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| **Original Text** | **Modern Text** |
| *Enter* ***SAMPSON*** *and* ***GREGORY*** *of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers* | ***SAMPSON*** *and* ***GREGORY****, servants of the Capulet family, enter carrying swords and small shields.* |
| **SAMPSON**  Gregory, on my word, we’ll not carry coals. | **SAMPSON**  Gregory, I swear, we can’t let them humiliate us. We won’t take their garbage. |
| **GREGORY**  No, for then we should be colliers. | **GREGORY**  *(teasing* SAMPSON*)* No, because then we’d be garbagemen. |
| **SAMPSON**  I mean, an we be in choler, we’ll draw. | **SAMPSON**  What I mean is, if they make us angry we’ll pull out our swords. |
| **GREGORY**  Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar. | **GREGORY**  Maybe you should focus on pulling yourself out of trouble, Sampson. |
| **SAMPSON**  I strike quickly, being moved. | **SAMPSON**  I hit hard when I’m angry. |
| **GREGORY**  But thou art not quickly moved to strike. | **GREGORY**  But it’s hard to make you [angry](javascript:void(0);). |
| **SAMPSON**  A dog of the house of Montague moves me. | **SAMPSON**  One of those dogs from the Montague house can make me angry. |
| **GREGORY**  To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand.  Therefore if thou art moved thou runn’st away. | **GREGORY**  Angry enough to run away. You won’t stand and fight. |
| **SAMPSON**  A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague’s. | **SAMPSON**  A dog from that house will make me angry enough to take a stand. If I pass one of them on the street, I’ll take the side closer to the wall and let him walk in the gutter. |

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| **GREGORY**  That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest goes to the wall. | **GREGORY**  That means you’re the weak one, because weaklings get pushed up against the wall. |
| **SAMPSON**  'Tis true, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague’s men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall. | **SAMPSON**  You’re right. That’s why girls get pushed up against walls—they’re weak. So what I’ll do is push the Montague men into the street and the Montague women up against the wall. |
| **GREGORY**  The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. | **GREGORY**  The fight is between our masters, and we men who work for them. |
| **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. | **SAMPSON**  It’s all the same. I’ll be a harsh master to them. After I fight the men, I’ll be nice to the women—I’ll cut off their heads. |
| **GREGORY**  The heads of the maids? | **GREGORY**  Cut off their heads? You mean their [maidenheads](javascript:void(0);)? |
| **SAMPSON**  Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads.  Take it in what sense thou wilt. | **SAMPSON**  Cut off their heads, take their maidenheads—whatever. Take my remark in whichever sense you like. |
| **GREGORY**  They must take it in sense that feel it. | **GREGORY**  The women you rape are the ones who’ll have to “sense” it. |
| **SAMPSON**  Me they shall feel while I am able to stand, and  ’tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh. | **SAMPSON**  They’ll feel me as long as I can keep an erection. Everybody knows I’m a nice piece of flesh. |
| **GREGORY**  'Tis well thou art not fish. If thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-john. | **GREGORY**  It’s a good thing you’re not a piece of fish. You’re [dried and shriveled](javascript:void(0);) like salted fish. |
| *Enter* ***ABRAM*** *and another* ***SERVINGMAN*** | ***ABRAM*** *and another servant of the Montagues enter.* |
| Draw thy tool! Here comes of the house of Montagues. | Pull out your tool now. These guys are from the house of Montague. |
| **SAMPSON**  My naked weapon is out. Quarrel! I will back thee. | **SAMPSON**  I have my naked sword out. Fight, I’ll back you up. |

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| **GREGORY**  How? Turn thy back and run? | **GREGORY**  How will you back me up—by turning your back and running away? |
| **SAMPSON**  Fear me not. | **SAMPSON**  Don’t worry about me. |
| **GREGORY**  No, marry. I fear thee. | **GREGORY**  No, really. I *am* worried about you! |
| **SAMPSON**  Let us take the law of our sides. Let them begin. | **SAMPSON**  Let’s not break the law by starting a fight. Let them start something. |
| **GREGORY**  I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list. | **GREGORY**  I’ll frown at them as they pass by, and they can react however they want. |
| **SAMPSON**  Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it. *(bites his thumb)* | **SAMPSON**  You mean however they dare. I’ll bite my thumb at them. That’s an insult, and if they let me get away with it they’ll be dishonored. *(*SAMPSON [*bites his thumb*](javascript:void(0);)*)* |
| **ABRAM**  Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? | **ABRAM**  Hey, are you biting your thumb at us? |
| **SAMPSON**  I do bite my thumb, sir. | **SAMPSON**  I’m biting my thumb. |
| **ABRAM**  Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? | **ABRAM**  Are you biting your thumb at us? |
| **SAMPSON**  *(aside to* GREGORY*)*  Is the law of our side if I say “ay”? | **SAMPSON**  (*aside to* GREGORY) Is the law on our side if I say yes? |
| **GREGORY**  *(aside to* SAMPSON*)*  No. | **GREGORY**  *(aside to* SAMPSON*)* No. |
| **SAMPSON**  No, sir. I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir. | **SAMPSON**  (*to* ABRAM) No, sir, I’m not biting my thumb at you, but I am biting my thumb. |
| **GREGORY**  Do you quarrel, sir? | **GREGORY**  Are you trying to start a fight? |
| **ABRAM**  Quarrel, sir? No, sir. | **ABRAM**  Start a fight? No, sir. |

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| **SAMPSON**  But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you. | **SAMPSON**  If you want to fight, I’m your man. My employer is as good as yours. |
| **ABRAM**  No better. | **ABRAM**  But he’s not better than mine. |
| **SAMPSON**  Well, sir. | **SAMPSON**  Well then. |
| *Enter* ***BENVOLIO*** | ***BENVOLIO*** *enters.* |
| **GREGORY**  *(aside to* SAMPSON*)* Say “better.” Here comes one of my master’s kinsmen. | **GREGORY**  *(speaking so that only* SAMPSON *can hear)* Say “better.” Here comes one of my employer’s relatives. |
| **SAMPSON**  *(to* ABRAM*)* Yes, better, sir. | **SAMPSON**  *(to* ABRAM*)* Yes, “better,” sir. |
| **ABRAM**  You lie. | **ABRAM**  You lie. |
| **SAMPSON**  Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy washing blow. | **SAMPSON**  Pull out your swords, if you’re men. Gregory, remember how to slash. |
| *They fight* | *They fight.* |
| **BENVOLIO**  *(draws his sword)* Part, fools!  Put up your swords. You know not what you do. | **BENVOLIO**  (*pulling out his sword*) Break it up, you fools. Put your swords away. You don’t know what you’re doing. |
| *Enter* ***TYBALT*** | ***TYBALT*** *enters.* |
| **TYBALT**  What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?  Turn thee, Benvolio. Look upon thy death. | **TYBALT**  What? You’ve pulled out your sword to fight with these worthless servants? Turn around, Benvolio, and look at the man who’s going to kill you. |

