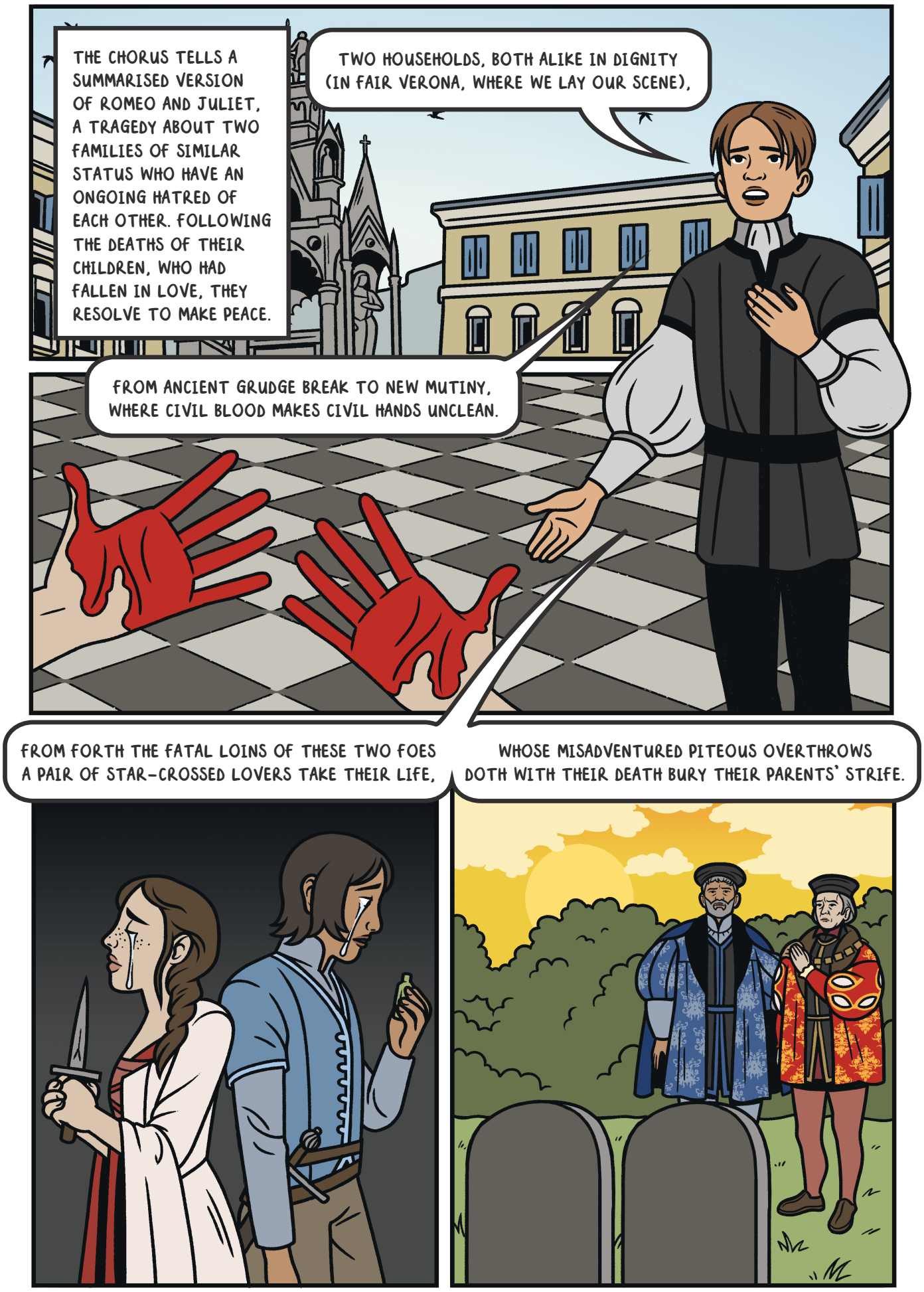
ROMEO AND JULIET



Romeo and Juliet
Acts I-V

BEYOND ENGLISH

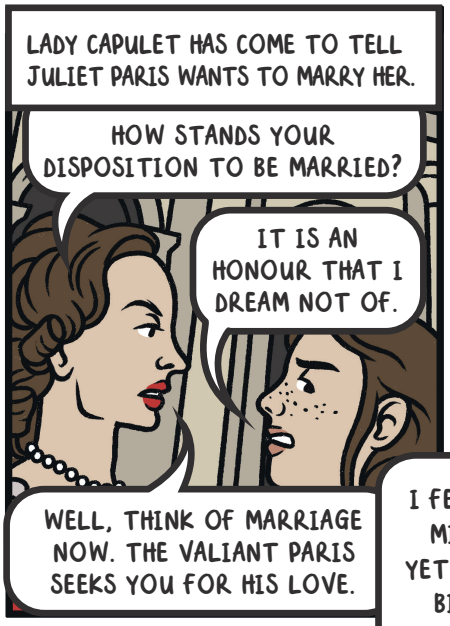
The Prologue



Act I


THE CAPULETS AND MONTAGUES HAVE BEEN BRAWLING AGAIN, PRINCE ESCALUS BREAKS THEM UP AND GIVES THEM A FINAL WARNING.
THREE CIVIL BRAWLS BRED OF AN AIRY WORD, BY THEE, OLD CAPULET, AND MONTAGUE, HAVE THRICE DISTURBED THE QUIET OF OUR STREETS. IF EVER YOU DISTURB OUR STREETS AGAIN, YOUR LIVES SHALL PAY THE FORFEIT OF THE PEACE.


PARIS ASKS TO MARRY JULIET. CAPULET REFUSES, EXPLAINING THAT AT 13, SHE IS TOO YOUNG. HE CONSOLES PARIS WITH THE THOUGHT OF THE PARTY HE IS HOSTING LATER THAT NIGHT.
MY CHILD IS YET A STRANGER IN THE WORLD. LET TWO MORE SUMMERS WITHER IN THEIR PRIDE ERE WE MAY THINK HER RIPE TO BE A BRIDE.

