]*

ROMEO  
He jests at scars that never felt a wound. *teases me for pains he's never felt*

*[JULIET enters at window]*  
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? *wait, that, shines*  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, *beautiful*  
Who is already sick and pale with grief  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she. *servant*  
Be not her maid, since she is envious.  
It is my lady. O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were! *if only she knew*

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 til 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  
O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? *why must you be "Romeo"*  
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, *just swear to be my love*  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy. *only*  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. *you would still be yourself if*  
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 called,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes *owns*  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name, *discard*  
And for that name, which is no part of thee, *in exchange for*  
Take all myself. *take all of me*

ROMEO *[to her]*

I take thee at thy word.  
Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptized; *re-baptized with a new name*  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo. *from now on*

JULIET  
What man art thou, that thus bescreened in night,

So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am.  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself  
Because it is an enemy to thee.

JULIET  
My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words

Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO  
Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET  
How cam’st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore? *here, why*  
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. *family*

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

JULIET  
If they do see thee, they will murder thee!

ROMEO  
Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye

Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet, *upon me sweetly*  
And I am proof against their enmity. *armored, hostility*

JULIET  
I would not for the world they saw thee here. *want them to see you here*

ROMEO  
I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,  
And but thou love me, let them find me here. *if you do not love me*  
My life were better ended by their hate  
Than death proroguèd, wanting of thy love. *postponed, without your love*

JULIET  
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO  
By love, who first did prompt me to inquire. *seek you*  
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes. *advice*

JULIET  
Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face;  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek *girlish, color*  
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.  
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny *gladly, follow formalities*  
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment! *etiquette*  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay,"  
And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false. O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

Or if thou think’st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay, *stubborn*

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond, *affectionate, foolishly tender*

And therefore thou mayst think my havior light; *behavior*

But trust me gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange. *aloof*

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,

My true love passion. Therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yielding to light love,

Which the dark not hath so discovered. *revealed*

ROMEO  
Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I vow—

JULIET  
O, swear not by the moon, th'inconstant moon, *ever-changing*  
That monthly changes in her circled orb, *orbit*  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. *unless, inconsistent*

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. *devotion*

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET  
Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee, *enjoy seeing you*  
I have no joy of this contract tonight. *these vows*  
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! *before, sweetheart*  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. *become*  
Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest *sleep*  
Come to thy heart as that within my breast! *heart*

ROMEO  
O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET  
What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

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

JULIET  
I gave thee mine before thou didst request it,  
And yet I would it were to give again. *I wish it were still mine*

ROMEO  
Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

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

NURSE *[inside]*

Juliet!

JULIET  
Anon, good Nurse! *in a minute*  
Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little; I will come again. *[goes in]* *wait, just, back*

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

JULIET *[comes out again]*  
Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honorable, *your intentions*  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay *life*  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world. *husband*

NURSE *[inside]*  
Madam!

JULIET  
I come, anon! But if thou meanest not well,  
I do beseech thee— *beg*

NURSE *[inside]*

Madam!

JULIET

By and by I come! *soon*  
To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief. *efforts*

Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul— *upon my soul*

JULIET  
A thousand times good night! *[goes in]*

ROMEO  
A thousand times the worse to want thy light. *without*  
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,  
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. *reluctant*

JULIET *[comes out again]*  
Hist! Romeo, hist! *psst, psst*

ROMEO

My sweet?

JULIET

What o'clock tomorrow shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

By the hour of nine.

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

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO  
Let me stand here till thou remember it.

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

ROMEO  
And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET  
'Tis almost morning.  
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *[exits]*

ROMEO

Sleep dwell upon thy eyes, peace in thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly friar's cell, *spiritual father*

His help to crave and my dear hap to tell! *[exits] good fortune*

**SCENE 10**

*[St. Peter's Church, dawn. FRIAR LAWRENCE with basket]*

FRIAR  
The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies *great, healing power*  
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities. *extracts*

Within the infant rind of this weak flower  *frail*  
Poison hath residence and medicine power:  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part; *makes you feel better*  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart. *kills you*  
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live *nothing is so evil*  
But to the earth some special good doth give, *humankind*  
Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use, *anything, that cannot be*  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse. *abused for harm*  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied, *becomes vice when misapplied*  
And vice sometimes by action dignified. *can be good if the result is good*

ROMEO *[enter]*  
Good morrow, Father. *morning*

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

ROMEO  
That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine. *I had an even sweeter rest*

FRIAR  
God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO  
With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No! *spiritual*  
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

FRIAR  
That's my good son. But where hast thou been then?

ROMEO  
I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me *suddenly*  
That's by me wounded. Both our remedies *who I had wounded, cures*  
Within thy help and holy physic lies. *spiritual remedy*

FRIAR  
Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift. *simple, speech*  
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift. *confessing in riddles, absolution*

ROMEO  
Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,

And all combined, save what thou must combine

by holy marriage. When and where and how  
We met, we wooed and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray, *walk*  
That thou consent to marry us today.

