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Private Romeo

By Alan Brown

Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of.

Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

- It is an honour that I dream not of.

- An honour!

Were not I thine only nurse, I would say
thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

Well, think of marriage now;

Younger than you, here in Verona, ladies
of esteem, are made already mothers.

- Thus then in brief...

- Madam,

the guests are come, supper served up
you called, my young lady asked for,
the nurse cursed in the pantry,
and every thing in extremity.

I must hence to wait.

- I beseech you, follow straight.

- We follow thee.

Five, six, seven, eight

nine. ten, eleven, twelve...

Good-morrow, Romeo.

- Is the day so young?

- But new struck nine.

Ay me! Benvolio, sad hours seem long.

What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Not having that, which,

having, makes them short.

In love?

- Out.

- Of love?

Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Groan! Why, no.

But sadly tell me who.

In sadness, Benvolio, I do love

a woman.

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

A right good mark-man!

And she's fair I love.

A right fair mark, fair

coz, is soonest hit.

Well, in that hit you miss:
She'll not be hit with Cupid's arrow;
She hath forsworn to love
and in that vow
do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Farewell:

teach me to forget.
I'll teach you, or else die in debt.
Mark time, march!
Left. right, left, right!
Then,
halt!
Dress right, dress!
Ready,
front!
Listen up!
Those of you who did not qualified
for the land navigation excersises
and are remaining here on campus,
you'll be under the command
of cadet Moreno and myself.
There will be no officers or faculty
on campus for the next four days.
We'll follow a regular
schedule without variation.
Classwork, homework, physical fitness.
We are all McKinley
Military Academy cadets.
Which means we will maintain
the highest standards of
neatness, promptness, orderliness,
and military bearing at all times!
And no trouble!
Understood?
Yes. sir!
Dismissed!
Cadet Neff!
Take our good meaning,
for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere
once in our five wits.
Had I say to stop?
And we mean well in going to this mask,

but 'tis no wit to go.

Why, may one ask?

I dream'd a dream to-night.

And so did I.

- Well, what was yours?

- That dreamers often lie.

In bed asleep, while they
do dream things true.

O, then, I see Queen Mab
hath been with you.

- She is the fairies' midwife...

- Dismissed!

What lady is that, which doth
enrich the hand of yonder knight?

I know not, sir.

O, she doth teach the
torches to burn bright!

Read!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use,
for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

Josh!

Cadets! No running in the hall!

Yes, sir!

- Hi.

- Hi.

Where are you going?

Glenn!

Gus!

Gus!

Do you think I'm gonna get into West Point?

You really think so?

You ask me everyday.

Feel this.

I've load 130.

Can I go back to sleep now?

- Cadet Singleton!

- Yes, sir!

You've to be showering and
be not late for inspection.

Yes. sir!

Dismissed!

Right dress!

Left dress!

About face!

- Omar.

- Shit!

- Cadet Madsen/

- Ya!

Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,
I bade her come..

What, lamb! what, ladybird!

Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

What, lamb! what, ladybird!

Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

What, Juliet.

How now! Who calls?

What, lamb!

What, ladybird!

What Juliette ?

And we mean well in going to this mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

Why, may one ask?

I dream'd...

I dream'd a dream to-night.

And so did I.

Well, what was yours?

That dreamers often lie.

In bed asleep, while they
do dream things true.

O, then, I see Queen Mab
hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife,
and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone.

On the fore-finger of an alderman

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut

Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,

The traces of the smallest spider's web.

Her whip of cricket's bone,

the lash of film,

Her driver a small grey-coated gnat

Not so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
And in this state she gallops
night by night
Through lovers' brains,
and then they dream of love;
O'er ladies' lips,
who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab
with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths
with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometime she driveth o'er
a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting
foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep;
and then anon Drums in his ear,
at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted
swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again.
Peace, peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.
I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind...
This wind, you talk of,
blows us from ourselves;
Come! Knock and enter!
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Welcome, gentlemen!
Ladies that have their toes Unplagued
with corns will have about with you.
A hall, a hall! give room!
and foot it, girls.
She that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns.
Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead