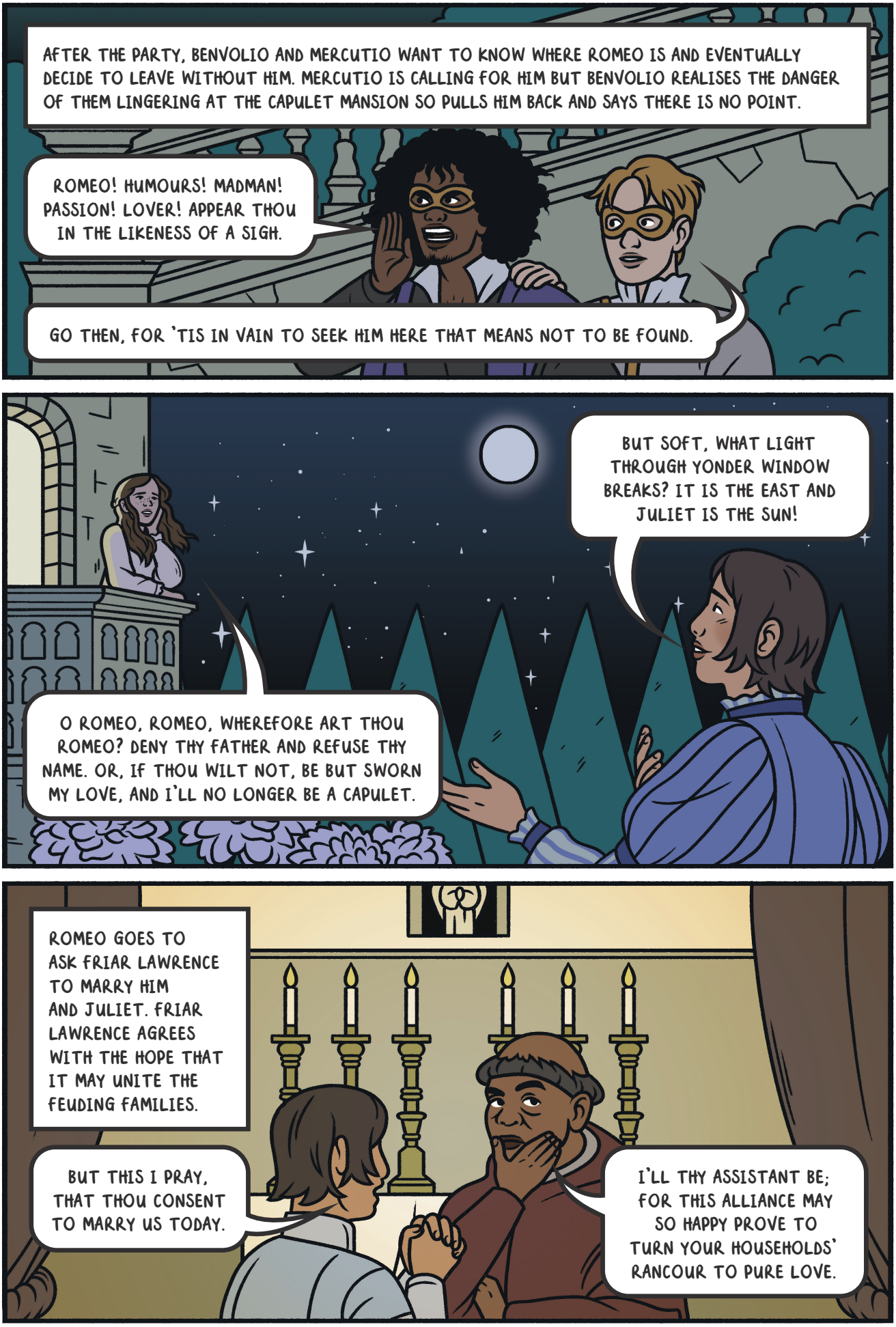

LADY CAPULET HAS COME TO TELL JULIET PARIS WANTS TO MARRY HER.
HOW STANDS YOUR DISPOSITION TO BE MARRIED?
IT IS AN HONOUR THAT I DREAM NOT OF.
WELL, THINK OF MARRIAGE NOW. THE VALIANT PARIS SEEKS YOU FOR HIS LOVE.


ROMEO, BENVOLIO AND MERCUTIO ARRIVE AT THE CAPULET MANSION FOR THE PARTY BUT ROMEO HAS UNEASY FEELINGS ABOUT IT.
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.

