

PRESET: LX 1 / House Full

WARN:

Cue Group 2

SR: Cap, Lady Cap, Juliet, Benvolio

UC: Prince, Perrin, Tybalt, Friar, Gregory

SL: Romeo, Mont, Abraham, Nurse

GO from house LX 2
HOUSE HALFHouse at half SND A
Preshow announcementWAIT FOR PHONES OFF LX 3
SND 5
HOUSE OUT
Black / OvertureLX 4
last note of first time thru music GROUP 2
Slow fade up on sceneAll actors in place SND 10
Thunder**PART I
PROLOGUE.***Company enters*

J: Two households, both alike in dignity,
 FL: In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 M: From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
 N: Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 T: From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 P: A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
 LC: Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
 A: Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
 R: The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
 B: And the continuance of their parents' rage,
 MP: Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
 GP: Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
 C: The which if you with patient ears attend, SND 14
 ALL: What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend. SND 15
 Thunder → trans music

ACT I - Scene 1**Verona. A public street.**Actors start cross LX 6
Street scene light**GREGORY.** I strike quickly, being moved.**PERRIN.** But thou art not quickly moved to strike.**GREGORY.** A dog of the house of Montague moves me.**PERRIN:** Then Draw thy tool! here comes one of the house of Montagues.
Let us take the law of our sides; let him begin.**GREGORY.** I will frown as I pass by, and let him take it as he lists.
Nay, I will bite my thumb at him; which is a disgrace to him, if he bears it.*Enter ABRAHAM***ABRAHAM.** Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?

GREGORY. I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM. Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?

GREGORY. Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

PERRIN. No.

GREGORY. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, LX 8
sir. Do you quarrel, sir? 10ct to Tybalt ent

ABRAHAM. Quarrel sir! no, sir.

PERRIN. But if you do, sir, he is for you:

GREGORY. I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAHAM. No better?

PERRIN. Say 'better.' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

GREGORY. Yes, better, sir.

ABRAHAM. You lie.

PERRIN. Draw, if you be a man. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. (P) hits (GP)'s butt SND 30
start fight music

They fight. Enter BENVOLIO.

BENVOLIO. Part, fools! (T) jumps to deck LX 9
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

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

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

PAGE TURN →

TYBALT. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
 As I hate hell, all Montagues, and **thee**; _____ vis prep of smack in stomach **SND 35**
 Have at thee, coward! _____ fight music continues

*They fight. Enter CAPULET, MONTAGUE and _____ antic (C) ent **SND 40***
several of both houses. _____ vol. down

CAPULET. What noise is this?
 Old Montague is come,
 And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

MONTAGUE. Thou villain Capulet,--Hold me not, let **me** go. _____ **SND 45**
 _____ alarum

Enter PRINCE

PRINCE. **R**ebellious subjects, enemies to **peace**, _____ **SND 47**
 _____ **LX 11**

Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, _____ **LX 12**
 _____ pulldown

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.
 For this time, all the rest depart away:
 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**.

LX 13

Exeunt all but MONTAGUE and BENVOLIO.

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

BENVOLIO. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
 I drew to part them: in the instant came

The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

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

BENVOLIO. Sir, 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.
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to rise
'way from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night:

BENVOLIO. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO. Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE. Both by myself and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself so secret and so close.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow.
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO.

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

MONTAGUE. I would thou couldst. (*Exit*)

BENVOLIO. Good-morrow, cousin.

ROMEO. Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO. But new struck nine.

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

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

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

BENVOLIO. In love?

ROMEO. Out--

BENVOLIO. Of love?

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

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

ROMEO. Where should we dine? Oh 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.

LX 14

15ct to (R) on landing

Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate
O anything of nothing first create
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Still-waking sleep that is not what it is!
This love feel I that feel no love in this
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO. No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO. Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO. Why, such is love's transgression.
Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO. Soft! I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BENVOLIO. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO. Groan! why, no.
But sadly tell me who.

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

BENVOLIO. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO. A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

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

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

ROMEO. 'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite in question more.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

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

LX 15

SND 50

Capulet music

Enter CAPULET, PERRIN and the NURSE

CAPULET. *(To PERRIN)*

Go, mistress, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay. _____ (C) X thru UR door

SND 52

Perrin music

CAPULET and NURSE exit

PERRIN. Find them out whose names are written here! I am sent to find those persons whose names are herewrit, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.--In good time.

