

**ACT 3, SCENE 2***Enter JULIET alone***JULIET**

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Toward Phoebus' lodging. Such a wagoner  
As Phaeton would whip you to the west  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
5 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,  
10 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match  
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.  
Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks,  
15 With thy black mantle, till strange love, grow bold,  
Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come, night. Come, Romeo. Come, thou day in night,  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.  
20 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-browed night,  
Give me my Romeo. And when I shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
25 And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possessed it, and though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
30 To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them.

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE****ACT 3, SCENE 2**

*JULIET enters alone.*

I wish the sun would hurry up and set and night would come immediately. When the night comes and everyone goes to sleep, Romeo will leap into my arms, and no one will know. Beauty makes it possible for lovers to see how to make love in the dark. Or else love is blind, and its best time is the night. I wish night would come, like a widow dressed in black, so I can learn how to submit to my husband and lose my virginity. Let the blood rushing to my cheeks be calmed. In the darkness, let me, a shy virgin, learn the strange act of sex so that it seems innocent, modest, and true. Come, night. Come, Romeo. You're like a day that comes during the night. You're whiter than snow on the black wings of a raven. Come, gentle night. Come, loving, dark night. Give me my Romeo. And when I die, turn him into stars and form a constellation in his image. His face will make the heavens so beautiful that the world will fall in love with the night and forget about the garish sun. Oh, I have bought love's mansion, but I haven't moved in yet. I belong to Romeo now, but he hasn't taken possession of me yet. This day is so boring that I feel like a child on the night before a holiday, waiting to put on my fancy new clothes.

*Enter NURSE with cords*

Oh, here comes my Nurse,  
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.—  
Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords  
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE

Ay, ay, the cords.

JULIET

Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE

Ah, welladay! He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
Alack the day! He's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

JULIET

Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE

Romeo can,  
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!  
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET

What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?  
This torture should be roared in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but "ay,"  
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.  
I am not I if there be such an *I*,  
Or those eyes shut that makes thee answer "ay."  
If he be slain, say "ay," or if not, "no."  
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

NURSE

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—  
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast.  
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse.

# NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

*The NURSE enters with the rope ladder in her pouch.*

Oh, here comes my Nurse, and she brings news. Every voice that mentions Romeo's name sounds beautiful. Now, Nurse, what's the news? Is that the rope ladder Romeo told you to pick up?

NURSE

Yes, yes, this is the rope ladder.

JULIET

Oh my, what's the news? Why do you look so upset?

NURSE

Oh, it's a sad day! He's dead. He's dead. He's dead! We're ruined, lady, we're ruined! What an awful day! He's gone. He's been killed. He's dead!

JULIET

Can God be so jealous and hateful?

NURSE

Romeo is hateful, even though God isn't. Oh, Romeo, Romeo, who ever would have thought it would be Romeo?

JULIET

What kind of devil are you to torture me like this? This is as bad as the tortures of hell. Has Romeo killed himself? Just say "Yes" and I will turn more poisonous than the snake with the evil eye. I will no longer be myself if you tell me Romeo killed himself. If he's been killed, say "Yes." If not, say "No." These short words will determine my joy or my pain.

NURSE

I saw the wound. I saw it with my own eyes. God bless that wound, here on his manly chest. A pitiful corpse, a bloody, pitiful corpse.

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,  
All in gore blood. I swoonèd at the sight.

**JULIET**

O, break, my hear, poor bankrupt, break at once!  
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty.  
60 Vile earth, to earth resign. End motion here,  
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier.

**NURSE**

O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
O courteous Tybalt! Honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead.

**JULIET**

65 What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?  
My dearest cousin and my dearer lord?  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
For who is living if those two are gone?

**NURSE**

70 Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd.  
Romeo that killed him—he is banishèd.

**JULIET**

O God, did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

**NURSE**

It did, it did. Alas the day, it did.

**JULIET**

O serpent heart hid with a flowering face!  
75 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!  
Dove-feathered raven, wolvish-ravening lamb!  
Despisèd substance of divinest show,  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.  
80 A damnèd saint, an honorable villain!  
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?

# **NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

Pale as ashes and drenched in blood. All the dried blood was so gory. I fainted when I saw it.

**JULIET**

Oh, my heart is breaking. Oh, my bankrupt heart is breaking. I'll send my eyes to prison, and they'll never be free to look at anything again. I'll give my vile body back to the earth. I'll never move again. My body and Romeo's will lie together in one sad coffin.

**NURSE**

Oh, Tybalt, Tybalt, he was the best friend I had. Oh, polite Tybalt, he was an honorable gentleman. I wish I had not lived long enough to see him die.

**JULIET**

What disaster is this? Has Romeo been killed, and is Tybalt dead too? Tybalt was my dearest cousin. Romeo was even dearer to me as my husband. Let the trumpets play the song of doom, because who can be alive if those two are gone?

