

I am too young, I pray you pardon me!"
Think, lady; I do not jest.
Thursday is near; I'll give you to Count Paris,
Or beg, starve, die in the streets,
By my soul, I'll never again call thee daughter.

(He exits)

JULIET. 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!

(She exits.)

JULIET. O God! How shall this be stopped?
My husband is on earth; my marriage vows recorded
in heaven.
Nurse, go in; and tell my lady that having displeased
my father,
I have gone to Friar Lawrence to make confession.
I'll ask the Friar for his help.
If all else fails, myself have the power to die.



ACT IV

Scene 1

The scene is in Friar Lawrence's cell. Juliet has come to him for help. He is the only one that can save her from marriage to Paris.

FRIAR. O Juliet, I already know thy grief;
I hear thou must on Thursday be married to Count
Paris.

JULIET. Tell me, Friar, how I may prevent it.
Speak quickly. I long to die if thou canst not help me.

(She takes a dagger from her belt and threatens to kill herself.)

FRIAR. Stop, daughter. I do see a kind of hope.
If thou hast the courage, I'll give thee a remedy.

JULIET. And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live a pure wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR. Go home, then. Be merry, and give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
Take thou this vial. When thou art in bed,
Drink off its contents.
When it runs through all thy veins,
No warmth, no breath, shall show thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade.
Stiff and stark and cold, thou shalt appear like death
For two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom comes in the morning
To awake thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
In thy best robes, uncovered,
Thou shalt be laid in that ancient vault
Where all the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, before thou shalt awake,
I shall write Romeo of our plan,
And here shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee away to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from thy shame.

(Juliet reaches out and takes the vial filled with the drug.)

JULIET. Give me, give me! O, I am not afraid!
Love gives me strength.
Farewell, dear father.

Scene 2

The scene is Juliet's bedchamber. Night has come. She has told her father and mother that she will marry Paris in the morning. Nurse and Lady Capulet have helped her choose the clothes for her wedding and have now left her alone to sleep.

JULIET. (To her mother and the nurse as they leave)

Farewell!

(To herself) God knows when we shall meet again.

A faint cold fear thrills through my veins

That almost freezes up the heat of life.

Come, vial.

(She holds the drug in her hands, but she is frightened.)

What if this mixture does not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

(She grows more and more frightened of taking the drug.)

What if it be a poison which the friar

Hath given me to have me dead,

Lest he should be blamed

Because he married me before to Romeo?

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo comes

And there die strangled? There's a fearful point!

Or if I wake, shall I not be driven mad?

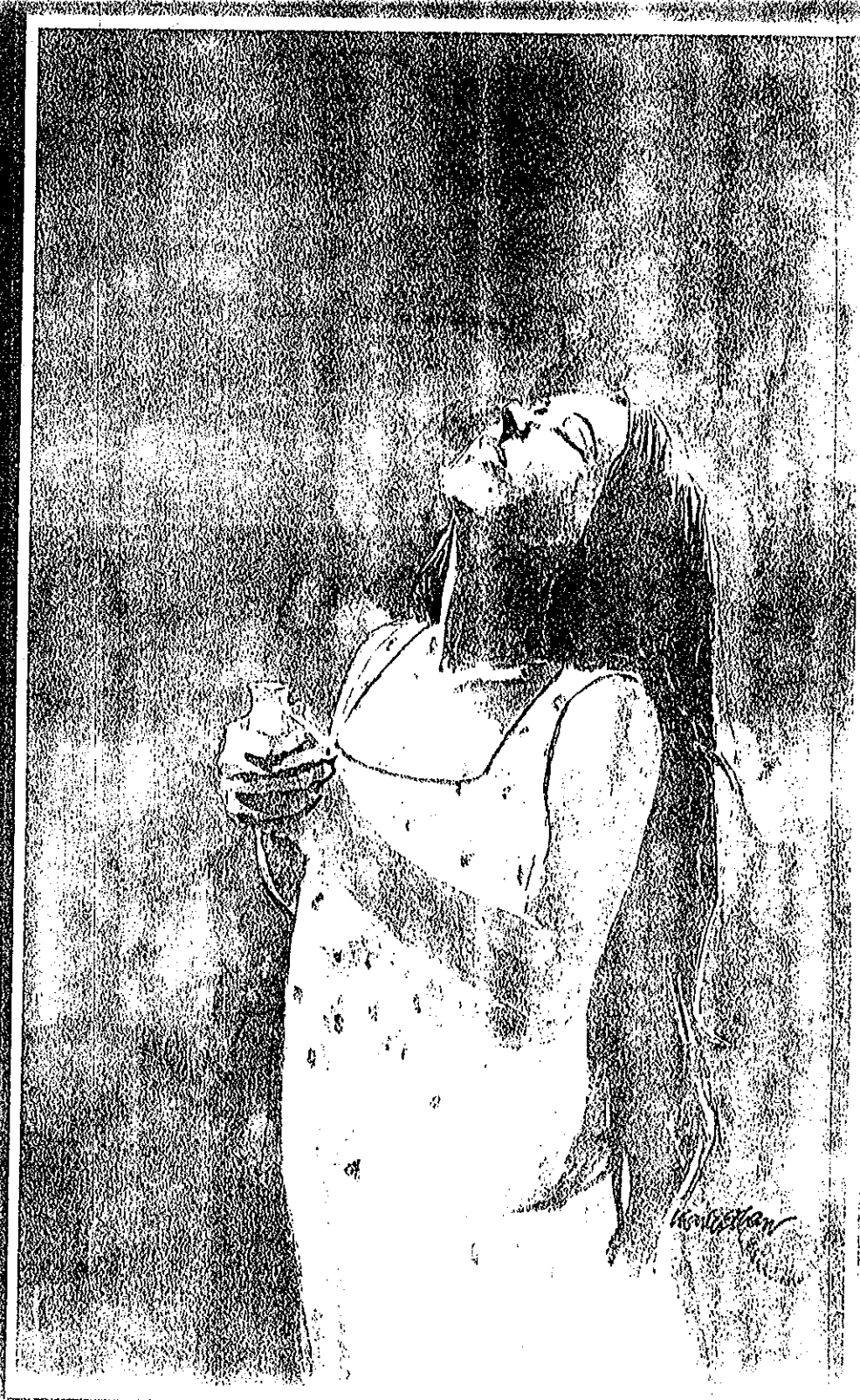
(As her mind imagines all the terrors of the tomb, she thinks Tybalt's ghost has come to haunt her.)

