Romeo and Juliet: a Shakespearean Music-Drama
Text adaptation and music by Don Freund

Cast
(in order of appearance)
*Sampson
*Gregory
*Abraham
*Balthasar — these 4 appear only in Act 1, Scene 1
*Benvolio
*Tybalt
*Prince
*Romeo
*Lady Capulet
*Nurse
*Juliet

Capulet Servant (clown - I, 3) and/or Servant at the Ball (I, 5) and/or Peter (mute, II, 2)

*Mercutio
*Lord Capulet

*Friar Laurence

**Act 1** (pages 2 – 7)
Scene 1: Verona town square (score page 3)
Abraham, Balthasar, Sampson, Gregory, Benvolio,
Tybalt, Prince

Scene 2: Verona town square (score page 10)
Romeo, Benvolio

Scene 3: Juliet’s Room / town square (score page 14)
Lady Capulet, Juliet, Nurse / Romeo, Benvolio, Peter

Scene 4: Outside the Capulet house (score page 30)
Benvolio, Mercutio, Romeo

Scene 5: The Capulet Ballroom (score page 42)
Lord Capulet, Romeo, Peter, Tybalt, Juliet, Nurse, Lady Capulet, Benvolio

Scene 6: At Juliet’s Balcony (score page 52)
Romeo, Juliet, Nurse

**Act 2** (pages 8 - 12)
Scene 1: Morning, outside (score page 2)
Friar Laurence, Romeo

Scene 2: Verona town square (score page 8)
Mercutio, Benvolio, Romeo, Nurse, (Peter)

Scene 3: Juliet’s Room (score page 22)
Juliet, Nurse

Scene 4: Friar Laurence’s Cell (score page 28)
Friar Laurence, Romeo, Juliet

Scene 5: : Verona town square (score page 32)
Benvolio, Mercutio, Tybalt, Romeo

**Act 3** (pages 12 - 16)
Prologue (score page 2)
Lady Capulet, Prince, Benvolio

Scene 1: Juliet's Room (score page 4)
Juliet, Nurse

Scene 2: Friar Laurence's Cell (score page 12)
Romeo, Friar Laurence, Nurse

Scene 3: Juliet's Room (daybreak) (score page 18)
Juliet, Romeo, Nurse, Lady Capulet, Lord Capulet

Scene 4: Friar Laurence's Cell (score page 33)
Juliet, Friar Laurence

Scene 5: Juliet's Room (score page 41)
Juliet

Scene 6: Juliet's Room (the following morning)
(score page 42)
Nurse, Lady Capulet, Lord Capulet, Friar Laurence

Scene 7: Romeo in Mantua (superimposed) (score page 48)
Romeo, Benvolio

Scene 8: Juliet's Tomb (score page 54)
Romeo, Juliet

Epilogue (score page 58)
Prince, entire cast
Audio CD tracks in ] 1’s
Don Freund’s ROMEO and JULIET, ACT ONE

[1] Scene 1: Verona town square
Enter SAMSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with
swords and bucklers
Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR

ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?  (1.1.44)

SAMPSON
I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

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

GREGORY
Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM
Quarrel sir! no, sir.

SAMPSON and GREGORY
Do you quarrel, sir?

BALTHASAR
Quarrel sir! no, sir.

SAMPSON and GREGORY
If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good
a man as you.  (1.1.55)

ABRAHAM
No better?

GREGORY
Here comes Tybalt, Say "better."

SAMPSON
Yes, better.

ABRAHAM
You lie.

SAMPSON, BALTHASAR, GREGORY, and ABRAHAM
Draw, if you be men.

They fight

BENVOLIO
Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.  (1.1.65)

Beats down their swords
Enter TYBALT

TYBALT
What, art thou drawn?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.  (1.1.67)

BENVOLIO
I do but keep the peace:
[3] put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT
Peace? What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee!  (1.1.72)

They fight

Enter PRINCE ESCALUS, with his TRAIN

PRINCE
[4] Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Interlude

[5] Scene 2: Verona town square
Lights up, stage right
Enter Romeo

ROMEO
O me! What fray was here?  (1.1.173)
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Enter Benvolio

BENVOLIO
Good-morrow, cousin.

