

ROMEO AND JULIET

Written by

William Shakespeare

Abridged and written for the screen by

Coram Shakespeare Schools Foundation

1 EXT. A STREET IN VERONA - DAY

1

CHORUS

Two households both alike in  
 dignity,  
 In fair Verona where we lay our  
 scene  
 From ancient grudge break to new  
 mutiny,  
 Where civil blood makes civil hands  
 unclean.  
 From forth the fatal loins of these  
 two foes,  
 A pair of star crossed lovers take  
 their life  
 Whose misadventured piteous  
 overthrows  
 Doth with their death bury their  
 parents' strife.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, two servants of the House of Capulet, they're in conversation when they notice two other servants from the House of Montague, their sworn enemies.

GREGORY

Here come two of the house of  
 Montague.

The Montague servants enter, they are ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.

SAMPSON

I will bite my thumb at them, which  
 is disgrace to them if they bear  
 it.

SAMPSON bites his thumb. Abraham takes offence.

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

(to Gregory)  
 Is the law of our side if I say ay?

GREGORY

No.

SAMPSON

No sir, I do not bite my thumb at  
you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

Draw if you be men.

No second invitation is needed, the four of them fight.

Enter BENVOLIO MONTAGUE, a very level headed teenage member  
of the Montague family, he likes to keep the peace.

BENVOLIO

Part, fools. Put up your swords,  
you know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT CAPULET, a feisty and passionate teenage member  
of the Capulet family, he loves a fight.

TYBALT

(to Benvolio)

What, art thou drawn amongst these  
hartless hinds? Turn thee  
Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace.

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace? I  
hate the word  
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and  
thee.

BENVOLIO and TYBALT fight.

Enter LORD CAPULET, the aristocratic head of the Capulet  
family and LADY CAPULET, his younger wife. He is ready to  
join the fight and defend his house.

LORD CAPULET

What noise is this? Give me my long  
sword, ho!  
Old Montague is come!

Enter LORD MONTAGUE, the aristocratic head of the Montague  
family and LADY MONTAGUE, his wife. He does not like Lord  
Capulet one bit, and the feeling is mutual.

LORD MONTAGUE  
 (to Lord Capulet)  
 Thou villain Capulet:

Lady Montague tries to hold her husband back.

LORD MONTAGUE (CONT'D)  
 Hold me not, let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE  
 Thou shall not stir one foot to  
 seek a foe.

LADY MONTAGUE and LADY CAPULET both manage to hold their husbands back, whilst all the others continue to fight around them.

Enter PRINCE ESCALUS, the absolute ruler of the city state of Verona. His word is law, and he is feared and respected by all.

PRINCE  
 What ho, you men, you beasts,  
 Throw your mistempered weapons to  
 the ground.  
 The stage falls still.  
 Three civil brawls bred of an airy  
 word,  
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
 Have thrice disturbed the quiet of  
 our streets.  
 If ever you disturb our streets  
 again,  
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of  
 the peace.  
 On pain of death, all men depart.

Everyone leaves except Benvolio.

2 EXT. STREET IN VERONA - SOON AFTER

2

Benvolio is alone, but is quickly joined by his cousin ROMEO MONTAGUE, a headstrong and impulsive teenager with powerful passions and emotions. He is Lord Montague's son.

He's not happy.

BENVOLIO  
 Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO  
 Is the day so young?  
 Ay me, sad hours seem long.

BENVOLIO

What sadness lengthens Romeo's  
hours?

ROMEO

Not having that which, having,  
makes them short.

BENVOLIO

In love?

ROMEO

Out.

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favour where I am in  
love.

BENVOLIO

Alas.

Just then Romeo notices the signs of the earlier fight.

ROMEO

Ay me what fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard  
it all.

BEVOLIO

Tell me, in sadness, who is that  
you love?

ROMEO

In sadness, cousin, I do love a  
woman.

BENVOLIO

I aimed so near when I supposed you  
loved.

ROMEO

A right good markman! And she's  
fair I love.

BENVOLIO

A right fair mark, fair coz , is  
soonest hit.

ROMEO.

Well in that hit you miss; she'll  
not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow...

BENVOLIO

Then be ruled by me, forget to  
think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to  
think.

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes:  
Examine other beauties

ROMEO

Farewell, thou canst not teach me  
to forget.

3

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF CAPULET - DAY

3

LORD CAPULET is in conversation with PARIS, a wealthy Count who is related to Prince Escalus. He wants to marry their 13 year old daughter JULIET.

LORD CAPULET

...'tis not so hard I think.  
For men so old as we to keep the  
peace.

PARIS

Of honourable reckoning are you  
both,  
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so  
long.  
But now my lord what say you to my  
suit?