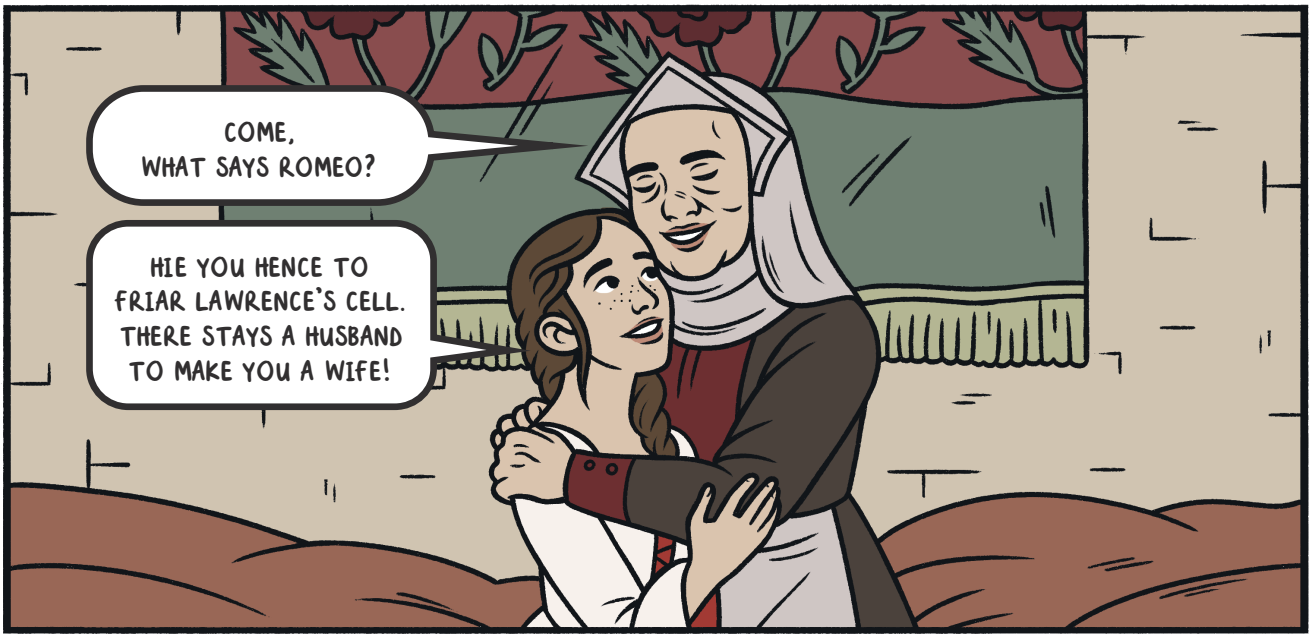

ROMEO SEES JULIET AND FALLS FOR HER BEAUTY. TYBALT SEES ROMEO AND IS ANGERED BY THE PRESENCE OF A MONTAGUE, HOWEVER CAPULET TELLS HIM TO IGNORE HIM. ROMEO AND JULIET DANCE AND THEN KISS.
IF I PROFANE WITH MY UNWORTHIEST HAND THIS SHRINE, THE GENTLE FINE IS THIS: TO SMOOTH THAT ROUGH TOUCH WITH A TENDER KISS.
GOOD PILGRIM, YOU DO WRONG YOUR HAND TOO MUCH... FOR SAINTS HAVE HANDS THAT PILGRIMS' HANDS DO TOUCH, AND PALM TO PALM IS HOLY PALMERS' KISS.


AS ROMEO IS LEAVING, JULIET ASKS HER NURSE WHO HE IS AND FINDS OUT HE IS A MONTAGUE.
HIS NAME IS ROMEO, AND A MONTAGUE, THE ONLY SON OF YOUR GREAT ENEMY.
MY ONLY LOVE SPRUNG FROM MY ONLY HATE. TOO EARLY SEEN UNKNOWN, AND KNOWN TOO LATE.

Act II


AFTER THE PARTY, BENVOLIO AND MERCUTIO WANT TO KNOW WHERE ROMEO IS AND EVENTUALLY DECIDE TO LEAVE WITHOUT HIM. MERCUTIO IS CALLING FOR HIM BUT BENVOLIO REALISES THE DANGER OF THEM LINGERING AT THE CAPULET MANSION SO PULLS HIM BACK AND SAYS THERE IS NO POINT.
ROMEO! HUMOURS! MADMAN! PASSION! LOVER! APPEAR THOU IN THE LIKENESS OF A SIGH.
GO THEN, FOR 'TIS IN VAIN TO SEEK HIM HERE THAT MEANS NOT TO BE FOUND.
BUT SOFT, WHAT LIGHT THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS? IT IS THE EAST AND JULIET IS THE SUN!
O ROMEO, ROMEO, WHEREFORE ART THOU ROMEO? DENY THY FATHER AND REFUSE THY NAME. OR, IF THOU WILT NOT, BE BUT SWORN MY LOVE, AND I'LL NO LONGER BE A CAPULET.
ROMEO GOES TO ASK FRIAR LAWRENCE TO MARRY HIM AND JULIET. FRIAR LAWRENCE AGREES WITH THE HOPE THAT IT MAY UNITE THE FEUDING FAMILIES.
BUT THIS I PRAY, THAT THOU CONSENT TO MARRY US TODAY.
I'LL THY ASSISTANT BE; FOR THIS ALLIANCE MAY SO HAPPY PROVE TO TURN YOUR HOUSEHOLDS' RANCOUR TO PURE LOVE.


BUT FIRST LET ME TELL YE, IF YE SHOULD LEAD HER IN A FOOL'S PARADISE, AS THEY SAY, IT WERE A VERY GROSS KIND OF BEHAVIOUR, AS THEY SAY, FOR THE GENTLEWOMAN IS YOUNG.
BID HER DEVISE SOME MEANS TO COME TO SHRIFT THIS AFTERNOON, AND THERE SHE SHALL AT FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL BE SHRIVED AND MARRIED.


