

ACT 3, SCENE 4

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS

CAPULET

Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
5 'Tis very late. She'll not come down tonight.
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been abed an hour ago.

PARIS

These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET

10 I will, and know her mind early tomorrow.
Tonight she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me. Nay, more, I doubt it not.—
15 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! What day is this?

PARIS

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

20 Monday! Ha, ha. Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be.—O' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado, a friend or two.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 3, SCENE 4

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

CAPULET

Things have turned out so unluckily, sir, that we haven't had time to convince our daughter to marry you. Listen, she loved her cousin Tybalt dearly, and so did I. Well, we were all born to die. It's very late, she won't be coming downstairs tonight. Believe me, if you weren't here visiting me, I myself would have gone to bed an hour ago.

PARIS

These times of pain are bad times for romance. Madam, good night. Give my regards to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET

I will. And I'll find out what she thinks about marriage early tomorrow. Tonight she is shut up in her room, alone with her sadness.

CAPULET

Sir Paris, I'll make a desperate argument for my child's love. I think she'll do whatever I say. No, I think she'll do all that and more. I have no doubt about it. Wife, visit her in her room before you go to bed. Tell her about my son Paris's love for her. And tell her, listen to me, on Wednesday—Wait—What day is today?

PARIS

Monday, my lord.

CAPULET

Monday! Ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon. Let it be on Thursday. On Thursday, tell her, she'll be married to this noble earl. Will you be ready? Do you think it's a good idea to rush? We shouldn't have too big a celebration—we can invite a friend or two.

25 For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS

30 My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

Well get you gone. O' Thursday be it, then.—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed.
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
35 Afore me! It is so very late,
That we may call it early by and by.—
Good night.

Exeunt

ACT 3, SCENE 4

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

Listen, because Tybalt was just killed, people might think that we don't care about his memory as our relative if we have too grand a party. Therefore we'll have about half a dozen friends to the wedding, and that's it. What do you think about Thursday?

PARIS

My lord, I wish Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET

Well go on home. Thursday it is, then. (to **LADY CAPULET**) Visit Juliet before you go to bed. Get her ready, my wife, for this wedding day. (to **PARIS**) Farewell, my lord. Now I'm off to bed. Oh my! It's so late that we might as well call it early. Good night.

They all exit.

ACT 3, SCENE 5

Enter ROMEO and JULIET aloft

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

5 **ROMEO**

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

10

JULIET

Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales
To be to thee this night a torchbearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet. Thou need'st not to be gone.

15

ROMEO

Let me be ta'en. Let me be put to death.
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye.
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.

25

ACT 3, SCENE 5
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

ACT 3, SCENE 5

ROMEO and JULIET enter above the stage.

JULIET

→
The lark sings in
the morning, the
nightingale sings at
night.

Are you going? It's still a long time until daybreak. Don't be afraid. That sound you heard was the nightingale, not the lark. Every night the nightingale chirps on that pomegranate-tree. Believe me, my love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the bird that sings at dawn, not the nightingale. Look, my love, what are those streaks of light in the clouds parting in the east? Night is over, and day is coming. If I want to live, I must go. If I stay, I'll die.

JULIET

That light is not daylight, I know it. It's some meteor coming out of the sun to light your way to Mantua. So stay for a while. You don't have to go yet.

ROMEO

Let me be captured. Let me be put to death. I am content, if that's the way you want it. I'll say the light over there isn't morning. I'll say it's the reflection of the moon. I'll say that sound isn't the lark ringing in the sky. I want to stay more than I want to go. Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wants it this way. How are you, my love? Let's talk. It's not daylight.

JULIET

It is, it is. Hie hence! Be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division.

30

This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the lark and loathèd toad change eyes.
Oh, now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone. More light and light it grows.

35

ROMEO

More light and light, more dark and dark our woes!

Enter NURSE

NURSE

Madam.

JULIET

Nurse?

NURSE

Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.
The day is broke. Be wary, look about.

40

Exit NURSE

JULIET

Then, window, let day in and let life out.

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell. One kiss, and I'll descend.

Kiss. ROMEO goes down

ACT 3, SCENE 5
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

JULIET

→ A folktale said that the lark had gotten its ugly eyes from the toad, who had taken its pretty eyes from the lark.

