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Romeo and Juliet

By Brian Cass

(SOFT PIANO MUSIC PLAYS)

(HORSE WHINNYING)

(CROWD CHEERING)

NARRATOR:

both alike in dignity,
in Fair Verona,
where we lay our scene,
from ancient grudge
break to new mutiny,
where civil blood
makes civil hands unclean.

And so the prince
has called a tournament
to keep the battle
from the city streets.

Now rival Capulets
and Montagues,
they try their strength
to gain the royal ring.

(WHINNYING)

Ride, cousin!

(CHUCKLES)

(CROWD CHEERING)

(CHEERING CONTINUES)

(WHINNIES)

(SNORTS)

(SPITS)

We here declare Mercutio,
from the house of Montague,
our champion.

And so I bid you all
enjoy the day.

(CHEERING CONTINUES)

NURSE:

Juliet, please.

My lady and my lord
will soon be home
with news of
the tournament.

Then hurry, nurse.

Why do you dally so?

Oh, I should so hurry

till my heart gives out.
Your heart is made
of sterner stuff than that.
Your heart is made
of sterner stuff...
(JULIET CHUCKLES)
...that you should laugh
to see me so wore out.
I keep you fast to make you
young and strong.

SERVANT:

what about this one?
- (GRUNTS)
- (GLASS SHATTERS)
Do you not choke to see Lord
Tybalt bested by a Montague dog?
Leave it. The quarrel
is between our masters.
The quarrel is between
our masters and us, their men.
(SPITS)
Stop!
(GRUNTING)
Stop!
Put down your sword!
You know not what you do.
Hold up there.
Turn now, Benvolio,
and look upon thy death.
Tybalt, I do
but keep the peace.
Put up your sword or manage it
to part these men with me.
What? Do you draw your sword
and talk of peace?
I hate the word
as I hate hell,
all Montagues and thee.

MONTAGUE:

You argue with a child.
Turn now and fight
your equal if you dare.

(GRUNTING)

Old Montague doth flourish
his blade in spite of me!

- No!

- Enough!

SERVANT:

The prince! The prince!

Rebellious subjects!

Stop this!

Enemies to peace would stain
the pleasure of a tournament
with bitter blood?

Throw your ill-tempered weapons
to the ground...

...and hear the sentence
of your angry prince.

Three civil brawls,
bred of a foolish word by thee,
Lord Capulet or Montague,
have thrice destroyed
the calm of our streets.

If ever you disturb
our town again,
your lives will pay the price
for the offense.

You, Capulet,
you go along with me.

And, Montague,
come you this afternoon.

And now, on pain of death,
all fighting men depart.

(SNORTS, WHINNIES)

- Good afternoon, my cousin.

- Is it so?

I thought it should be night.

Not much past 4:

When I am sad,
the hours seem long.

(HAMMERING)

What sadness
lengthens Romeo's hours?
I lack the thing which, if I had

it, would make them short.

I see. You're in love.

- How was the tournament?

- It served its turn...

...to launch another

clash with Capulets.

So you must fence with hate,

and I with love.

Love is a harsh tyrant

where he rules.

(SIGHS) Love is a smoke,

raised on the fume of sighs,

a madness drenched in syrup

and choked with rage.

May I not know

who it is you love?

I love a woman.

- That much I found unaided.

- Who loves me not.

Sweet cousin, say not so,

but may I have a name?

Rosaline.

Rosaline?

- The niece of Lord Capulet?

- The same.

Be ruled by me

and forget to think of her.

Oh, teach me how I

should forget to think.

Love will not

call on you but once,

nor stay forever

when he comes.

Release your eyes.

Be glad she does not care.

- Examine other beauties.

- To what purpose?

Cousin, I pray

you change your mind.

My child is still a stranger

to this world.

Let two more summers

wither in their pride

before we judge her right

to be a wife.
Younger than she
are happy mothers now.
Juliet is my only living child.
She's the hopeful lady
of my earth...
...but woo her, gentle Paris.
Win her heart.
Now, Peter, sir,
come hither, pray.
Take this list...
...of the last and final names,
search them through Verona,
bid them come
to feast and welcome
at my house this night.
Go.
- (PEOPLE CHATTERING)
- (DOGS BARKING)

PETER:

whose names are written here.
I must first find out
what names he here has writ.
Pray you, sir.
Can you read?
Aye. If I know the letters
and the language.
Stay, fellow.
I can read.
"Signor Martino
and his wife and daughters,
Count Anselme and his
beauteous sisters,
the lady widow of Vitravio,
Signor Placentio
and his lovely wife,
my nephew, Count Tybalt,
and Lucio and lively Helena,
my fairness, Rosaline."
What assembly is this?
A masked gathering tonight
at our house.
- Who's house?

- My master,
the great Lord Capulet.
If you not be
of the House of Montague,
you're right welcome
for your help.
I bid you thanks.
So Rosaline sups
with Capulet this night.
Do but compare her face
with some I know,
and I will make you think
your swan a crow.
As if there could be
fairer than my love.
I'll go tonight,
but only to rejoice and worship
at the glory of my choice.

Hmm.

Now, stay here.

Heavens, child.

- What are you thinking?

- Go, go, go on.

Make haste. The guests
will be long gone
ere you are ready
to receive them.

(SIGHS)

What is it, Mother?

Juliet...

- ...you're a woman now.

- (CHUCKLES) Not a woman.

Well,

she's nearly a woman.

Nearly, but not yet.

Nurse, I know

my daughter's age.

I think of her birth

as if 'twere yesterday.

I remember, too,

one day when she did fall

and cut her brow,

my husband, rest his soul,

picked up the child.

"Why do you fall
on your face?" says he,
"You will fall backward
when you have more wit."
And looking up at him,
the child said, "Yes."
Enough of this. I pray you,
hold your peace.
Yet, madam, I must laugh
to think a child
could stop crying like that
and then say "yes" to Jack.
Nurse, I pray you, stop.
I beg.
Peace, I have done.
But I must say,
you were the prettiest babe
I ever nursed till now.
If I could live to see you wed,
I'll have my wish.
And that is the very theme
that I came to talk about.
Tell me, daughter,
what do you think of marriage?
- I never think of it.
- Well, think of it now.
Younger than you
are mothers.
I was your mother, too,
when I was your age.
I know it.
Count Paris wants you
for his wife and love.
Count Paris?
So, daughter...
- ...can you love the man?
- I hardly know him.
Then learn to know him
at the feast tonight.
Seek how you feel.
Study his eyes
and read the message there.
See...
...if you can be

happy with him.
I'll look and try to like him,
if that is my parents' wish.

ROMEO:

to talk our way inside
or sweep past in a crowd
without a word?
Say nothing,
lest you say too much.
We will not challenge them
for fear they challenge us.
We'll enter,
take the lady's measure,
and having taken it,
depart.

MERCUTIO:

we must see you dance.