ROMEO
Is the day so young?  (1.1.160)

BENVOLIO
But new struck nine.

ROMEO
Ay me! sad hours seem long.  (1.1.161)

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 favor, where I am in love.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
A fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
A sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
Still-waking sleep,
Bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO
No, coz, I rather weep.  (1.1.183)

ROMEO
Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO
Of love?

ROMEO
Out of her favor, where I am in love.  (1.1.168)

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
A fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
A sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
Still-waking sleep,
Bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

BENVOLIO
At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO
Why, such is love's transgression.
This love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  (1.1.189)

What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
A fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
A sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
Still-waking sleep,
Bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
[7] Scene 3: Juliet’s Room (juxtaposes with Verona town square)
Lights down stage right; lights up stage left
LADY CAPULET and Nurse

LADY CAPULET
Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me. (1.3.1)

NURSE
Now, by my maidenhead 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? (1.3.6)

(Continues previous scene) Lights down stage left; lights up stage right

BENVOLIO
Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO
O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Lights down stage right; lights up stage left
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. (1.3.10)

NURSE
Faith, I can tell her age unto an ho
And yet, to my teeth be it spoken, I have but four
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET
A fortnight and odd days. (1.3.15)

NURSE
I'll lay fourteen of my teeth;--
And yet, to my teeth be it spoken, I have but four--
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET
Nurse!

NURSE
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
Shake quoth the dove-house:
I never shall forget it.--

LADY CAPULET
Nurse!

NURSE
Nay, I do bear a brain:
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean’d,

LADY CAPULET
Nurse! Enough of this, nurse, I pray thee.

NURSE
And she was wean’d, it is eleven years.
Then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about; (1.3.37)

JULIET
Nurse, I pray thee, enough.

NURSE
Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e’er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee married onc--
I have my wish. (1.3.62)

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? (1.3.65)

JULIET
It is an honor that I dream not of.

NURSE
An honor! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck’d wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET
Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers:

Lights down stage left; lights up stage right
BENVOLIO
Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO
Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Enter Capulet servant
Whipp’d and tormented and--God-deny, good fellow. (1.2.56)

SERVANT
God gi' god-deny. I pra--

LADY CAPULET
Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love. (1.3.74)

NURSE
A man, young lady! Lady, such a man
As all the world--why, he's a man of wax.
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?

Lights down stage left; lights up stage right

BENVOLIO  
Reads

[9] "Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters;
Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces;
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt,
my fair niece Rosaline…"

ROMEO (takes the scroll)  
A fair assembly: whither should they come?

SERVANT  
Up.

ROMEO  
Whither?

SERVANT  
To supper; to our house.

ROMEO  
Whose house?

SERVANT  
My master's.

ROMEO  
Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

SERVANT  
Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!

Exit

Lights down stage right; lights up stage left

LADY CAPULET  
This night you shall behold him at our feast;  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Lights down stage left; lights up stage right

BENVOLIO  
At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so Lovest,  
With all the admired beauties of Verona:  
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Lights up stage right

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.

ROMEO  
I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.  

Exeunt

LADY CAPULET  
We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.  

NURSE  
Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt

Interlude

[10] Scene 4: Outside the Capulet house

Ball Music in the distance

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with Maskers,

BENVOLIO  
Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,  
But every man betake him to his legs.

ROMEO  
Give me a torch:  
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO  
Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.  
We'll draw thee from the mire  
Wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!  

ROMEO  
And we mean well in going  
to this mask;  
But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO  
Why, may one ask?

ROMEO  
I dream'd a dream to-  

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  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut  
Her wagon spokes made of long spiders' legs,  
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,  
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,  
Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.
ROMEO
Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO
True, I talk of dreams. As thin of substance as the air And more inconstant than the wind,

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. But He, that hath the steerage of my course, Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

Exeunt

Ball Music increases

[12] Scene 5: The Capulet ballroom
Enter CAPULET, all the GUESTS and GENTLEWOMEN to the Maskers
CAPULET
Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with you.

ROMEO [To a Servingman]
What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand Of yonder knight?

SERVANT
I know not, sir.

