Romeo & Juliet
Act III
Scene 1

**Original Text**

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Mercutio’s PAGE, and others

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

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

**BENVOLIO**
Am I like such a fellow?

**MERCUTIO**
Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

**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 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 quarreling. Thou hast quarreled 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 old ribbon? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

**BENVOLIO**
An 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!

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**Enter TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and other CAPULETS**

**BENVOLIO**
By my head, here comes the Capulets.

**Modern Text**

**BENVOLIO**
I’m begging you, good Mercutio, let’s call it a day. It’s hot outside, and the Capulets are wandering around. If we bump into them, we’ll certainly get into a fight. When it’s hot outside, people become angry and hot-blooded.

**MERCUTIO**
You’re like one of those guys who walks into a bar, slams his sword on the table, and then says, “I pray I never have to use you.” By the time he orders his second drink, he pulls his sword on the bartender for no reason at all.

**BENVOLIO**
Am I really like one of those guys?

**MERCUTIO**
Come on, you can be as angry as any guy in Italy when you’re in the mood. When someone does the smallest thing to make you angry, you get angry. And when you’re in the mood to get angry, you find something to get angry about.

**BENVOLIO**
And what about that?

**MERCUTIO**
If there were two men like you, pretty soon there’d be none because the two of you would kill each other. You would fight with a man if he had one more whisker or one less whisker in his beard than you have in your beard. You’ll fight with a man who’s cracking nuts just because you have hazelnut-colored eyes. Only you would look for a fight like that. Your head is as full of fights as an egg is full of yolk, but your head has been beaten like scrambled eggs from so much fighting. You started a fight with a man who coughed in the street because he woke up a dog that was sleeping in the sun. Didn’t you argue it out with your tailor for wearing one of his new suits before the right season? And with another for tying the new shoes he made with old laces? And yet you’re the one who wants to teach me about restraint!

**BENVOLIO**
If I were in the habit of fighting the way you are, my life insurance rates would be sky high.

**MERCUTIO**
Your life insurance? That’s foolish.

**TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and CAPULETS enter.**

**BENVOLIO**
Oh great, here come the Capulets.
TYBALT
Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good e'en. A word with one of you.

MERCUTIO
By my heel, I care not.

Well, well, I don't care.

TYBALT
(to PETRUCCIO and others) Follow me closely, I'll talk to them. (to the MONTAGUES) Good afternoon, gentlemen. I'd like to have a word with one of you.

MERCUTIO
You just want one word with one of us? Put it together with something else. Make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT
You'll find me ready enough to do that, sir, if you give me a reason.

MERCUTIO
Can't you find a reason without my giving you one?

TYBALT
MERCUTIO, you hang out with Romeo.

TYBALT
MERCUTIO, you consort with Romeo.

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

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

MERCUTIO
Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT
You'll find me ready enough to do that, sir, if you give me a reason.

MERCUTIO
You hang out with Romeo.

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"!

MERCUTIO
“Hang out?” Who do you think we are, musicians in a band? If we look like musicians to you, you can expect to hear nothing but noise. (touching the blade of his sword) This is my fiddlestick. I'll use it to make you dance. Goddammit—“Hang out!”

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.

MERCUTIO
Men's eyes were made to see things, so let them watch. I won't move to please anybody.

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

TYBALT
Well, may peace be with you. Here comes my man, the man I'm looking for.

MERCUTIO
He's not your man. Alright, walk out into a field, and he'll chase you. In that sense you can call him your “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
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

TYBALT
Boy, your words can't excuse the harm you've done to me. So
That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw.

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

**MERCUTIO**
O calm dishonourable, vile submission!
45 *Alla stoccata* carries it away. *(draws his sword)*
Tybalt, you ratcatcher, 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 pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

**TYBALT**
I am for you. *(draws his sword)*

**ROMEO**
Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

**MERCUTIO**
Come, sir, your *passado*.

**ROMEO** *(draws his sword)*
*(to TYBALT)* Draw, Benvolio. Let's beat down their weapons. Gentlemen, for shame! Forbear this outrage. Tybalt, Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

**ROMEO** *tries to break up the fight* **TYBALT** stabs **MERCUTIO** under **ROMEO**'s arm

**PETRUCHIO**
Away, Tybalt.

*Exeunt TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and the other CAPULETS*

**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.

**ROMEO** now turn and draw your sword.

**ROMEO**
I disagree. I've never done you harm. I love you more than you can understand until you know the reason why I love you. And so, good Capulet—which is a name I love like my own name—you should be satisfied with what I say.

