

Act III

Scene I: A public place.

(Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.)

Benvolio

I beg you, Mercutio, let's go home. It is too hot. The Capulets are out, too, and I don't feel like fighting. You know how hot days make people irritable.

Mercutio

You are like one of those guys who go into a bar with a weapon, but say he doesn't want to use it. After a couple of drinks, you pull it out on someone for no reason.

Benvolio

You think I am like that?

Mercutio

You know you are as hot-headed as any other man in Italy. It doesn't take much to get you in a bad mood, and when you are in a bad mood, it doesn't take much to make you angry.

Benvolio

Angry, about what?

Mercutio

If there were two Benvolios in the world, they would fight each other to the death. You would fight with a man over how many hairs are in his beard. You would fight a man for cracking nuts, the same color as your eyes. Who else would fight over such stupid things? Your head is as

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 these 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 him 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.

Benvolio

And what to?

Mercutio

Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel

full of reasons to fight as an egg is full of yolks. Your mind is like scrambled eggs, you have been in so many fights. You have fought because a man, coughing in the street, woke up your dog. Didn't you even fight with a tailor for wearing a summer suit before Easter? And another, for tying new shoes with old laces? Now, you stand there and scold me about fighting!

Benvolio

If I fought as much as you, I couldn't afford simple life insurance.

Mercutio

Simple life insurance? You're simple-minded.

Benvolio

What now? Here comes the Capulets.

Mercutio

Let them. I don't care.

(Enter Tybalt and others.)

Tybalt

Stay close, guys. I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good afternoon. May I have a word with one of you?

Mercutio

Just one word with one of us? I think you would like to have a word and something else. Blow off.

Tybalt

I could do that, if you give me a reason.

eyes;--what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with an old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Benvolio

Am I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mercutio

The fee simple! O simple!

Benvolio

By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mercutio

By my heel, I care not.

[Enter Tybalt and others.]

Tybalt

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

Mercutio

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

Tybalt

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

Mercutio

You can't find a reason on your own?

Tybalt

You are a friend of Romeo's, right?

Mercutio

A friend! Do you think we are a band? If so, here is my drumstick (referring to his sword) and I can make you dance with it. Friends!

Benvolio

Not here in public. There are too many eyes. Either we go somewhere private to hash this out, or just leave it alone.

Mercutio

I don't care if we're in public. Let people look. I am not going anywhere to please anyone.

Tybalt

I have no fight with you. Here comes my man.

(Enter Romeo.)

Mercutio

I'll be damned if he's your man. Unless you run and he chases you, you can't call him your man.

Tybalt

Romeo, I have a word for you. You are a villain.

Romeo

Tybalt, you have no reason to greet me

Mercutio

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tybalt

Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,--

Mercutio

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

Benvolio

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

Mercutio

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

Tybalt

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

[Enter Romeo.]

Mercutio

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery: Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tybalt

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

Romeo

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

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that way. I love you and have no feelings of rage against you. I am no villain, so leave me alone. Things have changed. You don't know me very well.

Tybalt

You may not have rage, but I do. There is no excuse for the way you have treated me. Now get ready to fight.

Romeo

I'm not fighting you. I would never hurt you. You should know that I have my reasons and they are filled with love. So, Capulet, a name I love like my own, just stop.

Mercutio

Oh Romeo, you wimp. You make me sick. (Draws sword.) Tybalt, you rat-catcher, are you just going to walk away?

Tybalt

What do you want?

Mercutio

You, pussy! I just want one of your nine lives, or I might beat the other eight out of you. Draw your sword, or I am going to take one of your ears.

Tybalt

I'll give you a fight if that's what you want. (Draws his sword.)

Romeo

Mercutio, put your sword away.

Mercutio

Come on, sir. Give me your best shot.

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 injur'd 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 mine own,—be satisfied.

Mercutio

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

Tybalt

What wouldst thou have with me?

Mercutio

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tybalt

I am for you. [Drawing.]

Romeo

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mercutio

Come, sir, your passado.

(They fight.)

Romeo

Help, Benvolio! Draw your sword!
(Trying to break them up.) Gentlemen,
this is crazy!. Stop this outrage! The
prince has forbidden fighting in the
streets. Stop, Tybalt! Mercutio!

(Exit Tybalt and others.)

Mercutio

I am hurt. Curse both of you. I am dying.
Did Tybalt walk away uninjured?

Benvolio

Are you hurt?

Mercutio

A scratch, only a scratch, but it is enough.
Where is my boy? (To the page.) Go,
fool, get me a doctor.

(Exit Page.)

Romeo

Be brave. You can't be hurt that bad.