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| **BENVOLIO**  I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,  Or manage it to part these men with me. | **BENVOLIO**  I’m only trying to keep the peace. Either put away your sword or use it to help me stop this fight. |
| **TYBALT**  What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,  As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.  Have at thee, coward! | **TYBALT**  What? You take out your sword and then talk about peace? I hate the word peace like I hate hell, all Montagues, and you. Let’s go at it, coward! |
| *They fight Enter three or four* ***CITIZENS****, with clubs or partisans* | ***BENVOLIO*** *and* ***TYBALT*** *fight. Three or four* ***CITIZENS*** *of the watch enter with clubs and spears.* |
| **CITIZENS**  Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!  Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues! | **CITIZENS**  Use your clubs and spears! Hit them! Beat them down! Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues! |
| *Enter old* ***CAPULET*** *in his gown, and his wife,* ***LADY CAPULET*** | ***CAPULET*** *enters in his gown, together with his wife,* ***LADY CAPULET****.* |
| **CAPULET**  What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho! | **CAPULET**  What’s this noise? Give me my long sword! Come on! |
| **LADY CAPULET**  A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword? | **LADY CAPULET**  A crutch, you need a crutch—why are you asking for a sword? |
| *Enter old* ***MONTAGUE*** *and his wife,* ***LADY MONTAGUE*** | ***MONTAGUE*** *enters with his sword drawn,together with his wife,* ***LADY MONTAGUE.*** |
| **CAPULET**  My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,  And flourishes his blade in spite of me. | **CAPULET**  I want my sword. Old Montague is here, and he’s waving his sword around just to make me mad. |
| **MONTAGUE**  Thou villain Capulet! Hold me not. Let me go. | **MONTAGUE**  Capulet, you villain! *(his wife holds him back)* Don’t stop me. Let me go. |
| **LADY MONTAGUE**  Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe. | **LADY MONTAGUE**  You’re not taking one step toward an enemy. |

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| *Enter* ***PRINCE ESCALUS****, with his train* | ***PRINCE ESCALUS*** *enters with his escort.* |
| **PRINCE**  Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  Profaners of this neighbor-stainèd steel!—  Will they not hear?—What, ho! You men, you beasts,  That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,  And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.  Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets  And made Verona’s ancient citizens  Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments,  To wield old partisans in hands as old,  Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.  If ever you disturb our streets again,  Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  For this time, all the rest depart away.  You, Capulet, shall go along with me,  And, Montague, come you this afternoon  To know our farther pleasure in this case,  To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.  Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. | **PRINCE**  *(shouting at the rioters)* You rebels! Enemies of the peace! Men who turn their weapons against their own neighbors—They won’t listen to me?—You there! You men, you beasts, who satisfy your anger with fountains of each others' blood! I’ll have you tortured if you don’t put down your swords and listen to your angry prince. *(*MONTAGUE*,* CAPULET*, and their followers throw down their weapons)* Three times now riots have broken out in this city, all because of a casual word from you, old Capulet and Montague. Three times the peace has been disturbed in our streets, and Verona’s old citizens have had to take off their dress clothes and pick up rusty old spears to part you. If you ever cause a disturbance on our streets again, you’ll pay for it with your lives. Everyone else, go away for now. (*to* CAPULET) You, Capulet, come with me*. (to* MONTAGUE) Montague, this afternoon come to old Free-town, the court where I deliver judgments, and I’ll tell you what else I want from you. As for the rest of you, I’ll say this once more: go away or be put to death. |
| *Exeunt all but* ***MONTAGUE****,* ***LADY MONTAGUE****, and* ***BENVOLIO*** | *Everyone exits except* ***MONTAGUE****,* ***LADY MONTAGUE****, and* ***BENVOLIO****.* |
| **MONTAGUE**  Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?  Speak, nephew. Were you by when it began? | **MONTAGUE**  Who started this old fight up again? Speak, nephew. Were you here when it started? |

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| **BENVOLIO**  Here were the servants of your adversary,  And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.  I drew to part them. In the instant came  The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,  Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,  He swung about his head and cut the winds,  Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.  While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  Came more and more and fought on part and part,  Till the Prince came, who parted either part. | **BENVOLIO**  Your servants were fighting your enemy’s servants before I got here. I drew my sword to part them. Right then, that hothead Tybalt showed up with his sword ready. He taunted me and waved his sword around, making the air hiss. As we were trading blows, more and more people showed up to join the fight, until the Prince came and broke everyone up. |
| **LADY MONTAGUE**  Oh, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?  Right glad I am he was not at this fray. | **LADY MONTAGUE**  Oh, where’s Romeo? Have you seen him today? I’m glad he wasn’t here for this fight. |
| **BENVOLIO**  Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun  Peered forth the golden window of the east,  A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,  Where, underneath the grove of sycamore  That westward rooteth from this city side,  So early walking did I see your son.  Towards him I made, but he was 'ware of me  And stole into the covert of the wood.  I, measuring his affections by my own,  Which then most sought where most might not be found,  Being one too many by my weary self,  Pursued my humor not pursuing his,  And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me. | **BENVOLIO**  Madam, I had a lot on my mind an hour before dawn this morning, so I went for a walk. Underneath the Sycamore grove that grows on the west side of the city, I saw your son taking an early-morning walk. I headed toward him, but he saw me coming and hid in the woods. I thought he must be feeling the same way I was—wanting to be alone and tired of his own company. I figured he was avoiding me, and I was perfectly happy to leave him alone and keep to myself. |
| **MONTAGUE**  Many a morning hath he there been seen,  With tears augmenting the fresh morning’s dew,  Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.  But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  Should in the farthest east begin to draw  The shady curtains from Aurora’s bed,  Away from light steals home my heavy son, | **MONTAGUE** |

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| And private in his chamber pens himself,  Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  And makes himself an artificial night.  Black and portentous must this humor prove  Unless good counsel may the cause remove. |  |
| **BENVOLIO**  My noble uncle, do you know the cause? | **BENVOLIO**  My noble uncle, do you know why he acts this way? |
| **MONTAGUE**  I neither know it nor can learn of him. | **MONTAGUE**  I don’t know, and he won’t tell me. |
| **BENVOLIO**  Have you importuned him by any means? | **BENVOLIO**  Have you done everything you could to make him tell you the reason? |
| **MONTAGUE**  Both by myself and many other friends.  But he, his own affections' counselor,  Is to himself—I will not say how true,  But to himself so secret and so close,  So far from sounding and discovery,  As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  Or dedicate his beauty to the same.  Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow.  We would as willingly give cure as know. | **MONTAGUE** |
| *Enter* ***ROMEO*** | ***ROMEO*** *enters.* |
| **BENVOLIO**  See, where he comes. So please you, step aside.  I’ll know his grievance or be much denied. | **BENVOLIO**  Look—here he comes. If you don’t mind, please step aside. He’ll either have to tell me what’s wrong or else tell me no over and over. |
| **MONTAGUE**  I would thou wert so happy by thy stay  To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let’s away. | **MONTAGUE**  I hope you’re lucky enough to hear the true story by sticking around. *(to his wife)* Come, madam, let’s go. |
| *Exeunt* ***MONTAGUE*** *and* ***LADY MONTAGUE*** | ***MONTAGUE*** *and* ***LADY MONTAGUE*** *exit.* |

