Romeo and Juliet
Act V
**Scene 1**

**ORIGINAL TEXT**

**ROMEO**

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustomed 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 breathed such life with kisses in my lips
That I revived and was an emperor.

†

Ah me! How sweet is love itself possessed
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

**Enter ROMEO's man 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 Capels' 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 e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging. Get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses. I will hence tonight.

**BALTHASAR**

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

**ROMEO**

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

**BALTHASAR**

No, my good lord.

**ROMEO**

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

**MODERN TEXT**

**ROMEO enters.**

If I can trust my dreams, then some joyful news is coming soon. Love rules my heart, and all day long a strange feeling has been making me cheerful. I had a dream that my lady came and found me dead. It's a strange dream that lets a dead man think! She came and brought me back to life by kissing my lips. I rose from the dead and was an emperor. Oh my! How sweet it would be to actually have the woman I love, when merely thinking about love makes me so happy.

**ROMEO's servant BALTHASAR enters.**

Do you have news from Verona!—What is it, Balthasar? Do you bring me a letter from the friar? How is my wife? Is my father well? How is my Juliet? I ask that again because nothing can be wrong if she is well.

**BALTHASAR**

Then she is well, and nothing is wrong. Her body sleeps in the Capulet tomb, and her immortal soul lives with the angels in heaven. I saw her buried in her family's tomb, and then I came here to tell you the news. Oh, pardon me for bringing this bad news, but you told me it was my job, sir.

**ROMEO**

Is it really true? Then I rebel against you, stars! You know where I live. Get me some ink and paper, and hire some horses to ride. I will leave here for Verona tonight.

**BALTHASAR**

Please, sir, have patience. You look pale and wild as if you're going to hurt yourself.

**ROMEO**

Tsk, you're wrong. Leave me and do what I told you to do. Don't you have a letter for me from the friar?

**BALTHASAR**

No, my good lord.

**ROMEO**

No matter. Get on your way and hire those horses. I'll be with you right away.
Exit BALTHASAR

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary—

And hereabout he dwells—which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples. Meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones,
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuffed, 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 scattered 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.”

Oh, 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?

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 may fall dead,

And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
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.

BALTHASAR exits.

Well, Juliet, I'll lie with you tonight. Let's see how. Destructive
to thoughts come quickly to the minds of desperate men! I
remember a pharmacist who lives nearby. I remember he
wears shabby clothes and has bushy eyebrows. He makes drugs
from herbs. He looks poor and miserable and worn out to the
bone. He had a tortoise shell hanging up in his shop as well as
a stuffed alligator and other skins of strange fish. There were a
few empty boxes on his shelves, as well as green clay pots, and
some musty seeds. There were a few strands of string and
mashed rose petals on display.

Noticing all this poverty, I said to myself, “If a man needed
some poison”—which they would immediately kill you for
selling in Mantua—“here is a miserable wretch who'd sell it to
him.” Oh, this idea came before I needed the poison. But this
same poor man must sell it to me. As I remember, this should
be the house. Today's a holiday, so the beggar's shop is shut.
Hey! Pharmacist!

APOTHECARY
Who's that calling so loud?

ROMEO
Come here, man. I see that you are poor. Here are forty ducats.
Let me have a shot of poison, something that works so fast that
the person who takes it will die as fast as gunpowder exploding
in a canon.

APOTHECARY
I have lethal poisons like that. But it's against the law to sell
them in Mantua, and the penalty is death.
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.

Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

(holds out money)

APOTHECARY

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

APOTHECARY

(gives ROMEO poison) Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO

(gives APOTHECARY money)

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder 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.

Exeunt

ROMEO

You're this poor and wretched and still afraid to die? Your
cheeks are thin because of hunger. I can see in your eyes that
you're starving. Anyone can see that you're a beggar. The world
is not your friend, and neither is the law. The world doesn't
make laws to make you rich. So don't be poor. Break the law,
and take this money. (he holds out money)

APOTHECARY

I agree because I'm poor, not because I want to.

ROMEO

I pay you because you're poor, not because you want me to buy
this.

APOTHECARY

(gives ROMEO poison) Put this in any kind of liquid you want
and drink it down. Even if you were as strong as twenty men, it
would kill you immediately.

