

ACT 2, SCENE 5

Enter JULIET

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse.
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so.
Oh, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,
5 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
10 Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball.
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
15 And his to me.
But old folks, many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE and PETER

O God, she comes.—O honey Nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE

20 Peter, stay at the gate.

Exit PETER

JULIET

Now, good sweet Nurse—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

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NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 2, SCENE 5

JULIET enters.

JULIET

I sent the Nurse at nine o'clock. Maybe she can't find him. That can't be. Oh, she's slow! Love's messengers should be thoughts, which fly ten times faster than sunbeams. They should be strong enough to push shadows over the dark hills. That's the way doves carry Venus so fast, and that's why Cupid has wings that let him fly as fast as the wind. Now it's noon. That's three hours since nine o'clock, but she hasn't come back. If she was young and passionate, she'd move as fast as a ball. My words would bounce her to my sweet love, and his words would bounce her back to me. But a lot of old people act like they're already dead—sluggish, slow, fat, and colorless, like lead.

The NURSE and PETER enter.

Oh my God, here she comes! Oh sweet Nurse, what news do you bring? Have you spoken to him? Send your man away.

NURSE

Peter, wait for me at the gate.

PETER exits.

JULIET

Now, good sweet Nurse—Oh Lord, why do you look so sad? Even if the news is sad, tell me with a smile on your face. If the news is good, you're ruining the sweet news by playing a trick with a sour face like that.

NURSE

25 I am aweary. Give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I!

JULIET

I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak. Good, good Nurse, speak.

NURSE

Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay awhile?
30 Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET

How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
35 Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that.
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied. Is 't good or bad?

NURSE

Well, you have made a simple choice. You know not how to
choose a man. Romeo! No, not he, though his face be better
40 than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's, and for a hand
and a foot and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet
they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but,
I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench.
Serve God. What, have you dined at home?

JULIET

45 No, no. But all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back a' t' other side. Ah, my back, my back!

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

NURSE

I am tired. Leave me alone for a minute. Oh my, my bones ache so much. I've been running all over the place.

JULIET

I wish you had my bones, and I had your news. Come on now, I beg you, speak, good Nurse, speak.

NURSE

Sweet Jesus, you're in such a hurry! Can't you wait for a moment? Don't you see that I'm out of breath?

JULIET

How can you be out of breath when you have enough breath to tell me that you're out of breath? The excuse you make to delay the news is longer than the news itself. Is the news good or bad? Answer that question. Tell me if it's good or bad, and I'll wait for the details. Tell me so I can be satisfied. Is it good or bad?

NURSE

Well, you have made a foolish choice. You don't know how to pick a man. Romeo? No, not him, though his face is more handsome than any man's, and his legs are prettier, and as for his hands and feet and body, they're not much to speak of, and yet they're beyond compare. He's not the most polite man in the world, but, believe me, he's gentle as a lamb. Well, do what you want. Be good. Have you had lunch yet?

JULIET

No, I haven't had lunch. Everything you told me I already knew. What does he say about our marriage? What about that?

NURSE

Lord, what a headache I've got! My head is pounding. It feels like it'll break into twenty pieces. My back aches too—(JULIET rubs her back) Ooh, on the other

50 Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

JULIET

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE

55 Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a
courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I
warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother? Why, she is within.
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
60 'Where is your mother?'"

NURSE

O God's lady dear,
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow.
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET

Here's such a coil. Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE

65 Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET

I have.

NURSE

70 Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence's cell.
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks.
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church. I must another way
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

side—ah, my poor aching back! Curse your heart for sending me running all over town. I could get sick and die.

JULIET

Believe me, I'm sorry you're in pain. Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what did my love Romeo say?

NURSE

Your love says, like an honorable gentleman, who is courteous, kind, handsome, and, I believe, virtuous—where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother? Why, she's inside. Where else would she be? Your answer is so strange! "Your love says, like an honorable gentleman, 'Where is your mother?'"

NURSE

Oh holy Mary, mother of God! Are you this impatient? Come on, you're being ridiculous! Is this the cure for my aching bones? From now on, take care of your messages yourself.

JULIET

You're making such a fuss. Come on, what did Romeo say?

NURSE

Do you have permission to go out and take confession today?

JULIET

I do.

NURSE

Then hurry up and rush over to Friar Lawrence's cell. There's a husband there who's waiting to make you his wife. Now I see the blood rushing to your cheeks. You blush bright red as soon as you hear any news. Go to the church. I must go by a different path to get a rope ladder. Your love will use it to climb up to your window while it's dark. I do the drudge work for your

75

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go. I'll to dinner. Hie you to the cell.

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse, farewell.

Exeunt

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pleasure. But soon you'll be doing a wife's work all night long. Go. I'll go to lunch. You go to Friar Lawrence's cell.

JULIET

Wish me luck. Thank you, dear Nurse.

They exit.

ACT 2, SCENE 6

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE *and* ROMEO

FRIAR LAWRENCE

So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not.

ROMEO

Amen, amen. But come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
5 That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

These violent delights have violent ends
10 And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately. Long love doth so.
15 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET, *somewhat fast, and embraceth* ROMEO

Here comes the lady. Oh, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idles in the wanton summer air,
20 And yet not fall. So light is vanity.

JULIET

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

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NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 2, SCENE 6

FRIAR LAWRENCE and **ROMEO** enter.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

May the heavens be happy with this holy act of marriage, so nothing unfortunate happens later to make us regret it.

ROMEO

Amen, amen. But whatever misfortunes occur, they can't ruin the joy I feel with one look at her. All you have to do is join our hands with holy words, then love-destroying death can do whatever it pleases. It's enough for me if I can call her mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

These sudden joys have sudden endings. They burn up in victory like fire and gunpowder. When they meet, as in a kiss, they explode. Too much honey is delicious, but it makes you sick to your stomach. Therefore, love each other in moderation. That is the key to long-lasting love. Too fast is as bad as too slow.

JULIET enters in a rush and embraces **ROMEO**.

Here comes the lady. Oh, a footstep as light as hers will never endure the rocky road of life. Lovers are so light they can walk on a spiderweb floating on a summer breeze, and yet not fall. That's how flimsy and unreal pleasure is.

JULIET

Good evening, my spiritual confessor.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Romeo will thank you, my girl, for both of us.

JULIET

As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

ROMEO

25 Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET

30 Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth.
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

35 Come, come with me, and we will make short work.
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

Exeunt

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JULIET

I'll give him equal thanks, so we're even.

ROMEO

Ah, Juliet if you're as happy as I am, and you're better with words, tell me about the happiness you imagine we'll have in our marriage.

JULIET

I can imagine more than I can say—I have more on my mind than words. Anyone who can count how much he has is poor. My true love has made me so rich that I can't count even half of my wealth.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Come, come with me, and we'll do the job quickly. Because if you don't mind, I'm not leaving you two alone until you're united in marriage.

They exit.