ROMEO:

You have the dancing shoes
and dancing feet to fill them.
My soul is made of lead.
It sticks me to the ground,
I cannot move.
You are a lover.
Borrow Cupid's wings and fly.
(MAN ANNOUNCING
THE ARRIVAL OF GUESTS)

ROMEO:

I start to fear some consequence
yet hanging in the stars
shall bitterly begin
this fearful date.
Maybe we should consider
what we do.
I dreamed a dream last night.
(CHUCKLES) And so did I.
Well, what was yours?
That dreamers often lie.
In bed asleep,
where they do dream things true.

Ha! Then I see Queen Mab
has been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife,
and she comes in shape no bigger
than an agate stone
on the forefinger
of an alderman,
drawn with a team
of little atomies,
athwart men's noses
as they lie asleep.
Her chariot
is an empty hazelnut,
and in this state,
she gallops night by night
through lovers brains,
and then they dream of love,
o'er courtiers knees that dream
on curtsies straight,
o'er lawyers fingers,
who straight dream on fees,
o'er ladies' lips,
who straight on kisses dream.
Peace, peace,
Mercutio, enough.
You talk of nothing.
True, 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.
Much more of this,
and we shall be too late.
Come, let us brave our
fears and steer our course.
Whatever it may prove.
On, lusty gentlemen.
- (LIGHT MUSIC PLAYING)
- (INDISTINCT CHATTER)
Welcome, gentlemen.

Ladies that have their toes
unplagued with corns
will walk about with you.

(LAUGHTER)

I welcome you all.

Come, musicians play.

(DANCING MUSIC BEGINS)

CAPULET:

Make room.

Methinks we have
the pick of what's on show.
They all look hungrier
than a starving dog.

- (BARKS)

- (CHUCKLES)

PARIS:

Count Paris.

Can I beseech that you will
pity me enough to dance
and warm my evening
with a heavenly smile?
Keep your unmannered hand
for lesser prey...
...and leave the fair one
to her own device.

Is that not Rosaline?

Aye, it is she.

Should you not start
to make your case?

My case? When you
carried me hither,
that I might see

I have no case to make?

Go, you speak with her.

The Montagues
in Capulet's domain?

Messer Benvolio,
have you all run mad?

He that I stand for has run mad
for love of your green eyes.

Since Romeo is here,

why is he in need of deputies?

Of course, he means
to plead his cause himself.

(SCOFFS) Indeed.

From where we stand,
he looks well occupied.

(VOCALIZING)

The lady Rosaline
is well disposed
but trembles
for your safety.

ROMEO:

who doth enrich
the hand of yonder knight?
I do not know.

But Rosaline...

Oh, she does teach
the torches to burn bright.

It seems she hangs
upon the cheek of night
like a fine jewel
in an Ethiop's ear.

Beauty too rich for use,
for earth too dear.

So shows the snowy dove
trooping with crows,
as yonder lady o'er
her fellow shows.

But what of your old love,
Rosaline?

Did my heart love till now?
Forswear the sight.

I never saw true beauty
till this night.

- Sirrah, I must protest.

- I have a prior claim.

WOMAN:

come dance with me.

What claim is that?

The claim of love
that ever must be heard.

Then shall I take
advantage of this turn,

try my chances
with fair Rosaline?

(LAUGHS)

Now, by the shield
and honor of my blood,
to strike him dead,
I hold it not a sin.

Why, how now, Tybalt,
why storm you so?

Uncle, the man Juliet
is with is a Montague.

- Young Romeo, is it?

- (APPLAUSE)

It's him,
that villain Romeo.

Content thee,
gentle coz.

Let him alone.

You heard the prince's
warning at the joust.

To harm a Montague
under this roof means riot,
and in its bloody wake,
our deaths.

I would not for
the wealth of all the town
let any harm beset him
in my house.

I'll not endure it.

You will endure it,
for I say you will.

Am I master here or you?

You'll make a mutiny
among the guests.

You will set cock-a-hoop,
you'll be the man!

- Uncle, 'tis a shame!

- Go to, go to.

You shall contrary me.

You are a princox, go.

Good my lord husband,
why are you so hot?

He may be hot,

but I am hotter still

to see a Montague
at leisure here.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES:

The Morisca!

Morisca?

Why, what a perfect
dance for our amusement.

To find the dance
that's fit for Romeo,
we first need to put
a rope around his neck.

Nay, cousin, come,
tread a length with me,
and I shall coax you
into company.

Lead her, gentle nephew,
in a country dance
that we may see your
anger is forsworn.

(SCOFFS)

If you so order, Uncle,
but be warned,
this foul invasion,
that you think so sweet,
shall turn to bitter gall
before the end.

(ORCHESTRAL MUSIC PLAYS)

(PANTING SOFTLY)

Speak, sir.

You are too grave for one
who cuts a country dance.

If I profane with
my own worthiest hand
this holy shrine...

...my lips,
two blushing pilgrims,
ready stand to smooth that rough
touch with a tender kiss.

(SIGHS)

Good pilgrim,
you do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly devotion
shows in this,
for saints have hands

that pilgrim's hands do touch,
palm to palm
is holy palmers' kiss.
Have saints not lips,
and holy palmers, too?
Aye, pilgrim, lips that
they must use in prayer.
Oh, 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 prayers'
effect I take.
Thus from my lips,
by yours, my sin is purged.
Then have my lips the sin
that they have took.
Sin from my lips?
Oh, trespass sweetly urged.
Give me my sin again.
You kiss by the book.
Madam... your mother
craves a word with you.
Who is her mother?
Her mother is
the lady of the house.
- You mean she's a Capulet?
- She is.
And I tell you,
he that can lay hold of Juliet
shall have the chinks.
Oh, my dear God.
My life is my foe's debt.
(GRUNTS)
Know you the man
my cousin has made welcome?
Nay, but he would seem
a goodly youth.
Goodly and deadly.
He is Romeo,

- hope of the House of Montague.

- (GASPS)

Come hither, Nurse.

Who is that gentleman
going through the door?

His name is Romeo
and a Montague.

The only son
of your great enemy.

My only love sprung
from my only hate.

To early seen unknown
and known too late.

What's this? What's this?

It's nothing.

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

A somber face
to wear after a ball.

If I am young,
must I always be glad?

No blaggard then, has
cracked your peace of mind?

- What blaggard would this be?

- None I would name...

...nor let their name
be spoken in this house.

Cousin, I love thee.

Tybalt, I know it.

Your honor is as dear
to me as life.

(SIGHS)

And with that warming thought,
I'll take my leave.

- (OWL HOOTING)

- (DOGS BARKING IN DISTANCE)

MERCUTIO:

BENVOLIO:

Can I go home
when all my heart is here?

BENVOLIO:

MERCUTIO:

Should I go home
when all my heart is here?

