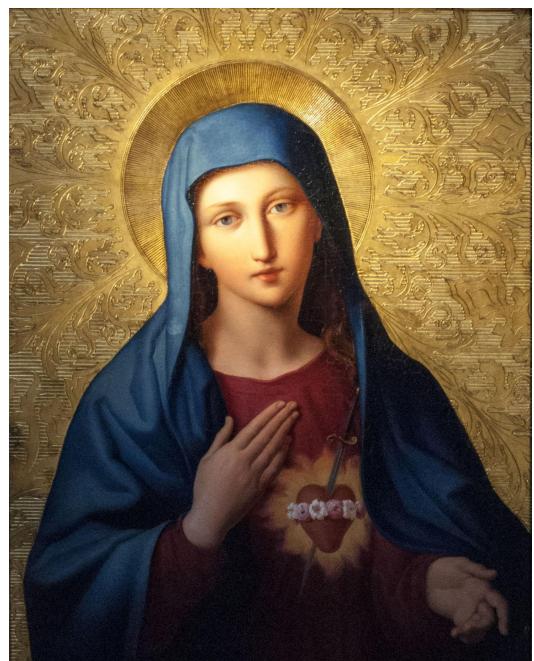


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Draft #1 - 22/07/2025
Draft #2 - 16/09/2025
Draft #2.1 - 29/09/2025
Draft #3 - 04/11/2025
Draft #4 - 03/01/2026
Draft #4.1 - 28/01/2026
Draft #4.2 - 05/02/2026
Draft #4.3 - 08/02/2026

Characters:

1. BENVOLIO
2. CC PRINCE, FRIAR LAURENCE
3. MERCUTIO, MRS CAPULET
4. TYBALT, MR CAPULET
5. ROSALINE
6. ROMEO
7. JULIET
8. PARIS, THE DEALER



PRE-SHOW

St Sebastian by Peter Paul Rubens in 1614 hangs at one side of the stage.

The Immaculate Heart of Mary by Leopold Kupelwieser is hanging on the other side.

Loud party music blasts as ROSALINE, TYBALT, MERCUTIO, THE DEALER, and ROMEO party.

PROLOGUE

The music slows to a halt, as do the party-goers. BENVOLIO takes a seat at the interrogation table. CC PRINCE enters, holding a stack of files. He takes a file, and drops it on the table.

CC PRINCE

Romeo Montague: deceased.

With each name, another folder drops, and the corresponding person steps out from the slow-motion party for a moment.

CC PRINCE

Juliet Capulet: deceased.

Tybalt Capulet: deceased.

Mercutio Prince: deceased.

Rosaline Capulet: in for questioning.

Mr Capulet, Mrs Capulet, Friar Laurence: all in for questioning.

BENVOLIO

Sir and Lady Montague?

CC PRINCE

Indisposed...

BENVOLIO

And Paris?

CC PRINCE

In custody... As are you.

It hits BENVOLIO that he's a suspect.

CC PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Two households, both alike in dignity,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
A pair of star-crossed lovers...

CC PRINCE

Benvolio?

BENVOLIO

A pair of star-crossed lovers take / their life.

MERCUTIO

Benvolio?

BENVOLIO's head snaps to MERCUTIO. The sound of the party fades back in as:

SCENE 1

The party is in full swing. MERCUTIO ushers BENVOLIO over. ROMEO appears beside them.

BENVOLIO

Cousin!

The three of them do the lines that MERCUTIO has prepared. TYBALT enters, and motions for MERCUTIO. She walks over to him, and lets him put his arm around her as they walk out. ROMEO and BENVOLIO roll their eyes.

ROSALINE enters dancing, and ROMEO looks after her in despair. BENVOLIO doesn't notice.

BENVOLIO

O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause transform ourselves into beasts!

ROMEO

Can one desire too much of a good thing?

ROMEO heads out after ROSALINE, leaving BENVOLIO alone. The music fades slightly as MERCUTIO and TYBALT re-enter. BENVOLIO steps to the side, listening.

TYBALT

Mercutio-

True is it that we have seen better days...

MERCUTIO

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.

TYBALT

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn? Do not you love me?

MERCUTIO

If e'er I loved you, all that love is gone.
My heart to you but as a guest-wise sojourned.
And now to another is it home returned.
There to remain.

TYBALT

I say I love thee more than Romeo can do.

Beat.

MERCUTIO

Let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.
Give me now leave to leave thee.

TYBALT

I will not trust you, I.
Nor longer stay in your curst company.

TYBALT storms out.

MERCUTIO turns to see BENVOLIO.

MERCUTIO

The worst fault we have is to be in love.

A commotion can be heard from off-stage, and THE DEALER is pushed in, followed quickly by TYBALT.

TYBALT

Do you quarrel, sir?

THE DEALER

Quarrel? No.

TYBALT

But if you do, I am for you.

THE DEALER scoffs.

TYBALT

Do you bite your thumb at me?

THE DEALER

No, I do not bite my thumb at you, but I do...

THE DEALER raises a middle finger at TYBALT. TYBALT lunges for them.

BENVOLIO rushes up and pushes them apart.

BENVOLIO

Part fools! You know not what you do.

TYBALT

Turn thee, Benvolio.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace.

TYBALT

Peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
Have at thee, coward.

A brawl breaks out. MERCUTIO rushes in trying to break it up.

MERCUTIO

Hold, ho! Tybalt!

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold! Tybalt!

Her words do nothing, as the music rises over the fight.

SCENE 2

*CC PRINCE enters, as BENVOLIO and THE DEALER are ushered into the centre.
BENVOLIO is pressing an ice-pack to his face. MR CAPULET enters.*

CC PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins:
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet and Montague-

MR CAPULET

Out upon him! His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise.

CC PRINCE

Three civil brawls,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets.
(to BENVOLIO and THE DEALER) Speak. Who began this?

THE DEALER

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth

Than it should do offense to **Tybalt Capulet**.
Yet I persuade myself to speak the truth.

MR CAPULET

Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain!

THE DEALER

Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

CC PRINCE cuts in.

CC PRINCE

If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
And, Montague... **shall come** this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case.

CC PRINCE begins to exit, and MR CAPULET follows.

MR CAPULET

Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee. I can tell thee pretty tales of **Montague**.

CC PRINCE

You have told me too many of him already, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

CC PRINCE and MR CAPULET exit.

THE DEALER gets out a cigarette, he offers one to BENVOLIO who declines.

THE DEALER

Hark how **he'll** bribe **him**.

BENVOLIO

How? Bribe **him**?

THE DEALER

Ay, with such gifts that Heaven **shan't** share with **us**.

BENVOLIO

I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive.

THE DEALER

There is **nothing** either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.
O where is Romeo?

BENVOLIO

He stole into the covert of the night.

THE DEALER

Heaven preserve him and thee.

Fare you well.

BENVOLIO

Farewell.

BENVOLIO sighs, and pulls out his phone, dialling a number.

A phone rings from somewhere in the theatre. ROMEO sits up, completely dishevelled.

