**ACT I. PROLOGUE.** *(The dialogue is underscored by music. Action happens upstage behind. Maybe conflict rising, possibly set pieces moving on.)*

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

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes

A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;

Whose misadventur’d piteous overthrows

Do with their death bury their parents' strife.

**ACT I. SCENE I. Verona. A public place.**  *(Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed. The music shifts. Action is heightened. Tempo is fast. The scene should build to a crescendo of violence.)*

**SAMPSON**

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

**GREGORY**

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. *(A group of Montagues enter.)*

Here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

**SAMPSON**

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

*(His gesture is sent toward ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR or another Montague.)*

**ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**SAMPSON**

I do bite my thumb, sir.

**ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**SAMPSON**

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

**GREGORY**

Do you quarrel, sir?

**ABRAHAM**

Quarrel sir! no, sir.

**SAMPSON**

If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

**ABRAHAM**

No better.

**SAMPSON**

Yes, better, sir.

**ABRAHAM**

You lie.

*(The music begins to swell. They fight*. *Enter BENVOLIO who tries to separate them.)*

**BENVOLIO**

Part, fools!  
Put down your hands; you know not what you do.

(*Enter TYBALT and other Capulets.)*

**TYBALT**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**TYBALT**

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

*(The music swells to a crescendo. They fight*. *Enter, several of* *both houses, MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.)*

**MONTAGUE**

Thou villain Capulet— *(Lady Montague tries to stop him.)* Hold me not, let me go.

**LADY MONTAGUE**

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

*(Enter PRINCE with Attendants**. He is law enforcement, possible military. He speaks through a bullhorn at first. The music fades down to faint underscoring as the fight ends.)*

**PRINCE**

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets.  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
You Capulet; shall go along with me:  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*(Exit all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO.)*

**MONTAGUE**

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

**BENVOLIO**

They were fighting when I approached.  
I drew to part them.

**LADY MONTAGUE**

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

**BENVOLIO**  
So early walking did I see your son:  
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me  
And stole into the covert of the wood.

**MONTAGUE**

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

*(Enter ROMEO**. The music shifts.)*

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MONTAGUE**

Come, madam, let's away.

*(Exit MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.)*

**BENVOLIO**

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.  
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

**BENVOLIO**

Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

**ROMEO**

O, teach me how I should forget to think.

**BENVOLIO**

By giving liberty unto thine eyes;  
Examine other beauties.

**ROMEO**

'Tis the way to call hers exquisite, in question more.  
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**Act I. SCENE II. A street.** *(Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.)*

**PARIS**  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

**CAPULET**  
My child is yet a stranger in the world;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

**PARIS**

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

**CAPULET**

And too soon marr'd are those so early made.  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a part.  
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
Come, go with me.

*(To Servant, giving a paper.)*

Go, sirrah, find those persons out  
Whose names are written there, and to them say,  
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

*(Exit CAPULET and PARIS*. *Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.)*

**Servant**

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

**ROMEO**

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

**Servant**

Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

**ROMEO**

Stay, fellow; I can read. *(Reads.)*

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;

Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt,

Lucio and the lively Helena.' A fair  
assembly: whither should they come?

**Servant**

To supper at our house.

**ROMEO**

Whose house?

**Servant**

My master's.

**ROMEO**

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

**Servant**

My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house  
of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.  
Rest you merry! *(Exit Servant.)*

**BENVOLIO**

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,  
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

**ROMEO**

I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. *(He exits.)*

**ACT I. SCENE III. A room in Capulet's house.** *(Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.)*

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

What, lamb! what, ladybird!  
God forbid! What, Juliet! *(Enter JULIET.)*

**JULIET**

How now! who calls?

**Nurse**

Your mother.

**JULIET**

Madam, I am here.  
What is your will?

**LADY CAPULET**  
How stands your disposition to be married?

**JULIET**

It is an honour that I dream not of.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Servant**

Madam, the guests are come.

**LADY CAPULET**

We follow thee. *(Exit Servant.)*

Juliet, the county stays.

**Nurse**

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. *(She exits.)*

**ACT I. SCENE IV. A street.** *(Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and OTHERS dressed for the party.)*

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

**ROMEO**

Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes  
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

Come, we burn daylight, ho!

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

Why, may one ask?

**ROMEO**

I dream'd a dream to-night.