Lord Capulet thinks Juliet is too young, but he is pleased that someone of such standing wants to marry his daughter, so his tone is friendly.

LORD CAPULET

My child is yet a stranger in the  
world,  
She hath not seen the change of  
fourteen years.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers  
made.

LORD CAPULET

And too soon marred are those so  
early made.

He leans in to Paris, this isn't for everyone to hear.

LORD CAPULET (CONT'D)

Such delight among fresh female  
buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house. Come, go with  
me.

4

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF CAPULET - LATER

4

BENVOLIO and ROMEO are in conversation and pause outside the house.

BENVOLIO

Why Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO

Not mad, but bound more than a  
madman is:  
Shut up in prison, kept without my  
food,  
Whipped and tormented and - good  
e'en , good fellow.

Enter one of Lord Capulet's SERVANTS, but he is not there to shoo them away.

SERVANT

Good e'en. My master is the great  
rich Capulet, and if you be not of  
the house of Montagues I pray come  
and crush a cup of wine. Rest you  
merry.

The Servant hands BENVOLIO an invitation to the party and leaves. Benvolio is excited, he believes this could be the cure to his cousin's heartache.

BENVOLIO

At this same ancient feast of  
Capulet's  
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so  
lovest,  
Compare her face with some that I  
shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan  
a crow.

ROMEO  
I'll go along.

They continue their walk.

5 INT. JULIET'S BEDROOM, THE HOUSE OF CAPULET - DAY 5

LADY CAPULET enters accompanied by NURSE. Nurse is Juliet's personal servant and has been by her side since she was born, she is a more loving mother to Juliet than Lady Capulet has ever tried to be.

NURSE  
Juliet!

JULIET CAPULET, the daughter of Lord and Lady Capulet, hurries in. She is young and innocent to the ways of the world, but also passionate and certain of her own mind.

JULIET  
How now, who calls?

NURSE  
Your mother.

JULIET  
Madam, I am here, what is your will?

LADY CAPULET  
Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET  
It is an honour that I dream not of.

LADY CAPULET  
Well, think of marriage now.  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.  
This night you shall behold him at our feast.

The news excites Nurse more than Juliet.

NURSE  
Madam, the guests are come.

LADY CAPULET  
We follow thee.

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to  
happy days.

6 EXT. STREET IN VERONA - EVENING

6

Romeo is chatting with Benvolio and MERCUTIO, a relative of Prince Escalus and Romeo's best friend. Despite their closeness, Mercutio doesn't ally himself to the Montague's, preferring to float socially. He is quick witted and a lover of life, full of positive energy.

They are all in fancy dress, including masks that they have yet to don, and are ready to party.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you  
dance.

ROMEO

Not I, believe me. You have dancing  
shoes  
With nimble soles, I have a soul of  
lead.

BENVOLIO

Come, knock and enter.

ROMEO

But 'tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO

Why, may one ask?

ROMEO

I dreamt a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

And what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie

ROMEO

In bed asleep, when they do dream  
things true.

MERCUTIO

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been  
with you.

(MORE)

MERCUTIO (CONT'D)

She is the fairies' midwife, and  
 she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate-  
 stone  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie  
 asleep.  
 Her wagon-spokes made of long  
 spiders' legs,  
 The cover of the wings of  
 grasshoppers,  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
 And in this state she gallops night  
 by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then  
 they dream of love.  
 This is she -

A bewildered Romeo has had enough of Mercutio's excited  
 rambling

ROMEO

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!  
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams,  
 Which are the children of an idle  
 brain,  
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,  
 Which is as thin of substance as  
 the air.

Benvolio has grown impatient with them both, he's worried  
 that they're going to miss the party.

BENVOLIO

Supper is done, and we shall come  
 too late.

ROMEO

I fear too early: for my mind  
 misgives  
 Some consequence yet hanging in the  
 stars  
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful  
 date  
 With this night's revels.

They put on their masks.

7

INT. PARTY IN THE HOUSE OF CAPULET - NIGHT

7

The room is filled with dressed up revellers who are chatting and dancing and having a great time.

Romeo and Juliet notice each other in the same moment, they lock eyes and are captivated by one another. It feels like eternity to them, but in reality is all too brief as Juliet is whisked away by a friend.

Romeo is lovestruck.

ROMEO

What lady's that?

SERVANT

I know not, sir.

ROMEO

O she doth teach the torches to  
burn bright.  
Did my heart love till now?  
Forswear it, sight.  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till  
this night.

He goes to follow Juliet.

At the same time Tybalt has recognised Romeo's voice, he is immediately furious.

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a  
Montague.  
Now, by the stock and honour of my  
kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a  
sin.

