

Act 3, Scene 1

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Mercutio's PAGE, and others

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.

MERCUTIO

- 5 Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table and says "God send me no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO

Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, 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. Thou, why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast quarreled with a man for coughing in the street because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? With another, for tying his new shoes with old ribbon? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

MERCUTIO, his page, and BENVOLIO enter with other men.

BENVOLIO

I'm begging you, good Mercutio, let's call it a day. It's hot outside, and the Capulets are wandering around. If we bump into them, we'll certainly get into a fight. When it's hot outside, people become angry and hot-blooded.

MERCUTIO

You're like one of those guys who walks into a bar, slams his sword on the table, and then says, "I pray I never have to use you." By the time he orders his second drink, he pulls his sword on the bartender for no reason at all.

BENVOLIO

Am I really like one of those guys?

MERCUTIO

Come on, you can be as angry as any guy in Italy when you're in the mood. When someone does the smallest thing to make you angry, you get angry. And when you're in the mood to get angry, you find something to get angry about.

BENVOLIO

And what about that?

MERCUTIO

If there were two men like you, pretty soon there'd be none because the two of you would kill each other. You would fight with a man if he had one more whisker or one less whisker in his beard than you have in your beard. You'll fight with a man who's cracking nuts just because you have hazelnut-colored eyes. Only you would look for a fight like that. Your head is as full of fights as an egg is full of yolk, but your head has been beaten like scrambled eggs from so much fighting. You started a fight with a man who coughed in the street because he woke up a dog that was sleeping in the sun. Didn't you argue it out with your tailor for wearing one of his new suits before the right season? And with another for tying the new shoes he made with old laces? And yet you're the one who wants to

BENVOLIO

10 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!

Enter TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and other CAPULETS

BENVOLIO

By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

15 Gentlemen, good e'en. 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.

MERCUTIO

20 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 grievances,
Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

teach me about restraint!

BENVOLIO

If I were in the habit of fighting the way you are, my life insurance rates would be sky high.

MERCUTIO

Your life insurance? That's foolish.

TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and CAPULETS enter.

BENVOLIO

Oh great, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

Well, well, I don't care.

TYBALT

(to PETRUCCIO and others) Follow me closely, I'll talk to them. *(to the MONTAGUES)* Good afternoon, gentlemen. I'd like to have a word with one of you.

MERCUTIO

You just want one word with one of us? Put it together with something else. Make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT

You'll find me ready enough to do that, sir, if you give me a reason.

MERCUTIO

Can't you find a reason without my giving you one?

TYBALT

Mercutio, you hang out with Romeo.

MERCUTIO

"Hang out?" Who do you think we are, musicians in a band? If we look like musicians to you, you can expect to hear nothing but noise. *(touching the blade of his sword)* This is my fiddlestick. I'll use it to make you dance. Goddammit—"Hang out!"

BENVOLIO

We're talking here in a public place. Either go someplace private, or talk it over rationally, or else just go away. Out here everybody can see us.

MERCUTIO

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

Enter **ROMEO**

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower.
30 Your worship in that sense may call him "man."

TYBALT

Romeo, the love 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
35 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.

ROMEO

I do protest I never injured thee,
40 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 my own—be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm dishonourable, vile submission!
45 *Alla stoccata* carries it away. (*draws his sword*)
Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I

MERCUTIO

Men's eyes were made to see things, so let them watch. I won't
move to please anybody.

ROMEO *enters.*

TYBALT

Well, may peace be with you. Here comes my man, the man I'm
looking for.

MERCUTIO

He's not your man. Alright, walk out into a field, and he'll
chase you. In that sense you can call him your "man."

TYBALT

Romeo, there's only one thing I can call you. You're a villain.

ROMEO

Tybalt, I have a reason to love you that lets me put aside the
rage I should feel and excuse that insult. I am no villain. So,
goodbye. I can tell that you don't know who I am.

TYBALT

Boy, your words can't excuse the harm you've done to me. So
now turn and draw your sword.

ROMEO

I disagree. I've never done you harm. I love you more than you
can understand until you know the reason why I love you. And
so, good Capulet—which is a name I love like my own name—
you should be satisfied with what I say.

MERCUTIO

This calm submission is dishonorable and vile. The thrust of a
sword will end this surrender. (*draws his sword*)Tybalt, you
rat-catcher, will you go fight me?

TYBALT

What do you want from me?

MERCUTIO

Good King of Cats, I want to take one of your nine lives. I'll

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mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYBALT

I am for you. *(draws his sword)*

ROMEO

50 Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your *passado*.

MERCUTIO and TYBALT fight

ROMEO

(draws his sword) Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame! Forbear this outrage.

Tybalt, Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath

55 Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

ROMEO tries to break up the fight TYBALT stabs MERCUTIO under ROMEO's arm

PETRUCHIO

Away, Tybalt.

Exeunt TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and the other CAPULETS

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

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

60 Is he gone and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Exit MERCUTIO'S PAGE

ROMEO

Courage, man. The hurt cannot be much.

take one, and, depending on how you treat me after that, I might beat the other eight out of you too. Will you pull your sword out of its sheath? Hurry up, or I'll smack you on the ears with my sword before you have yours drawn.

TYBALT

I'll fight you. *(he draws his sword)*

ROMEO

Noble Mercutio, put your sword away.

MERCUTIO

(to TYBALT) Come on, sir, perform your forward thrust, your *passado*.

MERCUTIO and TYBALT fight

ROMEO

(drawing his sword) Draw your sword, Benvolio. Let's beat

down their weapons. Gentlemen, stop this disgraceful fight.

Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince has banned fighting in the streets of Verona. Stop, Tybalt. Stop, good Mercutio.

ROMEO tries to break up the fight. TYBALT reaches under ROMEO's arm and stabs MERCUTIO.

PETRUCHIO

Let's get away, Tybalt.

TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and the other CAPULETS exit.

