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## Act V



## Scene I: A street in Mantua.

(Enter Romeo.)

**Romeo**

If my dreams are correct, I am going to hear some good news today. My heart is light, and I feel cheerful today. I dreamed my lady came and found me dead. She revived me with her kisses. Then, I became an emperor. Oh, how wonderful it would be to have my love with me, when just thinking about her fills me with joy.

(Enter Balthasar.)

Hey Balthasar! How are you? Any news from Verona? Did you bring me letters from the friar? How is my lady? Is my father okay? How is Juliet? Nothing can be wrong, if she is well.

**Balthasar**

She is well and nothing is wrong, except her body is in Capulet's tomb. She is with the angels. I saw her laid to rest in her family's vault. So, I came to tell you. I'm sorry to have to tell you such bad news, but I thought you'd want to know.

**Romeo**

Are you sure? Then, I curse the stars. Get me some ink and paper, and hire some horses. I will leave here tonight.

**Balthasar**

Please, sir, think it through. You are not

**Romeo**

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep, My dreams presage some joyful news at hand; My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne; And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,-- Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!-- And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips, That I reviv'd, and was an emperor. Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

[Enter Balthasar.]

News from Verona!--How now, Balthasar? 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.

**Balthasar**

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: O, pardon me for bringing these ill news, Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

**Romeo**

Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!-- Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper, And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

**Balthasar**

I do beseech you, sir, have patience: Your looks



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thinking clearly. You are going to get into trouble.

**Romeo**

Don't worry about me. Just go get the things I need. Do you have any letters from the friar?

**Balthasar**

No, my lord.

**Romeo**

It doesn't matter, anyway. Go on and get the horses. I'll be with you in a minute.

(Exit Balthasar.)

Well, Juliet. I will be with you tonight. Now, how will I do it? I remember an apothecary who lives around here who could give me a poisonous tonic. He looked worn out with his shabby clothes and thin body. I remember the crazy things in his shop, and thinking if ever I needed a poison to take my life, this is where I would come. I need him now. This is his house, but he is closed. Hello, pharmacist!

(Enter apothecary.)

**Apothecary**

Who is calling me so loudly?

are pale and wild, and do import Some misadventure.

**Romeo**

Tush, thou art deceiv'd: Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

**Balthasar**

No, my good lord.

**Romeo**

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

[Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night. Let's see for means;--O mischief, thou art swift To enter in the thoughts of desperate men! I do remember an apothecary,-- And hereabouts he dwells,--which late I noted In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows, Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, Sharp misery had worn him to the bones; And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, An alligator stuff'd, and other skins Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves A beggarly account of empty boxes, Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds, Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses, 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. O, this same thought did but forerun my need; And this same needy man must sell it me. As I remember, this should be the house: Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.-- What, ho! apothecary!

[Enter Apothecary.]

**Apothecary**

Who calls so loud?



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**Romeo**

Come here, man. I see that you are poor, and I have money for a bit of poison that will work quickly and is strong enough to kill a man.

**Apothecary**

I have some, but Mantuan laws forbid the selling of it.

**Romeo**

How do you fear death when you are already poor and wretched? Your cheeks are sunken in with famine and your eyes show signs of starvation. You look like a beggar. The world is not your friend, nor the law. The world will not help you become rich. It aims to keep you poor. But, if you break the law, you may have this money.

**Apothecary**

Not I, but my poverty, consents.

**Romeo**

Then, I pay your poverty.

**Apothecary**

Here, put this in any liquid and drink it. When you drink it all, even if you had the strength of twenty men, you will die.

**Romeo**

Here is your gold, the killer of more men than this poison. It is more poisonous than what you have given me. Farewell, and buy some food to put some meat on your bones. Come on sweet drink, go with me to Juliet's grave, where I will use you.

**Romeo**

Come hither, man.--I see that thou art poor; Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear As will disperse itself through all the veins That the life-weary taker mall fall dead; And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath As violently as hasty powder fir'd Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

**Apothecary**

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

**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, And drink it off; and, if you had the strength Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

**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.



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(Exit all.)	[Exeunt.]
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## Scene II: Friar Lawrence's cell.

(Enter Friar John.)

**Friar John**

Holy Franciscan Friar! Hello, brother!

(Enter Friar Lawrence.)

**Friar Lawrence**

Is that the voice of Friar John of Mantua?  
Welcome. How is Romeo? Do you have a  
letter from him?

**Friar John**

I don't know. I have been here visiting the sick.  
We were all put into isolation because of the  
fear of contagion. So, I haven't been to  
Mantua.

**Friar Lawrence**

Who took my letters, then?