**MERCUTIO**
This calm submission is dishonorable and vile. The thrust of a sword will end this surrender. *(draws his sword)* Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you go fight me?

**TYBALT**
What do you want from me?

**MERCUTIO**
Good King of Cats, I want to take one of your nine lives. I'll take one, and, depending on how you treat me after that, I might beat the other eight out of you too. Will you pull your sword out of its sheath? Hurry up, or I'll smack you on the ears with my sword before you have yours drawn.

**TYBALT**
I'll fight you. *(he draws his sword)*

**ROMEO**
Noble Mercutio, put your sword away.

**MERCUTIO** *(to TYBALT)* Come on, sir, perform your forward thrust, your *passado*.

**ROMEO** *tries to break up the fight* **TYBALT** reaches under **ROMEO**'s arm and stabs **MERCUTIO**.

**PETRUCHIO**
Let's get away, Tybalt.

**TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and the other CAPULETS** *exit.*

**MERCUTIO**
I've been hurt. May a plague curse both your families. I'm finished. Did he get away clean?

**BENVOLIO**
What, are you hurt?

**MERCUTIO**
Yes, yes. It's a scratch, just a scratch. But it's enough. Where is my page? Go, boy. Get me a doctor.

**MERCUTIO**'S PAGE *exits.*
ROMEO
Courage, man. The hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO
No, 'tis not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. 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.

70 And soundly too. Your houses!

ROMEO
I thought all for the best.

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

Enter MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

ROMEO
This gentleman, the Prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf. My reputation stained 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 softened valor's steel!

75 Enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO
O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead! That gallant spirit hath aspired 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.

Enter TYBALT

BENVOLIO
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO
Alive in triumph—and Mercutio slain!

85 Away to heaven, respective lenity, And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now. Now, Tybalt, take the “villain” back again That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads,

90 Staying for thine to keep him company. Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

TYBALT

ROMEO
Have courage, man. The wound can't be that bad.

MERCUTIO
No, it's not as deep as a well, or as wide as a church door, but it's enough. It'll do the job. Ask for me tomorrow, and you'll find me in a grave. I'm done for in this world, I believe. May a plague strike both your houses. Goddammit! I can't believe that dog, that rat, that mouse, that cat could scratch me to death! That braggart, punk villain who fights like he learned swordsmanship from a manual! Why the hell did you come in between us? He struck me from under your arm.

ROMEO
I thought it was the right thing to do.

MERCUTIO
Take me inside some house, Benvolio, or I'll pass out. May a plague strike both your families! They've turned me into food for worms. I'm done for. Curse your families!

BENVOLIO

Enter BENVOLIO

ROMEO
This gentleman Mercutio, a close relative of the Prince and my dear friend, was killed while defending me from Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, who had been my cousin for a whole hour! Oh, sweet Juliet, your beauty has made my weak like a woman, and you have softened my bravery, which before was as hard as steel.

BENVOLIO

Enter TYBALT

ROMEO
He's alive and victorious, and Mercutio's dead? Enough with mercy and consideration. It's time for rage to guide my actions. Now, Tybalt, you can call me “villain” the way you did before. Mercutio's soul is floating right above our heads. He's waiting for you to keep him company on the way up to heaven. Either you, or I, or both of us have to go with him.
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!  

95 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom thee death  
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

**ROMEO**  
Oh, I am fortune’s fool!

**BENVOLIO**  
Why dost thou stay?  

*Exit ROMEO*

**CITIZEN OF THE WATCH**  
Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?  

**BENVOLIO**  
There lies that Tybalt.  

**CITIZEN OF THE WATCH**  
(to TYBALT) Up, sir, go with me.  
I charge thee in the Prince’s name, obey.  

*Enter PRINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPELET, LADY MONTAGUE, LADY CAPELET, and OTHERS*

**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 CAPELET**  
Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother’s child!  

110 O Prince! O cousin! Husband! Oh, the blood is spilled  
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.  

115 Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was and urged withal  
Your high displeasure. All this uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed,  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Wretched boy, you hung out with him here, and you’re going to go to heaven with him.

**ROMEO**  
This fight will decide who dies.  
*They fight. TYBALT falls and dies*

**BENVOLIO**  
Romeo, get out of here. The citizens are around, and Tybalt is dead. Don’t stand there shocked. The Prince will give you the death penalty if you get caught. So get out of here!