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| **BENVOLIO**  Good morrow, cousin. | **BENVOLIO**  Good morning, cousin. |
| **ROMEO**     Is the day so young? | **ROMEO**  Is it that early in the day? |
| **BENVOLIO**  But new struck nine. | **BENVOLIO**  It’s only just now nine o'clock. |
| **ROMEO**     Ay me! Sad hours seem long.  Was that my father that went hence so fast? | **ROMEO**  Oh my, time goes by slowly when you’re sad. Was that my father who left here in such a hurry? |
| **BENVOLIO**  It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo’s hours? | **BENVOLIO**  It was. What’s making you so sad and your hours so long? |
| **ROMEO**  Not having that which, having, makes them short. | **ROMEO**  I don’t have the thing that makes time fly. |
| **BENVOLIO**  In love? | **BENVOLIO**  You’re in love? |
| **ROMEO**  Out. | **ROMEO**  Out. |
| **BENVOLIO**  Of love? | **BENVOLIO**  Out of love? |
| **ROMEO**  Out of her favor, where I am in love. | **ROMEO**  I love someone. She doesn’t love me. |
| **BENVOLIO**  Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof! | **BENVOLIO**  It’s sad. Love looks like a nice thing, but it’s actually very rough when you experience it. |
| **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 anything of nothing first created!  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? | **ROMEO** |

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| **BENVOLIO**     No, coz, I rather weep. | **BENVOLIO**  No, cousin, I’m crying. |
| **ROMEO**  Good heart, at what? | **ROMEO**  Good man, why are you crying? |
| **BENVOLIO**  At thy good heart’s oppression. | **BENVOLIO**  I’m crying because of how sad you are. |
| **ROMEO**  Why, such is love’s transgression.  Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,  Which thou wilt propagate, to have it pressed  With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown  Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  Love is a smoke raised 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. | **ROMEO**  Yes, this is what love does. My sadness sits heavy in my chest, and you want to add your own sadness to mine so there’s even more. I have too much sadness already, and now you’re going to make me sadder by feeling sorry for you. Here’s what love is: a smoke made out of lovers' sighs. When the smoke clears, love is a fire burning in your lover’s eyes. If you frustrate love, you get an ocean made out of lovers' tears. What else is love? It’s a wise form of madness. It’s a sweet lozenge that you choke on. Goodbye, cousin. |
| **BENVOLIO**     Soft! I will go along.  And if you leave me so, you do me wrong. | **BENVOLIO**  Wait. I’ll come with you. If you leave me like this, you’re doing me wrong. |
| **ROMEO**  Tut, I have lost myself. I am not here.  This is not Romeo. He’s some other where. | **ROMEO**  I’m not myself. I’m not here. This isn’t Romeo—he’s somewhere else. |
| **BENVOLIO**  Tell me in sadness, who is that you love. | **BENVOLIO**  Tell me seriously, who is the one you love? |
| **ROMEO**  What, shall I groan and tell thee? | **ROMEO**  Seriously? You mean I should groan and tell you? |
| **BENVOLIO**  Groan! Why, no. But sadly, tell me who. | **BENVOLIO**  Groan? No. But tell me seriously who it is. |

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| **ROMEO**  A sick man in sadness makes his will,  A word ill urged to one that is so ill.  In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman. | **ROMEO**  You wouldn’t tell a sick man he “seriously” has to make his will—it would just make him worse. Seriously, cousin, I love a woman. |
| **BENVOLIO**  I aimed so near when I supposed you loved. | **BENVOLIO**  I guessed that already when I guessed you were in love. |
| **ROMEO**  A right good markman! And she’s fair I love. | **ROMEO**  Then you were right on target. The woman I love is beautiful. |
| **BENVOLIO**  A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit. | **BENVOLIO**  A beautiful target is the one that gets hit the fastest. |
| **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 armed  From love’s weak childish bow, she lives uncharmed.  She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,  Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.  Oh, she is rich in beauty, only poor  That when she dies, with beauty dies her store. | **ROMEO**  Well, you’re not on target there. She refuses to be hit by [Cupid’s](javascript:void(0);) arrow. She’s as clever as Diana, and shielded by the armor of chastity. She can’t be touched by the weak and childish arrows of love. She won’t listen to words of love, or let you look at her with loving eyes, or open her lap to receive gifts of gold. She’s rich in beauty, but she’s also poor, because when she dies her beauty will be destroyed with her. |
| **BENVOLIO**  Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste? | **BENVOLIO**  So she’s made a vow to be a virgin forever? |
| **ROMEO**  She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,  For beauty, starved 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. | **ROMEO**  Yes she has, and by keeping celibate, she wastes her beauty. If you starve yourself of sex you can’t ever have children, and so your beauty is lost to future generations. She’s too beautiful and too wise to deserve heaven’s blessing by making me despair. She’s sworn off love, and that promise has left me alive but dead, living only to talk about it now. |
| **BENVOLIO**  Be ruled by me. Forget to think of her. | **BENVOLIO**  Take my advice. Don’t think about her. |
| **ROMEO**  O, teach me how I should forget to think! | **ROMEO**  Teach me to forget to think! |

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| **BENVOLIO**  By giving liberty unto thine eyes.  Examine other beauties. | **BENVOLIO**  Do it by letting your eyes wander freely. Look at other beautiful girls. |
| **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 strucken 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 passed that passing fair?  Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget. | **ROMEO**  That will only make me think more about how beautiful *she* is. Beautiful women like to wear black masks over their faces—those black masks only make us think about how beautiful they are underneath. A man who goes blind can’t forget the precious eyesight he lost. Show me a really beautiful girl. Her beauty is like a note telling me where I can see someone even more beautiful. Goodbye. You can’t teach me to forget. |
| **BENVOLIO**  I’ll pay that doctrine or else die in debt. | **BENVOLIO**  I’ll show you how to forget, or else I’ll die owing you that lesson. |
| *Exeunt* | *They exit.* |

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| *Enter* ***CAPULET****, County* ***PARIS****, and* ***PETER****, a servant* | ***CAPULET*** *enters with* [*County*](javascript:void(0);)***PARIS****, followed by* ***PETER****, a servant.* |
| **CAPULET**  But Montague is bound as well as I,  In penalty alike. And ’tis not hard, I think,  For men so old as we to keep the peace. | **CAPULET**  *(continuing a conversation)* But Montague has sworn an oath just like I have, and he’s under the same penalty. I don’t think it will be hard for men as old as we are to keep the peace. |
| **PARIS**  Of honorable reckoning are you both.  And pity ’tis you lived at odds so long.  But now, my lord, what say you to my suit? | **PARIS**  You both have honorable reputations, and it’s too bad you’ve been enemies for so long. But what do you say to my request? |
| **CAPULET**  But saying o'er what I have said before.  My child is yet a stranger in the world.  She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.  Let two more summers wither in their pride  Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride. | **CAPULET** |
| **PARIS**  Younger than she are happy mothers made. | **PARIS** |
| **CAPULET**  And too soon marred are those so early made.  Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she.  She’s the hopeful lady of my earth.  But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart.  My will to her consent is but a part.  An she agreed within her scope of choice,  Lies my consent and fair according voice.  This night I hold an old accustomed feast,  Whereto I have invited many a guest  Such as I love. And you among the store,  One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  At my poor house look to behold this night  Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light. | **CAPULET** |