**Friar John**

No one. I still have it. I could not even get a  
messenger because of the fear of infection.

**Friar Lawrence**

Oh, no! If Romeo did not get the letter, then I  
fear he is in danger. Friar John, go now and get  
me a crowbar. Bring it back here, quickly.

**Friar John**

Okay, I'll go as fast as I can.

**Friar John**

Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

[Enter Friar Lawrence.]

**Friar Lawrence**

This same should be the voice of Friar John.  
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo? Or,  
if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

**Friar John**

Going to find a barefoot 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.

**Friar Lawrence**

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

**Friar John**

I could not send it,--here it is again,-- Nor get a  
messenger to bring it thee, So fearful were they  
of infection.

**Friar Lawrence**

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.



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(Exit Friar John.)

**Friar Lawrence**

Now, I must go to the tomb alone. Juliet will be awake in three hours. She will hate me if Romeo is not there. But, I will write to Romeo again and keep her in my cell until he gets here. Poor living soul, closed up in a dead man's tomb!

(Exit.)

[Exit.]

**Friar Lawrence**

Now must I to the monument alone; Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake: She will beshrew me much that Romeo Hath had no notice of these accidents; But I will write again to Mantua, And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;-- Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit.]



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### Scene III: A churchyard with the tomb of the Capulets.

(Enter Paris and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.)

**Paris**

Give me the torch, boy, and stand back. Better yet, put it out. I don't want to be seen out here. Go over by that tree and put your ear to the ground. If you hear someone coming, whistle a warning. Give me those flowers and do as I say.

**Page**

(To himself.) Okay, but I am afraid to stand alone in the graveyard.

(Retires.)

**Paris**

Oh, my sweet flower. I bring you flowers for thy bridal bed. Your canopy is dust and stones. I will water them with my tears. I promise to come every night and bring flowers and weep.

(The Page whistles.)

I hear the boy's warning. Someone is coming and keeping me from mourning my love. Someone with a torch! I must hide in the darkness.

(Retires.)

(Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a torch and tools.)

**Paris**

Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof; - Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. Under yond yew tree lay thee all along, Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground; So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,-- Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,-- But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me, As signal that thou hear'st something approach. Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

**Page**

[Aside.] I am almost afraid to stand alone Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[Retires.]

**Paris**

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew: O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones! Which with sweet water nightly I will dew; Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans: The obsequies that I for thee will keep, Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[The Page whistles.]

The boy gives warning something doth approach. What cursed foot wanders this way to-night, To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.

[Retires.]

[Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a torch, mattock, &c.]



**Romeo**

Give me the axe and the crowbar. Here, take this letter, and deliver it to my father in the morning. Give me the torch, and promise me that no matter what you hear or see, you will not interfere. I am going in there partly to see my love's face one more time, and to get a ring from her finger that I must use. So, go on, but if you come back I will tear you limb from limb and spread you about this graveyard. I am as wild and fierce as a tiger!

**Balthasar**

I'll go, sir, and not bother you.

**Romeo**

Good friend, take this and live prosperously. Farewell, good fellow.

**Balthasar**

(To himself.) I'll hide here, because I am afraid he is up to no good.

(Retires.)

**Romeo**

Damned tomb, house of death, filled with the dearest that ever tread the earth, I will open your rotten jaws...

(Opens the door.)

...and fill you with more food.

**Paris****Romeo**

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron. Hold, take this letter; early in the morning See thou deliver it to my lord and father. Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee, Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof And do not interrupt me in my course. Why I descend into this bed of death Is partly to behold my lady's face, But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger A precious ring,--a ring that I must use In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:-- But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry In what I further shall intend to do, By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint, And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs: The time and my intents are savage-wild; More fierce and more inexorable far Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

**Balthasar**

I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

**Romeo**

So shalt thou show me friendship.--Take thou that: Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

**Balthasar**

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

[Retires.]

**Romeo**

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth, Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the door of the monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

**Paris**



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That is the Montague who murdered my love's cousin and caused my bride to die from grief. He has come to do something awful to the dead bodies. I will capture him.

(Advances.)

Stop villainous Montague! How can you seek revenge on the dead? I arrest you. Obey me and come because you are going to die.

**Romeo**

That is why I'm here. I am a desperate man. Don't tempt me. Go away and leave me alone. I beg you, young man, do not make me kill you. I am here to kill myself, not you. Go away and let a madman finish himself.

**Paris**

No, I will not let you. I arrest you as a felon.

**Romeo**

Let's go then, boy.

(They fight.)

**Page**

Oh, lord. They are fighting. I will go call the police.

(Exit Page.)

