

THE PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

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

Exit

THE PROLOGUE

The CHORUS enters.

CHORUS

In the beautiful city of Verona, where our story takes place, a long-standing hatred between two families erupts into new violence, and citizens stain their hands with the blood of their fellow citizens. Two unlucky children of these enemy families become lovers and commit suicide. Their unfortunate deaths put an end to their parents' feud. For the next two hours, we will watch the story of their doomed love and their parents' anger, which nothing but the children's deaths could stop. If you listen to us patiently, we'll make up for everything we've left out in this prologue onstage.

The CHORUS exits.

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers

SAMPSON

Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY

No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON

I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

GREGORY

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of collar.

5

SAMPSON

I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY

To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand. Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'st away.

10

SAMPSON

A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

ACT 1, SCENE 1
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

SAMPSON and **GREGORY**, servants of the Capulet family,
enter carrying swords and small shields.

SAMPSON

Gregory, I swear, we can't let them humiliate us. We won't take their garbage.

GREGORY

(teasing **SAMPSON**) No, because then we'd be garbage-men.

SAMPSON

What I mean is, if they make us angry we'll pull out our swords.

GREGORY

Maybe you should focus on pulling yourself out of trouble, Sampson.

SAMPSON

I hit hard when I'm angry.

GREGORY

→ Gregory continually implies that Sampson isn't as tough as he's acting.

But it's hard to make you angry.

SAMPSON

One of those dogs from the Montague house can make me angry.

GREGORY

Angry enough to run away. You won't stand and fight.

SAMPSON

A dog from that house will make me angry enough to take a stand. If I pass one of them on the street, I'll take the side closer to the wall and let him walk in the gutter.

GREGORY

That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAMPSON

15 'Tis true, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GREGORY

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON

20 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids. I will cut off their heads.

GREGORY

The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON

Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads. Take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY

25 They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAMPSON

Me they shall feel while I am able to stand, and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY

'Tis well thou art not fish. If thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-john.

Enter ABRAM and another SERVINGMAN

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

SAMPSON

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

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

GREGORY

That means you're the weak one, because weaklings get pushed up against the wall.

SAMPSON

You're right. That's why girls get pushed up against walls—they're weak. So what I'll do is push the Montague men into the street and the Montague women up against the wall.

GREGORY

The fight is between our masters, and we men who work for them.

SAMPSON

It's all the same. I'll be a harsh master to them. After I fight the men, I'll be nice to the women—I'll cut off their heads.

GREGORY

→ "Maidenhead" =
virginity.

Cut off their heads? You mean their maidenheads?

SAMPSON

Cut off their heads, take their maidenheads—whatever. Take my remark in whichever sense you like.

GREGORY

The women you rape are the ones who'll have to "sense" it.

SAMPSON

They'll feel me as long as I can keep an erection. Everybody knows I'm a nice piece of flesh.

GREGORY

→ They're joking
about Sampson's
private parts.

It's a good thing you're not a piece of fish. You're dried and shriveled like salted fish.

ABRAM and another servant of the Montagues enter.

Pull out your tool now. These guys are from the house of Montague.

SAMPSON

I have my naked sword out. Fight, I'll back you up.

GREGORY

How? Turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON

Fear me not.

GREGORY

No, marry. I fear thee.

SAMPSON

35 Let us take the law of our sides. Let them begin.

GREGORY

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

SAMPSON

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

ABRAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

40 I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

(*aside to GREGORY*) Is the law of our side if I say "ay"?

GREGORY

(*aside to SAMPSON*) No.

SAMPSON

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

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM

Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

GREGORY

How will you back me up—by turning your back and running away?

SAMPSON

Don't worry about me.

GREGORY

No, really. I *am* worried about you!

SAMPSON

Let's not break the law by starting a fight. Let them start something.

GREGORY

I'll frown at them as they pass by, and they can react however they want.