- BENVOLIO:

- (MERCUTIO LAUGHS)

MERCUTIO:

Romeo?

Cousin Romeo?

He is wise, and on my life,
has stolen home to bed.

He ran this way.

(SIGHS) I know

he's jumped the wall.

Let's call him,

good Mercutio.

Romeo?

Suitor!

Madman!

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's already sick
and pale with grief
that thou, her maid,
are far more fair than she.

(BIRD SINGING)

Wait...

...it is my lady.

Oh, it is my love.

Oh, that she knew she were.

The brightness of her cheek
would shame the stars
as daylight doth a lamp.

Her eyes set in heaven
would give forth such light
that birds would sing
and think it were not night.

See how she leans her
cheek upon her hand.
Oh, that I were a glove
upon that hand
that I might touch
that cheek.
Ah, me.
She speaks.
Oh, speak again,
bright angel.
Oh, Romeo, Romeo,
where for art thou,
Romeo?
Deny thy father
and refuse thy name,
or if thou wilt not,
but be sworn my love,
and I'll no longer be
a Capulet.
Shall I hear more
or shall I speak at this?
'Tis but thy name
that is my enemy.
You'd be yourself
if you were not called Montague.
What's in a name?
That which we call a rose by any
other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would.
Romeo, cast off thy name,
and for that name,
which is no part of you,
take all of me.
- I take you at your word.
- (GASPS)
Call me your love, and I'll be
new baptized henceforth.
- I never will be Romeo.
- What man are you
that hides within the shadows
of the night to spy on me?
I know not how to
tell you who I am.
My name, dear saint,

is hateful to myself
because it is an enemy to you.
I have not heard you
speak a hundred words,
yet I do know the sound
of that sweet voice.
Are you not Romeo
and a Montague?
Neither, dear love,
if either you dislike.
Why have you come?
This place is death if any
of my kinsmen find you 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.
To see you look severe
more frightens me
than 20 of their swords.
(SIGHS)
Look you but sweet, and I am
proof against their enmity.
I would not for the world
they saw you here.
But I would not have missed
the words you spoke.
(SIGHS)
I blush to think
what you have heard tonight.
If I should ask you now
for vows of love,
I know you would say
aye...
...but if you swear,
you may prove false.
They say that Jove does laugh
at lovers' perjuries.
And will you now
call me too fast?

When had you not heard me,
I should be slow as ice.
Romeo, trust me,
and I will prove more true
than those who play the game
with far more cunning wit.
Lady, by yonder moon I swear
that tips with silver
all the fruit tree tops.
Oh, swear not by the moon,
the inconstant moon
that monthly changes
in her circled orb,
lest that your love prove
likewise variable.
What shall I swear by?
Do not swear at all,
and listen hard.
Are we too rash,
too unadvised, too quick?
No, for this bud of love
in summer's breath
will prove a beauteous flower
when next we meet.
- I promise.

- NURSE:

Go and good night,
and let sweet rest come to your
heart and mine within my breast.
But will you leave me
so unsatisfied?
What satisfaction
would you have tonight?
The exchange of your love's
faithful vow for mine.
I gave you mine
before you did request it.

NURSE:

- Madam?
- Anon, good nurse.
Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay here a while,

and I will come again.
I'm afraid all this is
but a dream.
Too flattering sweet
to be substantial.
Think if your love be pure,
your purpose marriage?
It is, my lady.
Then I will send to you
to learn my fate,
where and what time
we will perform the rite,
and all my fortunes
at your feet I lay
and follow you, my lord,
throughout the world.

NURSE:

My lady?
A thousand times,
good night.
A thousand times the worse,
to miss your light.
- Romeo.
- My love.
(SIGHS)
What time tomorrow
shall I send to you?

- At 9:

- I will not fail.
'Tis 20 years till then.
I have forgotten
why I called you back.
Let me stand here
till you remember it.
I should forget
to have thee still stand there,
remembering how
I love thy company.
And I'll still stay
to have thee still forget,
forgetting any other
home but this.

(SIGHS)

Good night, good night.
Parting is such sweet sorrow.
Let us just say good night
till it be morrow.
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes,
peace in thy breast.
Oh! Lady, come in.
You will catch a chill.
Would I were sleep and peace,
so sweet to rest.

(BIRDS CHIRPING)

The earth is nature's mother
and her tomb.
Within the petal trim
of this small flower,
poison has residence
and medicine power.
Boiled and mixed, the smell
will bring us health.
- And swallowed?
- The result is instant death.

(CLEARS THROAT)

Good morning, Father.
Romeo!
Up and about in early morn.
I do not look to see
the young at dawn.
Care keeps the old awake
and wakes them soon,
but young men sleep
a golden sleep till noon.
Or if they don't,
and here I'll guess it right,
our Romeo hath not been
in bed tonight.
That last is true,
but a sweet rest was mine.
God pardon sin.
Were you with Rosaline?
(LAUGHS)
Ah, I pray you were not
playing Satan's game.
Who is Rosaline?

I have forgot the name.
That's good, my son.
Where then have you been?
I'll tell you,
'ere you ask it me again.
Oh, Father,
know my heart's desire
is set on the fair daughter
of rich Capulet.
As mine on hers,
so hers is set as well.
And how we met and woo'd,
and how I fell I'll say
as we walk back.

But this I pray:

you consent to marry us today.

(GASPS)

Holy St. Francis!

What a change is here.

Why is she cast off,
that you did love so dear?

Jesu Maria!

What a deal of brine
has washed your sallow
cheeks for Rosaline!

You scolded me for
loving Rosaline.

I scolded you
for moping like a child.

I'd not believe
you'd tasted true love's joy.
Then scold no more, for God has
taught me now to know true love,
and Juliet has her face.

Speak you so,
though she be a Capulet?

What care I for
the quarrels of the past?

Or rivalries now
buried in the tomb?

Well, well.

If this could carry
all before...

...I think I see a chance
to end the city's strife.
If, as I pray, your marriage
should prove sweet,
you'll turn your families'
rancor to pure love.
Come... you waverer,
and go along with me.
I'll grant your wish...
...and be your wedding priest.

MERCUTIO:

is our Romeo?
Did he come home last night?
Not to this house.
I've spoken with his man.
Mercutio, there's news.
Tybalt has sent a letter here,
addressed to him.
A challenge on my life.
Which Romeo will meet.
Alas, poor Romeo,
he's already dead.
Why? Who and what is Tybalt,
that he should be so sure
of victory?
More than a prince of cats,
I tell you now.
He fights like a music player,
all precision,
and keeps his time
and distance perfect play.
With one and two and three,
and in your chest.
He's a gentleman
and duelist,
and none who fight him
live to tell the tale.
Ah, gentlemen. I hope you've
helped to cover my tracks.
Where did you vanish to
last night?
You gave us both the slip
most prettily.

