



### Romeo and Juliet (a combination of extracts from Act 4 Scene 3 – Scene 5 and Act 5 Scene 3)

In her bedchamber, Juliet asks the Nurse to let her spend the night by herself so that she can take the portion which will allow her to unite with Romeo according to Friar Lawrence's plan. Early the next morning, the Nurse finds Juliet dead and begins to wail, soon joined by both Lady Capulet and Capulet. Paris arrives with Friar Lawrence for the wedding. When he learns what has happened, Paris joins in the lamentations. The friar reminds them all that Juliet has gone to a better place, and urges them to make ready for her funeral.

Romeo finds Juliet lying peacefully in her tomb and wonders how she can still look so beautiful—as if she were not dead at all. Romeo speaks to Juliet of his intention to spend eternity with her. Then, he kisses Juliet, drinks the poison, kisses Juliet again, and dies.

#### Original Version

##### JULIET

Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle Nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight,  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

*Enter LADY CAPULET*

##### LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

##### JULIET

No, madam. We have culled such necessities  
As are behooveful for our state tomorrow.  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you.  
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all  
In this so sudden business.

##### LADY CAPULET

Good night.  
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

#### Modern Version

##### JULIET

Yes, those are the best clothes. But, gentle Nurse, please leave me alone tonight. I have to say a lot of prayers to make the heavens bless me. You know that my life is troubled and full of sin.

*LADY CAPULET enters.*

##### LADY CAPULET

What, are you busy? Do you need my help?

##### JULIET

No, madam, we've figured out the best things for me to wear tomorrow at the ceremony. So if it's okay with you, I'd like to be left alone now. Let the Nurse sit up with you tonight. I'm sure you have your hands full preparing for the sudden festivities.

##### LADY CAPULET

Good night. Go to bed and get some rest. I'm sure you need it.



*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE*

**JULIET**

Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins  
That almost freezes up the heat of life.  
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—  
Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial. (*holds out the vial*)

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

No, no. This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

(*lays her knife down*)

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is. And yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point.

Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred years the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packed;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort—?

Alack, alack, is it not like that I,

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

*LADY CAPULET and the NURSE exit.*

**JULIET**

Good-bye. Only God knows when we'll meet again. There is a slight cold fear cutting through my veins. It almost freezes the heat of life. I'll call them back here to comfort me. Nurse!—Oh, what good would she do here?

In my desperate situation, I have to act alone.

Alright, here's the vial. What if this mixture doesn't work at all? Will I be married tomorrow morning? No, no, this knife will stop it. Lie down right there.

(*she lays down the knife*) What if the Friar mixed the potion to kill me? Is he worried that he will be disgraced if I marry Paris after he married me to Romeo? I'm afraid that it's poison. And yet, it shouldn't be poison because he is a trustworthy holy man. What if, when I am put in the tomb, I wake up before Romeo comes to save me? That's a frightening idea. Won't I suffocate in the tomb? There's no healthy air to breathe in there. Will I die of suffocation before Romeo comes? Or if I live, I'll be surrounded by death and darkness. It will be terrible. There will be bones hundreds of years old in that tomb, my ancestors' bones. Tybalt's body will be in there, freshly entombed, and his corpse will be rotting. They say that during the night the spirits are in tombs. Oh no, oh no. I'll wake up and smell awful odors. I'll hear screams that would drive people crazy.



That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—?

Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environèd with all these hideous fears,  
And madly play with my forefather's joints,  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
Oh, look! Methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink. I drink to thee.

*She drinks and falls down on the bed, hidden by the bed curtains*

.....

*Music plays within*

#### **CAPULET**

Nurse! Wife! What, ho? What, Nurse, I say!

*Enter NURSE*

Go waken Juliet. Go and trim her up.  
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,  
Make haste. The bridegroom he is come already.  
Make haste, I say.

*Exeunt*

*Enter NURSE*

#### **NURSE**

Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant her, she.—  
Why, lamb! Why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed.  
Why, love, I say. Madam! Sweet-heart! Why, bride!  
What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now.  
Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,  
The County Paris hath set up his rest  
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,  
Marry, and amen. How sound is she asleep!  
I must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!