LORD CAPULET

Why, how now, kinsman, wherefore  
storm you so?

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe:  
A villain that is hither come in  
spite  
To scorn at our solemnity this  
night.

Lord Capulet doesn't want trouble at his party, he attempts to calm Tybalt.

LORD CAPULET  
 Young Romeo is it?  
 Content thee, gentle coz, let him  
 alone.

It doesn't work.

TYBALT  
 I'll not endure him.

And now he has to be more firm, putting Tybalt in his place

LORD CAPULET  
 He shall be endured. Am I the  
 master here or you? Go to.

TYBALT  
 Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

As Tybalt leaves we move back to Romeo who has managed to find Juliet, the pair are still in the party room but have found a place to be alone.

Romeo takes Juliet's hand, and the pair caress each others hands as they talk - and flirt - with one another. The tension constantly building.

ROMEO  
 If I profane with my unworhiest  
 hand  
 This holy shrine, the gentle sin is  
 this:  
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims,  
 ready stand  
 To smooth that rough touch with a  
 tender kiss.

JULIET  
 Good pilgrim, you do wrong your  
 hand too much,  
 Which mannerly devotion shows in  
 this;  
 For saints have hands that  
 pilgrims' hands do touch,  
 And palm to palm is holy palmers'  
 kiss.

The more they talk the closer they move, the tension continues to build.

ROMEO  
 Have not saints lips, and holy  
 palmers too?

JULIET

Ay, lips that they must use in  
prayer.

ROMEO

O then, dear saint, let lips do  
what hands do!  
They pray.

They kiss passionately, it is electrifying for both of them.

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

Nurse interrupts their moment.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word  
with you.

Juliet leaves.

ROMEO

What is her mother?

NURSE

Her mother is the lady of the  
house.

The Nurse leaves, Romeo is left trying to comprehend this  
terrible news. He can hardly believe it.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?

Benvolio's seen this scene before, a captivated Romeo who has  
fallen instantly in love. He grabs him by the arm to lead him  
away.

BENVOLIO

Away, be gone; the sport is at the  
best.

ROMEO

Ay, so I fear; the more is my  
unrest.

Lord Capulet cuts off the music and gets the attention of the  
room.

LORD CAPULET

I thank you all; I thank you honest  
gentlemen, goodnight.  
By my fay, it waxes late.

The party begins to disperse.

We cut to JULIET and NURSE, Juliet is pointing to Romeo.

JULIET

Come hither, Nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE

His name is Romeo, and a Montague,  
The only son of your great enemy.

This is a devastating blow to Juliet.

JULIET

(to herself)

My only love sprung from my only  
hate.  
Too early seen unknown, and known  
too late.

8 EXT. HOUSE OF CAPULET - A LITTLE LATER

8

Benvolio and Mercutio are stood by a free standing wall. Benvolio is trying to call for Romeo without drawing too much attention, Mercutio is making no such effort.

BENVOLIO

Romeo! My cousin, Romeo! Romeo! He  
ran this way and leapt this orchard  
wall.

He gives up.

Come,  
Blind is his love, and best befits  
the dark.

MERCUTIO

If love be blind, love cannot hit  
the mark.

BENVOLIO

Go then, for 'tis in vain  
To seek him here that means not to  
be found.

They leave.

9 EXT. THE CAPULET'S ORCHARD - MOMENTS LATER

9

Romeo is leaning on the other side of the wall. He just heard his friends discussion.

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Romeo notices a light come on in one of the bedrooms.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east and Juliet is the sun!

It is my lady, O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were!

Juliet walks out on to her balcony, unaware that Romeo is below.

JULIET

(to herself)

Ay me!

ROMEO

(to himself)

She speaks.

O, speak again bright angel!

He's enraptured. Juliet speaks to the night.

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name.

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo starts to think he should reveal himself

ROMEO

Shall I hear more, or speak at this?

Juliet continues to talk to the night

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

O, be some other name.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other word would smell as sweet.

(MORE)

JULIET (CONT'D)

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo  
called.  
Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for that name, which is no part  
of thee,  
Take all myself.

It's too much for Romeo, he comes out of hiding and reveals himself to a surprised Juliet.

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word.  
Call me but love, and henceforth I  
never will be Romeo.

JULIET

Art thou not a Montague?  
How cam'st thou hither, tell me,  
and wherefore?

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I  
o'erperch these walls.

JULIET

If any of my kinsmen find thee here  
they will murder thee.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me  
from their eyes,  
And but thou love me, let them find  
me here.  
My life were better ended by their  
hate  
Than death prorogued, wanting of  
thy love.

JULIET

Dost thou love me? O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it  
faithfully.

ROMEO

Lady by yonder blessed moon I vow.