**Paris**

You have stabbed me. (Falls.) Please be merciful and put me with Juliet.

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 villanous shame To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.--

[Advances.]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague! Can vengeance be pursu'd 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:--think upon these gone; Let them affright thee.--I beseech thee, youth, Put not another sin upon my head By urging me to fury: O, be gone! By heaven, I love thee better than myself; For I come hither arm'd against myself: Stay not, be gone;--live, and hereafter say, A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

**Paris**

I do defy thy conjurations, And apprehend thee for a felon here.

**Romeo**

Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

[They fight.]

**Page**

O lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

[Exit.]

**Paris**

O, I am slain! [Falls.] If thou be merciful, Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.



(Dies.)

**Romeo**

Let me look at you. You are Mercutio's relative, Paris. Wasn't it my man who said that you were going to marry Juliet? Or did I dream that? Am I going mad? Join me in my misfortune, Paris, and I will bury you in a triumphant grave. This does not look like a grave, with the light from Juliet's beautiful face inside. Here, this is where dead men lay.

(Lays Paris in the tomb.)

How is it that men feel happiness when they are about to die? Is it enlightenment? I will call this enlightenment. Oh, my love! My wife! Death that took away your breath did not have the power to take away your beauty. You are not conquered. You still have color in your cheeks and lips. Tybalt, lying over there in your bloody sheet, I do you a favor by taking the hand that killed you and kill myself. Forgive me, cousin! Ah, Juliet, why are you still so beautiful? Is death so jealous that he has brought you here to be his lover? I will not leave you in this dark place for him. I will stay with you and the worms that are your servants. Here, I will set up my everlasting rest and shake the yoke of this world. Eyes, take your last look! Arms, take your last embrace, and lips, the doors of breath take your last kiss. Come bitter death, I will not bargain with you. Here's to my love! (Drinks.) The drugs work quickly, so with a kiss I die.

(Dies.)

(Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar Lawrence with a lantern, crowbar and shovel.)

[Dies.]

**Romeo**

In faith, I will.--Let me peruse this face:-- Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!-- What said my man, 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 lanthorn, 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.

[Laying Paris in the monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death Have they been merry! which their keepers call A lightning before death: O, how may I Call this a lightning?--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.-- Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet? O, what more favour can I do to thee Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain To sunder his that was thine enemy? Forgive me, cousin!--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 chambermaids: 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



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**Friar Lawrence**

Saint Francis, give me speed! I have stepped over so many graves tonight. Who's there? Who is it in this place so late? Is it the dead?

**Balthasar**

It is your friend.

**Friar Lawrence**

Oh, good. Tell me, friend, what light is that over there by the Capulet's tomb?

**Balthasar**

It is my master, the one you love so much.

**Friar Lawrence**

Who is it?

**Balthasar**

Romeo.

**Friar Lawrence**

How long has he been in there?

**Balthasar**

About a half an hour.

**Friar Lawrence**

bargain to engrossing death!-- Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide! Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark! Here's to my love! [Drinks.]--O true apothecary! Thy drugs are quick.--Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.]

[Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar Lawrence, with a lantern, crow, and spade.]

**Friar**

Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night Have my old feet stumbled at graves!--Who's there? Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

**Balthasar**

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

**Friar**

Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend, What torch is yond that vainly lends his light To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern, It burneth in the Capels' monument.

**Balthasar**

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

**Friar**

Who is it?

**Balthasar**

Romeo.

**Friar**

How long hath he been there?

**Balthasar**

Full half an hour.

**Friar**



Go with me.

**Balthasar**

No. My master thinks I am gone and threatened me with death if I interrupted him.

**Friar Lawrence**

Stay then. I'll go alone, although fear grips me.

**Balthasar**

I fell asleep under this tree and dreamed that my master was fighting someone, and that he killed him.

**Friar Lawrence**

Romeo! (Goes forward.) Oh, no, what is this blood stain? What do these bloody swords mean?

(Enters the tomb.)

Romeo! You are so pale! And, Paris, too? What a terrible time! The lady stirs.

(Juliet wakes and stirs.)

**Juliet**

Oh, Friar, where is my lord? I remember where I am supposed to be, but where is Romeo?

(Noise from within.)

**Friar Lawrence**

I hear some noise. Come on, Juliet. Our plan is all messed up. Your husband is dead, so is Pairs. I'll hide you in a convent with some nuns. Hurry, someone is coming. Let's go.

Go with me to the vault.

**Balthasar**

I dare not, sir; My master knows not but I am gone hence; And fearfully did menace me with death If I did stay to look on his intents.

