

Act 4: Romeo and Juliet
Graphic Novel

Friar:
ON THURSDAY,
SIR? THE
TIME IS
VERY
SHORT.

Paris:
MY
FATHER
CAPULET
WILL HAVE
IT SO.

Friar:
I LIKE
IT NOT.



Paris
HER
FATHER
COUNTS IT
DANGEROUS
...

Paris:
THAT
SHE DO
GIVE HER
SORROW
SO MUCH
SWAY...

AND
IN HIS
WISDOM
HASTES
OUR
MARRIAGE.



Friar:
LOOK,
SIR,
HERE
COMES
THE
LADY.



Paris:
MY LADY
AND MY
WIFE.

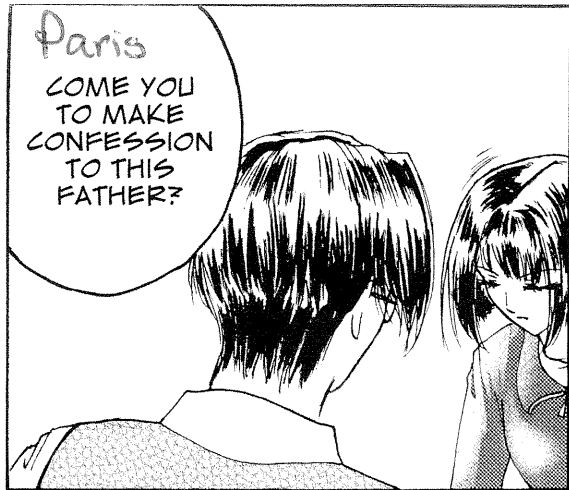
Juliet:
THAT MAY
BE, SIR,
WHEN I
MAY BE
A WIFE.



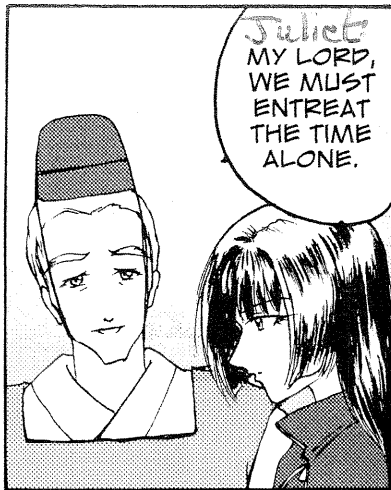
Paris
THAT
MUST
BE ON
THURSDAY
NEXT.

Juliet
WHAT
MUST BE,
SHALL
BE.

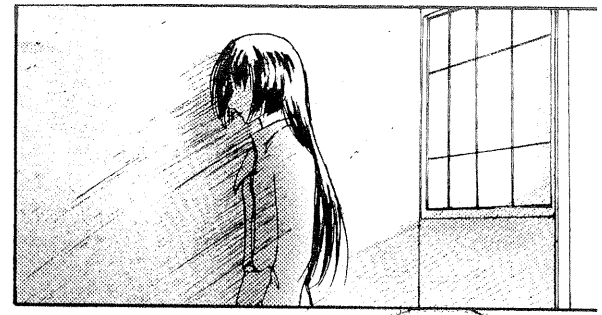




Paris
COME YOU
TO MAKE
CONFESSION
TO THIS
FATHER?



Juliet
MY LORD,
WE MUST
ENTREAT
THE TIME
ALONE.



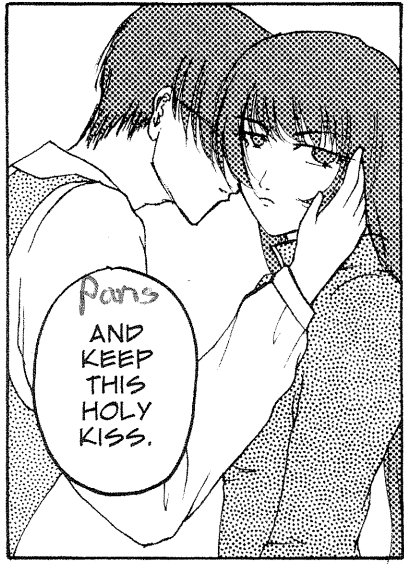
Juliet
O SHUT
THE DOOR
AND COME
WEEP WITH
ME...



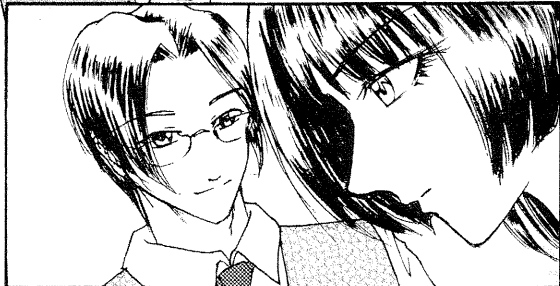
Paris
GOD
SHIELD
I SHOULD
DISTURB
DEVOTION.



Paris
JULIET, ON
THURSDAY
EARLY WILL
I ROUSE
YE.
TILL THEN,
ADIEU...