MERCUTIO

I've been hurt. May a plague curse both your families. I'm finished. Did he get away clean?

BENVOLIO

What, are you hurt?

MERCUTIO

Yes, yes. It's a scratch, just a scratch. But it's enough. Where is my page? Go, boy. Get me a doctor.

MERCUTIO'S PAGE exits.

ROMEO

Have courage, man. The wound can't be that bad.

MERCUTIO

No, 'tis not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

65

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,

70 And soundly too. Your houses!

Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO

ROMEO

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf. My reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander.—Tybalt, that an hour
75 Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper softened valor's steel!

Enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
80 Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO

This day's black fate on more days doth depend.
This but begins the woe others must end.

Enter TYBALT

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

MERCUTIO

No, it's not as deep as a well, or as wide as a church door, but it's enough. It'll do the job. Ask for me tomorrow, and you'll find me in a grave. I'm done for in this world, I believe. May a plague strike both your houses. Goddammit! I can't believe that dog, that rat, that mouse, that cat could scratch me to death! That braggart, punk villain who fights like he learned swordsmanship from a manual! Why the hell did you come in between us? He struck me from under your arm.

ROMEO

I thought it was the right thing to do.

MERCUTIO

Take me inside some house, Benvolio, or I'll pass out. May a plague strike both your families! They've turned me into food for worms. I'm done for. Curse your families!

MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO exit.

ROMEO

This gentleman Mercutio, a close relative of the Prince and my dear friend, was killed while defending me from Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, who had been my cousin for a whole hour!
Oh, sweet Juliet, your beauty has made me weak like a woman, and you have softened my bravery, which before was as hard as steel.

BENVOLIO enters.

BENVOLIO

Oh Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead! His brave spirit has floated up to heaven, but it was too early for him to leave life on earth.

ROMEO

The future will be affected by today's terrible events. Today is the start of a terror that will end in the days ahead.

TYBALT enters.

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Alive in triumph—and Mercutio slain!

85 Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now.

Now, Tybalt, take the “villain” back again

That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,

90 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. TYBALT falls

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!

95 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom thee death

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

ROMEO

Oh, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO

Why dost thou stay?

Exit ROMEO

Enter CITIZENS OF THE WATCH

CITIZEN OF THE WATCH

Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?

100 Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt.

CITIZEN OF THE WATCH

(to TYBALT) Up, sir, go with me.

I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, LADY MONTAGUE,

ROMEO

He's alive and victorious, and Mercutio's dead? Enough with mercy and consideration. It's time for rage to guide my actions.

Now, Tybalt, you can call me “villain” the way you did before.

Mercutio's soul is floating right above our heads. He's waiting for you to keep him company on the way up to heaven. Either you, or I, or both of us have to go with him.

TYBALT

Wretched boy, you hung out with him here, and you're going to go to heaven with him.

ROMEO

This fight will decide who dies.

They fight. TYBALT falls and dies

BENVOLIO

Romeo, get out of here. The citizens are around, and Tybalt is dead. Don't stand there shocked. The Prince will give you the death penalty if you get caught. So get out of here!

ROMEO

Oh, I have awful luck.

BENVOLIO

Why are you waiting?

ROMEO exits.

The CITIZENS OF THE WATCH enter.

CITIZEN OF THE WATCH

The man who killed Mercutio, which way did he go? Tybalt, that murderer, which way did he run?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt is lying over there.

CITIZEN OF THE WATCH

(to TYBALT) Get up, sir, and come with me. I command you, by the authority of the Prince, to obey me.

The PRINCE enters with MONTAGUE, CAPULET, LADY

LADY CAPULET, and OTHERS

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

105 O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
110 O Prince! O cousin! Husband! Oh, the blood is spilled
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.
115 Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was and urged withal
Your high displeasure. All this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
120 Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside and with the other sends
125 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity,
Retorts it. Romeo, he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes—underneath whose arm
130 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.

MONTAGUE, LADY CAPULET, and OTHERS.

PRINCE

Where are the evil men who started this fight?

BENVOLIO

Oh, noble prince, I can tell you everything about the
unfortunate circumstances of this deadly fight. Over there
Tybalt is lying dead. He killed your relative, brave Mercutio,
and then young Romeo killed him.

LADY CAPULET

Tybalt was my nephew! He was my brother's son! Oh Prince,
oh nephew, oh husband! Oh, my nephew is dead! Oh Prince, as
you are a man of honor, take revenge for this murder by killing
someone from the Montague family. Oh cousin, cousin!

PRINCE

Benvolio, who started this fight?

BENVOLIO

Tybalt started the fight before he was killed by Romeo. Romeo
spoke to Tybalt politely and told him how silly this argument
was. He mentioned that you would not approve of the fight. He
said all of this gently and calmly, kneeling down out of respect.
But he could not make peace with Tybalt, who was in an angry
mood and wouldn't listen to talk about peace. Tybalt and
Mercutio began to fight each other fiercely, lunging at one
another and dodging each other's blows. Romeo cried out,
"Stop, my friends. Break it up." Then he jumped in between
them and forced them to put their swords down. But Tybalt
reached under Romeo's arm and thrust his sword into brave
Mercutio. Then Tybalt fled the scene.

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But by and by comes back to
Romeo,

Who had but newly entertained revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for ere I
135 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.

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague.
Affection makes him false. He speaks not true.
140 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give.
Romeo slew Tybalt. Romeo must not live.

PRINCE

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

MONTAGUE

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

PRINCE

And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence.
150 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.
155 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will.
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt

But pretty soon he came back to meet Romeo, who was overcome with the desire for revenge. As quick as lightning, they started fighting. Before I could break up the fight, Tybalt was killed. Romeo ran away when Tybalt fell dead. I'm telling you the truth, I swear on my life.