COME, WHAT SAYS ROMEO?
HIE YOU HENCE TO FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL. THERE STAYS A HUSBAND TO MAKE YOU A WIFE!


ROMEO AND JULIET ARE MARRIED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE NURSE AND FRIAR LAWRENCE.
SO SMILE THE HEAVENS UPON THIS HOLY ACT THAT AFTER-HOURS WITH SORROW CHIDE US NOT. THESE VIOLENT DELIGHTS HAVE VIOLENT ENDS AND IN THEIR TRIUMPH DIE THEY ARE MARRIED

Act III


THE CAPULETS AND MONTAGUES HAVE HAD ANOTHER BRAWL. TYBALT KILLS MERCUTIO AND, IN REVENGE, ROMEO KILLS TYBALT. THE PRINCE BANISHES ROMEO.
A PLAGUE O' BOTH YOUR HOUSES! THEY HAVE MADE WORM'S MEAT OF ME
THE CAPULETS AND MONTAGUES HAVE BEEN HAVING AN ENORMOUS STREET BRAWL. TYBALT HAS FATALLY WOUNDED MERCUTIO.
O GOD! DID ROMEO'S HAND SHED TYBALT'S BLOOD? O SERPENT HEART, HID WITH A FLOWERING FACE! DID EVER DRAGON KEEP SO FAIR A CAVE? BEAUTIFUL TYRANT! FIEND ANGELICAL!

THE NURSE TAKES JULIET'S RING TO ROMEO WHILE HE HIDES AT FRIAR LAWRENCE'S. THE FRIAR TELLS HIM TO HIDE IN MANTUA AND WAIT FOR A MESSAGE.

EITHER BE GONE BEFORE THE WATCH BE SET, OR BY THE BREAK OF DAY DISGUISED FROM HENCE: SOJOURN IN MANTUA; I'LL FIND OUT YOUR MAN

PARIS AND THE CAPULETS ARE TALKING ABOUT JULIET'S MARRIAGE TO PARIS.
CAPULET REASSURES PARIS THAT ALTHOUGH THEY HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO PERSUADE JULIET TO MARRY PARIS, HE HAS NO DOUBT SHE WILL LISTEN TO HIS INSTRUCTION.

THESE TIMES OF WOE AFFORD NO TIME TO WOO.

SIR PARIS, I WILL MAKE A DESPERATE TENDER OF MY CHILD'S LOVE. I THINK SHE WILL BE RULED IN ALL RESPECTS BY ME.

HANG THEE, YOUNG BAGGAGE, DISOBEDIENT WRETCH! SPEAK NOT, REPLY NOT, DO NOT ANSWER ME; MY FINGERS ITCH.

LORD CAPULET HAS JUST HEARD JULIET TELL LADY CAPULET THAT SHE REFUSES TO GO AHEAD WITH THE MARRIAGE THEY HAVE ARRANGED FOR HER WITH PARIS. HE IS FURIOUS AND STORMS IN, THREATENING TO DISOWN AND HURT HER.

Act IV


JULIET VISITS THE FRIAR IN DISTRESS. HE SUGGESTS A PLAN FOR HER TO FAKE HER DEATH, DURING WHICH TIME HE WILL GET A MESSAGE TO ROMEO AND, HOPEFULLY, IMPROVE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE TWO FAMILIES.
TAKE THOU THIS VIAL, BEING THEN IN BED, AND THIS DISTILLING LIQUOR DRINK THOU OFF; WHEN PRESENTLY THROUGH ALL THY VEINS SHALL RUN NO PULSE, NO WARMTH.
TUESDAY AFTERNOON. AT THE CAPULET HOUSEHOLD, PLANS ARE UNDERWAY FOR THE WEDDING. JULIET TELLS HER FATHER THAT SHE WILL MARRY PARIS AND HE IS OVERJOYED.
I MET THE YOUTHFUL LORD AT LAWRENCE' CELL AND GAVE HIM WHAT BECOMED LOVE I MIGHT, NOT STEPPING O'ER THE BOUNDS OF MODESTY.
WHY, I AM GLAD ON 'T. THIS IS WELL. NOW, AFORE GOD, THIS REVEREND HOLY FRIAR, ALL OUR WHOLE CITY IS MUCH BOUND TO HIM.
ALONE IN HER ROOM JULIET PREPARES TO DRINK THE VIAL. SHE IS FILLED WITH PARANOIA AND ANXIETY.
COME, VIAL. WHAT IF THIS MIXTURE DO NOT WORK AT ALL? SHALL I BE MARRIED THEN TOMORROW MORNING?...
ROMEO, ROMEO, ROMEO! HERE'S DRINK. I DRINK TO THEE.