ROMEO
O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand, And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand. Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight! For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT
This, by his voice, should be a Montague. Fetch me my rapier! To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET
Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so? For shame! I'll make you quiet.

TYBALT
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.

ROMEO [To JULIET]
If I profane with my unworthiest hand This holy shrine, the gentle fine 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, For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch, And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROMEO
Have not saints lips?

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

ROMÉO
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. (They kiss.) Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

JULIET
Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO
Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged! Give me my sin again. (Kiss again.)

JULIET
You kiss by the book.

Enter NURSE
NURSE
Marry, bachelor, Her mother is the lady of the house, I nursed her daughter; I tell you, he that can lay hold of her Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO
Is she a Capulet?

BENVOLIO
Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

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

Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse

JULIET
Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE
Marry, bachelor, Her name is Romeo, and a Montague; The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET
My only love sprung from my only hate! Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

LADY CAPULET (off-stage)
Juliet...

NURSE
Anon, anon! Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt

Interlude

ROMÉO (outside, between scenes)
Can I go forward when my heart is here? Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

Interlude continues
Scene 6: At Juliet’s Balcony

JULIET appears above at a window

ROMEO

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. (2.2.23)

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Be not her maid, since she is 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! (2.2.11)

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

[16] O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? (2.2.33)

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

Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
’Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. (2.2.39)

What’s Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What’s in a name? A rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call’d,
Retain that dear perfection. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

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

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

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NURSE  
[Within] Madam!

JULIET  
I come, anon.  
To-morrow will I send.

ROMEO  
So thrive my soul--

NURSE  
[Within] Madam!

JULIET  
By and by, I come:  
A thousand times good night!  
(2.2.154)

Exit, above

ROMEO  
A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.  
Retiring

Re-enter JULIET, above

JULIET  
Romeo!  
(2.2.163)

ROMEO  
It is my soul that calls upon my name:

JULIET  
Romeo! At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO  
At the hour of nine.

JULIET  
I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.  
Romeo!...  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.  
(2.2.170)

ROMEO  
Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET  
I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

ROMEO  
And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,

JULIET  
I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

NURSE (calls within)  
Juliet...

JULIET  
'Tis almost morning;  
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.  
(2.2.185)

NURSE  
[Within] Juliet!

JULIET  
I come, anon.  
Exit above

ROMEO  
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!  
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Exit
Scene 1: Early morning, outside

FRIAR LAURENCE
The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO
Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Benedicite! (2.3.31)
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night. (2.3.42)

ROMEO
That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAURENCE
God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO
With Rosaline?
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

FRIAR LAURENCE
That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

ROMEO
[19] I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies. (2.3.52)

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 this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken?
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!

ROMEO
Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline. (2.3.81)

FRIAR LAURENCE
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO
I pray thee, chide not. Her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.

FRIAR LAURENCE
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love. (2.3.92)

ROMEO
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn our households' rancour to pure love,
O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt

Scene 2: Verona town square

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

MERCUTIO
Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night? (2.4.2)

BENVOLIO
Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

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

BENVOLIO
Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO
A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO
Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO
Alas poor Romeo! he is already dead;
stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run through
the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart
cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a
man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO
Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO
More than prince of cats, I can tell you. He fights
as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion;
rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom.

BENVOLIO
Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo. (2.4.36)

MERCUTIO
Signior Romeo, bon jour! You gave us the counterfeit fairly last
night. (2.4.45)

ROMEO
Good morrow to you both. 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.  (2.4.53)

ROMEO
Meaning, to cur'sy.

MERCUTIO
Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROMEO
A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO
Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? No art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature.  (2.4.93)

Enter Nurse and Peter (mute)

BENVOLIO
Here's goodly gear!  (2.4.101)
A sail, a sail!

MERCUTIO
Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

[21] Nurse
Peter!
My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO
Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse
God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO
God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse
Is it good den?

MERCUTIO
'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.  (2.4.113)

Nurse
Out upon you! what a man are you?

ROMEO
One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, for himself to mar.

Nurse
"for himself to mar," By my troth, it is well said; Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

ROMEO
I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him.

Nurse
If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.  (2.4.128)

BENVOLIO
She will indite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO
A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

BENVOLIO
What hast thou found?