**ROMEO**  
Oh, I have awful luck.

**BENVOLIO**  
Why are you waiting?  

*ROMEO exits.*

**CITIZEN OF THE WATCH**  
The man who killed Mercutio, which way did he go? Tybalt, that murderer, which way did he run?

**BENVOLIO**  
Tybalt is lying over there.

**CITIZEN OF THE WATCH**  
(to TYBALT) Get up, sir, and come with me. I command you, by the authority of the Prince, to obey me.

*The PRINCE enters with MONTAGUE, CAPELET, LADY MONTAGUE, LADY CAPELET, and OTHERS.*

**PRINCE**  
Where are the evil men who started this fight?

**BENVOLIO**  
Oh, noble prince, I can tell you everything about the unfortunate circumstances of this deadly fight. Over there Tybalt is lying dead. He killed your relative, brave Mercutio, and then young Romeo killed him.

**LADY CAPELET**  
Tybalt was my nephew! He was my brother’s son! Oh Prince, oh nephew, oh husband! Oh, my nephew is dead! Oh Prince, as you are a man of honor, take revenge for this murder by killing someone from the Montague family. Oh cousin, cousin!

**PRINCE**  
Benvolio, who started this fight?

**BENVOLIO**  
Tybalt started the fight before he was killed by Romeo. Romeo spoke to Tybalt politely and told him how silly this argument was. He mentioned that you would not approve of the fight. He said all of this gently and calmly, kneeling down out of respect. But he could not make peace with Tybalt, who was in an angry mood and wouldn’t listen to talk about peace. Tybalt and
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 entertained revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for ere I

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

LADY CAPULET
He is a kinsman to the Montague.
Affection makes him false. He speaks not true.

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 hearts' 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's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will.
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt

Mercutio began to fight each other fiercely, lunging at one another and dodging each other's blows. Romeo cried out, "Stop, my friends. Break it up." Then he jumped in between them and forced them to put their swords down. But Tybalt reached under Romeo's arm and thrust his sword into brave Mercutio. Then Tybalt fled the scene.

But pretty soon he came back to meet Romeo, who was overcome with the desire for revenge. As quick as lightning, they started fighting. Before I could break up the fight, Tybalt was killed. Romeo ran away when Tybalt fell dead. I'm telling you the truth, I swear on my life.

LADY CAPULET
Benvolio is part of the Montague family. His loyalties to the Montagues make him tell lies. He's not telling the truth. There were twenty Montagues fighting in this awful riot, and together those twenty could only kill one man. I demand justice. You, Prince, are the man who can give me justice. Romeo killed Tybalt. Romeo must die.

PRINCE
Romeo killed Tybalt. Tybalt killed Mercutio. Who should now pay the price for Mercutio's life?

MONTAGUE
Not Romeo, Prince. He was Mercutio's friend. His crime did justice's job by taking Tybalt's life.

PRINCE
And for that crime, Romeo is hereby exiled from Verona. I'm involved in your rivalry. Mercutio was my relative, and he lies dead because of your bloody feud. I'll punish you so harshly that you'll regret causing me this loss. I won't listen to your pleas or excuses. You can't get out of trouble by praying or crying, so don't bother. Tell Romeo to leave the city immediately, or else, if he is found, he will be killed. Take away this body, and do what I say. Showing mercy by pardoning killers only causes more murders.

Exeunt

They exit.
Scene 2

**ORIGINAL TEXT**

**JULIET**

Enter JULIET alone

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Toward Phoebus' lodging. Such a wagoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west
And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked 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
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange love, grow bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.

Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo. And when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed. 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.

**MODERN TEXT**

**JULIET** enters alone.

I wish the sun would hurry up and set and night would come immediately. When the night comes and everyone goes to sleep, Romeo will leap into my arms, and no one will know. Beauty makes it possible for lovers to see how to make love in the dark. Or else love is blind, and its best time is the night. I wish night would come, like a widow dressed in black, so I can learn how to submit to my husband and lose my virginity. Let the blood rushing to my cheeks be calmed. In the darkness, let me, a shy virgin, learn the strange act of sex so that it seems innocent, modest, and true. Come, night. Come, Romeo. You’re like a day that comes during the night. You’re whiter than snow on the black wings of a raven. Come, gentle night. Come, loving, dark night. Give me my Romeo. And when I die, turn him into stars and form a constellation in his image. His face will make the heavens so beautiful that the world will fall in love with the night and forget about the garish sun. Oh, I have bought love's mansion, but I haven't moved in yet.I belong to Romeo now, but he hasn’t taken possession of me yet. This day is so boring that I feel like a child on the night before a holiday, waiting to put on my fancy new clothes.

