

ACT TWO

PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir.
That fair for which love groaned for and would die
With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.
5 Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike bewitchèd by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
10 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear.
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new beloved anywhere.
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

Exit

ACT TWO

PROLOGUE

The CHORUS enters.

CHORUS

Now Romeo's old feelings of desire are dying, and a new desire is eager to take their place. Romeo groaned for the beautiful Rosaline and said he would die for her, but compared with tender Juliet, Rosaline doesn't seem beautiful now. Now someone loves Romeo, and he's in love again—both of them falling for each others' good looks. But he has to make his speeches of love to a woman who's supposed to be his enemy. And she's been hooked by someone she should fear. Because he's an enemy, Romeo has no chance to see Juliet and say the things a lover normally says. And Juliet's just as much in love as he, but she has even less opportunity to meet her lover. But love gives them power, and time gives them the chance to meet, sweetening the extreme danger with intense pleasure.

The CHORUS exits.

ACT 2, SCENE 1

Enter ROMEO alone

ROMEO

Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

Moves away

Enter BENVOLIO with MERCUTIO

BENVOLIO

Romeo, my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He is wise,

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

BENVOLIO

5 He ran this way and leapt this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

Nay, I'll conjure too!

Romeo! Humours, madman, passion, lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh!
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.
10 Cry but "Ay me!" Pronounce but "love" and "dove."
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so true
When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid.—
15 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not.
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
20 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

ACT 2, SCENE 1
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 2, SCENE 1

ROMEO enters alone.

ROMEO

Can I go away while my heart stays here? I have to go back to where my heart is.

ROMEO moves away. BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO enter.

BENVOLIO

(calling) Romeo, my cousin, Romeo, Romeo!

MERCUTIO

He's a smart boy. I bet he slipped away and went home to bed.

BENVOLIO

He ran this way and jumped over this orchard wall. Call to him, Mercutio.

MERCUTIO

I'll conjure him as if I were summoning a spirit. Romeo! Madman! Passion! Lover! Show yourself in the form of a sigh. Speak one rhyme, and I'll be satisfied. Just cry out, "Ah me!" Just say "love" and "dove." Say just one lovely word to my good friend Venus. Just say the nickname of her blind son Cupid, the one who shot arrows so well in the old story.—Romeo doesn't hear me. He doesn't stir. He doesn't move. The silly ape is dead, but I must make him appear.—I summon you by Rosaline's bright eyes, by her high forehead and her red lips, by her fine feet, by her straight legs, by her trembling thighs, and by the regions right next to her thighs. In the name of all of these things, I command you to appear before us in your true form.

→
*Venus is the
Roman goddess
of love.*

BENVOLIO

An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MERCUTIO

This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
25 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjured it down.
That were some spite. My invocation
Is fair and honest. In his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

BENVOLIO

30 Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night.
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO

If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree
35 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
O Romeo, that she were! Oh, that she were
An open arse, and thou a poperin pear.
Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle bed.
40 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.—
Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO

Go, then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

Exeunt

ACT 2, SCENE 1

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

BENVOLIO

If he hears you, you'll make him angry.

MERCUTIO

What I'm saying can't anger him. He would be angry if I summoned a strange spirit for her to have sex with—that's what would make him angry. The things I'm saying are fair and honest. All I'm doing is saying the name of the woman he loves to lure him out of the darkness.

BENVOLIO

Come on. He's hidden behind these trees to keep the night company. His love is blind, so it belongs in the dark.

MERCUTIO

If love is blind, it can't hit the target. Now he'll sit under a medlar tree and wish his mistress were one of those fruits that look like female genitalia. Oh Romeo, I wish she *were* an open-arse, and you a Popperin pear to "pop her in." Good night, Romeo. I'll go to my little trundle bed. This open field is too cold a place for me to sleep. (to **BENVOLIO**) Come on, should we go?

→ The medlar is a tree whose fruit was considered to look like a vulva or an anus. The fruits were often called "open-arses." Popperins are Belgian pears; Mercutio uses the name in an obscene double entendre.

