

Romeo and Juliet ACT 5

ACT 5, SCENE 1

Enter **ROMEO**

ROMEO

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
5 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips
That I revived and was an emperor.
10 Ah me! How sweet is love itself possessed
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter **ROMEO's man BALTHASAR**

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
15 How fares my Juliet? That I ask again,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

BALTHASAR

Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
20 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROMEO

Is it e'en so? Then I defy you, stars!
25 Thou know'st my lodging. Get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses. I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

ROMEO *enters.*

ROMEO

If I can trust my dreams, then some joyful news is coming soon. Love rules my heart, and all day long a strange feeling has been making me cheerful. I had a dream that my lady came and found me dead. It's a strange dream that lets a dead man think! She came and brought me back to life by kissing my lips. I rose from the dead and was an emperor. Oh my! How sweet it would be to actually have the woman I love, when merely thinking about love makes me so happy.

ROMEO's servant BALTHASAR *enters.*

Do you have news from Verona!—What is it, Balthasar? Do you bring me a letter from the friar? How is my wife? Is my father well? How is my Juliet? I ask that again because nothing can be wrong if she is well.

BALTHASAR

Then she is well, and nothing is wrong. Her body sleeps in the Capulet tomb, and her immortal soul lives with the angels in heaven. I saw her buried in her family's tomb, and then I came here to tell you the news. Oh, pardon me for bringing this bad news, but you told me it was my job, sir.

ROMEO

Is it really true? Then I rebel against you, stars! You know where I live. Get me some ink and paper, and hire some horses to ride. I will leave here for Verona tonight.

BALTHASAR

Please, sir, have patience. You look pale and wild as if you're going to hurt yourself.

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ROMEO

30 Tush, thou art deceived.
Leave me and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

No matter. Get thee gone,
35 And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.

Exit BALTHASAR

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary—

40 And hereabouts he dwells—which late I noted

In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples. Meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones,
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

45 An alligator stuffed, and other skins

Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,

50 Were thinly scattered to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said,
“An if a man did need a poison now”—
Whose sale is present death in Mantua—
“Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.”

55 Oh, this same thought did but forerun my need,

And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! Apothecary!

ROMEO

Tsk, you're wrong. Leave me and do what I told you to do.
Don't you have a letter for me from the friar?

BALTHASAR

No, my good lord.

ROMEO

No matter. Get on your way and hire those horses. I'll be with
you right away.

BALTHASAR exits.

Well, Juliet, I'll lie with you tonight. Let's see how. Destructive
thoughts come quickly to the minds of desperate men! I
remember a pharmacist who lives nearby. I remember he
wears shabby clothes and has bushy eyebrows. He makes drugs
from herbs. He looks poor and miserable and worn out to the
bone. He had a tortoise shell hanging up in his shop as well as
a stuffed alligator and other skins of strange fish. There were a
few empty boxes on his shelves, as well as green clay pots, and
some musty seeds. There were a few strands of string and
mashed rose petals on display.

Noticing all this poverty, I said to myself, “If a man needed
some poison”—which they would immediately kill you for
selling in Mantua—“here is a miserable wretch who'd sell it to
him.” Oh, this idea came before I needed the poison. But this
same poor man must sell it to me. As I remember, this should
be the house. Today's a holiday, so the beggar's shop is shut.
Hey! Pharmacist!

Enter **APOTHECARY**

APOTHECARY

Who calls so loud?

ROMEO

60 Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.
Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
65 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

APOTHECARY

Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO

70 Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks.
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes.
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back.
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law.
75 The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
(*holds out money*)

APOTHECARY

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

APOTHECARY

80 (*gives ROMEO poison*) Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROMEO

(*gives APOTHECARY money*)

The **APOTHECARY** enters.

APOTHECARY

Who's that calling so loud?

ROMEO

Come here, man. I see that you are poor. Here are forty ducats.
Let me have a shot of poison, something that works so fast that
the person who takes it will die as fast as gunpowder exploding
in a canon.

APOTHECARY

I have lethal poisons like that. But it's against the law to sell
them in Mantua, and the penalty is death.

ROMEO

You're this poor and wretched and still afraid to die? Your
cheeks are thin because of hunger. I can see in your eyes that
you're starving. Anyone can see that you're a beggar. The world
is not your friend, and neither is the law. The world doesn't
make laws to make you rich. So don't be poor. Break the law,
and take this money. (*he holds out money*)

APOTHECARY

I agree because I'm poor, not because I want to.