**Friar**

Stay then; I'll go alone:--fear comes upon me; O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

**Balthasar**

As I did sleep under this yew tree here, I dreamt my master and another fought, And that my master slew him.

**Friar**

Romeo! [Advances.] Alack, alack! what blood is this which stains The stony entrance of this sepulchre?-- What mean these masterless and gory swords To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[Enters the monument.]

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 wakes and 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?

[Noise within.]

**Friar**

I hear some noise.--Lady, come from that nest Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep: A greater power than we can contradict Hath thwarted our intents:--come, come away! Thy



(Noise from within.) I can't stay any longer.

**Juliet**

Go, then. I'm not leaving.

(Exit Friar Lawrence.)

What's this? My true love has a cup in his hand. Poisonous drink, I think has taken his life. There is none left for me. I will kiss your lips and pray some poison remains to help me die.

(Kisses him.)

**First Watch**

Lead the way, boy.

**Juliet**

I hear another noise. I must hurry. Oh good, Romeo's dagger!

(Snatching Romeo's dagger.)

This is the place where knives go. (Stabs herself.) Now, let me die.

(Falls on Romeo's body and dies.)

(Enter Watch, with the Paris's Page.)

**Page**

This is the place. See the burning torch.

**First Watch**

The ground is bloody. Search the churchyard.

husband in thy bosom there lies dead; And Paris too:--come, I'll dispose of thee Among a sisterhood of holy nuns: Stay not to question, for the watch is coming. Come, go, good Juliet [noise within],--I dare no longer stay.

**Juliet**

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.--

[Exit Friar Lawrence.]

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

[Kisses him.]

Thy lips are warm!

**1 Watch**

[Within.] Lead, boy:--which way?

**Juliet**

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

[Snatching Romeo's dagger.]

This is thy sheath [stabs herself]; there rest, and let me die.

[Falls on Romeo's body and dies.]

[Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.]

**Page**

This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

**1 Watch**

The ground is bloody; search about the



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Go and if you find someone attack.

(Exit some of the Watch.)

What a pitiful sight! Here is the count, murdered. Here is Juliet, bleeding, but she was supposed to be dead. She was buried two days ago. Go tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets and get the Montagues.

(Exit others of the Watch.)

We are in the sight of some terrible, unexplainable happenings.

(Enter some of the watch with Balthasar.)

### Second Watch

Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the churchyard.

### First Watch

Hold him until the Prince gets here.

(Enter others of the Watch with Friar Lawrence.)

### Third Watch

Here is a friar, trembling and weeping. We took this axe and shovel from him. He was coming from the graveyard.

### First Watch

That is very odd. We better keep him, too.

(Enter the Prince and Attendants.)

### Prince

What is going on that you feel the need to wake us up so early?

(Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.)

churchyard: Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

[Exeunt some of the Watch.]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;-- And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead, Who here hath lain this two days buried.-- Go, tell the prince;--run to the Capulets,-- Raise up the Montagues,--some others search:--

[Exeunt others of the Watch.]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie; But the true ground of all these piteous woes We cannot without circumstance descry.

[Re-enter some of the Watch with Balthasar.]

### 2 Watch

Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

### 1 Watch

Hold him in safety till the prince come hither.

[Re-enter others of the Watch with Friar Lawrence.]

### 3 Watch

Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps: We took this mattock and this spade from him As he was coming from this churchyard side.

### 1 Watch

A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

[Enter the Prince and Attendants.]

### Prince

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

[Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.]



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**Capulet**

What is the problem? Why are they crying out?

**Lady Capulet**

People in the street cry Romeo, and some cry Juliet. Some are crying Paris, and all of them are running towards our monument.

**Prince**

What is everyone crying about?

**First Watch**

Sir, here lies the body of Count Paris. He has been murdered. Romeo is dead, too. So is Juliet, although she was thought to be dead, appears to have just been killed.

**Prince**

Search and find out how these murders happened.

**First Watch**

Here is a friar with tools to open a tomb and Romeo's man.

**Capulet**

Oh, heaven! Oh, wife, look at our daughter's blood. The knife of the Montague is in our daughter's chest.

**Lady Capulet**

Oh me! The sight of all this death is like a bell reminding me that my time is coming soon.

(Enter Montague.)

**Montague**

**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.

**Prince**

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

**1 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.

**1 Watch**

Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man, With instruments upon them fit to open These dead men's tombs.

**Capulet**

O heaven!--O wife, look how our daughter bleeds! This dagger hath mista'en,--for, lo, his house Is empty on the back of Montague,-- And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

**Lady Capulet**

O me! this sight of death is as a bell That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

[Enter Montague and others.]