Mercutio

It's not quite as deep as a well or wide as
a church door, but it is enough. If you ask
for me tomorrow, I will be in my grave. I
am dying. Curse the Montagues and the
Capulets. I can't believe that dog, that rat,
that mouse, that cat could scratch me to
death. He learned his swordsmanship
from a book. Why did you try to stop us?
This is your fault.

Romeo

[They fight.]

Romeo

Draw, Benvolio; beat down their
weapons.-- Gentlemen, for shame! forbear
this outrage!-- Tybalt,--Mercutio,--the
prince expressly hath Forbid this
bandying in Verona streets.-- Hold,
Tybalt!--good Mercutio!-- [Exeunt Tybalt
with his Partizans.]

Mercutio

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

Benvolio

What, art thou hurt?

Mercutio

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis
enough.-- Where is my page?--go, villain,
fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.]

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

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I didn't want you to get hurt.

Mercutio

Help me into a house, Benvolio. I feel faint. Curse you, Romeo, and Tybalt, too. You have made worms' food out of me.

(Exit Mercutio and Benvolio.)

Romeo

Mercutio, the prince's relative and my friend, has been killed because of me. He was trying to protect me from Tybalt, who has been my cousin for only an hour. Oh Juliet, your beauty has made me soft where I once was hard as steel.

(Enter Benvolio.)

Benvolio

Romeo, Romeo. Brave Mercutio is dead. His courageous spirit has ascended into the clouds. He was too young to die.

Romeo

This black day is only the beginning. Today is the start of new trouble and the end is ahead.

Benvolio

Here comes Tybalt, again.

Romeo

Have you come to gloat in triumph? Mercutio is dead! You belong in heaven and I aim to put you there. Call me a villain, again. Mercutio is waiting for you or me or both of us.

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!

[Exit Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Romeo

This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander,--Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my kinsman.--O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

[Re-enter Benvolio.]

Benvolio

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

Romeo

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

Benvolio

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Romeo

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

[Re-enter Tybalt.]

Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's

Tybalt

You wretched boy. You will be with him soon.

Romeo

We'll see about that.

(They fight.)

Benvolio

Get out of here, Romeo! You have killed Tybalt and people are coming. Shake out of it. The prince will execute you if he finds you. Get out of here!

Romeo

I am the biggest fool. My future is over!

Benvolio

Why are you still here?

(Exit Romeo.)

(Enter Citizens.)

Citizens

Which way did Mercutio's murderer go?
Which way did Tybalt go?

Benvolio

Tybalt is lying over there.

Citizens

Get up, sir, and go with me. In the name of the Prince, I command you to obey my orders.

(Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, their wives, and others.)

soul Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keep him company. Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tybalt

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

Romeo

This shall determine that.

[They fight; Tybalt falls.]

Benvolio

Romeo, away, be gone! The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.-- Stand not amaz'd. The prince will doom thee death If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

Romeo

O, I am fortune's fool!

Benvolio

Why dost thou stay?

[Exit Romeo.]

[Enter Citizens, &c.]

1 Citizen

Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio? Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Benvolio

There lies that Tybalt.

1 Citizen

Up, sir, go with me; I charge thee in the prince's name obey.

[Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their Wives, and others.]

Prince

Where are the villains who started all of this?

Benvolio

I can tell you everyone who was involved. There lays the man killed by Romeo, who killed his friend, Mercutio.

Lady Capulet

My cousin, Tybalt? Oh no, my brother's child! Oh, Prince! Husband! Oh, my poor cousin is dead! Prince, you must avenge his death with the death of a Montague. Oh, cousin, cousin!

Prince

Benvolio, who started all of this?

Benvolio

Tybalt started it. Romeo tried to speak with him and calm him down. He got down on his knees to try and reason with him, but Tybalt would not let up. Romeo tried to break them up, but Tybalt got around him and stabbed Mercutio. Then, he ran. When Tybalt came back, Romeo was so angry he killed him. I tried to stop them, but it all happened so fast. Then, Romeo fled. This is the truth. I swear it on my life.

Prince

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Benvolio

O noble prince. I can discover all The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl: There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady Capulet

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child! - O prince!--O husband!--O, the blood is spill'd Of my dear kinsman!--Prince, as thou art true, For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.-- O cousin, cousin!

Prince

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Benvolio

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay; Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd 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, And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats Cold death aside, and with the other sends It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity Retorts it: 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

Lady Capulet

He is lying. He is related to the Montagues. It would take at least twenty of them to take Tybalt down. Now, I beg for justice, Prince. Romeo killed Tybalt, so he must not live.

Prince

Romeo killed Tybalt, who killed Mercutio. So, who will you have me kill, next?

Montague

Not Romeo, Prince. He was Mercutio's friend. He was only following the law, an eye for an eye.