ROMEO and BENVOLIO from the street.

BENVOLIO: Tut man, One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

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

ROMEO. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

PERRIN. Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

ROMEO. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

PERRIN. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

ROMEO. Stay, Mistress; I can read. (*Reads*) 'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitravio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt ; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline—.'
A fair assembly: whither should they come?

PERRIN. To supper; to our house.

ROMEO. Whose house?

PERRIN. My master's.

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

PERRIN. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! (*Exit.*)

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



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

BENVOLIO. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

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

LX 17

SND 60

scene change

I.2

Outside the Capulet house.

LORD CAPULET with his wife and PARIS

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

PARIS. And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

WARN
Nick cue (N) balc

PARIS. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
Come. Go with me.

LX 18
SND 65

Exeunt CAPULET, PARIS, and LADY CAPULET.

2nd-to-last note

LX 19

stair lights

I.3

The Capulet house

NURSE and LADY CAPULET.

stdby Nick

(J) under balc

CUE NICK

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

NURSE. Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! What, ladybird!

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

Enter JULIET.

JULIET. How now! who calls?

NURSE. Your mother.

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

LADY CAPULET. This is the matter: Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret:--nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel. _____ (N) down stairs
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

LX 22

NURSE. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET. She's not fourteen.

NURSE. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth--
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET. A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
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;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,--I never shall forget it,--
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
My lord and you were then at Mantua:--
Nay, I do bear a brain--
'Shake!' quoth the dove house.

Twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge;
 And since that time it is 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!
 A' was a merry man--took up the child:
 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
 The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;
 And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

LADY CAPULET. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

NURSE. Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,
 To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.'
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:
 'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

JULIET. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

NURSE. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
 An 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?

JULIET. It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,

I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET. Well, think of marriage now; for by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
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, why, he's a man of wax.

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

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

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;
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

LX 23

NURSE. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

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

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

Enter PERRIN.

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

LADY CAPULET. We follow thee.

Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. (*Exeunt.*)

LX 24

SND 70

I. 4

bench placed (antic kazoos offstage)

LX 25

Outside the Capulet house.

ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and ABRAHAM.

BENVOLIO. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

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

talk board op through fireworks

MERCUTIO. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

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

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

ROMEO. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

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

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

MERCUTIO. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor! What care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

ROMEO. A torch for me: let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

MERCUTIO. 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
Over men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers,
Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice:
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 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
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels and expire the term
of a despised life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

LX 26
SND 75

*They approach the house. LORD CAPULET greets them.
Other guests enter.*

(C) gesture to (N) LX 27
stair lights

CAPULET. Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! come, music, play.
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girl.

LX 28
SND 80

Music and Dancing

(J) dances with (C) LX 28.5

ROMEO. (*To a Guest*) What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

(J) given to (GP) SND 81 ↓

ABRAHAM. I know not, sir.

SND 82 LX 29 SND 82 ↑

ROMEO. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

LX 29

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

boys start X SND 83 ↓

(T) & (P) dance past center LX 30
4ct to Tybalt DL

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

PAGE TURN →

What dares the slave
 Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
 To flear and scorn at our solemnity?

SND 84 ↑

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. Young Romeo is it?

Turn up speaker

TYBALT. Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
 I would not for the wealth of all the town
 Here in my house do him disparagement:
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him:

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

CAPULET. He shall be endured:
 What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
 Am I the master here, or you? go to.
 You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests
 You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

TYBALT. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET. Go to, go to;
 You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?
 You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time--
 Well sung, my hearts-- You are a princox; go:
 Be quiet, or--More light, more light! For shame!
 I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

LX 31

LX 32

flicker

antic (C) smacks stairs LX 33

end flicker

TYBALT. I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall

PAGE TURN (FIREWORKS) →

Now seeming sweet convert to bitterest gall.

SND 85

→ BUMP 11

CAPULET. Behold!

Fireworks. ROMEO seeks out JULIET

SND 91

→ BUMP 12

ROMEO. (To JULIET) If I profane with my unworhiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

SND 92

→ BUMP 11

SND 93

→ BUMP 12

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.