O, look! I think I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo. Stop, Tybalt, stop!

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, I drink to thee!

(She raises up the vial and drinks the drug and then falls upon her bed as though she is dead.)



Scene 3

The scene is Juliet's chamber the next morning. All the preparations have been made for the wedding. Nurse enters to get Juliet ready for the marriage to Paris.

NURSE. Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!
What, dressed, and in your clothes, and asleep again?
I must wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady!

(Nurse shakes her and tries to wake her, but the drug has done its work and Juliet seems to be dead.)

Alas, alas! Help! My lady's dead!

(Lady Capulet enters.)

LADY CAPULET. What noise is here? What is the matter?

NURSE. Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET. O me, O me! My child, my life!
Help, help! Call help.

(Lord Capulet enters.)

CAPULET. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

LADY CAPULET. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET. Ha! Let me see her. Alas! She's cold,
And her joints are stiff;
Death lies on her like a frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

(The Friar enters with Count Paris.)

FRIAR. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath Death been with thy wife. There she lies.

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

LADY CAPULET. Unhappy, hateful day!

NURSE. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

CAPULET. O child, O child!

Dead art thou—and with my child my joys are buried!

FRIAR. Dry up your tears, and in her best array
Bear her to church.

CAPULET. All things we ordered for the marriage festival
Turn now to black funeral. Our bridal flowers
Serve for a buried corpse.

FRIAR. Sir, go you in; and madam, go with him:
And go, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare
To follow this fair corpse unto her grave.



ACT V

Scene 1

The scene is a street in Mantua. Romeo is there waiting for his messenger to return from Verona with word of Juliet. The servant arrives.

ROMEO. (To servant) News from Verona! How now,
Dost thou bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet?

SERVANT. Her body sleeps in Capulet's tomb,
And her immortal soul lives with the angels.
I saw her laid in her family's vault
And came forth to tell you.
O, pardon me for bringing this bad news, sir.

(Romeo is staggered by the news that Juliet is supposedly dead.)

ROMEO. Is it so? Then I defy you, stars!
Get me ink and paper and hire horses.
I will leave Mantua tonight. Get thee gone.

(The servant exits. Romeo stops to plan. If Juliet is dead, he no longer wants to go on living. Now he must decide on the way in which he will kill himself.)

ROMEO. Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
Let's see for means. What, ho! Apothecary!

(The apothecary—a druggist—enters.)

APOTHECARY. Who calls so loud?

ROMEO. Come here, man. I see that thou art poor.
Here is forty ducats. Let me have
A dram of poison, such a fast-working poison
That the taker may fall dead.

(The apothecary takes out a vial of poison and gives it to Romeo.)

APOTHECARY. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would kill you straight.