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| Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  When well-appareled April on the heel  Of limping winter treads. Even such delight  Among fresh fennel buds shall you this night  Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,  And like her most whose merit most shall be—  Which on more view of many, mine, being one,  May stand in number, though in reckoning none,  Come, go with me. |  |
| *(to* PETER, *giving him a paper)*        Go, sirrah, trudge about  Through fair Verona. Find those persons out  Whose names are written there, and to them say  My house and welcome on their pleasure stay. |  |
| *Exeunt* ***CAPULET*** *and* ***PARIS*** | ***CAPULET*** *and* ***PARIS*** *exit.* |
| **PETER**  Find them out whose names are written here? It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned in good time! | **PETER**  Find the people whose names are on this list? It is written that shoemakers and tailors should play with each others' tools, that fisherman should play with paints, and painters should play with with fishing nets. But I’ve been sent to find the people whose names are written on this list, and I can’t read! I’ll never find them on my own. I’ve got to find somebody who knows how to read to help me. But here come some people, right in the nick of time. |
| *Enter* ***BENVOLIO*** *and* ***ROMEO*** | ***BENVOLIO*** *and* ***ROMEO*** *enter* |
| **BENVOLIO**  Tut man, one fire burns out another’s burning.  One pain is lessened by another’s anguish.  Turn giddy, and be helped by backward turning.  One desperate grief cures with another’s languish.  Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  And the rank poison of the old will die. | **BENVOLIO**  *(to* ROMEO*)* Come on, man. You can put out one fire by starting another. A new pain will make the one you already have seem less. If you make yourself dizzy, you can cure yourself by spinning back around in the opposite direction. A new grief will put the old one out of your mind. Make yourself lovesick by gazing at some new girl, and your old lovesickness will be cured. |

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| **ROMEO**  Your plantain leaf is excellent for that. | **ROMEO**  The [plantain](javascript:void(0);) leaf is excellent for that. |
| **BENVOLIO**  For what, I pray thee? | **BENVOLIO**  For what, Romeo? |
| **ROMEO**  For your broken shin. | **ROMEO**  For when you cut your shin. |
| **BENVOLIO**  Why Romeo, art thou mad? | **BENVOLIO**  What? Romeo, are you crazy? |
| **ROMEO**  Not mad, but bound more than a madman is,  Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  Whipped and tormented and—Good e'en, good fellow. | **ROMEO**  I’m not crazy, but I’m tied up tighter than a mental patient in a straitjacket. I’m locked up in a prison and deprived of food. I’m whipped and tortured—*(to* PETER*)* Good evening, good fellow. |
| **PETER**  God 'i' good e'en. I pray, sir, can you read? | **PETER**  May God give you a good evening. Excuse me, sir, do you know how to read? |
| **ROMEO**  Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. | **ROMEO**  I can read my own fortune in my misery. |
| **PETER**  Perhaps you have learned it without book. But I pray, can you read anything you see? | **PETER**  Perhaps you’ve learned from life and not from books. But please tell me, can you read anything you see? |
| **ROMEO**  Ay, if I know the letters and the language. | **ROMEO**  Yes, if I know the language and the letters. |
| **PETER**  Ye say honestly. Rest you merry. | **PETER**  I see. Well, that’s an [honest answer](javascript:void(0);). Have a nice day. |
| **ROMEO**  Stay, fellow. I can read. *(he reads the letter)*  “Seigneur Martino and his wife and daughters;  County Anselme and his beauteous sisters;  The lady widow of Vitruvio;  Seigneur Placentio and his lovely nieces;  Mercutio and his brother Valentine;  Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters;  My fair niece Rosaline and Livia; | **ROMEO**  Stay, fellow. I can read. *(he reads the letter)*  “Signor Martino and his wife and daughters,  Count Anselme and his beautiful sisters,  Vitruvio’s widow,  Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces,  Mercutio and his brother Valentine,  My uncle Capulet and his wife and daughters,  My fair niece Rosaline and Livia, |

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| Seigneur Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;  Lucio and the lively Helena.”  A fair assembly. Whither should they come? | Signor Valentio and his cousin Tybalt,  Lucio and the lively Helena.”  That’s a nice group of people. Where are they supposed to come? |
| **PETER**  Up. | **PETER**  Up. |
| **ROMEO**  Whither? To supper? | **ROMEO**  Where? To supper? |
| **PETER**  To our house. | **PETER**  To our house. |
| **ROMEO**  Whose house? | **ROMEO**  Whose house? |
| **PETER**  My master’s. | **PETER**  My master’s house. |
| **ROMEO**  Indeed, I should have asked thee that before. | **ROMEO**  Indeed, I should have asked you before who he was. |
| **PETER**  Now I’ll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! | **PETER**  Now I’ll tell you so you don’t have to ask. My master is the great and rich Capulet, and if you don’t belong to the house of Montague, please come and drink a cup of wine. Have a nice day! |
| *Exit* ***PETER*** | ***PETER*** *exits.* |
| **BENVOLIO**  At this same ancient feast of Capulet’s  Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves  With all the admired beauties of Verona.  Go thither, and with unattainted eye  Compare her face with some that I shall show,  And I will make thee think thy swan a crow. | **BENVOLIO** |
| **ROMEO**  When the devout religion of mine eye  Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires,  And these, who, often drowned, could never die,  Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!  One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun  Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun. | **ROMEO** |

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| **BENVOLIO**  Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,  Herself poised with herself in either eye.  But in that crystal scales let there be weighed  Your lady’s love against some other maid  That I will show you shining at the feast,  And she shall scant show well that now shows best. | **BENVOLIO**  Come on, you first decided she was beautiful when no one else was around. There was no one to compare her to except herself. But let your eyes compare her to another beautiful woman who I’ll show you at this feast, and you won’t think she’s the best anymore. |
| **ROMEO**  I’ll go along, no such sight to be shown,  But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. | **ROMEO**  I’ll go with you. Not because I think you’ll show me anything better, but so I can see the woman I love. |
| *Exeunt* | *They exit.* |

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| *Enter* ***LADY CAPULET*** *and* ***NURSE*** | ***LADY CAPULET*** *and the* ***NURSE*** *enter.* |
| **LADY CAPULET**  Nurse, where’s my daughter? Call her forth to me. | **LADY CAPULET**  Nurse, where’s my daughter? Tell her to come 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! | **NURSE**  I swear to you by my virginity at age twelve, I already told her to come. Come on! Where is she? What is she doing? What, Juliet! |
| *Enter* ***JULIET*** | ***JULIET*** *enters.* |
| **JULIET**  How now, who calls? | **JULIET**  What is it? Who’s calling me? |
| **NURSE**  Your mother. | **NURSE**  Your mother. |
| **JULIET**  Madam, I am here. What is your will? | **JULIET**  Madam, I’m here. What do you want? |
| **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 know’st my daughter’s of a pretty age. | **LADY CAPULET**  I’ll tell you what’s the matter—Nurse, leave us alone for a little while. We must talk privately—Nurse, come back here. I just remembered, you can listen to our secrets. You know how young my daughter is. |
| **NURSE**  Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour. | **NURSE**  Yes, I know her age down to the hour. |
| **LADY CAPULET**  She’s not fourteen. | **LADY CAPULET**  She’s not even fourteen. |
| **NURSE**  I’ll lay fourteen of my teeth—and yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four—she is not fourteen. How long is it now to Lammastide? | **NURSE**  I’d bet fourteen of my own teeth—but, I’m sorry to say, I only have four teeth—she’s not fourteen. How long is it until [Lammastide](javascript:void(0);)? |
| **LADY CAPULET**  A fortnight and odd days. | **LADY CAPULET**  Two weeks and a few odd days. |

