PARIS

Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew trees lay thee all along.
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground—
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE extinguishes torch, gives PARIS flowers

PAGE

(aside) I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard. Yet I will adventure.

PAGE moves aside

PARIS

(scatters flowers at JULIET’S closed tomb)
Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew—
O woe! Thy canopy is dust and stones—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew.
Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans,
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

PAGE whistles

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way tonight

PARIS

Give me your torch, boy. Go away and stay apart from me. Put the torch out, so I can’t be seen. Hide under the yew-trees over there. Listen to make sure no one is coming through the graveyard. If you hear any one, whistle to me to signal that someone is approaching. Give me those flowers. Do as I tell you. Go.

The PAGE puts out the torch and gives PARIS the flowers.

PAGE

(to himself) I am almost afraid to stand alone here in the graveyard, but I’ll take the risk.

The PAGE moves aside.

PARIS

(he scatters flowers at JULIET’S closed tomb) Sweet flower, I’m spreading flowers over your bridal bed. Oh, pain! Your canopy is dust and stones. I’ll water these flowers every night with sweet water. Or, if I don’t do that, my nightly rituals to remember you will be to put flowers on your grave and weep.

The PAGE whistles.

The boy is warning me that someone approaches. Who could be walking around here tonight? Who’s
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile.

PARIS moves away from the tomb
Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR

ROMEO
Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
(takes them from BALTHASAR)
Hold, take this letter. Early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
(gives letter to BALTHASAR)
Give me the light.
(takes torch from BALTHASAR)
Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady's face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

BALTHASAR
I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

ROMEO
So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that.
(gives BALTHASAR money)
Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.
BALTHASAR

(aside) For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout. His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

ROMEO

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth, Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open, And in despite I'll cram thee with more food! (begins to open the tomb with his tools)

PARIS

(aside) This is that banished haughty Montague, That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief, It is supposed the fair creature died. And here is come to do some villainous shame To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him. (to ROMEO) Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague! Can vengeance be pursued further than death? Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee. Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

ROMEO

I must indeed, and therefore came I hither. Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man. Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone. Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, Put not another sin upon my head By urging me to fury. O, be gone! By heaven, I love thee better than myself, For I come hither armed against myself. Stay not, be gone. Live, and hereafter say A madman's mercy bid thee run away.
PARIS

I do defy thy commination
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO

Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!

PARIS

(falls) Oh, I am slain! If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb. Lay me with Juliet.

PARIS dies

ROMEO

In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris.
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.

ROMEO opens the tomb to reveal JULIET inside

A grave? Oh, no. A lantern, slaughtered youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.
(lays PARIS in the tomb)
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry, which their keepers call
A lightning before death! Oh, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O my love, my wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favor can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin.—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again. Here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber maids. Oh, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last.
Arms, take your last embrace. And, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
(kisses JULIET, takes out the poison)
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide.
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy seasick, weary bark.
Here's to my love! (drinks the poison) O true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

ROMEO dies

How often are men happy right before they die! They
call it the lightness before death. Oh, how can I call
this lightness? Oh, my love! My wife! Death has
sucked the honey from your breath, but it has not yet
ruined your beauty. You haven't been conquered.
There is still red in your lips and in your cheeks. Death
has not yet turned them pale. Tybalt, are you lying
there in your bloody death shroud? Oh, what better
favor can I do for you than to kill the man who killed
you with the same hand that made you die young. For
give me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet, why are you still so
beautiful? Should I believe that death is in love with
you, and that the awful monster keeps you here to be
his mistress? I don't like that idea, so I'll stay with you.
And I will never leave this tomb. Here, here I'll
remain with worms that are your chamber-maids.
Oh, I'll rest here forever. I'll forget about all the bad
luck that has troubled me. Eyes, look out for the last
Arms, make your last embrace! And lips, you
are the doors of breath. Seal with a righteous kiss the
deal I have made with death forever. (ROMEO kisses
JULIET and takes out the poison) Come, bitter poison,
come, unsavoury guide! You desperate pilot, let's crash
this sea-weary ship into the rocks! Here's to my love!

ROMEO drinks the poison.

Oh, that pharmacist was honest! His drugs work
quickly. So I die with a kiss.

ROMEO dies.
Enter Friar Lawrence with lantern, crow, and spade

Friar Lawrence
Saint Francis be my speed! How oft tonight
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?