LADY CAPULET

Benvolio is part of the Montague family. His loyalties to the Montagues make him tell lies. He's not telling the truth. There were twenty Montagues fighting in this awful riot, and together those twenty could only kill one man. I demand justice. You, Prince, are the man who can give me justice. Romeo killed Tybalt. Romeo must die.

PRINCE

Romeo killed Tybalt. Tybalt killed Mercutio. Who should now pay the price for Mercutio's life?

MONTAGUE

Not Romeo, Prince. He was Mercutio's friend. His crime did justice's job by taking Tybalt's life.

PRINCE

And for that crime, Romeo is hereby exiled from Verona. I'm involved in your rivalry. Mercutio was my relative, and he lies dead because of your bloody feud. I'll punish you so harshly that you'll regret causing me this loss. I won't listen to your pleas or excuses. You can't get out of trouble by praying or crying, so don't bother. Tell Romeo to leave the city immediately, or else, if he is found, he will be killed. Take away this body, and do what I say. Showing mercy by pardoning killers only causes more murders.

They exit.

SCENE 2

Enter JULIET alone

JULIET

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Toward Phoebus' lodging. Such a wagoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
5 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,
10 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks,
15 With thy black mantle, till strange love, grow bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
20 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
25 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
30 To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them.

JULIET *enters alone.*

I wish the sun would hurry up and set and night would come immediately. When the night comes and everyone goes to sleep, Romeo will leap into my arms, and no one will know. Beauty makes it possible for lovers to see how to make love in the dark. Or else love is blind, and its best time is the night. I wish night would come, like a widow dressed in black, so I can learn how to submit to my husband and lose my virginity. Let the blood rushing to my cheeks be calmed. In the darkness, let me, a shy virgin, learn the strange act of sex so that it seems innocent, modest, and true. Come, night. Come, Romeo. You're like a day that comes during the night. You're whiter than snow on the black wings of a raven. Come, gentle night. Come, loving, dark night. Give me my Romeo. And when I die, turn him into stars and form a constellation in his image. His face will make the heavens so beautiful that the world will fall in love with the night and forget about the garish sun. Oh, I have bought love's mansion, but I haven't moved in yet. I belong to Romeo now, but he hasn't taken possession of me yet. This day is so boring that I feel like a child on the night before a holiday, waiting to put on my fancy new clothes.

Enter NURSE with cords

Oh, here comes my Nurse,
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords
35 That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE

Ay, ay, the cords.

JULIET

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

NURSE

Ah, welladay! He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
40 Alack the day! He's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET

What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
45 This torture should be roared in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but “ay,”
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
I am not I if there be such an *I*,
50 Or those eyes shut that makes thee answer “ay.”
If he be slain, say “ay,” or if not, “no.”
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

NURSE

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast.
55 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse.
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,

The NURSE enters with the rope ladder in her pouch.

Oh, here comes my Nurse, and she brings news. Every voice
that mentions Romeo's name sounds beautiful. Now, Nurse,
what's the news? Is that the rope ladder Romeo told you to
pick up?

NURSE

Yes, yes, this is the rope ladder.

JULIET

Oh my, what's the news? Why do you look so upset?

NURSE

Oh, it's a sad day! He's dead. He's dead. He's dead! We're
ruined, lady, we're ruined! What an awful day! He's gone. He's
been killed. He's dead!

JULIET

Can God be so jealous and hateful?

NURSE

Romeo is hateful, even though God isn't. Oh, Romeo, Romeo,
who ever would have thought it would be Romeo?

JULIET

What kind of devil are you to torture me like this? This is as
bad as the tortures of hell. Has Romeo killed himself? Just say
“Yes” and I will turn more poisonous than the snake with the
evil eye. I will no longer be myself if you tell me Romeo killed
himself. If he's been killed, say “Yes.” If not, say “No.” These
short words will determine my joy or my pain.

NURSE

I saw the wound. I saw it with my own eyes. God bless that
wound, here on his manly chest. A pitiful corpse, a bloody,
pitiful corpse.
Pale as ashes and drenched in blood. All the dried blood was so

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All in gore blood. I swoonèd at the sight.

JULIET

O, break, my hear, poor bankrupt, break at once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty.

60 Vile earth, to earth resign. End motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier.

NURSE

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! Honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead.

JULIET

65 What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?

My dearest cousin and my dearer lord?

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!

For who is living if those two are gone?

NURSE

70 Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd.

Romeo that killed him—he is banishèd.

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!

75 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!

Dove-feathered raven, wolvis-ravens lamb!

Despisèd substance of divinest show,

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.

80 A damnèd saint, an honorable villain!

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter

gory. I fainted when I saw it.

JULIET

Oh, my heart is breaking. Oh, my bankrupt heart is breaking.

I'll send my eyes to prison, and they'll never be free to look at anything again. I'll give my vile body back to the earth. I'll never move again. My body and Romeo's will lie together in one sad coffin.

NURSE

Oh, Tybalt, Tybalt, he was the best friend I had. Oh, polite

Tybalt, he was an honorable gentleman. I wish I had not lived long enough to see him die.

JULIET

What disaster is this? Has Romeo been killed, and is Tybalt dead too? Tybalt was my dearest cousin. Romeo was even dearer to me as my husband. Let the trumpets play the song of doom, because who can be alive if those two are gone?

NURSE

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo has been banished. Romeo killed Tybalt, and his punishment was banishment.

JULIET

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

NURSE

It did, it did. Curse the day this happened, but it did.

JULIET

Oh, he's like a snake disguised as a flower. Did a dragon ever hide in such a beautiful cave? He's a beautiful tyrant and a fiendish angel! He's a raven with the feathers of the dove. He's a lamb who hunts like a wolf! I hate him, yet he seemed the most wonderful man. He's turned out to be the exact opposite of what he seemed. He's a saint who should be damned. He's a villain who seemed honorable. Oh nature, what were you doing in hell? Why did you put the soul of a criminal in the perfect body of a man? Was there ever such an evil book with such a beautiful cover? Oh, I can't believe the deepest evil lurked inside something so beautiful!