**Enter NURSE with cords**

Oh, here comes my Nurse, and she brings news. Every voice that mentions Romeo’s name sounds beautiful. Now, Nurse, what’s the news? Is that the rope ladder Romeo told you to pick up?

**NURSE**

Yes, yes, this is the rope ladder.

**JULIET**

Oh my, what's the news? Why do you look so upset?

**NURSE**
Ah, welladay! He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!

JULIET
Can heaven be so envious?

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

JULIET
What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roared in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but "ay,"
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 makes thee answer "ay."
If he be slain, say "ay," or if not, "no."
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

NURSE
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast.

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse.
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,
All in gore blood. I swoonèd at the sight.

JULIET
O, break, my hear, poor bankrupt, 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 slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest 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 banishèd.
Romeo that killed him—he is banishèd.

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

NURSE
It did, it did. Alas the day, it did.
O serpent heart hid with a flowering face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!

Dove-feathered raven, wolvish-ravening lamb!

Despisèd substance of divinest show,
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.

A damnèd saint, an honorable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? Oh, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men. All perjured,
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!

Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame.

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned.

Sole monarch of the universal earth,
Oh, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

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 killed 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 murdered me. I would forget it fain,
But oh, it presses to my memory,
Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banishèd."
That “banishèd,” that one word “banishèd”
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 ranked with other griefs,
Why followed not, when she said “Tybalt’s dead,”
“Thy father” or “thy mother,” nay, or both,
Which modern lamentations might have moved?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
“Romeo is banishèd.” To speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. “Romeo is banishèd.”
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word’s death. No words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, Nurse?

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

JULIET
Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.
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.

JULIET
(gives the NURSE a ring) O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exeunt

That banishment is worse than the murder of ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt’s death would be bad enough if that was all. Maybe pain likes to have company and can’t come without bringing more pain. It would have been better if, after she said, “Tybalt’s dead,” she told me my father or my father, or both, were gone. That would have made me make the normal cries of sadness. But to say that Tybalt’s dead and then say, “Romeo has been banished.” To say that is like saying that my father, my mother, Tybalt, Romeo, and Juliet have all been killed, they’re all dead. “Romeo has been banished.” That news brings infinite death. No words can express the pain. Where are my father and my mother, Nurse?

NURSE
They are crying and moaning over Tybalt’s corpse. Are you going to join them? I’ll bring you there.

JULIET
Are they washing out his wounds with their tears? I’ll cry my tears for Romeo’s banishment when their tears are dry. Pick up this rope ladder. This poor rope ladder, it’s useless now, just like me, because Romeo has been exiled. He made this rope ladder to be a highway to my bed, but I am a virgin, and I will die a virgin and a widow. Let’s go, rope ladder. Nurse, I’m going to lie in my wedding bed. And death, not Romeo, can take my virginity!

NURSE
Go to your bedroom. I’ll find Romeo to comfort you. I know where he is. Listen, your Romeo will be here tonight. I’ll go to him. He’s hiding out in Friar Lawrence’s cell.

JULIET
(giving her a ring) Oh, find him! Give this ring to my true knight! And tell him to come here to say his last goodbye.
Scene 3

**ORIGINAL TEXT**

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo, come forth. Come forth, thou fearful man.
Affliction is enamoured 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 LAWRENCE

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 LAWRENCE

A gentler judgment vanished 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 LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence “banished” is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death. Then “banished,”

**MODERN TEXT**

FRIAR LAWRENCE

FRIAR LAWRENCE enters.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo, come out. Come out, you frightened man. Trouble likes you, and you're married to disaster.

ROMEO enters.

ROMEO

Father, what's the news? What punishment did the Prince announce? What suffering lies in store for me that I don't know about yet?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You know too much about suffering. I have news for you about the Prince's punishment.

ROMEO

Is the Prince's punishment any less awful than doomsday?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

He made a gentler decision. You won't die, but you'll be banished from the city.

ROMEO

Ha, banishment? Be merciful and say “death.” Exile is much worse than death. Don't say “banishment.”

FRIAR LAWRENCE

From now on, you are banished from Verona. You should be able to endure this because the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world for me outside the walls of Verona, except purgatory, torture, and hell itself. So to be banished from Verona is like being banished from the world, and being banished from the world is death.