ROMEO

Benvolio?

ROMEO gets up and checks his surroundings.

ROMEO

O me, what fray was here?

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me! Sad hours seem long.

BENVOLIO

What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

In love?

ROMEO

Out.

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO

Here's much to do with hate but more with love.
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

Why, such is love's transgression.
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

ROMEO starts to exit.

BENVOLIO

Soft! I will go along.
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

BENVOLIO hurriedly follows after.

SCENE 3

MR CAPULET and PARIS enter, with golf clubs.

MR CAPULET

But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike.

PARIS

Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.

MR CAPULET

Not a more cowardly rogue in all **the world**.
Vices, I would say, sir. I know **Montague** well.

PARIS

What **vices**, sir?

MR CAPULET

Lechery, by this hand.

PARIS

I must believe you, sir.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

MR CAPULET

But saying o'er what I have said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the world.
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

MR CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early married.
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.

PARIS chooses to take a different tact.

PARIS

My lord, how fares **your** gracious **wife**, **Mrs Capulet**?

MR CAPULET

Be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

PARIS

Who does infect her?

MR CAPULET doesn't reply, but PARIS can read his looks.

PARIS

Tis so?

MR CAPULET

So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined.

PARIS

But where is **she**, think you?

MR CAPULET

I know not where, but wheresoever, I wish **her** well.

PARIS

How long is this ago?

MR CAPULET

Some **ten** years.

PARIS

I am sorry for **her** much misgovernment

MR CAPULET

I think not of **her**.
Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.
Ha... Fie, these filthy vices...
But woo **Juliet**, gentle Paris, get her heart
My will to her consent is but a part.
An she agreed within her scope of choice,
Lies my consent and fair according voice.

SCENE 4

ROMEO enters, with BENVOLIO following after.

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is it you love?

ROMEO

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

Groan! Why, no. But sadly, tell me who.

ROMEO

In sadness cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

A right good markman! And she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO

A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO

Well in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit.
Oh she is rich in beauty, only poor
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

MERCUTIO enters, and instantly picks up the conversation. The boys don't even bat an eye at this anymore. This is classic MERCUTIO style.

MERCUTIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

MERCUTIO

Be ruled by me. Forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes.
Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

'Tis the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who passed that passing fair?
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

ROMEO exits.

MERCUTIO

Rosaline, I'll avouch it to her head,
Hath won his heart; and thus, sweet fool, he dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry.

SCENE 5

JULIET kneels in prayer.

JULIET

Hail Mary, Full of Grace, The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of death. Glory Be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

Her prayer done, Juliet quickly rushes over to a stack of books, full of Austen. She picks one up.

ROSALINE (*off-stage*)

Juliet!

JULIET jumps and drops the book.

ROSALINE enters.

JULIET

Good morning to you, fair and gracious **cousin**.

ROSALINE

Good morrow, **Juliet**.

ROSALINE notices the book on the ground. She picks it up and laughs. JULIET chases after her. ROSALINE playfully scolds her as JULIET protests for her book back:

ROSALINE

Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too.

MR CAPULET enters.

MR CAPULET

Niece, where's my daughter?

JULIET

Father, I am here. What is your will?

MR CAPULET

This is the matter. **Niece**, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.

ROSALINE pauses, before starting to leave.

MR CAPULET

Niece, come back again.

I have remembered me, thou's hear our counsel.

ROSALINE returns.

MR CAPULET

Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET

It is an honour that I dream not of.

ROSALINE

An honour?

MR CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you

Are made already mothers.

MR CAPULET picks up a picture of JULIET's mother.

MR CAPULET

By my count,

She was your mother much upon these years

That you are now a maid.

JULIET

Where is my mother?

You have often

Begun to tell me **who she is**, but stopped

And left me to a bootless inquisition.

Concluding "Stay. Not yet."

MR CAPULET

She was false as water...

The hour's **not** come. Thus then in brief,

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

ROSALINE

A man, young lady! Lady, such a man

As all the world - why, he's a man of wax.

MR CAPULET

This city's summer hath not such a flower.

ROSALINE

Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

MR CAPULET

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

MR CAPULET smiles. His phone rings, and he pulls it out. He motions he has to answer it, and JULIET motions that he's fine to do so. He smiles at her, trying to form one last sentiment, but nothing comes. He answers the phone and exits.

ROSALINE (*teasing*)

What say you? Can you love the gentlemen?
This night you shall behold him at **my revels**!

JULIET

Your revels?

ROSALINE

Here is every **one's** name which is thought fit, through all **the city**, to play in our **revels**.

ROSALINE hands JULIET a set of fancy looking envelopes, she reads through some of them. As she does, ROSALINE writes up a letter to PARIS.

JULIET

Martino, Anselme - and his beauteous sisters - Vitruvio, Placentio, Mercutio and **her** brother Valentine, and **my** cousin Tybalt. Lucio and the lively Helena. A fair assembly.

ROSALINE

Tonight,
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight write there with beauty's pen.

JULIET picks up the picture of her mother again.

JULIET

Is my **mother** a **sinner**, **cousin**?

ROSALINE takes a moment, trying to work out whether she should tell JULIET.

ROSALINE

Ay, that **she is**. She's an adulteress.

JULIET

I cannot believe that in her. That she was false to wedlock?

ROSALINE

Ay, with Sir Montague.

JULIET

Can this be so?

ROSALINE

That Montague loved her, I do well believe't.

That she loved him, 'tis apt and of great credit

O, pretty Juliet, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red.

Let us not burden our remembrances with

A heaviness that's gone.

JULIET

Be it so. Amen.

God have mercy on her soul.

And of all Christians' souls

JULIET embraces ROSALINE.

SCENE 6

ROMEO is sat, reading 'EAST OF EDEN', with his headphones on.

BENVOLIO enters.

BENVOLIO

Tut man, one fire burns out another's burning.

One pain is lessened by another's anguish.

Turn giddy, and be helped by backward turning.

One desperate grief cures with another's languish.

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROMEO goes back to his book.

BENVOLIO

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipped and tormented, and—

MERCUTIO enters, holding a letter.

MERCUTIO

Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry?

BENVOLIO

What means this, **Mercutio**?

MERCUTIO (*reading the letter*)

At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
I pray come and crush a cup of wine.

ROMEO

Whither should they come?

MERCUTIO

Up.

ROMEO

Whither? To supper?

MERCUTIO

To **their** house.

ROMEO

Whose house?

MERCUTIO

The **sender's**.

ROMEO

Indeed I should have asked thee that before.

MERCUTIO

And, by and by, disguised, **we** will be **there**.

For, **gallants**, we will every one be masked.

Appareled thus,

Our purpose is to parley, to court, and dance.

BENVOLIO

But in this changing, what is your intent?

MERCUTIO

The effect of my intent is to cross theirs.

They do it but in mockery merriment.

And mock for mock is only my intent.

BENVOLIO

Excellent. I smell a device.

MERUCTIO

But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate.

ROMEO

I must to **Mass**; you know that!