Balthasar
Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Friar Lawrence
Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Balthasar
It doth so, holy sir, and there's my master,
One that you love.

Friar Lawrence
Who is it?

Balthasar
Romeo.

Friar Lawrence
How long hath he been there?

Balthasar
Full half an hour.

Friar Lawrence
Go with me to the vault.

Balthasar
I dare not, sir.
My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Friar Lawrence
Stay, then. I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me.
Oh, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.
BALTHASAR
As I did sleep under this yew tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

PRIAR LAWRENCE
(approaches the tomb)

Romeo!—

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of the sepulcher?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolored by this place of peace?
(looks inside the tomb)
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? What, Paris too?
And steeped in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs.

JULIET wakes

O comfortable Friar! Where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

A noise sounds from outside the tomb

PRIAR LAWRENCE
I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.
Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

PRIAR LAWRENCE
(approaching the tomb) Romeo! Oh no! What is this blood that stains the stony entrance of this tomb? Why are these bloody swords lying here, abandoned by their masters? Next to this place of peace? (he looks inside the tomb) Romeo! Oh, he's pale! Who else? What, Paris too? And he's covered in blood? Ah, when did these horrible things happen? The lady's moving.

JULIET wakes up.

JULIET
Oh friendly friar! Where is my husband? I remember very well where I should be, and here I am. Where is my Romeo?

A noise sounds from outside the tomb.

PRIAR LAWRENCE
I hear some noise. Lady, come out of the tomb. A greater power than we can fight has ruined our plan. Come, come away. Your husband lies dead there, and Paris too. Come, I'll place you among the sisterhood of holy nuns. Don't wait to ask questions. The watch is coming. Come, let's go, good Juliet, I don't dare stay any longer.
Go, get out of here. I’m not going anywhere.

What’s this here? It’s a cup, closed in my true love’s hand? Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—
O churl, drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips.
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
(kisses ROMEO)
Thy lips are warm.

Enter WATCHMEN and PARIS’S PAGE

(to PAGE) Lead, boy. Which way?

Yea, noise? Then I’ll be brief. O happy dagger,
This is thy sheath. There rust and let me die.
(stabs herself with ROMEO’s dagger and dies)

This is the place. There, where the torch doth burn.

The ground is bloody.—Search about the churchyard.
Go, some of you. Whoe’er you find, attach.

Pitiful sight! Here lies the county slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets.
Raise up the Montagues. Some others search.

This is a pitiful sight! The count is dead. Juliet is bleeding. Her body is warm, and she seems to have been dead only a short time, even though she has been buried for two days. Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets. Wake up the Montagues. Have some others search.

Some other WATCHMEN exit in several directions.
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Reenter second watchman with Romeo’s man Balthasar

SECOND WATCHMAN
Here’s Romeo’s man. We found him in the churchyard.

CHIEF WATCHMAN
Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

Reenter third watchman with friar Lawrence

THIRD WATCHMAN
Here is a friar that trembles, sighs and weeps.
We took this mattock and this spade from him
As he was coming from this churchyard’s side.

CHIEF WATCHMAN
A great suspicion. Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince with attendants

PRINCE
What misadventure is so early up
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capulet and Lady Capulet

CAPULET
What should it be that is so shrieked abroad?

LADY CAPULET
Oh, the people in the street cry “Romeo,”
Some “Juliet,” and some “Paris,” and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

We see the cause of all this pain. But we’ll have to investigate to discover the whole story.

The second watchman reenters with Balthasar.

SECOND WATCHMAN
Here’s Romeo’s man. We found him in the churchyard.

CHIEF WATCHMAN
Hold him in custody until the Prince gets here.

The third watchman reenters with friar Lawrence.

THIRD WATCHMAN
Here is a friar who’s trembling, sighing and weeping.
We took this pickax and this shovel from him, as he was walking from this side of the graveyard.

CHIEF WATCHMAN
Very suspicious. Hold the friar too.

The Prince enters with attendants.

PRINCE
What crimes happen so early in the morning that I have to wake up before the usual time?

Capulet and Lady Capulet enter.

CAPULET
What’s the problem, that they cry out so loud?

LADY CAPULET
Some people in the street are crying “Romeo.” Some are crying “Juliet,” and some are crying “Paris.” They’re all running in an open riot toward our tomb.
PRINCE
What fear is this which startles in our ears?