(R) pulls (J) to SL

SND 93.5

→ BUMP 11

SLIDER 10

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. (*kiss*)

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

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

stdby Bump 12 & X-fade to Slider 9

ROMEO. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

(R) & (J) lean in for kiss

SND 95

→ BUMP 12

JULIET.

You kiss by the book.

SND 95.5

→ X-FADE SLIDERS

NURSE. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO. What is her mother?

NURSE.

Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous

PAGE TURN →

I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
 I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
 Shall have the chinks.

vis (P) – or not

SND 96

Rag

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

BENVOLIO. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

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

SND 97

CAPULET. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
 We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

vis (LC) / (N) turn off victrola

SND 100*(LADY CAPULET whispers in his ear.)*

music out

Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all
 I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

JULIET. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE. I know not.

JULIET. Go ask his name:

(She goes.)

If he be married.

My grave is like to be my wedding ing bed.

LX 46

CAPULET. Good night, Good night.
 Come on then, let's to bed.

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

CAPULET. Ah, sirrah, by my faith, it waxes late:
 I'll to my rest.

JULIET. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

NURSE. What's this? what's this?

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

One calls within 'Juliet.'

NURSE. Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. *(Exeunt.)*

LX 47

SND 105

(J) starts X to door LX 48

ACT II - Scene 1
Outside the Capulet's orchard.

(J) starts ex. LX 49

ROMEO. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

He hides. Enter BENVOLIO, MERCUTIO and ABRAHAM.

BENVOLIO. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

ABRAHAM He ran this way,

BENVOLIO Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove'--
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

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
 Till she had laid it and conjured it down;
 That were some spite: my invocation
 Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

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

MERCUTIO. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
 As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
 Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
 An open arse, and thou a poperin pear!
 Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
 Come, shall we go?

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

II. 2 Capulet's orchard

ROMEO. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
 (*JULIET appears above at a window.*)
 But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
 It is my lady, O, it is my love!
 O, that she knew she were!

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?
 Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright
 That birds would sing and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET.

Ay me!

LX 51

ROMEO.

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

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

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

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

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

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

ROMEO. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

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

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

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

ROMEO. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
 Than twenty of their swords: 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 eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here.

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

ROMEO. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.

LX 53

20ct to (R) X SL

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

ROMEO. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops--

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

ROMEO. What shall I swear by?

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

ROMEO. If my heart's dear love--

JULIET. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROMEO. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

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

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

ROMEO. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

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

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

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

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,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE. (*Within*) 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 strife, and leave me to my grief:
 To-morrow will I send.

ROMEO. So thrive my soul--

JULIET. A thousand times good night!(*Exit.*)

ROMEO. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
 Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
 But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Re-enter JULIET

JULIET. Hist! Romeo, hist!

ROMEO. It is my soul that calls upon my name!

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.
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; I would have thee gone:
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird
That lets it hop a little from his hands
And with a silken thread plucks it back again.
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO. I would I were thy bird.

JULIET. Sweet so would I.
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (*Exit*)

antic (J) turns to leave

SND 107

ROMEO. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
I'll to my Friar Laurence' cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. (*Exit*)

LX 54

SND 110

II. 3
Friar Laurence's cell

FRIAR LAURENCE. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
 With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave that is her womb,
 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
 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, stays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

(R) hits marley

LX 56

Enter ROMEO.

ROMEO. Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Benedicite!
 What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROMEO. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

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

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

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

FRIAR LAURENCE. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROMEO. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: 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.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

ROMEO. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO. And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

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

FRIAR LAURENCE. Oh she knew well
Thy love did read by rote that could not spell.
But come Young Waverer, Come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

ROMEO. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste. _____ (R) X DS of small bench SND 115

FRIAR LAURENCE. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast (*Exeunt.*) _____ LX 57

II. 4

A street

BENVOLIO, MERCUTIO, and ABRAHAM

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

BENVOLIO. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

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

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

MERCUTIO. A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO. Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

MERCUTIO. Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO. Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. A duellist, a duellist: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai! A pox on this affecting fantastico, this fashion-monger...

Enter ROMEO.

ABRAHAM. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO. Without his roe, like a dried herring: flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Signior Romeo, you gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

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

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

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

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

ROMEO. Meaning, to court'sy.

MERCUTIO. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROMEO. A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO. Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO. Right

ROMEO. Why then is my pump well flowered.