JULIET

O swear not by the moon,

ROMEO

What shall I swear by?

JULIET

Do not swear at all. Or if thou wilt-

NURSE (O.S.)(OFF SCREEN)

Madam!

JULIET

Anon good nurse!  
 Three words good Romeo, and  
 goodnight indeed.  
 If that thy bent of love be  
 honourable,  
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word  
 tomorrow,  
 And all my fortunes at thy foot  
 I'll lay,  
 And follow thee my lord throughout  
 the world.

NURSE (O.S.)

Madam!

JULIET

By and by, I come!  
 Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO

So thrive my soul

JULIET

A thousand times good night.

Juliet goes back into her room.

ROMEO

(to himself)

Love goes toward love, as  
 schoolboys from their books,  
 But love from love, toward school  
 with heavy looks.

10

INT. FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL - EARLY MORNING

10

FRIAR LAWRENCE, a Priest who is close to Romeo and has often acted as a counsellor to the young man, is busy in his small, cramped room, when a happy and giddy Romeo appears as if from nowhere startling him.

ROMEO

Good morrow father!

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Benedicite!  
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed  
 tonight.  
 God pardon sin, wast thou with  
 Rosaline?

ROMEO

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

FRIAR LAWRENCE

That's my good son; but be plain,  
 where hast thou been then?

ROMEO

Then plainly know my heart's dear  
 love is set  
 On the fair daughter of rich  
 Capulet.  
 We met, we wooed, we made exchange  
 of vow,  
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this  
 I pray,  
 That thou consent to marry us  
 today.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Holy Saint Francis!

ROMEO

I pray thee chide me not.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Come,  
 In one respect I'll thy assistant  
 be;  
 For this alliance may so happy  
 prove  
 To turn your households' rancour to  
 pure love.

11 EXT. A STREET IN VERONA - EARLY MORNING

11

Mercutio and Benvolio are concerned about Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Where the devil should this Romeo  
 be?  
 Came he not home tonight?

BENVOLIO

Not to his father's. I spoke with  
his man.

Romeo approaches them in good cheer. The annoyed pair turn  
their backs on him.

ROMEO

Good morrow to you both. What  
counterfeit did I give you?

MERCUTIO

The slip, sir, the slip.

ROMEO

Pardon, good Mercutio; my business  
was great.

Mercutio can't resist a happy Romeo, it makes him happy too.

MERCUTIO

Why, is not this better now than  
groaning for love?

Juleit's Nurse approaches.

MERCUTIO (CONT'D)

God ye good den , fair gentlewoman.

NURSE

Gentlemen, can any of you tell me  
where I may find the young Romeo?

ROMEO

I can tell you; I am the youngest  
of that name.

NURSE

If you be he, sir, I desire some  
confidence with you.

Romeo ushers his friends away

ROMEO

(to Mercutio)  
I will follow you.

MERCUTIO

Farewell ancient lady.

Mercutio and Benvolio leave, Nurse is in a mood to warn Romeo

NURSE

First let me tell ye, if ye should  
lead her in a fool's paradise, as  
they say, it were a very gross kind  
of behaviour, truly it were an ill  
thing-

ROMEO

I protest unto thee -  
Bid her to come to shrift this  
afternoon,  
And there she shall at Friar  
Lawrence's cell  
Be shrived and married.

NURSE

She shall be there.

12 INT. JULIET'S BEDROOM, THE HOUSE OF CAPULET - LATER 12

JULIET is waiting impatiently, she can think of nothing else

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did  
send the nurse;  
In half an hour she promised to  
return.  
Love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than  
the sun's beams.

Nurse walks in and is questioned before she's even through  
the door.

JULIET (CONT'D)

O honey nurse, what news?

Nurse needs a sit down.

NURSE

I am a-weary, give me leave a  
while.

JULIET

Come, I pray thee, speak.

NURSE

Do you not see that I am out of  
breath?

Juliet is relentless.

JULIET

How art thou out of breath when  
thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of  
breath?  
Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to  
that.

And Nurse concedes.

NURSE

Your love says like an honest  
gentleman -  
Where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother? How oddly thou  
repliest!  
Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE

Hie you hence to Friar Lawrence'  
cell.  
There stays a husband to make you a  
wife!

A delighted Juliet leaves.

13 INT. FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL - LATER

13

Romeo and Friar Lawrence are stood waiting.

Juliet enters and she and Romeo are immediately entranced  
with each other once again. They join hands and stare into  
one another's eyes.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

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

ROMEO and JULIET kiss.

14 EXT. STREET IN VERONA - DAY

14

Benvolio and Mercutio are hanging out, but it's hot and  
they're tired.

