

ACT 2, SCENE 3

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE, *with a basket*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
5 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must upfill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juicèd flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb.
10 What is her burying, grave that is her womb.
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some and yet all different.
15 Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give.
Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use
20 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter ROMEO

Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power.
25 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, stays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still,
In man as well as herbs—grace and rude will.

ACT 2, SCENE 3
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 2, SCENE 3

FRIAR LAWRENCE *enters by himself, carrying a basket.*

FRIAR LAWRENCE

The smiling morning is replacing the frowning night. Darkness is stumbling out of the sun's path like a drunk man. Now, before the sun comes up and burns away the dew, I have to fill this basket of mine with poisonous weeds and medicinal flowers. The Earth is nature's mother and also nature's tomb. Plants are born out of the Earth, and they are buried in the Earth when they die. From the Earth's womb, many different sorts of plants and animals come forth, and the Earth provides her children with many excellent forms of nourishment. Everything nature creates has some special property, and each one is different. Herbs, plants, and stones possess great power. There is nothing on Earth that is so evil that it does not provide the earth with some special quality. And there is nothing that does not turn bad if it's put to the wrong use and abused. Virtue turns to vice if it's misused. Vice sometimes becomes virtue through the right activity.

ROMEO *enters.*

Inside the little rind of this weak flower, there is both poison and powerful medicine. If you smell it, you feel good all over your body. But if you taste it, you die. There are two opposite elements in everything, in men as well as in herbs—good and evil.

30 And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

ROMEO

Good morrow, Father.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
35 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.
But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
40 Thou art uproused by some distemperature.
Or if not so, then here I hit it right:
Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO

45 With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No.
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

That's my good son. But where hast thou been, then?

ROMEO

I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
50 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded. Both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

When evil is dominant, death soon kills the body like cancer.

ROMEO

Good morning, father.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

God bless you. Who greets me so early in the morning? Young man, something's wrong if you're getting out of bed this early. Every old man has worries, and worried men never get any sleep, but young men shouldn't have a care in the world. They should get to bed early and get plenty of sleep. Therefore, the fact that you're awake this early tells me you've been upset with some anxiety. If that's not the case, then this must be the answer: You, Romeo, have not been to bed tonight.

ROMEO

Your last guess is right. I enjoyed a sweeter rest than sleep.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

May God forgive you if you've sinned!—Were you with Rosaline?

ROMEO

With Rosaline, father? No, I have forgotten that girl and all the sadness she brought me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

That's good, my boy. But where have you been?

ROMEO

I'll tell you before you have to ask me again. I have been feasting with my enemy. Suddenly someone wounded me with love and was wounded with love by me. You have the sacred power to cure both of us. I carry no hatred, holy man, because my request will benefit my enemy.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

55 Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
60 And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When and where and how
We met, we wooed and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray:
That thou consent to marry us today.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

65 Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
70 Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears.
75 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence then:
80 Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

ROMEO

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

And badest me bury love.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Speak plainly, make your meaning clear, my son. A jumbled confession can only receive a jumbled absolution.

ROMEO

I love rich Capulet's daughter. I love her, and she loves me. We're bound to each other in every possible way, except we need you to marry us. I'll tell you more later about when and where we met, how we fell in love, and how we exchanged promises, but now I'm begging you: please, agree to marry us today.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Holy Saint Francis, this is a drastic change! Have you given up so quickly on Rosaline, whom you loved so much? Then young men love with their eyes, not with their hearts. Jesus and Mary, how many tears did you cry for Rosaline? How many salty tear-drops did you waste salting a love you never tasted? The sun hasn't yet melted away the fog you made with all your sighs. The groans you used to make are still ringing in my old ears. There's still a stain on your cheek from an old tear that hasn't been washed off yet. If you were ever yourself, and this sadness was yours, you and your sadness were all for Rosaline. And now you've changed? Then repeat this after me: you can't expect women to be faithful when men are so unreliable.

ROMEO

You scolded me often for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I scolded you for obsessing about her, not for loving her, my student.

ROMEO

And you told me to bury my love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO

85 I pray thee, chide not. Her I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.
The other did not so.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Oh, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
90 In one respect I'll thy assistant be,
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

ROMEO

Oh, let us hence. I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

Exeunt

ACT 2, SCENE 3

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I didn't tell you to get rid of one love and replace her with another.

ROMEO

Please, I beg you, don't scold me. The girl I love now returns my love. The other girl did not love me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Oh, she knew very well that you were acting like you were in love without really knowing what love means. But come on, inconsistent young man, come with me. I'll help you with your secret wedding. This marriage may be lucky enough to turn the hatred between your families into pure love.

ROMEO

Let's get out of here. I'm in a rush.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Go wisely and slowly. Those who rush stumble and fall.

They exit.