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

LX 58

bale light

BENVOLIO. Stop there, stop there.

MERCUTIO. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BENVOLIO. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MERCUTIO. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

vis (N) ent

SND 120

ROMEO. Here's goodly gear!

Enter NURSE and PERRIN.

(N) on deck

LX 59

MERCUTIO. A sail, a sail!

BENVOLIO. Two, two!

NURSE. Perrin!

PERRIN. Anon!

NURSE. My fan, Perrin.

MERCUTIO. Good Perrin, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

NURSE. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO. God ye good e'en, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE. Is it good e'en?

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

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

ROMEO. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

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

BENVOLIO: She will indite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! so ho!

ABRAHAM. What hast thou found there?

MERCUTIO/BENVOLIO/ABRAHAM.

AN OLD HARE HOAR
AND AN OLD HARE HOAR,
IS VERY GOOD MEAT IN LENTE;
BUT A HARE THAT IS HOAR
IS TOO MUCH FOR A SCORE
WHEN IT HOARS THERE IT BE SPENT

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

ROMEO. I will follow you.

MERCUTIO. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell. (*Singing 'lady, lady, lady.'*)

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.

NURSE. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

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

NURSE. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

PERRIN. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as any man if I saw occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

NURSE. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.
Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady
bid me inquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but
first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they
say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say: for the
gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with
her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and
very weak dealing.

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

NURSE. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will
be a joyful woman.

ROMEO. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

NURSE. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a
gentlemanlike offer.

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

NURSE. No truly sir; not a penny.

ROMEO. Go to; I say you shall.

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

ROMEO. Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

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

ROMEO. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

NURSE. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady--Lord, Lord! when 'twas a
little prating thing:--O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that
would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as life see a toad, a
very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that

Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world.

ROMEO. Ay, Nurse, What of that? Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE. Ay, a thousand times. _____ antic (R) ex. SND 125
(Exit ROMEO.) Clock bells
 Perrin!

PERRIN. Anon!

NURSE. Perrin, take my fan, and go before and apace. *(Exeunt.)* _____ LX 60
SND 126

II. 5 Capulet's orchard

JULIET. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
 In half an hour she promised to return.
 O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams.
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
 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,
 She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
 O God, she comes!

(Enter NURSE and PERRIN.)

O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him?

NURSE. Perrin, take those to the cook.

Exit PERRIN.

JULIET. Now, good sweet nurse, O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

_____ (J) almost off stairs LX 61

TURN PAGE →

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

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

LX 62

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

JULIET. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that.

NURSE. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a
man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet
his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though
they are not to be talked on, yet they are past compare.
Go thy ways, wench. Serve God.
What, have you dined at home?

JULIET. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

NURSE. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,--O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

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

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

JULIET. Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'

WARN

Nick cue (FL) UL bldg

NURSE. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot?
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET. Here's such a coil! come, 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.
They'll be scarlet straight at any news.
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

LX 63
SND 130

JULIET. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. (*Exeunt.*)

after bench move – stdby Nick

long antic of (N) & (P) exit CUE NICK
(FL) UL bldg

II. 6

Friar Laurence's cell

FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

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

ROMEO. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

WARN
Nick cue Boys UR

FRIAR LAURENCE. These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
(*Enter JULIET.*)
Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.

JULIET. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

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

ROMEO. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more,
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

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

kiss

SND 135

FRIAR LAURENCE. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. *(Exeunt.)*

stdby Nick

LX 64

SND 140

CUE NICK

Boys UR

ACT III - Scene 1.1

A public place

MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, ABRAHAM

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

MERCUTIO. Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the
confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says 'God
send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws
it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO. Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy,
and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.
Why, thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having

no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BENVOLIO. By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT, with others

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

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

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

MERCUTIO. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

MERCUTIO. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make
minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my
fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

LX 65

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

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

Enter ROMEO.

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

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

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

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

ROMEO. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise.
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love
And so, good Capulet,--which name I tender
As dearly as my own,--be satisfied.

MERCUTIO. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
(*Draws.*) Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

SND 155

ominous music

TYBALT. What wouldst thou have with me?

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

(T) swings

LX 66

SND 160

MERCUTIO. Come, sir, your passado.

ROMEO. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

(MP) hops to bench

SND 165

MERCUTIO and TYBALT fight.