MERCUTIO

I will not go today, and ere I do,
Chaos is come again.
Farewell, till half an hour hence.

MERCUTIO laughs and exits. ROMEO swipes away any smoke still hanging the air, and gets changed into his Alter Server robes. BENVOLIO helps, but can't help but smirk. ROMEO playfully swipes at him.

SCENE 7

FRIAR LAURENCE enters, and greets ROMEO and BENVOLIO. ROMEO takes up his place as Mass begins. Benvolio takes a pew.

MR CAPULET, ROSALINE, and JULIET enter. ROMEO always has his back whenever JULIET is in his eyeline. PARIS enters, and MR CAPULET and he shake hands, before they all take their pew.

FRIAR LAURENCE takes his place, and makes the sign of the cross, and everyone follows.

FRIAR LAURENCE

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

ALL

Amen.

FRIAR LAURENCE

The Lord be with you.

ALL

And with your spirit.

The lights focus in on ROSALINE who sidles along to PARIS.

ROSALINE

Gentle Paris.

PARIS

Lady Rosaline?

ROSALINE

This night I hold an old-accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest
Such as I love; and you among the store
One more most welcome makes my number more.

She holds out the envelope to him. He smiles and takes it.

The lights come up on the whole scene again.

FRIAR LAURENCE

May almighty God bless you, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

ALL

Amen.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Go in peace, glorifying the Lord by your life.

ALL

Thanks be to God.

The Mass comes to an end, ROSALINE and JULIET exit quickly, and PARIS follows soon after. BENVOLIO checks his watch and motions to ROMEO. ROMEO turns to FRIAR LAURNECE, who smiles, and motions that he can go. ROMEO and BENVOLIO run off.

MR CAPULET

Vouchsafe a word, **good Friar**, but one word.

FRIAR LAURENCE

What is your will?

MR CAPULET

There's some ill planet reigns.
I must be patient till the Heavens look
With an aspect more favorable.
Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
Her blemishes in them.
I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know't a little.

FRIAR LAURENCE

How now?

MR CAPULET

What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not; it harmed not me.
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry.
I found not **Montague's** kisses on her lips.
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all.

FRIAR LAURENCE

I am sorry to hear this.
Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

MR CAPULET

Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

FRIAR LAURENCE

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

MR CAPULET

Psalms 34:18.

FRIAR LAURENCE

My friend, I would I might entreat your Honor
To scan this thing no farther. Leave it to time.
We are in God's hand.

MR CAPULET

Farewell, good friar. I prithee pray for me.

MR CAPULET leaves. FRIAR LAURENCE can do nothing but sigh.

SCENE 8

ROMEO, BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO enter. They've got their masks hanging around their necks, bottles in their hands, and ROMEO smoking.

BENVOLIO

Let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

MERCUTIO checks her phone.

MERCUTIO

O true apothecary, thy drugs are **slow**.

BENVOLIO

But where is he?

MERCUTIO nabs the cigarette off ROMEO.

ROMEO

Give me a torch; I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

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.

MERCUTIO

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO takes a drag of the cigarette which is held in MERCUTIO's hand.

ROMEO

I am too sore empiercèd with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers.
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO

And, to sink in it should you burden love,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in.
A visor for a visor.
What care I what curious eye doth quote deformities?
But oh, methinks how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires.

BENVOLIO

Better three hours too soon than a minute too late.

ROMEO

And we mean well in going to this masque,
But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dreamt a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep – while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO stops in her tracks.

MERCUTIO

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

The boys smile, knowing she's about to go into one of her poetic rambles again.

MERCUTIO

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
Over men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon spokes made of long spiders' legs;
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces of the smallest spider web;
Her collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film;
Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o'mind the fairies coach-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains—

MERCUTIO trips into ROMEO, who catches her.

MERCUTIO

—and then they dream of love.

MERUCTIO kisses ROMEO.

Beat.

ROMEO laughs.

ROMEO

This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

MERCUTIO resumes her speech, but now more nasty and spiteful.

MERCUTIO

This is that very Mab
That plaits the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

BENVOLIO

Peace, peace, Meructio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO

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 who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north—

ROMEO

—And being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

BENVOLIO

This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

BENVOLIO motions they should just leave. At this moment, THE DEALER enters. MERCUTIO cheers and rushes over to him.

ROMEO

I fear too early, for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

MERCUTIO interrupts ROMEO's musings with a cough, and then holds out a pill towards him. ROMEO glances to BENVOLIO who shrugs: I will if you will.

ROMEO

But **those** that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!

ROMEO, BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO all take one, as the party forms around them.

SCENE 9

Music blasts. ROSALINE is hosting, and JULIET follows her around. TYBALT saunters around. All are merry. ROMEO, BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO do their best to stay standing.

PARIS enters.

ROSALINE

Paris!

PARIS walks over, and ROSALINE leaves JULIET with him. ROSALINE picks up two glasses before heading over to TYBALT.

ROSALINE

Come, **cousin**, I have a stoup of wine.

TYBALT

Not tonight. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

ROSALINE

O, they are our friends! But one cup, I'll drink for you.

TYBALT

I have drunk but one cup tonight, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity and dare not task my weakness with any more.

ROSALINE

'Tis a night of revels. The gallants desire it.

TYBALT

I'll do 't, but it dislikes me.

They down their glasses, and then ROSALINE gets up for her speech.

ROSALINE

Welcome, gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with you.
Ah ha, my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance?

ROMEO notices JULIET across the room and is transfixed.

ROSALINE

She that makes dainty,
She I'll swear hath corns!

Romeo grabs at BENVOLIO.

ROMEO

What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand,
Of yonder **gentleman**?

BENVOLIO

I know not, coz.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight,
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Before BENVOLIO can respond, MERCUTIO comes over and pulls them both in to dance.

ROSALINE

Why, how now, **Tybalt**, wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

Cousin, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

ROSALINE

Romeo, is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

ROSALINE

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.

TYBALT

I'll not endure him.

ROSALINE

He shall be endured.

TYBALT walks over to Mercutio, and tries to pull her away from the dance. He shouts as the music gets louder.

TYBALT

I do love nothing in the world so well as you, is not that strange?

MERCUTIO

I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

MERCUTIO

Come, come, you're drunk.

TYBALT

Drunk? I am not drunk now. I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

MERCUTIO

Excellent well.

TYBALT

Why, very well then. You must not think then that I am drunk.

The music swells and MERCUTIO slips away from TYBALT.

A song strikes up, and everyone (except TYBALT who stalks off) joins in.

At the peak of the song, the music cuts as TYBALT turns it off. People cry out in protest.

JULIET politely takes her leave of PARIS and exits.

ROMEO notices, and decides to follow after.

SCENE 10

JULIET stands in the garden.

ROMEO enters tentatively.

The music restarts, but now muffled, making JULIET jump. As she does so, she notices ROMEO, and smiles.

He offers her a cigarette and she takes it. He lights it for her.

ROMEO

If I profane with my unwortheiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET

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.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO

O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROMEO

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

ROMEO leans in and kisses JULIET. She kisses him back.