Banishment is death by the wrong name. Calling death banishment is like cutting off my head with a golden ax and smiling while I'm being murdered.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Oh, deadly sin! Oh, rude and unthankful boy! You committed a crime that is punishable by death, but our kind Prince took sympathy on you and ignored the law when he substituted banishment for death. This is kind mercy, and you don't realize it.

ROMEO

It's torture, not mercy. Heaven is here because Juliet lives here. Every cat and dog and little mouse, every unworthy animal that
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honorable state, more courtship lives
35 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 banishèd.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly.
They are free men, but I am banishèd.
And sayst thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But “banishèd” to kill me?—“Banishèd”!
O Friar, the damnèd use that word in hell.
Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word “banishèd”?

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.
ROMEO
Oh, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
FRIAR LAWRENCE
I'll give thee armor to keep off that word—
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy
To comfort thee though thou art banishèd.

ROMEO
Yet “banishèd”? 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 LAWRENCE
Oh, then I see that madmen have no ears.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE
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 murderèd,
Doting like me, and like me banishèd,
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 from within

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Arise. One knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROME
O
Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans,
Mistlike, infold me from the search of eyes.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise.
75 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
(from within) Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.
80 I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
(opens the door) Welcome then.

Enter NURSE

NURSE
O holy Friar, O, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?

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

NURSE
Oh, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case. O woeful sympathy,
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubbing.
Stand up, stand up. Stand, an you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
90 Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROME
Nurse!

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

ROME
Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? And how doth she? And what says
My concealed lady to our canceled love?

NURSE
Oh, 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
Murdered 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. (draws his dagger)

NURSE
Oh, she says nothing, sir. She just weeps and weeps. She falls on her bed and then starts to get up. Then she calls out Tybalt's name and cries “Romeo,” and then she falls down again.

ROMEO
She's calling out my name as if I were a bullet murdering her, just like I murdered her relative. Tell me, Friar, in what part of my body is my name embedded? Tell me, so I can cut it out of myself. (he draws his dagger)

FRIAR LAWRENCE
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,
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives
By doing damnèd 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 shamest 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,
Diggressing from the valor of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance;
And thou dismembered with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive, by killing one of her close relatives? Where is she? How is she doing? What does my hidden wife say about our ruined love?

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Hold on, and don’t act out of desperation. Are you a man? You look like a man, but your tears make you look like a woman. Your wild actions resemble the irrational fury of a beast. You’re a shameful woman who looks like a man or else an ugly creature who’s half-man, half-beast. You have amazed me. I swear by my holy order, I thought you were smarter and more rational than this. Have you killed Tybalt? Will you kill yourself? And would you also kill your wife, who shares your life, by committing the sin of killing yourself? Why do you complain about your birth, the heavens, and the earth? Life is the union of soul in body through the miracle of birth, but you would throw all that away. You bring shame to your body, your love, and your mind. You have so much natural talent, but like someone who hoards money, you use none of your talent for the right purpose—not your body, not your love, not your mind. Your body is just a wax figure, without the honor of a man. The love that you promised was a hollow lie. You’re killing the love that you vowed to cherish. Your mind, which aids both your body and your love, has mishandled both of them. You’re like a stupid soldier whose gunpowder explodes because he’s careless. The things you were supposed to use to defend yourself end up killing you. Get up, man! Your Juliet is alive. It was for her that you were almost killed earlier. Be happy that she’s alive. Tybalt wanted to kill you, but you killed Tybalt. Be happy that you’re alive. The law that threatened your life was softened into exile. Be happy about that. Your life is full of blessings. You have the best sorts of happiness to enjoy.
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead—
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt—there art thou happy.
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile—there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
Happiness courts thee in her best array,

But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,

Thou pou’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 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, get thee to thy love, as was decreed.
Climb up to her bedroom and comfort her. But get out of there before the night watchmen take their positions. Then you will escape to the city of Mantua, where you’ll live until we can make your marriage public and make peace between your families. We’ll ask the Prince to pardon you. Then we’ll welcome you back with twenty thousand times more joy than you’ll have when you leave this town crying. Go ahead, Nurse. Give my regards to your lady, and tell her to hurry everybody in the house to bed. I’m sure they’re all so sad that they’ll be ready to sleep. Romeo is coming.