WEDDING PREPARATIONS ARE IN FULL SWING. CAPULET SENDS THE NURSE TO GO AND WAKE JULIET TO HELP HER PREPARE FOR HER MARRIAGE TO PARIS.

NURSE! WIFE! WHAT, HO! WHAT, NURSE, I SAY! GO WAKEN JULIET, GO AND TRIM HER UP; I'LL GO AND CHAT WITH PARIS. HIE, MAKE HASTE, MAKE HASTE; THE BRIDEGROOM HE IS COME ALREADY. MAKE HASTE, I SAY.

THE NURSE, THE CAPULETS, PARIS, FRIAR LAWRENCE AND THE MUSICIANS DISCOVER JULIET'S 'DEAD' BODY. THEY ARE HYSTERICAL WITH GRIEF UNTIL THE FRIAR CALMS THEM WITH PREPARATIONS FOR HER FUNERAL.

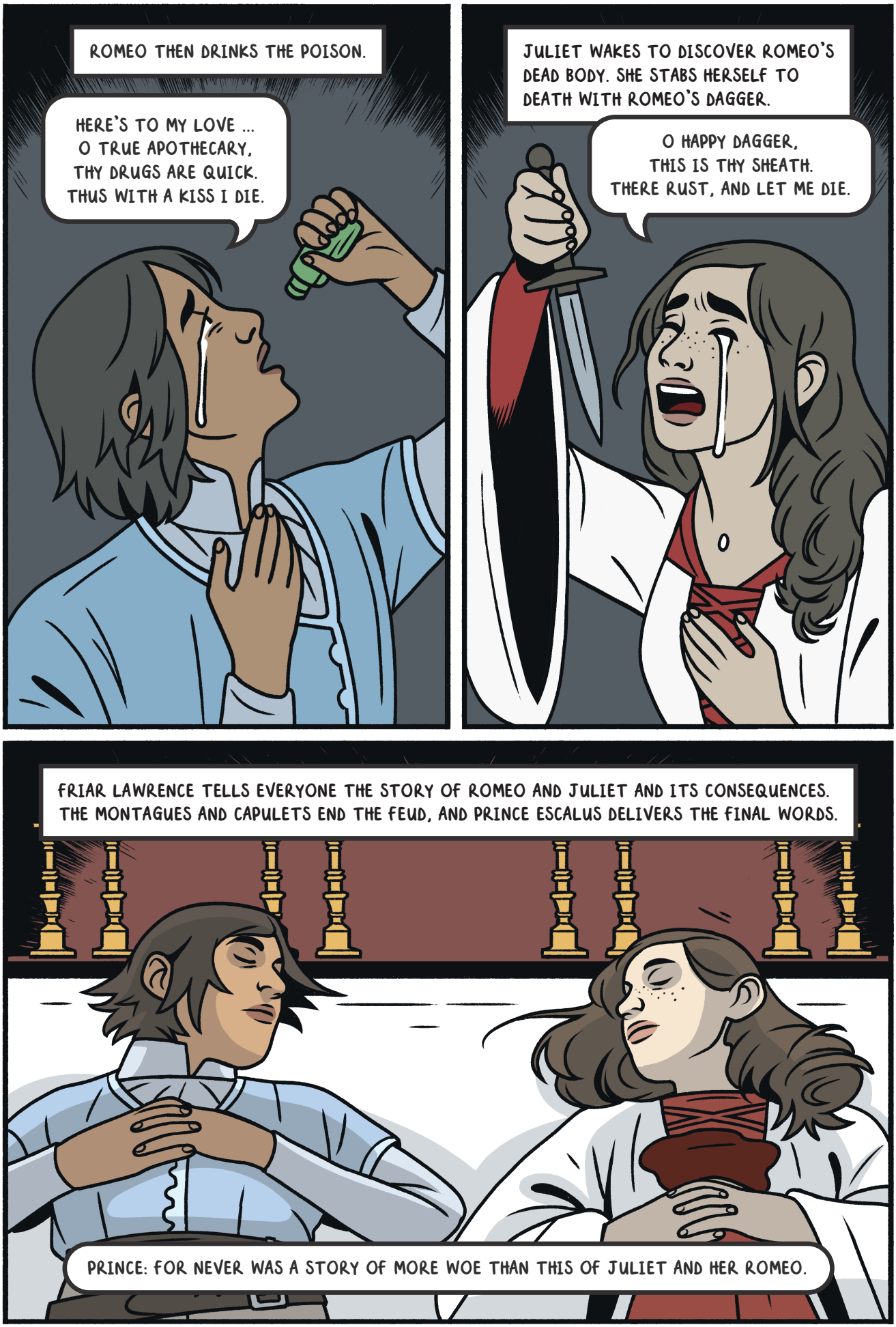
BUT ONE, POOR ONE, ONE POOR AND LOVING CHILD, BUT ONE THING TO REJOICE AND SOLACE IN, AND CRUEL DEATH HATH CATCHED IT FROM MY SIGHT!