So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.
You are a lover;
borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar...
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Is love a tender thing?
It is too rough, Too rude,
too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.
If love be rough with you,
be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking,
and you beat love down.
What lady is that,
which doth enrich the hand
of yonder knight?
I know not.
O, she doth teach the torches
to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
as a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use,
for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done,
I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make
blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now?
For swear it, sight! For I ne'er
saw true beauty till this night.
What?
What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
to fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Why, how now. Wherefore storm you so?
This is our foe,
that villain Romeo.
Ttake no note of him.
Show a fair presence

and put off these frowns,
And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
- I'll not endure him!
- He shall be endured.
Am I the master here, or you?
Go to.
Go to!
Why,
'tis a shame.
Be quiet, or... for shame!
I'll make you quiet.
Sure.
I like your kicks in it, nice.
- Thanks.
- Is it like a...
- That's the loose string.
- It's cool.
I like it.
And what is... Oh!
If I profane with my
unworthiest hand
This holy shrine,
the gentle thin is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch
with a tender kiss.
Good pilgrim, you do wrong
your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that
pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Ay, pilgrim, lips
that they must use in prayer.
O, then, dear saint,
let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou,
lest faith turn to despair.
Saints do not move,
though grant for prayers' sake.
Then move not,
while my prayer's effect I take.

I will withdraw:

but this intrusion shall now
seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.
Thus from my lips,
by yours, my sin is purged.
Then have my lips the sin
that they have took.
Sin from thy lips?
O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.
It makes my flesh tremble
in their different greeting.
Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Come!
Let's away.
Romeo,
Away, begone; the sport is at the best.
Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
Romeo!
My cousin Romeo?
He is wise, Benvolio.
And, on my life,
hath stol'n him home to bed.
He ran this way.
- Call, good Mercutio.
- Nay,
I'll conjure too.
Romeo!
Humours!
Madman!
Lover!
Passion!
Romeo!
Romeo!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
This cannot anger him:
my invocation Is fair
and honest.
Come.
He hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love

and best befits the dark.
If love be blind,
it cannot hit the mark.
Romeo...
Good night.

I'll to my bed:

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Go, then.
For 'tis in vain to seek him here
that means not to be found.
He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
But, soft!
What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east,
and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far
more fair than she.
O Romeo.
Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.
What's in a name?
That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
retain that dear perfection which he owes
without that title.
Romeo, doff thy name,
and for that name which is no part of thee
take all myself.
I take thee at thy word:
call me but love, and I'll be new baptized
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
What man art thou that thus bescreen'd
in night so stumblest on my counsel?
By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am,
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
because it is an enemy to thee.
My ears have not yet drunk a hundred
words of that tongue's utterance,
yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo?
- and a Montague?
- Neither,
if either thee dislike.
How camest thou hither,
tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls
are high and hard to climb.
And the place death,
considering who thou art,
if any of my kinsmen find thee here.
With love's light wings
did I o'er-perch these walls.
For stony limits cannot hold love out.
And what love can do
that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen
are no stop to me.
If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords.
Look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Thou know'st the mask of night
is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush
bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast
heard me speak to-night.
O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay.
So thou wilt woo.
- If my heart's dear love...
- Well, do not swear.
Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden.
O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
The exchange of thy love's
faithful vow for mine.
I gave thee mine before

thou didst request it:
And yet I would it
were to give again.
Wouldst thou withdraw it?
For what purpose, love?
But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
my love as deep.
The more I give to thee,
the more I have,
for both are infinite.
Juliet!
Anon, good nurse!
Three words, dear Romeo,
and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
thy purpose marriage,
send me word to-morrow
by one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt
perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at
thy foot I'll lay
and follow thee my lord
throughout the world.
- Madam!
- I come, anon.
But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee...
- Madam!
- By and by, I come.
To cease thy suit,
and leave me to my grief.
- To-morrow will I send.
- So thrive my soul...
A thousand times good night!
A thousand times the worse,
to want thy light.
Love goes toward love,
like schoolboys from their books.
But love from love,
toward school with heavy looks
At what o'clock to-morrow

shall I send to thee?
By the hour of nine.
I will not fail.
'tis twenty years till then.
Parting is such sweet sorrow,
that I shall say good night ,
till it be morrow.
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes,
peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace,
so sweet to rest!
Follow me
To the shipwreck shores
of a dark and strange country.
I was born
A stranger thinking out
loud in a foreign tongue.
I was out of place.
I was looking all around
just a'trying to find a friendly face.
But they're all gone.
Did you ever think?
Did you ever think?
Did you ever think?
Did you ever think, think?
Who left me all alone in this town.
And a busted heart
Is a welcome friend
And when that heart leaves
What will you do then?
And if I cry,
Is that a sin?
And the wisdom is a whisper.
And I'm trying to understand,
What I say, what I think,
Where I sleep, when I breathe.
What I do with my hands.
Did you ever think?
Did you ever think?
Did you ever think? Did
you ever think, think?
A lotta people everyday
who will surely drown.
Did you ever think?