CHIEF WATCHMAN
Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

PRINCE
Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

CHIEF WATCHMAN
Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo’s man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men’s tombs.

CAPULET
O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista’en—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter’s bosom.

LADY CAPULET
O me! This sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter MONTAGUE

PRINCE
Come, Montague, for thou art early up
To see thy son and heir now early down.

MONTAGUE
Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight.
Grief of my son’s exile hath stopped her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

PRINCE
Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE
(to ROMEO) O thou untaught! What manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?
**Prince**

Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

**Friar Lawrence**

I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder.
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge,
Myself condemned and myself excused.

**Prince**

Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

**Friar Lawrence**

I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that Romeo’s faithful wife.
I married them, and their stol’n marriage day
Was Tybalt’s doomsday, whose untimely death
Banished the new-made bridegroom from the city—
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betrothed and would have married her perforce
To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
And with wild looks bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutored by my art,
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death.

**Prince**

Be quiet and hold back your remarks of outrage, until we can clear up these questions. We want to know how it started and what really happened. And then I’ll be the leader of pain, and maybe I’ll lead you as far as death. In the meantime, hold on, and be patient. Bring forth the men under suspicion.

**Friar Lawrence**

I am the greatest, but I was able to do the least. I am under the most suspicion, because I was here at the time of this awful murder. And here I stand, you can question me and punish me. I have already condemned and excused myself.

**Prince**

Tell us what you know about this affair.

**Friar Lawrence**

I will be brief because I’m not going to live long enough to tell a boring story. Romeo, who lies there dead, was the husband of that Juliet. And she, who lies there dead, was that Romeo’s faithful wife. I married them; their secret wedding day was the day Tybalt died. His untimely death caused the bridegroom to be banished from the city. Juliet was sad because Romeo was gone, not because of Tybalt’s death. To cure her sadness, you arranged a marriage for her with Count Paris. Then she came to me, and, looking wild, she asked me to devise a plan to get her out of this second marriage. She threatened to kill herself in my cell if I didn’t help her. So I gave her a sleeping potion that I had mixed with my special skills. It worked as planned. She seemed to everyone to be dead.
Meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo,
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awakening, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience.
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her Nurse is privy. And if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigor of severest law.

PRINCE
We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? What can he say in this?

BALTHASAR
I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
(shows a letter) This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.
PRINCE
Give me the letter. I will look on it.
(takes letter from BALTHASAR)
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?—
SIRRah, what made your master in this place?

PAGE
He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

PRINCE
.skims the letter) This letter doth make good the friar's
words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death.
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies?—Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords, too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punished.

CAPULET
O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

MONTAGUE
But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET
As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

PRINCE
Give me the letter. I'll look at it. (he takes the letter
from BALTHASAR) Where is the count's page, the one
who called the watch? Boy, what was your master
doing here?

PAGE
He came with flowers to spread on his lady's grave.
And he asked me to stand far away and leave him
alone, and so I did. Then someone with a torch came
to ope the tomb. So my master drew on him. And
then I ran away to call the watch.

PRINCE
 skimming the letter) This letter confirms the friar's
account. It describes the course of their love and men-
tions the news of her death. Here he writes that he
bought poison from a poor pharmacist. He brought
that poison with him to this vault to die and lie with
Juliet. Where are these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
Do you see what a great evil results from your hate?
Heaven has figured out how to kill your joys with love.
Because I looked the other way when your feud flared
up, I've lost several members of my family as well.
Everyone is punished.

CAPULET
Oh, brother Montague, give me your hand. This is my
daughter's dowry. I can ask you for nothing more.

MONTAGUE
But I can give you more. I'll raise her statue in pure
gold. As long as this city is called Verona, there will be
no figure praised more than that of true and faithful
Juliet.
PRINCE

305 A glooming peace this morning with it brings.
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned, and some punishèd.
For never was a story of more woe
310 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt

CAPULET

The statue I will make of Romeo to lie beside his Juliet
will be just as rich. They were poor sacrifices of our
rivalry!

PRINCE

We settle a dark peace this morning. The sun is too sad
to show itself. Let's go, to talk about these sad things
some more. Some will be pardoned, and some will be
punished. There was never a story more full of pain
than the story of Romeo and Juliet.

They all exit.