ROMEO. *(Handing him the money)* There is thy gold.
Come, poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

Scene 2

The scene is the churchyard and the tomb belonging to the Capulets. Friar Lawrence has discovered that the letter he sent to Romeo to tell him of Juliet's pretended death did not reach him. He has also learned that Romeo is on his way to Verona. He hurries to the churchyard, but others are there before him. Count Paris has come to put flowers

at Juliet's grave. Paris hears footsteps and hides as Romeo enters with his servant.

ROMEO. *(To the servant)* Take this letter. Early in the morning
Deliver it to my lord and father. *(Takes the torch from him)*
Give me the light. Upon thy life I tell thee,
Do not try to stop me in my course.
If thou dost, by heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And throw thy limbs around this hungry churchyard.

SERVANT. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye.

(The servant leaves. Romeo opens the door to the tomb and is about to enter when Paris comes out of hiding.)

PARIS. This is the banished Montague
That murdered my love's cousin.
Stop, evil Montague! Obey,
And go with me; for thou must die.

ROMEO. I must indeed; for death came I here.
Good gentle youth, be gone and leave me.
I beg thee, youth, put not another sin upon my head
By moving me to anger. O, be gone!

PARIS. I do defy thee and take thee my prisoner.

ROMEO. Will thou enrage me? Then draw thy sword, boy!
(They both draw their swords and fight. Romeo runs Paris through. He falls.)

PARIS. O, I am killed! If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, and lay me with Juliet.
(He dies.)

ROMEO. Let me see this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble Count Paris!
What said my man as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
I'll bury him here by Juliet. Her beauty

Makes this tomb a place full of light.

(Romeo lays Paris's body in the tomb, then he turns to his beloved Juliet.)

ROMEO. O my love, my wife!

Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace!

(He takes a cup of poison in his hand.)

Here's to my love!

(He drinks it and kisses Juliet one last time.)

O true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

(He falls dead. Friar Lawrence comes into the churchyard and enters the tomb as Juliet begins to awaken.)

FRIAR. Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The entrance of the tomb?
Romeo! Who else? What, Paris too?
And covered in blood? The lady stirs.

JULIET. O Friar! Where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

FRIAR. I hear some noise. Lady, come from this nest
Of death. Come, come away.

Thy husband there lies dead; and Paris too.
Stay not to question, for the watchman is coming.
Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

JULIET. Go, get thee away, for I will not leave.

(The Friar leaves. Juliet goes to the dead Romeo.)

JULIET. What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath brought his end.
O Romeo! Drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips.
Perhaps some poison yet doth hang on them
To make me die.

(She kisses him.)

Thy lips are warm!

(She hears the noise of the watchmen coming. She takes Romeo's dagger and presses it to her breast.)

Yea, noise? Then I'll be quick. O happy dagger!
Rest here, and let me die. *(She stabs herself and falls.)*

(The watchmen see the open tomb and enter.)

CHIEF WATCHMAN. The ground is bloody.

Terrible sight! Here lies Count Paris dead;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead.
Go tell the Prince; run to the Capulets;
Raise up the Montagues.

(A short time later the Prince enters with Lord and Lady Capulet, Lord Montague, and the Friar.)

PRINCE. Who calls us from our morning rest?

CHIEF WATCHMAN. Prince, here lies the Count Paris killed;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

PRINCE. Search, seek, and find how this murder comes.
Friar, say at once what thou dost know of this.

FRIAR. I will be brief.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that's Romeo's faithful wife.
I gave her a sleeping potion to keep her from a second
marriage.

Meantime I wrote to Romeo that he should come
hither.

But he which bore the letter was stopped by an
accident.

I came tonight to take her safely to my cell.



But when I came, some minutes before the time
Of her awakening, here lay the noble Paris and true
Romeo dead.

She wakes; and I beg her to come forth with me;
But a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she would not go with me,
But, it seems, did kill herself.
All this I know.

PRINCE. Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

(Romeo's servant comes out from the shadows of the churchyard where he has been hiding.)

SERVANT. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And in haste he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same tomb.
This letter he early asked me give his father.

(The Prince takes the letter from him and reads it.)

PRINCE. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the news of her death;
And here he writes that he did buy poison
From a poor apothecary and with it
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet, Montague,
See the outcome of your hate.
All are punished.

(Both Lord Capulet and Lord Montague are stricken with grief. Their feud has caused the death of the people they love most. The feuding between the two families must end. Lord Capulet holds out his hand to Lord Montague in friendship.)

CAPULET. O brother Montague, give me thy hand.

MONTAGUE. Brother Capulet! *(The two shake hands.)*

PRINCE. A gloomy 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.