



## ROMEO AND JULIET

**Sample Pages from  
Romeo and Juliet (Modern English)**

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# ROMEO AND JULIET

A PLAY IN ONE ACT ADAPTED BY  
*Craig Mason*

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY  
*William Shakespeare*



*Romeo and Juliet*

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Adapted from Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare

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## **Characters**

### **The Capulets**

Capulet

Juliet

Nurse

Tybalt

Messenger

### **The Montagues**

Romeo

Benvolio

Mercutio

### **Others**

Narrator

Friar Laurence

The Prince of Verona

Mantua Newsie

Ensemble of Montagues, Capulets, etc.

## **Note**

Even though there are many scene changes, the key to this play is simplicity. Remember, it is adapted for grade school audiences who won't sit through lengthy pauses in the action. Keep the focus on telling the story as efficiently as possible. Most of all, have fun!



## ROMEO AND JULIET

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*Music plays to indicate the start of the show. The NARRATOR appears in front of the curtain. He addresses the audience:*

NARRATOR: M'Lords and Ladies, members of the royal court, teachers and students. I appear before you today to tell a story. A story that really happened, not long ago, in a place called Verona.

*With a fanfare, the NARRATOR gestures and the curtain rises. The city of Verona appears. All the characters are onstage in tableau.*

NARRATOR: At that time, there was great fighting between two families. The Montagues.

*The MONTAGUES strike a pose.*

NARRATOR: And the Capulets.

*The CAPULETS strike a pose.*

NARRATOR: Nothing could stop the Montagues and the Capulets from fighting.

*They MONTAGUES and the CAPULETS circle each other, grumbling and hurling insults.*

NARRATOR: One day the Prince of Verona said –

*The PRINCE appears in the middle of the melee.*

PRINCE: That's it! That's it! That's it! I've had it. Stop fighting with each other or else. This is the third fight that has disturbed the quiet of our streets. Your fighting has made the citizens of Verona frightened. It is my job to keep the peace in the streets. Capulet, Montague, if ever you, or anyone from your fighting families disturb our streets again, you shall pay with your lives. I've had it!

*The MONTAGUES and CAPULETS grumble off. The PRINCE grumbles off.*

NARRATOR: Our story is about how the fighting stops. About how the families got together. I present to you, the story of Romeo and Juliet.

*Music. The scene changes to reveal the city streets of Verona. Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

NARRATOR: This is Mercutio, Romeo Montague's best friend.

BENVOLIO: Mercutio!

NARRATOR: And here comes Benvolio, Romeo Montague's cousin.

BENVOLIO: Mercutio, have you seen Romeo?

MERCUTIO: No one has seen him for days.

BENVOLIO: Ever since he fell in love! *(they laugh)*

MERCUTIO: Romeo! Madman!

BENVOLIO: Google eyes! Lover boy! *(they laugh and exit)*

NARRATOR: We'll be seeing more of them in a minute. It's a good thing they left though; here comes Lord Capulet, head of the Capulet household.

*CAPULET enters SR.*

CAPULET: Where is my servant?

*Messenger enters SL.*

MESSENGER: Dum da do. Dip da dee. La di doh.

CAPULET: Servant! Servant!

MESSENGER: Dippy da do.

CAPULET: Servant I say!

MESSENGER: Are you talking to me?

CAPULET: Yes, you are my servant.

MESSENGER: You are incorrect, sir. I serve none other than Lord Capulet, father to the beautiful Juliet, and head of the Capulet family. Dope di day.

CAPULET: Maybe I can help you find him. What does he look like?

MESSENGER: He looks kinda like you.

CAPULET: How does he dress?

MESSENGER: He dresses like you.

CAPULET: And what does his voice sound like?

MESSENGER: He sounds just like you. Oops! *(he grovels and kisses CAPULET's feet)* Ohhhhhhhh! Sorry sir!

CAPULET: Never mind that. Just get to work. I have a very important job for you.

MESSENGER: Anything sir.

CAPULET: Well us Capulets need something to take our minds off those terrible Montagues. So I'm throwing a party.

MESSENGER: A party. Whee!

CAPULET: Yes, a masked ball, a costume party. Everyone must wear a disguise. It shall be so much fun. Now, servant, this shall be your top priority. (*handing a list to MESSENGER*) Here is a list of all the people I want to invite to the party. Go everywhere in Verona. Search high and low, and tell everyone on the list about the party. Everyone on the list. Now, you must be certain not to tell any of the Montagues. No Montague must come to the party. Do you understand?