ROMEO. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

(MP) attacks

SND 170

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

(MP) draws "passado"

SND 175

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

antic lunge after behind-the-back

SND 180

TYBALT stabs MERCUTIO, under ROMEO's arm.

stab

SND 185

MERCUTIO I am hurt.

PERRIN. Away, Tybalt!

MERCUTIO.

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

WARN
Flashlights
End of Act I
House Lights

BENVOLIO. What, art thou hurt?

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

ROMEO. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

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

ROMEO. I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses!

SND 190

ROMEO. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf. From Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet:
Thou' st in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

BENVOLIO. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO. This but begins the woe, others must end.

BENVOLIO. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

PAGE TURN →

ROMEO. Again, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

(Re-enter TYBALT.)

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

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

ROMEO. This shall determine that. _____ start fight SND 195
sound out

They fight; TYBALT falls.

_____ (T) stabbed SND 200

BENVOLIO. Romeo, away, be gone!
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO. O. I am fortune's fool! _____ SND 205

INTERVAL

_____ follow LX 68
BLACK

_____ cast clear LX 70
HOUSE FULL

PLACES	
UC	UL
(FL)	(C)
(MP)	(LC)
(T)	(GP)
UR	DL
(P)	(R)
(N)	(B)
	(M)
	(A)

III-1.2-44

WARN

Nick cue (MP) balc
(when (R) ex hobbit hole)

_____ when ready LX 71
HOUSE HALF

_____ house at half SND 208
cell phone announce

_____ WAIT A WHILE!! LX 72
SND 210
HOUSE OUT
fade to black

PART II

_____ (6 violins) cast in place – (T), (R), (B) LX 73

III. 1.2
As before

ROMEO. O, I am fortune's fool! _____ SND 215

BENVOLIO. Why dost thou stay?

Exit ROMEO.
Enter PRINCE, MONTAGUE, LORD and LADY CAPULET, a
and others.

PRINCE. Where are the vile beginners of this fray? _____ (MP) down stairs LX 75

LADY CAPULET. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
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, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
Retorts it back. Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I

Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:
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:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. *(Exeunt.)*

SND 220

lift of (T)

LX 76

III. 2
Capulet's orchard

procession 1/2 ex.

SND 225

Juliet theme

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.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,

(J) starts down stairs

LX 77

It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
 Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle; till strange love grow bold,
 Think true love acted simple modesty.
 Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my Romeo; and, when I shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine
 That all the world will be in love with night
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child that hath new robes
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
 And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.
(Enter NURSE.)
 Now, nurse, what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

LX 78

20ct to (N) ent

NURSE. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
 We are undone, lady, we are undone!
 Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

JULIET. Can heaven be so envious?

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

JULIET. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
 Hath Romeo slain himself?

NURSE. Bedaub'd in blood,
 All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.

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

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

(N) & (J) on bench

LX 79

JULIET. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?

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

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

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

JULIET. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

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

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

WARN

Nick cue (R) hobbit hole

JULIET. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worsen than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But O it presses to my memory
 like damnded guilty deeds to sinners minds.
 'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished;'
 That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. To speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

NURSE. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

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

SND 230

stdby Nick

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

antic (N) & (J) part

SND 235

(J) on 1st step

LX 80

III. 3

Friar Laurence's cell

(J) on landing

CUE NICK

(R) at hobbit hole

FRIAR LAURENCE. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

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

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

ROMEO. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

FRIAR LAURENCE. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

ROMEO. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAURENCE. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word:
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

ROMEO. Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,

Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Oh then I see that madmen have no ears

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

FRIAR LAURENCE. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

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

Knocking.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;
Run to my study. By and by! God's will,
What simpleness is this! I come, I come
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

NURSE. (*Within*) Let me come in, I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Welcome, then.

Enter NURSE.

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

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

NURSE. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.

ROMEO. Nurse?

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

ROMEO. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

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

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

FRIAR LAURENCE. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast!
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Thy dear love sworn's but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:

WARN

Nick cue Capulets UR door

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Romeo is coming.

NURSE. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!
(To ROMEO)
 My Lord I'll tell my lady you will come.
 Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. *(Exit.)*

ROMEO. How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR LAURENCE. Give me thy hand. 'Tis late. Farewell. Good night.