BENVOLIO

I pray you, good Mercutio, lets  
retire;

(MORE)

BENVOLIO (CONT'D)

The day is hot, the Capels are  
abroad,  
And if we meet we shall not 'scape  
a brawl,  
By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

Tybalt approaches them with some of his friends, he's a man on a mission.

TYBALT

Gentlemen, good e'en: a word with  
one of you.

As per usual, Mercutio struggles to take anything seriously.

MERCUTIO

And but one word with one of us?  
Couple it with something; make it a  
word and a blow.

TYBALT

You shall find me apt enough to  
that, sir.  
Mercutio, thou consortest with  
Romeo.

MERCUTIO

Consort? What, dost that make us  
minstrels?

Just as things begin to heat up Romeo arrives, Tybalt immediately turns his attention to him. It's evident he neither likes or respects Romeo.

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you, sir, here  
comes my man.  
Romeo! The love I bear thee can  
afford  
No better term than this: thou art  
a villain.

Romeo isn't biting. He's too happy.

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to  
love thee  
Doth much excuse such a greeting:  
villain am I none.

TYBALT

Boy, this shall not excuse the  
injuries thou hast done me.

ROMEO

I do protest I never injured thee.  
And so, good Capulet, which name I  
tender  
As dearly as mine own, be  
satisfied.

Mercutio is appalled that his friend has backed down after such an insult. His blood is up, and if Romeo won't fight for his won honour then he will.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonourable, vile  
submission!

Mercutio draws his weapon.

MERCUTIO (CONT'D)

Tybalt, you rat catcher, will you  
walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good King of Cats, nothing but one  
of your nine lives.

TYBALT

I am for you.

Tybalt draws his weapon, Romeo is keen to prevent a fight

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio -

But it falls on deaf ears. Mercutio and Tybalt start to fight. He continues to try regardless.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince  
expressly hath  
Forbid this. Hold, Tybalt! Good  
Mercutio!

Romeo manages to get between the pair but Tybalt seizes the opportunity and wounds Mercutio using a gap created by Romeo.

BENVOLIO

Art thou hurt?

He clearly is, but he remains upbeat.

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch.  
Marry, 'tis enough.

ROMEO

Courage man, the hurt cannot be  
much.

But it is. Mercutio begins to falter quickly.

MERCUTIO

'Twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow  
and you shall find me a grave man.  
A plague o' both your houses.  
A plague o' both your houses.

MERCUTIO dies. Romeo is filled with sorrow and rage.

BENVOLIO

Here comes Tybalt.

Tybalt hasn't finished, he still wants Romeo. Romeo grabs  
Mercutio's weapon from the ground.

ROMEO

Alive, in triumph, and Mercutio  
slain.  
Tybalt, Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our  
heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him  
company.  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go  
with him.

TYBALT

Thou, wretched boy, shalt with him  
hence.

Romeo fights Tybalt with fury and kills him.

Benvolio is distressed.

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone. The prince  
will doom thee to death.  
Hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool.

Romeo flees.

Quickly after Lord and Lady Montague, Lord and Lady Capulet, and some of their people arrive. They immediately see their dead kinsmen and go to tend to them.

Prince Escalus surveys the scene and demands answers.

PRINCE

Where are the vile beginners of  
this fray?

BENVOLIO

There lies the man, slain by young  
Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave  
Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

(distraught)

Tybalt, my cousin, O my brother's  
child!  
O, the blood is spilled  
Of my dear kinsman. Prince, as thou  
art true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of  
Montague.

BENVOLIO

Romeo spoke him fair.  
Tybalt, deaf to peace, tilts at  
bold Mercutio's breast.  
Romeo, he cries aloud  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath  
whose arm  
Tybalt hit the life of stout  
Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET

He is a kinsman to the Montague.  
Affection makes him false. He  
speaks not true.  
I beg for Justice, which thou,  
Prince, must give.  
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not  
live.

PRINCE

For that offence  
Immediately we do exile him hence.  
Let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he is found, that hour  
will be his last.

15 INT. JULEIT'S BEDROOM, THE HOUSE OF CAPULET - LATER 15

Once again an impatient Juliet is waiting for news from Nurse.

JULIET  
 (to herself)  
 Come, gentle night, give me my  
 Romeo.  
 O, I have bought the mansion of a  
 love  
 But not yet possessed it, and  
 though I am sold,  
 Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this  
 day!

Nurse arrives, she is visibly upset.

JULIET (CONT'D)  
 Now, Nurse, what news?

NURSE  
 We are undone, lady, we are undone.  
 Alack the day, he's gone, he's  
 killed, he's dead.

JULIET  
 What devil art thou, that dost  
 torment me thus?  
 Hath Romeo slain himself?