ROMEO

(gives APOTHECARY money) There is your gold. Money is a
worse poison to men's souls, and commits more murders in
this awful world, than these poor poisons that you're not
allowed to sell. I've sold you poison. You haven't sold me any.
Goodbye. Buy yourself food, and put some flesh on your bones.
I'll take this mixture, which is a medicine, not a poison, to
Juliet's grave. That's where I must use it.

They exit.

Scene 2

ORIGINAL TEXT

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother, ho!

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,
Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth.
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN
I could not send it—he 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.

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, closed in a dead man's tomb!

him, the town health officials suspected that we were both in a house that had been hit with the plague. They quarantined the house, sealed up the doors, and refused to let us out. I couldn’t go to Mantua because I was stuck there.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Then who took my letter to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN
I couldn’t send it. Here it is. (he gives FRIAR LAWRENCE a letter) I couldn’t get a messenger to bring it to you either because they were scared of spreading the infection.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood, the letter was not just a nice greeting. It was full of very important information. It’s very dangerous that it hasn’t been sent. Friar John, go and get me an iron crowbar. Bring it straight back to my cell.

FRIAR JOHN
Brother, I'll go and bring it to you.

Exit FRIAR JOHN

FRIAR LAWRENCE
Now I must go to the tomb alone. Within three hours Juliet will wake up. She’ll be very angry with me that Romeo doesn’t know what happened. But I’ll write again to Mantua, and I’ll keep her in my cell until Romeo comes. That poor living corpse. She's shut inside a dead man’s tomb!

Exit FRIAR LAWRENCE
Scene 3

**Original Text**

**PARIS**

Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew trees 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** extinguishes torch, gives **PARIS** flowers

**PAGE** (aside) I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard. Yet I will adventure.

**PARIS**

(scatters flowers at JULIET’S closed tomb)
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 distilled by moans,
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursèd foot wanders this way tonight
To cross my obsequies and true love’s rite?
What with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile.

**PARIS moves away from the tomb** Enter **ROMEO** and **BALTHASAR**

**ROMEO**

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
(takes them from **BALTHASAR**)

Hold, take this letter. Early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
(gives letter to **BALTHASAR**)

Give me the light.
(takes torch from **BALTHASAR**)

Upon thy life I charge thee,

What'yer thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death

**Modern Text**

**PARIS enters with his PAGE**

**PARIS**

Give me your torch, boy. Go away and stay apart from me. Put the torch out, so I can’t be seen. Hide under the yew-trees over there. Listen to make sure no one is coming through the graveyard. If you hear any one, whistle to me to signal that someone is approaching. Give me those flowers. Do as I tell you. Go.

The **PAGE** puts out the torch and gives **PARIS** the flowers.

**PAGE**

(to himself) I am almost afraid to stand alone here in the graveyard, but I’ll take the risk.

The **PAGE** moves aside

**PARIS**

(he scatters flowers at JULIET’s closed tomb) Sweet flower,
I’m spreading flowers over your bridal bed. Oh, pain! Your canopy is dust and stones. I’ll water these flowers every night with sweet water. Or, if I don’t do that, my nightly rituals to remember you will be to put flowers on your grave and weep.

The boy is warning me that someone approaches. Who could be walking around here tonight? Who’s ruining my rituals of true love?

It’s someone with a torch! I must hide in the darkness for awhile.

**ROMEO**

Give me that pickax and the crowbar. (he takes them from **BALTHASAR**)

Here, take this letter. Early in the morning deliver it to my father. (he gives the letter to **BALTHASAR**)

Give me the light. (he takes the torch from **BALTHASAR**)

Swear on your life, I command you, whatever you hear or see, stay away from me and do not interrupt me in my plan. I’m going down into this tomb of the dead, partly to behold my wife’s face. But my main reason is to take a precious ring from her dead finger. I must use that ring for an important purpose. So go on your way. But if you get curious and return to spy on me, I swear I’ll tear you apart limb by limb and spread your
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 farther 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
45 I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

ROMEO
So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that.
(gives BALTHASAR money)
Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.