As they pull away, MERCUTIO enters from one side of the stage and BENVOLIO the other. They freeze when they see ROMEO.

ROMEO

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

They kiss.

MERCUTIO runs off, and BENVOLIO quickly does so too.

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

JULIET pulls ROMEO in this time.

ROSALINE enters.

ROSALINE

Juliet, your **cousin** craves a word with you.

JULIET smiles at ROMEO, before exiting.

ROMEO

What is her mother?

ROSALINE

Marry, bachelor,

Her mother **was** the lady of **her** house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous **aunt**.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?

BENVOLIO runs in.

BENVOLIO

Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

ROMEO

Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

ROSALINE

Good night, **Romeo**.

ROMEO is taken aback, and rushes out with BENVOLIO.

JULIET re-enters.

JULIET

What's he that now is going out of door?

ROSALINE

His name is Romeo, and a Montague.

JULIET (*to herself*)

My only love sprung from my only hate...

ROSALINE

What's this?

JULIET

O, I'll away, the strangers are all gone.

SCENE 11

ROMEO rushes in.

ROMEO

I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

JULIET runs across the stage, and ROMEO notices.

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?

ROMEO follows.

MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO enter.

BENVOLIO

Romeo! My cousin Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He is wise,
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

BENVOLIO

Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! Humours! Madman! Passion! Lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.
Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied –
Cry but 'Ay me!', pronounce but 'love' and 'dove.'
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not.
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

MERCUTIO kneels down, getting more and more spiteful. BENVOLIO follows, more in panic than logical thought.

MERCUTIO

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

BENVOLIO

An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MERCUTIO

This cannot anger him. My invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

MERCUTIO rises as she makes this witty retort.

BENVOLIO

Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night.
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open-arse, or thou a popp'rin pear!
Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.

MERCUTIO trips, and BENVOLIO catches her.

Beat.

MERCUTIO

Come, shall we go?
For 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

MERCUTIO starts to leave before:

MERCUTIO

I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am falser than vows made in wine.

MERCUTIO exits. After a deep breath, BENVOLIO follows.

SCENE 12

ROMEO wanders back in.

JULIET enters at her balcony.

ROMEO

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.

It is my lady, O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose,

By any other word would smell as sweet.

Romeo, doff thy name,

And for that name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself.

ROMEO

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptised;

Henceforth I never will be-

JULIET shouts in surprise, catching ROMEO off-guard, and he tumbles over.

JULIET

What man art thou?

ROMEO

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.

JULIET

Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

ROMEO

What love can do, that dares love attempt.

JULIET

If **they** do see thee, **my old father will**—

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes.

And but thou love me, let them find me here.

My life were better ended by their hate,

Than death proroguèd, wanting of thy love.

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

By love, that first did prompt me to inquire.

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

JULIET

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay',

And I will take thy word; yet if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;

Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,

I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,

So if thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,

And therefore thou mayst think my behaviour light,
But trust me—

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JULIET

O, swear not by the moon, th'inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that they love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

Do not swear at all,
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight.
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden.
Sweet, good night.
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night.

ROMEO

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine?

JULIET

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it.
And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose love?

JULIET

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.

We hear a noise from MR CAPULET off-stage.

JULIET

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite.

MR CAPULET (*off-stage*)

Daughter?

JULIET

But if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee –

MR CAPULET (*off-stage*)

Juliet!

JULIET

–To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow I will send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul.

JULIET

A thousand times good night.

JULIET exits.

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse to want thy light.
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

JULIET re-enters.

JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO

My love?

JULIET

At what o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO

By the hour of nine.

JULIET

I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO

Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET

I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO

And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET

Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

ROMEO hides himself as MR CAPULET enters.

MR CAPULET

What, daughter, are you up?

MR CAPULET chuckles. He motions for JULIET to come inside.

MR CAPULET

Prithee, 'tis a naughty night to swim in.

JULIET laughs with her father, and hugs him. They exit.

ROMEO

O blessèd blessèd night!
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

SCENE 13

FRIAR LAURENCE enters, examining a small bunch of wolfsbane flowers.

FRIAR LAURENCE

The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb.
What is her burying grave, that is her womb.
And from her womb children of diverse kind
We, sucking on her natural bosom, find.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities,
For nought so vile on earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give.
Virtue in itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime, by action, dignified.
Within the infant ride of this weak flower
Poison hath residence – and medicine power.
Two such opposèd kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs - grace and rude will.

FRIAR LAWRENCE notices someone in the audience, and double-takes. He sees a sinner.

FRIAR LAURENCE

May God give you pardon and peace, and I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy spirit. Amen.

ROMEO rushes in.

ROMEO

Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused with some distemp'rature;
Or if not so - then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

The last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No,
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's my good son. But where hast thou been, then?

ROMEO

I have been feasting with my enemy,
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me
That's by me wounded. Both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROMEO

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 save what thou must combine
By holy marriage.
When and where and how
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray:
That thou consent to marry us today.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken?
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou changed?

ROMEO

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAURENCE

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO

I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell.
Have you a father?

ROMEO

I have, but what of him?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Knows he of this?

ROMEO

He neither does nor shall.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more.
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs?
Lies he not bedrid, and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?

ROMEO

No, good sir.
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
But art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the friends and kinsman of my blood.
O, you are more my father.
To you I am bound for life and education.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason

The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business...
But come, young waverer, come, go with me.
In one respect I'll thy assistant be.

ROMEO

O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

SCENE 14

MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO enter, both clearly hungover.

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo be? Came he not home tonight?

BENVOLIO

Not to his **dormitory**.

MERCUTIO

Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, torments him so that he will sure run mad.

MERCUTIO phone rings, she pulls it out to check who is calling her, before sighing and declining the call.

MERCUTIO

Tybalt.

BENVOLIO

Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO

More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song—

ROMEO enters.

BENVOLIO

Here comes Romeo!

MERCUTIO

Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!

ROMEO

Good morrow to you both.

MERCUTIO

Signor Romeo, bonjour! There's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROMEO

What counterfeit did I give you?

MERCUTIO

The slip, sir, the slip – can you not conceive?

ROMEO

Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

MERCUTIO

That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROMEO

Meaning to curtsy.

MERCUTIO

Thou has most kindly hit it.

ROMEO

A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO

Pink for flower?

MERCUTIO

Right.

ROMEO

Why, then is my pump well flowered.

MERCUTIO

Sure wit. Follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

ROMEO

O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness.

MERCUTIO

Come between us, good Benvolio, my wits faints!

ROMEO

Switch and spurs, switch and spurs, or I'll cry 'a match'.

MERCUTIO

Nay, if our wits run the wild goose chase, I am done; for thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five - Was I with you there for the goose?

ROMEO

Thou was never with me for anything when thou was not there for the goose.

MERCUTIO

I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROMEO

Nay, good goose, bite not.

MERCUTIO

Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo.

MERCUTIO freezes as ROSALINE enters.

MERCUTIO

Here's goodly gear.