Did you ever think?
Did you ever think?
Did you ever think, think?
Who left me all alone in this town?
Here is the McKinley Military Academy!
Which strives to develop young men
with good character.
To cultivate the traits of honor,
duty, respect, and pride.
Now to accomplish that the Academy
follows a military system,
in which discipline is cornerstone.
Any cadet who violates
regulations
or commits offences
against good order and discipline
must be punished appropriately and justly.
You are all recieved one demerit.
Put yourself to the mess for breakfast!
Company, dismissed!
Carlos!
You take care of Neff.
Pick up the pace, cadet Neff!
Good morrow, father Laurence!
Good morrow, father Laurence.
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
That last is true.
The sweeter rest was mine.
That's my good son:
but where hast thou been, then?
I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
that's by me wounded.
Both our remedies
within thy help and holy physic lies.
Be plain, good son,
and homely in thy drift.
Riddling confession finds
but riddling shrift.

Then plainly know my
heart's dear love is set
on the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine.
And all combined.
By holy marriage.
Holy Saint Francis,
What a change is here!
- I pray thee, chide not...
- But come,
young waverer, come,
go with me,
in one respect I'll thy assistant be.
For this alliance may
so happy prove,
to turn your households'
rancour to pure love.
O, let us hence.
- I stand on sudden haste.
- Wisely and slowly.
They stumble that run fast.
Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home tonight?
Came he not home tonight?
No, he didn't come home.
Where the devil should this Romeo be?
- Hie Romeo!
- Signior Romeo!
Bonjour!
French salutation for your French slop.
You gave us the counterfeit
fairly last night.
Good morrow to you Mercutio, Benvolio.
What counterfeit did I give you?
The slip, sir.
The slip; can you not conceive ?
Pardon, good Mercutio.
My business was great.
And in such a case as mine
a man may strain courtesy.
That's as much as to say, such a case as
yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.
Meaning, to court'sy?
- Thou hast most kindly hit it!

- A most courteous exposition.

Nay,

I am the very pink of courtesy.

Pink for flower?

- Right.

- Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Why, is not this better now

than groaning for love?

Now art thou sociable.

Now art thou Romeo.

Now art thou what thou art,

by art as well as by nature.

God ye good morning, gentlemen.

God ye good evening, fair gentlewoman.

- Is it greasy?

- Just no less.

For the bawdy hand of the dial

is now upon the prick of noon.

Out upon you! What a man are you!

One, good nurse, that

God has made for himself to mar.

By my troth, it is well said:

'for himself to mar,' quoth a?

Sir, I desire some confidence with you.

She will invite him to some supper.

Romeo, will you come?

We'll to dinner, thither.

I will follow you.

Farewell, ancient lady.

Lady.

Lady, lady!

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

A gentleman, nurse, that

loves to hear himself talk,

and will speak more in a minute

than he will stand to in a month.

An a' speak any thing against me,

I'll take him down!

An a' were lustier than he

is, and twenty such Jacks!

And if I cannot, I'll

find those that shall.

Scurvy knave!

Pray you, sir, a word.

My...

young lady bade me inquire you out.

And what she bade me say,

I will keep to myself, but...

first let me say, if you...

should lead her into

a fool's paradise, as they say,

it were a very gross kind of behavior,

as they say.

For the gentlewoman is young;

and, therefore, if you

should deal double with her,

truly it were an ill thing to be offered

to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Bid her devise some means

to come to shrift this afternoon.

And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell

be shrived and married.

This afternoon?

Well,

she shall be there.

Farewell.

Be trusty, and I'll award thy pains.

God in heaven bless thee!

Farewell.

Commend me to thy mistress.

Ay, a thousand times.

Cadets Singleton, Madsen!

Hi, Ken, Carlos.

Too busy to workout today, cadets?

Come on!

Since you didn't get

your exercise in this period

why don't you both

drop and give me 40.

Yes, sir!

- Forty ? I can't, I have to...

- Fifty for you, Omar!

Shit!

And when you're done, cadet Madsen,

give me 5 tours around the track.

Physical fitness is an important component

of cadet's education and training.