SAMPSON

*Biting the thumb
is a gesture of
disrespect.*

You mean however they dare. I'll bite my thumb at them. That's an insult, and if they let me get away with it they'll be dishonored. (SAMPSON bites his thumb)

ABRAM

Hey, are you biting your thumb at us?

SAMPSON

I'm biting my thumb.

ABRAM

Are you biting your thumb at us?

SAMPSON

(aside to GREGORY) Is the law on our side if I say yes?

GREGORY

(aside to SAMPSON) No.

SAMPSON

(to ABRAM) No, sir, I'm not biting my thumb at you, but I am biting my thumb.

GREGORY

Are you trying to start a fight?

ABRAM

Start a fight? No, sir.

SAMPSON

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

ABRAM

No better.

SAMPSON

50 Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO

GREGORY

(aside to SAMPSON) Say "better." Here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON

(to ABRAM) Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

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

They fight

BENVOLIO

(draws his sword) Part, fools!
Put up your swords. You know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT

TYBALT

60 What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio. Look upon thy death.

ACT 1, SCENE 1

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

SAMPSON

If you want to fight, I'm your man. My employer is as good as yours.

ABRAM

But he's not better than mine.

SAMPSON

Well then.

BENVOLIO enters.

GREGORY

(speaking so that only SAMPSON can hear) Say "better."
Here comes one of my employer's relatives.

SAMPSON

(to ABRAM) Yes, "better," sir.

ABRAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

Pull out your swords, if you're men. Gregory, remember how to slash.

They fight.

BENVOLIO

(pulling out his sword) Break it up, you fools. Put your swords away. You don't know what you're doing.

TYBALT enters.

TYBALT

What? You've pulled out your sword to fight with these worthless servants? Turn around, Benvolio, and look at the man who's going to kill you.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
65 Have at thee, coward!

They fight

Enter three or four CITIZENS, with clubs or partisans

CITIZENS

Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter old CAPULET in his gown, and his wife, LADY CAPULET

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

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

Enter old MONTAGUE and his wife, LADY MONTAGUE

CAPULET

70 My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet! Hold me not. Let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

ACT 1, SCENE 1
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BENVOLIO

I'm only trying to keep the peace. Either put away your sword or use it to help me stop this fight.

TYBALT

What? You take out your sword and then talk about peace? I hate the word peace like I hate hell, all Montagues, and you. Let's go at it, coward!

BENVOLIO and TYBALT fight. Three or four CITIZENS of the watch enter with clubs and spears.

CITIZENS

Use your clubs and spears! Hit them! Beat them down! Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

CAPULET enters in his gown, together with his wife, LADY CAPULET.

CAPULET

What's this noise? Give me my long sword! Come on!

LADY CAPULET

A crutch, you need a crutch—why are you asking for a sword?

MONTAGUE enters with his sword drawn, together with his wife, LADY MONTAGUE.

CAPULET

I want my sword. Old Montague is here, and he's waving his sword around just to make me mad.

MONTAGUE

Capulet, you villain! *(his wife holds him back)* Don't stop me. Let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

You're not taking one step toward an enemy.

Enter PRINCE ESCALUS, with his train

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
75 Profaners of this neighbor-stainèd steel!—
Will they not hear?—What, ho! You men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
80 Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets
85 And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans in hands as old,
Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
90 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
And, Montague, come you this afternoon
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
95 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO

MONTAGUE

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

ACT 1, SCENE 1
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

PRINCE ESCALUS *enters with his escort.*

PRINCE

(shouting at the rioters) You rebels! Enemies of the peace! Men who turn their weapons against their own neighbors—They won't listen to me?—You there! You men, you beasts, who satisfy your anger with fountains of each others' blood! I'll have you tortured if you don't put down your swords and listen to your angry prince. *(MONTAGUE, CAPULET, and their followers throw down their weapons)* Three times now riots have broken out in this city, all because of a casual word from you, old Capulet and Montague. Three times the peace has been disturbed in our streets, and Verona's old citizens have had to take off their dress clothes and pick up rusty old spears to part you. If you ever cause a disturbance on our streets again, you'll pay for it with your lives. Everyone else, go away for now. *(to CAPULET)* You, Capulet, come with me. *(to MONTAGUE)* Montague, this afternoon come to old Free-town, the court where I deliver judgments, and I'll tell you what else I want from you. As for the rest of you, I'll say this once more: go away or be put to death.