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

ROMEO  
Thou chide'st me oft for loving Rosaline. *scolded me often*

FRIAR  
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO  
And bade'st me bury love. *told*

FRIAR

Not in a grave to lay one in, another out to have. *and take another out*

ROMEO  
I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now *please don't scold me*  
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow. *returns my joy and love*  
The other did not so.

FRIAR

O, she knew well  
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell. *recite from memory, read*  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me.  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be, *for one reason I'll help you*  
For this alliance may so happy prove *marriage*  
To turn your households' rancor to pure love. *families' hatred*

ROMEO  
O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste! *go, I cannot wait*

FRIAR  
Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast. *[They exit]*

**SCENE 11**

*[A street, noon. BENVOLIO & MERCUTIO]*

MERCUTIO  
Where the devil should this Romeo be?  
Came he not home tonight? *last night*

BENVOLIO  
Not to his father's.

MERCUTIO  
Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,  
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

BENVOLIO  
Tybalt hath sent a challenge. *challenge to fight*

MERCUTIO  
Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead, stabbed with  
a white wench's black eye, shot through the ear with *woman's,* *stabbed*  
a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with *bull's-eye, cut*  
the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft. And is he a man *Cupid's arrow (bawdy pun)*  
to encounter Tybalt? *fight*

BENVOLIO  
Why, what is Tybalt? *what's so scary about Tybalt*

MERCUTIO  
More than Prince of Cats I can tell you. *(a cat named Tybalt in a popular story)*  
O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. *fencing etiquette*  
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, *harmony in a duet*  
distance, and proportion. He rests his minim rests, *short*  
one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very *thrust in your chest*  
butcher. Ah, the immortal passado! *forward thrust*  
The punto reverso! The hay! *[ROMEO enters]* *backhand, hit*

BENVOLIO  
Here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO  
Signor Romeo, bonjour!  
There's a French salutation to your French slop. *pants*  
You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night. *a fake*

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

MERCUTIO  
The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive? *counterfeit money, follow me*

ROMEO  
Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and *important*  
in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy. *bend the rules of*

MERCUTIO  
Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy. *perfect example*

ROMEO  
"Pink" for flower? *pink like a flower*

MERCUTIO  
Sure wit! Thou hast most kindly hit it. *good, now you got it*  
Come between us, good Benvolio. My wits faint. *stop us, my wit is tired*  
Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art *well*  
thou sociable, now art thou Romeo, now art thou what thou  
art, for this driveling love is like a great natural *stupid-talking, idiot*  
that runs lolling up and down *with his tongue out*  
to hide his bauble in a hole! *looking for a hole to hide his toy in*

NURSE *[enters]*  
God ye good morrow, gentlemen. *morning*

MERCUTIO

God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman. *evening, meaning afternoon*

NURSE

Is it good-den?

MERCUTIO

'Tis no less, I tell ye: for the bawdy hand

of the dial is now upon the prick of noon. *point on the dial of a clock (bawdy)*

NURSE

Out upon you! What a man are you!

ROMEO

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

NURSE *(to ROMEO)*

By my troth, it is well said. 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

You say well.

MERCUTIO

Yes, is the worst well? Very well took, i'faith!

Wisely, wisely.

NURSE

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

MERCUTIO

So ho! Romeo, will you come to your father's?  
We'll to dinner thither. *go to, there*

ROMEO  
I will follow you.

MERCUTIO  
Farewell ancient lady, farewell. *[Mercutio & Benvolio exit]*

NURSE  
Scurvy knave! (to ROMEO) My young lady bade me inquire you out. *asked me to find you*  
What she bade me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell *asked me to say*  
ye, if you should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they   
say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say,   
for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you   
should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing *cheat on, horrible*  
and very weak dealing! *mean trick*

ROMEO  
Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. *give my regards*  
Bid her devise *ask her to find*  
Some means to come to Friar Lawrence' cell this afternoon, *some way, confession*  
And there she shall be married.

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

ROMEO  
Commend me to thy lady. *my regards*

NURSE  
Ay, a thousand times. *[They exit]*

**SCENE 12**

*[Capulet house. 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. *perhaps, find, slow*  
O she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill *highest point*  
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve  
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.  
Had she affections and warm youthful blood, *feelings*  
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;  
My words would bandy her to my sweet love, *toss*  
And his to me. *toss her back to me*  
But old folks, many feign as they were dead, *act like*  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead. O God she comes! *[NURSE enters]*  
O honey Nurse, what news? Hast thou met with him?

Now, good sweet Nurse—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?  
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily. *if the news is sad, tell it merrily*

NURSE  
I am aweary, give me leave awhile. *tired, leave me alone*  
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt had I! *oh,* *long trip*

JULIET  
I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news. *wish*  
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak! Good, good nurse, speak!

NURSE  
Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay awhile? *wait*  
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?  
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse. *you aren't telling*  
Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that!  
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance! *wait for the details*  
Let me be satisfied: is't good or bad?

NURSE  
Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not *foolish*  
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 *nothing to talk about*  
past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, *beyond comparison, model*  
but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb.  *I bet he's*

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! *headache*  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. *break*  
My back, o' th'other side! O, my back, my back!