ROMEO

I pay you because you're poor, not because you want me to buy
this.

APOTHECARY

(*gives ROMEO poison*) Put this in any kind of liquid you want
and drink it down. Even if you were as strong as twenty men, it
would kill you immediately.

ROMEO

(*gives APOTHECARY money*) There is your gold. Money is a

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There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
85 Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison. Thou hast sold me none.
Farewell. Buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
90 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

Exeunt

worse poison to men's souls, and commits more murders in
this awful world, than these poor poisons that you're not
allowed to sell. I've sold *you* poison. You haven't sold me any.
Goodbye. Buy yourself food, and put some flesh on your bones.
I'll take this mixture, which is a medicine, not a poison, to
Juliet's grave. That's where I must use it.

They exit.

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SCENE 2

Enter **FRIAR JOHN**

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother, ho!

Enter **FRIAR LAWRENCE**

FRIAR LAWRENCE

This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN

5 Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
10 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth.
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it—here it is again—
15 *(gives FRIAR LAWRENCE a letter)*
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice but full of charge,
20 Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence.
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

**FRIAR
JOHN**

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

Exit **FRIAR JOHN**

FRIAR JOHN *enters.*

FRIAR JOHN

Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother, hey!

FRIAR LAWRENCE *enters.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

That sounds like the voice of Friar John. Welcome back from
Mantua. What does Romeo say? Or, if he wrote down his
thoughts, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN

I went to find another poor friar from our order to accompany
me. He was here in this city visiting the sick. When I found
him, the town health officials suspected that we were both in a
house that had been hit with the plague. They quarantined the
house, sealed up the doors, and refused to let us out. I couldn't
go to Mantua because I was stuck there.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Then who took my letter to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN

I couldn't send it. Here it is. *(he gives FRIAR LAWRENCE a
letter)* I couldn't get a messenger to bring it to you either
because they were scared of spreading the infection.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood, the letter was not just a
nice greeting. It was full of very important information. It's
very dangerous that it hasn't been sent. Friar John, go and get
me an iron crowbar. Bring it straight back to my cell.

FRIAR JOHN

Brother, I'll go and bring it to you.

FRIAR JOHN *exits.*

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FRIAR LAWRENCE

Now must I to the monument alone.

25 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.

She will beshrew me much that Romeo

Hath had no notice of these accidents.

But I will write again to Mantua,

And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.

30 Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

Exit

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Now I must go to the tomb alone. Within three hours Juliet will wake up. She'll be very angry with me that Romeo doesn't know what happened. But I'll write again to Mantua, and I'll keep her in my cell until Romeo comes. That poor living corpse. She's shut inside a dead man's tomb!

FRIAR LAWRENCE *exits.*

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SCENE 3

Enter PARIS and his PAGE

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—
5 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

10 *(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—
15 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.
20 What cursèd foot wanders this way tonight
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

PARIS enters with his PAGE.

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 ruining my rituals of true love?

It's someone with a torch! I must hide in the darkness for awhile.

PARIS hides in the darkness. ROMEO and BALTHASAR

enter with a torch, a pickax, and an iron crowbar.

ROMEO

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Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
(*takes them from* BALTHASAR)

25 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,
30 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
35 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
40 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

45 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.
50 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

BALTHASAR *moves aside, falls asleep*

ROMEO

Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,

Give me that pickax and the crowbar. (*he takes them from*
BALTHASAR) Here, take this letter. Early in the morning
deliver it to my father. (*he gives the letter to* BALTHASAR)
Give me the light. (*he takes the torch from* BALTHASAR)
Swear on your life, I command you, whatever you hear or see,
stay away from me and do not interrupt me in my plan. I'm
going down into this tomb of the dead, partly to behold my
wife's face. But my main reason is to take a precious ring from
her dead finger. I must use that ring for an important purpose.
So go on your way. But if you get curious and return to spy on
me, I swear I'll tear you apart limb by limb and spread your
body parts around to feed the hungry animals in the graveyard.
My plan is wild and savage. I am more fierce in this endeavor
than a hungry tiger or the raging sea.

BALTHASAR

I'll go, sir, and I won't bother you.

ROMEO

That's the way to show me friendship. Take this. (*he gives*
BALTHASAR *money*) Live and be prosperous. Farewell, good
fellow.

BALTHASAR

(*speaking so that only* PARIS *can hear*) Despite what I said,
I'll hide nearby. I'm frightened by the look on his face, and I
have doubts about his intentions.