(*to ROSALINE*) God ye good e'en, fair gentlewoman.

ROSALINE

Is it good e'en?

MERCUTIO

'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

ROSALINE

What a **woman** are you.

ROMEO

One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, for **herself** to mar.

ROSALINE

Romeo, I desire some confidence with you.

BENVOLIO

She will indite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO

A bawd! A bawd!

Romeo, will you come to your **room**? We'll to dinner thither.

ROMEO

I will follow you.

A tense beat.

MERCUTIO

Farewell.

(*to ROSALINE*) Ancient lady; farewell.

MERCUTIO exits. BENVOLIO looks from MERCUTIO to ROMEO and back. ROMEO nods that he should follow MERCUTIO. He does so.

ROSALINE

What a saucy merchant. So full of **her** ropery.

ROMEO

A **gentlewoman**, that loves to hear **herself** talk, and will speak more in a minute than **she** will stand to in a month.

ROSALINE

My **cousin Juliet** bade me inquire you out. What she bade me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, it were a very gross kind of behaviour. For **my cousin** is young; and therefore if you deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing-

ROMEO

Rosaline, commend me to thy **cousin** and **my** mistress. I protest unto thee-

ROSALINE

Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much! Lord! Lord, she will be a joyful woman!

ROMEO

What wilt thou tell her? Thou dost not mark me.

ROSALINE

I will tell her, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

ROMEO

Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon,
And there she shall at Friar Laurence's cell
Be shrived and married.

ROSALINE

This afternoon? Well, she shall be there.

ROSALINE goes to leave but remembers:

ROSALINE

O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard, but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world.

ROMEO isn't quite sure how to take this.

ROMEO

Commend me to thy **cousin**?

ROSALINE

Ay, a thousand times.

ROSALINE exits.

ROMEO celebrates to himself, before rushing off.

SCENE 15

JULIET enters playing the violin to try and distract herself. She can't keep it up.

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send **my cousin**.

In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.

O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over louring hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

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.

ROSALINE enters.

JULIET

O God, she comes! O honey **coz**, what news?

Hast thou met with him?

O Lord, why lookest thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

ROSALINE

Jesu, what haste? Can you not stay awhile?

JULIET

Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

ROSALINE

Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! No, not he, though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant – What, have you dined at home?

JULIET

But all of this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? What of that?
What says my love?

ROSALINE

Do you have leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET

I have.

ROSALINE

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.

They laugh in excitement together.

SCENE 16

BENVOLIO enters, astonished, with ROMEO following.

BENVOLIO

Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? That, but seeing, you should love her? And loving, woo? And wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

ROMEO

Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting, but say with me "I love Juliet"; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other.

BENVOLIO

You have my consent.

They laugh and hug.

ROMEO

But you'll be secret?

BENVOLIO

Ay, by Heaven.

ROMEO

Nay, but swear't.

BENVOLIO

In faith, my coz. When mean you to go to church?

ROMEO checks his watch, and panics. They're late. BENVOLIO laughs as they rush out.

SCENE 17

FRIAR LAURENCE stands with JULIET and ROSALINE.

FRIAR LAURENCE

So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not.

JULIET nervously looks to ROSALINE, who checks her watch.

FRIAR LAURENCE

These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume.
Therefore love moderately—

ROMEO and BENVOLIO burst in. BENVOLIO does his best to clean up ROMEO's disheveled look.

ROMEO

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Romeo, shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

ROMEO approaches JULIET, and takes her hands.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

SCENE 18

TYBALT enters, drinking. He's calling MERCUTIO again. The call gets declined. He angrily puts his phone away, before getting out his knife and spinning it.

TYBALT

And I, forsooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip.
My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill...
A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her?
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of **me**,
But rather to beget more love in **me**:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have **me** gone,
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Why have I blabbed? Who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
Nay... Tis not so. **She** loves **me** not.
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to **Romeo**.
O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore **is it** Romeo?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

TYBALT notices his bottle is empty. He drunkenly puts it down, and gets out his phone. After hesitating, he dials MERCUTIO's number again and exits.

The sound of his ringing transitions into:

SCENE 19

MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO enter. MERCUTIO hangs up her phone.

BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire. The day is hot—

MERCUTIO

Come come, thou art as hot a jack in thy mood as any; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BENVOLIO

And what to?

MERCUTIO

Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat. And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BENVOLIO

An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MERCUTIO

The fee-simple! O simple!

TYBALT enters. BENVOLIO notices, but doesn't know what to say. What if he's heard about the wedding?

TYBALT

A word with one of you.

MERCUTIO

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

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo, -

MERCUTIO

Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Zounds, 'consort'!

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure I.

ROMEO enters.

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.

TYBALT pushes ROMEO.

TYBALT

Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

He pushes him again.

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain am I none.
Therefore farewell; I see thou knowest me not.

TYBALT

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

O calm dishonourable vile submission!
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives that I mean to make bold withal.

TYBALT

You did love me once.

MERCUTIO

You should not have believed me, I loved you not.

TYBALT

I was the more deceived.

TYBALT strides towards MERCUTIO, but ROMEO steps in-between.

ROMEO

Hold Tybalt!

TYBALT punches ROMEO in the stomach. MERCUTIO lunges for TYBALT, but ROMEO manages to grab her.

ROMEO

Good Mercutio—

TYBALT pulls out his knife, and lunges forward with it.

MERCUTIO pushes ROMEO out of the way to get to TYBALT:

Straight into his knife.

TYBALT steps away, the knife lodged in MERCUTIO.

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses. Ask for me tomorrow and you shall find me a grave **woman**.
(to ROMEO) Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

Both ROMEO and TYBALT try to help MERCUTIO, but she pushes them away. BENVOLIO catches her as she falls.

MERCUTIO

Help me, Benvolio.

She dies in BENVOLIO's arms.

TYBALT

Thou wretched boy, that didst consort **her** here.

ROMEO

Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again
That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads.

TYBALT

The devil take thy soul!
I loved **Mercutio**. Forty thousand **Romeo's**
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

ROMEO

'Swounds, show me what thou 't do.

TYBALT

Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't tear thyself.

ROMEO

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I loved you ever.

TYBALT rushes at ROMEO, tackling him to the ground.

They scuffle. ROMEO manages to grab TYBALT's knife, and stabs him. TYBALT cries out in surprise, before crawling towards MERCUTIO. He doesn't reach her.

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool...

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amazed. The prince will doom thee death

If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

Why dost thou stay?

ROMEO snaps back to reality, and runs off.

The sound of police sirens fades in.

BENVOLIO can do nothing but hold onto MERCUTIO as they approach.

BLACK OUT.

— INTERVAL —

SCENE 20

BENVOLIO stands centre stage. CC PRINCE presiding. MR CAPULET paces, seething.

MR CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin!

O Prince! Oh, the blood is spilled

Of my dear kinsman!

BENVOLIO

O noble Prince, I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.