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

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

JULIET  
Where is my mother? How oddly thou repliest! *what an odd reply*  
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,  
'Where is your mother?'"

NURSE

O God's Lady dear! Are you so hot? *impatient*  
Henceforward do your messages yourself. *from now on*

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

NURSE  
Have you got leave to go to church today? *permission*

JULIET  
I have.

NURSE  
Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell. *hurry, away, chamber*  
There stays a husband to make you a wife! *waits*

JULIET  
Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse. Farewell! *[exit]* *bless you with good fortune*

**SCENE 13**

*[Church, afternoon. FRIAR, ROMEO]*

FRIAR  
So smile the heavens upon this holy act, *may heaven smile*  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not! *and not give us sorrow later*

These violent delights have violent ends  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, *at their peak, gunpowder*  
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey *are used*  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness, *can make you sick in its*  
Therefore love moderately: long love doth so; *that's how love lasts*

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Here comes the lady.

JULIET *[enters and kisses Romeo]*

Good even to my ghostly confessor. *[another kiss]*

FRIAR

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. *join you two in marriage*

**SCENE 14**

*[A street. MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, ABRAM]*

BENVOLIO  
I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire. *let's go home*  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad, *are out*  
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl, *escape*  
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring. *hot days stir our temper*

MERCUTIO  
Come, come, thou art as hot a jack in thy mood as *hot-tempered, man*  
any in Verona, and as soon moved to be moody,   
and as soon moody to be moved. *angered*

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of  
meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as *food, scrambled*  
an egg for quarreling. And yet thou wilt  
tutor me from quarreling? *[TYBALT, SAMPSON, GREGORY enter] lecture*

BENVOLIO  
By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO  
By my heel, I care not!

TYBALT  
*[to Capulets]* Follow me close. Gentlemen, good day. 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, *happy*  
and you will give me occasion! *if, a reason*

MERCUTIO  
Could you not take some occasion without giving? *make your own reason*

TYBALT  
Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo— *hang out with Romeo*

MERCUTIO  
Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? *ensemble, musicians*  
And thou make minstrels of us, look to *if*  
hear nothing but discords. Here's my *disagreement/dissonance*  
fiddlestick! Here's that shall make you dance! *sword*  
Zounds, consort! *by God's wounds, (My God!)*

BENVOLIO  
Either withdraw unto some private place,  
Or reason coldly of your grievances, *calmly discuss your complaints*  
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! *to please anyone*

ROMEO *[enters]*  
Mercutio!

TYBALT  
Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

Romeo! The hate I bear thee can afford *I hate you so much*  
No better term than this: Thou art a villain! *all I can say is this*

ROMEO  
Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage *rage you deserve*

To such a greeting. Villain am I none. *for*  
Therefore farewell. I see thou knowest me not.

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

ROMEO  
I do protest I never injured thee,  
But love thee better than thou canst devise *imagine*  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love; *until you learn*  
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender *care for*  
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO  
O calm, dishonorable, vile submission! *[draws his sword]* *what a*  
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk? *filthy cat, come here*

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, dry beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword

out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about

your ears ere it be out.

TYBALT  
I am for you. *[draws his sword, they fight]*

ROMEO  
Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons!

Gentlemen, for shame! Forbear this outrage! *stop*  
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio! *[tries to disarm them, Tybalt stabs Mercutio]*

MERCUTIO  
I am hurt.

A plague on both your houses! *[Tybalt and Capulets exit]* *death to both your families*

I am sped. Is he gone and hath nothing? *without a scratch*

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO  
Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough. Fetch a surgeon.

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.  
A plague on 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

Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint. They’ve made worms meat of me.

A plague on both your houses! *[MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, ABRAM exit]*

ROMEO  
My very friend, hath got his mortal wound *fatal*  
In my behalf. Tybalt, that an hour *for*  
Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath softened valor's steel!

Away to heav'n, respective lenity, *respectful mercy*   
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now! *guide*

BENVOLIO *(enters)*

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!

ROMEO

This day's black fate on more days doth depend: *will have consequences*  
This but begins the woe others must end. *[TYBALT re-enters with SAMPSON, GREGORY]*

ROMEO  
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again *that insult*  
That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul *lately*  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company! *waiting for your soul*  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him! *go with him to heaven*

TYBALT  
Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here, *kept company with him here*  
Shalt with him hence! *shall be with him from now on*

ROMEO

This shall determine that! *[They fight. ROMEO kills TYBALT]*

BENVOLIO  
Romeo, away, be gone!  
Stand not amazed! The Prince will doom thee death *dazed, sentence*

if thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO  
O, I am Fortune's fool! *[exits]* *fate's plaything*

**SCENE 15 (The same)**

*[PRINCE, LORD & LADY MONTAGUE, LORD & LADY CAPULET,* *and Others enter]*

LADY CAPULET  
Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!

O, the blood is spilled of my dear kinsman!

Prince, as thou art true, for blood of ours, shed blood of Montague!

PRINCE  
Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO  
Tybalt hit the life of stout Mercutio. *brave*

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

Romeo he cries aloud, "Hold, friends! Friends, part!"  
And 'twixt them rushes, but *rushes between them*

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen *calm down, temper*  
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace.