MERCUTIO
No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.  (2.4.133)

Sings
An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Sings again with BENVOLIO
An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

MERCUTIO
Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner, thither.

ROMEO
I will follow you.

MERCUTIO
Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, Singing "lady, lady, lady."
Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

Nurse
Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?  (2.4.146)

ROMEO
A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse
I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!  (2.4.162)

[22] Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady 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 into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROMEO
Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee--
Nurse
Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much:
Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman. (2.4.174)

ROMEO
What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse
I will tell her, sir, 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' cell
Be shrived and married.

Nurse
This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

ROMEO
And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
To be my convey in the secret night. (2.4.191)

Farewell; commend me to thy mist
ress.

NURSE
Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—
She was the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.
An I might live to see her married once, I have my wish.

ROMEO
Nurse, commend me to thy lady.

Nurse
Ay, a thousand times. (2.4.215)

Exit Romeo
Peter!

Exeunt

[23] Scene 3: Juliet's Room

JULIET
The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return. (2.5.2)
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.
Old folks -- many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead. (2.5.17)

Enter Nurse

[24] O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?

Nurse
I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:

JULIET
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; 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?
Is thy news good, or bad?
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad? (2.5.37)

JULIET
I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love? (2.5.54)

Nurse
[25] Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous--Where is your mother?

JULIET
Where is my mother! Where is my mother!
How oddly thou repliest!
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
'Where is your mother?'"

Nurse
O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET
Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo? (2.5.65)

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; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
hie you to the cell.

JULIET
Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. (2.5.78)

Exeunt

[26] Scene 4: Friar Laurence's Cell

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO

FRIAR LAURENCE
So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not! (2.6.2)

ROMEO
Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine. (2.6.8)

Enter JULIET

JULIET
Good even to my ghostly confessor.

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

JULIET
As much to him, else is his thanks too much. (2.6.23)
FRIAR LAURENCE
[27] Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
You shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.  (2.6.37)

ROMEO and JULIET
Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
We shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.  (2.6.15)

ROMEO and JULIET
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her (him) mine.  (2.6.8)

Exeunt

[CD2 track 2] Scene 5: Verona town square
Enter MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO
I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.  (3.1.4)

MERCUTIO
Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters a tavern claps me his sword
upon the table and says "God send me no need of thee!" and by the operation of the second cup draws
it on the drawer.  (3.1.9)

BENVOLIO
Am I like such a fellow?  (3.1.10)
An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any
man should buy my life for an hour  and a quarter.  (3.1.33)

Enter TYBALT, and others

BENVOLIO
[3] By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO
By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT
Gentlemen, good den: 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, sir, an you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO
Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT
Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,— (3.1.45)

MERCUTIO
Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? here's my fiddlestick;
here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Enter ROMEO

TYBALT
Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.
Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.  (3.1.61)

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 know'st me not.

TYBALT
Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.  (3.1.67)

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
[4] O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Drags
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT
What wouldst thou have with me?  (3.1.76)

MERCUTIO
Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives.  (3.1.82)

TYBALT
I am for you.

MERCUTIO
Come, sir, your passado.

TYBALT
Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

BENVOLIO
[5] O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
ROMEO
O sweet Juliet, (3.1.113)
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!
Fire-eyed fury be my conduct now! (3.1.124)
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again.

Re-enter TYBALT

Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:

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

They fight; TYBALT falls

BENVOLIO
Romeo, away, be gone!

ROMEO
O, I am fortune's fool!

Exeunt
JULIET
O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse
It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

JULIET
O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

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

JULIET
Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

Nurse
Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

JULIET
Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

[9] (Soliloquy) Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

JULIET
O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exeunt

[10] Scene 2: Friar Laurence's Cell

ROMEO
Ha, banishment! be merciful, say "death";
do not say "banishment."

FRIAR LAURENCE
Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO
There is no world without Verona walls,
heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not. How hast thou the heart,
To mangle me with that word "banishment"?
do not say "banishment."
be merciful, say "death."

FRIAR LAURENCE
Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Thy Juliet is alive,
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there are thou happy:
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
And turns to exile; there art thou happy:
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pou'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Scene 3: Juliet's Room, daybreak

JULIET
Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear; (3.5.3)

ROMEO
It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale.