Prince

And for that, we will exile him. Remember, Mercutio was my relative, too, and I will heap fines so heavy upon both of you that you will wish this feud had never begun. I will not listen to any more of your pleading and excuses, or your tears and prayers. Therefore, Romeo may live in exile. If he is found, he will be executed. Take away this body and listen to what I say. Showing mercy to murderers only means more bloodshed.

(Exit all.)

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: Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, And all those twenty could but kill one life. 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; But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine That you shall all repent the loss of mine: 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 is found, that hour is his last. Bear hence this body, and attend our will: Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt.]

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Scene II: A room in Capulet's house.

(Enter Juliet.)

Juliet

Hurry up sun and set already. Come on cloudy night, bring my love to me. They say love is blind, and so what a perfect time for lovers to be together. Come on black night, so I may give myself to Romeo. Come on night. Come on Romeo. You brighten the night like freshly fallen snow on the wings of a raven. Come on night, gentle, loving night. Bring me my Romeo and when he dies, turn him into stars to decorate the face of heaven. Then, everyone will be in love with night, and forget about the sun. Even though I am married, I have not performed my wifely duties. I have not enjoyed my husband. I feel like a child, with new clothes on the night before a festival, unable to wear them. Here comes my nurse. I bet she has news. Everyone who says the name, Romeo, sounds angelic. (Enter Nurse.) What news do you have, Nurse? Is that the rope ladder for Romeo?

Juliet

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, Towards Phoebus' lodging; such a waggoner As Phaeton would whip you to the west And bring in cloudy night immediately.-- Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night! That rude eyes may wink, and Romeo Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.-- Lovers can see to do their amorous rites By their own beauties: or, if love be blind, It best agrees with night.--Come, civil night, Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, And learn me how to lose a winning match, Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods: Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks, With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold, Think true love acted simple modesty. Come, night;--come, Romeo;--come, thou day in night; For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.-- Come, gentle night;--come, loving, black-brow'd night, Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die, Take him and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the face of heaven so fine That all the world will be in love with night, And pay no worship to the garish sun.-- O, I have bought the mansion of a love, But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold, Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day 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

<p>Nurse Yes, this is the rope ladder.</p> <p>(Throws it down.)</p> <p>Juliet Well, what is your news? Why do you look so worried?</p> <p>Nurse It has been a day! He's dead. He's dead. He's dead! We are in big trouble, lady, big trouble. What an awful day—He's gone, he's killed, and he's dead.</p> <p>Juliet Can heaven be so jealous?</p> <p>Nurse Romeo can be, but not heaven. Romeo, Romeo! Who would have ever thought him capable of such awfulness?</p> <p>Juliet Stop talking like that! It is torture. Has Romeo killed himself? If you say, yes, then I will poison myself. If he is dead, say yes or no. Hurry, and end my worries and decide my fate.</p> <p>Nurse I saw the wound with my own eyes. He</p>	<p>heavenly eloquence.--</p> <p>[Enter Nurse, with cords.]</p> <p>Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords That Romeo bid thee fetch?</p> <p>Nurse Ay, ay, the cords.</p> <p>[Throws them down.]</p> <p>Juliet Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?</p> <p>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!</p> <p>Juliet Can heaven be so envious?</p> <p>Nurse Romeo can, Though heaven cannot.--O Romeo, Romeo!-- Who ever would have thought it?--Romeo!</p> <p>Juliet What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus? This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell. Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I, And that bare vowel I shall poison more Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice: I am not I if there be such an I; Or those eyes shut that make thee answer I. If he be slain, say I; or if not, no: Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.</p> <p>Nurse I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,-</p>
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was stabbed in the breast and pale from the loss of blood. I saw the gory mess and nearly fainted.

Juliet

Go ahead heart and break. I wish to die or be put in to prison, never to be free again. Put me in the ground with Romeo.

Nurse

Oh, Tybalt. He was the best friend I ever had. Oh polite, honest, Tybalt, I never thought I would live to see your death.

Juliet

What are you talking about? Are Romeo, my husband, and Tybalt, my cousin, both dead? How could something so terrible happen? What is left to live for, if they are gone?

Nurse

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo is banished. Romeo killed Tybalt, and now he is banished.

Juliet

Oh God! Romeo killed Tybalt?

Nurse

Yes, he did, today.

Juliet

He is a snake hiding in the flowers. He is a dragon deep in a beautiful cave. Beautiful tyrant! Angelic fiend! White raven! A predator! He seems so divine, but he is just the opposite. He is like a

- God save the mark!--here on his manly breast. A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse; Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, All in gore-blood;--I swoounded at the sight.