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

That “banishèd,” that one word “banishèd”
115 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there.
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be ranked with other griefs,
Why followed not, when she said “Tybalt's dead,”
120 “Thy father” or “thy mother,” nay, or both,
Which modern lamentations might have moved?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
“Romeo is banishèd.” To speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
125 All slain, all dead. “Romeo is banishèd.”
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death. No words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, Nurse?

NURSE

Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.
130 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET

Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.
135 He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.
Come, cords.—Come, Nurse. I'll to my wedding bed.
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE

Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo
140 To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
I'll to him. He is hid at Lawrence' cell.

JULIET

(gives the NURSE a ring) O, find him! Give this ring to my true
knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

That banishment is worse than the murder of ten thousand
Tybalts. Tybalt's death would be bad enough if that was all.
Maybe pain likes to have company and can't come without
bringing more pain. It would have been better if, after she said,
“Tybalt's dead,” she told me my mother or my father, or both,
were gone. That would have made me make the normal cries of
sadness. But to say that Tybalt's dead and then say, “Romeo
has been banished.” To say that is like saying that my father,
my mother, Tybalt, Romeo, and Juliet have all been killed,
they're all dead. “Romeo has been banished.” That news brings
infinite death. No words can express the pain. Where are my
father and my mother, Nurse?

NURSE

They are crying and moaning over Tybalt's corpse. Are you
going to join them? I'll bring you there.

JULIET

Are they washing out his wounds with their tears? I'll cry my
tears for Romeo's banishment when their tears are dry. Pick up
this rope ladder. This poor rope ladder, it's useless now, just
like me, because Romeo has been exiled. He made this rope
ladder to be a highway to my bed, but I am a virgin, and I will
die a virgin and a widow. Let's go, rope ladder. Nurse, I'm
going to lie in my wedding bed. And death, not Romeo, can
take my virginity!

NURSE

Go to your bedroom. I'll find Romeo to comfort you. I know
where he is. Listen, your Romeo will be here tonight. I'll go to
him. He's hiding out in Friar Lawrence's cell.

JULIET

(giving her a ring) Oh, find him! Give this ring to my true
knight! And tell him to come here to say his last goodbye.

Exeunt

They exit.

SCENE 3

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo, come forth. Come forth, thou fearful man.
Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom?
5 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand
That I yet know not?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

ROMEO

What less than doomsday is the Prince's doom?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

10 A gentler judgment vanished from his lips:
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

15 Hence from Verona art thou banishèd.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world without Verona walls
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence "banishèd" is banished from the world,
20 And world's exile is death. Then "banishèd,"
Is death mistermed. Calling death "banishment,"
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden ax
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE *enters.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo, come out. Come out, you frightened man. Trouble likes
you, and you're married to disaster.

ROMEO *enters.*

ROMEO

Father, what's the news? What punishment did the Prince
announce? What suffering lies in store for me that I don't know
about yet?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You know too much about suffering. I have news for you about
the Prince's punishment.

ROMEO

Is the Prince's punishment any less awful than doomsday?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

He made a gentler decision. You won't die, but you'll be
banished from the city.

ROMEO

Ha, banishment? Be merciful and say "death." Exile is much
worse than death. Don't say "banishment."

FRIAR LAWRENCE

From now on, you are banished from Verona. You should be
able to endure this because the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO

There is no world for me outside the walls of Verona, except
purgatory, torture, and hell itself. So to be banished from
Verona is like being banished from the world, and being
banished from the world is death.
Banishment is death by the wrong name. Calling death
banishment is like cutting off my head with a golden ax and
smiling while I'm being murdered.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

25 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 dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture and not mercy. Heaven is here,
30 Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honorable state, more courtship lives
35 In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
40 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.
And sayst thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
45 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But “banishèd” to kill me?—“Banishèd”!
O Friar, the damnèd use that word in hell.
Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
50 A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word “banishèd”?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

ROMEO

Oh, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I'll give thee armor to keep off that word—

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Oh, deadly sin! Oh, rude and unthankful boy! You committed a crime that is punishable by death, but our kind Prince took sympathy on you and ignored the law when he substituted banishment for death. This is kind mercy, and you don't realize it.

ROMEO

It's torture, not mercy. Heaven is here because Juliet lives here. Every cat and dog and little mouse, every unworthy animal that lives here can see her, but Romeo can't. Flies are healthier and more honorable and better suited for romance than Romeo. They can take hold of Juliet's wonderful white hand and they can kiss her sweet lips. Even while she remains a pure virgin, she blushes when her lips touch each other because she thinks it's a sin. But Romeo can't kiss her or hold her hand because he's been banished. Flies can kiss her, but I must flee the city. Flies are like free men, but I have been banished. And yet you say that exile is not death? Did you have no poison, no sharp knife, no weapon you could use to kill me quickly, nothing so disgraceful, except banishment? Oh Friar, damned souls use the word banishment to describe hell. They howl about banishment. If you're a member of a divine spiritual order of men who forgive sins, and you say you're my friend, how do you have the heart to mangle me with the word banishment?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You foolish madman, listen to me for a moment.

ROMEO

Oh, you're just going to talk about banishment again.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I'll give you protection from that word. I'll give you the antidote

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

55 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy—
To comfort thee though thou art banishèd.

ROMEO

Yet “banishèd”? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,

60 It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Oh, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

65 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, then mightst thou tear thy hair
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
70 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Knocking from within

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Arise. One knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO

Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans,
Mistlike, infold me from the search of eyes.

Knocking

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise.

75 Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up.

Knocking

for trouble: philosophy. Philosophy will comfort you even
though you've been banished.

ROMEO

You're still talking about “banished?” Forget about philosophy!
Unless philosophy can create a Juliet, or pick up a town and
put it somewhere else, or reverse a prince's punishment, it
doesn't do me any good. Don't say anything else.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Oh, so madmen like you are also deaf.