MESSENGER: I do.

CAPULET: What are you supposed to do?

MESSENGER: Invite all of the Montagues.

CAPULET: No No NO. Invite everyone but the Montagues.

MESSENGER: Don't invite anyone who isn't a Montague.

CAPULET: No No NO. Let me make it simple for you. Just invite everybody on the list.

MESSENGER: OK. The list. Of Montagues.

CAPULET: Just stick to the list. There are no Montagues on the list. Invite people only on the list.

MESSENGER: Aha! Right away.

*Pause. They both stand there staring at each other.*

CAPULET: Well...

MESSENGER: Well what.

CAPULET: What are you waiting for?

MESSENGER: Should I go now?

CAPULET: YES! (*exits*)

MESSENGER: But sir! Sir! Sir! (*sigh*) I can't read. (*exits*)

*BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO re-enter, laughing again.*

MERCUTIO: Romeo! Pooky pumpkin, cuddlekinks!



*ROMEO enters, very sorrowful.*

BENVOLIO: See, here he comes! Good morrow Romeo!

ROMEO: Benvolio! Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO: Why is Romeo so sad?

ROMEO: (*wistfully*) I am not... not... not...

BENVOLIO: Not what? Not in love?

ROMEO: Not loved by the one I love. (*sigh*)

MERCUTIO: Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

ROMEO: What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO: Groan? Why no, but sadly tell me who.

ROMEO: I love a woman.

MERCUTIO: We know that.

ROMEO: Her name is Rosaline.

BENVOLIO: Rosaline?

ROMEO: Yes, I love Rosaline.

BENVOLIO: Is she smart?

ROMEO: The smartest.

MERCUTIO: Is she beautiful?

ROMEO: The beautifullest.

BENVOLIO: Does she have a boyfriend already?

ROMEO: No, she is the singlest.

MERCUTIO: What's the problem?

ROMEO: She says she will never marry anybody. Not even (*gulp*) me.

BENVOLIO: What a sad story. Romeo, I am your cousin. We are family, and it is my duty to lift up your spirits. Let us find some fun!

MESSSENGER: (*offstage*) Doop dee doh.

BENVOLIO: Who is this?

*MESSENGER doops and dopes as he enters.*

MESSENGER: God gi' god-den. I pray sir can you read?

ROMEO: Aye.

MESSENGER: Can you read anything you see?

ROMEO: If I know the letters and the language.

MESSENGER: What does this say?

ROMEO: It is a list of people.

MESSENGER: Ah, yes. All of these people are invited to a party being thrown by my great master, the rich and wealthy Capulet. If you are not of the house of Montague, please come and crush a cup of wine with us. It's a masked ball so you must wear a disguise. Do you know any of the people on the list?

ROMEO: They all went that-a-way.

MESSENGER: I must run. So long! (*exits*)

BENVOLIO: Romeo! That's just what you need!

MERCUTIO: It'll be a hoot!

ROMEO: Us, Montagues, go to a party at the Capulets?

BENVOLIO: We'll be wearing masks, nobody will know who we are. Come, let us get ready.

ROMEO: I've got a funny feeling about this...

BENVOLIO: Come, let us get ready!

ROMEO: Alright...

*They exit.*

NARRATOR: Preparations were in made at the Capulets and the messenger found most of the people on the list. Soon the party was in full swing. There was food, fun, music, and of course, dancing!

*CAPULET enters.*

CAPULET: Come musicians, play. A hall! A hall! Give room, and foot it girls!

*Music starts. Everyone enters dancing. The dancing continues as the scene progresses.*

NARRATOR: Romeo, Benvolio, and Mercutio soon arrived at the party in disguise.

MERCUTIO: Gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO: Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes. I have a soul of lead; my heart is so heavy, my legs can hardly move.

MERCUTIO: You are a lover. Borrow Cupid's wings.

BENVOLIO: Yeah Romeo, let's dance.

*Music plays. The three dance. TYBALT enters, sees them, and runs off. CAPULET enters. The dancing comes to a stop and CAPULET addresses the crowd.*

CAPULET: Welcome, gentlemen. Welcome, ladies. Welcome all to my masquerade! Be glad and be merry!

*EVERYONE applauds and cheers in agreement. The crowd begins to mingle, not aware of the following. TYBALT enters.*

TYBALT: Fetch me my sword. Fetch me my sword I say! Uncle! Uncle!

CAPULET: Yes, nephew Tybalt. Why do you storm about like this?