LADY CAPULET  
He is a Montague. Affection makes him false! *take*

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? *Mercutio's*

MONTAGUE  
Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend.  
His fault concludes but what the law should end: *crime, only*  
The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE

And for that offence, immediately we do exile him hence. *banish him from Verona*

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses.  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses. *buy your way out of this*  
Therefore use none! Let Romeo hence in haste, *go away*  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last!  
Bear hence this body and attend our will. *respect my decision*

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. *[All exit.]* *just causes more*

**SCENE 16**

*[Juliet's bedroom. JULIET]*

JULIET  
Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds *horses of the sun god Phoebus*

Towards Phoebus' lodging! Such a wagoner *beneath the horizon*

As Phaeton would whip you to the west *Phoebus' son, mismanaged horses*

And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come thou day in night.

And leap to these arms,

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
Untalked-of and unseen. *without being talked about*  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites *love making*  
By their own beauties. Or, if love be blind, *by the light of*  
It best agrees with night. *love likes night best*  
Come gentle night. Come loving black-browed night. *black faced*  
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 heav'n so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun. *gaudy*  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love

But not possessed it, and though I am sold

Not yet enjoyed. Here comes my nurse! *[NURSE enters]*

NURSE  
Alack the day!

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

NURSE

We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
He's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

JULIET  
Can heaven be so envious? *vicious*

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?  
Hath Romeo slain himself?

NURSE  
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,  
God save the mark—here on his manly breast. *God save me*  
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse. *pitiful corpse*

JULIET  
O, break, my heart! Break at once!

NURSE  
O Tybalt, Tybalt. the best friend I had!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JULIET  
Is Romeo slaughtered and is Tybalt dead?

NURSE  
Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd. *banished from Verona*  
Romeo that killed him, he is banishèd.

JULIET  
O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

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

JULIET  
O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! *disguised, lovely*  
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!  
Despisèd substance of divinest show! *reality of heavenly appearance*  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.  
O, that deceit should dwell in such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE

There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men. All perjured. *liars*  
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
Shame come to Romeo! *shame on Romeo*

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue  
For such a wish! He was not born to shame!  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,  
O, what a beast was I to chide at him! *criticize*

NURSE  
Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

JULIET  
Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name *husband*  
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?  
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? *why*  
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring! *back into my eyes*  
Your tributary drops belong to woe, *stream of*  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.  
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?   
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banishèd."  
That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd"  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, *measurement, boundary*  
In that word's death. No words can that woe sound. *in the death that brings,*  
Where is my father and my mother, nurse? *express that woe*

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

JULIET  
Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent *used up*  
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
I'll to my wedding-bed,  
And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead! *will take my virginity*

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 tonight. *listen*

JULIET  
O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight, *[hands her a ring]*  
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *[They exit]*

**SCENE 17**

*[Church, that night. FRIAR, ROMEO]*

ROMEO  
Banishment? Be merciful, say "death"!  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death! Do not say "banishment"!

FRIAR  
Here from Verona art thou banished.

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO  
There is no world without Verona walls, *outside*  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself!  
Hence "banishèd" is "banish'd from the world," *therefore, means*  
And world's exile is death! Then "banishèd" *exile from the world means*  
Is death mis-termed. Calling death "banishèd," *misnamed*  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe  
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

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

ROMEO  
'Tis torture, and not mercy! Heav'n is here,  
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her,  
But Romeo may not. More validity

More honorable state, more courtship lives

In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand

And steal immortal blessing from her lips,

Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,

Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;

But Romeo may not, he is banished.

Flies may do this but I from this must fly;

They are freemen, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?

Hadst thou no poison mixture, 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;

Howling attends it! How hast thou the heart,

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,

A sin-absolver, and my friend professed, *one who calls himself my friend*  
To mangle me with that word "banishèd"? *tear me apart*

FRIAR  
Thou fond madman, hear me but speak a word. *foolish*

ROMEO  
O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR  
I'll give thee armor to keep off that word: *protection*  
Adversity's sweet milk: philosophy,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

ROMEO  
Yet banished? Hang up philosophy! *damn*  
It helps not, it prevails not! Talk no more! *it has no power*

FRIAR  
O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

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

FRIAR  
Let me dispute with thee of thy estate. *reason with you about your situation*

ROMEO  
Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel!  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, *and Juliet were your love*  
An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,  
Doting like me, and like me banishèd, *in love like me*  
Then might'st thou speak. *[NURSE knocks at door]*

FRIAR  
Arise. Good Romeo, hide thyself. Thou wilt be taken! *[Knocking]*  
Run to my study! *[Knocking]* I come, I come! Who knocks so hard?

NURSE *[outside]*  
Let me come in, and you shall know my errand. I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR *[opens door]*

Welcome then!

NURSE *[enters]*  
O Holy Friar, O, tell me, Holy Friar, where is my lady's Romeo?

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

NURSE

Stand up, stand up! Stand, if you be a man!

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!