ROMEO

How should madmen hear, if wise men can't even see?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Let me talk to you about your situation.

ROMEO

You can't talk about something that you don't feel. If you were
as young as I am, if you were in love with Juliet, if you had just
married her an hour ago, if then you murdered Tybalt, if you
were lovesick like me, and if you were banished, then you
might talk about it. You might also tear your hair out of your
head and collapse to the ground the way I do right now.
(ROMEO falls on the ground) You might kneel down and
measure the grave that hasn't yet been dug.

Knocking from offstage.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Get up. Somebody's knocking. Hide yourself, good Romeo.

ROMEO

I won't hide unless all the mist from my heartsick groans
envelopes me like fog and conceals me from people's searching
eyes.

Knocking.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Listen, they're still knocking!—(to the person at the door)

Who's there?—(to ROMEO) Romeo, get up. They'll arrest
you.—(to the person at the door) Hold on a moment.—(to
ROMEO) Get up.

Knocking

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,
What simpleness is this!—I come, I come.

Knocking

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

NURSE

(from within) Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.

80 I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

(opens the door) Welcome then.

Enter NURSE

NURSE

O holy Friar, O, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE

Oh, he is even in my mistress' case,
85 Just in her case. O woeful sympathy,
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up. Stand, an you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
90 Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROMEO

Nurse!

NURSE

Ah sir, ah sir. Death's the end of all.

ROMEO

Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
95 Now 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 canceled love?

Run and hide in my study.—Just a minute—For the love of
God, why are you being so stupid? I'm coming. I'm coming.

Knocking.

Why are you knocking so hard? Where do you come from?
What do you want?

NURSE

(from offstage) Let me come in, and I'll tell you why I came. I
come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

(opening the door) Welcome, then.

The NURSE enters.

NURSE

Oh, holy Friar, Oh, tell me, holy Friar, where is my lady's
husband? Where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

He's there on the ground. He's been getting drunk on his own
tears.

NURSE

Oh, he's acting just like Juliet, just like her. Oh painful
sympathy! What a pitiful problem! She's lying on the ground
just like him, blubbering and weeping, weeping and
blubbering. Stand up. Stand up. Stand up if you're really a
man. For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand up. Why
should you fall into so deep a moan?

ROMEO

Nurse!

NURSE

Ah sir, ah sir. Well, death is the end for everybody.

ROMEO

Were you talking about Juliet? How is she? Does she think that
I'm a practiced murderer because I tainted our newfound joy
by killing one of her close relatives? Where is she? How is she
doing? What does my hidden wife say about our ruined love?

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

NURSE

Oh, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,
100 And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And “Tybalt” calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

ROMEO

As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
105 Murdered her kinsman. O, tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. (*draws his dagger*)

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold thy desperate hand.
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art.
110 Thy tears are womanish. Thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
115 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?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
120 Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all
And usest none in that true use indeed
125 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valor of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;

NURSE

Oh, she doesn't say anything, sir. She just weeps and weeps.
She falls on her bed and then starts to get up. Then she calls
out Tybalt's name and cries “Romeo,” and then she falls down
again.

ROMEO

She's calling out my name as if I were a bullet murdering her,
just like I murdered her relative. Tell me, Friar, in what part of
my body is my name embedded? Tell me, so I can cut it out of
myself. (*he draws his dagger*)

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold on, and don't act out of desperation. Are you a man? You
look like a man, but your tears make you look like a woman.
Your wild actions resemble the irrational fury of a beast. You're
a shameful woman who looks like a man or else an ugly
creature who's half-man, half-beast. You have amazed me. I
swear by my holy order, I thought you were smarter and more
rational than this. Have you killed Tybalt? Will you kill
yourself? And would you also kill your wife, who shares your
life, by committing the sin of killing yourself? Why do you
complain about your birth, the heavens, and the earth? Life is
the union of soul in body through the miracle of birth, but you
would throw all that away. You bring shame to your body, your
love, and your mind. You have so much natural talent, but like
someone who hoards money, you use none of your talent for
the right purpose—not your body, not your love, not your
mind. Your body is just a wax figure, without the honor of a
man. The love that you promised was a hollow lie. You're
killing the love that you vowed to cherish. Your mind, which
aids both your body and your love, has mishandled both of
them. You're like a stupid soldier whose gunpowder explodes
because he's careless. The things you were supposed to use to
defend yourself end up killing you. Get up, man! Your Juliet is

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

130 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance;
And thou dismembered with thine own defence.

135 What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead—
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt—there art thou happy.
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend

140 And turns it to exile—there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
Happiness courts thee in her best array,
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.

145 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 then thou canst not pass to Mantua,

150 Where thou shalt live, 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
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—

155 Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

NURSE

O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night
To hear good counsel. Oh, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO

Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE

alive. It was for her that you were almost killed earlier. Be happy that she's alive. Tybalt wanted to kill you, but you killed Tybalt. Be happy that you're alive. The law that threatened your life was softened into exile. Be happy about that. Your life is full of blessings. You have the best sorts of happiness to enjoy.

But like a misbehaved, sullen girl, you're whining about your bad luck and your love. Listen, listen, people who act like that die miserable. Go be with your love, as it was decided at your wedding. Climb up to her bedroom and comfort her. But get out of there before the night watchmen take their positions. Then you will escape to the city of Mantua, where you'll live until we can make your marriage public and make peace between your families. We'll ask the Prince to pardon you. Then we'll welcome you back with twenty thousand times more joy than you'll have when you leave this town crying. Go ahead, Nurse. Give my regards to your lady, and tell her to hurry everybody in the house to bed. I'm sure they're all so sad that they'll be ready to sleep. Romeo is coming.

NURSE

O Lord, I could stay here all night listening to such good advice. Educated men are so impressive! (*speaking to ROMEO*) My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO

Do so, and tell my sweet to be ready to scold me.