BENVOLIO

Let's go. There's no point in looking for him if he doesn't want to be found.

BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO exit.

ACT 2, SCENE 2**ROMEO** *returns***ROMEO**

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET *appears in a window above*

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

5 Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

Be not her maid since she is envious.

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off!

10 It is my lady. Oh, it is my love.

Oh, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses. I will answer it.—

I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.

15 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars

20 As daylight doth a lamp. Her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.

Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand

25 That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ACT 2, SCENE 2
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 2, SCENE 2

ROMEO *returns.*

ROMEO

It's easy for someone to joke about scars if they've never been cut.

JULIET enters on the balcony.

Diana is the goddess of the moon and of virginity. Romeo implies that Juliet is a servant of the moon as long as she's a virgin.

But wait, what's that light in the window over there? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. Rise up, beautiful sun, and kill the jealous moon. The moon is already sick and pale with grief because you, Juliet, her maid, are more beautiful than she. Don't be her maid, because she is jealous. Virginity makes her look sick and green. Only fools hold on to their virginity. Let it go. Oh, there's my lady! Oh, it is my love. Oh, I wish she knew how much I love her. She's talking, but she's not saying anything. So what? Her eyes are saying something. I will answer them. I am too bold. She's not talking to me. Two of the brightest stars in the whole sky had to go away on business, and they're asking her eyes to twinkle in their places until they return. What if her eyes were in the sky and the stars were in her head?—The brightness of her cheeks would outshine the stars the way the sun outshines a lamp. If her eyes were in the night sky, they would shine so brightly through space that birds would start singing, thinking her light was the light of day. Look how she leans her hand on her cheek. Oh, I wish I was the glove on that hand so that I could touch that cheek.

JULIET

Oh, my!

ROMEO

(aside) She speaks.

O, speak again, bright angel! For thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
Unto the white, upturnèd, wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-puffing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name.
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO

(aside) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized.
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou that, thus bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ROMEO

(to himself) She speaks. Oh, speak again, bright angel. You are as glorious as an angel tonight. You shine above me, like a winged messenger from heaven who makes mortal men fall on their backs to look up at the sky, watching the angel walking on the clouds and sailing on the air.

JULIET

(not knowing ROMEO hears her) Oh, Romeo, Romeo, why do you have to be Romeo? Forget about your father and change your name. Or else, if you won't change your name, just swear you love me and I'll stop being a Capulet.

ROMEO

(to himself) Should I listen for more, or should I speak now?

JULIET

(still not knowing ROMEO hears her) It's only your name that's my enemy. You'd still be yourself even if you stopped being a Montague. What's a Montague anyway? It isn't a hand, a foot, an arm, a face, or any other part of a man. Oh, be some other name! What does a name mean? The thing we call a rose would smell just as sweet if we called it by any other name. Romeo would be just as perfect even if he wasn't called Romeo. Romeo, lose your name. Trade in your name—which really has nothing to do with you—and take all of me in exchange.

ROMEO

(to JULIET) I trust your words. Just call me your love, and I will take a new name. From now on I will never be Romeo again.

JULIET

Who are you? Why do you hide in the darkness and listen to my private thoughts?

ROMEO

By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
55 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
60 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
65 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JULIET

70 If they do see thee they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

75 I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death proroguèd, wanting of thy love.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ROMEO

I don't know how to tell you who I am by telling you a name. I hate my name, dear saint, because my name is your enemy. If I had it written down, I would tear up the paper.

JULIET

I haven't heard you say a hundred words yet, but I recognize the sound of your voice. Aren't you Romeo? And aren't you a Montague?

ROMEO

I am neither of those things if you dislike them.

JULIET

Tell me, how did you get in here? And why did you come? The orchard walls are high, and it's hard to climb over them. If any of my relatives find you here they'll kill you because of who you are.