Pardon, Mercutio,
I was much taken up.
At such a time a man
may lose his grace.
And more besides.
Nay, we forgive you,
for you are Romeo again.
Is this not better now
than groaning still for love?
Now you are sociable.
Great love will make us
only into fools.
Stop there.
Romeo, there's a letter
come for you.
I fear it is a challenge
from Count Tybalt,
which will not brook
delay in your reply.
- You could soothe his rage...
- Excuse me, both, I prithee.
Cousin?
Where are you going?
Romeo! This heavy matter
cannot be ignored!
Good sir,
I desire some talk with you.
What tired
old bawd is this?
And who is he that wears
the hated coat of Capulet?
Go to. I would walk
a while with her.
Will we see you
at your father's dinner?
Of course. I'll be there.
(MERCUTIO GROWLS)
(LAUGHS)

NURSE:

Why was the man so rude?
That liked to use
his tongue to flay
and wound

a poor old woman?
He is much enamored by
the sound of his own voice.
And you stand by
and suffer such a knave
to use me
at his pleasure?
If I knew any man
to use you for his pleasure,
my weapon will be
quickly out, I swear.
Now, before God, I'm so vexed
every part about me quivers.
So, to the business.
- My young lady, Juliet...
- What of her?
She bade me seek you out
and say...
First, if you should
do double with her,
you will have me
to answer to.
- Nurse, I do protest.
- I'll tell her.
Just listen.
She must gain
her mother's word
to make confession
later on today.
Let her but come
to Father Laurence's cell.
There she will be absolved
and married, too.
This afternoon, a bride?
Farewell, be trusty
and commend me to your mistress.
I... There's one thing more.
What is it?
There is a nobleman
in town, one Paris,
who plans to marry
and lie with her.
- And does she like him?
- Never!

She would as soon have lain
with a stinking toad.
Her thoughts are all with you,
as I have taunted her.
- But you should know of him.
- And so I do.
- And now commend me to my lady.
- I will.
A thousand times.
Why, my darling Nurse,
what news?
- Tell me you found him.

- NURSE:

Oh! Oh...
Good, sweet Nurse...
- (WEARY SIGH)
- Oh, Lord, you look so sad.
Whatever news your bring,
cast off your gloom,
and if your tale be glad,
then do not punish me
by wearing such
a mask of tragedy.
I'm so weary,
let me rest awhile.
Oh, my bones ache
after the day I've had.
I would exchange my bones
for all your news.
Please speak, I pray you.
Dear sweet Nurse, do tell.
What's the rush?
A minute's patience, please!
Can you not see
I'm out of breath?
Are you out of breath when you
have breath to say to me
that you are out of breath?
Is your news good or bad?
Just answer that. Say either
and I'll wait to hear the rest.
Let me just know
if it is good or bad.

(SIGHS) Well...
...I must say
you have good taste in men.
That Romeo's face
is handsome as the dawn.
His body...
...figure, leg, foot
excel against the finest.
His manners might improve,
but there is time.
Now... have you dined already?
Not yet.
But Nurse, I knew
all this before.
What says he of our marriage?
What of that?
Lord, how my head aches.
Oh, what a head I have.
It throbs as it would
break in 20 bits.
And my back,
my back is killing me!
It's all your fault
for sending me to town.
In future,
take your messages yourself.
In mercy, pity me!
What says my Romeo?
Can you have leave today,
to make confession?
I could.
Then, go you from here
to Father Laurence's cell...
...you'll find a husband...
...keen to make you wife.
(KISSES)
- But not until
you've had a bath.
- (BOTH LAUGH)
I pray the heavens
smile upon this act,
and do not punish us
with later sorrow.
Amen.

But come what sorrow can,
it cannot countervail
the exchange of joy
that one short minute
gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands
with holy words...
...then love, devouring death,
do what he dare,
it is enough
that I can call her mine.
These violent passions
can have violent ends.
And blaze up like gunpowder,
in their fiery glory,
consuming themselves
and others.
The sweetest honey
sickens when over-ate,
defeating its own delight.
Therefore, be moderate.
Long-lasting love must be.
Love too fast can prove falser
than love too slow.
Good evening
to my dearest confessor.
Romeo gives thanks
to see you here.
I owe those thanks to him
with all my heart.
Oh, Juliet, if your heart,
like mine, is full
and you have greater
skill than I to speak,
then tell the joy
that waits us both this night.
I cannot tell of
what is limitless.
They are but beggars
who can count their worth.
Enough of love talk.
Come along with me.
For we will make short work
of binding oaths,

and holy church
shall join two into one.

FRIAR LAURENCE:

(SPEAKS LATIN)

(RESPONDS IN LATIN)

Juliet...

(SPEAKS LATIN)

(RESPONDS IN LATIN)

(CONTINUES IN LATIN)

(SNIFFLING)

Amen.

- Amen.

- Amen.

(HORSE NEIGHS)

(BIRDS CHIRPING)

(GRUNTS)

NURSE:

My lady Juliet.

Scarcely were you both gone

and on your way,

a messenger

from Lord Capulet arrived.

Your cousin Tybalt

has set forth in such a rage.

There's trouble in the offing.

Your father bids you hurry back.

I will.

Nurse, you go with her.

See her safely home.

Till tonight.

Which is a year away.

Only a year?

(CHUCKLES) You do not

love me, then?

I pray you, good Mercutio,

let's go. The Capulets are out.

You are like the man

who snatches off his sword,

on a tavern's table,

lays it down forthwith

and vows to have

no need of it.

Till, with the second beer,
he takes it up
and runs his host
right through.
Am I like
such a fellow?
You know you are
as hot a Jack today
as any to be found
in Italy.
Your mood as moody
as a bitch on heat.
Is it so?
Why, you'd quarrel with
a man for cracking nuts,
for the insult given
to your hazel eyes.
I've seen you
quarrel with a man
for coughing in the street
because he woke your dog.
And if I did, I'm still less
quick to find a fight than you.
(DISTANT WHISTLING)
By heaven,
here come the Capulets.
And do I care?
Wait over here,
and I will speak with them.
Good morrow, gentlemen.
A word with one of you.

MERCUTIO:

with one of us?
Let's couple it with something.
Maybe a word and a blow?
You'll find me good at that,
Mercutio,
if you'll give me
the chance.
Can you not take the chance,
or must it be given?
I've sent a letter writ
to Romeo, whom you consort with.

Consort with? (LAUGHS)

What? Do you imagine us
a pair of minstrels?
For if you do,
expect the sharpest notes.

Here's my baton that
shall make you dance.

"Consorts," indeed.

Mercutio, Tybalt,
this is a public place.

Either withdraw into
some private place
and there dispute
your grievance,
or else, and better yet,
go home.

Men's eyes were made to look
and let them gaze.

I will not budge
for no man's pleasure, I.

Whoa...

- (GRUNTS)

- Peace be with you, sir.

- Here comes my man.