Yes, sir!
The clock struck nine when
I did send the nurse.
In half an hour she promised to return.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
of this day's journey, and
from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him?
O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
I am a-weary, give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache!
I would... I would thou hadst
my bones, and I thy news.
Speak! Speak!
What haste? Can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
How art thou out of breath,
when thou hast breath to say to me
that thou art out of breath?
- Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that.
- Lord, how my head aches!
What a head have I !
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
O, my back!
Now other side...
O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for
sending me about,
to catch my death with
jaunting up and down!
I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse,
tell me,
what says my love?
What says he of our marriage?
Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
and a courteous, and a kind,
and a handsome,
and, I warrant, a virtuous.
Where is your mother?
Where is my mother!
Where should she be?

How oddly thou repliest:

'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'

O God's lady dear!

Are you so hot?

Is this the poultice for my aching bones!

Henceforward do your messages yourself!

Here's such a fourth come, what says Romeo?

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

I have.

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell.

There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Go! I'll to dinner.

Hie you to the cell!

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse.

Farewell.

Hey you up for some hoops then?

How long is it now

to Lammas-tide?

A fortnight and odd days.

Come Lammas-eve at night

shall she be fourteen.

As I said, I remember it well

'Tis since the earthquake now
eleven years and she was wean'd.

I never shall forget it,

of all the days upon that year.

Thou wast the prettiest

babe that e'er I nursed.

An I shall live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

I'm sorry.

So smile the heavens upon this holy act,

that after hours with sorrow chide us not!

But come what sorrow can

it cannot countervail the exchange of joy

that one short minute

gives me in her sight.

Then love-devouring death do what he dare,

it is enough I may but call her mine.

Here comes the lady.

Juliet,

if the measure of thy joy

be heap'd like mine...

But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up sum of...

half my wealth.

Come.

Go.

Incorporate two in one.

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 end of the second
cup draws it on the drawer,
when indeed there is no need.

Am I like such a fellow?

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.

Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for
wearing his new doublet before Easter?

With another, for tying his
new shoes with old riband?

I pray thee, let's retire.

The day is hot, we
shall not escape abroad.

By my heel, I care not.

Gentlemen, a word with one of you.

And but one word with one of us?

Couple it with something;
make it a word and a blow.

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

Could you not take some
occasion without giving?

Thou consort'st with Romeo!

Consort!

What, dost thou make us minstrels?

Thou make minstrels of us,
look to hear nothing but discords.

We talk here in the public haunt of men.

Here all eyes gaze on us.

Men's eyes were made to

look, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.
Well, peace be with you, sir:
here comes my man.
But I'll be hanged, sir,
if he wear your livery.
Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this:
Thou art a villain!
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.
Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
that thou hast done me.
Therefore
turn and draw.
I do protest, I never injured thee.
O calm,
dishonourable, vile submission!
Tybalt!
You rat-catcher/
Will you walk?
What wouldst thou have with me?
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,
drybeat the rest of the eight.
Will you pluck your sword out
of his pitcher by the ears?
Make haste, lest mine be about
your ears ere it be out.
I am for you.
Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.
Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.
Hold, Tybalt!
Good Mercutio!
- Away!
- Tybalt!
- Is he gone, and hath nothing?

- What, art thou hurt?
Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch.
Marry, 'tis enough.
Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.
No, 'tis not so deep as a well,
nor so wide as a church-door,
but marry 'tis enough.
Ask for me to-morrow,
and you shall find me a grave man.
I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.
A plague on both your houses!
Why the devil came you between us?
I was hurt under your arm.
I thought all for the best.
Help me, Benvolio, or I shall faint.
A plague on both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me.
O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
and in my temper soften'd valour's steel!
Romeo!
This day's black fate on
more days doth depend;
This but begins the
woe, others must end.
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Tybalt, take the villain back again,
that late thou gavest me.
For Mercutio's soul Is but
a little way above our heads,
staying for thine
to keep him company.
Either thou, or I, or
both, must go with him.
Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort
him here, shalt with him hence!
This shall determine that.
Romeo, away,
be gone!
Stand not amazed:
the prince will doom thee
death, if thou art taken!
Be gone, away!

O, I am fortune's fool!
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 Tybalt,
slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
Prince, as thou art true.
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague!
I beg for justice,
which thou, prince, must give.
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.
Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio.
Who now the price of his
dear blood doth owe?
Not Romeo, prince!
He was Mercutio's friend.
His fault concludes but what the law
should end, the life of Tybalt.
And for that offence
immediately we do exile him hence.
I will be deaf to pleading or excuses;
nor tears nor prayers shall purchase

out abuses:

Let Romeo hence in haste, else, when
he's found, that hour is his last.
Spread thy close curtain,
love-performing night,
that runaway's eyes may wink ,
and Romeo leap to these arms,
untalk'd of and unseen.
Come, night; come, Romeo,
come, thou day in night,
for thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
whiter than new snow on a raven's back!
Why dost thou wring thy hands?
He's dead, he's dead!
Alack the day! He's gone, he's dead!
He's dead!
Hath Romeo slain himself?
I saw the wound, here on his manly breast,
all bedaub'd in blood.

