

MSC Romeo and Juliet 2026 audition packet

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Prologue

Two households, both alike in dignity
(In fair Verona, where we lay our scene),
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

II.5 Juliet vs. Nurse

Enter Juliet.

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse.
 In half an hour she promised to return.
 Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.
 O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
 Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,
 Driving back shadows over louring hills.
 Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
 Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
 Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
 Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
 She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead,
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God, she comes!—O, honey nurse, what news?
 Hast thou met with him?

JULIET

Now, good sweet nurse—O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
 Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.
 If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE

I am aweary. Can you not stay awhile?
 Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
 To say to me that thou art out of breath?
 The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
 Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that.

NURSE Well, you have made a simple choice. You know
 not how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he.
 Though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg
 excels all men's, and for a hand and a foot and a
 body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they
 are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,
 but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy
 ways, wench. Serve God. What, have you dined at home?

JULIET

No, no. But all this did I know before.
 What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side! Ah, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

JULIET

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

NURSE Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a
courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I
warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother? Why, she is within.
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:
“Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?”

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET I have.

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell.
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church. I must another way,
To fetch a ladder by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go. I'll to dinner. Hie you to the cell.

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

I.1 Rumble [Sampson, Gregory, Abram, *Servingman*, Benvolio, Tybalt, Citizen

SAMPSON I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand. Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'st away.

SAMPSON A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

GREGORY The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads. Take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAMPSON Me they shall feel while I am able to stand, and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY Draw thy tool. Here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Enter Abram with another Servingman.

SAMPSON My naked weapon is out. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GREGORY I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

SAMPSON Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is disgrace to them if they bear it.

He bites his thumb.

ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON, *aside to Gregory* Is the law of our side if I say "Ay"?

GREGORY, *aside to Sampson* No.

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

GREGORY Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

SAMPSON But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAM No better.

Enter Benvolio.

GREGORY, *aside to Sampson* Say “better”; here comes
one of my master’s kinsmen.

SAMPSON Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM You lie.

SAMPSON Draw if you be men. *They fight.*

BENVOLIO Part, fools! *Drawing his sword.*

Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt, drawing his sword.

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 three or four Citizens with clubs or partisans.

FIRST CITIZEN

Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

I.1 Lovesick [Romeo, Benvolio]

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO Ay me, sad hours seem long.

BENVOLIO

What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO In love?

ROMEO Out—

BENVOLIO Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO

Alas that love—O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anything of nothing first create!
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO Why, such is love's transgression.

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO Soft, I will go along.

ROMEO

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

A right good markman! And she's fair I love.
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me. Forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes.

Examine other beauties.

ROMEO 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more.

Show me a mistress that is passing fair;

What doth her beauty serve but as a note

Where I may read who passed that passing fair?

Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

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

I.3 Arranged Marriage [Nurse, Lady Capulet, Juliet]

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come.—What, lamb! What, ladybird!
God forbid. Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile.
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again.
I have remembered me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET She's not fourteen.

NURSE I'll lay fourteen of my teeth (and yet, to my teen
be it spoken, I have but four) she's not fourteen.
How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE

Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls!)
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.
That shall she. Marry, I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,
Yes, since that time it is eleven years.
For then she could stand high-lone. Nay, by th' rood,
She could have run and waddled all about,
For even the day before, she broke her brow,
And then my husband (God be with his soul,
He was a merry man) took up the child.
"Yea," quoth he, "Dost thou fall upon thy face?
I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he.
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said "Ay."

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh
To think it should leave crying and say "Ay."
"Yea," quoth my husband. "Fall'st upon thy face?"

Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age,
Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said "Ay."

JULIET

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

NURSE

Peace. I have done.

An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

It is an honor that I dream not of.