ROMEO

I flew over these walls with the light wings of love. Stone walls can't keep love out. Whatever a man in love can possibly do, his love will make him try to do it. Therefore your relatives are no obstacle.

JULIET

If they see you, they'll murder you.

ROMEO

Alas, one angry look from you would be worse than twenty of your relatives with swords. Just look at me kindly, and I'm invincible against their hatred.

JULIET

I'd give anything to keep them from seeing you here.

ROMEO

The darkness will hide me from them. And if you don't love me, let them find me here. I'd rather they killed me than have to live without your love.

JULIET

Who told you how to get here below my bedroom?

JULIET

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO

80 By love, that first did prompt me to inquire.
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot. Yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET

85 Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form. Fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment!
90 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "ay,"
And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st
Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
95 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo. But else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light.
100 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more coying to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion. Therefore pardon me,
105 And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO

Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**ROMEO**

Love showed me the way—the same thing that made me look for you in the first place. Love told me what to do, and I let love borrow my eyes. I'm not a sailor, but if you were across the farthest sea, I would risk everything to gain you.

JULIET

You can't see my face because it's dark out. Otherwise, you'd see me blushing about the things you've heard me say tonight. I would be happy to keep up good manners and deny the things I said. But forget about good manners. Do you love me? I know you'll say "yes," and I'll believe you. But if you swear you love me, you might turn out to be lying. They say Jove laughs when lovers lie to each other. Oh Romeo, if you really love me, say it truly. Or if you think it's too easy and quick to win my heart, I'll frown and play hard-to-get, as long as that will make you try to win me, but otherwise I wouldn't act that way for anything. In truth, handsome Montague, I like you too much, so you may think my behavior is loose. But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove myself more faithful than girls who act coy and play hard-to-get. I should have been more standoffish, I confess, but you overheard me talking about the love in my heart when I didn't know you were there. So excuse me, and do not assume that because you made me love you so easily my love isn't serious.

→ Jove, also called
Jupiter, was the
king of the
Roman gods.

ROMEO

Lady, I swear by the sacred moon above, the moon that paints the tops of fruit trees with silver—

JULIET

110 O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circle orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

Do not swear at all.
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
115 And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight.
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
120 Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night.
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast.

ROMEO

125 O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO

Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it,
And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO

130 Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

ACT 2, SCENE 2

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

JULIET

Don't swear by the moon. The moon is always changing. Every month its position in the sky shifts. I don't want you to turn out to be that inconsistent too.

ROMEO

What should I swear by?

JULIET

Don't swear at all. But if you have to swear, swear by your wonderful self, which is the god I worship like an idol, and then I'll believe you.

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

Well, don't swear. Although you bring me joy, I can't take joy in this exchange of promises tonight. It's too crazy. We haven't done enough thinking. It's too sudden. It's too much like lightning, which flashes and then disappears before you can say, "it's lightning." My sweet, good night. Our love, which right now is like a flower bud in the summer air, may turn out to be a beautiful flower by the next time we meet. I hope you enjoy the same sweet peace and rest I feel in my heart.

ROMEO

Oh, are you going to leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET

What satisfaction could you possibly have tonight?

ROMEO

I would be satisfied if we made each other true promises of love.

JULIET

I pledged my love to you before you asked me to. Yet I wish I could take that promise back, so I had it to give again.

ROMEO

You would take it back? Why would you do that, my love?

JULIET

But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep. The more I give to thee,
135 The more I have, for both are infinite.

NURSE *calls from within*

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.—
Anon, good Nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little. I will come again.

Exit JULIET, above

ROMEO

O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
140 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Enter JULIET, above

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow
145 By one that I'll procure to come to thee
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE

(from within) Madam!

JULIET

150 I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

NURSE

(from within) Madam!

ACT 2, SCENE 2

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

JULIET

Only to be generous and give it to you once more. But I'm wishing for something I already have. My generosity to you is as limitless as the sea, and my love is as deep. The more love I give you, the more I have. Both loves are infinite.