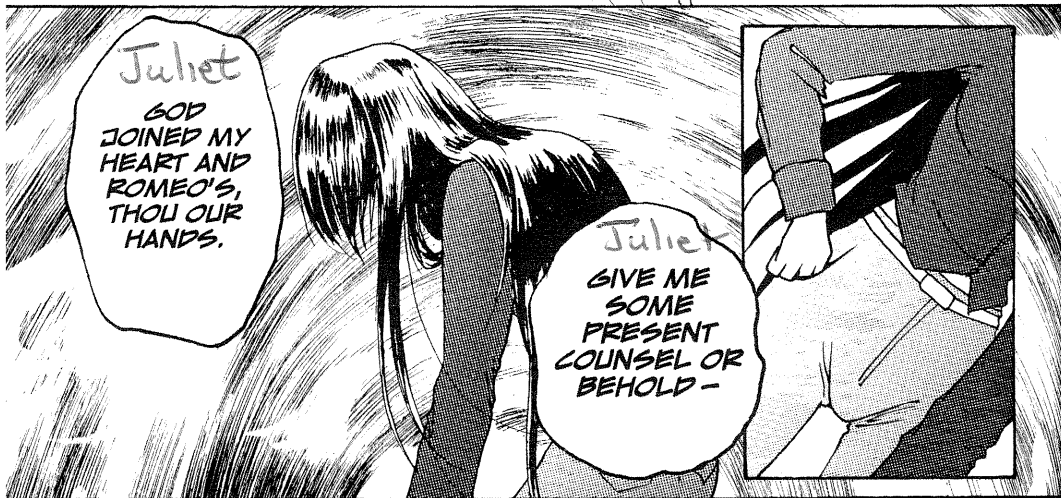
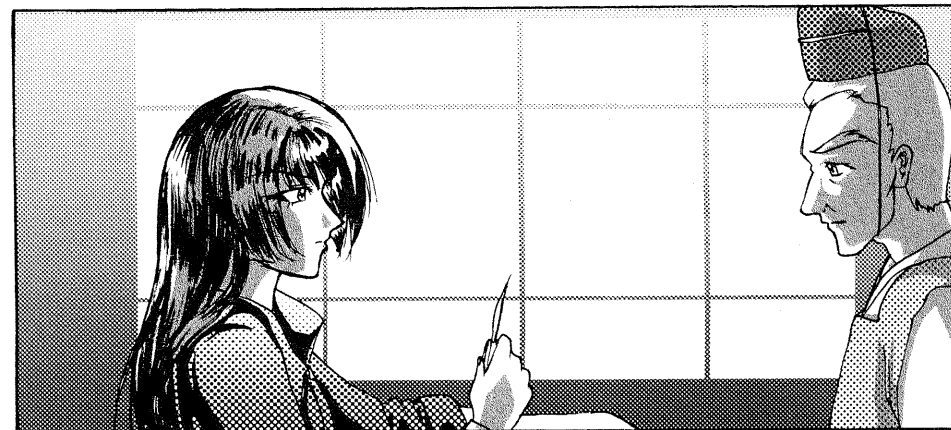
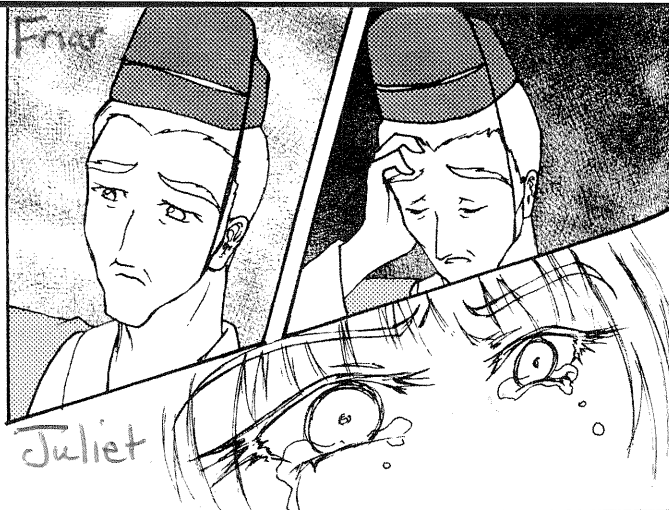
Paris
AND
KEEP
THIS
HOLY
KISS.



Juliet
PAST
HOPE,
PAST
CURE,
PAST
HELP!

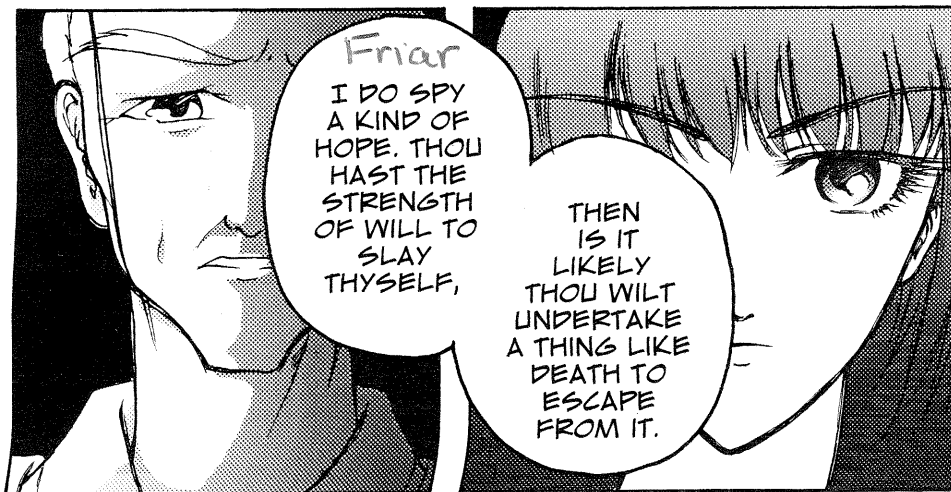
Friar
O JULIET,
I ALREADY
KNOW THY
GRIEF. I HEAR
THOU MUST ON
THURSDAY
NEXT BE
MARRIED.

Juliet
TELL
ME NOT,
FRIAR,
UNLESS
THOU TELL ME
HOW I MAY
PREVENT IT.



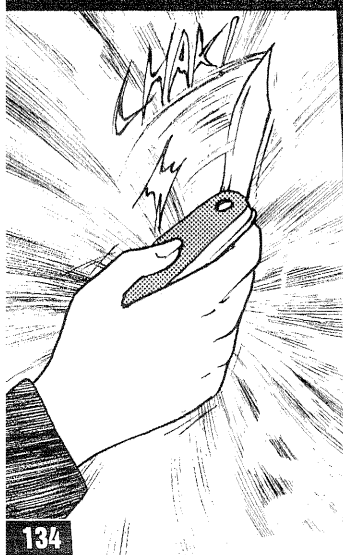
Juliet
GOD
JOINED MY
HEART AND
ROMEO'S,
THOU OUR
HANDS.

Juliet
GIVE ME
SOME
PRESENT
COUNSEL OR
BEHOLD -



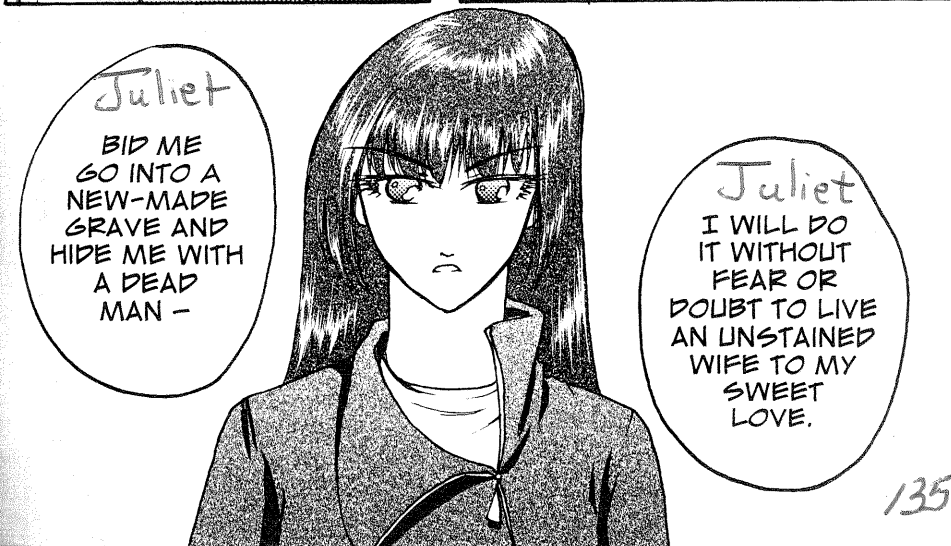
Friar
I DO SPY
A KIND OF
HOPE. THOU
HAST THE
STRENGTH
OF WILL TO
SLAY
THYSELF,

THEN
IS IT
LIKELY
THOU WILT
UNDERTAKE
A THING LIKE
DEATH TO
ESCAPE
FROM IT.