Juliet

O, break, my heart!--poor bankrout, break at once! To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty! Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here; And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse

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

Juliet

What storm is this that blows so contrary? Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead? My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?-- Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom! For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse

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

Juliet

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

Nurse

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

Juliet

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! Dove-feather'd raven! wolvisish-ravens lamb! Despised substance of divinest show! Just

damned saint or cunning villain. Oh nature, how did such a beautiful creature be born with such fiendish ways? Was there ever a book on evil bound in such a beautiful way? I can't believe someone so deceitful could be so gorgeous.

Nurse

You cannot trust men. They are not honest or faithful. Where's my servant? Give me something to drink. All of this is making me feel old. Shame on Romeo.

Juliet

Hold your tongue. Don't say such a thing. He is not meant for shame and deserves nothing but honor. Why did I let myself get so angry?

Nurse

How can you speak well of your cousin's murderer?

Juliet

Would you rather I speak badly about my husband? My poor husband, how can we clear your name, when your wife of three hours can't stand by you? I'm sure you were only acting in self-defense. I will not cry tears of sadness, but tears of joy, because Romeo is alive. There is still news I want to forget, and that makes me want to die. Romeo is banished. Nothing, not even Tybalt's death, or my mother's and father's deaths, is as bad as that. Romeo is banished. Where is my mother and father, Nurse?

opposite to what thou justly seem'st, A damned saint, an honourable villain!-- O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?-- Was ever book containing such vile matter So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse

There's no trust, No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd, All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.-- Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua vitae.-- These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old. Shame come to Romeo!

Juliet

Blister'd be thy tongue For such a wish! he was not born to shame: Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit; For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd Sole monarch of the universal earth. O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse

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

Juliet

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband? Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name, When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?-- But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband: Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring; Your tributary drops belong to woe, Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy. My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain; And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband: All this is comfort; wherefore weep I, then? Some word there was,

worser than Tybalt's death, That murder'd me: I would forget it fain; But O, it presses to my memory Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds: 'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished.' That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,' Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death Was woe enough, if it had ended there: Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship, And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,-- Why follow'd not, when she said Tybalt's dead, Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both, Which modern lamentation might have mov'd? But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death, 'Romeo is banished'--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
Grieving over Tybalt. Would you like to join them? I can take you.

Juliet
Well, they can grieve over him all they want, but my tears are for Romeo. Pick up that rope ladder. We are both useless, now. I am destined to be an old maid. Come on, Nurse, bring that rope ladder with me to my wedding bed, and let death come take me tonight.

Nurse
Go to your room, and I'll find Romeo for you. I know where he is and he'll be here tonight. I'll go to him at Friar Lawrence's house.

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. Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguil'd, Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd: He made you for a highway to my bed; But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed. Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed; And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

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

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Juliet

Oh, Nurse, find him! Give him this ring
and tell him to come and say his last
goodbye.

(Exit all.)

Juliet

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

[Exeunt.]

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Scene III: Friar Lawrence's house.

(Enter Friar Lawrence.)

Friar Lawrence

Come out Romeo. Don't be afraid, even though "tragedy" is in love with you and you are married to "trouble."

Romeo

Do you have any news? What is the Prince's sentence? What else must I endure?

Friar Lawrence

You have spent too much time suffering. I have news from the Prince.

Romeo

Is it less than my doom?

Friar Lawrence

Yes, you are not doomed to die, but to be banished.

Romeo

Banishment, are you kidding? Death is better than banishment. Don't say banishment.

Friar Lawrence

You are banished from Verona, but the world is a huge place.

Friar

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

[Enter Romeo.]

Romeo

Father, what news? what is the prince's doom What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, That I yet know not?

Friar

Too familiar Is my dear son with such sour company: I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Romeo

What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

Friar

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

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

Romeo

There is no world outside of Verona for me, except for purgatory or hell. So, banishment is death for me. Banishment is like a golden axe cutting off my head.

Friar Lawrence

How dare you talk that way, you rude and thankless boy? The Prince is being kind to you and not holding you to the law. This is mercy, although you refuse to see it.

Romeo

This is not mercy; it is torture. I want to be here with Juliet where I can look at her like every other undeserving creature. Flies are now more honorable than me. Flies can touch her hands and lips, lips that she thinks are sinful even if they touch each other. I cannot; I am banished. I must flee and leave behind my life. Isn't that death? Don't you have a poison, sharp knife or some other deadly weapon you could use to kill me quickly? Banishment will kill me slowly. Banishment is hell that demons howl about. If you are a man of God and my friend, how can you tear me apart with the word, banishment?