CC PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, whom Romeo's hand did slay –
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was.
All this utterèd
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Romeo he cries aloud
“Hold, friends! Friends, part!”
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio.
And to't they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain,
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

MR CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague.
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.
The sins of the father are to be **begot by** the children.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give.
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

CC PRINCE

Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.
Who now the price of **her** dear blood doth owe?

BENVOLIO

Not Romeo, Prince; he was Mercutio's friend.
His fault concludes but what the law should end.

CC PRINCE

The life of Tybalt.
And for that offense
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding:
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding.
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses.
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.

Therefore use none. (*to BENVOLIO*) Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.

SCENE 21

JULIET enters.

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Come gentle night, come loving black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo; and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed.

MR CAPULET enters.

JULIET

Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

MR CAPULET

Alack the day, he's gone, he's killed, he's dead.

JULIET

Can Heaven be so envious?

MR CAPULET

Romeo can,
Though Heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo,
A devil, a born devil, on whose nature nurture will always stick.

//

ROMEO laments to FRIAR LAURENCE.

ROMEO

Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say 'death',
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say 'banishment'.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word 'death' to 'banishment'.
This is a dear mercy and thou seest it not.

ROMEO

'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 honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo. They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
But Romeo may not; he is banishèd.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly.
They are free men, but I am banishèd.
Oh friar, the damnèd use that world in hell;
Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word 'banishèd'?

FRIAR LAURENCE

Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

ROMEO

Hang up philosophy.
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,
Doting like me, and like me banishèd,
Then mightst thou speak.

//

MR CAPULET

There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men.
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

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

MR CAPULET

Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd;
Romeo that killed him, he is banishèd.
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done.

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

MR CAPULET

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that villain lives which slaughtered him.
That same villain Romeo.

JULIET

Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him; I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

MR CAPULET

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

Ay, **father**, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death.

MR CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not,
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo till I behold him – dead –
Is my poor heart for a kinsman vexed.

MR CAPULET

Find thou the means, and I'll find **out the** man.

// There is a knock at the door. MR CAPULET and JULIET exit.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Arise, one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO doesn't move.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hark, how they knock! – Who's there? – Romeo, arise,
Thou wilt be taken. – Stay awhile! – Stand up, God's will, what simpleness is this!
– I come, I come!

FRIAR LAURENCE opens the door a crack.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your will?

ROSALINE

Let me come in and you shall know my errand.
I come from Lady Juliet.

ROSALINE enters.

ROSALINE

O holy Friar, O, where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAURENCE

There on the ground with his own tears made drunk.

ROSALINE

O he is even in my **cousin's** case
Just in her case!

ROMEO

Rosaline!

Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now that I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she, and how doth she, and what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?

ROSALINE

O, she says nothing, but weeps and weeps;
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries.

ROMEO

As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursèd hand
Murdered her kinsman. O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? –

ROMEO pulls out TYBALT's knife, and presses it to his forehead.

ROMEO

– Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold thy desperate hand.
Art thou a man? Thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Thou hast amazed me.
By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself,
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,
The Law that threatened death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wretch,
Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her.
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For thou shalt hide, till we can find a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty-hundred thousand times more joy.

ROSALINE

Romeo, I'll tell my **cousin** you will come.

ROMEO

Do so and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

ROSALINE

Hie you, make haste for it grows very late.

ROSALINE exits.

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Go hence. Good night; and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the break of day, disguised, from hence.

Give me thy hand, 'tis late. Farewell, good night.

ROMEO

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

It were a grief so brief to part with thee.

Farewell.

SCENE 22

The sound of rain can be heard. JULIET enters, mournfully playing her violin.

ROMEO enters, wet from the rain, and JULIET stops playing. She slowly puts it away as she speaks.

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have killed my husband...

JULIET approaches him.

ROMEO

Juliet-

JULIET slaps him.

JULIET

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort.

ROMEO

Wherefore weep **you** then?

JULIET kisses ROMEO. They fall onto the bed together.

SCENE 23

Thunder booms, as MR CAPULET and PARIS share a drink.

MR CAPULET

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

PARIS

These times of woe afford no times to woo.

MR CAPULET

Good Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.
And bid her – mark you me – on Wednesday next –
But, soft, what day is this?

PARIS

Monday my lord.

MR CAPULET

Monday, ha ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.
O'Thursday let it be. O'Thursday,
She shall be married to **you** noble earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?

PARIS

My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

MR CAPULET

O'Thursday be it, then.

MRS CAPULET enters, and MR CAPULET is shocked still.

MRS CAPULET

O my brother's child!

Yet, for all this, say not that **Tybalt's** dead!

I see a strange confession in thine eye.

Thou shak'st thy head and hold'st it fear or sin

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so.

MR CAPULET says nothing, so PARIS steps in.

PARIS

I am sorry I should force you to believe

That which I would to God I had not **known**.

MR CAPULET

He is dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone....

MRS CAPULET takes in the confirmation, and painfully collects herself.

MRS CAPULET

Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir

Afresh within me. I have done sin,

For which the Heaven, taking angry note,

Have left me **penniless**. I do beseech you

That by your virtuous means I may again

Exist, and be a member of **your** love

Whom I with all the office of my heart

Entirely honor.

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex

Commonly are, the want of which vain dew

Perchance shall dry your pities.

MR CAPULET

If there be truth in sight, you are my **wife**.

But yet, **good Paris**,

My lady was not so much wrinkled, nothing

So aged as this seems.

MRS CAPULET

Go on, go on.

Thou canst not speak too much. I have deserved

All tongues to talk their bitterest.

MR CAPULET

Why? What art thou?

MRS CAPULET

Your wife, my lord, your true and loyal wife.

MR CAPULET

Come, swear it. Damn thyself.

Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

MRS CAPULET

Then Lord have mercy on me!

MR CAPULET

I say "Amen."

MRS CAPULET

And have you mercy, too.

MR CAPULET

Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

MRS CAPULET

It yet has felt **more** age **and** known **more** sorrow.

MR CAPULET

Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,

Much castigation, exercise devout;

For here's a young and sweating devil here

That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,

A frank one.

MRS CAPULET

You may indeed say so.

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

MR CAPULET

A liberal hand!

MRS CAPULET

I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,

Wherein I see myself—

MR CAPULET (*to PARIS*)

Mark you but that!

In both my eyes **she** doubly sees **herself**,

In each eye one. Swear by your double self,

And there's an oath of credit.

MRS CAPULET

Nay, but hear me.

Pardon **my faults**, and by my soul I swear

I never more will break an oath with thee.

MR CAPULET

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul

But I do love thee!

If the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live.

When you speak, sweet,

I'd have you do it ever. When you sing,

I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,

Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,

To sing them too. Each your doing,

So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,

That all your acts are queens.

MRS CAPULET

Your praises are too large.

MR CAPULET

Give welcome to my friend.

This is the man, this is **Paris**.

To whom **we shall be** infinitely bound.

MRS CAPULET

Sir, you are very welcome to our house.

MR CAPULET

Tell me, **dear wife**. I wonder in my soul

What I would ask **you** that **you** should deny,

Or stand so mammering on?