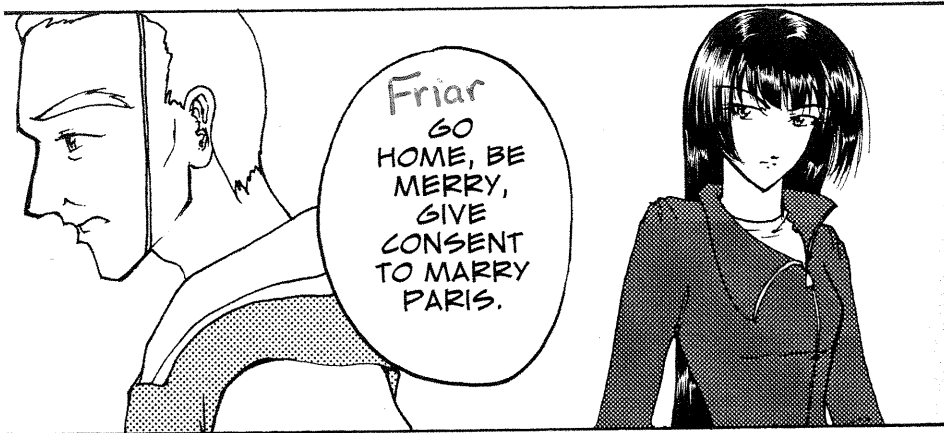
Julie
THIS
KNIFE
SHALL
PLAY
THE
UMPIRE.

Juliet
I LONG
TO DIE IF
WHAT THOU
SPEAK'ST
SPEAK
NOT OF
REMEDY.

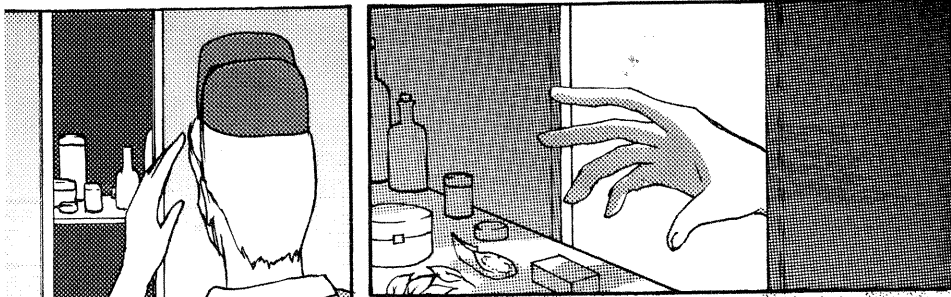


Juliet
BID ME
GO INTO A
NEW-MADE
GRAVE AND
HIDE ME WITH
A DEAD
MAN -

Juliet
I WILL DO
IT WITHOUT
FEAR OR
DOUBT TO LIVE
AN UNSTAINED
WIFE TO MY
SWEET
LOVE.

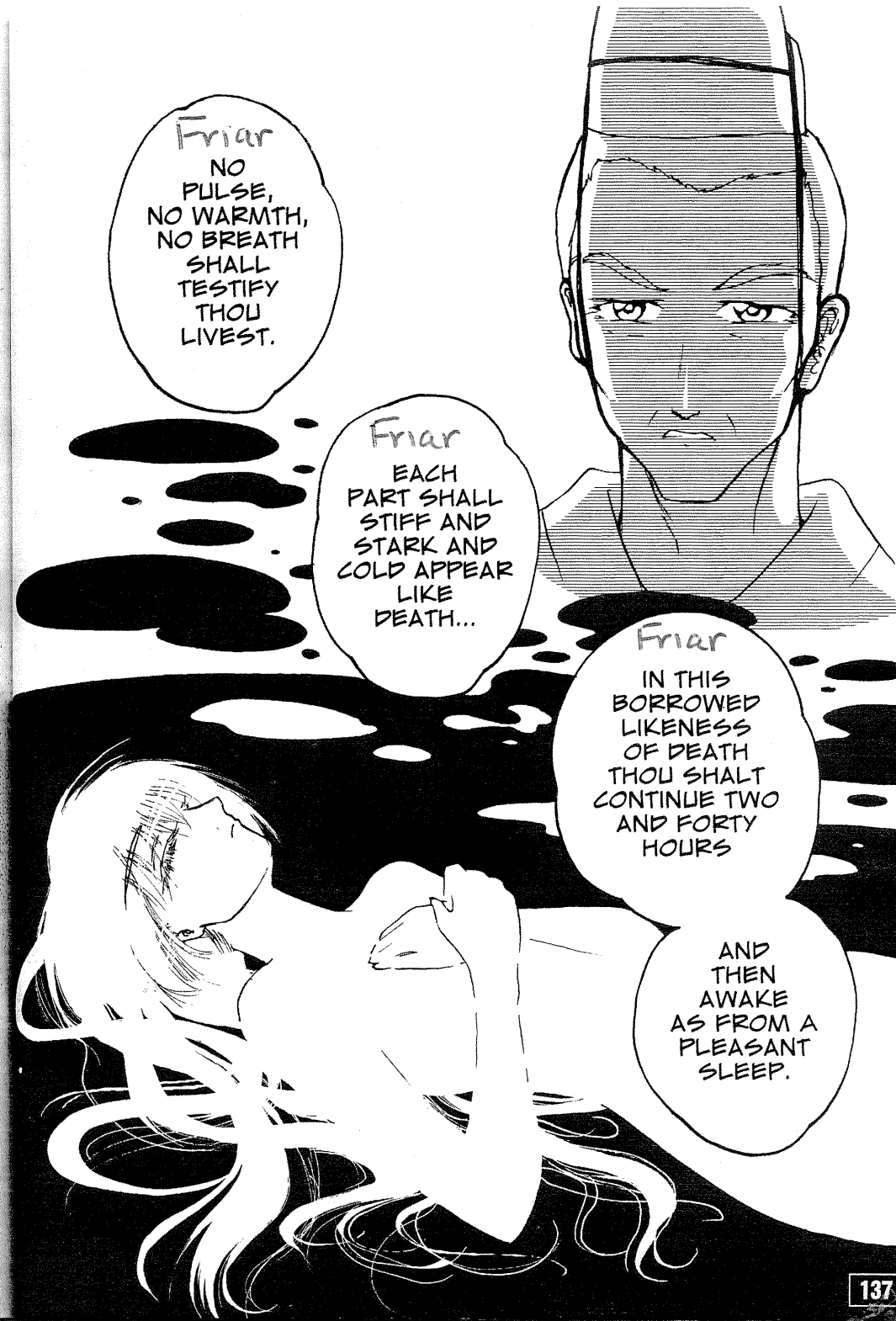


Friar
GO
HOME, BE
MERRY,
GIVE
CONSENT
TO MARRY
PARIS.