Ah sir, ah sir! Death's the end of all. *all of us*

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 concealed lady to our cancelled love? *secret bride about*

NURSE  
O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,  
And then on Romeo cries, and then down falls again. *about*

ROMEO  
As if that name, shot from the deadly level of a gun, *my name, aim*  
Did murder her, as that name's cursèd hand  
Murdered her kinsman! O, tell me, Friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy *my body*  
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack *live, pillage*  
The hateful mansion! *[tries to stab himself] hated place*

FRIAR  
Hold thy desperate hand! Art thou a man?  
Thou hast amazed me! By my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better tempered. *character, balanced*  
Hast thou slain Tybalt! Wilt thou slay thyself? *so you've killed Tybalt*  
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives, *wife who is one with your life*  
By doing damnèd hate upon thyself? *committing suicide*  
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive, *cheer up*  
For whose dear sake thou wert but lately dead. *just now wished to be dead*  
There art thou happy! Tybalt would kill thee, *you are fortunate*  
But thou slewest Tybalt. There art thou happy! *you are fortunate*  
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend  
And turns it to exile. There art thou happy! *you are fortunate*  
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back; *many blessings are on you*  
Happiness courts thee in her best array; *good fortune, clothes*  
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench, *sulking girl*  
Thou puts up thy fortune and thy love.  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. *be careful, such people*

NURSE  
Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir. *[hands him the ring]*

ROMEO  
How well my comfort is revived by this! *spirit*

FRIAR  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed, *you planned*  
Ascend her chamber. Hence and comfort her. *climb into her bedroom, go on*  
But look thou stay not till the break of day *be sure*  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua, *leave*  
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time *find the right time*  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends, *announce, families*  
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back   
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. *sorrow*  
*[to Nurse]* Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady. *ahead, my regards*

NURSE  
*[to Romeo]* My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come!

ROMEO  
Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide. *sweetheart, scold me*

FRIAR  
Go hence, good night, and here stands all your state: *all depends on this*  
Be gone by break of day. Sojourn in Mantua. *by dawn leave in disguise, stay*  
And I shall signify from time to time *bring messages*  
Every good hap to you that chances here. *all good news, happens*  
Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.

ROMEO  
But that a joy past joy calls out on me, *if it weren't for a joy beyond joys*  
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. *that calls me away, it would be*  
Farewell. *[They exit]* *sad to leave you in such hurry*

**SCENE 18**

*[Capulet house. LORD & LADY CAPULET, PARIS]*

CAPULET  
Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily  
That we have had no time to move our daughter. *persuade*  
Look you, she loved her cousin Tybalt dearly,

And so did I. Well, we were born to die.

PARIS  
These times of woe afford no time to woo. *allow*  
Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter. *give my regards*

LADY CAPULET  
I will, and know her mind early tomorrow; *I'll know what she thinks*

Tonight she's mewed up to her heaviness. *closed off in her sorrow*

CAPULET  
Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender *bold offer*  
Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled  
In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed, *before*  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love, *tell, son-in-law*  
And bid her—mark you me?—on Wednesday next— *are you listening*  
But soft, what day is this? *wait*

PARIS

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET  
Monday! Ah, ah. Well, Wednesday is too soon.  
On Thursday let it be. *[to her]* On Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble sir!

Will you be ready? Do you like this haste? *approve, speed*  
We'll keep no great ado, a friend or two, *not have a big affair*  
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, *listen, recently*  
It may be thought we held him carelessly *thought little of him*  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much. *celebrate*  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday? *that's all*

PARIS  
My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow! *wish*

CAPULET  
Well get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then!  
*[to her]* Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, *before*  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day. *for*  
*[to him]* Farewell, my lord. *[They exit]*

**SCENE 19**

*[Juliet's balcony, dawn. ROMEO & JULIET]*

JULIET  
Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear. *you heard*  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree. *that*  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO  
It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks *streaks of light*  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east. *pierce the clouds*  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day *stars, jolly*  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET  
Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I. *that*  
It is some meteor that the sun exhaled,  
To be to thee this night a torchbearer  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.  
Therefore stay yet. Thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO  
Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death. *captured*  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so. *if*  
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye; *that grey light*  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow. *reflection of the moon's face*  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat *song rises to*  
The vaulty heav'n so high above our heads.  
I have more care to stay than will to go. *desire, willpower*  
Come death, and welcome; Juliet wills it so! *wishes*  
How is't, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day. *how are you, my love*

JULIET *[realizing it is late]*  
It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away! *hurry away*  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.

ROMEO  
More light and light, more dark and dark our woes! *the lighter it grows*

NURSE *[enters]* *the darker our woes*  
Madam!

JULIET  
Nurse?

NURSE  
Your lady mother is coming to your chamber! *[exits]* *room*

JULIET  
Then, window, let day in, and let life out!

ROMEO  
Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend. *[climbs down]*

JULIET  
Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay, husband, friend!  
I must hear from thee every day in the hour, *and every hour*  
For in a minute there are many days.  
O, by this count I shall be much in years *very old*  
Ere I again behold my Romeo! *before, see*

ROMEO  
Farewell! I will omit no opportunity *miss no chance*  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. *to send*

JULIET  
O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO  
I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve *of these woes we'll*  
For sweet discourses in our time to come. *talk and laugh years from now*

JULIET  
O God, I have an ill-divining soul! *bad feeling*  
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! *[exits]*

JULIET  
O Fortune, Fortune! All men call thee fickle. *quick to change your mind*  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him *what do you want with him*  
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, Fortune, *well known for faithfulness*  
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back!