It is, it is. Get out of here, be gone, go away! It's the lark that sings so out of tune, making such harsh noise. Some say the lark makes a sweet division between day and night. It's not true because she separates us. Some say the lark traded its eyes with the toad. Oh, now I wish they had traded voices too! Because the lark's voice tears us out of each other's arms, and now there will be men hunting for you. Oh, go away now. I see more and more light.

ROMEO

More and more light. More and more pain for us.

The NURSE enters.

NURSE

Madam.

JULIET

Nurse?

NURSE

Your mother is coming to your bedroom. Day has broken. Be careful. Watch out.

The NURSE exits.

JULIET

Then the window lets day in, and life goes out the window.

ROMEO

Farewell, farewell! Give me one kiss, and I'll go down.

They kiss. ROMEO drops the ladder and goes down.

JULIET

Art thou gone so, love, lord? Ay, husband, friend,
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
45 For in a minute there are many days.
Oh, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROMEO

Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET

50 Oh, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO

I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

JULIET

O God, I have an ill-divining soul.
Methinks I see thee now, thou art so low
55 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROMEO

And trust me, love, in my eye so do you.
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

Exit ROMEO

JULIET

O fortune, fortune! All men call thee fickle.
60 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, fortune,
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

LADY CAPULET

(from within) Ho, daughter, are you up?

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

JULIET

Are you gone like that, my love, my lord? Yes, my husband, my friend! I must hear from you every day in the hour. In a minute there are many days. Oh, by this count I'll be many years older before I see my Romeo again.

ROMEO

Farewell! I won't miss any chance to send my love to you.

JULIET

Oh, do you think we'll ever meet again?

ROMEO

I have no doubts. All these troubles will give us stories to tell each other later in life.

JULIET

Oh God, I have a soul that predicts evil things! Now that you are down there, you look like someone dead in the bottom of a tomb. Either my eyesight is failing me, or you look pale.

ROMEO

And trust me, love, you look pale to me too. Sadness takes away our color. Goodbye, Goodbye!

ROMEO exits.

JULIET

Oh luck, luck. Everyone says you can't make up your mind. If you change your mind so much, what are you going to do to Romeo, who's so faithful? Change your mind, luck. I hope maybe then you'll send him back home soon.

LADY CAPULET

(offstage) Hey, daughter! Are you awake?

JULIET

65 Who is 't that calls? Is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
70 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live.
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET

Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET

75 So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

JULIET

Feeling so the loss,
Cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET

Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

JULIET

80 What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

That same villain, Romeo.

ACT 3, SCENE 5

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

JULIET

Who's that calling? Is it my mother? Isn't she up very late? Or is she up very early? What strange reason could she have for coming here?

LADY CAPULET enters.

LADY CAPULET

What's going on, Juliet?

JULIET

Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET

Will you cry about your cousin's death forever? Are you trying to wash him out of his grave with tears? If you could, you couldn't bring him back to life. So stop crying. A little bit of grief shows a lot of love. But too much grief makes you look stupid.

JULIET

Let me keep weeping for such a great loss.

LADY CAPULET

You will feel the loss, but the man you weep for will feel nothing.

JULIET

Feeling the loss like this, I can't help but weep for him forever.

LADY CAPULET

Well, girl, you're weeping not for his death as much as for the fact that the villain who killed him is still alive.

JULIET

What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET

That villain, Romeo.

JULIET

(*aside*) Villain and he be many miles asunder.
(*to LADY CAPULET*) God pardon him! I do, with all my heart,
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET

That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET

85 Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LADY CAPULET

We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runagate doth live,
90 Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company.
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET

Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
95 Is my poor heart for a kinsman vexed.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. Oh, how my heart abhors
100 To hear him named, and cannot come to him.
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that slaughtered him!

LADY CAPULET

Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET

105 And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, beseech your ladyship?

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

JULIET

(speaking so that LADY CAPULET can't hear) He's far from being a villain. *(to LADY CAPULET)* May God pardon him! I do, with all my heart. And yet no man could make my heart grieve like he does.

LADY CAPULET

That's because the murderer is alive.

JULIET

Yes, madam, he lies beyond my reach. I wish that no one could avenge my cousin's death except me!

LADY CAPULET

We'll have revenge for it. Don't worry about that. Stop crying. I'll send a man to Mantua, where that exiled rogue is living. Our man will poison Romeo's drink, and Romeo will join Tybalt in death. And then, I hope, you'll be satisfied.

