



# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## Romeo & Juliet

### Prologue

**PRINCE:**

Two households, 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.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## Scene Study

### **ROMEO & JULIET**-Benvolio, Romeo, I.1

**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? 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**

O me! What fray was here? Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O any thing, of nothing first create!  
O heavy lightness! Feather of lead, cold fire, sick health!  
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;  
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:  
What is it else? a madness most discreet, a choking gall and a preserving  
sweet.  
Farewell, my coz.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here; This is not Romeo, he's some other  
where.

**BENVOLIO**

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

**ROMEO**

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

A right good mark-man! 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...

**BENVOLIO**

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**

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

**BENVOLIO**

I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

*Exeunt*

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Romeo & Juliet*

Lady Capulet, the Nurse, Juliet, Act I, Scene 3

**LADY CAPULET**

Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

**Nurse**

Now, at twelve year old, I bade her come. What, lamb! what, ladybird!  
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet (*Enter JULIET*)

**JULIET**

How now! who calls?

**Nurse**

Your mother.

**JULIET**

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

**LADY CAPULET**

This is the matter:--Nurse, give leave awhile,  
We must talk in secret:--nurse, come back again;  
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.  
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

**Nurse**

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

**LADY CAPULET**

She's not fourteen.

**Nurse**

She is not fourteen.

**LADY CAPULET**

Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

**Nurse**

Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh.

**JULIET**

And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

**Nurse**

Peace, I have done. Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:  
An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

**LADY CAPULET**

Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme I came to talk of.  
Tell me, daughter Juliet, how stands your disposition to be married?

**JULIET**

It is an honour that I dream not of.

**Nurse**

An honour!

**LADY CAPULET**

Well, think of marriage now; younger than you, here in Verona, ladies of  
esteem, are made already mothers:  
by my count, I was your mother much upon these years that you are now a  
maid. Thus then in brief: The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

**Nurse**

A man, young lady! lady, such a man as all the world.

**LADY CAPULET**

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

**Nurse**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

What say you? can you love the gentleman? This night you shall behold him  
at our feast;  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, and *(continue next page...)*

find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
Examine every married lineament, and see how one another lends content  
And what obscured in this fair volume lies find written in the margent of his  
eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover, to beautify him, only lacks a  
cover:

So shall you share all that he doth possess, by having him, making yourself  
no less.

**Nurse**

No less! (Exit).

**LADY 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.

*(Re-enter Nurse)*

**Nurse**

Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady  
asked for. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

**LADY CAPULET**

We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.

**Nurse**

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.



# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **Romeo & Juliet**

### **Act One, Scene 4**

#### **Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio**

**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, I have a soul of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

**BENVOLIO**

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

**ROMEO**

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

**MERCUTIO**

And, to sink in it?  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

If love be rough with you, be rough with love!



**BENVOLIO**

Prick for pricking and you beat love down.

**ROMEO**

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

**BENVOLIO**

Come, we burn daylight ho!

**ROMEO**

Nay, that's not so.

**BENVOLIO**

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

**MERCUTIO**

And we mean well in going to this mask...

**ROMEO**

I dream'd a dream to-night.

**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**

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife and she comes in  
shape no bigger than an agate stone...  
Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,  
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
This is she—

**ROMEO**

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

**MERCUTIO**

True, I talk of dreams, which are the children of an idle brain...

**BENVOLIO**

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

**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...But, on, lusty gentleman.

**BENVOLIO**

Strike, drum!

*(exit together)*



# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **Romeo & Juliet**

### **Act Two, Scene Two**

#### **Romeo, Juliet, Nurse**

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

*JULIET appears above at a window*

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!  
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**

Ay me!

**ROMEO**

She speaks:  
O, speak again, bright angel!

**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**

[Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET**

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

**ROMEO**

I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

**JULIET**

What man art thou  
that thus bescreen'd in night  
So stumblest on my counsel?

**ROMEO**

By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am:

**JULIET**

Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

**ROMEO**

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

**JULIET**

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?  
If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

**ROMEO**

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords:

**JULIET**

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

**ROMEO**

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;

**JULIET**

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
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.

**NURSE**

Madam! Mistress! Lady, Lady!!

**JULIET**

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!  
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.  
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

*Exuent*



# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **Romeo & Juliet**

### **Act Two, Scene Three**

#### **Romeo & Friar Laurence**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

Good morrow, father.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

Or if it be so, then here I hit it right,

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

**ROMEO**

That 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'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy.

**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.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!  
Young men's love then lies not truly in their hearts,  
but in their eyes.  
And art thou changed?  
Pronounce this sentence then,  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

**ROMEO**

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

I pray thee, chide not; she whom 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 and could not spell.  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt*



# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **Romeo & Juliet**

### **Act Two, Scene Five**

#### **Juliet & Nurse**

##### **JULIET**

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;  
In half an hour she promised to return.  
O God, she comes!  
(Enter Nurse)  
O honey nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him? O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

##### **NURSE**

I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:  
Fie, how my bones ache!

##### **JULIET**

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:  
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

##### **NURSE**

Jesu, what haste?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

##### **JULIET**

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?



**NURSE**

Well, you have made a simple choice;  
you know not how to choose a man,  
but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb....  
What, have you dined at home?

**JULIET**

No, no: What says he of our marriage? What of that?

**NURSE**

Lord, how my head aches!--O, my back, my back!

**JULIET**

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

**NURSE**

Your love says, like an honest gentleman,  
and a kind, and a handsome,  
--Where is your mother?