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| **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,  And she was weaned—I never shall forget it—  Of all the days of the year, upon that day.  For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall.  My lord and you were then at Mantua.—  Nay, I do bear a brain.—But, as I said,  When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,  To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!  “Shake!” quoth the dovehouse. 'Twas no need, I trow,  To bid me trudge.  And since that time it is eleven years,  For then she could stand alone. Nay, by the 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?  Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,  Wilt thou not, Jule?” and, by my holy dame,  The pretty wretch left crying and said “ay.”  To see now, how a jest shall come about!  I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  I never should forget it. “Wilt thou not, Jule?” quoth he.  And, pretty fool, it stinted and said “ay.” | **NURSE**  Whether it’s even or odd, of all the days in the year, on the night of Lammas Eve, she’ll be fourteen. She and Susan—God rest her and all Christian souls—were born on the same day. Well, Susan died and is with God. She was too good for me. But like I said, on the night of Lammas Eve, she will be fourteen. Yes, she will. Indeed, I remember it well. It’s been eleven years since the earthquake. She stopped nursing from my breast on that very day. I’ll never forget it. I had put bitter wormwood on my breast as I was sitting in the sun, under the wall of the dovehouse. You and your husband were in Mantua. Boy, do I have some memory! But like I said, when she tasted the bitter wormwood on my nipple, the pretty little babe got irritated and started to quarrel with my breast. Then the dovehouse shook with the earthquake. There was no need to tell me to get out of there. That was eleven years ago. By then she could stand up all by herself. No, I swear, by that time she could run and waddle all around. I remember because she had cut her forehead just the day before. My husband—God rest his soul, he was a happy man—picked up the child. “Oh,” he said, “Did you fall on your face? You’ll [fall backward](javascript:void(0);) when you grow smarter. Won’t you, Jule.” And I swear, the poor pretty thing stopped crying and said, “Yes.” Oh, to watch a joke come true! I bet if I live a thousand years, I’ll never forget it. “Won’t you, Jule,” he said. And the pretty fool stopped crying and said, “Yes.” |
| **LADY CAPULET**  Enough of this. I pray thee, hold thy peace. | **LADY CAPULET**  Enough of this. Please be quiet. |

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| **NURSE**  Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh  To think it should leave crying and say “ay.”  And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow  A bump as big as a young cockerel’s stone,  A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly.  “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.” | **NURSE**  Yes ,madam. But I can’t help laughing to think that the baby stopped crying and said, “Yes.” I swear, she had a bump on her forehead as big as a rooster’s testicle. It was a painful bruise, and she was crying bitterly. “Yes,” said my husband, “Did you fall on your face? You’ll fall backward when you grow up, won’t you, Jule?” And she stopped crying and said, “Yes.” |
| **JULIET**  And stint thou too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I. | **JULIET**  Now you stop too, Nurse, please. |
| **NURSE**  Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!  Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.  An I might live to see thee married once,  I have my wish. | **NURSE**  Peace. I’m done talking. May God choose you to receive his grace. You were the prettiest baby I ever nursed. If I live to see you get married someday, all my wishes will come true. |
| **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? | **LADY CAPULET**  Well, marriage is exactly what we have to discuss. Tell me, my daughter Juliet, what is your attitude about getting married? |
| **JULIET**  It is an honor that I dream not of. | **JULIET**  It is an honor that I do not dream of. |
| **NURSE**  An honor! Were not I thine only nurse,  I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat. | **NURSE**  “An honor?” If I weren’t your only nurse, I’d say you had sucked wisdom from the breast that fed you. |
| **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. | **LADY CAPULET** |
| **NURSE**  A man, young lady! Lady, such a man  As all the world. Why, he’s a man of wax. | **NURSE**  What a man, young lady. He’s as great a man as any in the whole world. He’s as perfect as if he were sculpted from wax. |

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| **LADY CAPULET**  Verona’s summer hath not such a flower. | **LADY CAPULET**  Summertime in Verona has no flower as fine as him. |
| **NURSE**  Nay, he’s a flower. In faith, a very flower. | **NURSE**  No, he’s a fine flower, truly, a 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.  Examine every married lineament  And see how one another lends content,  And what obscured in this fair volume lies  Find written in the margin of his eyes.  This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  To beautify him only lacks a cover.  The fish lives in the sea, and ’tis much pride  For fair without the fair within to hide.  That book in many’s eyes doth share the glory  That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.  So shall you share all that he doth possess  By having him, making yourself no less. | **LADY CAPULET**  *(to* JULIET*)* What do you say? Can you love this gentleman? Tonight you’ll see him at our feast. Study Paris’s face and find pleasure in his beauty. Examine every line of his features and see how they work together to make him handsome. If you are confused, just look into his eyes. This man is single, and he lacks only a bride to make him perfect and complete. As is right, fish live in the sea, and it’s wrong for a beauty like you to hide from a handsome man like him. Many people think he’s handsome, and whoever becomes his bride will be just as admired. You would share all that he possesses, and by having him, you would lose nothing. |
| **NURSE**  No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men. | **NURSE**  Lose nothing? In fact, you’d get bigger. Men make women bigger by getting them pregnant. |
| **LADY CAPULET**  Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris, love? | **LADY CAPULET**  *(to* JULIET*)* Give us a quick answer. Can you accept Paris’s 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. | **JULIET**  I’ll look at him and try to like him, at least if what I see is likable. But I won’t let myself fall for him any more than your permission allows. |
| *Enter* ***PETER*** | ***PETER*** *enters.* |

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| **PETER**  Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you, follow straight. | **PETER**  Madam, the guests are here, dinner is served, people are calling for you, people have asked for Juliet, and in the pantry, people are cursing the Nurse. Everything’s out of control. I must go and serve the guests. Please, follow straight after me. |
| **LADY CAPULET**  We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays. | **LADY CAPULET**  We’ll follow you.  Juliet, the count is waiting for you. |
| **NURSE**  Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. | **NURSE**  Go, girl, look for a man who’ll give you happy nights at the end of happy days. |
| *Exeunt* | *They all exit.* |