Friar
TAKE
THOU THIS
VIAL, AND
THIS LIQUOR
DRINK...

PRESENTLY
THROUGH
ALL THY VEINS
SHALL RUN
A COLD AND
DROWSY
HUMOUR.

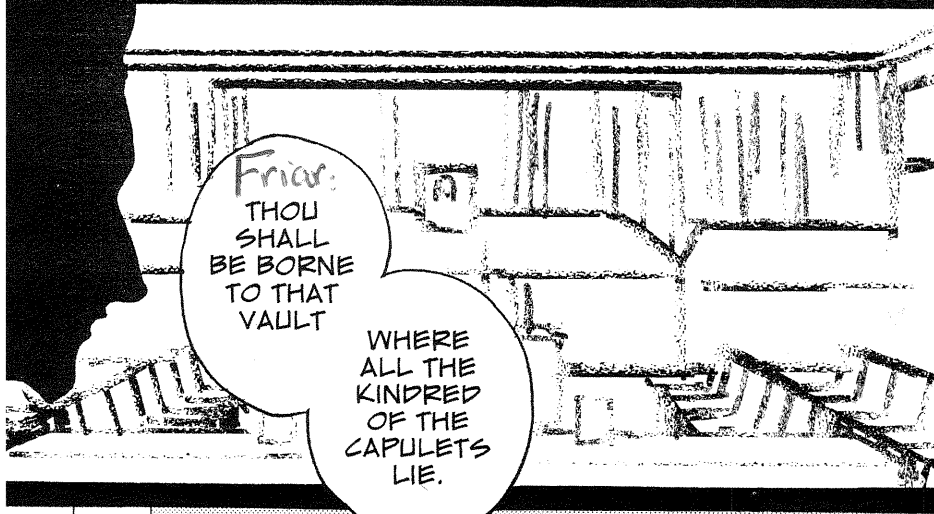


Friar
NO
PULSE,
NO WARMTH,
NO BREATH
SHALL
TESTIFY
THOU
LIVEST.

Friar
EACH
PART SHALL
STIFF AND
STARK AND
COLD APPEAR
LIKE
DEATH...

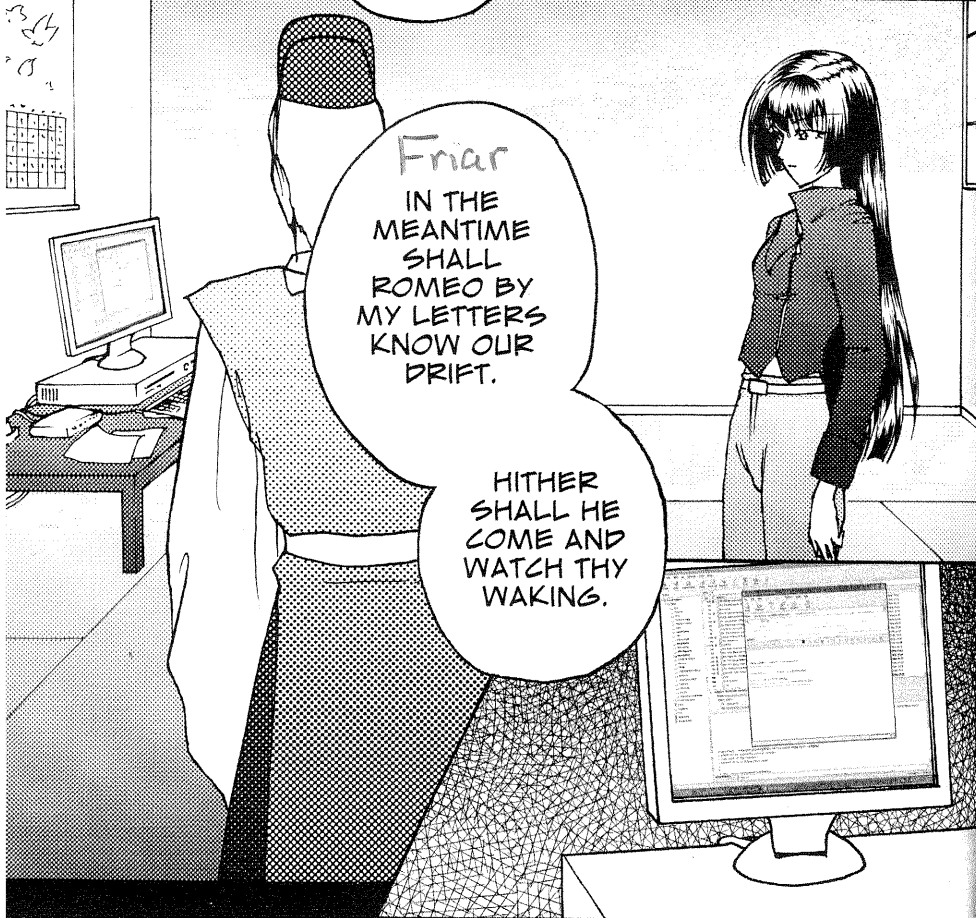
Friar
IN THIS
BORROWED
LIKENESS
OF DEATH
THOU SHALT
CONTINUE TWO
AND FORTY
HOURS

AND
THEN
AWAKE
AS FROM A
PLEASANT
SLEEP.



Friar
THOU
SHALL
BE BORNE
TO THAT
VAULT

WHERE
ALL THE
KINDRED
OF THE
CAPULETS
LIE.



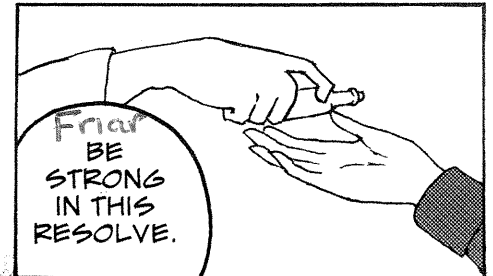
Friar
IN THE
MEANTIME
SHALL
ROMEO BY
MY LETTERS
KNOW OUR
DRIFT.

HITHER
SHALL HE
COME AND
WATCH THY
WAKING.



Friar
THAT
VERY NIGHT
SHALL ROMEO
BEAR THEE
HENCE TO
MANTUA...

Juliet
GIVE ME,
GIVE ME!
O TELL ME
NOT OF
FEAR.



Friar
BE
STRONG
IN THIS
RESOLVE.



Friar
I'LL
SEND A
FRIAR TO
MANTUA
WITH MY
LETTERS.

Juliet
LOVE
GIVE ME
STRENGTH.

Juliet
FAREWELL,
DEAR
FATHER.



Capulet
SEE
WHERE
SHE COMES
WITH A
MERRY
LOOK.