**MERCUTIO**

And so did I.

**ROMEO**

Well, what was yours?

**MERCUTIO**

That dreamers often lie.

**ROMEO**

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

**MERCUTIO**

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats.  
This is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the night,  
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage:  
This is she--

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

I fear, too early: for my mind misgives  
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars –  
On, lusty gentlemen. (*Exit.)*

**ACT I. SCENE V. A hall in Capulet's house.** *(Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers)*

**CAPULET**

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen!  
Which of you will now deny to dance?

*(Music plays, and they dance. The dance is synchronized, either as a whole or in sections that repeat or rotate in some way to create a mesmerizing effect. Romeo begins speaking as he weaves through the dancers.)*

**ROMEO**

What lady is that, which doth enrich the

Hand of yonder knight?

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.

**TYBALT**

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin. *(Tybalt makes an advance as if to challenge Romeo.)*

**CAPULET**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**CAPULET**

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;  
Verona brags of him  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:

**TYBALT**  
I'll not endure him.

**CAPULET**

He shall be endured: Go to.  
Am I the master here, or you? Go to! (*Exit TYBALT.)*

**ROMEO**

*(To JULIET)* If I profane with my unworthiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

You kiss by the book. *(The dance suddenly breaks away and the party is a melting pot of conversation and such.)*

**Nurse**

Madam, your mother craves a word with you. *(Juliet moves to her mother who is standing across the room possible upstage a platform area.)*

**ROMEO**

What is her mother?

**Nurse**  
Her mother is the lady of the house.

**ROMEO**

Is she a Capulet?

**BENVOLIO**

Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

**ROMEO**

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

*(Exit all but JULIET and Nurse.)*

**JULIET**

Nurse, what is yond gentleman?

**Nurse**

I know not.

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

*(Lady Capulet calls from within 'Juliet.')*

**Nurse**

Anon, anon! Come, let's away. *(They exit.)*

**ACT II. SCENE I. A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.** *(Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.)*

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:  
Call, good Mercutio.

**MERCUTIO**

Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

**BENVOLIO**

Go, then; for 'tis in vain  
To seek him here that means not to be found. *(They* *exit.)*

**ACT II. SCENE II. A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.** *(Enter ROMEO in a continuation of the previous scene.*

**ROMEO**

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*(A light appears above.)*

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:  
Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. *(Enter Juliet.)*  
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:  
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

**JULIET**

Ay me!

**ROMEO**

She speaks:  
O, speak again, bright angel!

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

*(Aside.)* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET**

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for that name which is no part of thee  
Take all myself.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**  
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

**ROMEO**

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;  
For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

**JULIET**

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

**ROMEO**

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;  
And but thou love me, let them find me here:  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

**JULIET**

Thou know’st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek.  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'  
And I will take thy word: O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

**ROMEO**

By yonder blessed moon I swear.

**JULIET**

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

**ROMEO**

What shall I swear by?

**JULIET**

Do not swear at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

(*Nurse calls within. “Juliet!”)*

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again. *(She exits.)*

**ROMEO**

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard.  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*(Re-enter JULIET, above)*

**JULIET**

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

**Nurse**

*(Within.)* Madam!

**JULIET**

I come, anon.--But if thou mean'st not well,  
I do beseech thee—

**Nurse**

*(Within.)* Madam!

**JULIET**

By and by, I come:--  
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:  
To-morrow will I send.

**ROMEO**

So thrive my soul—

**JULIET**

A thousand times good night! *(She exits.)*

**ROMEO**

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

*(Re-enter JULIET.)*

**JULIET**

Romeo!

**ROMEO**

My dear?

**JULIET**

At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

**ROMEO**

At the hour of nine.

**JULIET**

I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.  
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *(She exits.)*

**ROMEO**  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. *(She exits.)*

**ACT II. SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell.** *(Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.)*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**  
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

In herbs and plants.  
Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence and medicine power:  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart. *(Enter ROMEO.)*

**ROMEO**

Good morrow, father.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Benedicite! What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night. Wast thou with Rosaline?

**ROMEO**

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me.

**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:  
When and where and how  
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

**ROMEO**

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now  
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;  
The other did not so.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**  
Come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

**ROMEO**

O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste. *(He exits.)*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. *(He exits.)*

**SCENE IV. A street.** *(Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.)*

**MERCUTIO**

Where the devil should this Romeo be?  
Came he not home to-night?