- **MERCUTIO:**

I do not see him
in your livery.
How dare you call
a Montague your man!
Benvolio!

- Is something here amiss?

- **TYBALT:**

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
does much excuse
the appertaining rage
to such a greeting.
Villain am I none.
Therefore, farewell.

I see you know me not.
Boy! This will not temper
the injuries you have done me.
Therefore, turn and fight.
I do insist I never
injured you, but loved you
better than you'll understand,
till you do know the reason.
So, good Capulet,
a name I love as dearly
as my own, be satisfied.
A smooth, dishonorable,
vile submission!
Tybalt. (SPITS)
You rat catcher.
Will you walk this way?
What do you want from me?
Good king of cats,
just one of your nine lives.
You have it to spare,
with eight to use hereafter.
What, do you dither now
to draw your sword?
Make haste or I will
pluck you ere it's out.
- I am for you.
- No, Mercutio, I beg you,
- put your sword down.

- MERCUTIO:

Are you ready?
Let's begin.

ROMEO:

help me hold them back!
We must stop! Please!
Mercutio! Tybalt!
(GRUNTING)
Gentlemen, for shame!
Stop this brawl now!
You know the prince
has made his wishes clear:
an end to fighting
in Verona's streets!

Tybalt, good Mercutio, hold!

It is time for peace!

(GROANS)

Let's away.

I am dead.

Is Tybalt gone

with no wound to bear?

ROMEO:

father's house! Fetch a surgeon!

Tybalt!

Romeo!

Villain! Dog!

If thou art brave,

come settle with me, boy.

Have courage, man.

The wound cannot be much.

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.

Why the devil came you
between us?

He stabbed me
under your arm.

I thought all for the best.

Our best intentions
pave the way to hell.

To hell with
the Montagues and Capulets...

...whose angry war
has stolen all my days.

Plague on both your houses.

(MERCUTIO GASPING)

He's dead.

His gallant spirit
is among the clouds.

Stay here, Benvolio.

Be what help you may.

I have some business
with a new relation.
No! But, Romeo, stay!

ROMEO:

Let him pass.
What, Romeo? Is it cowardice
that holds you back?

(GASPS)

(GROANS)

Many have died
in this place, Montague.
Befriend their spirits
while you still have time.
They wait to welcome you
with open arms.
They wait for one of us.
That much is sure.

(GRUNTS)

(GRUNTING)

Cousin!

- We're here, Tybalt.

- We're here for you, sir.

Leave us!

(GRUNTING)

- (TYBALT GROANS)

- No!

MAN:

(GASPING)

(WHEEZING EXHALE)

BENVOLIO:

The gods themselves are angry.
Tybalt's killed!

- MAN:

- Don't stand there dazed. Go!
The prince will have your head
if you are taken. Go!
Oh, I am fortune's fool.

MAN:

Away you now!

(CROWD CLAMORING)

(CLAMORING CONTINUES)

LADY CAPULET:

Tybalt, my nephew.
He was my brother's child.
See how the blood is spilled
of my dear kinsmen.
Prince, as you are true,
for blood of ours,
shed blood of Montague.
Benvolio, who began
this bloody fight?
Tybalt, here slain,
and I was witness how.
Romeo did beg him to desist.
Alas, nothing could stay
the rage of angry Tybalt,
whose ears were deaf to peace.
But what of the second act?
Mercutio lies dead,
and in his grief does
blinded Romeo entertain revenge.
He is a cousin
of the Montagues.
Affection makes him false.
Romeo killed Tybalt.
Romeo must not live.
Romeo killed him.
He killed Mercutio.
Who is the guilty man
in all this grief?

MONTAGUE:

He was Mercutio's friend,
and killed his murderer.
The very end the law
would have exacted.
(SIGHS)
This offense means we do now,
at once, exile him hence.
I will be deaf to
pleading and excuse.
Therefore, use none.

Let Romeo leave in haste.
For if he's found,
that hour will be his last.

(CRYING)

Did Romeo's hand
shed Tybalt's blood?

It did.

I weep to say it,
but it did.

And now the prince
has exiled Tybalt's murderer.

- No.

- Shame on your Romeo.

Blister your tongue!

Oh, what a beast I've
been to chide him.

Did Tybalt not first
stab Mercutio?

Will you speak well of him
that killed your cousin?

Shall I speak ill of him
that is my husband?

How stupid I have been to rail,
when now your news of him
is worse than Tybalt's death.

Worse than your cousin's death?

Indeed. You told me
Romeo is banished.

And that one word is greater
grief to me than Father, Mother,
Tybalt and myself
all dead and buried.

Stay in your room,
and I'll find Romeo.

I promise you
a husband for tonight.

Give this ring
to my true knight
and bid him come
to take his last farewell.

I will.

(SOBBING)

What have I done
but murdered my tomorrow?

In killing him
whom she most truly loved,
I have tried and sentenced
my own heart to death.
But if she can pity me
my suffering,
then were it worth
a thousand torments more.
Disasters follow you
like trusty dogs.
You must be married to calamity.
Tell me the prince's verdict.
Am I to die so young?
Not yet at least.
His judgment has more pity
than you dread.
He seeks to have you
banished and not dead.
Not banishment.
Be merciful, say "death,"
for exile has more terror in its
look, much more than death.
Do not say "banishment."
All he asks is that
you leave Verona.
It's not so much.
The world is broad and wide.
There is no world
beyond the city's walls.
Just purgatory, torture,
hell itself.
And exile is
another word for "death."
The prince's kindness
is a golden axe
that cuts my head off.
Rude, unthankful boy.
The prince, in gentleness,
overturns the law!
This is sweet mercy,
and you see it not!
'Tis torture and not mercy.
Heaven is here,
where Juliet lives,

and every cat and dog
and little mouse,
every unworthy thing,
live here in heaven and may look
on her, but Romeo may not.
More validity,
more honorable state,
more courtship lives
in carrion flies than Romeo.
And they may seize on the white
wonder of dear Juliet's hand.
I mean, flies may do this,
but I from this must fly.
They are free men,
but I am banished.
Cease, Romeo,
in your ingratitude.
You cannot talk
of what you do not feel.
If you were young like me
and full of love,
married an hour,
red with Tybalt's blood,
hungry for Juliet
but banished from her side,
then you could speak
and I would listen.

NURSE:

Where is Romeo?
Behold him now,
with his own tears made drunk.
So is my lady Juliet
just the same,
blubbering and weeping,
weeping and blubbering.
Good nurse, you speak
of Juliet?