The NURSE calls from offstage.

I hear a noise inside. Dear love, goodbye—Just a minute, good Nurse. Sweet Montague, be true. Stay here for a moment. I'll come back.

JULIET exits.

ROMEO

Oh, blessed, blessed night! Because it's dark out, I'm afraid all this is just a dream, too sweet to be real.

JULIET enters on her balcony.

JULIET

Three words, dear Romeo, and then it's good night for real. If your intentions as a lover are truly honorable and you want to marry me, send me word tomorrow. I'll send a messenger to you, and you can pass on a message telling me where and when we'll be married. I'll lay all my fortunes at your feet and follow you, my lord, all over the world.

NURSE

(offstage) Madam!

JULIET

(to the NURSE) I'll be right there! *(to ROMEO)* But if you don't have honorable intentions, I beg you—

NURSE

(offstage) Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come.—
To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief.
155 Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times good night!

Exit JULIET, above

ROMEO

A thousand times the worse to want thy light.
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,
160 But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Moves to exit

Reenter JULIET, above

JULIET

Hist! Romeo, hist!—Oh, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
165 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of "My Romeo!"

ROMEO

It is my soul that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

ACT 2, SCENE 2
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

JULIET

Alright, I'm coming!—I beg you to stop trying for me and leave me to my sadness. Tomorrow I'll send the messenger.

ROMEO

My soul depends on it—

JULIET

A thousand times good night.

JULIET exits.

ROMEO

Leaving you is a thousand times worse than being near you. A lover goes toward his beloved as enthusiastically as a schoolboy leaving his books, but when he leaves his girlfriend, he feels as miserable as the schoolboy on his way to school.

ROMEO starts to leave. JULIET returns, on her balcony.

JULIET

Juliet is trying to call to Romeo as if he was a falcon.

Hist, Romeo! Hist! Oh, I wish I could make a falconer's call, so I could bring my little falcon back again. I'm trapped in my family's house, so I must be quiet. Otherwise I would rip open the cave where Echo sleeps. I would make her repeat his name until her voice grew more hoarse than mine by repeating, "My Romeo!"

Echo, a mythical woman who was scorned by Narcissus, withered with sadness repeating his name, and after her death, her voice still reverberated in caves, which is why we have the word "echo."

ROMEO

My soul is calling out my name. The sound of lovers calling each others names through the night is silver-sweet. It's the sweetest sound a lover ever hears.

JULIET
170 Romeo!

ROMEO
My nyas?

JULIET
What o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO
By the hour of nine.

JULIET
I will not fail. 'Tis twenty year till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO
Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET
175 I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO
And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET
180 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone.
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silken thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO
185 I would I were thy bird.

JULIET
Sweet, so would I.
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Exit JULIET, above

ACT 2, SCENE 2

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

JULIET

Romeo!

ROMEO

My baby hawk?

JULIET

What time tomorrow should I send a messenger to you?

ROMEO

By nine o'clock.

JULIET

I won't fail. From now until then seems like twenty years. I have forgotten why I called you back.

ROMEO

Let me stand here until you remember your reason.

JULIET

I'll forget it, and you'll have to stand there forever. I'll only remember how much I love your company.

ROMEO

I'll keep standing here, even if you keep forgetting. I'll forget that I have any home besides this spot right here.

JULIET

It's almost morning. I want to make you go, but I'd only let you go as far as a spoiled child lets his pet bird go. He lets the bird hop a little from his hand and then yanks him back by a string.

ROMEO

I wish I was your bird.

JULIET

My sweet, so do I. But I would kill you by petting you too much. Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow that I'll say good night until tonight becomes tomorrow.

JULIET exits.

ROMEO

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Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest.
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

Exit

ACT 2, SCENE 2

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ROMEO

I hope you sleep peacefully. I wish I were Sleep and Peace, so I could spend the night with you. Now I'll go see my priest, to ask for his help and tell him about my good luck.

He exits.