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| *Enter* ***ROMEO****,* ***MERCUTIO****,* ***BENVOLIO****, with five or six other* ***MASKERS*** *and* ***TORCHBEARERS*** | ***ROMEO****,* ***MERCUTIO****, and* ***BENVOLIO*** *enter dressed as maskers, along with five or six other* [***MASKERS***](javascript:void(0);)*, carrying a drum and torches.* |
| **ROMEO**  What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?  Or shall we on without apology? | **ROMEO**  What will we say is our excuse for being here? Or should we enter without apologizing? |
| **BENVOLIO**  The date is out of such prolixity.  We’ll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,  Bearing a Tartar’s painted bow of lath,  Scaring the ladies like a crowkeeper,  Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  After the prompter for our entrance.  But let them measure us by what they will.  We’ll measure them a measure and be gone. | **BENVOLIO**  It’s out of fashion to give lengthy explanations like that. We’re not going to introduce our dance by having someone dress up as Cupid, blindfolded and carrying a toy bow to frighten the ladies like a scarecrow. Nor are we going to recite a memorized speech to introduce ourselves. Let them judge us however they please. We’ll give them a dance and then hit the road. |
| **ROMEO**  Give me a torch. I am not for this ambling.  Being but heavy, I will bear the light. | **ROMEO**  Give me a torch. I don’t want to dance. I feel sad, so let me be the one who carries the light. |
| **MERCUTIO**  Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance. | **MERCUTIO**  No, noble Romeo, you’ve got to 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. | **ROMEO**  Not me, believe me. You’re wearing dancing shoes with nimble soles. My soul is made out of lead, and it’s so heavy it keeps me stuck on the ground so I can’t move. |
| **MERCUTIO**  You are a lover. Borrow Cupid’s wings  And soar with them above a common bound. | **MERCUTIO**  You’re a lover. Take Cupid’s wings and fly higher than the average man. |
| **ROMEO**  I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft  To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,  I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.  Under love’s heavy burden do I sink. | **ROMEO**  His arrow has pierced me too deeply, so I can’t fly high with his cheerful feathers. Because this wound keeps me down, I can’t leap any higher than my dull sadness. I sink under the heavy weight of love. |

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| **MERCUTIO**  And to sink in it, should you burthen love—  Too great oppression for a tender thing. | **MERCUTIO**  If you sink, you’re dragging love down. It’s not right to drag down something as tender as love. |
| **ROMEO**  Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,  Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn. | **ROMEO** |
| **MERCUTIO**  If love be rough with you, be rough with love.  Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—  Give me a case to put my visage in!  A visor for a visor.—What care I  What curious eye doth cote deformities?  Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me. | **MERCUTIO**  If love plays rough with you, play rough with [love](javascript:void(0);). If you prick love when it pricks you, you’ll beat love down. Give me a mask to put my face in. A mask to put over my other mask. What do I care if some curious person sees my flaws? Let this mask, with its black eyebrows, blush for me. *(they put on masks)* |
| **BENVOLIO**  Come, knock and enter. And no sooner in  But every man betake him to his legs. | **BENVOLIO**  Come on, let’s knock and go in. The minute we get in let’s all start dancing. |
| **ROMEO**  A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart  Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.  For I am proverbed with a grandsire phrase,  I’ll be a candle holder, and look on.  The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done. | **ROMEO**  I’ll take a torch. Let playful people with light hearts dance. There’s an old saying that applies to me: you can’t lose if you don’t play the game. I’ll just hold a torch and watch you guys. It looks like a lot of fun, but I’ll sit this one out. |
| **MERCUTIO**  Tut, dun’s the mouse, the constable’s own word.  If thou art dun, we’ll draw thee from the mire,  Or—save your reverence—love, wherein thou stick’st  Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho! | **MERCUTIO**  Hey, you’re being a stick in the mud, as cautious as a policemen on night patrol. If you’re a stick in the mud, we’ll pull you out of the mud—I mean out of love, if you’ll excuse me for being so rude—where you’re stuck up to your ears. Come on, we’re wasting precious daylight. Let’s go! |
| **ROMEO**  Nay, that’s not so. | **ROMEO**  No we’re not—it’s night. |
| **MERCUTIO**     I mean, sir, in delay.  We waste our lights in vain, like lights by day.  Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  Five times in that ere once in our fine wits. | **MERCUTIO**  I mean, we’re wasting the light of our torches by delaying, which is like wasting the sunshine during the day. Use your common sense to figure out what I mean, instead of trying to be clever or trusting your five senses. |

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| **ROMEO**  And we mean well in going to this mask,  But ’tis no wit to go. | **ROMEO**  We mean well by going to this masquerade ball, but it’s not smart of us to go. |
| **MERCUTIO**     Why, may one ask? | **MERCUTIO**  Why, may I ask? |
| **ROMEO**  I dreamt a dream tonight. | **ROMEO**  I had a dream last night. |
| **MERCUTIO**       And so did I. | **MERCUTIO**  So did I. |
| **ROMEO**  Well, what was yours? | **ROMEO**  Well, what was your dream? |
| **MERCUTIO**       That dreamers often lie. | **MERCUTIO**  My dream told me that dreamers often lie. |
| **ROMEO**  In bed asleep while they do dream things true. | **ROMEO**  They lie in bed while they dream about the truth. |
| **MERCUTIO**  Oh, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you. | **MERCUTIO**  Oh, then I see you’ve been with [Queen](javascript:void(0);) Mab. |
| **BENVOLIO**  Queen Mab, what’s she | **BENVOLIO**  Who’s Queen Mab? |
| **MERCUTIO**  She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  In shape no bigger than an agate stone  On the forefinger of an alderman,  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’s web,  Her collars of the moonshine’s watery beams,  Her whip of cricket’s bone, the lash of film,  Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,  Not half so big as a round little worm  Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid. | **MERCUTIO**  She’s the fairies' midwife. She’s no bigger than the stone on a city councilman’s ring. She rides around in a wagon drawn by tiny little atoms, and she rides over men’s noses as they lie sleeping. The spokes of her wagon are made of spiders' legs. The cover of her wagon is made of grasshoppers' wings. The harnesses are made of the smallest spiderwebs. The collars are made out of moonbeams. Her whip is a thread attached to a cricket’s bone. Her wagon driver is a tiny bug in a gray coat; he’s not half the size of a little round [worm](javascript:void(0);) that comes from the finger of a lazy young girl. |

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| Her chariot is an empty hazelnut  Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.  And in this state she gallops night by night  Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies 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.  Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier’s nose,  And then dreams he of smelling out a suit.  And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig’s tail  Tickling a parson’s nose as he lies asleep,  Then he dreams of another benefice.  Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier’s neck,  And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon  Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two  And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  That plaits the manes of horses in the night  And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,  Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  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— | Her chariot is a hazelnut shell. It was made by a carpenter squirrel or an old grubworm; they’ve made wagons for the fairies as long as anyone can remember. In this royal wagon, she rides every night through the brains of lovers and makes them dream about love. She rides over courtiers' knees, and they dream about curtsying. She rides over lawyers' fingers, and right away, they dream about their fees. She rides over ladies' lips, and they immediately dream of kisses. Queen Mab often puts blisters on their lips because their breath smells like candy, which makes her mad. Sometimes she rides over a courtier’s lips, and he dreams of making money off of someone. Sometimes she tickles a priest’s nose with a [tithe-pigs](javascript:void(0);) tail, and he dreams of a large donation. Sometimes she rides over a soldier’s neck, and he dreams of cutting the throats of foreign enemies, of breaking down walls, of ambushes, of Spanish swords, and of enormous cups of liquor. And then, drums beat in his ear and he wakes up. He’s frightened, so he says a couple of prayers and goes back to sleep. She is the same Mab who tangles the hair in horses' manes at night and makes the tangles hard in the dirty hairs, which bring bad luck if they’re untangled. Mab is the old hag who gives false sex dreams to virgins and teaches them how to hold a lover and bear a child. She’s the one— |
| **ROMEO**     Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!  Thou talk’st of nothing. | **ROMEO**  Enough, enough! Mercutio, be quiet. You’re talking nonsense. |
| **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 face to the dew-dropping south. | **MERCUTIO**  True. I’m talking about dreams, which are the products of a brain that’s doing nothing. Dreams are nothing but silly imagination, as thin as air, and less predictable than the wind, which sometimes blows on the frozen north and then gets angry and blows south. |