BALTHASAR
(aside) For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.
50 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

BALTHASAR moves aside, falls asleep

ROMEO
Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And in despite I'll cram thee with more food!

(begins to opens the tomb with his tools)

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

(aside) For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.

BALTHASAR moves aside and falls asleep.

PARIS
(aside) For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.

BALTHASAR moves aside and falls asleep.

PARIS
(aside) For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.

BALTHASAR moves aside and falls asleep.

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BALTHASAR moves aside and falls asleep.

PARIS
(aside) For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.

BALTHASAR moves aside and falls asleep.

PARIS
(aside) For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.

BALTHASAR moves aside and falls asleep.

PARIS
(aside) For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.

BALTHASAR moves aside and falls asleep.

PARIS
(aside) For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.
By urging me to fury. O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither armed against myself.
Stay not, be gone. Live, and hereafter say
A madman’s mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS
I do defy thy commination
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

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

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

Exit PAGE

PARIS
(falls) Oh, I am slain! If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb. Lay me with Juliet.

PARIS 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.

ROMEO opens the tomb to reveal JULIET inside

A grave? Oh, no. A lantern, slaughtered 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 interred.

(lays PARIS in the tomb)

How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry, which their keepers call
A lightning before death! Oh, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O my love, my wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered. Beauty’s

swear, I love you more than I love myself. For I’ve come here
with weapons to use against myself. Don’t stay here, go away.
Live, and from now on, say a madman mercifully told you to run away.

PARIS
I refuse your request. I’m arresting you as a criminal.

ROMEO
Are you going to provoke me? Alright, let’s fight, boy!

ROMEO and PARIS fight

PAGE
Oh Lord, they’re fighting! I’ll go call the watch.

The PAGE exits.

PARIS
(he falls) Oh, I’ve been killed!
If you are merciful, open the tomb and lay me next to Juliet.

PARIS dies.

ROMEO
Alright, I will. Let me look at this face. It’s Mercutio’s relative,
noble Count Paris! What did my man say? I was worried, so I
wasn’t listening to him while we were riding. I think he told me
Paris was about to marry Juliet. Isn’t that what he said? Or was
I dreaming? Or am I crazy? Did I hear him say something
about Juliet and jump to conclusions? Oh, give me your hand.
Both of us had such bad luck! I’ll bury you in a magnificent grave.

ROMEO opens the tomb to reveal JULIET inside.

A grave? Oh no! This is a lantern, dead Paris. Juliet lies here,
and her beauty fills this tomb with light. Dead men, lie there.
You are being buried by another dead man. (he lays PARIS in the tomb)

How often are men happy right before they die! They call it the
lightness before death. Oh, how can I call this lightness? Oh,
my love! My wife! Death has sucked the honey from your
breath, but it has not yet ruined your beauty. You haven’t been
conquered. There is still red in your lips and in your cheeks.
Death has not yet turned them pale. Tybalt, are you lying there
in your bloody death shroud? Oh, what better favor can I do for
you than to kill the man who killed you with the same hand
that made you die young. Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
why are you still so beautiful? Should I believe that death is in
love with you, and that the awful monster keeps you here to be
his mistress? I don’t like that idea, so I’ll stay with you. And I
will never leave this tomb. Here, here I’ll remain with worms
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 favor 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 chamber maids. Oh, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.
Eyes, look your last.
Arms, take your last embrace. And, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.

(kisses JULIET, takes out the poison)
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide.
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy seasick,
weary bark.  
Here's to my love! (drinks the poison) O true apothecary,  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.  

ROMEO dies  
Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE with lantern, crow, and spade  

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
Saint Francis be my speed! How oft tonight  
Have my old feet stumbling at graves!—Who's there?  

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
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 LAWRENCE  
Who is it?  

BALTHASAR  
Romeo.  

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
How long hath he been there?  

BALTHASAR  
Full half an hour.  

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
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 LAWRENCE  
Stay, then. I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me.  
Oh, much I fear some ill unthrifty 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 LAWRENCE  
(approaches the tomb)  
Romeo!—  
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of the sepulcher?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolored by this place of peace?
(looks inside the tomb)
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? What, Paris too?
And steaped in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs.

JULIET wakes

JULIET

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

A noise sounds from outside the tomb

FRIAR LAWRENCE
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 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. I dare no longer stay.