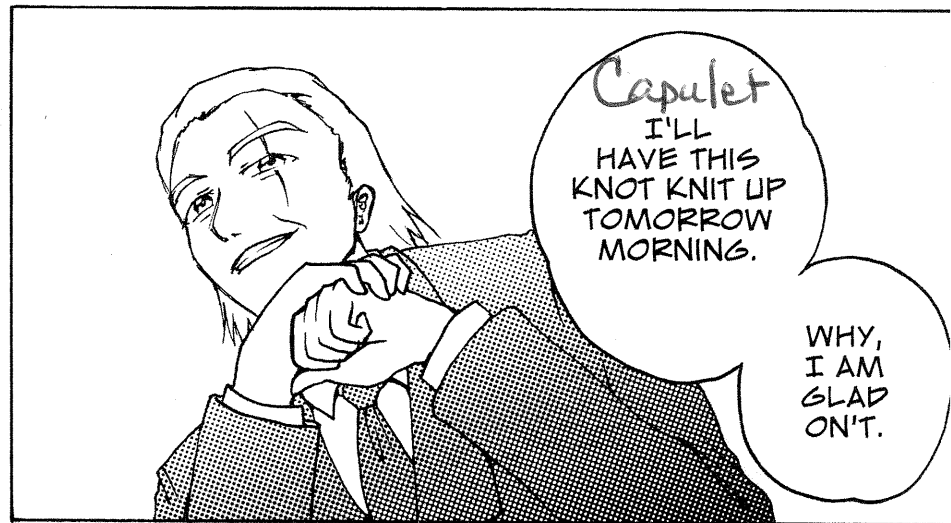
Capulet
HOW
NOW, MY
HEADSTRONG:
WHERE
HAVE YOU
BEEN?



Juliet
WHERE I
HAVE LEARNT
ME TO REPENT
THE SIN OF
DISOBEDIENT
OPPOSITION.

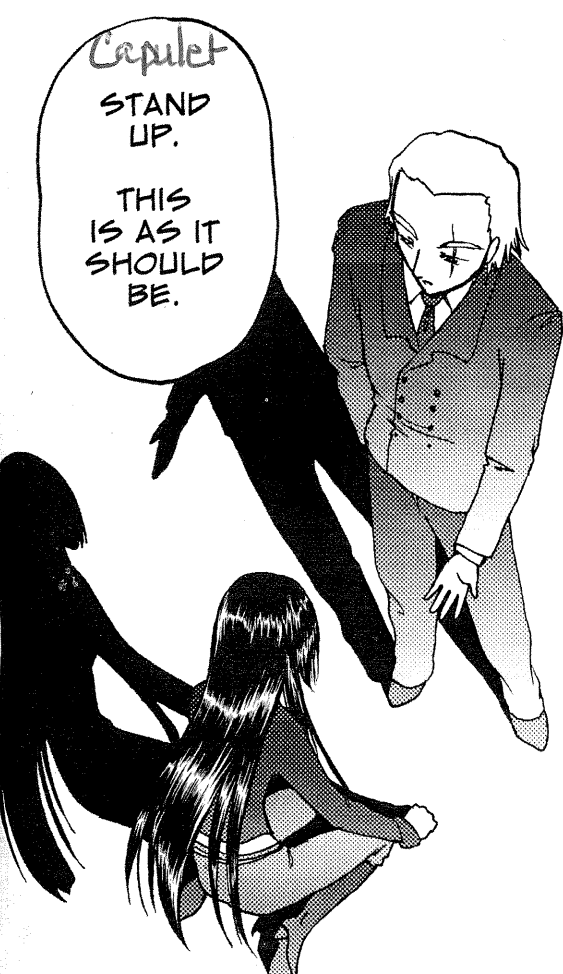


Juliet
PARDON, I
BESEECH YOU.
HENCEFORWARD
I AM EVER
RULED BY
YOU.



Capulet
I'LL
HAVE THIS
KNOT KNIT UP
TOMORROW
MORNING.

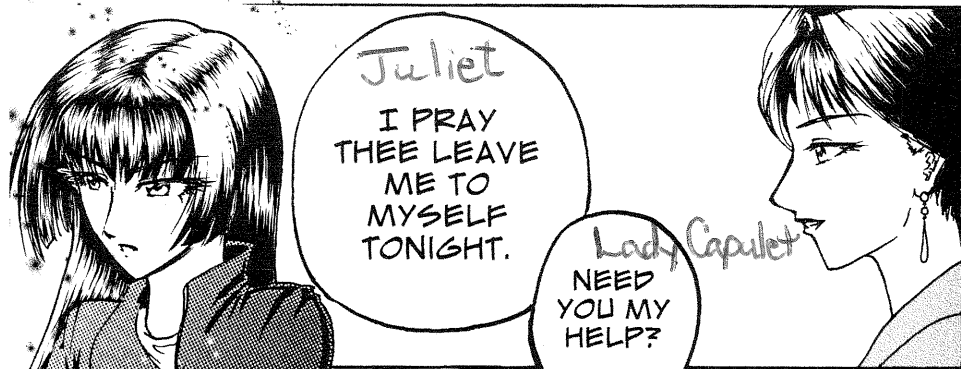
WHY,
I AM
GLAD
ON'T.



Capulet
STAND
UP.
THIS
IS AS IT
SHOULD
BE.

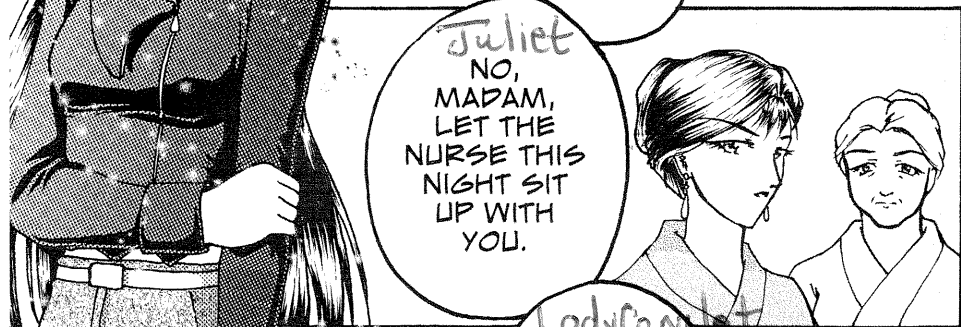


Capulet
ALL
THINGS
SHALL BE
WELL, I
WARRANT
THEE,
WIFE.