NURSE
O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night
To hear good counsel. Oh, 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.
(gives ROMEO JULIET’s ring)

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

But like a misbehaved, sullen girl, you’re whining about your bad luck and your love. Listen, listen, people who act like that die miserable. Go be with your love, as it was decided at your wedding. Climb up to her bedroom and comfort her. But get out of there before the night watchmen take their positions. Then you will escape to the city of Mantua, where you’ll live until we can make your marriage public and make peace between your families. We’ll ask the Prince to pardon you. Then we’ll welcome you back with twenty thousand times more joy than you’ll have when you leave this town crying. Go ahead, Nurse. Give my regards to your lady, and tell her to hurry everybody in the house to bed. I’m sure they’re all so sad that they’ll be ready to sleep. Romeo is coming.

NURSE
O Lord, I could stay here all night listening to such good advice. Educated men are so impressive! (speaking to ROMEO) My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO
Do so, and tell my sweet to be ready to scold me.

NURSE
Here, sir, this is a ring she asked me to give you. Hurry up, it’s getting late. (she gives ROMEO JULIET’s ring)
ROMEO
How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Go hence. Good night. And here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised 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.
Farewell.

Scene 4

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

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

LADY CAPULET
I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.
Tonight she is mewed up to her heaviness.

CAPULET
Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled

The NURSE exits.

ROMEOR
This makes me feel so much better!

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Now get out of here. Good night. Everything depends on this:
either be out of here before the night watchmen take their positions, or leave in disguise after daybreak. Take a little vacation in Mantua. I'll find your servant, and he'll update you now and then on your case as it stands here. Give me your hand. It's late. Farewell. Good night.

ROMEOR
I'm off to experience the greatest joy of all, but still it's sad to leave you in such a rush. Farewell.
PARIS
Monday, my lord.

CAPULET
Monday! Ha, ha. Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O’ Thursday let it be.—O’ Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We’ll keep no great ado, a friend or two.
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 late,
That we may call it early by and by.—
Good night.

Exeunt

They all exit.

Scene 5

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

Enter ROMEO and JULIET aloft

ROMEO and JULIET enter above the stage.

JULIET
Are you going? It’s still a long time until daybreak. Don’t be afraid. That sound you heard was the nightingale, not the lark.
Every night the nightingale chirps on that pomegranate-tree.
Believe me, my love, it was the nightingale.
ROMEO
It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops,
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

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

ROMEO
Let me be ta'en. Let me be put to death.
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey 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 discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division.
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the lark and loathèd toad change eyes.
Oh, now I would they had changed 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 NURSE

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

ROMEO
More and more light. More and more pain for us.

The NURSE enters.

NURSE
Madam.

JULIET
Nurse?

NURSE
Your mother is coming to your bedroom. Day has broken. Be careful. Watch out.

The NURSE exits.

JULIET
Then the window lets day in, and life goes out the window.

ROMEO
Farewell, farewell. One kiss, and I’ll descend.

Kiss. **ROMEO** goes down

**JULIET**

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

**ROMEO**

Farewell! I will omit no opportunity That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

**JULIET**

Are you gone like that, my love, my lord? Yes, my husband, my friend! I must hear from you every day in the hour. In a minute there are many days. Oh, by this count I’ll be many years older before I see my Romeo again.

**ROMEO**

Farewell! I won’t miss any chance to send my love to you.

**JULIET**

Oh, do you think we’ll ever meet again?

**ROMEO**

I have no doubts. All these troubles will give us stories to tell each other later in life.

**JULIET**

Oh God, I have a soul that predicts evil things! Now that you are down there, you look like someone dead in the bottom of a tomb. Either my eyesight is failing me, or you look pale.

**ROMEO**

And trust me, love, you look pale to me too. Sadness takes away our color. Goodbye, Goodbye!

**ROMEO** exits.

**JULIET**

O fortune, fortune! Everyone says you can’t make up your mind. If you change your mind so much, what are you going to do to Romeo, who’s so faithful? Change your mind, fortune. I hope maybe then you’ll send him back home soon.

**LADY CAPULET**

(from within) Ho, daughter, are you up?

**JULIET**

Madam, I am not well.

**LADY CAPULET**

Why, how now, Juliet?

**JULIET**

Madam, I am not well.

**LADY CAPULET**

Why are you crying so much for your cousin’s death? Evermore weeping for your cousin’s death? What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

**LADY CAPULET** enters.

**LADY CAPULET**

What’s going on, Juliet?

**JULIET**

Madam, I am not well.

**LADY CAPULET**

Will you cry about your cousin’s death forever? Are you trying to wash him out of his grave with tears? If you could, you couldn’t bring him back to life. So stop crying. A little bit of grief shows a lot of love. But too much grief makes you look...
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,

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 slaughtered him.