If I wake up too early, won't I go insane with all these horrible, frightening things around me, start playing with my ancestors' bones, and pull Tybalt's corpse out of his death shroud? Will I grab one of my dead ancestor's bones and bash in my own skull? Oh, look! I think I see my cousin Tybalt's ghost. He's looking for Romeo because Romeo killed him with his sword. Wait, Tybalt, wait! Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's a drink. I drink to you.

*She drinks from the vial and falls on her bed, hidden by her bed curtains.*

.....

*Music plays offstage.*

#### **CAPULET**

Nurse! Wife! What? Hey, Nurse!

*The NURSE enters.*

Go wake Juliet. Go and get her dressed. I'll go and chat with Paris. Hey, hurry up, hurry up! The bridegroom is already here. Hurry up, I say.

*They exit.*

*The NURSE enters.*

#### **NURSE**

Mistress! Hey, mistress! Juliet! I bet she's fast asleep. Hey, lamb! Hey, lady! Hey, you lazy bones! Hey, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Hey, bride! What, you don't say a word? You take your beauty sleep now. Get yourself a week's worth of sleep. Tomorrow night, I bet, Count Paris won't let you get much rest. God forgive me. Alright, and amen. How sound asleep she is! I must wake her up. Madam, madam, madam! Yes, let the count take you in your bed. He'll wake you up, I bet. Won't he?  
*(she opens the bed curtains)* What? You're still dressed in all your clothes. But you're still asleep. I must wake you up. Lady! Lady! Lady! Oh no, oh



Ay, let the county take you in your bed.  
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

*(opens the bed curtains)*

What, dressed and in your clothes, and down again?

I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady!—

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

Oh, welladay, that ever I was born!—

Some aqua vitae, ho!—My lord! My lady!

*Enter LADY CAPULET*

**LADY CAPULET**

What noise is here?

**NURSE**

O lamentable day!

**LADY CAPULET**

What is the matter?

**NURSE**

Look, look. O heavy day!

**LADY CAPULET**

O me, O me! My child, my only life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—

Help, help! Call help.

*Enter CAPULET*

**CAPULET**

For shame, bring Juliet forth. Her lord is come.

**NURSE**

She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Alack the day!

**LADY CAPULET**

Alack the day. She's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

**CAPULET**

Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas! She's cold.

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.

Life and these lips have long been separated.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

no! Help, help! My lady's dead! Oh curse the day that I was born! Ho! Get me some brandy! My lord! My lady!

*LADY CAPULET enters.*

**LADY CAPULET**

What's all the noise in here?

**NURSE**

Oh, sad day!

**LADY CAPULET**

What is the matter?

**NURSE**

Look, look! Oh, what a sad day!

**LADY CAPULET**

Oh my, Oh my! My child, my reason for living, wake up, look up, or I'll die with you! Help, help! Call for help.

*CAPULET enters.*

**CAPULET**

For shame, bring Juliet out here. Her bridegroom is here.

**NURSE**

She's dead, deceased, she's dead. Curse the day!

**LADY CAPULET**

Curse the day! She's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

**CAPULET**

No! Let me see her. Oh no! She's cold. Her blood has stopped, and her joints are stiff. She's been dead for some time. She's dead, like a beautiful flower, killed by an unseasonable frost.



**NURSE**

O lamentable day!

**LADY CAPULET**

O woeful time.

**CAPULET**

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,  
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

*Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE, County PARIS.*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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 lain with thy wife. There she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law. Death is my heir.  
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,  
And leave him all. Life, living, all is Death's.

**PARIS**

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

**LADY CAPULET**

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!  
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw  
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage.  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath caught it from my sight!

**NURSE**

O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!  
Most lamentable day, most woeful day  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!  
O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!  
Never was seen so black a day as this.

**NURSE**

Oh, sad day!

**LADY CAPULET**

Oh, this is a painful time!

