

LTL Script Notes: Romeo and Juliet Script

A Play in Five Acts

Characters

- Romeo Montague
- Juliet Capulet
- Lord Montague
- Lady Montague
- Lord Capulet
- Lady Capulet
- Tybalt
- Mercutio
- Benvolio
- Friar Laurence
- Nurse
- Prince Escalus
- Paris

Act I, Scene I: A Verona Street

[SCENE START]

(Enter Sampson and Gregory, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers)

Sampson: Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gregory: No, for then we should be colliers.

Sampson: I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gregory: Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.

(Enter Abraham and Balthasar, of the house of Montague)

Sampson: I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abraham: Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson: I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abraham: Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson: Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gregory: No.

Sampson: No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

(They draw to fight; enter Benvolio)

Benvolio: Part, fools! Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

(Enter Tybalt)

Tybalt: What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

Benvolio: I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, or manage it to part these men with me.

Tybalt: What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
Have at thee, coward!

(They fight; enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs)

(Enter Lord Montague and Lady Montague)

Montague: Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach? Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Benvolio: Here comes Tybalt.

Act I, Scene V: The Capulet's Ballroom

[SCENE START]

(Musicians play. Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Juliet, Tybalt, and Guests.)

Capulet: Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with you.
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
she, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?

(Romeo enters with Mercutio and Benvolio, masked)

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

Servingman: I know not, sir.

Romeo: O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
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, boy.

Capulet: Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tybalt: It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

Capulet: He shall be endured:
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall; go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him, God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tybalt: Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Capulet: Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my hearts! You are a princex; go:
Be quiet, or--More light, more light! For shame!
I'll make you quiet; what! cheerly, my hearts!

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

(Exit)

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,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Romeo: Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

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

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

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

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

(He kisses her)

Romeo: Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

Juliet: Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

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

(He kisses her again)

Juliet: You kiss by the book.

Nurse: Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Romeo: What is her mother?

Nurse: Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Romeo: Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

(Exit)

Benvolio: Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

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

Capulet: Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest.

(Exeunt)

[SCENE END]

Act V, Scene III: A Churchyard; In the Capulet's Tomb

[SCENE START]

(Enter Romeo and Balthasar)

Romeo: Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Balthasar: I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Romeo: So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Balthasar: [Aside] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

(Retires)

(Enter Paris, and his Page)

Paris: Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page: [Aside] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

(Retires)

Paris: Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew--
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;--
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

(The Page whistles)

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.

(Retires)

(Enter Romeo, and Balthasar with a torch, mattock, &c.)

Romeo: Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

(Opens the tomb)

Romeo: Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,

(Advances)

Romeo: I must descend. That's a sign.

(Paris confronts Romeo)

Romeo: I love thee better than myself
If thou art banished. And here I come,

(Romeo kills Paris)

Romeo: I'll stay with thee;
Within this tomb will I remain with thee
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again. Here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

(Dies)

(Enter Friar Laurence, with a lantern, crowbar, and spade)

Friar Laurence: Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!

(Opens the tomb)

Friar Laurence: Romeo!

(Juliet wakes)

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

(Juliet sees Romeo)

Juliet: O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.

(Kisses him)

Juliet: Thy lips are warm!

(Stabs herself)

(Dies)

(Enter Prince Escalus, and Attendants)

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

(Enter Lord Montague)

Prince Escalus: Montague, art thou come so soon?

Lord Montague: O thou untaught! what manners is in this?
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince Escalus: Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meanwhile forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Prince Escalus: Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

Capulet: O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand:

Lord Montague: But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Capulet: As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince Escalus: For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

(Exeunt)

[SCENE END]

Notes:

- Stage directions are enclosed in parentheses ().
- Character names are bolded.
- This is an abridged version of the play.
- The full play script should be consulted for complete details.