I swooned at the sight.
O, break, my heart!
Poor bankrupt, break at once...
O Tybalt, Tybalt.
What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
Tybalt is gone,
and Romeo banished.
O God!
Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
It did.
Alas the day, it did!
There's no trust, no faith, no honesty.
Shame come to Romeo!
Blister'd be thy tongue for such a wish!
He was not born to shame.
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo - banished'.
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
in that word's death.
No words can that woe sound.
Go! Find Romeo.
Give this ring to my true knight,
and bid him come to take his last farewell.
What news?
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
What less than dooms-day
is the prince's doom?
A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
not body's death,
but body's banishment.
Ha, banishment!
Be merciful, say 'death'!
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven
is here, where Juliet lives.
Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak.
O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
I'll give thee armour
to keep off that word.
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
to comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Hang up philosophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
it helps not.
O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
How should they, when that
wise men have no eyes?
Thou canst not speak of
that thou dost not feel.
Romeo, hide thyself.
Who knocks? Whence come you?
What's your will?
O, tell me, where's Romeo?
There on the ground.
Stand up.
Stand up!
For Juliet's sake,
for her sake, rise and stand.
Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
What says my conceal'd lady
to our cancell'd love?
O, she says nothing.
And now falls on her
bed; and then starts up,
and then on Romeo cries, and
then down falls again.
As if that name did murder her!
What, rouse thee, man!
Man!
A pack of blessings
lights up upon thy back.
Happiness courts thee in her best array.
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed,
for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love.
I'll tell my lady you will come.
Here, sir,
a ring she bid me give you.
Hie you, make haste, for
it grows very late.
How well my comfort is revived by this!
Go hence.
Farewell; good night.
But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

it were a grief, so brief
to part with thee.
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.
It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
no nightingale.
Look, love, what envious streaks
do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
to be to thee this night a torch-bearer.
Therefore stay yet.
Thou need'st not to be gone.
Let me be taken,
let me be put to death.
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome!
Juliet wills it so.
Madam!
Then, window, let day in,
and let life out.
Farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend.
Art thou gone so? Love,
lord, ay, husband, friend!
O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
I doubt it not.
And all these woes shall serve
for sweet discourses in our time to come.
O fortune, fortune!
All men call thee fickle.
Be fickle, fortune,
for then, I hope,
thou wilt not keep him long,
but send him back.
But now, my lord Capulet,
what say you to my suit?
But saying o'er what I have said before:
my child is yet a stranger in this world.

She hath not seen the change
of fourteen years.
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Younger than she are happy mothers made.
And too soon marr'd
are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd
all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, get her heart.
My will to her consent is but a part;
and she agree.
Lady Capulet.
Nurse, where's my daughter?
Call her forth to me.
Are you up?
Who is't that calls?
Why, how now?
I am not well.
Evermore weeping for Tybalt's death?
What, wilt thou wash him
from his grave with tears?
And if thou couldst,
thou couldst not make him live.
Therefore, have done.
Some grief shows much
of love;
but much of grief shows
still some want of wit.
Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
So shall you feel the loss, but not
the friend which you weep for.
Feeling so the loss, cannot choose
but ever weep the friend/
But now
I'll tell thee joyful tidings.
And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they?
Well, well, thou hast
a careful father, child.
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
that thou expect'st not

nor I look'd not for.

In happy time, what day is that?

Early next Thursday morning,
the gallant, young and noble gentleman,
the County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
shall happily make thee
there a joyful bride.

Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
he shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet.

And, when I do, it shall be Romeo!

Here comes your father;

tell him so yourself,
and see how he will
take it at your hands.

How now, wife?

- Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

- Ay, sir; but she will none.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Is she not proud?

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
so worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

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.

How?

How now, how now, how?

Chop-logic! What is this?

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,'

and 'I thank you not;'

and yet 'not proud'.

Mistress minion, you,

thank me no thankings,

nor, proud me no prouds,

but fettle your fine joints 'gainst

Thursday next, to Saint Peter's Church,
or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

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

Hang thee,

young baggage!