ROMEO. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee: Farewell. *(Exeunt.)* +beat

stdby Nick

SND 245

III. 4

A room in Capulet's house

CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Antic (FL) turns to leave

LX 82

CUE NICK

Capulets UR door

CAPULET. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter:
 Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I --Well, we were born to die.
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
 I promise you, but for your company,
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

WARN

Nick cue (R) & (J) balc

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

PARIS. Monday, my lord,

CAPULET. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado,--a friend or two;
And there an end. 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.
Farewell, my lord.
Afore me! it is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by.
Good night. *(Exeunt.)*

SND 250

III. 5

Capulet House
ROMEO and JULIET.

(P) rises

LX 83

stdby Nick

(C) turns for final ex.

CUE NICK

JULIET. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

(R) & (J) balc

That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

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

JULIET. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
 Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
 I have more care to stay than will to go:
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
 How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

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

ROMEO. More light and light; more dark and dark our woes! _____ antic (N) ent LX 85

NURSE. Madam!
 Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
 The day is broke; be wary, look about.

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

JULIET. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
 I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
 For in a minute there are many days.
 O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

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

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

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

antic (LC) offstage line LX 86

LADY CAPULET. (*Within*) Ho daughter are you up? What Juliet!
 Why, how now, Juliet! (*Entering*)

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?
 An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
 Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
 But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

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

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

JULIET. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
 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
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that slaughter'd him!

LX 87

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

JULIET. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAPULET. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not for.

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

LADY CAPULET. 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 wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
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!

(LC) starts X up to door

LX 88

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. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
 But for the sunset of my brother's son
 It rains downright.
 How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
 Evermore showering? How now, wife!
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

CAPULET. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife. (long Fred setup)
 How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
 Is she not proud? 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;
 But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

CAPULET. How, how, how, how, chop-logic! What is this?
 'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'
 And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you,
 Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds,
 But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

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. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
 That God had lent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

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!

LADY CAPULET. You are too hot.

CAPULET. God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly lined,
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
But, as you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. (*Exit.*)

JULIET. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week!

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

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. (*Exit.*)

JULIET. O God!--O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
Comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself.
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
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 dish-clout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

WARN

Nick cue (FL) & (GP) hobbit hole

JULIET. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

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

JULIET. Amen!

NURSE. What?

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

_____(J) starts up stairs

LX 90

NURSE. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. (*Exit.*)

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

PAGE TURN →

IV-1-60

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. *(Exit.)*

stdby Nick

(J) ex. balc.

LX 91

SND 260

CUE NICK

(FL) / (GP) hobbit hole

ACT IV - Scene 1
Friar Laurence's cell
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.

(short Fred setup)

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;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE. *(Aside)* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
(Enter JULIET.)
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

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.

PARIS. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

JULIET. The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.
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. (*Exit.*)

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

FRIAR LAURENCE. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

JULIET. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Then with this knife I'll help it presently.
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands.
And ere this hand by thee to Romeo's seal
Shall be the label to another deed.
This shall slay them both.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

LX 92

FRIAR LAURENCE. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope.
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 dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of any tower;
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: Wednesday is to-morrow:
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade,
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

WARN

Nick cue Capulets at UR door

And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

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

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

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

antic (FL) hand on (J)'s head SND 270

IV. 2

Hall in Capulet's house

LORD and LADY CAPULET, and PERRIN.

stdby Nick

LX 93

(FL) done with God

CUE NICK

CAPULET. So many guests invite as here are writ
 And, Mistress, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

PERRIN. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

CAPULET. How canst thou try them so?

WARN

Fred

PERRIN. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers.

Nick cue (LC) UR door

Enter NURSE.

CAPULET. What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

NURSE. Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
 A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

NURSE. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

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

JULIET. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to
beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET. Send for the county; go tell him of this: LX 94
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

JULIET. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might.

CAPULET. Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:
This is as't should be. *(To PERRIN)* Let me see the County;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.

LADY CAPULET. *(To PERRIN)*
No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

CAPULET. *(To the women)* Go, with Juliet, help to deck up her.
We'll to church to-morrow. Go, go with her.

Exeunt JULIET, NURSE and PERRIN.

LADY CAPULET. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

CAPULET. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.
(LADY CAPULET exits.)

What, ho!