**BENVOLIO**

Not to his father's.

**MERCUTIO**

Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline.  
Torments him so.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

A challenge, on my life.

**BENVOLIO**

Romeo will answer it.

**MERCUTIO**

Alas poor Romeo! the very pin of his heart cleft with the  
blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

**BENVOLIO**

Why, what is Tybalt?

**MERCUTIO**

More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is  
the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as  
you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and  
proportion. *(Enter ROMEO.)*

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes Romeo.

**MERCUTIO**

Signor Romeo, bon jour!

You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

**ROMEO**

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

*(Enter Nurse.)*

**Nurse**

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

**MERCUTIO**

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

**Nurse**

Is it good den?

**MERCUTIO**

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

**Nurse**

Out upon you! what a man are you!

**ROMEO**

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

**Nurse**

Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I  
may find the young Romeo?

**ROMEO**  
I am the youngest of that name.

**Nurse**

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

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

**ROMEO**

I will follow you.

**MERCUTIO**

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell. (*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.)*

**Nurse**

Pray you, sir, a word: my young lady bade me inquire you out.

**ROMEO**

Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.

Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon;  
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell  
Be shrived and married.

**Nurse**

Well, she shall be there.

**ROMEO**

Commend me to thy lady.

**Nurse**

Ay, a thousand times. *(She exits.)*

**ACT II. SCENE V. Capulet's orchard.** *Enter JULIET.*

**JULIET**

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;  
In half an hour she promised to return.  
O God, she comes! (*Enter Nurse.)*

Nurse, what news?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

Lord, what haste? 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?

**Nurse**

Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

Why, she is within;  
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!  
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,  
Where is your mother? What says Romeo?

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

I have.

**Nurse**

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;  
There stays a husband to make you a wife:  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks.  
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

**JULIET**

Honest nurse, farewell.  *(They exit.)*

**ACT II. SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO for ritual. Enter Juliet.*

**ACT III. SCENE I. A public place.** *Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

**BENVOLIO**

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl.

*(A group of Capulets approaches)*

By my head, here come the Capulets.

**MERCUTIO**

By my heel, I care not. *(Enter TYBALT and others.)*

**TYBALT**

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.  
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**TYBALT**

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

**BENVOLIO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

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

**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.

**MERCUTIO**.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk? *(He draws his weapon as he speaks.)*

**TYBALT**

What wouldst thou have with me?

**MERCUTIO**

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.

**TYBALT.**

I am for you. *(He draws his weapon as he speaks. They fight.)*

**ROMEO**  
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!  
The prince expressly hath  
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:  
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

*(TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs MERCUTIO, and flies with his followers.)*

**MERCUTIO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

What, art thou hurt?

**MERCUTIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

**MERCUTIO**

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

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

**ROMEO**

I thought all for the best.

**MERCUTIO**

Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me. *(Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.)*

**ROMEO**

This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander,--Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet. *(Re-enter BENVOLIO.)*

**BENVOLIO**

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

**ROMEO**

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

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

**ROMEO**

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain! (*Re-enter TYBALT.)*

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

**TYBALT**

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

*(They fight. It is quick, impulsive, and violent. Tybalt is killed.)*

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

O, I am fortune's fool!

*(Exit ROMEO as the Prince enters with the CAPULETS and MONTAGUES and others. These scenes should overlap. The pace should be constant—without pause.)*

**LADY CAPULET**

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!  
O sweet prince! ~~Prince,~~ as thou art true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

**PRINCE**

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

**BENVOLIO**

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
But by and by comes back to Romeo.  
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.

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

**PRINCE**

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

**MONTAGUE**

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

**PRINCE**

And for that offence  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:  
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body. *(They exit in a ritualistic formation to remove Tybalt’s body.)*

**ACT III. SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.** *Enter JULIET.*

**JULIET**

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner  
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun. *(Enter Nurse.)*

**JULIET**

Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

**Nurse**  
We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

**JULIET**

Can heaven be so envious?

**Nurse**  
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—

**JULIET**

O, break, my heart!

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

**JULIET**

What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?  
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?

**Nurse**

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished.

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

It did, it did; alas the day, it did!  
Shame come to Romeo!