Disobedient wretch!
Speak not, reply not,
do not answer me.
My fingers itch.
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee!
What say'st thou?
Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.
Here it is.
Romeo is banish'd.
And all the world is nothing,
that he dares ne'er come back to you.
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
I think it best you married with Paris.
Speakest thou from thy heart?
And from my soul too!
- Amen!
- What?
Well,
thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in:

having displeased my father
to make confession and to be absolved.
I will.
This is wisely done.
Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Sir, he is fine.
He was treated in the emergency room.
Yes. sir!
Yeah, but the doctor said...
Yes, I realized that, sir.
I take full responsibility, sir.
Of course.
Yes, sir!
Come weep with me.
Past hope, past cure, past help!
I already know thy grief.
I hear thou must,
and nothing may prorogue it,
on Thursday
next be married.

Tell me not, friar, that
thou hear'st of this,
unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
do thou but call my resolution wise,
and with this knife I'll help it presently.
Hold!

I do spy a kind of hope.
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.
O, bid me leap from off the
battlements of yonder tower,
and I will do it without fear or doubt.

Hold, then:

go home.
Take thou this vial,
and this distilled liquor drink thou off.
When presently through all thy veins
shall run a cold and drowsy humour.
The roses in thy lips and cheeks
shall fade to play ashes,
thy eyes' windows fall, like death,
when he shuts up the day of life.
And in this borrow'd
likeness of shrunk death
thou shalt continue.
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
In the mean time, shall Romeo come:
and he and I
will watch thy waking.
And this shall free thee
from this present shame.
Give me!
Go, hence.
Be strong and prosperous In this resolve.
Love give me strength!
Farewell.
What if this drink do not work at all?
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead?

I fear it is:

and yet, methinks, it should not,
for he hath still been tried a holy man

How if,
when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo comes?
There's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault
and there die strangled?
O, if I wake,
shall I not be distraught?
And madly play with my forefather's joints?
And pluck the mangled
Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage
with some great kinsman's bone, as...
with a club, dash out
my desperate brains?
O! Methinks I see my cousin's ghost.
Stay, Tybalt!
Stay!
Romeo!
Romeo...
I drink to thee.
High school ring,
High school ring.
Who would have guessed it
was a homicidal thing?
Crying, crying, crying,
on your front porch swing.
Eyes swollen up like a yellowjacket sting.
Call him a thief, call him a crook,
You never get back what the magpie took.
Call him a raven, call him a rook,
Sam!
You never get back what the magpie took.
Sam!
Sam!
Your boyfriends mean,
Your boyfriends mean,
I swear, I swear, I swear
I didn't say anything.
Your grandmother's silver
You kept it so clean,
And those dark glasses,
can you see what I mean.
Call him a thief, call him a crook,

You never get back what the magpie took.
Call him a raven, call him a rook,
You never get back what the magpie took.
Help!
Help!
Juliet's dead!
Juliet's dead!
How now?
How doth my lady?
How fares my Juliet?
For nothing can be ill, if she be well!
She is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
and her immortal part with angels lives.
O well you art not conquered.
O my love!
Beauty's ensign
still is crimson in thy
cheeks and thy lips,
and death's pale flag
is not advanced there.
Shall I believe
that unsubstantial death is amorous,
and 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's to my love!
Here will I remain.
How long hath he been there?
Full half an hour.
Go with me.
Fear comes upon me.
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
and there I am.
Where is my Romeo?
Come from this nest
of unnatural sleep.
A power greater than we can contradict
hath thwarted our intents.

Come!
Stay not to question,
for the watch is coming.
Come, go, I dare no longer stay.
Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
I will kiss thy lips.
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
to make die with a restorative.
You made me love you
I didn't want to do it,
I didn't want to do it.
You made me want you,
And all the time you knew it.
I guess you always knew it.
You made me happy sometimes
You made me glad.
But there were times, baby,
You made me feel so bad.
You made me cry for
I didn't want to tell you,
I didn't want to tell you.
I want some love that's true.
Yes I do, indeed I do,
You know I do.
Give me, give me, give me what I cry for.
You know you got the kind
o' kisses that I'd die for,
You know you made me love you.
You made me cry for
I didn't want to tell you,
I didn't want to tell you.
I want some love that's true.
Yes I do, indeed I do,
You know I do.
Give me, give me, give me what I cry for.
You know you got the kind
o' kisses that I'd die for,
You know you made me love you.
You know you made me love you.