Stdby Fred & Sound

They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. *(Exeunt.)*

(C) starts ex. LX 95

SND 280

antic full blackout FRED

IV. 3

Mantua and Juliet's chamber*ROMEO alone in Mantua. JULIET alone in her chamber.*

ROMEO. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead--
 Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!--
 And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I **re**vived, and was an emperor. LX 96
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
 When but love's shadows are so rich in **joy**! LX 97

*ROMEO exits..***stdby Nick***LADY CAPULET and NURSE enter.*(J) puts potion under pillow CUE NICK**LADY CAPULET.** What, are you busy, ho? need you my help? (LC) UR door

JULIET. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
 As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
 So please you, let me now be left alone,
 And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
 For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
 In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET. Good night:
 Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need. LX 97.5
as (LC) ex.

Exeunt 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:
 I'll call them back again to comfort me:
 Nurse! What should she do here?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone. LX 98
 Come, vial.
 What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
 No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

What if it be a poison, which the friar

LX 99

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo?
 I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,--

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packed:

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort;--

Alack, alack, is it not like that I

So early waking; shall I not be distraught,

Environed with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefather's joints?

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!

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

WARN

Nick cue (C) balc

(J) drinks

SND 285

stdby Nick

(J) reaches for blanket

SND 287

LX 100

SND 290

as (J) starts to lie down

CUE NICK

(C) balc

IV. 4

Hall in Capulet's house

CAPULET and LADY CAPULET and PERRIN

CAPULET. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
 The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:

(Calling off) Look to the baked meats:
Spare not for the cost.

LADY CAPULET. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, You'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

CAPULET. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LADY CAPULET. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

CAPULET. A jealous hood, a jealous hood.

LADY CAPULET. Good faith, 'tis day:

CAPULET. The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would:
Nurse! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!
(Enter NURSE.)
Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. *(Exeunt.)*

antic (C) ex.

LX 102

LX up on UR door

IV. 5
Juliet's chamber

NURSE. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!

PAGE TURN →

LADY CAPULET. What noise is here?

NURSE. O lamentable day! _____ (LC) starts X to bed LX 104

LADY CAPULET. What is the matter?

NURSE. Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Help, help! Call help.

CAPULET. (*Entering*) For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

NURSE. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!

LADY CAPULET. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET. Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold:

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, PARIS and others

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

CAPULET. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

PARIS. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET. But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

NURSE. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!

CAPULET. O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
 Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
 And with my child my joys are buried.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
 In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
 And all the better is it for the maid:
 Your part in her you could not keep from death,
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church.

CAPULET. All things that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral;
 Our instruments to melancholy bells,
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
 The heavens do lour upon you for some ill
 Move them no more by crossing their high will. *(Exeunt)*

LX 105

SND 300

ACT V - Scene1**Mantua.***ROMEO and BENVOLIO.*

Fred starts move

LX 106

(FL) starts X SR

LX 107

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

antic all off marley / last note of music

LX 108

BENVOLIO. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
 Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives.
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you.

ROMEO. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Cousin, go, hire-horses; I will hence to-night.

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

ROMEO. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BENVOLIO. No, cousin, none..

ROMEO. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

LX 110

(Exit BENVOLIO)

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:
I do remember an apothecary--
And hereabouts he dwells. Meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop hung skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said
'An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.'
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
What, ho! apothecary!

APOTHECARY. Who calls so loud?

ROMEO. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison.

APOTHECARY. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

WARN
Nick cue (A) balc

ROMEO. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

APOTHECARY. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

APOTHECARY. Put this in any liquid thing you will, SND 305
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight. SND 310

ROMEO. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

stdby Nick

(R) starts ex.

LX 114
SND 312

V. 2

Friar Laurence's cell.

FRIAR JOHN and FRIAR LAURENCE.

(FL) ent from UL bldg

CUE NICK
(A) balc

FRIAR JOHN. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

FRIAR LAURENCE. Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN. Going to find a bare-foot brother out
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,

Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

WARN
Nick whistle

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

FRIAR JOHN. I could not send it,--here it is again.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. *(Exit.)* _____ (A) starts ex. **LX 115**

FRIAR LAURENCE. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within three hours will fair Juliet wake:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! *(Exit.)* _____ **LX 116**
SND 315

V. 3

_____ (GP) X toward Fred **LX 117**

A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets

PARIS. Boy, hold there.