**Prince**

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

**Montague**



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Sir, my wife died tonight. She died from grief because of my son's exile. What else must I endure?

**Prince**

Look and you will see.

**Montague**

Oh, you selfish boy. How could you not wait? Fathers are supposed to die before their sons.

**Prince**

Everyone be quiet and do not make any allegations until we know what happened and how it started. Then, I will let you express your pain. Meanwhile, let's be patient. Bring in the suspects.

**Friar Lawrence**

I am the greatest at fault, but I could do the least. I know you suspect me of murder, but I am not guilty, and I am not innocent.

**Prince**

Then tell us what you know.

**Friar Lawrence**

I will be brief, because I think I will not live long enough to tell a boring story. Romeo was Juliet's husband. And she was trying to be faithful to Romeo. I married them on the day Romeo killed Tybalt, which caused him to be exiled. So, Juliet wept for Romeo, and to keep her from killing herself I gave her a sleeping potion. The potion made her look dead. Then, I wrote to Romeo for him to come and claim her from the tomb when she awoke, but he never got my letter. So, I came to retrieve her and found Paris and Romeo, both dead. When she awoke I tried to get her to come with me, but

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath: What further woe conspires against mine age?

**Prince**

Look, and thou shalt see.

**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, And know their spring, their head, their true descent; And then will I be general of your woes, And lead you even to death: meantime forbear, And let mischance be slave to patience.-- Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

**Friar**

I am the greatest, able to do least, Yet most suspected, as the time and place Doth make against me, of this direful murder; And here I stand, both to impeach and purge Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

**Prince**

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

**Friar**

I will be brief, for my short date of breath Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 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 doomsday, whose untimely death Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city; For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd. 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 means To rid her from this second marriage, Or in my cell



she would not leave. I got scared and left, but she stayed to take her own life. Her nurse knows the truth. If, this is my fault let me be sacrificed and held accountable under the severest penalty of the law.

**Prince**

We have always known you to be holy. Where's Romeo's man? What does he have to say about all of this?

**Balthasar**

I told Romeo the news of Juliet's death. Then, he came from Mantua to this place. He gave me this letter to give to his father and threatened me with death, if I did not leave. I just went over there by that tree.

**Prince**

Give me the letter. I will look at it. Where is the boy that got the Watch? Sir, why was your master here?

there would she kill herself. Then gave I her, so tutored by my art, A sleeping potion; which so took effect As I intended, for it wrought on her The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo That he should hither come as this dire night, To help to take her from her borrow'd grave, Being the time the potion's force should cease. But he which bore my letter, Friar John, Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight Return'd my letter back. 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 And bear this work of heaven with patience: But then a noise did scare me from the tomb; And she, too desperate, would not go with me, But, as it seems, did violence on herself. All this I know; and to the marriage Her nurse is privy: and if ought in this Miscarried by my fault, let my old life Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time, Unto the rigour of severest law.

**Prince**

We still have known thee for a holy man.-- Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

**Balthasar**

I brought my master news of Juliet's death; And then in post he came from Mantua To this same place, to this same monument. This letter he early bid me give his father; And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault, If I departed not, and left him there.

**Prince**

Give me the letter,--I will look on it.-- Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch?-- Sirrah, what made your master in this place?



**Boy**

He came with flowers to place on his lady's grave. He made me stay back. Then, someone came with a light and started to open the tomb. My master drew on him. So, I ran to get the Watch.

**Prince**

This letter confirms the Friar's story. It describes their love and the news of her death. He writes that he bought poison to come here to die and be with Juliet forever. Where are Capulet and Montague? See what happens to people who bear hatred towards one another. Since I did not do anything about it, I have lost loved ones, too.

**Capulet**

Oh, brother Montague, give me your hand. For my daughter and your son, I can ask you for nothing.

**Montague**

But, I can give you something. I will raise a statue for her in pure gold in remembrance of her goodness for all of Verona to see.

**Capulet**

Then, I will make a statue of Romeo to lie beside Juliet. They were poor sacrifices of our hatred.

**Prince**

This is a terrible way to finally have peace. Even the sun is too sad to show her face. Let's go talk more of these sad things. Some things will be pardoned and some will be punished, but there will never be a story as sad as that of Romeo and Juliet.

(Exit all.)

**Boy**

He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave; And bid me stand aloof, and so I did: Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb; And by-and-by my master drew on him; And then I ran away to call the watch.

**Prince**

This letter doth make good the friar's words, Their course of love, the tidings of her death: And here he writes that he did buy a poison Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal 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!

**Prince**

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

[Exeunt.]



The End

The End

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