NURSE

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.

(gives ROMEO JULIET's ring)

165 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Exit NURSE

ROMEO

How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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.

170 Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you that chances here.

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

ROMEO

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

175 It were a grief so brief to part with thee.

Farewell.

Exeunt

Here, sir, this is a ring she asked me to give you. Hurry up, it's getting late. *(she gives ROMEO JULIET's ring)*

The NURSE exits.

ROMEO

This makes me feel so much better!

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Now get out of here. Good night. Everything depends on this:

either be out of here before the night watchmen take their

positions, or leave in disguise after daybreak. Take a little

vacation in Mantua. I'll find your servant, and he'll update you

now and then on your case as it stands here. Give me your

hand. It's late. Farewell. Good night.

ROMEO

I'm off to experience the greatest joy of all, but still it's sad to

leave you in such a rush. Farewell.

They exit.

SCENE 4

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS

CAPULET

Things have fall'n 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.

5 '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 time to woo.
Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET

10 I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.
Tonight she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

CAPULET

Sir 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.—

15 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! What day is this?

PARIS

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

20 Monday! Ha, ha. Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be.—O' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado, a friend or two.
25 For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS

CAPULET

Things have turned out so unluckily, sir, that we haven't had
time to convince our daughter to marry you. Listen, she loved
her cousin Tybalt dearly, and so did I. Well, we were all born to
die. It's very late, she won't be coming downstairs tonight.
Believe me, if you weren't here visiting me, I myself would have
gone to bed an hour ago.

PARIS

These times of pain are bad times for romance. Madam, good
night. Give my regards to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET

I will. And I'll find out what she thinks about marriage early
tomorrow. Tonight she is shut up in her room, alone with her
sadness.

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I'll make a desperate argument for my child's love. I
think she'll do whatever I say. No, I think she'll do all that and
more. I have no doubt about it. Wife, visit her in her room
before you go to bed. Tell her about my son Paris's love for her.
And tell her, listen to me, on Wednesday—Wait—What day is
today?

PARIS

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

Monday! Ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon. Let it be on
Thursday. On Thursday, tell her, she'll be married to this noble
earl. Will you be ready? Do you think it's a good idea to rush?
We shouldn't have too big a celebration—we can invite a friend
or two. Listen, because Tybalt was just killed, people might
think that we don't care about his memory as our relative if we

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

30 My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

Well get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then.—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed.
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!

35 Afore me! It is so very late,
That we may call it early by and by.—
Good night.

Exeunt

have too grand a party. Therefore we'll have about half a dozen
friends to the wedding, and that's it. What do you think about
Thursday?

PARIS

My lord, I wish Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

Well go on home. Thursday it is, then. *(to LADY CAPULET)*
Visit Juliet before you go to bed. Get her ready, my wife, for
this wedding day. *(to PARIS)* Farewell, my lord. Now I'm off to
bed. Oh my! It's so late that we might as well call it early. Good
night.

They all exit.

SCENE 5

Enter ROMEO and JULIET aloft

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.
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
5 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
10 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales
To be to thee this night a torchbearer,
15 And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet. Thou need'st 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.
20 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
25 How is 't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.

JULIET

It is, it is. Hie hence! Be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

ROMEO and JULIET enter above the stage.

JULIET

Are you going? It's still a long time until daybreak. Don't be afraid. That sound you heard was the nightingale, not the lark. Every night the nightingale chirps on that pomegranate-tree. Believe me, my love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the bird that sings at dawn, not the nightingale. Look, my love, what are those streaks of light in the clouds parting in the east? Night is over, and day is coming. If I want to live, I must go. If I stay, I'll die.

JULIET

That light is not daylight, I know it. It's some meteor coming out of the sun to light your way to Mantua. So stay for a while. You don't have to go yet.

ROMEO

Let me be captured. Let me be put to death. I am content, if that's the way you want it. I'll say the light over there isn't morning. I'll say it's the reflection of the moon. I'll say that sound isn't the lark ringing in the sky. I want to stay more than I want to go. Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wants it this way. How are you, my love? Let's talk. It's not daylight.

JULIET

It is, it is. Get out of here, be gone, go away! It's the lark that sings so out of tune, making such harsh noise. Some say the

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division.

30 This doth not so, for she divideth us.

Some say the lark and loathèd toad change eyes.
Oh, now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.

35 O, now be gone. More light and light it grows.

ROMEO

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

Enter NURSE

NURSE

Madam.

JULIET

Nurse?

NURSE

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.

40 The day is broke. Be wary, look about.

Exit NURSE

JULIET

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

ROMEO

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

Kiss. ROMEO goes down

JULIET

Art thou gone so, love, lord? Ay, husband, friend,
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

45 For in a minute there are many days.

Oh, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROMEO

Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET

50 Oh, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

lark makes a sweet division between day and night. It's not true because she separates us. Some say the lark traded its eyes with the toad . Oh, now I wish they had traded voices too!

Because the lark's voice tears us out of each other's arms, and now there will be men hunting for you. Oh, go away now. I see more and more light.

ROMEO

More and more light. More and more pain for us.

The NURSE enters.

NURSE

Madam.

JULIET

Nurse?

NURSE

Your mother is coming to your bedroom. Day has broken. Be careful. Watch out.

The NURSE exits.

JULIET

Then the window lets day in, and life goes out the window.

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell! Give me one kiss, and I'll go down.

They kiss. ROMEO drops the ladder and goes down.

JULIET

Are you gone like that, my love, my lord? Yes, my husband, my friend! I must hear from you every day in the hour. In a minute there are many days. Oh, by this count I'll be many years older before I see my Romeo again.

ROMEO

Farewell! I won't miss any chance to send my love to you.

JULIET

Oh, do you think we'll ever meet again?