JULIET
Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
(Exit)

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

Thy lips are warm.

Enter WATCHMEN and PARIS's PAGE

CHIEF WATCHMAN
(to PAGE) Lead, boy. Which way?

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger,
This is thy sheath. There rust and let me die.
(stabs herself with ROMEO's dagger and dies)

PAGE

This is the place. There, where the torch doth burn.

CHIEF WATCHMAN
The ground is bloody.—Search about the churchyard.
Go, some of you. Whoe'er you find, attach.

Exeunt some WATCHMEN

(he looks inside the tomb) Romeo! Oh, he's pale! Who else?
What, Paris too? And he's covered in blood? Ah, when did
these horrible things happen? The lady's moving.

JULIET wakes up.

JULIET
Oh friendly friar! Where is my husband? I remember very well
where I should be, and here I am. Where is my Romeo?

A noise sounds from outside the tomb.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
I hear some noise. Lady, come out of the tomb. A greater power
than we can fight has ruined our plan. Come, come away. Your
husband lies dead there, and Paris too. Come, I'll place you
among the sisterhood of holy nuns. Don't wait to ask questions.
The watch is coming. Come, let's go, good Juliet, I don't dare
stay any longer.

JULIET
Go, get out of here. I'm not going anywhere.

FRIAR LAWRENCE exits.

What's this here? It's a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, has been the cause of his death. How rude! He
drank it all, and didn't leave any to help me afterward. I will
kiss your lips. Perhaps there's still some poison on them, to
make me die with a medicinal kiss. (she kisses ROMEO) Your
lips are warm.

WATCHMEN and PARIS's PAGE enter.

CHIEF WATCHMAN
(coming to the PAGE) Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET
Oh, noise? Then I'll be quick. Oh, good, a knife!
My body will be your sheath.
Rust inside my body and let me die.
(stabs herself with ROMEO's dagger and dies)

PAGE

This is the place. There, where the torch is burning.

CHIEF WATCHMAN
The ground is bloody. Search the graveyard. Go, some of you,
arrest whoever you find.

Some WATCHMEN exit.
Pitiful sight! Here lies the county slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets.
Raise up the Montagues.
Some others search.

_Execunt more WATCHMEN_

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

_Reenter SECOND WATCHMAN with ROMEO's man BALTHASAR_

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

CHIEF WATCHMAN
Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

_Reenter THIRD WATCHMAN with FRIAR LAWRENCE_

THIRD WATCHMAN
Here is a friar who's trembling, sighing and weeping. We took
this pickax and this shovel from him, as he was walking from
this side of the graveyard.

CHIEF WATCHMAN
A great suspicion. Stay the friar too.

_Enter the PRINCE with ATTENDANTS_

PRINCE
What misadventure is so early up
That calls our person from our morning rest?

CAPULET
205 What should it be that is so shrieked abroad?

LADY CAPULET
Oh, 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?

CHIEF WATCHMAN
210 Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

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

CHIEF WATCHMAN
Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo’s man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men’s tombs.

CAPULET
This is a pitiful sight! The count is dead. Juliet is bleeding. Her
body is warm, and she seems to have been dead only a short
time, even though she has been buried for two days. Go, tell the
Prince. Run to the Capulets. Wake up the Montagues. Have
some others search.

_Some other WATCHMEN exit in several directions._
We see the cause of all this pain. But we'll have to investigate to
discover the whole story.

_The SECOND WATCHMAN reenters with BALTHASAR._

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

CHIEF WATCHMAN
Hold him in custody until the Prince gets here.

_The THIRD WATCHMAN reenters with FRIAR LAWRENCE._

THIRD WATCHMAN
Here is a friar who's trembling, sighing and weeping. We took
this pickax and this shovel from him, as he was walking from
this side of the graveyard.

CHIEF WATCHMAN
Very suspicious. Hold the friar too.

_Enter the PRINCE enters with ATTENDANTS._

PRINCE
What crimes happen so early in the morning that I have to
wake up before the usual time?

CAPULET and LADY CAPULET enter.

CAPULET
What's the problem, that they cry out so loud?