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,--
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew.
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

(His Page whistles offstage.)

My boy gives warning something doth approach. _____ **LX 118**

Enter ROMEO and BENVOLIO, with torches

ROMEO. Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon they life, I charge thee
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Therefore hence, be gone.

So shalt thou show me friendship, cousin.
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell.

BENVOLIO. (*Aside*) For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

(B) X to hide

LX 119

ROMEO enters the tomb.

PARIS. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROMEO. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me: I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
Stay not be gone, live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

LX 120

PARIS. I apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!

1st lunge

SND 320

They fight. PARIS falls, dying.

stab

SND 325

PARIS. O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,
lay me with Juliet.

ROMEO. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my friend, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
 To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
 A grave? O **no!** a lantern, slaughter'd youth
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
 How oft when men are at the point of death
 Have they been merry! which their keepers call
 A lightning before death. 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.
 Ah Dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again: here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide
 Thou desperate pilot now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy seasick weary bark.
 Here's to my love! O true **apothecary!**
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

LX 121

HOUSE COUNT

LX 122

antic (FL) ent.

LX 123

ROMEO dies as FRIAR LAURENCE enters.

FRIAR LAURENCE.

Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my tired feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

BENVOLIO. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, as I discern,
It burneth in the Capel's monument.

BENVOLIO. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my cousin,
One that you love.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Who is it?

BENVOLIO. Romeo.

FRIAR LAURENCE. How long hath he been there?

BENVOLIO. Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Go with me to the vault.

WARN

Nick cue Watch UL

BENVOLIO. I dare not, sir
My cousin knows not but I am gone hence.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me:
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing. (*Entering the tomb*)
Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs.

JULIET. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

PAGE TURN →

FRIAR LAURENCE. A greater power than we can contradict
 Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
 And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

SND 330

(Noises from the Watch)

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
 Come, go, good Juliet, I dare no longer stay. *(Hides)*

JULIET. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
 What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
 O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
 To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
 Haply some poison yet doth hang on them--

(Kisses him.)

LX 124

Thy lips are warm.

SND 335

(A noise without)

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

stdby Nick

This is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die. *(J) stabs herself*

SND 340

more bells

JULIET dies. Enter the WATCHMEN.

(J) falls over

CUE NICK

Watchmen UL

FIRST WATCH (JESSE). The ground is bloody; *(Calling off)*
 Go tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets:
 Raise up the Montagues.
 Search about the churchyard: Whoe'er you find attach.
 Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain,
 And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead.

SECOND WATCH (ISAAC). *(With BENVOLIO)*

Here's Romeo's friend; I found him in the churchyard.

FIRST WATCH. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

*Enter the PRINCE, LORD and LADY CAPULET,
 and others.*

PRINCE. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning's rest?

SND 345

CAPULET. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

LADY CAPULET. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry toward our monument.

FIRST WATCH. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd,

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

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

Enter MONTAGUE.

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

MONTAGUE. What further woe conspires against mine age?

PRINCE. Look, and thou shalt see.

(MP) on deck

LX 126

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

PRINCE. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities:
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRIAR LAURENCE. (*Coming forward*) I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected of this direful murder.

PRINCE. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAURENCE. Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the city,
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
 You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
 Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
 To County Paris: then comes she to me,
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion; which wrought on her
 The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
 Was stay'd by accident. Then all alone
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
 But when I came, some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking, here untimely lay
 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
 She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
 But she, too desperate, would not go with me,

WARN
 Candles
 End of Show

PRINCE. Benvolio? What can you say to this?

BENVOLIO. I brought Romeo news of Juliet's death;
 This letter he early bid me give my Uncle.

PRINCE. Give me the letter; I will look on it.

LX 127

This letter doth make good the Friar's words:
 And here he writes that he did buy a poison
 And came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
 Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
 See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
 And I for winking at your discords too
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

CAPULET. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

MONTAGUE. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

LX 129
SND 350

antic (C) & (M) hug

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.

stdby Candles

SND 360

2nd to last note of music

LX 130

full black

CANDLES

START COUNTING



cast in place (on 7)

LX 131
SND 365

3 COMPANY BOWS

as cast ex.

LX 135
HOUSE FULL

applause ending

SND 370