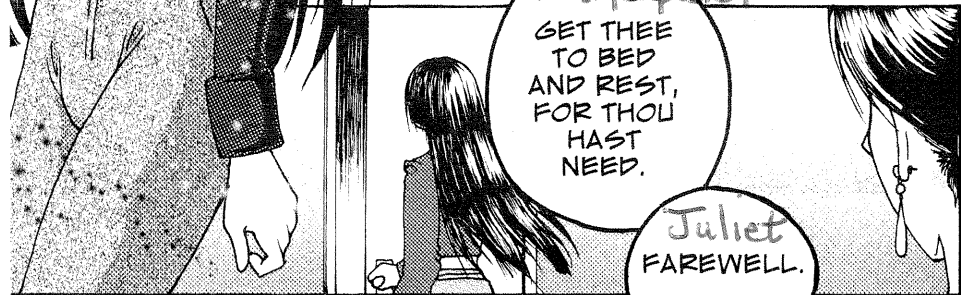
Juliet
I PRAY
THEE LEAVE
ME TO
MYSELF
TONIGHT.

Lady Capulet
NEED
YOU MY
HELP?



Juliet
NO,
MADAM,
LET THE
NURSE THIS
NIGHT SIT
UP WITH
YOU.

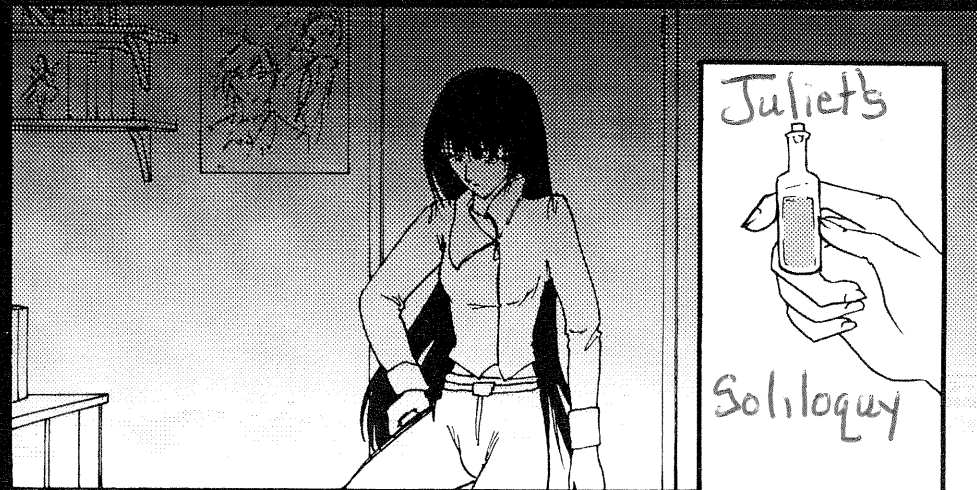
Lady Capulet
GET THEE
TO BED
AND REST,
FOR THOU
HAST
NEED.



Juliet
FAREWELL.



Juliet
GOD
KNOWS
WHEN
WE SHALL
MEET
AGAIN.



A COLD
FEAR THRILLS
THROUGH MY
VEINS. WHAT IF
THIS MIXTURE
DO NOT WORK
AT ALL?



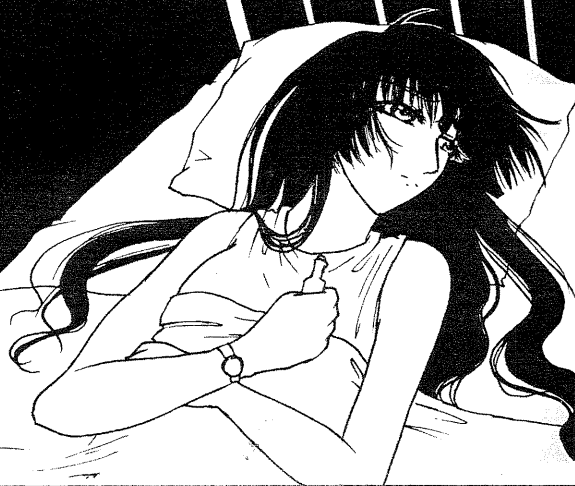
WHAT IF
IT BE POISON
WHICH THE FRIAR
MINISTERED TO
HAVE ME DEAD,
BECAUSE HE
MARRIED ME
BEFORE TO
ROMEO?



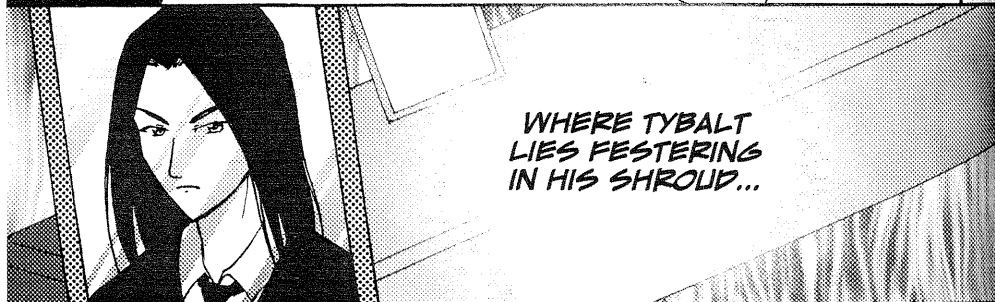
I FEAR IT
IS. AND YET
METHINKS IT
SHOULD
NOT.

HOW IF, WHEN
I AM LAID INTO THE
TOMB, I WAKE
BEFORE THE TIME
THAT ROMEO COME
TO REDEEM ME?

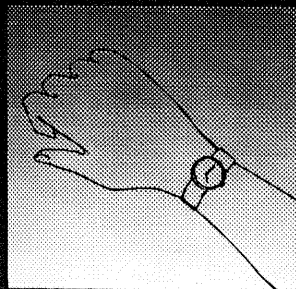
THERE'S
A FEARFUL
POINT!



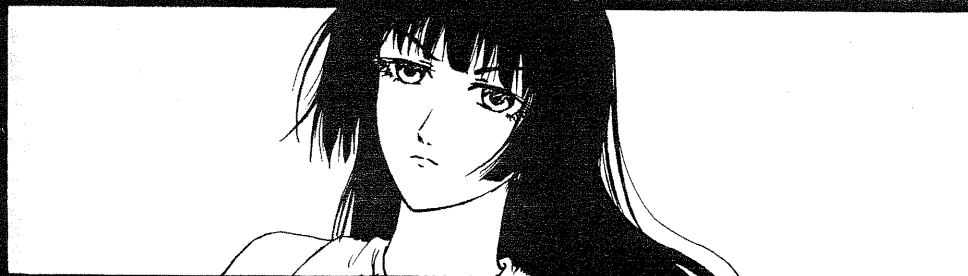
WHERE TYBALT
LIES FESTERING
IN HIS SHROUD...

