

ACT FOUR

SCENE 1

Enter FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS

FRIAR LAWRENCE

On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS

My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

5 You say you do not know the lady's mind.
Uneven is the course. I like it not.

PARIS

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
10 That she do give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage
To stop the inundation of her tears—
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
15 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

(*aside*) I would I knew not why it should be slowed.—
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter JULIET

PARIS

Happily met, my lady and my wife.

JULIET

That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

ACT FOUR

SCENE 1

FRIAR LAWRENCE and PARIS enter.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

On Thursday, sir? That's very soon.

PARIS

That's how my future father-in-law Capulet wants it, and I'm not dragging my feet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

You say you don't know what the girl thinks. That's a rocky road to be riding. I don't like it.

PARIS

She's grieving too much over the death of Tybalt. So I haven't had the chance to talk to her about love. Romantic love doesn't happen when people are in mourning. Now, sir, her father thinks it's dangerous that she allows herself to become so sad. He's being smart by rushing our marriage to stop her from crying. She cries too much by herself. If she had someone to be with her, she would stop crying. Now you know the reason for the rush.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

(to himself) I wish I didn't know the reason why the marriage should be slowed down. Look, sir, here comes the lady walking toward my cell.

JULIET enters.

PARIS

I'm happy to meet you, my lady and my wife.

JULIET

That might be the case sir, *after* I'm married.

- PARIS**
20 That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next.
- JULIET**
What must be shall be.
- FRIAR LAWRENCE**
That's a certain text.
- PARIS**
Come you to make confession to this Father?
- JULIET**
To answer that, I should confess to you.
- PARIS**
25 Do not deny to him that you love me.
- JULIET**
I will confess to you that I love him.
- PARIS**
So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
- JULIET**
If I do so, it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back than to your face.
- PARIS**
30 Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.
- JULIET**
The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.
- PARIS**
Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.
- JULIET**
35 That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
- PARIS**
Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.
- JULIET**
It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy Father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

PARIS

That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday.

JULIET

What must be will be.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

That is a certain truth.

PARIS

Have you come to make confession to this father?

JULIET

If I answered that question, I'd be making confession to you.

PARIS

Don't deny to him that you love me.

JULIET

I'll confess to you that I love him.

PARIS

You will also confess, I'm sure, that you love me.

JULIET

If I do so, it will mean more if I say it behind your back than if I say it to your face.

PARIS

You poor soul, your face has suffered many tears.

JULIET

The tears haven't done much because my face looked bad enough before I started to cry.

PARIS

You're treating your face even worse by saying that.

JULIET

What I say isn't slander, sir. It's the truth. And what I said, I said to my face.

PARIS

Your face is mine, and you have slandered it.

JULIET

That may be the case, because my face doesn't belong to me.—Do you have time for me now, Father, or should I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR LAWRENCE

40 My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS

God shield I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye.
(*kisses her*) Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

Exit PARIS

JULIET

45 O, shut the door! And when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O Juliet, I already know thy grief.
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
50 On Thursday next be married to this county.

JULIET

Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
55 And with this knife I'll help it presently.
(*shows him a knife*)
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands.
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
60 Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
65 Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honor bring.
Be not so long to speak. I long to die
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

ACT 4, SCENE 1
NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I have time for you now, my sad daughter. *(to PARIS)*
My lord, we must ask you to leave us alone.

PARIS

God forbid that I should prevent sacred devotion!
Juliet, I will wake you early on Thursday. *(kissing her)*
Until then, good-bye, and keep this holy kiss.

PARIS exits.

JULIET

Oh, shut the door, and after you shut it, come over
here and weep with me. This mess is beyond hope,
beyond cure, beyond help!

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Oh, Juliet, I already know about your sad situation.
It's a problem too hard for me to solve. I hear that you
must marry this count on Thursday, and that nothing
can delay it.

JULIET

Don't tell me that you've heard about this marriage,
Friar, unless you can tell me how to prevent it. If you
who are so wise can't help, please be kind enough to
call my solution wise. *(she shows him a knife)* And I'll
solve the problem now with this knife. God joined my
heart to Romeo's. You joined our hands. And before
I—who was married to Romeo by you—am married
to another man, I'll kill myself. You are wise and you
have so much experience. Give me some advice about
the current situation. Or watch. Caught between
these two difficulties, I'll act like a judge with my
bloody knife. I will truly and honorably resolve the
situation that you can't fix, despite your experience
and education. Don't wait long to speak. I want to die
if what you say isn't another solution.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

70 Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
75 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to 'scape from it.
An if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
80 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,
O'ercovered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
85 Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud—
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble—
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

90 Hold, then. Go home, be merry. Give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow.
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone.
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
(*shows her a vial*)
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
95 And this distilled liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest.
100 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

ACT 4, SCENE 1

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold on, daughter, I see some hope. But we must act boldly because the situation is so desperate. If you've made up your mind to kill yourself instead of marrying Count Paris, then you'll probably be willing to try something like death to solve this shameful problem. You can wrestle with death to escape from shame. And if you dare to do it, I'll give you the solution.

JULIET

Oh, you can tell me to jump off the battle posts of any tower, or to walk down the crime-ridden streets of a slum. Or tell me to sit in a field full of poisonous snakes. Chain me up with wild bears. Hide me every night in a morgue full of dead bodies with wet, smelly flesh and skulls without jawbones. Or tell me to climb down into a freshly dug grave, and hide me with a dead man in his tomb. All those ideas make me tremble when I hear them named. But I will do them without fear or dread in order to be a pure wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold on, then. Go home, be cheerful, and tell them you agree to marry Paris. Tomorrow is Wednesday. Tomorrow night make sure that you are alone. Don't let the Nurse stay with you in your bedroom. (*showing her a vial*) When you're in bed, take this vial, mix its contents with liquor, and drink. Then a cold, sleep-inducing drug will run through your veins, and your pulse will stop. Your flesh will be cold, and you'll stop breathing. The red in your lips and your cheeks will turn pale, and your eyes will shut. It will seem like you're dead. You won't be able to move, and your body will be stiff like a corpse. You'll remain in this deathlike state for forty-two hours, and then you'll

To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall
Like death when he shuts up the day of life.
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death.
105 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
110 Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
115 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
120 If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

JULIET

Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

FRIAR LAWRENCE

(gives her a vial) Hold. Get you gone. Be strong and
prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
125 To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET

Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear Father.

Exeunt, separately

ACT 4, SCENE 1

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

wake up as if from a pleasant sleep. Now, when the bridegroom comes to get you out of bed on Thursday morning, you'll seem dead. Then, as tradition demands, you'll be dressed up in your best clothes, put in an open coffin, and carried to the Capulet family tomb. Meanwhile, I'll send Romeo word of our plan. He'll come here, and we'll keep a watch for when you wake up. That night, Romeo will take you away to Mantua. This plan will free you from the shameful situation that troubles you now as long as you don't change your mind, or become scared like a silly woman and ruin your brave effort.

JULIET

Give me the vial. Give it to me! Don't talk to me about fear.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

(giving her the vial) Now go along on your way. Be strong and successful in this decision. I'll send a friar quickly to Mantua with my letter for Romeo.

JULIET

Love will give me strength, and strength will help me accomplish this plan. Goodbye, dear Father.
They exit separately.