JULIET

I'll never be satisfied with Romeo until I see him . . . dead—dead is how my poor heart feels when I think about my poor cousin. Madam, if you can find a man to deliver the poison, I'll mix it myself so that Romeo will sleep quietly soon after he drinks it. Oh, how I hate to hear people say his name and not be able to go after him. I want to take the love I had for my cousin and take it out on the body of the man who killed him.

LADY CAPULET

Find out the way, and I'll find the right man. But now I have joyful news for you, girl.

JULIET

And it's good to have joy in such a joyless time. What's the news? Please tell me.

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child.
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
110 That thou expect'st not, nor I looked not for.

JULIET

Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
115 Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET

Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
120 I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet. And when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself,
125 And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE

CAPULET

When the sun sets the air doth drizzle dew,
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now? A conduit, girl? What, still in tears,
130 Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind,
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears. The bark thy body is,

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NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

LADY CAPULET

Well, well, you have a careful father, child. He has arranged a sudden day of joy to end your sadness. A day that you did not expect and that I did not seek out.

JULIET

Madam, tell me quickly, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

Indeed, my child, at Saint Peter's Church early Thursday morning, the gallant, young, and noble gentleman Count Paris will happily make you a joyful bride.

JULIET

Now, I swear by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too, he will not make me a joyful bride there. This is a strange rush. How can I marry him, this husband, before he comes to court me? Please, tell my father, madam, I won't marry yet. And, when I do marry, I swear, it will be Romeo, whom you know I hate, rather than Paris. That's really news!

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself, and see how he takes the news.

CAPULET and the NURSE enter.

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the air drizzles dew. But at the death of my brother's son, it rains a downpour. What are you, girl? Some kind of fountain? Why are you still crying? Will you cry forever? In one little body you seem like a ship, the sea, and the winds. Your eyes, which I call the sea, flow with tears. The ship is your body which is sailing on the salt flood of your tears.

135 Sailing in this salt flood. The winds thy sighs,
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest-tossèd body.—How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET

140 Ay, sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

CAPULET

145 Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

JULIET

Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

CAPULET

150 How, how, how, how? Chopped logic! What is this?
“Proud,” and “I thank you,” and “I thank you not,”
And yet “not proud”? Mistress minion you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
155 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green sickness, carrion! Out, you baggage!
You tallow face!

LADY CAPULET

Fie, fie! What, are you mad?

JULIET

Good Father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

The winds are your sighs. Your sighs and your tears are raging. Unless you calm down, tears and sighs will overwhelm your body and sink your ship. So where do things stand, wife? Have you told her our decision?

LADY CAPULET

Yes, sir, I told her. But she won't agree. She says thank you but refuses. I wish the fool were dead and married to her grave!

CAPULET

Wait! Hold on, wife. I don't understand. How can this be? She refuses? Isn't she grateful? Isn't she proud of such a match? Doesn't she realize what a blessing this is? Doesn't she realize how unworthy she is of the gentleman we have found to be her bridegroom?

JULIET

I am not proud of what you have found for me. But I am thankful that you have found it. I can never be proud of what I hate. But I can be thankful for something I hate, if it was meant with love.

CAPULET

What is this? What is this fuzzy logic? What is this? I hear you say "proud" and "I thank you," and then "no thank you" and "not proud," you spoiled little girl. You're not really giving me any thanks or showing me any pride. But get yourself ready for Thursday. You're going to Saint Peter's Church to marry Paris. And if you don't go on your own, I'll drag you there. You disgust me, you little bug! You worthless girl! You pale face!

LADY CAPULET

Shame on you! What, are you crazy?

JULIET

Good father, I'm begging you on my knees, be patient and listen to me say just one thing.

CAPULET

160 Hang thee, young baggage! Disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not. Reply not. Do not answer me.
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest
165 That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!

NURSE

God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET

170 And why, my Lady Wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good prudence. Smatter with your gossips, go.

NURSE

I speak no treason.

CAPULET

Oh, God 'i' good e'en.

NURSE

May not one speak?

CAPULET

Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
175 For here we need it not.

LADY CAPULET

You are too hot.

CAPULET

God's bread! It makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched. And having now provided
180 A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

CAPULET

Forget about you, you worthless girl! You disobedient wretch! I'll tell you what. Go to church on Thursday or never look me in the face again. Don't say anything. Don't reply. Don't talk back to me. (*JULIET rises*) I feel like slapping you. Wife, we never thought ourselves blessed that God only gave us this one child. But now I see that this one is one too many. We were cursed when we had her. She disgusts me, the little hussy!