TYBALT: Uncle. Dare I say it, but there are Montagues at our party. Montagues – our sworn enemies have arrived at the party.

CAPULET: How do you know? Are they not wearing masks?

TYBALT: They are, uncle. But they cannot mask their voices. I know one of them. It is none other than young Romeo, sir. That vilest of villains. The son of Montague, and as such, our enemy.

CAPULET: Romeo. (*CAPULET considers for a moment*) Let him alone. All of Verona brags about how goodly he is. Besides, this is a party. Let's all just try and have a good time.

TYBALT: But uncle, how can you entertain such evilness, such vileness...

CAPULET: Tybalt, peace! (*exiting*) More food! More drink! More music! More dancing!

TYBALT: I knew he'd say that! Peace, I hate the word. Just as I hate all Montagues, and Romeo. I am not so forgiving as my uncle. He will bow and scrape. He will smile and cheer. He will keep – peace. It looks like I am going to have to take matters into my own hands. Oh sure I'll respect my uncle's wishes. I'll keep quiet at this

party. But the party doesn't last forever. It will end tonight. My uncle didn't say anything about tomorrow. I'll find Romeo and his friends. And they shall suffer. Oh, they shall pay. *(he grrrrrrrs off)*

*Music changes. NURSE and JULIET enter.*

NARRATOR: At last arrived the beautiful Juliet, daughter to Capulet.

NURSE: Juliet, you look wonderful tonight. I might live to see you married one day.

JULIET: Nurse! *(giggles)*

NURSE: You should be thinking about marriage. Younger women than you in Verona are mothers already.

JULIET: But their fathers arranged the whole thing. I want to marry a man I like to look at, a man I can love!

NURSE: You can grow to love. Go girl; seek happy nights and happy days.

CAPULET: Juliet!

JULIET: Father.

CAPULET: You look beautiful. Verona's summer has not such a flower.

JULIET: Thank you father.

CAPULET: Come see me later on, I want to introduce you to the most eligible bachelor in town – Paris. Who knows, you might find your husband here tonight?

JULIET: Who knows?

CAPULET: Who's in charge of keeping the fruit tray stocked? *(Exits)*

*The tone of the music abruptly changes. It is softer now. Everyone except for ROMEO and JULIET freezes.*

NARRATOR: As fate would have it, Romeo and Juliet saw one another from across the room. The party, the world, disappeared around them. Romeo thought of all the poetry he had memorized in school, thought of the perfect lines to use, but he was frozen. All he could say was:

ROMEO: Hi.

JULIET: Hi.

ROMEO: Hi.

JULIET: Hi.

*The NURSE rushes over. As she does so, everyone comes out of their freeze, and the party begins again.*

NURSE: Madam, your mother would like to speak to you.

JULIET: B-b-b-but!

NURSE: Now, lady duck.

JULIET: *(in frustration)* Ohhhhhhhh. *(exits)*

ROMEO: Excuse me ma'am. Who is her mother?

NURSE: Her mother is the lady of the house.

ROMEO: Is she a Capulet?

NURSE: The lady of the house is a Capulet, yes.

ROMEO: Woe is me! My true love comes from my true hate.

*ROMEO exits. JULIET re-enters and addresses the NURSE.*

JULIET: Come here Nurse. Who was that gentleman?

NURSE: I know him not. But he is so handsome! Do you like him?

JULIET: Go ask his name.

*The NURSE scrambles off. JULIET calls after her.*

JULIET: And see if he is married. If he is married, I'll just die.

*NURSE scrambles back on.*

NURSE: His name is Romeo, and a Montague; the only son of your great enemy.

JULIET: Aye me! For I must love a loathed enemy.

*JULIET exits. The party is breaking up. People are beginning to leave.*

CAPULET: Thank you all! Thank you!

TYBALT: Tomorrow I shall seek my revenge for this. Ha!

*The scene changes to the balcony outside JULIET's bedroom.*

NARRATOR: Juliet went to her room, but she did not go to sleep. She couldn't stop thinking about Romeo. When Romeo left the party, he didn't go to sleep either. He couldn't stop thinking about Juliet. He had an idea. He would sneak around to the back of Juliet's house and find her. He climbed a high wall, then very carefully, started looking for Juliet.

*JULIET enters. She leans on the balcony and sighs.*

JULIET: Ah me.