NURSE  
 Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished.  
 Romeo that killed him, he is  
 banished.

This is a devastating blow to Juliet who tries desperately to make sense of what is happening.

JULIET  
 O God! Did Romeo's hand shed  
 Tybalt's blood?  
 O serpent heart, hid with a  
 flowering face!  
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a  
 cave?  
 O that deceit should dwell in such  
 a gorgeous palace!

NURSE  
 Will you speak well of him that  
 killed your cousin?

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my  
 husband?  
 Tybalt is dead and Romeo -  
 banished.  
 That 'banished', that one word  
 'banished'  
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.  
 O find him, give this ring to my  
 true knight  
 And bid him come to take his last  
 farewell.

16

INT. FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL - LATER

16

Friar Lawrence is trying to calm Romeo who is beside himself.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Affliction is enamoured of thy  
 parts  
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

ROMEO

Banishment! Be merciful, say  
 'death'.  
 For exile hath more terror in his  
 look,  
 Much more than death. Do not say  
 'banishment'.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

This is dear mercy and thou seest  
 it not.

ROMEO

'Tis torture and not mercy. Heaven  
 is here  
 Where Juliet lives, and every  
 unworthy thing,  
 Live here in heaven and may look on  
 her,  
 But Romeo may not.

There is a knocking at the door.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Good Romeo, hide thyself.

Romeo hides, we hear more knocking, more urgently. Friar  
 Lawrence talks through the door.

FRIAR LAWRENCE (CONT'D)  
 Who knocks so hard? Whence came  
 you, what's your will?

NURSE (O.S.)  
 I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
 Welcome then.

The Friar opens the door and Nurse enters the room, Romeo comes out from his hiding place.

ROMEO  
 Where is she? And how doth she? And  
 what says  
 My concealed lady to our cancelled  
 love?

NURSE  
 O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps  
 and weeps.

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
 Go, get thee to thy love.  
 Ascend her chamber, hence and  
 comfort her.

NURSE  
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows  
 very late.

Nurse leaves. Romeo is a little happier.

ROMEO  
 How well my comfort is revived by  
 this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE  
 Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out  
 your man,  
 And he shall signify from time to  
 time  
 Every good hap to you that chances  
 here.  
 Give me thy hand. 'Tis late.  
 Farewell. Good night.

ROMEO  
 Farewell.

Romeo leaves.

17 INT. HOUSE OF CAPULET - EVENING

17

Paris and Lord Capulet are discussing Juliet, Still saddened and angered by Tybalt's death, Lord Capulet's stance has changed.

PARIS

These times of woe afford no time  
to woo.  
Madam goodnight. Commend me to your  
daughter.

LORD 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.  
Wife, bid her, on Thursday, tell  
her,  
She shall be married to this noble  
earl.

18 INT. JULEIT'S BEDROOM, THE HOUSE OF CAPULET - EARLY MORNING 8

Romeo and Juliet are together, Romeo is readying himself to leave.

JULIET

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet  
near day.  
It was the nightingale and not the  
lark.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the herald of the  
morn.  
I must be gone and live, or stay  
and die.

Juliet uses everything she can to convince him to stay.

JULIET

Yond light is not daylight, I know  
it, I.  
Thou need'st not be gone.

And it works, he relents.

ROMEO

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to  
death.

(MORE)

ROMEO (CONT'D)

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.

But she quickly catches herself.

JULIET

It is, it is. Hie hence, begone,  
away.  
O, now be gone, more light and  
light it grows.

Nurse rushes in.

NURSE

Madam! Your Lady mother is coming  
to your chamber.

JULIET

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

Juliet opens the window and Romeo begins to climb out of it.

ROMEO

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

JULIET

Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay  
husband, friend.  
O, think'st thou we shall ever meet  
again?

ROMEO

I doubt it not.

JULIET

O God, I have an ill-divining soul!  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art  
so low,  
As one dead in the bottom of a  
tomb.

They kiss.

ROMEO

Adieu, adieu.

Romeo leaves through the window, just as Lady Capulet enters  
the room.

LADY CAPULET  
Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET  
Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET  
Evermore weeping for your cousin's  
death?  
Well, well, thou hast a careful  
father, child;  
One who, to put thee from thy  
heaviness  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of  
joy.

JULIET  
Madam, in happy time. What day is  
that?

LADY CAPULET  
Marry, my child, early next  
Thursday morn  
The gallant Paris shall happily  
make thee a joyful bride.

This news has angered Juliet.

JULIET  
He shall not make me a joyful  
bride!  
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.

LADY CAPULET  
Tell him so yourself,  
And see how he will take it at your  
hands.

Lord Capulet enters the room.