*Everyone exits except MONTAGUE,
LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO.*

MONTAGUE

Who started this old fight up again? Speak, nephew.
Were you here when it started?

BENVOLIO

100 Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them. In the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
105 Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

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

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
115 That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made, but he was 'ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I, measuring his affections by my own,
120 Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humor not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE

125 Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
130 Away from light steals home my heavy son,

ACT 1, SCENE 1
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BENVOLIO

Your servants were fighting your enemy's servants before I got here. I drew my sword to part them. Right then, that hothead Tybalt showed up with his sword ready. He taunted me and waved his sword around, making the air hiss. As we were trading blows, more and more people showed up to join the fight, until the Prince came and broke everyone up.

LADY MONTAGUE

Oh, where's Romeo? Have you seen him today? I'm glad he wasn't here for this fight.

BENVOLIO

Madam, I had a lot on my mind an hour before dawn this morning, so I went for a walk. Underneath the Sycamore grove that grows on the west side of the city, I saw your son taking an early-morning walk. I headed toward him, but he saw me coming and hid in the woods. I thought he must be feeling the same way I was—wanting to be alone and tired of his own company. I figured he was avoiding me, and I was perfectly happy to leave him alone and keep to myself.

MONTAGUE

He's been seen there many mornings, crying tears that add drops to the morning dew and making a cloudy day cloudier with his sighs. But as soon as the sun rises in the east, my sad son comes home to escape the light.

135 And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humor prove
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

140 Both by myself and many other friends.
But he, his own affections' counselor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true,
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
145 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO

BENVOLIO

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

MONTAGUE

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

ACT 1, SCENE 1

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

He locks himself up alone in his bedroom, shuts his windows to keep out the beautiful daylight, and makes himself an artificial night. This mood of his is going to bring bad news, unless someone smart can fix what's bothering him.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know why he acts this way?

MONTAGUE

I don't know, and he won't tell me.

BENVOLIO

Have you done everything you could to make him tell you the reason?

MONTAGUE

I've tried, and many of our friends have tried to make him talk, but he keeps his thoughts to himself. He doesn't want any friend but himself, and though I don't know whether he's a *good* friend to himself, he certainly keeps his own secrets. He's like a flower bud that won't open itself up to the world because it's been poisoned from within by parasites. If we could only find out why he's sad, we'd be as eager to help him as we were to learn the reason for his sadness.

ROMEO enters.

BENVOLIO

Look—here he comes. If you don't mind, please step aside. He'll either have to tell me what's wrong or else tell me no over and over.

MONTAGUE

I hope you're lucky enough to hear the true story by sticking around. (*to his wife*) Come, madam, let's go.

MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE exit.

BENVOLIO

Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me! Sad hours seem long.

155

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

In love?

ROMEO

Out.

BENVOLIO

160

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favor, where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO

165

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate but more with love.
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
170 O anything of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,

ACT 1, SCENE 1
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BENVOLIO

Good morning, cousin.

ROMEO

Is it that early in the day?

BENVOLIO

It's only just now nine o'clock.

ROMEO

Oh my, time goes by slowly when you're sad. Was that my father who left here in such a hurry?

BENVOLIO

It was. What's making you so sad and your hours so long?

ROMEO

I don't have the thing that makes time fly.

BENVOLIO

You're in love?

ROMEO

Out.

BENVOLIO

Out of love?

ROMEO

I love someone. She doesn't love me.

BENVOLIO

It's sad. Love looks like a nice thing, but it's actually very rough when you experience it.