Say quick:

think I am a murderer?
She weeps and weeps.
And lies upon her bed, and...
and then jumps up and cries out,

"Tybalt," and then, "Romeo."
My name was fatal to her
from the start.
It kills her, as it killed
her noble kinsman.
Oh, tell me in what part of
my anatomy does lodge my name,
- and I will hack it off!
- What?
Wouldst kill yourself
and all the lady's hopes?
Look to your wits!
Your Juliet is alive.
There you are happy.
Tybalt would kill you,
but you instead killed Tybalt.
Take heart.
The prince has altered death
to simple exile.
Another stroke of luck
to make you smile.
Have done with pouting.
Go to your love.
Climb to her chamber,
kiss and comfort her!
But leave before the watch
begins to walk,
to make the journey
safe to Mantua,
where you will live
till we can find a way
to blaze your marriage,
reconcile your friends,
beg pardon of the prince
and call you back.
Oh, what it is
to hear good counsel.
You must return
to my lady Juliet.
Say Romeo is coming.
My Lord, I'll tell
my lady you will come.
Say I am prepared
to be chastised.

Here, sir, a ring
she did bid me give you.
How well my comfort
is revived by this.

FRIAR LAURENCE:

you leave before the dawn.
Then make your home
in Mantua and wait.
I will send you messages
with all our news.

ROMEO:

a joy past joy,
I would be sad to leave you.
So farewell.

LADY CAPULET:

to drag her to the church?
Give her time
to mourn her cousin.
No. We have no time
to waste in sterile tears,
with Paris restive in the slips
and soon to be rid of her
if he be not persuaded
she is his.
I do not think
he is so changeable.
Let us not take a chance
with lovers' vows
when Jove does laugh
at their fragility.
Do you want legal offspring
from our loins?
With Tybalt dead
and all our line at risk,
young Juliet
is the only living course
through which our blood
can flow.
You know I do.
Well, then we shall
take action when we may

and strike while
the iron is hot.

MAN:

Paris, welcome.
How does my lady
in this sorrowful hour?
I would that I might be
some comfort to her.
Tonight, she is imprisoned
in her grief,
but in the morning,
I will know her mind.
Wife... when dawn breaks,
bid her make ready
for her wedding day.
You will tell her on Thursday
she will wed the noble count.
What say you to Thursday?
My Lord, I wish Thursday
were tomorrow.
Thursday it is, then.

JULIET:

Come loving,
black-browed night.
Give me my Romeo,
and when he shall die,
take him and cut him out
in little stars.
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.
(SIGHS)
My husband.
My wife.
(BIRDS CHIRPING)
(BIRDS CONTINUE CHIRPING)
Must you be gone?
It's nowhere near the dawn.
You heard the nightingale

and not a lark, I promise.
She sings each night
sitting in yonder tree.
Believe me, love,
it was the nightingale.
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.
I do not think the light
is daylight yet.
I am content
if you would have it so.
I have more heart to stay
than will to go.
Come, death, and welcome.
Juliet wills it so.
I will lie with you
and say it is not day.
(BIRDS CHIRPING)
It is. It is. Go now.
Begone. Away!
Oh, it is the lark
that sings so out of tune
with horrid discords
and unpleasant sharps.
Oh, hurry now.
More light and light it grows!
More light and light,
more dark and dark our woes.
(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)
- Madam!
- What is it?
Your mother is soon coming
to your chamber.
The day is here.

Be careful and make haste.
I shall be gone.
Your parents cannot know
that I have been part
of this deceit.
Farewell, my love.
One more kiss,
and I'll descend.
No. Come this way.
I'll teach Benvolio to learn
your news each day.
No, more than that.
Each hour in each day.
Each minute in each hour
is a day for pining lovers.
And amen to that.
Do you believe
we'll ever meet again?
I do not doubt it.
Nor that we shall smile
to think
of all these troubles
in the past.
If God would only
free me of foreboding.
I think I see you,
now you are below,
as dim and pale
as dead men in their tombs.
So are you dim, love,
in dawn's drab light.
Our worries make us pale.
So adieu.
Oh, fortune, fortune,
all men call you fickle because
no fortune ever constant be.
If that is so,
then change again, oh, fortune.
Be fickle now
and send him back to me.
Whoa, whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa.
Please, Benvolio,
be a guardian angel to my love.

Watch her firmly and gently
as it would do the eye of God.

I will. I promise you.

Farewell, cousin.

(HORSE WHINNIES)

What is the rush?

I pray you tell, My Lord,

I will not marry yet,

and when I do, I swear

it shall be Romeo, whom I hate,

rather than Paris,

whom I despise!

LADY CAPULET:

Here comes your father.

You can tell him so
yourself.

(SOBBING)

My girl is like a channel.

What, more tears?

The level of the sea

will start to lift

if much more water flows

from your sweet eyes.

Wife, have you told her

of her marriage plans?

I have, and she will have

none of it, I swear.

Soft. Soft.

Take me with you,

take me with you, wife.

How? Will she none?

Does she not

give us thanks?

Is she not proud?

Does she not think her blessed,

unworthy as she is,

that we have brought so worthy

a gentleman to be her groom?

Thankful I am,

and grateful for your love,

but proud I cannot be

of what I hate.

How... how-how-how,

chopped logic.

What is this?

"Proud" and "I thank you,"

but "I thank you not."

Thank me no thankings,

nor proud me no prouds!

Be ready, lady,

Thursday morning next,

to go with Paris

to St. Peter's Church

- or I will drag thee

thither on a rail!

- Are you mad?

Good father,

I beseech you on my knees.

Will you not give me leave

to plead my cause?

- (PANTING)

- You...

- (GASPING)

- I tell you what.

Be there, Thursday church,

or never after look me

in the face.

- I...

- Speak not.

Reply not, do not answer me.

My fingers itch!

My lord, you're in the wrong,

my lord, to punish her.

Is that my lady wisdom's view?

Take care.

You dice with your place

in talking thus.

May not one speak?

Oh, will you be quiet,

you fool!

- Now...

- No, husband, you are too hot.

God's blood,

it does make me mad!

- (SOBS)

- Day, night, month, year!

My constant care...

...has been to have
my only child worthily matched.
And here I find
an educated man
of equal birth
with honorable parts,
with fine estates
and handsome to behold,
and what is my reward?
A puking fool, who answers,
"I'll not wed. I cannot love.
I am too young.
I pray you pardon me."
Now think on this.
Thursday is near.
If you will play the bride,
then are you my daughter
and all is forgot.
If you will not,
then you are mine no more.
Graze where you will.
You shall not house with me.
Beg, starve or hang,
I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
nor pass to you
the slightest thing that's mine.
I swear to this, my word,
so help me God!
(GASPS)
How can Father speak so
to a child
who loves him better
than she loves herself?
(SOBBING) Oh, oh, God.
Oh, Nurse,
how shall this be prevented?
I have a living husband
here on earth.
What, should I take
a second in a lie
and cast myself
forever into hell?
(SOBBING)
Well, here it is.

Romeo is...
...gone, and cannot come back,
except in stealth
at risk to life and limb.
Given that case,
which will not alter soon...
...I think it best
you marry with the count.
Speakest thou
from thy heart?
And from my soul.
Or the devil take us all.
Amen.