**JULIET**

Where is my mother! Why, she is within;  
Where should she be?

**NURSE**

Are you so hot? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

**JULIET**

Come, come, what says Romeo?

**NURSE**

Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

**JULIET**

I have!!!

**NURSE**

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;  
There stays a **husband** to make you a **wife!**  
Hie you to church!

**JULIET**

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. (exit separately)



# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **Romeo & Juliet**

### **Act Three, Scene One**

#### **Romeo, Tybalt, Mercutio, & Benvolio - Fight**

**BENVOLIO**

I Pray thee good Mercutio, let's retire. The day is hot  
The Capulet's abroad, And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;  
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

**TYBALT**

Good den: a word with you.

**MERCUTIO**

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

**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:  
here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

**BENVOLIO**

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

*[Enter ROMEO]*

**TYBALT**

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.  
Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford no better term than this,--thou art a villain!

**ROMEO**

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage to such a greeting:  
villain am I none; Therefore farewell.

**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,  
And so, good Capulet,-which name I tender As dearly as my own,-be satisfied.

**MERCUTIO**

*[to Romeo]*

**O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!**

*[to Tybalt]*

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!

**Tybalt.**

I am for you.

**ROMEO**

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

**MERCUTIO**

Come, sir, your passado.

*[Tybalt & Mercutio fight, pushing Romeo out of the way]*

**ROMEO**

Tybalt, Mercutio. Hold Tybalt, hold Mercutio.

**BENVOLIO**

Mercutio, the Prince hath expressly forbidden bandying in Verona streets

**ROMEO** Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

*[TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs MERCUTIO, and runs out]*

**MERCUTIO**

I am hurt. A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

**ROMEO**

Courage man, the hurt cannot be much...

**MERCUTIO**

Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.

A plague o' both your houses!

'Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm!

**ROMEO**

I thought all for the best.

**MERCUTIO**

They have made wormsmeat of me.

*[MERCUTIO dies]*

**BENVOLIO**

Oh Romeo, Brave Mercutio's dead.

That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,  
Which too untimely hear did scorn the earth.

**ROMEO**

This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander, --Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman!

**BENVOLIO**

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again!

*[Re-enter TYBALT]*

**ROMEO**

Now, Tybalt, for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,

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

**TYBALT**

Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here, shalt with him hence.

**ROMEO**

This shall determine that.

*[They fight; ROMEO stabs TYBALT & he dies]*

**ROMEO**

O, I am fortune's fool!

**BENVOLIO**

Why dost thou stay?

*[exit Romeo]*

**PRINCE**

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

**BENVOLIO**

Oh noble Prince, there lies the man,  
Slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman,  
Brave Mercutio.

**PRINCE**

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

**BENVOLIO**

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.  
Romeo that spoke him fair and urged withal your high displeasure.  
Tybalt, death to peace, tilts with piercing steel At bold Mercutio's breast.  
And then Tybalt fled.  
But by and by comes back to Romeo  
Who had but newly entertained revenge.

**PRINCE**

And for that offence immediately we do exile him hence.  
I have an interest in your hates proceeding  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding.  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses Therefore use none;  
Let Romeo hence in haste Else when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Mercy but murders pardoning those that kill.



## **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

### *Romeo & Juliet*

Romeo and Paris, Act V, Scene 3

#### **ROMEO**

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

*Opens the tomb*

#### **PARIS**

This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,  
It is supposed, the fair creature died;  
And here is come to do some villanous shame  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.  
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!  
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:  
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

#### **ROMEO**

I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.  
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;  
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone;  
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,  
Put not another sin upon my head,  
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!  
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
For I come hither arm'd against myself:  
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

**PARIS**

I do defy thy conjurations,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

**ROMEO**

Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

*[fight]*

**PARIS**

O, I am slain!  
If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

*[Dies]*

**ROMEO**

In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!  
O, give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;  
A grave? O no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.





# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **Romeo & Juliet**

### **Act Five, Scene Three**

#### **Romeo, Juliet, Friar & Prince**

##### **ROMEO**

Ah, dear Juliet, Why art thou yet so fair?  
Shall I believe That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;  
Eyes, look your last!  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!  
Here's to my love!

*Drinks*

O true apothecary! Thy drugs are quick.

*Dies*

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE*

##### **FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo!

*Enters the tomb*

Romeo! O, pale! Ah, what an unkind hour Is guilty of this lamentable chance!  
The lady stirs.

*JULIET wakes*

**JULIET**

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

*Noise within*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest of death.  
A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet,

*Noise again*

I dare no longer stay.

**JULIET**

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

*Exit FRIAR LAURENCE*

What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:  
O churl! Drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after?

*A Noise outside..*

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

*Snatching ROMEO's dagger*

This is thy sheath;

*Stabs herself*

there rust, and let me die.

*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies*

*Enter the PRINCE*

**PRINCE**

What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

*Re-enter Friar Lawrence and the watch*

Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and weeps:

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I am the greatest, able to do least.

**PRINCE**

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:  
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death,  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the city,  
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.  
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,  
A sleeping potion; which so took effect  
As I intended, for it wrought on her the form of death.  
Then all alone at the prefixed hour of her waking,  
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;  
But when I came, here untimely lay true Romeo dead.  
She wakes; And she, as it seems, did violence on herself.  
All this I know...

**PRINCE**

A glooming peace this morning with it brings;  
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:  
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;  
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:  
For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

*Exeunt*