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| **BENVOLIO**  This wind you talk of, blows us from ourselves.  Supper is done, and we shall come too late. | **BENVOLIO**  The wind you’re talking about is blowing us off our course. Dinner is over, and we’re going to get there too late. |
| **ROMEO**  I fear too early, for my mind misgives  Some consequence yet hanging in the stars  Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  With this night’s revels, and expire the term  Of a despisèd life closed in my breast  By some vile forfeit of untimely death.  But he that hath the steerage of my course,  Direct my sail. On, lusty gentlemen. | **ROMEO** |
| **BENVOLIO**  Strike, drum. | **BENVOLIO**  Beat the drum. |
| *March about the stage and exeunt* | *They march about the stage and exit.* |

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| ***PETER*** *and other* ***SERVINGMEN*** *come forth with napkins* | ***PETER*** *and other* ***SERVINGMEN*** *come forward with napkins.* |
| **PETER**  Where’s Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a  trencher? He scrape a trencher! | **PETER**  Where’s Potpan? Why isn’t he helping us clear the table? He should be moving and scraping plates! |
| **FIRST SERVINGMAN**  When good manners shall lie all in one or two men’s hands, and they unwashed too, ’tis a foul thing. | **FIRST SERVINGMAN**  When only one or two men have all the good manners, and even they are dirty, things are bad. |
| **PETER**  Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane, and, as thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.—Antony and Potpan! | **PETER**  Take away the stools, the sideboards, and the plates. You, good friend, save me a piece of marzipan, and if you love me, have the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony and Potpan! |
| **SECOND SERVINGMAN**  Ay, boy, ready. | **SECOND SERVINGMAN**  Yes, boy, I’m ready. |
| **PETER**  You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber. | **PETER**  They’re looking for you in the great chamber. |
| **FIRST SERVINGMAN**  We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys. Be brisk  0awhile, and the longer liver take all. | **FIRST SERVINGMAN**  We can’t be in two places at once, both here and there! Cheers, boys. Be quick for a while and let the one who lives the longest take everything. |
| *Exeunt* ***PETER*** *and* ***SERVINGMEN*** | ***PETER*** *and the* ***SERVINGMEN*** *exit.* |
| *Enter* ***CAPULET*** *with* ***CAPULET'S******COUSIN****,* ***TYBALT****,* ***LADY CAPULET****,* ***JULIET****, and others of the house, meeting* ***ROMEO****,* ***BENVOLIO****,* ***MERCUTIO****, and other* ***GUESTS*** *and* ***MASKERS*** | ***CAPULET*** *enters with his* ***COUSIN****,* ***TYBALT****,* ***LADY CAPULET****,* ***JULIET****, and other members of the house. They meet* ***ROMEO****,* ***BENVOLIO****,* ***MERCUTIO****, and other guests and* ***MASKERS*** |
| **CAPULET**  Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes  Ah, my mistresses! Which of you all  Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with you.—  Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,  She, I’ll swear, hath corns. Am I come near ye now?—  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)*  A hall, a hall, give room!—And foot it, girls.—  More light, you knaves! And turn the tables up,  And quench the fire. The room is grown too hot.—  Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.—  Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,  For you and I are past our dancing days.  How long is ’t now since last yourself and I  Were in a mask? | **CAPULET**  Welcome, gentlemen. The ladies who don’t have corns on their toes will dance with you. Ha, my ladies, which of you will refuse to dance now? Whichever of you acts shy, I’ll swear she has corns. Does that hit close to home? Welcome, gentlemen. There was a time when I could wear a mask over my eyes and charm a lady by whispering a story in her ear. That time is gone, gone, gone. You are welcome gentlemen. Come on, musicians, play music. *(music plays and they dance,* ROMEO *stands apart)* Make room in the hall. Make room in the hall. Shake a leg, girls*. (to* SERVINGMEN*)* More light, you rascals. Flip over the tables and get them out of the way. And put the fire out—it’s getting too hot in here. *(to his* COUSIN*)* Ah, my man, this unexpected fun feels good. No, sit down, sit down, my good Capulet cousin. You and I are too old to dance. *(*CAPULET *and his* COUSIN *sit down)* How long is it now since you and I last wore masks at a party like this? |

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| **CAPULETS' COUSIN**     By'r Lady, thirty years. | **CAPULET'S COUSIN**  I swear, it must be thirty years. |
| **CAPULET**  What, man, ’tis not so much, ’tis not so much.  'Tis since the nuptials of Lucentio,  Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  Some five and twenty years, and then we masked. | **CAPULET**  What, man? It’s not that long, it’s not that long. It’s been since Lucentio’s wedding. Let the years fly by as fast as they like, it’s only been twenty-five years since we wore masks. |
| **CAPULET'S COUSIN**  'Tis more, ’tis more. His son is elder, sir.  His son is thirty. | **CAPULET'S COUSIN**  It’s been longer, it’s been longer. Lucentio’s son is older than that, sir. He’s thirty years old. |
| **CAPULET**     Will you tell me that?  His son was but a ward two years ago. | **CAPULET**  Are you really going to tell me that? His son was a minor only two years ago. |
| **ROMEO**  *(to a* SERVINGMAN*)* What lady is that which doth enrich the hand  Of yonder knight? | **ROMEO**  *(to a* SERVINGMAN*)* Who is the girl on the arm of that lucky knight over there? |
| **SERVINGMAN**     I know not, sir. | **SERVINGMAN**  I don’t know, sir. |
| **ROMEO**  Oh, 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 blessèd my rude hand.  Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!  For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. | **ROMEO** |