MRS CAPULET

I will deny thee nothing.

My lord, what is your will?

MR CAPULET

Wife, go you to **our daughter** ere you go to bed.

Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,

And bid her, mark you me, on **Thursday** next,

She shall be married to this noble earl.

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.

MRS CAPULET

I will.

MR CAPULET

(to *MRS CAPULET*) Well, get you gone.

(to *PARIS*) Farewell, my lord.

Afore me, it is so very late that we

May call it early by and by. – Good night.

SCENE 24

Day breaks. ROMEO quietly climbs out of bed, his hair's a mess, and he's lost his shirt. He realises and looks around for it. JULIET stirs.

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.

ROMEO

Look, love...

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty tree tops.

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

Yon light is not daylight; I know it, I,

Therefore stay yet; thou needst not to be gone.

ROMEO

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye.

I have more care to stay than will to go.

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

How is't my soul? Let's talk; it is not day.

Someone knocks on the door.

JULIET

It is, it is. Hie hence, be gone, away!

JULIET pulls ROMEO's shirt out of the bed and throws it to him.

Another knock.

JULIET

More light and light it grows.

ROMEO

More light and light, more dark and dark our woes!

Another knock.

JULIET

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell, one kiss, and I'll descend.

They kiss goodbye.

JULIET

O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Another knock.

MRS CAPULET enters before ROMEO can exit. All three of them freeze.

MRS CAPULET

(to ROMEO) O now be gone.

ROMEO exits.

JULIET stares at her mother.

MRS CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet?

You know me, do you not?

JULIET

My lady mother?

MRS CAPULET and JULIET embrace.

MRS CAPULET

Please God, look down,

And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head!

JULIET

Where hast thou been preserved? Where lived?

MRS CAPULET

There's time enough for that.

MR CAPULET enters with ROSALINE.

MR CAPULET

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal. – How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

MRS CAPULET

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

JULIET is taken aback by MRS CAPULET's sudden switch into formality.

JULIET

Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris!

MR CAPULET

Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

JULIET

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

MR CAPULET

How, how, how, how, chopped-logic! What is this?
'Proud' and 'I thank you' and 'I thank you not',
And yet 'not proud', mistress minion, you?
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds;
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

MRS CAPULET

You are too hot.

JULIET

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

MR CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage! Disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what. Get thee to church on Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.

JULIET

Delay this marriage for a month, a week –

MR CAPULET

God's bread, it makes me mad!
Day, night, hour; tide, time; work, play;
Alone, in company – still my care hath been
To have **you** matched. And having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Stuffed, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining maumet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer 'I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.'
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

MR CAPULET starts to storm off, he turns to face his wife.

MR CAPULET

Wife, we scarce thought us blessed
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.

MR CAPULET exits.

JULIET

O sweet my mother, cast me not away!

MRS CAPULET

Thy **father** is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee,
Thy husband shall be thy lord, thy life, thy keeper.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.

JULIET

O these men, these men!

MRS CAPULET

If you call your false love, love, What say he then?
If you court more **men**, **he'll** couch with more **women**.
All's well that ends well.

JULIET

Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, **mother**—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

MRS CAPULET

Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint ring, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor any petty exhibition.

MRS CAPULET looks off to where ROMEO exited.

MRS CAPULET

But for **true love...** Who would not make her **false** husband a cuckold? I should venture purgatory for't.

JULIET

Beshrew me if I would do such a wrong for the whole world!

MRS CAPULET

The world's a huge thing. It is a great price for a small vice.

JULIET is thrown by her mother's callousness.

MRS CAPULET

Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them. They see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well. Else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.
The wrong is but a wrong i'th'world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

JULIET

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

MRS CAPULET is speechless. She painfully leaves.

ROSALINE finally takes another step into the room.

JULIET

O God! O **coz**, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in Heaven.
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from Heaven
By leaving earth?
What say'st thou? Some comfort, **coz**.

ROSALINE

Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banishèd; and all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the County.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dish-clout to him.
Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels the first. Or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no use of him.

JULIET

Speakest thou from thy heart?

ROSALINE

And from my soul, else breshrew them both.

JULIET

Amen.

ROSALINE

What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in, and tell my father I am gone,
Having displeased him much, to Laurence' cell
To make confession and to be absolved.

ROSALINE

Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

ROSALINE goes to exit, but then:

ROSALINE

I would you had never seen him.

JULIET

So would not I.

ROSALINE exits.

JULIET

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times?
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

SCENE 25

FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS enter.

FRIAR LAURENCE

On Thursday sir? The time is very short.

PARIS

My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE

You say you do not know the lady's mind.
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

JULIET enters.

PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife.

JULIET

That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS

That 'may be' must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET

What must be, shall be.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's a certain text.

PARIS

Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET

To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET

The tears have got a small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.

PARIS

Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

JULIET

That is no slander, sir, which is truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PARIS

Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

JULIET

It may be so, for it is not mine own.

(to *FRIAR LAURENCE*) Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR LAURENCE

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now,
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS

God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye.
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

PARIS kisses JULIET. He exits.

FRIAR LAURENCE

O Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing may proroque it,
On Thursday next married to this County.

JULIET

Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest 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.
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, daughter, I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather than marry County Paris
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,
And if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris
From off the battlements of any tower;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone.

FRIAR LAURENCE pulls out a vial.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distillèd liquor drink thou off.
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep **their** native progress, but surcease.
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest.

JULIET carefully takes the vial.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death.
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my message know our drift,
And hither shall he come. And he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence.
Hold, get you gone; be strong and prosperous
In this resolve.

JULIET

Lord give me strength, and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father!

ROSALINE enters, and clears her throat in warning. She is quickly followed by MR CAPULET and PARIS, and MRS CAPULET.

MR CAPULET

How now, my headstrong! **So here** have you been gadding!

JULIET

Where I have learned me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoined
By holy Laurence to beg your pardon.
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

MR CAPULET

This is as't should be! Let me see the County.

MR CAPULET motions for PARIS to step forward, and puts his and JULIET's hands together.

MR CAPULET

Now, afore God, you reverend holy friar,
Our whole city is much bound to you.
I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning!

Beat.

JULIET turns to PARIS, and kisses him. She makes pointed eye-contact with her mother afterwards.

JULIET

Coz, will you go with me
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

MRS CAPULET

No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

MR CAPULET

Go, **niece**, go with her; we'll to church tomorrow!

They leave as a group, leaving only FRIAR LAURENCE.

BENVOLIO enters, crying.

FRIAR LAURENCE

What sayst thou, noble heart?

BENVOLIO

What will I do, think'st thou?

BENVOLIO breaks down in FRIAR LAURENCE's arms, and they leave together.

SCENE 26

JULIET enters – holding a dress – with ROSALINE.

JULIET

Ay, these attires are best.

But, gentle coz...

JULIET almost tells her cousin her plan, but after what ROSALINE has said, JULIET cannot bring herself to.

JULIET

I pray thee leave me to myself tonight,

For I have need of many orisons

To move the Heavens to smile upon my state,

Which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of sin.