*ROMEO enters. He is beneath the balcony looking around. Finally, he looks up.*

ROMEO: Where is that light coming from? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. Arise fair sun and kill the envious moon who is already sick and pale with grief. It is my lady, o it is my love. O that she knew she were. She speaks, yet she says nothing.

JULIET: Ah me.

ROMEO: She speaks! Oh speak again bright angel. For thou art as glorious unto this night being over my head as is a winged messenger from heaven.

JULIET: O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name. Oh be some other name. Or if you won't, swear your love for me and I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO: Should I speak at this? Or listen for more?

JULIET: It's only your name that is my enemy. What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Oh Romeo be some other name.

*ROMEO surprises her. JULIET can't see who it is.*

ROMEO: I will be Romeo no more.

JULIET: What man are you?

ROMEO: By a name, I know not how to tell you who I am. My name is an enemy to you. If I wrote it down, I would tear up the paper.

JULIET: My ears haven't yet heard you speak a hundred words, yet I know the sound. Are you not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO: I am neither, if you dislike either.

JULIET: How did you come here? The walls are high and hard to climb.

ROMEO: I flew on the back of love's light wings.

JULIET: If my family sees you, they will hurt you.

ROMEO: Night will hide me from their eyes.

JULIET: How did you find this place?

ROMEO: I would go as far as that vast shore washed with the farthest sea to find you. I swear it. Will you marry me?

JULIET: This is all too quick, too soon, too sudden, too like the lightning. Good night, good night.

ROMEO: Will you let me leave like this? Will you marry me tomorrow, yes or no?

NURSE: (*offstage*) Juliet! Juliet!

JULIET: Coming good nurse! Romeo, if your love is honourable, your purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow. I'll send someone, my nurse, to you. Tell her where and when I should come to marry you.

NURSE: Madam!

JULIET: By and by I come! A thousand times goodnight.

ROMEO: Goodnight.

*JULIET leaves. ROMEO starts to go. JULIET runs back in.*

JULIET: Hist, Romeo, hist! Romeo! Romeo! Come back.

ROMEO: My sweet.

JULIET: What time should I send her to you?

ROMEO: By the hour of nine.

JULIET: I will not fail. Oh, it is twenty years until then.

*ROMEO leaves.*

JULIET: Romeo!

ROMEO: Yes?

JULIET: I forgot why I called you back.

ROMEO: I'll stand here 'till you remember.

JULIET: 'Tis almost morning. Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight 'till it be morrow.

*The scene changes. The NARRATOR enters.*

NARRATOR: (*Imitating JULIET*) Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight 'till it be morrow. (*To the audience.*) Was that the fastest meeting, courtship, marriage proposal, and engagement you ever saw? I'm not the only one who thinks so.

*The NARRATOR gestures to the scene. Now we're in FRIAR LAURENCE's cell, surrounded by test tubes, flowers, and other assorted bubbly weird stuff.*

FRIAR: Ahhhhhh. Ohhhhh. Baleful weeds. Precious juiced flowers. There is powerful grace in plants, herbs, and stones. In this flower, this flower here, there is both poison and medicine. AHHHHH. Ohhhhh.

*ROMEO enters.*

ROMEO: Good morning Friar!

FRIAR: Up! Ho-ho-holy! What young voice salutes me so early? Young Romeo, why are you out of your bed so early this morning? Or, let me look at you. You haven't been in bed at all tonight, have you?

ROMEO: True.

FRIAR: Were you with Rosaline?

ROMEO: Rosaline? Oh heavens no, Friar Laurence. I've forgotten all about her.

FRIAR: Good. Where have you been then?

ROMEO: I'll tell you before you ask again. I have been with my enemy, but the only thing that got wounded was my heart.

FRIAR: Good son, please explain.

ROMEO: My love is set on the daughter of rich Capulet. Yes, Friar I shall not regret, my true love for Juliet.

FRIAR: Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here! First Rosaline, now Juliet, you young people, I just can't keep up with you.

ROMEO: You often made fun of me over Rosaline. Will you help me?



FRIAR: OK Romeo, I will be your assistant. Perhaps you and Juliet will help turn your household's fighting to love.

ROMEO: Let us hurry!

FRIAR: Slowly Romeo. Those who run quickest also stumble quickest.

*ROMEO and FRIAR LAURENCE exit. The scene moves to a Verona street.*

NARRATOR: Good advice Friar. Later that morning, Benvolio and Mercutio continue their search for Romeo.

*MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO enter.*

MERCUTIO: Benvolio! Where in the world is Romeo? Didn't he come home last night?