**CAPULET**

Death, which has taken her away to make me cry, now ties up my tongue  
and won't let me speak.

*FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS enter .*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

**CAPULET**

She's ready to go, but she'll never return. *(to PARIS)* Oh son! On the night  
before your wedding day, death has taken your wife. There she lies. She  
was a flower, but death deflowered her.

Death is my son-in-law. Death is my heir. My daughter married death. I will  
die and leave Death everything. Life, wealth, everything belongs to Death.

**PARIS**

Have I waited so long to see this morning, only to see this?

**LADY CAPULET**

Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day! This is the most miserable  
hour of all time! I had only one child, one poor child, one poor and loving  
child, the one thing I had to rejoice and comfort myself, and cruel Death  
has stolen it from me!

**NURSE**

Oh pain! Oh painful, painful, painful day! The saddest day, most painful  
day that I ever, ever did behold! Oh day! Oh day! Oh day! Oh hateful day!  
There has never been so black a day as today. Oh painful day, Oh painful  
day!



O woeful day, O woeful day!

**PARIS**

Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!  
Most detestable Death, by thee beguiled,  
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!  
O love! O life! Not life, but love in death.

**CAPULET**

Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed!  
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now  
To murder, murder our solemnity?  
O child, O child! My soul, and not my child!  
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,  
And with my child my joys are buried.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure lives not  
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid. Now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid.  
Your part in her you could not keep from death,  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was her promotion,  
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced.  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
Oh, in this love, you love your child so ill  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.  
She's not well married that lives married long,  
But she's best married that dies married young.  
Dry up your tears and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corpse, and, as the custom is,  
And in her best array, bear her to church.  
For though some nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

**CAPULET**

All things that we ordained festival  
Turn from their office to black funeral.

**PARIS**

She was tricked, divorced, wronged, spited, killed! Death, the most despicable thing, tricked her. Cruel, cruel Death killed her. Oh love! Oh life! There is no life, but my love is dead!

**CAPULET**

Despised, distressed, hated, martyred, killed! Why did this have to happen now? Why did Death have to ruin our wedding? Oh child! Oh child! My soul and not my child! You are dead! Oh no! My child is dead. My child will be buried, and so will my joys.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Be quiet, for shame! The cure for confusion is not yelling and screaming. You had this child with the help of heaven. Now heaven has her.

She is in a better place. You could not prevent her from dying someday, but heaven will give her eternal life. The most you hope for was for her to marry wealthy and rise up the social ladder—that was your idea of heaven. And now you cry, even though she has risen up above the clouds, as high as heaven itself? Oh, in this love, you love your child so badly, that you go mad, even though she is in heaven. It is best to marry well and die young, better than to be married for a long time. Dry up your tears, and put your rosemary on this beautiful corpse. And, in accordance with custom, carry her to the church in her best clothes. It's natural for us to shed tears for her, but the truth is, we should be happy for her.

**CAPULET**

All the things that we prepared for the wedding party will now be used for the funeral. Our happy music will now be sad. Our wedding banquet will



Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast.  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

#### **FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him;  
And go, Sir Paris. Every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.  
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill.  
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

*Exeunt CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR LAWRENCE*

*ROMEO opens the tomb to reveal JULIET inside*

#### **ROMEO**

How oft when men are at the point of death  
Have they been merry, which their keepers call  
A lightning before death! Oh, how may I  
Call this a lightning?—O my love, my wife!  
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.  
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O, what more favor can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain  
To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me, cousin.—Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again. Here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chamber maids. Oh, here

become a sad burial feast. Our celebratory hymns will change to sad funeral marches. Our bridal flowers will cover a buried corpse. And everything will be used for the opposite purpose from what we intended.

#### **FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Sir, you go in. And, madam, go with him. And you go too, Sir Paris. Everyone prepare to take this beautiful corpse to her grave. The heavens hang threateningly over you for some past sin. Don't disturb the heavens any more by trying to go against heaven's will.

*CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR LAWRENCE exit.*

*ROMEO opens the tomb to reveal JULIET inside.*

#### **ROMEO**

How often are men happy right before they die! They call it the lightness before death. Oh, how can I call this lightness? Oh, my love! My wife! Death has sucked the honey from your breath, but it has not yet ruined your beauty. You haven't been conquered. There is still red in your lips and in your cheeks. Death has not yet turned them pale. Tybalt, are you lying there in your bloody death shroud? Oh, what better favor can I do for you than to kill the man who killed you with the same hand that made you die young. Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet, why are you still so beautiful? Should I believe that death is in love with you, and that the awful monster keeps you here to be his mistress? I don't like that idea, so I'll stay with you. And I will never leave this tomb. Here, here I'll remain with worms that are your chamber-maids. Oh, I'll rest here forever. I'll forget about all the bad luck that has troubled me. Eyes, look out for the last time! Arms, make your last embrace! And lips, you are the doors of breath. Seal with a righteous kiss the deal I have made with death forever. (ROMEO kisses JULIET and takes out the poison) Come, bitter poison, come, unsavory guide! You desperate pilot, let's crash this sea-weary ship into the rocks! Here's to my love!

*ROMEO drinks the poison.*

Oh, that pharmacist was honest! His drugs work quickly. So I die with a kiss.



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.  
*(kisses JULIET, takes out the poison)*  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide.  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy seasick, weary bark.  
Here's to my love! *(drinks the poison)* O true apothecary,  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

**ROMEO** dies

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

*(approaches the tomb)*

Romeo!—

*Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains*

*The stony entrance of the sepulcher?*

*What mean these masterless and gory swords*

*To lie discolored by this place of peace?*

*(looks inside the tomb)*

*Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? What, Paris too?*

*And steeped in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour*

*Is guilty of this lamentable chance!*

*The lady stirs.*

**JULIET** wakes

**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?

*A noise sounds from outside the tomb*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.

**ROMEO** dies.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

*(approaching the tomb) Romeo!*

*Oh no! What is this blood that stains the stony entrance of this tomb? Why are these bloody swords lying here, abandoned by their masters? Next to this place of peace?*

*(he looks inside the tomb) Romeo! Oh, he's pale! Who else?*

*What, Paris too? And he's covered in blood? Ah, when did these horrible things happen? The lady's moving.*

**JULIET** wakes up.

**JULIET** wakes up.

**JULIET**

Oh friendly friar! Where is my husband? I remember very well where I should be, and here I am. Where is my Romeo?

*A noise sounds from outside the tomb.*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

I hear some noise. Lady, come out of the tomb. A greater power than we can fight has ruined our plan. Come, come away. Your





A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead.  
Come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.  
Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

**JULIET**

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

*Exit FRIAR LAWRENCE*

What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—  
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 ROMEO)*  
Thy lips are warm.

*Enter WATCHMEN and PARIS's PAGE*

**CHIEF WATCHMAN**

*(to PAGE)* Lead, boy. Which way?

**JULIET**

Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger,  
This is thy sheath. There rust and let me die.  
*(stabs herself with ROMEO's dagger and dies)*

husband lies dead there. Come, I'll place you among the sisterhood  
of holy nuns. Don't wait to ask questions. The watch is coming.  
Come, let's go, good Juliet, I don't dare stay any longer.

**JULIET**

Go, get out of here. I'm not going anywhere.

*FRIAR LAWRENCE exits.*

What's this here? It's a cup, closed in my true love's hand? Poison, I  
see, has been the cause of his death. How rude! He drank it all, and  
didn't leave any to help me afterward. I will kiss your lips. Perhaps  
there's still some poison on them, to make me die with a medicinal  
kiss. *(she kisses ROMEO)* Your lips are warm.

*WATCHMEN and PARIS's PAGE enter.*

**CHIEF WATCHMAN**

*(coming to the PAGE)* Lead, boy. Which way?

**JULIET**

Oh, noise? Then I'll be quick. Oh, good, a knife!  
My body will be your sheath.  
Rust inside my body and let me die.  
*(she stabs herself with ROMEO's dagger and dies)*