ROMEO

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

JULIET

O God, I have an ill-divining soul.
Methinks I see thee now, thou art so low

55 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROMEO

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

Exit **ROMEO**

JULIET

O fortune, fortune! All men call thee fickle.

60 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, fortune,
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

LADY CAPULET

(from within) Ho, daughter, are you up?

JULIET

65 Who is 't that calls? Is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late or up so early?

What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

Enter **LADY CAPULET**

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

70 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.

Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET

ROMEO

I have no doubts. All these troubles will give us stories to tell
each other later in life.

JULIET

Oh God, I have a soul that predicts evil things! Now that you
are down there, you look like someone dead in the bottom of a
tomb. Either my eyesight is failing me, or you look pale.

ROMEO

And trust me, love, you look pale to me too. Sadness takes
away our color. Goodbye, Goodbye!

ROMEO *exits.*

JULIET

Oh luck, luck. Everyone says you can't make up your mind. If
you change your mind so much, what are you going to do to
Romeo, who's so faithful? Change your mind, luck. I hope
maybe then you'll send him back home soon.

LADY CAPULET

(offstage) Hey, daughter! Are you awake?

JULIET

Who's that calling? Is it my mother? Isn't she up very late? Or
is she up very early? What strange reason could she have for
coming here?

LADY CAPULET *enters.*

LADY CAPULET

What's going on, Juliet?

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Will you cry about your cousin's death forever? Are you trying
to wash him out of his grave with tears? If you could, you
couldn't bring him back to life. So stop crying. A little bit of
grief shows a lot of love. But too much grief makes you look
stupid.

JULIET

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

75 So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

JULIET

Feeling so the loss,
Cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

80 What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

That same villain, Romeo.

JULIET

(aside) Villain and he be many miles asunder.
(to LADY CAPULET) God pardon him! I do, with all my heart,
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

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

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runagate doth live,
90 Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
95 Is my poor heart for a kinsman vexed.
Madam, if you could find out but a man

Let me keep weeping for such a great loss.

LADY CAPULET

You will feel the loss, but the man you weep for will feel
nothing.

JULIET

Feeling the loss like this, I can't help but weep for him forever.

LADY CAPULET

Well, girl, you're weeping not for his death as much as for the
fact that the villain who killed him is still alive.

JULIET

What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

That villain, Romeo.

JULIET

(speaking so that LADY CAPULET can't hear) He's far from
being a villain. *(to LADY CAPULET)* May God pardon him! I
do, with all my heart. And yet no man could make my heart
grieve like he does.

LADY CAPULET

That's because the murderer is alive.

JULIET

Yes, madam, he lies beyond my reach. I wish that no one could
avenge my cousin's death except me!

LADY CAPULET

We'll have revenge for it. Don't worry about that. Stop crying.
I'll send a man to Mantua, where that exiled rogue is living.
Our man will poison Romeo's drink, and Romeo will join
Tybalt in death. And then, I hope, you'll be satisfied.

JULIET

I'll never be satisfied with Romeo until I see him . . . dead—
dead is how my poor heart feels when I think about my poor
cousin. Madam, if you can find a man to deliver the poison, I'll
mix it myself so that Romeo will sleep quietly soon after he

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. Oh, how my heart abhors
100 To hear him named, and cannot come to him.

To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that slaughtered him!

LADY CAPULET

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET

105 And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, beseech your ladyship?

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

110 That thou expect'st not, nor I looked not for.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time, 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,
115 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 wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
120 I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet. And when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,

drinks it. Oh, how I hate to hear people say his name and not
be able to go after him. I want to take the love I had for my
cousin and take it out on the body of the man who killed him.

LADY CAPULET

Find out the way, and I'll find the right man. But now I have
joyful news for you, girl.

JULIET

And it's good to have joy in such a joyless time. What's the
news? Please tell me.

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, you have a careful father, child. He has arranged a
sudden day of joy to end your sadness. A day that you did not
expect and that I did not seek out.

JULIET

Madam, tell me quickly, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

Indeed, my child, at Saint Peter's Church early Thursday
morning, the gallant, young, and noble gentleman Count Paris
will happily make you a joyful bride.

JULIET

Now, I swear by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too, he will not
make me a joyful bride there. This is a strange rush. How can I
marry him, this husband, before he comes to court me? Please,
tell my father, madam, I won't marry yet. And, when I do
marry, I swear, it will be Romeo, whom you know I hate, rather
than Paris. That's really news!

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself, and see how he

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

125 And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE

CAPULET

When the sun sets the air doth drizzle dew,
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.

How now? A conduit, girl? What, still in tears,
130 Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind,
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears. The bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood. The winds thy sighs,
135 Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

Ay, sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks.
140 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 blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
145 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 that is meant love.

CAPULET

How, how, how, how? Chopped logic! What is this?
150 "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

takes the news.

CAPULET and the NURSE enter.

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the air drizzles dew. But at the death of my
brother's son, it rains a downpour. What are you, girl? Some
kind of fountain? Why are you still crying? Will you cry
forever? In one little body you seem like a ship, the sea, and the
winds. Your eyes, which I call the sea, flow with tears. The ship
is your body which is sailing on the salt flood of your tears. The
winds are your sighs. Your sighs and your tears are raging.
Unless you calm down, tears and sighs will overwhelm your
body and sink your ship. So where do things stand, wife? Have
you told her our decision?

LADY CAPULET

Yes, sir, I told her. But she won't agree. She says thank you but
refuses. I wish the fool were dead and married to her grave!

CAPULET

Wait! Hold on, wife. I don't understand. How can this be? She
refuses? Isn't she grateful? Isn't she proud of such a match?
Doesn't she realize what a blessing this is? Doesn't she realize
how unworthy she is of the gentleman we have found to be her
bridegroom?

JULIET

I am not proud of what you have found for me. But I am
thankful that you have found it. I can never be proud of what I
hate. But I can be thankful for something I hate, if it was meant
with love.