ROSALINE can find no words. The two embrace.

MRS CAPULET enters.

MRS CAPULET

Are you busy? Need you my help?

JULIET

No, madam, we have culled such necessities

As are behoveful for our state tomorrow.

So please you, let me now be left alone,

For I am sure you have your hands full all

In this so sudden business.

MRS CAPULET

Love you the **father** that wronged you?

JULIET

Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.

MRS CAPULET

Good night.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

JULIET

Farewell.

MRS CAPULET and ROSALINE exit.

JULIET

God knows when we shall meet again...
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me. –
Cousin! – What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial...

JULIET takes out the vial.

JULIET

O look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
Upon a **blade's** point! Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! I drink to thee.

JULIET drinks from the vial, and slowly loses consciousness onto her bed.

SCENE 27

The sun rises, as JULIET doesn't move.

MR CAPULET enters.

MR CAPULET

Daughter! What, **daughter!** Juliet!
What, dressed and in your clothes, and down again?
I must needs wake you. **Daughter! Daughter! Daughter!**

MR CAPULET realises.

MR CAPULET

Help, help!
O me! O me! My child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help!

MRS CAPULET rushes in.

MRS CAPULET

What noise is here?

She sees JULIET, and screams, rushing over.

ROSALINE enters at the scream.

MR CAPULET

She's cold.

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.

MRS CAPULET

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath caught it from my sight!

FRIAR LAURENCE enters with PARIS.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

MR CAPULET

Ready to go, but never to return. –
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. **Here** she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowerèd by him.
Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir.
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die
And leave him all. Life, living, all is Death's.

PARIS

Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

MR CAPULET

All things that we ordainèd festival
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corpse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him,
And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare
To follow this fair corpse unto her grave.
The Heavens do lour upon you for some ill.
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

MR CAPULET picks up JULIET, and carries her across the stage. MRS CAPULET, ROSALINE and PARIS follow.

BENVOLIO enters as this happens and sees this.

The funeral train exits.

FRIAR LAURENCE notices BENVOLIO.

BENVOLIO

Juliet's dead?

There is a word will **Romeo** turn to stone...

FRIAR LAURENCE

There is more to say.

But hear you, hear you!

BENVOLIO

Hence, broker, lackey! Ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

BENVOLIO rushes off before FRIAR LAURENCE can stop him.

FRIAR LAURENCE pulls out his phone. He dials a number and exits.

SCENE 28

A phone is ringing somewhere.

ROMEO enters, clearly drowsy and probably high. He searches around for the phone but can't find it. He shrugs when it stops ringing.

THE DEALER enters with a fold-out chair, and a large satchel. He sits, and starts smoking.

ROMEO shares the joint as he prepares a disgusting looking smoothie using ingredients from the satchel, whilst monologuing to THE DEALER.

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
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.
Ah me, how sweet is love itself possessed
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

ROMEO takes a big swig from the smoothie-machine.

BENVOLIO runs in, out of breath.

ROMEO

News from **home**!
How now, **Benvolio**!
How doth my lady? Is **the friar** well?

How doth my Juliet? That I ask again,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

BENVOLIO

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news.

ROMEO

Is it e'en so? Then I defy you stars!
I will hence tonight.

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

Tush, thou art deceived.
I'll be with thee straight.

BENVOLIO stands off.

ROMEO turns to THE DEALER.

ROMEO

Come hither, man. 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.

THE DEALER

Such mortal drugs I have, but...

ROMEO

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich.

ROMEO pulls out his wallet, and offers it.

THE DEALER

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

THE DEALER pulls out a hip-flask.

THE DEALER

If you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO

There is thy **pay**, 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.

THE DEALER packs up his things and exits.

FRIAR LAURENCE "appears" as he calls ROMEO again.

ROMEO finds his phone and picks it up. He sees who's calling, and declines the call.

FRIAR LAURENCE looks down in worry at the phone.

ROMEO

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.

Cousin!

ROMEO exits, followed by a very worried BENVOLIO.

SCENE 29

JULIET is laid in her grave. PARIS kneels over her.

The rain pours.

PARIS

Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew.
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

//

ROMEO and BENVOLIO appear "outside" the church.

ROMEO

Hold, take this letter.

ROMEO pulls out a letter and hands it to BENVOLIO.

ROMEO

Early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my **father**.
Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hearest or seest, stand all aloof
And do not interrupt me in my course.
So shalt thou show me friendship.

They hug.

ROMEO

Live, and be prosperous, and farewell, good cousin.

ROMEO descends, as BENVOLIO sits to take watch.

//

PARIS rises,

As he exits the church, ROMEO – with his head covered – enters. The two cross paths momentarily.

PARIS exits, and ROMEO locks the church door.

ROMEO finds himself looking up at the painting of St Sebastian.

//

PARIS appears near BENVOLIO, and lights a cigarette.

//

ROMEO sees JULIET, and slowly makes his way towards her.

ROMEO

O my love, my wife,
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou are not conquered...

ROMEO pulls out TYBALT's knife.

ROMEO

Forgive me, cousin **Tybalt**...

ROMEO lays the knife by JULIET.

ROMEO

Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that lean abhorrèd 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...
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.

ROMEO kisses JULIET one last time, before stepping back, and pulling out the flask.

ROMEO

Here's to my love!

ROMEO downs the drink. As he does, JULIET awakens and sits up. They lock eyes. Both smile, before ROMEO suddenly contorts in pain and collapses, slamming to the ground. JULIET screams.

JULIET

Romeo!

//

PARIS and BENVOLIO hear the scream. They both jump up and descend.

//

JULIET rushes over to ROMEO, grasping at him. She finds the flask.

JULIET

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.

JULIET kisses ROMEO.

JULIET

Thy lips are warm.

A banging is heard on the door.

JULIET

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief.

JULIET sees TYBALT's knife, and picks it up.

The knocking continues.

She takes the knife and raises it.

The door slams open as:

JULIET stabs herself, and collapses onto ROMEO.

PARIS freezes at the sight.

BENVOLIO rushes over, and tries to help JULIET.

BENVOLIO

Help! Help! Get help! Help!

Sirens wail again. BENVOLIO is dragged from the bodies, and gently put back into his interrogation chair.

SCENE 30

BENVOLIO sits in shock.

CC PRINCE

Romeo, **now** dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, **now** dead, that Romeo's faithful wife?

BENVOLIO

And if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my **poor** life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigor of severest law.

CC PRINCE

This **story** does make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of **their deaths**...

CC PRINCE looks at BENVOLIO with nothing but pity.

CC PRINCE

Well, Heaven forgive **them** and forgive us all.
Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall.
All are punished... All are punished.

CC PRINCE exits.

BENVOLIO gets up and sits on the table, and lights a cigarette. His first of the play.

Music starts to play.

ROMEO and JULIET slowly rise, and begin to dance.

MR CAPULET, MRS CAPULET, PARIS, ROSALINE, and FRIAR LAURENCE enter.

BENVOLIO notices all this.

BENVOLIO

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.

BLACK OUT.