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 banishment, Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe, And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Friar

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness! Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince, Taking thy part, hath brush'd aside the law, And turn'd that black word death to banishment: This is dear mercy, and thou see'st 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.--More validity, More honourable state, more courtship lives In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand, And steal immortal blessing from her lips; Who, even in pure and vestal modesty, Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin; But Romeo may not; he is banished,-- This may flies do, when I from this must fly. And sayest thou yet that exile is not death! Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife, No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, But banished to kill me; banished? O friar, the damned use that word in hell; 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 banishment?

Friar Lawrence

You, madman, listen to me...

Romeo

You will speak of banishment again.

Friar Lawrence

I only want to help you.

Romeo

Unless you can figure out a way for Juliet and me to be together or a way to reverse the Prince's sentence, don't speak.

Friar Lawrence

Oh, I see. The madman doesn't want to listen.

Romeo

Why should I listen to someone who cannot understand?

Friar Lawrence

Just hear me out.

Romeo

You can't speak of things you know nothing about. If you were in my shoes, just married to Juliet, accused of murdering Tybalt, and now banished, then, I would listen to you as you tore out your hair and prepared for your death.

(Knocking within.)

Friar Lawrence

Get up. Someone is knocking. Hide!

Friar

Thou fond mad man, hear me speak a little,--

Romeo

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Friar

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

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Romeo

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

Friar

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Romeo

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

[Knocking within.]

Friar

Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

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Romeo

I'm not hiding, unless a fog comes in here and wraps around me.

(Knocking.)

Friar Lawrence

Listen to how they are knocking. Who's there? Get up, Romeo. They will take you. You need to get up so you can stay here. (Knocking.) Hide in my study. Hurry! I'm coming! I'm coming! (Knocking.) Who's knocking so hard on my door? What do you want?

Nurse

Let me come in and I'll tell you. I am here from Juliet.

Friar Lawrence

You are welcome then.

(Enter Nurse.)

Nurse

Oh holy friar, where is Romeo?

Friar Lawrence

He is lying over there, in a terrible state of mind.

Nurse

Just like my Juliet.

Romeo

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

[Knocking.]

Friar

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

[Knocking.]

Run to my study.--By-and-by!--God's will! What simpleness is this.--I come, I come!

[Knocking.]

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

Nurse

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

Friar

Welcome then.

[Enter Nurse.]

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

Friar

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

Nurse

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

Friar Lawrence

This is a terrible situation.

Nurse

I know. Juliet is blubbering and weeping and weeping and blubbering. Stand up and be a man. For the sake of Juliet, stand up. Why should you be crying?

Romeo

Nurse!

Nurse

Death is the end for everyone.

Romeo

You spoke of Juliet. How is she? Does she see me as a murderer now? I have killed her relative and our joy. Where is she? What does she say about us?

Nurse

She doesn't say anything. She just cries and cries. She falls on her bed and cries for Tybalt and you. Then, she cries some more.

Romeo

She cries for me and it is killing her, like I killed Tybalt. Tell me, Friar, what do I have to cut out to remove this sin? (Drawing his sword.)

Friar Lawrence

Friar

O woeful sympathy! Piteous predicament!

Nurse

Even so lies she, Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.-- Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man: For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand; Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Romeo

Nurse!

Nurse

Ah sir! ah sir!--Well, death's the end of all.

Romeo

Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her? Doth not she think me an old murderer, Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy With blood remov'd but little from her own? Where is she? and how doth she/ and what says My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse

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

Romeo

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

[Drawing his sword.]

Friar

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Hold on. Aren't you a man? You are acting like a little girl or a wild beast. I thought you knew better. You have killed Tybalt, so are you going to kill yourself, too? That will kill Juliet for sure. Do not take your life for granted and curse your birth, the heavens, and the earth. You should be ashamed for even thinking of such a thing. You are nothing if you cannot take responsibility for your actions. You are like a ticking time bomb! Get up. Juliet is alive. She is the reason for part of this, because Tybalt was coming to kill you. So, you killed Tybalt. Be happy you are alive. The law has been ignored and instead of facing execution, you are facing banishment. You are blessed, but you refuse to see it. Listen to me. People like you die miserable. Go to Juliet. Comfort her, but do not stay too long. You must make your way to Mantua, where you will live until we can figure out a way for you to come back to rejoin your wife and friends. Beg the Prince's pardon and then you can come back and be happier than you ever were before. Go ahead, Nurse, and tell Juliet. Tell her to urge her family to bed after their long day of mourning. Tell her Romeo is coming.

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; Unseemly woman in a seeming man! Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both! Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order, I thought thy disposition better temper'd. Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself? And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee, By doing damned hate upon thyself? Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth? Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose. Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit; Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all, And usest none in that true use indeed Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit: Thy noble shape is but a form of wax, Digressing from the valour of a man; Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury, Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish; Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both, Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask, Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance, And thou dismember'd with thine own defence. 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 slewest 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 misbehav'd and sullen wench, Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:-- Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed, Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her: But, look, thou stay not till

Nurse

I could stay here all night and listen to your wise words. I will tell my lady you are coming.