FRIAR LAURENCE:

I understand your grief.
I strive and strain
to think how I may help.
I know your father's
will is absolute
that Thursday next
you marry with the count.
Why talk of what must be
which cannot be?
(BELL TOLLING)
If you have no solution
to my plight,
then this knife
shall be my deliverer.
Ah, Jesu Maria.
God joined our hearts in bliss,
you joined our hands,
and death is better
than the ruin of all.
So bless this blade,
unless you have a remedy,
and I'll exchange
my honor for my life.
Daughter...
...I do spy a kind of hope,
but it requires
a desperate execution.
You have the strength of will
to kill yourself

rather than marry Paris.
Very well.
You'll need that strength,
and I do know a way.
Rather than marry Paris,
I would jump
from off the battlements
of yonder tower.
Spend the long, dark night
walled in a tomb,
with rotting limbs
and hollow, grinning skulls.
(GRUNTS)
Or order me to lie
in a fresh grave,
and hide myself
inside the corpse's shroud.
Things most hideous
will I gladly do
to keep myself unscarred
for Romeo's love.
Then go home, be merry...
...and agree to marry Paris.
Oh, I am in earnest, Juliet.
For I have knowledge
to concoct a mix
that will unlock you
from your present cell.
If you but find the nerve
to swallow it.
Tomorrow's Thursday.
Now tonight,
make sure you sleep alone.
And send your prying nurse
out of the room.
Lie down upon your bed,
then take this phial...
...and drink the clouded juice
to the last drop.
Soon, soft drowsiness
will close your eyes.
Your pulse will cease,
and there will be
no sign of life within you.

Neither warmth, nor breath,
nor roses in your cheeks
nor on your lips,
but stiff and stark
and every sign of death.
And in this borrowed likeness
of a corpse,
you will continue
for six and 20 hours,
and then awake
as from a pleasant dream.
So Paris,
on his wedding morn,
will come to find his bride
is dead and ripe for burial
in the great vault
where Capulets do lie.
While I will write
with news to Romeo.
He and I will be there
when he will wake you
with a kiss.
And he will carry you
to some far distant place,
where all your anguish
shall become pure joy.
Give me the phial
and talk no more of fear.
Then go.
At dawn tomorrow,
a novice will set out for Mantua
with letters for your lord.
Farewell, dear Friar.
And now, love...
...give me strength.
You said it was
a modest group of friends.
And so it will be.
Peter, what's the news?
Well, we've hired ten cooks
and 20 serving men.
A quiet marriage leads
to speculation.
My daughter has the virtue of

a saint, and I would rather none
- had leave to doubt.
- (SIGHS)
Come here, Nurse.
My lord?
Is Juliet gone to
Friar Laurence's cell?
She is, to make
confession of her sins.
Well, let's hope he may have
found some good in her.
She's here.

NURSE:

when she left.
And where have you been,
my headstrong gadabout?
The holy friar sends
me home to kneel
and ask forgiveness
for my mutiny.
(SIGHS)
Pardon me, dear Father,
I beseech you.
Henceforward,
I will live beneath your rule.
Well said, my daughter.
If you should find Romeo
in morbid grief or feverish,
these herbs will
make him well.
Be sure he's strong
to take the journey home.
But do not fear.
My letter will revive him.
Give me your blessing,
and I will be gone.
God speed your path
and keep you safe from harm.
(HORSE WHINNYING)
Nurse, here is the key
to fetch more spices.
The cook wants dates
and quinces for the pies.

We must a-move on.
Paris will be here.
Get anything we need,
spare not the cost.
My lady and my lord,
get you some rest
or you will not survive
the wedding feast.
What nonsense!
I've been up all night before
for lesser cause than this.
And I know why.
And look to have
no repetition now.
A wife still jealous
after all these years?
Why, 'tis compliment enough
to give me cheer.
- (CLICKING TONGUE)
- Hmm? Hmm?
(LAUGHS)
(NURSE TALKING QUIETLY)
Wife!
Nurse!
- Will nobody obey me?!
- Oh, peace, peace!
Go waken Juliet.
Dress her and trim her.
Pray, bring her down
to compliment the bridegroom
in his choice.
Hmm.
Mistress.
My Juliet?
Oh, still fast asleep?
Come, lady. Come, lamb.
It's time to wake.
Well, you'll profit
from a few hours dreams.
Tonight, Count Paris
will have other plans.
But if your marriage
will not let you rest,
just wait ten years.

You'll sleep all you want.

Heavens,

how sound you slumber.

I must needs wake you.

Lady.

Lady!

(SCREAMING)

Oh, no!

(SCREAMING CONTINUES)

(SOBBING)

(DOOR OPENS)

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

(LAUGHTER)

Come, is my bride ready
to go to church?

Ready to go,

but never to return.

My son...

...the night before

your wedding day,

your wife was

stolen from you.

What?

Are you saying she is dead?

Flower as she was...

...Death is now my heir.

My daughter he has married.

I will die and leave him all.

Life, living, all is Death's.

This day had promised

all my happiness...

...and now it shows me

such a sight as this?

Accursed, unhappy,

wretched, hateful day!

The worst that ever dawned.

(SOBBING)

Most woeful day. Never was

so black a day as this.

I am divorced...

...wronged...

...hated...

...killed by Death,

but Death is my future.

He holds all I love.
Death that has killed
my daughter,
ties my tongue
and drains my eyes
and will not let me grieve.
Oh, child.
My soul more than my child.
Dead are you now.
Alack. My child is dead...
...and with my child,
all my joys are buried.
Oh, come, sir, for shame.
And think of her poor soul,
freed now from care
and safe in heaven's bliss.
Give up your grief and bring
sweet-smelling flowers
to lay upon her corpse
with gentle tears.
Then take her to church,
where she may sleep
among her kin for all eternity.
The plans we made
for joyful celebration
must turn instead
to mark our sorrowing woe.
Our merry hymns
to sullen dirges change.
Sir, madam,
make ready for our march,
to take this lovely child
to her grave.
(LADY CAPULET SOBBING)
We cannot know why
it is heaven's will.
But we must trust in him
who orders all.
Stop! I beseech you, sir.
In heaven's name.
Say now, are you
a holy man of God?
I am a novice,
but I serve God, yes.

Have you made study
in the art of herbs?

- I have.

- My son is sick.

I have an errand
to perform in Mantua.

- By when?

- Before tonight.

Mantua is but two leagues away.

I'll take you there myself.

(SIGHS) Then show me your child.

(DRUM BEATING STEADILY)

MAN:

anything else, sir?

ROMEO:

- Cousin.

- Benvolio!

Welcome.

And with Verona's news?

I do bring news.

It's true.

Then spit it out.

How does my lady?

Is my father well?

How does my Juliet?

See, I ask it twice.

Then I must answer once...

...to say the worst.

Her body sleeps

among the Capulets...