**JULIET**

(aside) Villain and he be many miles asunder.

(to LADY CAPULET) 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**

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.

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

Where that same banished runagate doth live,

Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

**JULIET**

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart for a kinsman vexed.

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. Oh, how my heart abhors

To hear him named, and cannot come to him.

To wreak the love I bore my cousin

Upon his body that slaughtered him!

**LADY CAPULET**

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

**JULIET**

stupid.

**LADY CAPULET**

Let me keep weeping for such a great loss.

**LADY CAPULET**

You will feel the loss, but the man you weep for will feel nothing.

**JULIET**

Feeling the loss like this, I can't help but weep for him forever.

**LADY CAPULET**

Well, girl, you're weeping not for his death as much as for the fact that the villain who killed him is still alive.

**JULIET**

What villain, madam?

**LADY CAPULET**

That villain, Romeo.

**JULIET**

(to LADY CAPULET) God pardon him! I do, with all my heart, And yet no man could make my heart grieve like he does.

**LADY CAPULET**

That's because the murderer is alive.

**JULIET**

Yes, madam, he lies beyond my reach. I wish that no one could avenge my cousin's death except me!

**LADY CAPULET**

We'll have revenge for it. Don't worry about that. Stop crying. I'll send a man to Mantua, where that exiled rogue is living. Our man will poison Romeo's drink, and Romeo will join Tybalt in death. And then, I hope, you'll be satisfied.

**JULIET**

I'll never be satisfied with Romeo until I see him . . . dead—
dead is how my poor heart feels when I think about my poor cousin. Madam, if you can find a man to deliver the poison, I'll mix it myself so that Romeo will sleep quietly soon after he drinks it. Oh, how I hate to hear people say his name and not be able to go after him. I want to take the love I had for my cousin and take it out on the body of the man who killed him.

**LADY CAPULET**

Find out the way, and I'll find the right man. But now I have joyful news for you, girl.
And joy comes well in such a needy time. What are they, beseech your ladyship? 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’s not, nor I looked not for.

**JULIET**

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**JULIET**

Now, by Saint Peter’s Church and Peter too, He shall not make me there a joyful bride. I wonder at this haste, that I must wed Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo. I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, I will not marry yet. And when I do, I swear It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

**LADY CAPULET**

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

**CAPULET and NURSE enter**

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-tossèd body.—How now, wife? Have you delivered 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 blessed, Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought And it’s good to have joy in such a joyless time. What’s the news? Please tell me.

**LADY CAPULET**

Well, well, you have a careful father, child. He has arranged a sudden day of joy to end your sadness. A day that you did not expect and that I did not seek out.

**JULIET**

Madam, tell me quickly, what day is that?

**LADY CAPULET**

Indeed, my child, at Saint Peter’s Church early Thursday morning, the gallant, young, and noble gentleman Count Paris will happily make you a joyful bride.

**JULIET**

Now, I swear by Saint Peter’s Church and Peter too, he will not make me there a joyful bride. This is a strange rush. How can I marry him, this husband, before he comes to court me? Please, tell my father, madam, I won’t marry yet. And, when I do marry, I swear, it will be Romeo, whom you know I hate, rather than Paris. That’s really news!

**LADY CAPULET**

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself, and see how he takes the news.

**CAPULET and the NURSE enter**

When the sun sets, the air drizzles dew. But at the death of my brother’s son, it rains a downpour. What are you, girl? Some kind of fountain? Why are you still crying? Will you cry forever? In one little body you seem like a ship, the sea, and the winds. Your eyes, which I call the sea, flow with tears. The ship is your body which is sailing on the salt flood of your tears. The winds are your sighs. Your sighs and your tears are raging. Unless you calm down, tears and sighs will overwhelm your body and sink your ship. So where do things stand, wife? Have you told her our decision?

**LADY CAPULET**

Yes, sir, I told her. But she won’t agree. She says thank you but refuses. I wish the fool were dead and married to her grave!”

**CAPULET**

Wait! Hold on, wife. I don’t understand. How can this be? She refuses? Isn’t she grateful? Isn’t she proud of such a match? Doesn’t she realize what a blessing this is? Doesn’t she realize how unworthy she is of the gentleman we have found to be her
So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

**JULIET**
Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

**CAPULET**
How, how, how, how? Chopped 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 blest
That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!