CAPULET

What is this? What is this fuzzy logic? What is this? I hear you
say "proud" and "I thank you," and then "no thank you" and
"not proud," you spoiled little girl. You're not really giving me
any thanks or showing me any pride. But get yourself ready for
Thursday. You're going to Saint Peter's Church to marry Paris.

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
155 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green sickness, carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie! What, are you mad?

JULIET

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

CAPULET

160 Hang thee, young baggage! Disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not. Reply not. Do not answer me.
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest

165 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.
Out on her, hilding!

NURSE

God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET

170 And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good prudence. Smatter with your gossips, go.

NURSE

I speak no treason.

CAPULET

Oh, God 'i' good e'en.

NURSE

May not one speak?

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,

175 For here we need it not.

LADY CAPULET

And if you don't go on your own, I'll drag you there. You
disgust me, you little bug! You worthless girl! You pale face!

LADY CAPULET

Shame on you! What, are you crazy?

JULIET

Good father, I'm begging you on my knees, be patient and
listen to me say just one thing.

CAPULET

Forget about you, you worthless girl! You disobedient wretch!
I'll tell you what. Go to church on Thursday or never look me in
the face again. Don't say anything. Don't reply. Don't talk back
to me.

(JULIET rises)

I feel like slapping you. Wife, we never thought ourselves
blessed that God only gave us this one child. But now I see that
this one is one too many. We were cursed when we had her.
She disgusts me, the little hussy!

NURSE

God in heaven bless her! My lord, you're wrong to berate her
like that.

CAPULET

And why, wise lady? You shut up, old woman. Go blabber with
your gossiping friends.

NURSE

I've said nothing wrong.

CAPULET

Oh, for God's sake.

NURSE

Can't I say something?

CAPULET

Be quiet, you mumbling fool! Say your serious things at lunch
with your gossiping friends. We don't need to hear it.

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

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 her matched. And having now provided

180 A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,

Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,

Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man—

And then to have a wretched puling fool,

185 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer "I'll not wed," "I cannot love,"

"I am too young," "I pray you, pardon me."—

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.

190 Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.

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,

195 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.

Trust to 't, bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.

Exit **CAPULET**

JULIET

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds

That sees into the bottom of my grief?—

O sweet my mother, cast me not away!

200 Delay this marriage for a month, a week.

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Exit **LADY CAPULET**

JULIET

You're getting too angry.

CAPULET

Goddammit! It makes me mad. Day and night, hour after hour, all the time, at work, at play, alone, in company, my top priority has always been to find her a husband. Now I've provided a husband from a noble family, who is good-looking, young, well-educated. He's full of good qualities.

He's the man of any girl's dreams. But this wretched, whimpering fool, like a whining puppet, she looks at this good fortune and answers, "I won't get married. I can't fall in love. I'm too young. Please, excuse me." Well, if you won't get married, I'll excuse you. Eat wherever you want, but you can no longer live under my roof. Consider that. Think about it. I'm not in the habit of joking. Thursday is coming. Put your hand on your heart and listen to my advice. If you act like my daughter, I'll marry you to my friend. If you don't act like my daughter, you can beg, starve, and die in the streets. I swear on my soul, I will never take you back or do anything for you. Believe me. Think about it. I won't break this promise.

CAPULET *exits.*

JULIET

Is there no pity in the sky that can see my sadness? Oh, my sweet mother, don't throw me out! Delay this marriage for a month, or a week. Or, if you don't delay, make my wedding bed in the tomb where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET

Don't talk to me, because I won't say a word. Do as you please, because I'm done worrying about you.

LADY CAPULET *exits.*

JULIET

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

205 O God!—O Nurse, 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? Comfort me. Counsel me.—

210 Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself.—

What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, Nurse.

NURSE

Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banishèd, and all the world to nothing

215 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.

Oh, he's a lovely gentleman.

220 Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first. Or if it did not,

225 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?

NURSE

And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.

JULIET

Amen!

NURSE

230 What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,

Oh God!—Oh Nurse, how can this be stopped? My husband is

alive on earth, my vows of marriage are in heaven. How can I

bring those promises back down to earth, unless my husband

sends them back down to me by dying and going to heaven?

Give me comfort. Give me advice. Oh no! Oh no! Why does

heaven play tricks on someone as weak as me? What do you

say? Don't you have one word of joy? Give me some comfort,

Nurse.

NURSE

This is what I have to say: Romeo has been banished. And it's a

sure thing that he will never come back to challenge you. If he

does come back, he'll have to sneak back undercover. Then,

since things are the way they are, I think the best thing to do is

to marry the count. Oh, he's a lovely gentleman! Romeo's a

dishcloth compared to him. Madam, an eagle does not have

eyes as green, as quick, and as fair as the eyes of Paris. Curse

my very heart, but I think you should be happy in this second

marriage, because it's better than your first. Even if it's not

better, your first marriage is over. Or if Romeo is as good as

Paris, Romeo doesn't live here, so you don't get to enjoy him.

JULIET

Are you speaking from your heart?

NURSE

I speak from my heart and from my soul too. If not, curse them

both.

JULIET

Amen!

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, you have given me great comfort. Go inside and tell my

mother that I'm gone. I made my father angry, so I went to

Romeo and Juliet Act 3

Having displeased my father, to Lawrence's cell
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

235 Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

Exit NURSE

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
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
240 So many thousand times? Go, counselor.
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

Friar Lawrence's cell to confess and be forgiven.

NURSE

Alright, I will. This is a good idea.

The NURSE exits.

JULIET

That damned old lady! Oh, that most wicked fiend! Is it a
worse sin for her to want me to break my vows or for her to say
bad things about my husband after she praised him so many
times before? Away with you and your advice, Nurse. From
now on, I will never tell you what I feel in my heart. I'm going
to the Friar to find out his solution. If everything else fails, at
least I have the power to take my own life.

JULIET *exits.*