**SCENE 20 (the same)**

LADY CAPULET *[enters]*

Ho, daughter, are you up? Why, how now, Juliet? *how are you*

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET  
Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? *still*  
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.  
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love, *stop crying, a little*  
But much of grief shows still some want of wit. *foolishness*

JULIET  
Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss. *deep*

LADY CAPULET  
Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,  
As that the villain lives which slaughtered him. *as because that villain*

JULIET

What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

That same villain Romeo.

JULIET  
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart.  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart. *anger me/my heart miss*

LADY CAPULET  
That is because the traitor murd'rer lives.

JULIET  
Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands. *beyond*

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LADY CAPULET  
We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not!

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,

Where that same banished runagate doth live, *renegade*

Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET  
Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo till I behold him--dead.

LADY CAPULET  
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl! *news*

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

JULIET  
Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

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

JULIET  
Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,  
He shall not make me there a joyful bride!  
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet! And, when I do, I swear,  
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET  
Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,  
And see how he will take it at your hands. *[CAPULET & NURSE enter]*

CAPULET  
How now, still in tears? Evermore showering? *what's this, still*  
Have you delivered to her our decree? *told her our decision*

LADY CAPULET  
Ay, sir, but she will none; she gives you thanks. *she'll have none of it*  
I would the fool were married to her grave! *wish*

CAPULET  
How! Will she none? Doth she not give us thanks? *have none of it*  
Is she not proud, unworthy as she is, that we have wrought *happy, arranged*  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JULIET  
Not proud you have, but thankful that you have. *I'm not happy that*  
Proud can I never be of what I hate.

CAPULET  
What is this? "I thank you" and "I thank you not"  
And yet "not proud"? Mistress minion you, *spoiled hussy*  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,   
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next *prepare your fine self for*  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither! *sledge on which traitors were taken to be executed*

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie. What, are you mad? *shame on you*

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! *look at me*  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me! *shut up, don't talk back*  
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest *thought ourselves blest*  
That God had lent us but this only child, *given*  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her.

NURSE  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so! *scold*

CAPULET  
Hold your tongue!

NURSE  
I speak no treason— *nothing disloyal*

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool!

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot! *upset*

CAPULET  
God's bread! It makes me mad! To have a wretched *damn it*  
puling fool, in her fortune's tender, *whimpering, receiving good fortune*  
To answer "I'll not wed; I pray you pardon me!"  
I'll "pardon" you!  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me! *go eat, stay in this house*  
I do not use to jest! Thursday is near. *joke*  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend. *if you're my daughter*  
An you be not, hang! Beg! Starve! Die in the streets! *if you're not*  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee! *[exits]* *you as my daugh*ter

JULIET  
O sweet my mother, cast me not away! *don't send me 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. *tomb*

LADY CAPULET  
Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *[exits]* *do what you will*

JULIET  
O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven. *alive, marriage vow sworn*  
How shall that faith return again to earth *can I marry again*  
Unless that husband send it me from heaven by leaving earth? *dying*  
What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

NURSE

Faith, here it is. Romeo is banished.

I think it best you married with this Paris.  
O, he's a lovely gentleman! Beshrew my heart *a light curse*  
I think you are happy in this second match, *fortunate, marriage*  
For it excels your first; or if it did not, *is better than*  
Your first is dead--or 'twere as good he were *as good as dead*  
As living here and you no use of him. *on earth, never able to see you*

JULIET  
Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE  
And from my soul too, else beshrew them both. *curse*

JULIET  
Amen.

NURSE  
What?

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

NURSE  
Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. *[exits]*

JULIET  
Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend-- *cursed old woman*  
To dispraise my lord with that same tongue *criticize, husband*  
Which she hath praised him with above compare *beyond comparison*  
So many thousand times. Go, counselor!  
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.   
If all else fail, myself have power to die. *[exits]* *kill myself*

**SCENE 21**

*[Church, later that day. FRIAR & PARIS]*

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

PARIS  
My father Capulet will have it so. *father-in-law*

FRIAR  
You say you do not know the lady's mind? *thoughts on this*  
Uneven is the course. I like it not. *this is too irregular*

PARIS  
Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death, *excessively*  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous *considers*  
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway, *let sorrow overwhelm her*  
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage *hurries*  
To stop the inundation of her tears. *[JULIET enters]* *flood*

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

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

PARIS  
That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next. *my love*

JULIET  
What must be shall be.

FRIAR

That's a certain text. *that's true*

PARIS  
Come you to make confession to the Friar?

Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET  
I will confess to you that I love him.