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

**CAPULET**
And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good prudence. Smatter with your gossips, go.

**NURSE**
I speak no treason.

**CAPULET**
Oh, God 'i' good e'en.

**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**

**JULIET**
I am not proud of what you have found for me. But I am thankful that you have found it. I can never be proud of what I hate. But I can be thankful for something I hate, if it was meant with love.

**CAPULET**
What is this? What is this fuzzy logic? What is this? I hear you say "proud" and "I thank you," and then "no thank you" and "not proud," you spoiled little girl. You're not really giving me any thanks or showing me any pride. But get yourself ready for Thursday. You're going to Saint Peter's Church to marry Paris. And if you don't go on your own, I'll drag you there. You disgust me, you little bug! You worthless girl! You pale face!

**LADY CAPULET**
Shame on you! What, are you crazy?

**JULIET**
Good father, I'm begging you on my knees, be patient and listen to me say just one thing.

**CAPULET**
Forget about you, you worthless girl! You disobedient wretch! I'll tell you what. Go to church on Thursday or never look me in the face again. Don't say anything. Don't reply. Don't talk back to me.

**(JULIET rises)**
I feel like slapping you. Wife, we never thought ourselves blessed that God only gave us this one child. But now I see that this one is one too many. We were cursed when we had her. She disgusts me, the little hussy!

**NURSE**
God in heaven bless her! My lord, you're wrong to berate her like that.

**CAPULET**
And why, wise lady? You shut up, old woman. Go blabber with your gossiping friends.

**NURSE**
I've said nothing wrong.

**CAPULET**
Oh, for God's sake.

**NURSE**
Can't I say something?

**CAPULET**
Be quiet, you mumbling fool! Say your serious things at lunch with your gossiping friends. We don't need to hear it.

**LADY CAPULET**
You are too hot.

CAPULET
God’s bread! It makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched. And having now provided
180 A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportioned as one’s thought would wish a man—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
185 A whining mammet, in her fortune’s tender,
To answer “I’ll not wed,” “I cannot love.”—
“Tis 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.
190 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 in the streets,
For, by my soul, I’ll ne’er acknowledge thee,
195 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to ’t, bethink you. I’ll not be forsworn.
Exit CAPULET

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!
200 Delay this marriage for a month, a week.
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET
Talk not to me, for I’ll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.
Exit LADY CAPULET

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.—
210 Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself.—
What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, Nurse.

NURSE
Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banishèd, and all the world to nothing
You’re getting too angry.

CAPULET
Goddammit! It makes me mad. Day and night, hour after hour, all the time, at work, at play, alone in company, my top priority has always been to find her a husband. Now I’ve provided a husband from a noble family, who is good-looking, young, well-educated. He’s full of good qualities.
He’s the man of any girl’s dreams. But this wretched, whimpering fool, like a whining puppet, she looks at this good fortune and answers, “I won’t get married. I can’t fall in love. I’m too young. Please, excuse me.” Well, if you won’t get married, I’ll excuse you. Eat wherever you want, but you can no longer live under my roof. Consider that. Think about it. I’m not in the habit of joking. Thursday is coming. Put your hand on your heart and listen to my advice. If you act like my daughter, I’ll marry you to my friend. If you don’t act like my daughter, you can beg, starve, and die in the streets. I swear on my soul, I will never take you back or do anything for you. Believe me. Think about it. I won’t break this promise.

Exit CAPULET

JULIET
Is there no pity in the sky that can see my sadness? Oh, my sweet mother, don’t throw me out! Delay this marriage for a month, or a week. Or, if you don’t delay, make my wedding bed in the tomb where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET
Don’t talk to me, because I won’t say a word. Do as you please, because I’m done worrying about you.
Exit LADY CAPULET

JULIET
Oh God!—Oh Nurse, how can this be stopped? My husband is alive on earth, my vows of marriage are in heaven. How can I bring those promises back down to earth, unless my husband sends them back down to me by dying and going to heaven? Give me comfort. Give me advice. Oh no! Oh no! Why does heaven play tricks on someone as weak as me? What do you say? Don’t you have one word of joy? Give me some comfort, Nurse.

NURSE
This is what I have to say: Romeo has been banished. And it’s a sure thing that he will never come back to challenge you. If he
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.
Oh, he's a lovely gentleman.

Romeo's a dishcloth 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
Are you speaking from your heart?

NURSE
I speak from my heart and from my soul too. If not, curse them both.

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

NURSE
Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

JULIET
Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counselor.
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.