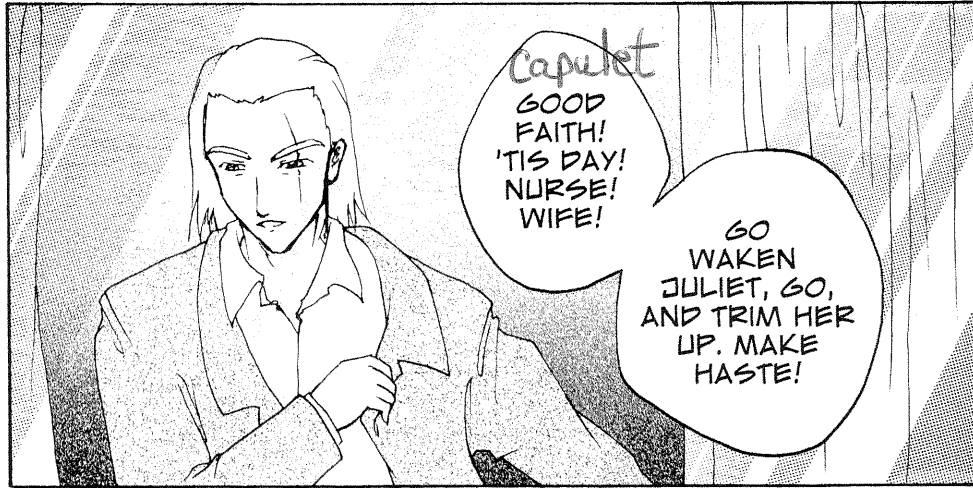


STAY,
TYBALT,
STAY!



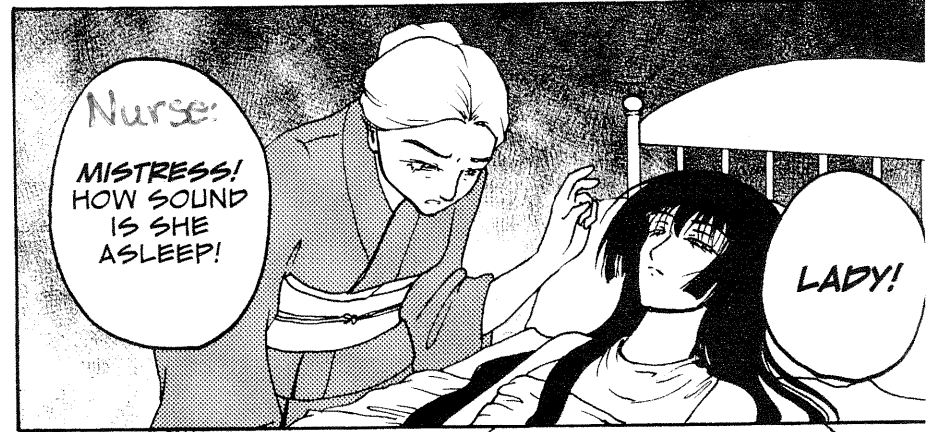
ROMEO,
ROMEO,
I DRINK
TO THEE!





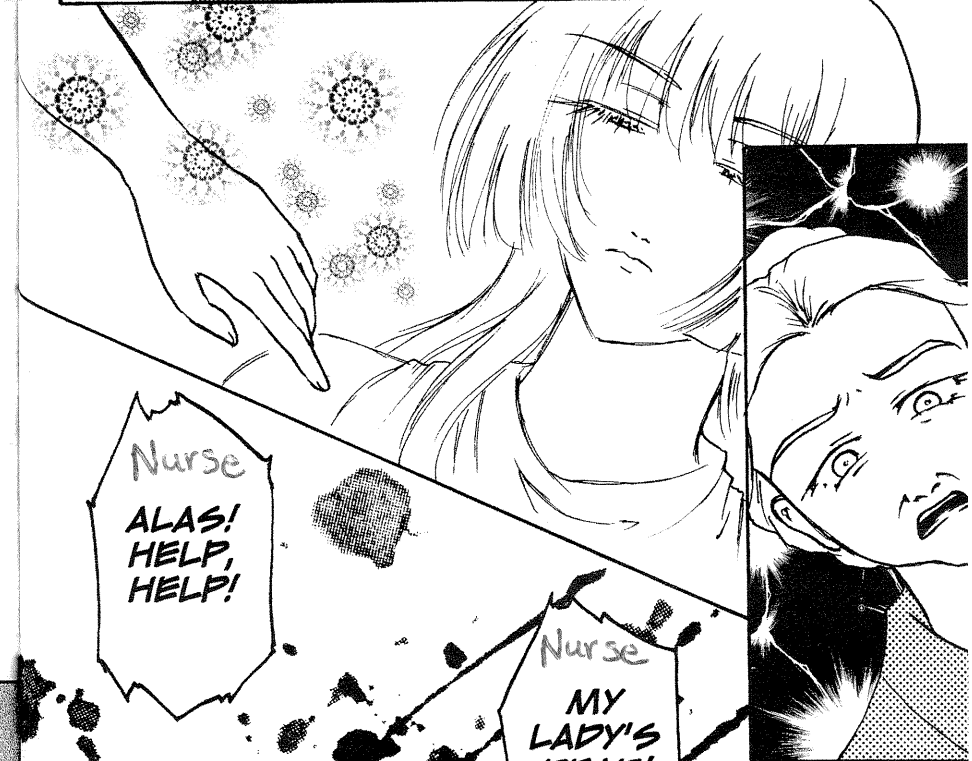
Capulet
GOOD
FAITH!
'TIS DAY!
NURSE!
WIFE!

GO
WAKEN
JULIET, GO,
AND TRIM HER
UP. MAKE
HASTE!



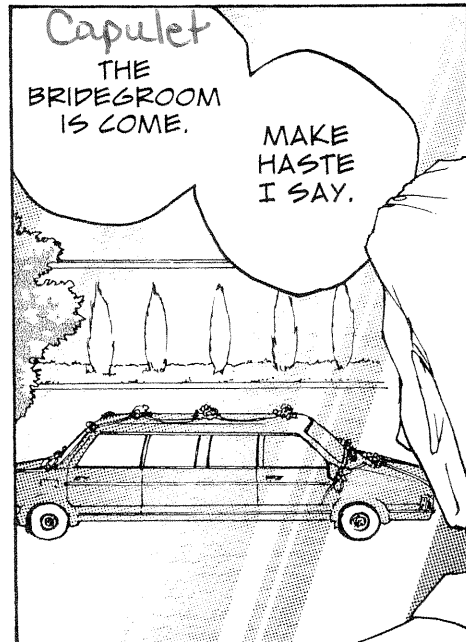
Nurse:
MISTRESS!
HOW SOUND
IS SHE
ASLEEP!

LADY!



Nurse
ALAS!
HELP,
HELP!

Nurse
MY
LADY'S
DEAD!



Capulet
THE
BRIDEGROOM
IS COME.

MAKE
HASTE
I SAY.



