

**ROMEO AND JULIET**

Written by William Shakespeare  
Adapted by Dale Ahlquist

## Cast of Characters

10 Males; 7 Females; 4 Either

<u>GREGORY:</u>	A Capulet.
<u>SAMPSON:</u>	A Capulet.
<u>ABRAHAM:</u>	Friend of Romeo.
<u>BALTHASAR:</u>	Friend of Romeo.
<u>BENVOLIO:</u>	Friend of Romeo.
<u>TYBALT:</u>	Cousin of Juliet.
<u>CITIZEN:*</u>	
<u>APOTHECARY:*</u>	
<u>LADY CAPULET:</u>	Mother to Juliet.
<u>CAPULET:</u>	Lord Capulet, Father to Juliet.
<u>LADY MONTAGUE:</u>	
<u>ROMEO:</u>	Juliet's Lover.
<u>PARIS:</u>	Suitor to Juliet.
<u>PAGE:*</u>	Page to Paris.
<u>PRINCESS:</u>	Ruler of Verona.
<u>NURSE:</u>	Nurse to Juliet.
<u>JULIET:</u>	Lord Capulet's Daughter, Romeo's Lover.
<u>SERVANT:*</u>	Romeo's Servant.
<u>MERCUTIO:</u>	Friend of Romeo.
<u>SISTER LAURENCE:</u>	A religious sister.
<u>SISTER MARGARET JOHN:</u>	A religious sister.

\*Denotes character that may be played by either male or female – minor editing is permitted for this purpose only

## Scene Breakdown

### ACT I

- Scene 1 – Verona. A Public Place
- Scene 2 – A Street in Verona
- Scene 3 – Juliet's Bedroom at the Capulet's House
- Scene 4 – A Street in Verona
- Scene 5 – Capulet's House

### ACT II

- Scene 1 – A Lane by the Wall of Capulet's Orchard
- Scene 2 – Capulet's Orchard
- Scene 3 – The Abbey
- Scene 4 – A Street in Verona
- Scene 5 – Capulet's House
- Scene 6 – The Abbey

### ACT III

- Scene 1 – A Public Place
- Scene 2 – Capulet's House
- Scene 3 – The Abbey
- Scene 4 – A Room in the Capulet's House
- Scene 5 – Capulet's Orchard

### ACT IV\*

- Scene 1 – The Abbey
- Scene 2 – Juliet's Chamber
- Scene 3 – Juliet's Chamber the Next Morning

### ACT V

- Scene 1 – A Street in Mantua
- Scene 2 – The Abbey
- Scene 3 – A Churchyard / Capulet's Tomb

\*Two scenes have been omitted from ACT IV.

### Approximate Length

105 minutes

### Time

Medieval or Renaissance

### Place

Verona, Italy

ACT I

PROLOGUE

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

Scene 1

Setting: Verona. A public place.

At Rise: Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords  
and bucklers.

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back thee.

GREGORY

How? Turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON

Fear me not.

GREGORY

No, marry. I fear thee!

SAMPSON

Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

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

(Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR)

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

(Aside to GREGORY)

Is the law of our side, if I say "Ay"?

GREGORY

(Aside to SAMPSON)

No.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM

Quarrel sir? No, sir.

SAMPSON

If you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAHAM

No better.

SAMPSON

Well, sir.

GREGORY

Say "better"; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAHAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy washing blow.

(They fight. Enter BENVOLIO.)

BENVOLIO

Part, fools!

(Drawing his sword)

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

(Beats down their swords)

(Enter TYBALT, drawing his sword)

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT

What, drawn and talk of peace! I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward!

(They fight. Enter several of both houses, who join the fray. Then enter CITIZENS, with clubs.)

Citizen

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

Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

(Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET)

CAPULET

What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET

A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

CAPULET

My sword, I say!

(Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE)

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not; let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

(Enter PRINCESS, with Attendants)

PRINCESS

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 further pleasure in this case,  
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

(Exit all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO)

MONTAGUE

(To BENVOLIO)

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?  
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

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 princess came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?  
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshiped sun  
 Peered forth the golden window of the east,  
 A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,  
 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  
 (That most are busied when they're most alone),  
 Pursued my humor not pursuing his,  
 And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

LADY MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he 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 furthest east begin to draw  
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
 Away from the light steals home my heavy son  
 And private in his chamber pens himself,  
 Shuts up his windows, locks far daylight out,  
 And makes himself an artificial night.  
 Black and portentous must this humor prove,  
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO

Do you know the cause?

LADY MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.  
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
 We would as willingly give cure as know.

(Enter ROMEO)

BENVOLIO

See, where he comes. So please you, step aside.  
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

(Exit MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE)

BENVOLIO

Goodmorrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me, sad hours seem long.  
Was that my mother 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!  
Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aimed so near, when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think!

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes.  
Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.  
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

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

(They exit)

## Scene 2

Setting: A street.

At Rise: Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and 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.

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?

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.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so early made.  
Earth hath swallow'd 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.  
And, she agreed, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.

LADY CAPULET

This night we hold an old accustom'd feast  
Whereto we have invited many a guest  
Such as we love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes our number more.  
(To SERVANT, giving 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.

(Exit CAPULETS and PARIS)

SERVANT

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!

(Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO)

BENVOLIO

(To ROMEO)

Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning;  
One pain is lessened by another's anguish.  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

SERVANT

God gi' good e'en. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO

Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVANT

Perhaps you have learned it without book. But I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROMEO

Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SERVANT

You say honestly. Rest you merry.

ROMEO

Stay, fellow; I can read.

(Reads)

“Signior Martino and his wife and daughters,  
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters,  
The lady widow of Vitravio,  
Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces,  
Mercutio and his brother Valentine,  
Mine Uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters,  
My fair niece Rosaline and Livia,  
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt,  
Lucio and the lively Helena.”  
A fair assembly. Whither should they come?

Up. SERVANT

Whither? ROMEO

To supper. To our house. SERVANT

Whose house? ROMEO

My master's. SERVANT

Indeed I should have asked you that before. ROMEO

SERVANT  
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.

(Exit SERVANT)

BENVOLIO  
At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves,  
With all the admirèd 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.

ROMEO  
One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

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 this feast,  
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

ROMEO  
I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,

But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

(They exit)

Scene 3

Setting: A room in Capulet's house.

At Rise: Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

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

(Enter JULIET)

JULIET

How now, who calls?

NURSE

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE

Even or odd, of all days in the year,



Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
 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.  
 My lord and you were then at Mantua.  
 And since that time it is eleven years.  
 For then she could stand alone. Nay, by th' rood,  
 She could have run and waddled all about,  
 For even the day before, she broke her brow,  
 And then my husband (God be with his soul,  
 He was a merry man) took up the child.  
 "Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?  
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,  
 Wilt thou not, Jule?" And, by my holidam,  
 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.

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh.  
 (To JULIET)  
 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.

LADY CAPULET

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

JULIET

It is an honor that I dream not of.

LADY CAPULET

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

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?  
This night you shall behold him at our feast.  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.  
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.

NURSE

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

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

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

(Enter a SERVANT)

SERVANT

Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse  
cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you, follow  
straight.

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.

(Exit SERVANT)

Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

(They exit)