JULIET
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO
Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die. (3.5.11)

JULIET
Yon light is not day—
I know it, I: it is some meteor; thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO
So thou wilt have it so.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

JULIET
It is, it is: (3.5.26)
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROMEO
More light and light; more dark and dark our woes! (3.5.36)

Enter Nurse

Nurse
Madam!
JULIET
Nurse?
Nurse
Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.
Exit

JULIET
Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROMEO
Farewell, farewell! one kiss.

JULIET
O think'st thou we shall ever meet again? (3.5.51)

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

JULIET
Love, Lord, Husband: and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

ROMEO
Love, sweet Juliet, Adieu, Farewell, adieu, farewell!
JULIET
Farewell, adieu, adieu!
Exit ROMEO

JULIET
O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him.
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune; (3.5.62)
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

LADY CAPULET
[Within] Ho, daughter! are you up? (3.5.64)

JULIET
Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET
Why, how now, Juliet!

JULIET
Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET
Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

JULIET
Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss. (3.5.74)

LADY CAPULET
Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy. (3.5.110)

JULIET
Madam, what day is that?

LADY 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
Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet!

LADY CAPULET
Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands. (3.5.125)

Enter CAPULET and Nurse

CAPULET

LADY CAPULET
Evermore showering? the winds, thy sighs;
Raging with thy tears, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife! (3.5.137)

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 blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JULIET
Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate!

CAPULET
Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

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 blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JULIET
Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate!

CAPULET
Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds, (3.5.152)
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.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

JULIET
Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
CAPULET
Hang thee, young baggage!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.
Exit

JULIET
[15] O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week.

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

JULIET
O God!
--
O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
Comfort me, counsel me!

Nurse
Faith, here it is.
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him.
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first.

JULIET
Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse
And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.
JULIET
Amen.

Nurse
What?

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

JULIET
Amen.

Nurse
What?

JULIET
Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Go, counsellor: Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.
Exit

[16] Scene 4: Friar Laurence's Cell
Enter JULIET

JULIET
O shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

FRIAR LAURENCE
Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must
On Thursday next be married.

JULIET
Friar, tell me not, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand,
Or my true heart
Turn to another, this knife shall slay them both.

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 to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then thou wilt undertake
A thing like death;
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET
O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Hold; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris:
Shall Romeo by my letters 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 to Mantua.

JULIET
Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

FRIAR LAURENCE
If no fear
Abate thy valour…

JULIET
Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.

FRIAR LAURENCE
Hold; get you gone, be strong
In this resolve: I'll send my letters to thy lord.

JULIET
Farewell, dear father! Farewell!

Exeunt
Scene 5: Juliet's Room (nightfall)

JULIET

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again. (4.3.14)

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
Come, vial.
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink— I drink to thee. (4.3.58)

She falls upon her bed...passage of time...

Scene 6: Juliet's Room (the following morning)

Enter Nurse

Nurse

Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! -- fie, you slug-a-bed! (4.5.2)

Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
(4.5.13)

Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

What noise is here? (4.5.20)

CAPULET

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field. (4.5.29)

Nurse

O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day! (4.5.49)

O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:

CAPULET

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight! (4.5.48)

FRIAR LAURENCE

Peace. Peace. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid. (4.5.68)

Singing continues during slow fade —

Scene 7 (superimposed): Romeo in Mantua

ROMEO (to Benvolio)

How doth my lady?
How fares my Juliet?
For nothing can be ill, if she be well. (5.1.16)

BENVOLIO

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Snatching ROMEO's dagger
This is thy sheath; [Stabs herself] there rust, and let me die.

Romeo drinks

Thy lips are warm.

O happy dagger!

Romeo stabs himself

This is thy sheath; [Stabs herself] there rust, and let me die.

Lights fade...Passage of time...mourners gather...

Epilogue

PRINCE

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love. (5.3.293)

A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. (5.3.306)

The dirge-song is repeated; first by Lady Capulet, Lord Capulet and Friar Laurence, then by all but Romeo and Juliet, and finally (placeless and timeless) by Romeo and Juliet.