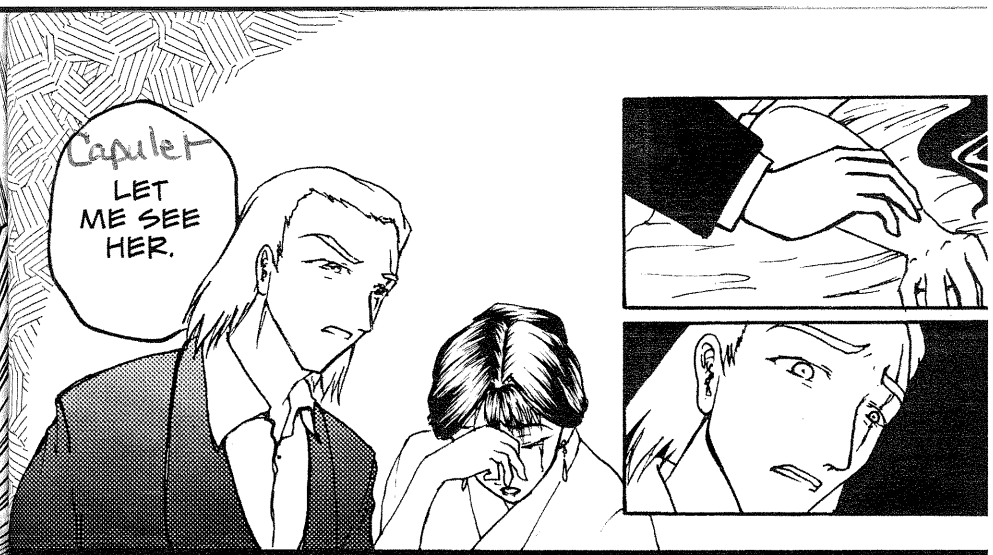
KNOCK!
KNOCK!



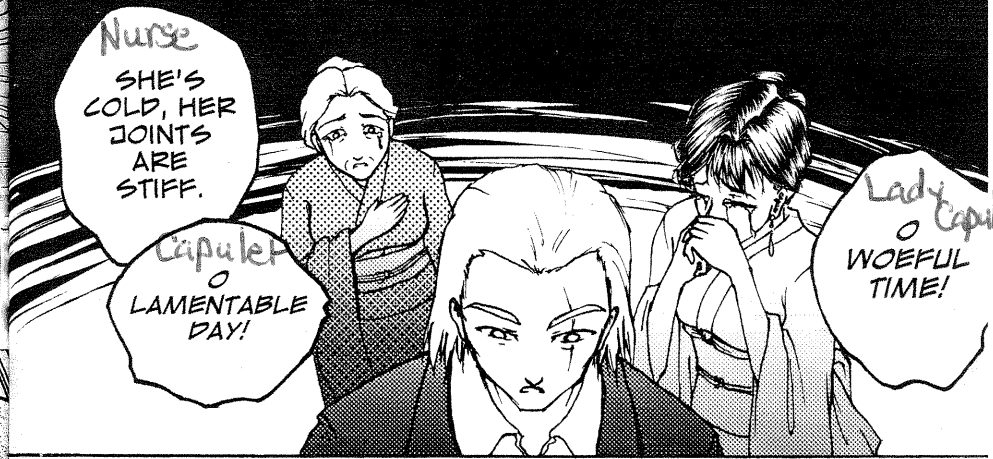


Lady Capulet
WHAT IS THE MATTER?

Nurse
LOOK, LOOK! O HEAVY DAY!



Capulet
LET ME SEE HER.



Nurse
SHE'S COLD, HER JOINTS ARE STIFF.

Capulet
O LAMENTABLE DAY!

Lady Capulet
WOEFUL TIME!



Lady Capulet
MY CHILD, MY ONLY LIFE.

REVIVE, LOOK UP, OR I WILL DIE WITH THEE.



Capulet
DEATH TIES UP MY TONGUE AND WILL NOT LET ME SPEAK.



Friar
IS THE
BRIDE
READY
TO GO TO
CHURCH?



Lady
Capulet
ACCURSED,
UNHAPPY,
WRETCHED,
HATEFUL
DAY.

Nurse
NEVER
WAS SEEN
SO BLACK
A DAY AS
THIS.

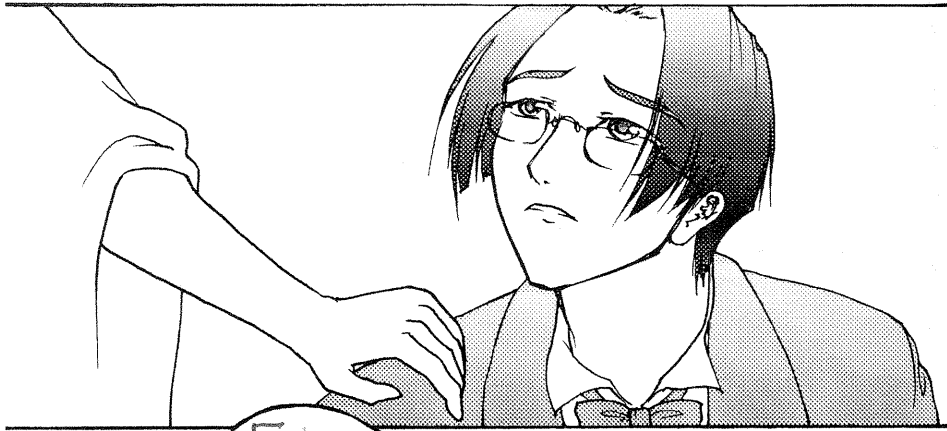


Capulet
READY
TO GO,
BUT
NEVER
TO
RETURN.

DEATH
IS MY
SON-IN-
LAW.
DEATH IS
MY HEIR.
I WILL
DIE AND
LEAVE
HIM ALL.



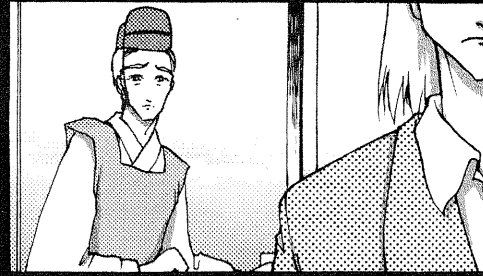
Paris
MOST
DETESTABLE
DEATH,
BY THEE
OVERTHROWN.



Friar
PEACE,
FOR SHAME.
SHE'S BEST
MARRIED
THAT DIES
MARRIED
YOUNG.

DRY UP
YOUR TEARS
AND STICK
YOUR
ROSEMARY
ON THIS FAIR
CORPSE AND
BEAR HER TO
CHURCH.

Friar
FOR
THOUGH
FOND NATURE
BIDS US ALL
LAMENT, YET
NATURE'S
TEARS ARE
REASON'S
MERRIMENT.



Capulet
ALL
THINGS
THAT WE
ORDAINED
FESTIVAL
TURN TO
BLACK
FUNERAL.



Friar
EVERYONE
PREPARE TO
FOLLOW

THIS
FAIR CORPSE
UNTO HER
GRAVE.