**NURSE**

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo has been banished. Romeo killed Tybalt, and his punishment was banishment.

**JULIET**

Oh God, did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

**NURSE**

It did, it did. Curse the day this happened, but it did.

**JULIET**

Oh, he's like a snake disguised as a flower. Did a dragon ever hide in such a beautiful cave? He's a beautiful tyrant and a fiendish angel! He's a raven with the feathers of the dove. He's a lamb who hunts like a wolf! I hate him, yet he seemed the most wonderful man. He's turned out to be the exact opposite of what he seemed. He's a saint who should be damned. He's a villain who seemed honorable. Oh nature, what were you doing in hell? Why did you put the soul of a criminal in the perfect body of a man? Was there ever

85 Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound? Oh, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE

There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men. All perjured,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.  
Ah, where's my man?—Give me some aqua vitae.—  
90 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
Shame come to Romeo!

JULIET

Blistered be thy tongue  
For such a wish! He was not born to shame.  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,  
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned.  
95 Sole monarch of the universal earth,  
Oh, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE

Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
100 When I, thy three hours' wife, have mangled it?  
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring.  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
105 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain,  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.  
All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?  
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,  
110 That murdered me. I would forget it fain,  
But oh, it presses to my memory,  
Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds.  
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banishèd."

# NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

such an evil book with such a beautiful cover? Oh, I can't believe the deepest evil lurked inside something so beautiful!

**NURSE**

There is no trust, no faith, no honesty in men. All of them lie. All of them cheat. They're all wicked. Ah, where's my servant?—Give me some brandy.—These griefs, these pains, these sorrows make me old. Shame on Romeo!

**JULIET**

I hope sores cover your tongue for a wish like that! He was not born to be shameful. Shame does not belong with Romeo. He deserves only honor, complete honor. Oh, I was such a beast to be angry at him.

**NURSE**

Are you going to say good things about the man who killed your cousin?

**JULIET**

Am I supposed to say bad things about my own husband? Ah, my poor husband, who will sing your praises when I, your wife of three hours, have been saying awful things about you? But why, you villain, did you kill my cousin? Probably because my cousin the villain would have killed my husband. I'm not going to cry any tears. I would cry with joy that Romeo is alive, but I should cry tears of grief because Tybalt is dead. My husband, whom Tybalt wanted to kill, is alive. Tybalt, who wanted to kill my husband, is dead. All this is comforting news. Why, then, should I cry? There is news worse than the news that Tybalt is dead, news that makes me want to die. I would be glad to forget about it, but it weighs on my memory like sins linger in guilty minds. "Tybalt is dead, and Romeo has been banished."



115 That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd"  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there.  
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship  
And needly will be ranked with other griefs,  
Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"  
120 "Thy father" or "thy mother," nay, or both,  
Which modern lamentations might have moved?  
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,  
"Romeo is banishèd." To speak that word,  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
125 All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banishèd."  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death. No words can that woe sound.  
Where is my father and my mother, Nurse?

**NURSE**

130 Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.  
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

**JULIET**

135 Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent  
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguiled,  
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled.  
He made you for a highway to my bed,  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.  
Come, cords.—Come, Nurse. I'll to my wedding bed.  
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

**NURSE**

140 Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.  
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.  
I'll to him. He is hid at Lawrence' cell.

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

That banishment is worse than the murder of ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death would be bad enough if that was all. Maybe pain likes to have company and can't come without bringing more pain. It would have been better if, after she said, "Tybalt's dead," she told me my mother or my father, or both, were gone. That would have made me make the normal cries of sadness. But to say that Tybalt's dead and then say, "Romeo has been banished." To say that is like saying that my father, my mother, Tybalt, Romeo, and Juliet have all been killed, they're all dead. "Romeo has been banished." That news brings infinite death. No words can express the pain. Where are my father and my mother, Nurse?

**NURSE**

They are crying and moaning over Tybalt's corpse. Are you going to join them? I'll bring you there.

**JULIET**

Are they washing out his wounds with their tears? I'll cry my tears for Romeo's banishment when their tears are dry. Pick up this rope ladder. This poor rope ladder, it's useless now, just like me, because Romeo has been exiled. He made this rope ladder to be a highway to my bed, but I am a virgin, and I will die a virgin and a widow. Let's go, rope ladder. Nurse, I'm going to lie in my wedding bed. And death, not Romeo, can take my virginity!

**NURSE**

Go to your bedroom. I'll find Romeo to comfort you. I know where he is. Listen, your Romeo will be here tonight. I'll go to him. He's hiding out in Friar Lawrence's cell.

**JULIET**

*(gives the NURSE a ring)* O, find him! Give this ring to my  
true knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

*Exeunt*

ACT 3, SCENE 2

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

**JULIET**

*(giving her a ring)* Oh, find him! Give this ring to my true knight! And tell him to come here to say his last goodbye.

*They exit.*