O HATEFUL DAY! NEVER WAS SEEN SO BLACK A DAY AS THIS. O WOEFUL DAY, O WOEFUL DAY!

O CHILD! O CHILD! MY SOUL AND NOT MY CHILD! DEAD ART THOU! ALACK, MY CHILD IS DEAD, AND WITH MY CHILD MY JOYS ARE BURIED.

Act V


BALTHASAR TELLS ROMEO THE NEWS OF JULIET'S 'DEATH' BEFORE THE FRIAR'S MESSENGER HAS A CHANCE TO REACH HIM. DISTRAUGHT, ROMEO HEADS TO AN APOTHECARY AND BUYS SOME POISON, PLANNING TO USE IT WHEN HE REACHES THE CAPULETS' TOMB.
HER BODY SLEEPS IN CAPEL'S MONUMENT.
... IS IT E'EN SO? THEN I DEFY YOU, STARS!
FRIAR LAWRENCE REALISES THAT HIS MESSAGE HAS NOT GOTTEN THROUGH TO ROMEO. HE UNDERSTANDS THE GRAVITY OF THIS AND RUSHES TO THE CAPULETS' TOMB TO BE THERE WHEN JULIET WAKES.
O UNHAPPY FORTUNE. THE LETTER WAS OF DEAR IMPORT AND THE NEGLECTING OF IT MAY DO MUCH DANGER. NOW MUST I TO THE MONUMENT ALONE.
WILT THOU PROVOKE ME? THEN HAVE AT THEE, BOY!
O, I AM SLAIN!
PARIS ARRIVES AT THE TOMB TO PAY HIS RESPECTS BUT DISCOVERS ROMEO THERE. HE SUSPECTS ROMEO IS THERE TO DESECRATE THE TOMB. THEY FIGHT AND ROMEO KILLS PARIS.


ROMEO THEN DRINKS THE POISON.
HERE'S TO MY LOVE ... O TRUE APOTHECARY, THY DRUGS ARE QUICK. THUS WITH A KISS I DIE.
JULIET WAKES TO DISCOVER ROMEO'S DEAD BODY. SHE STABS HERSELF TO DEATH WITH ROMEO'S DAGGER.
O HAPPY DAGGER, THIS IS THY SHEATH. THERE RUST, AND LET ME DIE.
FRIAR LAWRENCE TELLS EVERYONE THE STORY OF ROMEO AND JULIET AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. THE MONTAGUES AND CAPULETS END THE FEUD, AND PRINCE ESCALUS DELIVERS THE FINAL WORDS.
PRINCE: FOR NEVER WAS A STORY OF MORE WOE THAN THIS OF JULIET AND HER ROMEO.


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