LADY CAPULET (CONT'D)  
Sir, she will none, she gives you  
thanks.  
I would the fool were married to  
her grave.

LORD CAPULET

How? Will she none?  
 Is she not proud? Doth she not  
 count her blest,  
 Unworthy as she is, that we have  
 wrought  
 So worthy a gentleman to be her  
 bridegroom?  
 Go with Paris to Saint Peter's  
 Church,  
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle  
 thither.  
 Out, you baggage!

JULIET

Hear me with patience but to speak  
 a word.

But Lord Capulet is outraged that his authority is being questioned.

LORD CAPULET

Hang thee, young baggage,  
 disobedient wretch!  
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer  
 me.

He storms out.

Juliet turns to her mother for salvation.

JULIET

O, sweet my mother, cast me not  
 away!  
 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 is unmoved by her daughter's pleas and leaves without even looking at her.

JULIET (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Alack, alack, that heaven should  
 practise stratagems  
 Upon so soft a subject as myself.

She turns to her one source of comfort, Nurse.

JULIET (CONT'D)

What sayst thou?

NURSE

Romeo is banished, and all the  
world to nothing.  
I think you are happy in this  
second match,  
For it excels your first; or, if it  
did not,  
Your first is dead, or 'twere as  
good he were.

Juliet thinks for a beat, then a plan comes to her mind.

JULIET

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeased my father, to  
Lawrence' cell,  
To make confession and to be  
absolved.

NURSE

Marry, I will, and 'tis wisely  
done.

Nurse leaves, leaving a frustrated Juliet to curse the world.

JULIET

Ancient damnation! O most wicked  
fiend,  
I'll to the Friar, to know his  
remedy.  
If all else fail, myself have the  
power to die.

Juliet leaves the room.

19 INT. FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL - LATER

19

Paris is with Friar Lawrence to arrange his wedding to  
Juliet.

PARIS

...Now do you know the reason of this  
haste

FRIAR LAWRENCE

(to the audience/under his  
breath)

I would I knew not why it should be  
slowed.

(to Paris)

Look sir, here comes the lady  
towards my cell.

Juliet enters. Paris is more pleased to see her than she him.

PARIS  
Happily met, my lady and my wife.

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

PARIS  
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. Are you at leisure, holy father now?

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

PARIS  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye.  
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

Paris gives Juliet a gentle kiss, which she accepts, the passion we have seen between her and Romeo is notably absent.

A happy Paris leaves and Juliet gets straight to business.

JULIET  
O shut the door,  
God joined my heart and Romeo's,  
thou our hands;  
Give me some present counsel, I long to die  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

I do spy a kind of hope.  
 If, rather than to marry County  
 Paris,  
 Thou hast the strength of will to  
 slay thyself,  
 Then it is likely thou wilt  
 undertake  
 A thing like death to chide away  
 this shame.

JULIET

I will do it without fear or doubt.  
 To live an unstained wife to my  
 sweet love.

Friar Lawrence looks through his cluttered shelves and boxes to find a small glass vial containing liquid. As he talks to Juliet he shows her it and then hands it to her.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Hold then. Go home, be merry, give  
 consent  
 To marry Paris.  
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in  
 thy chamber.  
 Take thou this vial, being then in  
 bed,  
 And this distilling liquor drink  
 thou off;  
 When presently through all thy  
 veins shall run  
 No pulse, no warmth.  
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks  
 shall fade  
 And in this borrowed likeness of  
 shrunk death  
 Thou shall continue two and forty  
 hours,  
 And then awake as from pleasant  
 sleep.  
 Thou shall be borne to that same  
 ancient vault  
 Where all the kindred of the  
 Capulets lie.  
 In the meantime, against thou shalt  
 awake,  
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our  
 drift  
 And hither shall he come.

JULIET

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

20 INT. JULIET'S BEDROOM, THE HOUSE OF CAPULET - NIGHT 20

Juliet is preparing for her wedding with Lady Capulet and nurse. She feigns exhaustion.

JULIET

Gentle Nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to myself  
tonight.

LADY CAPULET

Good night.  
Get thee to bed, and rest, for thou  
hast need.

Nurse and Lady Capulet leave together.

JULIET

Farewell.  
(talking to herself)  
God knows when we shall meet again.  
What if this mixture do not work at  
all?  
Shall I be married then tomorrow  
morning?  
No, no, this shall forbid it.

She reveals a knife and places it by her bed.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Romeo, I come! This I do drink to  
thee.

She nervously drinks from the vial and lies down as if sleeping.

21 INT. JULIET'S BEDROOM, THE HOUSE OF CAPULET - MORNING 21

Nurse enters and tries to wake Juliet who does not stir at all. Overcome by the apparent death of her beloved she runs from the room.