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

JULIET  
*[to Friar]* Are you at leisure, Holy Father, now? *free*

FRIAR  
My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now. *I'm free now, troubled*  
*[to Paris]* Good sir, we must entreat the time alone. *ask for*

PARIS  
God shield I should disturb devotion!— *forbid, religious devotion*  
Juliet, early will I rouse you. *wake you (with music)*  
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. *[kisses her, exits]*

JULIET  
Tell me not, Friar, that thou hearest of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it!

FRIAR  
O Juliet, I already know thy grief. *know the cause of your grief*  
It strains me past the compass of my wits. *I'm at my wit's end*

JULIET  
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! *[threatens to stab herself] now*

FRIAR  
Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope, *stop, see*  
Which craves as desperate an execution

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than marry County Paris,

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy. *give you this remedy*

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

From off the battlements of any tower,

Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk

Where serpents are: chain me with roaring bears,

Or bid me go into a new-made grave

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud

And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love. *loyal*

FRIAR  
Hold, then. Go home, be merry. Give consent *wait, agree*  
To marry Paris.  
Tonight, take thou this vial, being then in bed, *little bottle, once you're in bed*  
And this distilling liquor drink thou off. *drink all the liquid*  
When presently through all thy veins shall run *soon*  
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse *fluid*  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease. *keep beating, stop*  
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest. *show you're alive*  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade *rosiness*  
To paly ashes. Thy eyes' windows fall *pale grey, eyelids will close*  
Like Death when he shuts up the day of life. *closes*  
Each part, deprived of supple government, *part of you, unable to move*  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death. *rigid*

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes *Paris*  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead. *to wake you*  
Then, thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault *carried, tomb*  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie. *family*

And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death *death-like appearance*  
Thou shalt continue four and twenty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep. In the meantime,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift *plan*  
And hither shall he come, and *here*  
Watch thy waking, and that very night *watch you wake*  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua. *take you away*  
And this shall free thee from this present shame,  
If no inconstant fear abate thy valor. *interfere with, courage*

JULIET  
O, tell not me of fear!

FRIAR *[gives her the vial]*  
Get you gone. Be strong and prosperous *determined*  
In this resolve. I'll send to Mantua my letters to thy lord.

JULIET  
Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford! *give me help*  
Farewell, dear Father! *[They exit]*

**SCENE 22**

*[Capulet's - that night. CAPULET & NURSE]*

CAPULET

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

NURSE

Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET

Well, he may chance to do some good on her.

A peevish, self-willed harlotry it is.

NURSE

See where she comes from shrift with merry look. *[JULIET enters]*

CAPULET

How now my headstrong? Where have you been gadding?

JULIET  
Where I have learnt me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests. Pardon, I beseech you!

CAPULET

This is as't should be.

JULIET

Nurse, will you go with me into my closet

To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

CAPULET

Go, Nurse, go with her. We'll to church tomorrow. *[CAPULET exits]*

JULIET  
Gentle Nurse, I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight, *leave me alone*  
For I have need of many orisons *prayers*  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state, *encourage, situation*  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin. *conflicted*

LADY CAPULET *[enters]*  
What, are you busy? Need you my help?

JULIET  
No, madam. We have culled such necessaries *picked out everything*  
As are behoveful for our state tomorrow. *as needed for the ceremony*  
So please you, let me now be left alone.

LADY CAPULET

Good night. Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. *[They exit]*

JULIET  
Farewell. God knows when we shall meet again.  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone. Come, vial. *dreadful*  
What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?  
No, no, this shall forbid it. *[takes a dagger* *and puts it by the bed]*  
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo come to redeem me? *get me*  
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, *suffocated, tomb*  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in, *fresh*  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes? *before*  
Or if I live, is it not very like *isn't it likely*  
The horrible conceit of death and night, *thoughts*  
Together with the terror of the place where as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort, shall I not be distraught? *haunt, mad*

O look! Methinks I see my cousin's ghost *I think*  
Seeking out Romeo. Stay, Tybalt, stay! *stop*  
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! I drink to thee. *[She drinks. Lights change.]*

NURSE *[enters]*

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet! Fie, you slugabed! *sleepyhead*

What, dressed and in your clothes, and down again? *gone back to bed*

I must needs wake you! Lady! Lady! Lady!

Alas, alas! Help! Help! My lady's dead!

LADY CAPULET *[enters]*

What noise is here? Why what is the matter?

NURSE

Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET

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

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!

CAPULET *[enters]*

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

NURSE

She's dead, deceased!

LADY CAPULET

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

CAPULET

Ha! Let me see her. Out, alas. She's cold,

Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been separated.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost,

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE

O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET

O woeful time!

CAPULET

Alack, my child is dead,

And with my child my joys are buried.

**SCENE 23**

*[Mantua, that afternoon. ROMEO]*

ROMEO  
If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep, *believe what good dreams say*  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand. *predict, soon*  
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit *unusually good mood*  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,  
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips *on*  
That I revived and was an emperor.

Ah me! How sweet is love itself possessed,

When but love's shadows are so rich in joy. *[BENVOLIO enters]*  
News from Verona!—How now, Benvolio! *hello*  
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, *how is*  
For nothing can be ill if she be well. *bad, good*

BENVOLIO  
Then she is well and nothing can be ill. *she's in heaven (an expression)*  
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument, *the Capulet tomb*  
And her immortal part with angels lives. *soul*

ROMEO  
Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars! *is it really so, fate*  
*[aside]* Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.