BALTHASAR *moves aside and falls asleep.*

ROMEO

(*speaking to the tomb*) You horrible mouth of death! You've

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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!

55 *(begins to opens 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

60 To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

(to ROMEO) Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!

Can vengeance be pursued further than death?

Condemnèd villain, I do apprehend thee.

Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

65

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,

70 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

75 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!

ROMEO and PARIS fight

PAGE

O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

eaten up the dearest creature on Earth. Now I'm going to force
open your rotten jaws and make you eat another body.

(ROMEO begins to open the tomb with his tools)

PARIS

(speaking so that ROMEO can't hear) It's that arrogant
Montague, the one who's been banished. He's the one who
murdered my love's cousin Tybalt. They think she died with
grief for that cousin. This guy has come here to commit awful
crimes against the dead bodies. I'll catch him.

(to ROMEO) Stop your evil work, vile Montague! Can you take
revenge on dead bodies? Condemned villain, I've caught you.
Obey and come with me. You must die.

ROMEO

I must indeed. That's why I came here. Good and noble young
man, don't mess with someone who's desperate. Get away from
here and leave me. Think about the ones who have died. Let
them put fear in your heart. Please, young man, don't make me
angry. I don't want to commit another crime. Oh, go away! I
swear, I love you more than I love myself. For I've come here
with weapons to use against myself. Don't stay here, go away.
Live, and from now on, say a madman mercifully told you to
run away.

PARIS

I refuse your request. I'm arresting you as a criminal.

ROMEO

Are you going to provoke me? Alright, let's fight, boy!

ROMEO and PARIS fight.

PAGE

Oh Lord, they're fighting! I'll go call the watch.

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Exit **PAGE**

PARIS

80 *(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
85 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,
90 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.
95 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
100 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,
105 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?
110 Forgive me, cousin.—Ah, dear Juliet,

The **PAGE** exits.

PARIS

(he falls) Oh, I've been killed!
If you are merciful, open the tomb and lay me next to Juliet.

PARIS dies.

ROMEO

Alright, I will. Let me look at this face. It's Mercutio's relative,
noble Count Paris! What did my man say? I was worried, so I
wasn't listening to him while we were riding. I think he told me
Paris was about to marry Juliet. Isn't that what he said? Or was
I dreaming? Or am I crazy? Did I hear him say something
about Juliet and jump to conclusions? Oh, give me your hand.
Both of us had such bad luck! I'll bury you in a magnificent
grave.

ROMEO opens the tomb to reveal JULIET inside.

A grave? Oh no! This is a lantern, dead Paris. Juliet lies here,
and her beauty fills this tomb with light. Dead men, lie there.
You are being buried by another dead man. *(he lays PARIS in
the tomb)*

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. Forgive 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

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Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
115 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,
120 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.
125 (*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,
130 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

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,
135 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.

forget about all the bad luck that has troubled me. Eyes, look
out for the last time! 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, unsavory
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.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE *enters with a lantern, crowbar, and
shovel.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Saint Francis, help me! How often tonight have my old feet
stumbled on gravestones! Who's there?

BALTHASAR

I'm a friend, a friend who knows you well.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

God bless you! Tell me, my good friend, what is that light over
there? The one that vainly lights up the darkness for worms
and skulls without eyes? It looks to me like it's burning in the
Capulet tomb.

BALTHASAR

That is where it's burning, father. My master is there. The one
you love.

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FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who is it?

BALTHASAR

Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

140 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

145 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.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

150 (*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?

155 (*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*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Who is it?

BALTHASAR

Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

How long has he been there?

BALTHASAR

For a full half hour.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Go with me to the tomb.

BALTHASAR

I don't dare, sir. My master doesn't know I'm still here. He
threatened me with death if I stayed to look at what he was
doing.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Stay, then. I'll go alone. I'm suddenly afraid. Oh, I'm very
scared something awful has happened.

BALTHASAR

As I slept under this yew-tree here, I had a dream that my
master and someone else were fighting and that my master
killed him.

FRIAR 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.*

Romeo and Juliet ACT 5

JULIET

160 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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
165 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.
170 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.
Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

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.

FRIAR 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.

Romeo and Juliet ACT 5

JULIET

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

Exit FRIAR LAWRENCE

What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—

175 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)

180 Thy lips are warm.

Enter WATCHMEN and PARIS's PAGE

CHIEF WATCHMAN

(to PAGE) Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET

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)

PAGE

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

CHIEF WATCHMAN

The ground is bloody.—Search about the churchyard.

Go, some of you. Whoe'er you find, attach.