LADY CAPULET
Some people in the street are crying “Romeo.” Some are crying
“Juliet,” and some are crying “Paris.” They’re all running in an
open riot toward our tomb.

PRINCE
What's this awful thing that everyone's crying about?

CHIEF WATCHMAN
Prince, here lies Count Paris killed. And Romeo dead. And
Juliet. She was dead before, but now she’s warm and hasn’t
been dead for long.

PRINCE
Investigate how this foul murder came about.

CHIEF WATCHMAN
Here is a friar, and dead Romeo's man. They've got tools on
them—tools they could use to open these tombs.

CAPULET
O heavens! 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 sepulcher.

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

MONTAGUE
Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight.
Grief of my son’s exile hath stopped her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

PRINCE
Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE
(to ROMEO) 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 LAWRENCE
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 condemnèd and myself excused.

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE
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
Banished the new-made bridegroom from the city—
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betrothed and would have married her perforce

PRINCE
Come, Montague. You’re up early to see your son down early.

MONTAGUE
Oh, my liege, my wife died tonight. Sadness over my son’s exile stopped her breath. What further pain must I endure in my old age?

PRINCE
Tell us what you know about this affair.

FRIAR LAWRENCE
I will be brief because I’m not going to live long enough to tell a boring story. Romeo, who lies there dead, was the husband of that Juliet. And she, who lies there dead, was that Romeo’s faithful wife. I married them; their secret wedding day was the day Tybalt died. His untimely death caused the bridegroom to be banished from the city. Juliet was sad because Romeo was gone, not because of Tybalt’s death. To cure her sadness, you arranged a marriage for her with Count Paris. Then she came to me, and, looking wild, she asked me to devise a plan to get her out of this second marriage. She threatened to kill herself

Oh heavens! Oh wife, look at how our daughter bleeds! That knife should be in its sheath on that Montague’s back, but instead it’s mis-sheathed in my daughter’s breast.

LADY CAPULET
Oh my! This sight of death is like a bell that warns me I’m old and I’ll die soon.

MONTAGUE enters.
To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
And with wild looks bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so 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 borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter,
Friar John,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned 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 awakening, 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 aught
in my cell if I didn't help her. So I gave her a sleeping potion that I had mixed with my special skills. It worked as planned. She seemed to everyone to be dead.

In the meantime I wrote to Romeo and told him to come here on this awful night to help remove her from her temporary grave when the sleeping potion wore off. But the man who carried my letter, Friar John, was held up by an accident. Last night he gave me the letter back. So I came here alone at the hour when she was supposed to wake up. I came to take her out of her family's tomb, hoping to hide her in my cell until I could make contact with Romeo. But by the time I got here, just a few minutes before Juliet woke up, Paris and Romeo were already dead. She woke up, and I asked her to come out of the tomb with me and endure this tragedy with patience. But then a noise sent me running scared from the tomb. She was too desperate to come with me, and it seems that she killed herself. I know all of this. And her Nurse knows about the marriage too. If any part of this tragedy is my fault, let my old life be sacrificed and let me suffer the most severe punishment.
in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my
old life
Be sacrificed some hour before
his time
Unto the rigor of severest law.

PRINCE
285 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.
(shows a letter) This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatened 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.
(takes letter from BALTHASAR)

295 Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

PAGE
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
(skims the letter) 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!

PRINCE
(skimming the letter) This letter confirms the friar's account. It
describes the course of their love and mentions the news of her
death. Here he writes that he bought poison from a poor
pharmacist. He brought that poison with him to this vault
to die and lie with Juliet. Where are these enemies? Capulet!
Montague! Do you see what a great evil results from your hate?
Heaven has figured out how to kill your joys with love. Because
I looked the other way when your feud flared up, I've lost
several members of my family as well. Everyone is punished.

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 whiles 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.

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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 pardoned, and some punished.

For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt

CAPULET
The statue I will make of Romeo to lie beside his Juliet will be just as rich. They were poor sacrifices of our rivalry!

PRINCE
We settle a dark peace this morning. The sun is too sad to show itself. Let’s go, to talk about these sad things some more. Some will be pardoned, and some will be punished.
There was never a story more full of pain than the story of Romeo and Juliet.

They all exit.

The End