...in the great monument

that marks their fame.

Juliet is dead?

Only her mortal part.

Her soul lives on

in heaven's blessed care.

You know this

or you heard a story told?

I saw her laid inside

her kindred's vault.

That done, I came as quick as I

could find a horse to bring me.

Pardon me, cousin...
...that I come with
a tale so full of grief.
And it is so?
Then I must hurry. Jack!
I beg you give
yourself some time.
You must be riven
with a savage grief
and need a while to calm
your raging thoughts.
Cousin, you're deceived.
I know my mind.
Are there no letters to me
from the friar?
No, my good lord.
No matter.
Go with Jack.
Get fresh water for your horse.
I'll meet you
by the city gates.
Go.
(CRYING)
(DOOR CLOSES)
Well, Juliet...
...I will lie with you tonight.
As to the means,
I will not wonder long.
I do remember an apothecary
who lives not far from here...
...if it is life...
...where there is
neither gold...
...nor food...
...nor rest.
Hey, there!
Apothecary!

MAN:

Come over here.
I see that you're poor.
(SCOFFS) There is
no crime in that.
Nor pleasure, neither.

Now, listen,
I seek a kind of poison
so powerful that swallowed
in one dram,
it stops a man and
drops him in his tracks
before he may but mark
the consequence.
If this be murder,
the answer's no.
The victim's one
I have right to kill.
I have such mortal drugs.
But Mantua's law brings death
to any man who issues them.
Are you so thin and full of
wretchedness, yet scared to die?
Famine is in your cheeks.
The world is not your friend.
You will not find that
cherishing the law
makes you rich,
be not poor,
and break the law for this.
My poverty,
not my will, consents.
I pay your poverty
and not your will.
(HORSE WHINNYING)
I'm looking for Lord Romeo.

JACK:

Gone?
And in great haste.
Back to Verona.
What purpose
had you with him?
Nothing now.
You've had a wasted journey.
Who can say?
I saved a child,
but failed in my delivery.
God's ways are hard for us
to penetrate.

Benvolio, you can
come no further.
Now take this letter
early in the morn
and see you deliver it
to my lord and father.
Farewell, Benvolio.
Let us say good night.
No.
But... but why descend
into this bed of death?
Partly, I must behold
my lady's face.
Chiefly, I'd return this
precious ring to her fair hand
which gave it me.
And now be gone.
I go, and do not seek
to question you.
By which you show your love.
Goodbye, dear friend.
(HORSE WHINNIES)

PARIS:

Banished Romeo Montague,
who murdered Juliet's cousin,
noble Tybalt...
...causing her the grief
that took her to the grave.
And now he comes
to desecrate the dead.
Leave them to heaven
and attend to me.
We needs must fight,
for you are bound to die.
The very reason
why you find me here.
I am Count Paris,
and I here defend
the grave of she
who should have been my bride.
Oh, good, gentle youth,
tempt not a desperate man.
Put not another sin upon my head

by urging me to fury.

Oh, fly hence.

Be gone, survive.

What?

Should I buy this proof
of your concern?

Or is a Montague afraid
to fight?

(GRUNTS)

(GROANS)

(GROANING CONTINUES)

May God bless you, Paris.

Friar! Friar Laurence!

- Friar Laurence!

- FRIAR LAURENCE: Who's there?

Benvolio? What brings you here
to me at dead of night?

My care for one you love.

The good lord Romeo,
he waits by Juliet's tomb,
all full of woe.

Why talk of woe?

Say rather joy.

How joy, when all his love
and life are in the grave?

Did he not
receive my letter?

- What letter's that?

- (GASPS)

Is that you, Tybalt,
in that mortal sleep?

Forgive me, cousin,
for the harm I did.

There is no reparation
more than this,
that I shall kill the man
who once killed you.

Leaving this sweet corpse
is trial enough.

Oh, my love.

My wife.

It is time to join you
in all eternity.

Juliet, why are you

still so fair?
Death that has sucked
the honey of your breath
has had no power as yet
to spoil your beauty.
Shall I believe
he has a plan in this?
That insubstantial Death
is amorous,
keeping you perfect
for his paramour?
(CRYING)
For fear of that,
I will still stay with thee.
And never from this palace
of dim night depart again.
Eyes... look your last.
Arms... take your last embrace.
And lips...
the doors of breath,
be forever sealed
with a righteous kiss.
Come, bitter conduct.
Come, unsavory guide.
(SIGHS)
Here's to my love.
Oh, true apothecary,
thy drugs are quick.
(WHISPERS) Juliet.

JULIET:

(PANTING)
Oh, no.
(PANTING)
Thus, with a kiss, I die.

(CRYING):

No.
No.
(CRYING CONTINUES)
(PANTING)
Oh, no.
Oh, no.
So pale?

My best beloved husband
lies here dead.
Not Romeo.
My child.
Not him of all.
Oh, what unkind hour
has brought to pass
this miserable deed.
Alas, my lady,
we are overturned.
(CRYING) No.
A greater power
than we can contradict
has thwarted all our plans.
Come away from death,
contagion and unnatural sleep.
Leaving my husband
to face this alone?
(THUMP IN DISTANCE)
The watchman.
My lady, come away.
(SOBBING)
Unkind!
To drink it all and leave
no drop so I could follow after.
- Nay, good my lady.
- (GLASS SHATTERS)
Listen now and come.
I will hide you
in a sisterhood of nuns.
Stop, stop,
not to question why.
- We must away.
- You go.
I must bid farewell to Romeo.
(THUMP IN DISTANCE)
Stay then,
until you are at peace.
But linger not.
I'll hold back the watchman.
I'd kiss my love
for one last time.
Then follow you at once.
Do not be late.

WATCHMAN:

- (DOOR OPENS)
- Who's there? Who's within?
Just one kiss,
in case some venom
lingers on your lips.
(SIGHS)
Your mouth is warm.

FRIAR LAURENCE:

I will explain.
The boy has come here
at my bidding.
Somebody's coming.
Then I'll be brief.
Oh, happy dagger.
This is thy sheath.
(GROANS)
There rust...
...and let me die.

FRIAR LAURENCE:

Patience now.
We should not disturb
this holy quiet.
- Show me the way!
- Very well, very well.
If you insist.
(PANTING)
(GASPS)
We know now
how this sorrow came about,
and pardon all the players
in their end.
Their own forbidden love
did murder them.
Yet can we take a lesson
from their deaths.
Capulet, Montague.
See what a scourge
is laid upon your hate,
that heaven finds means
to kill your joy with love.

Oh, dearest Montague.

Give me your hand.

(CRYING)

PRINCE:

will not show his head.

And join with all

in grieving for the dead.

For never was a story

of more woe than this,

of Juliet and her Romeo.

(INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC PLAYS)

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

(MUSIC ENDS)

(INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC PLAYS)

(MUSIC ENDS)