BENVOLIO: Not to his father's house, Mercutio.

MERCUTIO: Why that Rosaline torments him so. What's with that guy? Love, ick.

BENVOLIO: Oh Rosaline!

MERCUTIO: Oh Romeo! (*smooch*)

BENVOLIO: (*smooch*) Ahhhh!

MERCUTIO: Yuck! Not for me, love is for silly people!

BENVOLIO: Love is better than hate, don't you think? Look, it is Capulet's messenger.

*MESSENGER enters.*

MESSENGER: Messenger for hire! Messenger for hire!

BENVOLIO: You there, are you a messenger?

MESSENGER: No sir. Messenger for hire. Messenger for hire.

BENVOLIO: Don't you deliver messages for Capulet?

MESSENGER: Not any more. I got fired. It wasn't my fault. Someone named Romeo, someone named Mercutio, and someone named Benvolio went to Capulet's party. But they are Montagues. For some reason I got blamed for them going. Messenger for hire! Messenger for hire!

MERCUTIO: Was Capulet mad?

MESSENGER: Not half as mad as Tybalt! Boy, he's looking for this Romeo guy. Do you know him?

MERCUTIO: I just might.

MESSENGER: Well, tell him to leave Verona. Tybalt wants to fight Romeo, to settle this whole thing once and for all. Well, so long. I've got to find a new job. Messenger for hire! Messenger for hire!  
(*he exits*)

MERCUTIO: Tybalt.

BENVOLIO: Romeo can take him.

MERCUTIO: Are you kidding? Tybalt is the prince of cats. He is an excellent fighter. Why is he after Romeo?

*ROMEO enters.*

ROMEO: (*singing gleefully to himself*)  
What is love? 'Tis not hereafter  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
In delay there lies no plenty,  
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty;  
What's to come is still unsure.

MERCUTIO: Ha! Ha! Look! Here comes Romeo! Romeo! Romeo!  
Flesh, flesh, you are fishified!

ROMEO: Good morning.

MERCUTIO: Signior Romeo, bonjour.

BENVOLIO: You left us last night.

ROMEO: I do not know what you are talking about.

MERCUTIO: Oh Romeo!

BENVOLIO: Oh Rosaline!

*MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO run off laughing and singing.*

ROMEO: Wait for me!

*NURSE enters from the opposite side of the stage.*

NURSE: Good morning, sir. Pray, can you tell me where I might find the young Romeo?

ROMEO: I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you asked about him. I am he.

NURSE: I am the nurse to Juliet. I desire a word with you.

ROMEO: Aha! She said she would send you.

NURSE: What shall I tell her?

ROMEO: Tell her to come up with an excuse to leave this afternoon and visit the cell of Friar Laurence, where she will be married.

NURSE: This afternoon, sir? Well she shall be there. *(exits)*

*Music. The scene changes to the chapel. The wedding will take place in silence. FRIAR LAURENCE enters, taking centre stage. ROMEO enters from the left, JULIET from the right. The two meet in the middle and kneel before the FRIAR. The FRIAR blesses them both. ROMEO and JULIET stand.*

FRIAR: I now pronounce you man and wife.

*All three exit. The scene changes to the Verona street. MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO enter.*

NARRATOR: Wasn't that a beautiful wedding? Things get tricky from here on in. Unfortunately, Mercutio and Benvolio have no idea what is coming.

BENVOLIO: I pray you good Mercutio, let us go home. The day is hot, tempers are flaring. There is not a Capulet in sight. Let us go home now before we meet up with any Capulets. For if we meet one, there is sure to be a fight. You know what Tybalt is after. And you know what the Prince said!

MERCUTIO: Oh Benvolio, you are worried about me fighting? You have fought with men because they had one hair more in their beard than you did. You have fought men for cracking nuts, just because you have hazel eyes. You have fought men for coughing in the street and waking a sleeping dog.

*TYBALT enters.*

BENVOLIO: Too late Mercutio, here comes Tybalt, and he doesn't look happy.

TYBALT: Gentlemen, good day; a word with you. Mercutio, you hang out with Romeo.

MERCUTIO: Hang out, hang out, sir?

*ROMEO enters.*

ROMEO: Mercutio!

TYBALT: Aha! (*seeing ROMEO and pushing MERCUTIO aside*) There's the chicken that crashed my uncle's party. (*drawing his sword*) Alright friend, look upon your death.

MERCUTIO: (*drawing his sword, stepping between TYBALT and ROMEO*) No!