**JULIET**

Blister'd be thy tongue  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit.

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:  
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished;'  
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.

**Nurse**

Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you: He is hid at Laurence' cell.

**JULIET**

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

**ACT III. SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell.** *Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death;'  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

**ROMEO**

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not; he is banished:  
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me and like me banished,  
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*(Knocking within.)*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Good Romeo, hide thyself.

*(Knocking.)*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;

*(Knocking.)*

By and by! I come!

*Knocking*

Whence come you? what's your will?

**Nurse**

*(Within)* Let me come in, and you shall know  
my errand; I come from Lady Juliet.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Welcome, then. *(Enter Nurse.)*

**ROMEO**

Speakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

**Nurse**

O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries.

**ROMEO**

As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion. *(Drawing a knife.)*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold thy desperate hand:  
Wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed, and comfort her.  
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:  
Romeo is coming.

**Nurse**

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. *(She exits.)*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**  
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night. *(They exit.)*

**ACT III. SCENE IV. A room in Capulet's house.** *Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS*

**CAPULET**  
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:  
I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

**PARIS**

These times of woe afford no time to woo.  
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

**LADY CAPULET**

I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;  
To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

**CAPULET**  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next--  
But, soft! what day is this?

**PARIS**

Monday, my lord.

**CAPULET**

Well, Wednesday is too soon,  
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.  
But what say you to Thursday?

**PARIS**

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

**CAPULET**

Well get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.  
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.  
Good night. *Exeunt*

**ACT III. SCENE V. Capulet's orchard.** *Enter ROMEO and JULIET above, at the window.*

**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: look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so. *(Enter Nurse.)*

**Nurse**

Madam!

**JULIET**

Nurse?

**Nurse**

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:  
The day is broke; be wary, look about. *(She exits.)*

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. *(He goeth down.)*

**JULIET**

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

**ROMEO**

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

**JULIET**

O God, I have an ill-divining soul!  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

**ROMEO**

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! *(He exits.)*

**LADY CAPULET**

*(Within)* Ho, daughter! are you up?

**JULIET**

Who is't that calls?

*(Enter LADY CAPULET.)*

**LADY CAPULET**

Why, how now, Juliet!

**JULIET**

Madam, I am not well.

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

Feeling so the loss,  
I cannot choose but weep for my friend.

**LADY CAPULET**

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,  
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

**JULIET**

What villain madam?

**LADY CAPULET**

That same villain, Romeo.

**JULIET**  
God Pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.  
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 banish'd runagate doth live,  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

**JULIET**  
Madam, if you could find out but a man  
To bear a poison, I would temper it;  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors  
To hear him named, and cannot come to him.

**LADY CAPULET**

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.  
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

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

**JULIET**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

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

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse*

**CAPULET**  
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?  
How now, wife, have you deliver'd to her our decree?

**LADY CAPULET**

Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.  
I would the fool were married to her grave!

**CAPULET**  
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
Doth she not count her blest,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

**JULIET**

Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:  
Proud can I never be of what I hate.

**CAPULET**

How now, chop-logic! What is this?  
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'  
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.

**LADY CAPULET**

Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

**JULIET**

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

**CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**CAPULET**

And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,

**Nurse**

May not one speak?

**CAPULET**

Peace, you mumbling fool!  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;  
For here we need it not.

**LADY CAPULET**

You are too hot.

**CAPULET**

God's bread! it makes me mad:  
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good. *(He exits.)*

**JULIET**  
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

**LADY CAPULET**

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *(She exits.)*

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

Faith, here it is.  
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the county.  
O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
Romeo's a dishclout to him.

Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first.

**JULIET**

Speakest thou from thy heart?

**Nurse**

And from my soul too;  
Or else beshrew them both.

**JULIET**

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

**Nurse**

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

**JULIET**

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath praised him with above compare  
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.  
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:  
If all else fail, myself have power to die. *(She exits.)*

**ACT IV. SCENE I. Friar Laurence's cell.** *Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

**PARIS**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**PARIS**

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I little talk'd of love.  
Now, sir, her father in his wisdom hastes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**  
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell. (*Enter JULIET.)*

**PARIS**

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

**JULIET**

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

**PARIS**

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

**JULIET**

What must be shall be.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

That's a certain text.