NURSE

God in heaven bless her! My lord, you're wrong to berate her like that.

CAPULET

And why, wise lady? You shut up, old woman. Go blabber with your gossiping friends.

NURSE

I've said nothing wrong.

CAPULET

Oh, for God's sake.

NURSE

Can't I say something?

CAPULET

Be quiet, you mumbling fool! Say your serious things at lunch with your gossiping friends. We don't need to hear it.

LADY CAPULET

You're getting too angry.

CAPULET

Goddammit! It makes me mad. Day and night, hour after hour, all the time, at work, at play, alone, in company, my top priority has always been to find her a husband. Now I've provided a husband from a noble family, who is good-looking, young, well-educated. He's full of good qualities.

Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
185 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer "I'll not wed," "I cannot love,"
"I am too young," "I pray you, pardon me."—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
190 Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend.
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
195 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to 't, bethink you. I'll not be forsworn.

Exit CAPULET

JULIET

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
O sweet my mother, cast me not away!
200 Delay this marriage for a month, a week.
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET

Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Exit LADY CAPULET

JULIET

205 O God!—O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven.
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? Comfort me. Counsel me.—
210 Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself.—

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

He's the man of any girl's dreams. But this wretched, whimpering fool, like a whining puppet, she looks at this good fortune and answers, "I won't get married. I can't fall in love. I'm too young. Please, excuse me." Well, if you won't get married, I'll excuse you. Eat wherever you want, but you can no longer live under my roof. Consider that. Think about it. I'm not in the habit of joking. Thursday is coming. Put your hand on your heart and listen to my advice. If you act like my daughter, I'll marry you to my friend. If you don't act like my daughter, you can beg, starve, and die in the streets. I swear on my soul, I will never take you back or do anything for you. Believe me. Think about it. I won't break this promise.

CAPULET exits.

JULIET

Is there no pity in the sky that can see my sadness? Oh, my sweet mother, don't throw me out! Delay this marriage for a month, or a week. Or, if you don't delay, make my wedding bed in the tomb where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET

Don't talk to me, because I won't say a word. Do as you please, because I'm done worrying about you.

LADY CAPULET exits.

JULIET

Oh God!—Oh Nurse, how can this be stopped? My husband is alive on earth, my vows of marriage are in heaven. How can I bring those promises back down to earth, unless my husband sends them back down to me by dying and going to heaven? Give me comfort. Give me advice. Oh no! Oh no! Why does heaven play tricks on someone as weak as me? What do you say?

What sayst thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, Nurse.

NURSE

Faith, here it is.

215 Romeo is banishèd, and all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you.
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
Oh, he's a lovely gentleman.
220 Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first. Or if it did not,
225 Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET

Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE

And from my soul too, else beshrew them both.

JULIET

Amen!

NURSE

230 What?

JULIET

Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Lawrence's cell
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE

235 Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

Exit NURSE

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

Don't you have one word of joy? Give me some comfort, Nurse.

NURSE

This is what I have to say: Romeo has been banished. And it's a sure thing that he will never come back to challenge you. If he does come back, he'll have to sneak back undercover. Then, since things are the way they are, I think the best thing to do is to marry the count. Oh, he's a lovely gentleman! Romeo's a dishcloth compared to him. Madam, an eagle does not have eyes as green, as quick, and as fair as the eyes of Paris. Curse my very heart, but I think you should be happy in this second marriage, because it's better than your first. Even if it's not better, your first marriage is over. Or if Romeo is as good as Paris, Romeo doesn't live here, so you don't get to enjoy him.

JULIET

Are you speaking from your heart?

NURSE

I speak from my heart and from my soul too. If not, curse them both.

JULIET

Amen!

NURSE

What?

JULIET

Well, you have given me great comfort. Go inside and tell my mother that I'm gone. I made my father angry, so I went to Friar Lawrence's cell to confess and be forgiven.

NURSE

Alright, I will. This is a good idea.

The nurse exits.

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
240 So many thousand times? Go, counselor.
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

Exit

ACT 3, SCENE 5

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

JULIET

That damned old lady! Oh, that most wicked fiend! Is it a worse sin for her to want me to break my vows or for her to say bad things about my husband after she praised him so many times before? Away with you and your advice, Nurse. From now on, I will never tell you what I feel in my heart. I'm going to the Friar to find out his solution. If everything else fails, at least I have the power to take my own life.

JULIET *exits.*