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| **TYBALT**  This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—  *(to his* PAGE*)* Fetch me my rapier, boy.—  What, dares the slave  Come hither, covered with an antic face,  To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?  Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,  To strike him dead I hold it not a sin. | **TYBALT**  I can tell by his voice that this man is a Montague. *(to his* PAGE*)* Get me my sword, boy.*—*What, does this peasant dare to come here with his face covered by a mask to sneer at and scorn our celebration? Now, by the honor of our family, I do not consider it a crime to kill him. |
| **CAPULET**  Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so? | **CAPULET**  Why, what’s going on here, nephew? Why are you acting so angry? |
| **TYBALT**  Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,  A villain that is hither come in spite  To scorn at our solemnity this night. | **TYBALT**  Uncle, this man is a Montague—our enemy. He’s a scoundrel who’s come here out of spite to mock our party. |
| **CAPULET**  Young Romeo is it? | **CAPULET**  Is it young Romeo? |
| **TYBALT**       'Tis he, that villain Romeo. | **TYBALT**  That’s him, that villain Romeo. |
| **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-governed 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. | **CAPULET**  Calm down, gentle cousin. Leave him alone. He carries himself like a dignified gentleman, and, to tell you the truth, he has a reputation throughout Verona as a virtuous and well-behaved young man. I wouldn’t insult him in my own house for all the wealth in this town. So calm down. Just ignore him. That’s what I want, and if you respect my wishes, you’ll look nice and stop frowning because that’s not the way you should behave at a feast. |

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| **TYBALT**  It fits when such a villain is a guest.  I’ll not endure him. | **TYBALT**  It’s the right way to act when a villain like him shows up. I won’t tolerate 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! | **CAPULET**  You *will* tolerate him. What, little man? I say you will. What the—Am I the boss here or you? What the—You won’t tolerate him! God help me! You’ll start a riot among my guests! There will be chaos! It will be your fault, you’ll be the rabble-rouser! |
| **TYBALT**  Why, uncle, ’tis a shame. | **TYBALT**  But, uncle, we’re being disrespected. |
| **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 princox, go.  Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!  I’ll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts! | **CAPULET**  Go on, go on. You’re an insolent little boy. Is that how it is, really? This stupidity will come back to bite you. I know what I’ll do. You have to contradict me, do you? I’ll teach you a lesson. *(to the* GUESTS*)* Well done, my dear guests! *(to* TYBALT*)* You’re a punk, get away. Keep your mouth shut, or else— *(to* SERVINGMEN*)* more light, more light! *(to* TYBALT*)* You should be ashamed. ’ll shut you up. *(to the guests)* Keep having fun, my dear friends! |
| *Music plays again, and the guests dance* | *The music plays again, and the guests dance* |
| **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 bitterest gall. | **TYBALT**  The combination of forced patience and pure rage is making my body tremble. I’ll leave here now, but Romeo’s prank, which seems so sweet to him now, will turn bitter to him later. |
| *Exit* ***TYBALT*** | ***TYBALT*** *exits.* |

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| **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. | **ROMEO**  . |
| **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. | **JULIET**  Good pilgrim, you don’t give your hand enough credit. By holding my hand you show polite devotion. After all, pilgrims touch the hands of statues of saints. Holding one palm against another is like a kiss. |
| **ROMEO**  Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too? | **ROMEO**  Don’t saints and pilgrims have lips too? |
| **JULIET**  Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer. | **JULIET**  Yes, pilgrim—they have lips that they’re supposed to pray with. |
| **ROMEO**  O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do.  They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair. | **ROMEO**  Well then, saint, let lips do what hands do. I’m praying for you to kiss me. Please grant my prayer so my faith doesn’t turn to despair. |
| **JULIET**  Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake. | **JULIET**  Saints don’t move, even when they grant prayers. |
| **ROMEO**  Then move not, while my prayer’s effect I take. | **ROMEO**  Then don’t move while I act out my prayer. |
| *Kisses her* | *He kisses her*. |
| Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged. | Now my sin has been taken from my lips by yours. |
| **JULIET**  Then have my lips the sin that they have took. | **JULIET**  Then do my lips now have the sin they took from yours? |
| **ROMEO**  Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!  Give me my sin again. | **ROMEO**  Sin from my lips? You encourage crime with your sweetness. Give me my sin back. |
| *They kiss again* | *They kiss again* |

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| **JULIET**     You kiss by th' book. | **JULIET**  You kiss like you’ve studied how. |
| **NURSE**  Madam, your mother craves a word with you. | **NURSE**  Madam, your mother wants to talk to you. |
| ***JULIET*** *moves away* | ***JULIET*** *moves away* |
| **ROMEO**  What is her mother? | **ROMEO**  Who 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 talked withal.  I tell you, he that can lay hold of her  Shall have the chinks. | **NURSE**  Indeed, young man, her mother is the lady of the house. She is a good, wise, and virtuous lady. I nursed her daughter, whom you were just talking to. Let me tell you, the man who marries her will become very wealthy. |
| **ROMEO**  *(aside)* Is she a Capulet?  O dear account! My life is my foe’s debt. | **ROMEO**  *(to himself)* Is she a Capulet? Oh, this is a heavy price to pay! My life is in the hands of my enemy. |
| **BENVOLIO**  *(to* ROMEO*)* Away, begone. The sport is at the best. | **BENVOLIO**  *(to* ROMEO*)* Come on, let’s go. Right when things are the most fun is the best time to leave. |
| **ROMEO**  Ay, so I fear. The more is my unrest. | **ROMEO**  Yes, but I’m afraid I’m in more trouble than ever. |
| **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. | **CAPULET**  No gentlemen, don’t get ready to go now. We have a little dessert coming up. *(they whisper in his ear)* Is that really true? Well, then, I thank you both. I thank you, honest gentlemen. Good night. Bring more torches over here! Come on, let’s all get to bed. *(to his* COUSIN*)* Ah, my man, I swear, it’s getting late. I’m going to get some rest. |
| *All but* ***JULIET*** *and* ***NURSE*** *move to exit* | *Everyone except* ***JULIET*** *and* ***NURSE*** *begins to exit.* |

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| **JULIET**  Come hither, Nurse. What is yond gentleman? | **JULIET**  Come over here, nurse. Who is that gentleman? |
| **NURSE**  The son and heir of old Tiberio. | **NURSE**  He is the son and heir of old Tiberio. |
| **JULIET**  What’s he that now is going out of door? | **JULIET**  Who’s the one who’s going out the door right now? |
| **NURSE**  Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio. | **NURSE**  Well, that one, I think, is young Petruchio. |
| **JULIET**  What’s he that follows here, that would not dance? | **JULIET**  Who’s the one following over there, the one who wouldn’t dance? |
| **NURSE**  I know not. | **NURSE**  I don’t know his name. |
| **JULIET**  Go ask his name.—If he be married.  My grave is like to be my wedding bed. | **JULIET**  Go ask. *(the nurse leaves)* If he’s married, I think I’ll die rather than marry anyone else. |
| **NURSE**  His name is Romeo, and a Montague,  The only son of your great enemy. | **NURSE**  *(returning)* His name is Romeo. He’s a Montague. He’s the only son of your worst enemy. |
| **JULIET**  *(aside)* My only love sprung from my only hate!  Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  That I must love a loathèd enemy. | **JULIET** |
| **NURSE**  What’s this? What’s this? | **NURSE**  What’s this? What’s this? |
| **JULIET**       A rhyme I learned even now  Of one I danced withal. | **JULIET**  Just a rhyme I learned from somebody I danced with at the party. |
| *One calls within “Juliet!”* | *Somebody calls, “Juliet!” from offstage.* |
| **NURSE**       Anon, anon!  Come, let’s away. The strangers all are gone. | **NURSE**  Right away, right away. Come, let’s go. The strangers are all gone. |
| *Exeunt* | *They exit.* |