**PARIS**

Come you to make confession to this father?

**JULIET**

To answer that, I should confess to you.  
*(To the Friar)* Are you at leisure, holy father, now;  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.  
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

**PARIS**

God shield I should disturb devotion!  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:  
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. *(He exits.)*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits:

**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. *(She pulls a dagger.)*  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,  
Which craves as desperate an execution.  
If, rather than to marry County Paris,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame.  
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

**JULIET**

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
Or 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 unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent to marry Paris.  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;  
Take thou this vial and drink thou off;  
And presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour.  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest.

Stiff and stark and cold, thou 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.  
Romeo shall by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come to bear thee hence to Mantua.

Get you gone, be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve: I'll send to Mantua for thy lord.

**JULIET**

Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.  
Farewell, dear father! *(She exits.)*

**ACT IV. SCENE II. Hall in Capulet's house.** *Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and two servants.*

**CAPULET**

How now, my headstrong! where have you been?

**JULIET**

Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition.  
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

**CAPULET**

Send for the county; go tell him of this:  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning. *(Servants exit.)*  
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,  
Our whole city is much bound to him. *(He exits.)*

**ACT IV. SCENE III. Juliet's chamber.** *Juliet, Nurse, and Lady Capulet are left alone.*

**JULIET**

Gentle nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night.

**LADY CAPULET**

Do you need my help, dear?

**JULIET**

No, madam.  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you.

**LADY CAPULET**

Good night:  
Get thee to bed and rest. (*Exit LADY CAPULET and Nurse.)*

**JULIET**

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life.  
Come, vial.  *(She hesitates.)*  
What if this mixture do not work at all?

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
Because he married me before to Romeo?  
What if I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me?  
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault?  
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
dash out my desperate brains?  
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee. *(She drinks.)*

**ACT IV. SCENE V. Juliet's chamber.** *Enter Nurse.*

**Nurse**

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet!  
Why, lamb! why, lady! *(Notices Juliet.)*  
Madam! Sweet-heart!  
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!

*(Enter LADY CAPULET.)*

**LADY CAPULET**

What noise is here?

**Nurse**

Look, look!

**LADY CAPULET**

O me, O me! My child, my only life,  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!  
Help, help!

*(Enter CAPULET.)*

**CAPULET**

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

**Nurse**

She's dead.

**CAPULET**

Alas! she's cold:  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Alack! my child is dead;  
And with my child my joys are buried.

*(A funeral ritual is performed to place Juliet in the tomb. Meanwhile…)*

**ACT V. SCENE I. Mantua. A street.** *Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

*(Enter BALTHASAR.)*

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
How fares my Juliet?  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

**BALTHASAR**

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:  
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives.  
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

**ROMEO**

Is it even so? Then I will hence to-night.

**BALTHASAR**

I do beseech you, sir, have patience:  
Your looks do import some misadventure.

**ROMEO**  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

**BALTHASAR**

No, my good lord.

**ROMEO**

No matter: get thee gone,  
I'll be with thee straight. (*Exit BALTHASAR.)*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
O mischief, thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
I do remember an apothecary--  
And hereabouts he dwells. *(He exits.)*

**ACT V. SCENE III. A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.** *The lights crossfade to the tomb.*

**ROMEO**  
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
*(Romeo enters the tomb.)*

O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
dear Juliet, Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again. Eyes, look your last!  
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
Here's to my love! *(He drinks.)* O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

*(As pain wretches through his body, Juliet awakens. Their eyes meet and Juliet embraces him. He dies.)*

**JULIET**

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:  
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them.

*(She kisses him. There is no poison left. The remainder of the scene happens nearly simultaneously.)*

**First Watchman**

*(Within)* Lead, boy: which way?

**JULIET**

Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! *(Taking ROMEO's dagger.)*

This is thy sheath…there rust and let me die*.*

**PAGE**

This is the place.

**Second Watchman**

Here's Romeo's man; we found him.

*(Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.)*

**PRINCE**

What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

**First Watchman**

Sovereign, here lies Romeo dead;

and Juliet, dead before, warm and new kill'd.

**CAPULET**

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

**MONTAGUE**

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

**PRINCE**  
Capulet! Montague!  
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.  
And I for winking at your discords too  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

**PRINCE**

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

*Exeunt*