

ROMEO AND JULIET: SCENE SCRIPTS

First Script: Act 1, Scene 1

Benvolio

Good morrow, cousin.

Romeo

Is the day so young?

Benvolio

But new struck nine.

Romeo

Ay me, sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Benvolio

It was. 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, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? 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 any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
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.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to have it press'd
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs,

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes,
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd 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;
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Romeo

Tut, I have lost myself, I am not here:
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Benvolio

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

Romeo

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Benvolio

Groan? Why, no;
But sadly tell me, who?

Romeo

Bid a sick man in sadness make his will—
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Benvolio

I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Romeo

A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

Benvolio

A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Romeo

Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From Love's weak childish bow she lives uncharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Benvolio

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

Romeo

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty starv'd with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair.
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Benvolio

Be rul'd 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.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair.
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Benvolio

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

Second Script: Act 2, Scene 3

Friar Lawrence

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the Eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities;
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power;
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Romeo

Good morrow, father.

Friar Lawrence

Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, it argues a distempered head

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure

Thou art up-rous'd with some distemp'ature;

Or if not so, then here I hit it right—

Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

Romeo

That last is true—the sweeter rest was mine.

Friar Lawrence

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

Romeo

With Rosaline? My ghostly father, no;

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Friar Lawrence

That's my good son, but where hast thou been then?

Romeo

I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy,

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me

That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for lo
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Friar Lawrence

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift,
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Romeo

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When and where and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us today.

Friar Lawrence

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans yet ringing in mine ancient ears;
Lo here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence then:

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Romeo

Thou chidst me oft for loving Rosaline.

Friar Lawrence

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Romeo

And badst me bury love.

Friar Lawrence

Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Romeo

I pray thee chide me not. Her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Friar Lawrence

O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote that could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

Romeo

O, let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Friar Lawrence

Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.