ROMEO

What's sad is that love is supposed to be blind, but it can still make you do whatever it wants. So, where should we eat? (*seeing blood*) Oh my! What fight happened here? No, don't tell me—I know all about it. This fight has a lot to do with hatred, but it has more to do with love. O brawling love! O loving hate! Love that comes from nothing! Sad happiness! Serious foolishness! Beautiful things muddled together into an ugly mess! Love is heavy and light, bright and dark, hot and cold, sick and healthy, asleep and awake—it's

175 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

Why, such is love's transgression.
180 Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it pressed
With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
185 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO

Soft! I will go along.

190 And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO

Tut, I have lost myself. I am not here.
This is not Romeo. He's some other where.

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

195 Groan! Why, no. But sadly, tell me who.

ACT 1, SCENE 1
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

everything except what it is! This is the love I feel, though no one loves me back. Are you laughing?

BENVOLIO

No, cousin, I'm crying.

ROMEO

Good man, why are you crying?

BENVOLIO

I'm crying because of how sad you are.

ROMEO

Yes, this is what love does. My sadness sits heavy in my chest, and you want to add your own sadness to mine so there's even more. I have too much sadness already, and now you're going to make me sadder by feeling sorry for you. Here's what love is: a smoke made out of lovers' sighs. When the smoke clears, love is a fire burning in your lover's eyes. If you frustrate love, you get an ocean made out of lovers' tears. What else is love? It's a wise form of madness. It's a sweet lozenge that you choke on. Goodbye, cousin.

BENVOLIO

Wait. I'll come with you. If you leave me like this, you're doing me wrong.

ROMEO

I'm not myself. I'm not here. This isn't Romeo—he's somewhere else.

BENVOLIO

Tell me seriously, who is the one you love?

ROMEO

Seriously? You mean I should groan and tell you?

BENVOLIO

Groan? No. But tell me seriously who it is.

ROMEO

A sick man in sadness makes his will,
A word ill urged to one that is so ill.
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

200 A right good markman! And she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO

A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO

Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit.
And, in strong proof of chastity well armed
205 From love's weak childish bow, she lives uncharmed.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
Oh, she is rich in beauty, only poor
210 That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,
For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
215 She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair.
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me. Forget to think of her.

ROMEO

220 O, teach me how I should forget to think!

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ROMEO

You wouldn't tell a sick man he "seriously" has to make his will—it would just make him worse. Seriously, cousin, I love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I guessed that already when I guessed you were in love.

ROMEO

Then you were right on target. The woman I love is beautiful.

BENVOLIO

A beautiful target is the one that gets hit the fastest.

ROMEO

Well, you're not on target there. She refuses to be hit by Cupid's arrow. She's as clever as Diana, and shielded by the armor of chastity. She can't be touched by the weak and childish arrows of love. She won't listen to words of love, or let you look at her with loving eyes, or open her lap to receive gifts of gold. She's rich in beauty, but she's also poor, because when she dies her beauty will be destroyed with her.

→
Cupid, the Roman
god of love,
shoots arrows at
humans that
make them fall in
love. Diana is the
Roman goddess
of virginity and
hunting.

BENVOLIO

So she's made a vow to be a virgin forever?

ROMEO

Yes she has, and by keeping celibate, she wastes her beauty. If you starve yourself of sex you can't ever have children, and so your beauty is lost to future generations. She's too beautiful and too wise to deserve heaven's blessing by making me despair. She's sworn off love, and that promise has left me alive but dead, living only to talk about it now.

BENVOLIO

Take my advice. Don't think about her.

ROMEO

Teach me to forget to think!

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes.
Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

'Tis the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
225 Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair.
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
230 Where I may read who passed that passing fair?
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

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

Exeunt

ACT 1, SCENE 1

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BENVOLIO

Do it by letting your eyes wander freely. Look at other beautiful girls.

ROMEO

That will only make me think more about how beautiful *she* is. Beautiful women like to wear black masks over their faces—those black masks only make us think about how beautiful they are underneath. A man who goes blind can't forget the precious eyesight he lost. Show me a really beautiful girl. Her beauty is like a note telling me where I can see someone even more beautiful. Goodbye. You can't teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

I'll show you how to forget, or else I'll die owing you that lesson.

They exit.