Exeunt some WATCHMEN

Pitiful sight! Here lies the county slain,

And Juliet bleeding, warm and newly dead,

190 Who here hath lain these two days buried.—

Go, tell the Prince. Run to the Capulets.

Raise up the Montagues.

Some others search.

Exeunt more WATCHMEN

We see the ground whereon
these woes do lie,

195

But the true ground of all these
piteous woes

JULIET

Go, get out of here. I'm not going anywhere.

FRIAR LAWRENCE exits.

What's this here? It's a cup, closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, has been the cause of his death. How rude! He

drank it all, and didn't leave any to help me afterward. I will

kiss your lips. Perhaps there's still some poison on them, to

make me die with a medicinal kiss. *(she kisses ROMEO)* Your

lips are warm.

WATCHMEN and PARIS's PAGE enter.

CHIEF WATCHMAN

(coming to the PAGE) Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET

Oh, noise? Then I'll be quick. Oh, good, a knife!

My body will be your sheath.

Rust inside my body and let me die.

(she stabs herself with ROMEO's dagger and dies)

PAGE

This is the place. There, where the torch is burning.

CHIEF WATCHMAN

The ground is bloody. Search the graveyard. Go, some of you,

arrest whoever you find.

Some WATCHMEN exit.

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

Romeo and Juliet ACT 5

We cannot without circumstance
descrie.

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.

200 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

205 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.

PRINCE

What fear is this which startles in our ears?

CHIEF WATCHMAN

210 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

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's this awful thing that everyone's crying about?

CHIEF WATCHMAN

Prince, here lies Count Paris killed. And Romeo dead. And

Juliet. She was dead before, but now she's warm and hasn't

been dead for long.

PRINCE

Investigate how this foul murder came about.

CHIEF WATCHMAN

Romeo and Juliet ACT 5

Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo's man,
215 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,
220 And it mis-sheathèd 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

225 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,
230 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,
235 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

Here is a friar, and dead Romeo's man. They've got tools on
them—tools they could use to open these tombs.

CAPULET

Oh heavens! Oh wife, look at how our daughter bleeds! That
knife should be in its sheath on that Montague's back, but
instead it's mis-sheathed in my daughter's breast.

LADY CAPULET

Oh my! This sight of death is like a bell that warns me I'm old
and I'll die soon.

MONTAGUE enters.

PRINCE

Come, Montague. You're up early to see your son down early.

MONTAGUE

Oh, my liege, my wife died tonight. Sadness over my son's exile
stopped her breath. What further pain must I endure in my old
age?

PRINCE

Look, and you'll see.

MONTAGUE

(*seeing ROMEO's body*) Oh, you undisciplined boy! Where are
your manners? It's not right for a son to push past his father on
his way to the grave.

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

Romeo and Juliet ACT 5

240 Doth make against me, of this direful murder.
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge,
Myself condemnèd 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
245 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
250 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,
255 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
260 As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death.
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.
265 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixèd hour of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
270 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo,
But when I came, some minute ere the time

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.

In the meantime I wrote to Romeo and told him to come here on this awful night to help remove her from her temporary grave when the sleeping potion wore off. But the man who carried my letter, Friar John, was held up by an accident. Last night he gave me the letter back. So I came here alone at the hour when she was supposed to wake up. I came to take her out of her family's tomb, hoping to hide her in my cell until I could make contact with Romeo. But by the time I got here, just a few minutes before Juliet woke up, Paris and Romeo were already dead. She woke up, and I asked her to come out of the tomb with me and endure this tragedy with patience. But then a noise sent me running scared from the tomb. She was

Romeo and Juliet ACT 5

Of her awakening, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.

275 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.

280 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

285 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.
290 *(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)
295 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,
300 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.

too desperate to come with me, and it seems that she killed herself. I know all of this. And her Nurse knows about the marriage too. If any part of this tragedy is my fault, let my old life be sacrificed and let me suffer the most severe punishment.

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PRINCE

We have always known you to be a holy man. Where's Romeo's man? What does he have to say about this?

BALTHASAR

I brought my master news of Juliet's death. And then he rode from Mantua here to this tomb. *(he shows a letter)* Earlier this morning he asked me to give this letter to his father. When he went into the vault, he threatened me with death if I didn't leave him alone there.

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 open 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 mentions the news of her

Romeo and Juliet ACT 5

And here he writes that he did buy a poison
305 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!

310 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,
315 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,
320 Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

PRINCE

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 punished.
325 For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt

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.

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.