*TYBALT and MERCUTIO fight. A crowd starts to gather.*

ROMEO: Help! Help! Benvolio, stop the fight. Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince has expressly forbidden this bandying in Verona streets. Hold Tybalt, Good Mercutio –

*ROMEO gets between the fighters. MERCUTIO is hit. TYBALT takes off.*

MERCUTIO: I am hurt! Get me a surgeon!

ROMEO: Courage, Mercutio. How bad is the wound?

MERCUTIO: It is not so deep as a well, nor as wide as a church door, but it is enough to... to... I think you may find me a grave man. Help me to a house Benvolio. (*BENVOLIO kneels beside MERCUTIO*) A plague on both your houses.

*MERCUTIO collapses. He is dead.*

BENVOLIO: Romeo! Romeo! Mercutio is dead.

ROMEO: This shows the black fate of today. This but begins the woe that will follow.

*TYBALT re-enters with friends. ROMEO looks up to see this and draws his sword.*

ROMEO: Tybalt, Mercutio's soul is but a little way above our heads. Either you or I must now join him.

TYBALT: It shall be you. (*draws his sword*)

ROMEO: This shall determine that.

*ROMEO and TYBALT fight. TYBALT falls. ROMEO kneels beside MERCUTIO. An alarm starts to ring. The crowd scatters.*

BENVOLIO: Romeo, the Prince is coming. We have to get out of here.

*ROMEO is motionless.*

BENVOLIO: Romeo, we have to go. NOW!

*ROMEO and BENVOLIO drag MERCUTIO off.*

NARRATOR: Once word got out that Tybalt was killed by Romeo, the Prince was in a fury.

*PRINCE enters.*

PRINCE: Since Tybalt killed Mercutio first, I am not going to take Romeo's life. But I will say this: By the first light of dawn tomorrow, Romeo is to leave Verona forever and shall never return. Romeo is hereby banished from Verona.

NARRATOR: Sadly, Romeo and Juliet must say goodbye.

*The scene changes to JULIET's balcony. ROMEO and JULIET enter.*

JULIET: Will you be gone? It is not near morning.

ROMEO: I heard the lark, morning is near.

JULIET: It is, it is. O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

ROMEO: More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

*ROMEO runs off. The NURSE enters.*

NURSE: Juliet! Juliet!

JULIET: Here Nurse.

NURSE: Is Romeo gone?

JULIET: Yes Nurse.

NURSE: I have terrible news for you.

JULIET: More terrible than Romeo leaving?

NURSE: Even so. Your mother and father have told me that they have selected a husband for you. Young Paris.

JULIET: Married? To Paris? But I am already married to Romeo. I can't marry two men. I want Romeo.

NURSE: Your father says that you must marry Paris on Thursday next, or if you don't, he will drag you there.

JULIET: I must speak to Friar Laurence. Nurse, please make some excuse to let me out of here for an hour. Tell my parents I have gone to the Friar's to pray I can be a good wife. To... Paris.

NARRATOR: Juliet wasted no time in going to Friar Laurence's cell.

*The scene changes to FRIAR LAURENCE's cell. FRIAR and JULIET enter.*

FRIAR: Juliet, I do spy a kind of hope. But you must be willing to risk your very life.

JULIET: I would rather leap off any tower than marry Paris.

FRIAR: Go home, be merry, say you will marry Paris on Thursday as your father requires.

JULIET: But Friar!

FRIAR: Tomorrow is Wednesday. Tomorrow night, when you are alone in bed, take this vial and drink it. Instantly, all life will leave you. You will have no pulse, no warmth, and no breath. This death will last 2 and 40 hours, and then you will awake as if from a pleasant sleep. When they come to awake you on Thursday morning, as far as they know you will be dead. In the meantime, I will get a letter off to Romeo telling him of our plans, he will sneak back here, we will watch you wake in your tomb, then Romeo will take you to Mantua where you shall live happily ever after.

JULIET: Give me the vial Friar. Thank you. Pray for me that I will have courage to drink of it. *(she exits)*

FRIAR: Who can I get to deliver this important message to Romeo. I need someone intelligent.

MESENTER: *(entering)* Doop da dee.

FRIAR: I need someone who can read.

MESENTER: Deep doy da.

FRIAR: I need someone who works cheap. But who can I get?

MESENTER: Messenger for hire! Messenger for hire!

FRIAR: You there.

MESENTER: Me, ma'am?

FRIAR: Sir.



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