Romeo

Please do, and tell her I am sorry.

Nurse

Here, sir, this is a ring she asked me to give you. Hurry! It's getting late.

(Exit Nurse.)

Romeo

I am feeling better.

Friar Lawrence

Go then and good night. Get out before the sun comes up and go to Mantua. Send your man to me from time to time and I will keep you posted about what is going on here. Give me your hand. It is late and you must go.

Romeo

Even though I am going to be filled with joy, I am sad to leave you. Farewell.

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, Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto. Romeo is coming.

Nurse

O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!-- My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Romeo

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir: Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[Exit.]

Romeo

How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Friar

Go hence; good night! and here stands all your state: Either be gone before the watch be set, Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence. Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man, And he shall signify from time to time Every good hap to you that chances here: 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:

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(Exit all.)	Farewell. [Exeunt.]
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Scene IV: A room in Capulet's house.

(Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.)

Capulet

Things have not gone well lately, so we have not had time to prepare Juliet for marriage. She loved Tybalt dearly, as I did, so she probably won't come down tonight. I would have gone to bed myself, if you weren't here.

Paris

I understand this is not the best time to try to win your daughter's affections. Please give her my best. Good night.

Lady Capulet

I will, and I will talk to her early tomorrow about you, but tonight she is too upset.

Capulet

Sir Paris, I will make her marry you. Wife, go to her now or go to bed. Tell her about Paris's love and inform her that she will be getting married Wednesday. What day is this, anyway?

Paris

Monday, sir.

Capulet

Monday! Ha-ha! Wednesday is too soon then. Make it Thursday, wife. She will be married to this noble earl. Paris, will you

Capulet

Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily that we have had no time to move our daughter: Look you, she lov'd 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.

Paris

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

Lady Capulet

I will, and know her mind early tomorrow; To-night she's 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 rul'd In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.-- Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed; Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love; And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next.-- But. soft! what day is this?

Paris

Monday, my lord.

Capulet

Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon, Thursday let it be;--a Thursday, tell her, She shall be married to this noble

be ready? Is this too soon for you? We'll keep it intimate, just a few friends. If we celebrate too much, people will think we have no respect for the dead. So, we'll keep it simple. What do think about Thursday?

Paris
I wish Thursday were tomorrow.

Capulet
Well, go on. Thursday it is. Go, wife, to Juliet or go to bed. Let her know about her wedding arrangements. Farewell, my lord. It is almost morning now, so good night.

(Exit all.)

earl.-- Will you be ready? do you like this haste? We'll keep no great ado,--a friend or two; For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, It may be thought we held him carelessly, Being our kinsman, if we revel much: Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends, And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris
My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

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.--Light to my chamber, ho!-- Afore me, it is so very very late That we may call it early by and by.-- Good night.

[Exeunt.]

Scene V: An open gallery to Juliet's chamber, overlooking the garden.

(Enter Romeo and Juliet.)

Juliet

Will you be gone? It's not day yet. I heard the nightingale, the bird of night, not the lark, the bird of morning. Believe me it is not time to go.

Romeo

I heard the lark. I can see the sunrise just over the mountain tops. I must leave or stay and die.

Juliet

The light you see is not daylight, but some meteor from the sun to light up the night for you to make your way to Mantua. You still have time; don't leave.

Romeo

Let them take me then and put me to death, if that's what you want. I am content to stay with you. I will agree with you that the approaching light is not morning or the song we here comes from the lark. I would rather stay than go, no matter what happens. So, let's talk.

Juliet

No, you're right. It is day. Leave quickly! It is the lark singing the song that separates us. I

Juliet

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day: It was the nightingale, and not the lark, That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear; Nightly she sings on yond 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

Yond light is not daylight, 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 the 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 gray is not the morning's eye, 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 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

hate the sound. Some say that the lark and toad traded eyes. I wish they had traded voices, too, since that voice represents our parting. Now, go. It is growing lighter and they will be hunting for you.

Romeo

The more light that comes, the darker we feel.

(Enter Nurse.)

Nurse

Madam!

Juliet

Nurse?

Nurse

Your mother is coming. Day is broken. Look out.

(Exit.)

Juliet

You must go out the window.

Romeo

Farewell, farewell. One more kiss, and I'll go.

(Descends.)

Juliet

Are you gone my love, my life, my friend? I must hear from you every minute of every day. It will be years before we are together again.