NURSE

An honor? Were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

A man, young lady—lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast.
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover.
So shall you share all that he doth possess
By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE

No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

1.4 Queen Mab [Romeo, Benvolio, Mercutio, *other maskers*]

ROMEO

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO

Faith, let them measure us by what they will.
We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

MERCUTIO

Gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes
With nimble soles. I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO

You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings
And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO

And to sink in it should you burden love—
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO

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

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love.
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—

BENVOLIO

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

ROMEO

A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels
And we mean well in going to this masque,
But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dreamt a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 Drawn with a team of little atomi
 Over men's noses as they lie asleep.
 Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs,
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
 Her traces of the smallest spider web,
 Her collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,
 Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,
 Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on cur'sies straight;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.
 This is she—

ROMEO Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace.

Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO True, I talk of dreams,

Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air.
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north
 And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.

BENVOLIO

This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves.

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROMEO

I fear too early, for my mind misgives
 Some consequence yet hanging in the stars.
 But he that hath the steerage of my course
 Direct my sail. On, lusty gentlemen.

Exeunt

1.5 The Party [Capulet, Romeo, Servingman, Tybalt, Lady Cap, Juliet, Nurse]

CAPULET Welcome, gentlemen. I have seen the day

That I have worn a visor and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians, play. *Music plays and they dance.*

ROMEO, *to a Servingman*

What lady's that which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

SERVINGMAN I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

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.

Page exits.

What, dares the slave?

Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

Why, how now, kinsman?

LADY CAPULET

Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,

A villain that is hither come in spite

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

LADY CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz. Let him alone.

He bears him like a portly gentleman.

LADY CAPULET

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.

CAPULET

I would not for the wealth of all this town

Here in my house do him disparagement.

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.

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET Go to, go to.

You are a saucy boy. Is 't so indeed?

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame,

I'll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT

Patience perforce with willful choler meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt' rest gall. *He exits.*

ROMEO, *taking Juliet's hand*

If I profane with my unworthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin 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.*

Thus from my lips, by thine, 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.*

JULIET You kiss by th' book.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you. *Juliet moves toward her mother.*

ROMEO

What is her mother?

NURSE Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the coins. *Nurse moves away.*

ROMEO, *aside* Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.

3.1 Consequences and Repercussions [Prince, Benvolio, Capulet, Lady Cap, Montague, *Lady M*, *Tybalt's corpse*]

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and all.

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO

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!
O prince! O cousin! Husband! O, 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—
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure. 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
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
And to 't they go like lightning, for and ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain.

CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague.
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

LADY CAPULET

I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give.
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

PRINCE

Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio.
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 offense
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding:
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses.
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will.
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

*They exit, the Capulet men
bearing off Tybalt's body.*

3.5 Birdsong [Juliet, Romeo, Nurse]

Capulet's orchard.

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:
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
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET

Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
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,
'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.
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,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes,
O, 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,
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROMEO

More light and light; more dark and dark our woes! *Enter Nurse, to the chamber*

Nurse

Madam!

JULIET

Nurse?

Nurse

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about. *Exit*

JULIET

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

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. *He starts his exit*

JULIET

Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O, 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

O think'st thou we shall 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 below,

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*

JULIET

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him.

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

4.1 Very Reasonable Plan [Friar, Paris, Juliet]

Friar Laurence's cell, *Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS*

FRIAR LAURENCE

On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

PARIS

My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE

You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Aside I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell. *Enter JULIET*

PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET

That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS

That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET

What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAURENCE

That's a certain text.

PARIS

Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET

The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

PARIS

Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

JULIET

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth.
 Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
 Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR LAURENCE

My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
 My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS

God shield I should disturb devotion!
 Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
 Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. *Exit*

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
 It strains me past the compass of my wits:
 I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
 On Thursday next be married to this county.

JULIET

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
 Shall be the label to another deed,
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
 Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire.

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope.
 If, rather than to marry County Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;

Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud—

FRIAR LAURENCE

—Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris.
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

JULIET

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

FRIAR LAURENCE

Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET

Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! *Exeunt*