BENVOLIO  
I do beseech you, coz, have patience!

ROMEO  
Leave me!

BENVOLIO  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import *suggest*  
Some misadventure. *something bad will happen*

ROMEO

Thou art deceived! *nonsense*  
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BENVOLIO  
No.

ROMEO

No matter. Get thee gone,  
So shalt thou show me friendship. *that's how*  
Live and be prosperous, and farewell, dear cousin. *[exits]*

**SCENE 24**

*[Church. FRIAR]*

JOHN *[enters]*  
Holy Friar!

FRIAR  
Welcome from Mantua! What says Romeo?  
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter. *if he wrote*

JOHN

Going to find a barefoot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me *accompany*

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town, *health officials*

Suspecting that we were both in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth.

FRIAR

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

JOHN  
I could not send it, nor get a messenger to bring it. *[hands him the letter]*

FRIAR  
Unhappy fortune! Romeo *terrible fortune*

Hath had no notice of these accidents. *events*

The letter was of dear import, and the neglecting it *much importance*  
May do much danger!

Within three hours will fair Juliet wake.

Fear comes upon me.  
O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing. *[They exit]* *evil*

**SCENE 25**

*[Outside apothecary shop in Verona, that night. ROMEO]*

ROMEO  
 What, ho! Apothecary!

APOTHECARY

*[enters]* Who calls so loud?

ROMEO  
Let me have a dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear *some, fast-acting stuff*  
As will disperse itself through all the veins

That the life-weary taker may fall dead *the one taking their life*

APOTHECARY  
Such mortal drugs I have, but Verona's law *deadly*  
Is death to any he that utters them. *sentences death, sells*

ROMEO  
Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness, and fear'st to die? *poor*  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.  
The world affords no law to make thee rich. *offers*  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this! *[Offers money]* *break the law*

APOTHECARY  
My poverty, but not my will, consents. *conscience, agrees*

ROMEO  
I pay thy poverty and not thy will. *conscience*

APOTHECARY *[offers poison]*  
Drink it off, and if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight. *kill you immediately*

ROMEO *[hands him the money]*  
There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell. *mixtures*  
*[PARIS enters, APOTHECARY exits.]*

PARIS   
*[Aside]* This is that banish'd haughty Montague

That murder'd my love's cousin  
*[to Romeo]* What, ho! Stop!  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee! *arrest*  
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die!

ROMEO  
I must indeed, and therefore came I hither. *that's why I came here*  
Tempt not a desperate man!  
Put not another sin upon my head by urging me to fury! *pushing*  
For I come hither armed against myself.

PARIS

I do defy thy conjurations, *threats*  
And apprehend thee for a felon here. *arrest, criminal*

ROMEO

Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy! *[They fight. PARIS is killed.]*

PARIS

O, I am slain! If thou be merciful

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

ROMEO

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! *[Lays him in the tomb.]*

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.  
O here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light. *festive hall*  
My love! My wife! Forgive me, dear Juliet.

Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet *sign*  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, *red*  
And death's pale flag is not advancèd there. *raised*  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe *beautiful*  
That unsubstantial Death is amorous, *bodiless Death is your lover*  
And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps *horrible*  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour? I will stay with thee, *mistress*  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again. Here will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars *shake off the burden of cruel fate*  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last. *body, for the last time*  
Arms, take your last embrace. And lips, O, you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss *pure*  
A dateless bargain to engrossing Death. *[kisses her]* *eternal contract, all-possessing*  
Come, bitter conduct. Here's to my love. *[drinks]* *escort (poison)*

O true apothecary! Thy drugs are quick. *[kisses her]*

JULIET *[wakes]*  
Romeo?

ROMEO

Thus with a kiss I die. *[dies]*

JULIET  
Romeo! What's here? Poison.  
Drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips. *follow after you*  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them *perhaps*  
To make me die. *[kisses him]*  
*[finding Romeo's dagger]* O, happy dagger! *how fortunate: a dagger*  
This is thy sheath! *[sees Capulet, kills herself] my heart*

**SCENE 26 (continues)**

*[Dawn. PRINCE, LORD MONTAGUE, LORD & LADY CAPULET,*

*FRIAR, NURSE, BENVOLIO, and Others enter]*

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

O me, this sight of death is as a bell

That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

PRINCE  
Come Montague, for thou art early up

To see thy son and heir so early down.

MONTAGUE

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight.

Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath.

Now further woe conspires against mine age.

PRINCE  
Capulet! Montague!

See what a scourge is laid upon your hate, *curse*  
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love! *a way, children*  
And I for winking at your discords too *disregarding your fighting*  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen! All are punished! *two of my*

CAPULET

O brother Montague, give me thy hand.

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more *marriage settlement*

Can I demand.

MONTAGUE

But I can give thee more:

For I will raise her statue in pure gold,

That whiles Verona by that name is known,

There shall no figure at such rate be set *value*

As that of true and faithful Juliet.

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