Romeo

Goodbye. I will send word and my love every

discords and unpleasing sharps. Some say the lark makes sweet division; This doth not so, for she divideth us: Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes; O, now I would they had chang'd voices too! Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray, Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day. O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Romeo

More light and light,--more dark and dark our woes!

[Enter Nurse.]

Nurse

Madam!

Juliet

Nurse?

Nurse

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

[Exit.]

Juliet

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

Romeo

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

[Descends.]

Juliet

Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend! I must hear from thee every day i' the hour, For in a minute there are many days: O, by this count I shall be much in years Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Romeo

Farewell! I will omit no opportunity That may

chance I get.

Juliet

Do you think we will ever meet again?

Romeo

I have no doubt. All these terrible things will be mere memories for us to share in our old age.

Juliet

Oh God! I feel like I am looking at you at the bottom of your tomb. Either my eyes are playing tricks on me, or you look really pale.

Romeo

Trust me, love, you look pale, too. Our sadness makes us sick. Goodbye, goodbye!

(Exit Romeo.)

Juliet

Oh strange fate! What are you doing to him? If you are fickle, please send him back soon.

Lady Capulet

(From inside.) Hello, daughter! Are you up?

Juliet

Who is it? Is it my mother? She never stays up so late or gets up so early. What does she want?

(Enter Lady Capulet.)

Lady Capulet

What's wrong, Juliet?

Juliet

I don't feel well.

convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Juliet

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

Romeo

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

Juliet

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

Romeo

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

[Exit below.]

Juliet

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune; For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long But send him back.

Lady Capulet

[Within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Juliet

Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother? Is she not down so late, or up so early? What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

[Enter Lady Capulet.]

Lady Capulet

Why, how now, Juliet?

Juliet

Madam, I am not well.

Lady Capulet

Are you still crying over your cousin's death? You can't bring him back with tears. And, if you could, you couldn't keep him alive. So, stop crying. A little grief is okay, but too much is ridiculous.

Juliet

I am crying because I feel a great loss.

Lady Capulet

You feel a loss, but Tybalt feels nothing.

Juliet

I feel like I will cry forever.

Lady Capulet

You are crying because of Tybalt's death and because his murderer is still alive.

Juliet

What murderer, madam?

Lady Capulet

Romeo.

Juliet

(To herself.) He is not a murderer or a villain. God forgive him. I know I do, with all of my heart. My heart aches for him.

Lady Capulet

Because the murderer is alive.

Juliet

Yes, ma'am. I would kill him myself, if I could put my hands on him.

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

So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend Which you weep for.

Juliet

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

Lady Capulet

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

Juliet

What villain, madam?

Lady Capulet

That same villain Romeo.

Juliet

Villain and he be many miles asunder.-- God pardon him! I do, with all my heart; And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

Lady Capulet

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

Juliet

Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands. Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

Lady Capulet

Don't worry. We will have our revenge. Don't cry anymore. I am going to send someone to Mantua, where Romeo is and have him dealt with. Then, you'll feel better.

Juliet

I will never be okay, until I see Romeo dead. If you could find someone to take him a poison, I would mix it myself. My heart hates to hear his name and not be able to go after him. I want to take out my frustrations on his body.

Lady Capulet

If you could find a way, I'll find the man. But now, I have some great news.

Juliet

I need some good news. What is it? Tell me.

Lady Capulet

Well, you know you have a very wise father. He wants to help you get over Tybalt's death with a joyous occasion you haven't even thought about.

Juliet

Madam, tell me quickly, on what day is it?

Lady Capulet

Thursday morning, you will marry the noble Paris at St. Peter's Church.

Juliet

I will not marry him. What is the hurry? He

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

Indeed I never shall be satisfied With Romeo till I behold him--dead-- Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd: 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 nam'd,--and cannot come to him,-- To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

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 St. Peter's Church, Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Juliet

Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too, He

hasn't even asked me out. Please, tell my father I would rather marry Romeo, whom you know I hate, than marry Paris.

Lady Capulet

Well, here comes your father. You can tell him yourself and see how he takes it.

(Enter Capulet and Nurse.)

Capulet

When the sun sets, dew comes, but on the night of my brother's son's death, it rains. What is wrong now, girl? Are you still crying? You must be a fountain with all the tears you've shed. You must calm down. Have you told her the news?

Lady Capulet

Yes sir, I told her. But she won't hear of it. She says no thanks! I wish she were dead.

Capulet

Don't say that. I don't understand. How can she be so ungrateful? Does she not have any pride? Doesn't she know how blessed she is to be able to marry such a gentleman?

Juliet

I am not proud of whom you have found, but I am thankful that you cared so much to look. I know you meant it lovingly, but I do not have to

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!

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? In one little body Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind: For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea, Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is, Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs; Who,--raging with thy tears and they with them,-- Without a sudden calm, will overset Thy tempest-tossed body.--How now, wife! Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

Lady Capulet

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

Capulet

Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife. How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks? Is she not proud? doth she not count her bles'd, 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.

love what you did.

Capulet

What? What logic are you using? Proud, and I thank you, and I thank you not. Regardless of how you feel, you are going to be married Thursday at Saint Peter's Church, even if I have to drag you there. Now, get out of here, you sick girl.

Lady Capulet

Have you lost your mind?

Juliet

Please, father! I am begging you! Hear me out.

Capulet

No, you disobedient wretch! Get yourself to the church on Thursday or never look at me again. Don't say another word to me. I can barely keep myself from slapping you. Wife, we never thought we were too blessed, only having one child. Now, I see we were cursed, and one was too much.

Nurse

Bless her, Lord! Do not treat her like this.

Capulet

Why not, wise woman? Hold your tongue or go spread more gossip with your friends.

Nurse

I've not said anything wrong.

Capulet

Oh, God have mercy.

Capulet

How now, how now, 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. Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage! You tallow-face!

Lady Capulet

Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Juliet

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

Capulet

Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch! I tell thee what,--get thee to church o' Thursday, Or never after look me in the face: Speak not, reply not, do not answer me; My fingers itch.-- Wife, we scarce thought us bles'd 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's wisdom? hold your tongue, Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse

I speak no treason.

Capulet

O, God ye good-en!

Nurse

May I speak?

Capulet

Be quiet fool! We do not need to hear any of your gibberish.

Lady Capulet

You are getting over-steamed.

Capulet

I swear it makes me mad! No matter what I was doing, all I ever wanted was to find her a suitable husband. And when I find one she says, "I'm too young to get married. Please excuse me." Well, I'll excuse you from this house, if you won't get married. You may find another place to eat and sleep. You better look at this thing clearly, because I'm not joking. Thursday is near, so be advised, I am giving you away to my friend. You will not deny me or I will let you die, starve, or beg in the streets. Don't test me on this.

(Exit.)

Juliet

Doesn't anyone have pity for me? Oh sweet mother, do not throw me away? Delay this marriage for a month or a week. Otherwise, make my marriage bed in the vault with Tybalt.

Lady Capulet

Do not talk to me, because I have nothing to

Nurse

May not one speak?

Capulet

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

Lady Capulet

You are too hot.

Capulet

God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night, hour, time, tide, 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 train'd, Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts, Proportion'd as one's heart would wish a man,-- And then to have a wretched puling fool, A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender, To answer, 'I'll not wed,--I cannot love, I am too young,--I pray you pardon me:-- But, an 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; An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' 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; Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

Lady Capulet

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word; Do as

say. Do as you will; I am done with you.

(Exit.)

Juliet

Oh God! Oh Nurse! How can this mess be prevented? I already have a husband on earth and I believe in the word of God. How can I get married again while he is living? Help me! Tell me what to do! Why does something like this have to happen to someone like me? What do you have to say, Nurse? Give me some comfort.

Nurse

Romeo is banished and he cannot come back and challenge this marriage. If he does, he can't be seen. So, you better follow through with this marriage. Paris is a wonderful gentleman and Romeo doesn't compare. Madam, an eagle's eyes are not as green as Paris's. I swear you will be happy with this second match. It will be so much better than your first. Your first husband is dead or as good as dead.

Juliet

Are you speaking from your heart?

Nurse

And my soul, too. I swear.

Juliet

Amen!

Nurse

What?

Juliet

Well, you have made me feel better. Please, tell my mother since I have angered my father, I

thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit.]

Juliet

O God!--O nurse! how shall this be prevented? My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven; How shall that faith return again to earth, Unless that husband send it me from heaven By leaving earth?--comfort me, counsel me.-- Alack, alack, that heaven should practise 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 'tis; Romeo Is banished; and all the world to nothing That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you; Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth. Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, I think it best you married with the county. O, he's a lovely gentleman! Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam, Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart, I think you are happy in this second match, For it excels your first: or if it did not, Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were, As living here, and you no use of him.

Juliet

Speakest thou this 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.

have gone to Friar Lawrence's cell to make confession and be absolved.

Nurse

I will. That is a good idea.

(Exit Nurse.)

Juliet

Damn her! Wicked woman! How dare she speak that way about my husband and with the same mouth she used to praise him? Go, counselor! I will never tell you anything again. I'll go to the friar and see what he thinks I should do. If nothing else, I will kill myself.

(Exit.)

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone, Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence' cell, To make confession and to be absolv'd.

Nurse

Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.]

Juliet

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

[Exit.]