22 INT. FRIAR LAWRENCE'S CELL - MORNING 22

Friar Lawrence is talking to another Priest, FRIAR JOHN, who is holding a letter.

FRIAR JOHN

I could not send it, nor get a  
messenger to bring it thee.  
Here it is again -

FRIAR LAWRENCE

O unhappy fortune.  
The letter was of dear import and  
the neglecting of it  
May do much danger.  
Now must I to the monument alone.

Friar Lawrence leaves urgently.

23

EXT. A STREET IN MANTUA - DAY

23

Romeo is impatiently awaiting news, when he sees Balthasar approach.

ROMEO

News from Verona! How now  
Balthasar,  
Dost thou not bring me letters from  
the Friar?  
How doth my lady?  
For nothing can be ill if she be  
well.

BALTHASAR

Then she is well and nothing can be  
ill.  
Her body sleeps in Capel's  
monument.

He takes a moment to try and comprehend this news.

ROMEO

Is it e'en so? Then I defy you,  
stars!  
I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR

I do beseech you sir, have  
patience.

ROMEO

Thou art deceived.  
Hast thou no letters to me from the  
Friar?

BALTHASAR

No my good lord.

ROMEO

Get thee gone. I'll be with thee  
straight.

Balthasar leaves. Heartbroken, Romeo is already resigned to his fate.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee  
tonight.

We follow Romeo as he walks purposefully to a door, he hammers on it with his fist.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

What ho! Apothecary!  
Come hither man.

The APOTHECARY, dressed in poor and tatty clothes, opens his door.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

I see that thou art poor.  
Hold, there is forty ducats . Let  
me have  
A dram of poison.

Romeo tries to thrust money into the Apothecary's hand, but they resist.

APOTHECARY

Such mortal drugs I have, but  
Mantua's law  
Is death to any he that utters  
them.

Romeo tries again, the Apothecary relents and takes the money.

APOTHECARY (CONT'D)

My poverty, but not my will,  
consents.

ROMEO

I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

24 INT. CAPELS MONUMENT - EVENING

24

Juliet lies on a slab as though dead.

Romeo enters and is overwhelmed at seeing his love, he goes to her and opens his heart.

ROMEO

O my love, my wife,  
 Death that hath sucked the honey of  
 thy breath  
 Hath no power yet upon thy beauty.  
 Thou art not conquered. Beauty's  
 ensign yet  
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy  
 cheeks,  
 And death's pale flag is not  
 advanced there.  
 Dear Juliet, why art thou yet so  
 fair?  
 O here will I set up my everlasting  
 rest.  
 Eyes, look your last!  
 Arms, take your last embrace! And  
 lips,  
 Seal with a righteous kiss  
 A dateless bargain to engrossing  
 Death!

He kisses her

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Here's to my love

He raises the poison and drinks it in one go

ROMEO (CONT'D)

O true apothecary,  
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a  
 kiss I die.

Romeo drops down dead and is if woken by this Juliet rises  
 up. She is a little groggy at first.

JULIET

Where is my lord?  
 I do remember well where I should  
 be,  
 And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

She sees Romeo and is shocked into full alertness, sadness  
 takes over almost immediately.

JULIET (CONT'D)

What's here closed in my true  
 love's hand?  
 Poison, I see, hath been his  
 timeless end.  
 O churl! Drunk all, and left no  
 friendly drop  
 To help me after?

(MORE)

JULIET (CONT'D)

I will kiss thy lips.  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on  
them.

She kisses him knowing it will be the last time. She is bereft.

We can hear noises coming from outside the tomb. She produces the dagger we saw earlier.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Yea noise? Then I'll be brief. O  
happy dagger!

She stabs herself.

JULIET (CONT'D)

This is thy sheath. There rust, and  
let me die.

She dies.

Friar Lawrence rushes in only to see he is too late.

FRIAR LAWRENCE

Juliet!

He leaves.

25 INT. CAPELS MONUMENT - MORNING

25

Friar Lawrence leads a tired Prince Escalus into the tomb.

PRINCE

What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our  
morning rest?

They are followed by Lord and Lady Capulet, nobody knows what has happened yet.

LORD CAPULET

What should it be, that is so  
shrieked abroad?

LADY CAPULET

O the people in the street cry  
'Romeo'  
And some 'Juliet'...

Lord Montague enters separately as we see Friar Lawrence drop to his knees and pray by the bodies.

LORD MONTAGUE

Alas, my liege, my wife is dead  
tonight.  
Grief of my son's exile hath  
stopped her breath.  
What further woe conspires against  
mine age?

Lord Montague sees the bodies of Romeo and Juliet and is rendered speechless.

Prince Escalus is angry at the waste of these two young lives.

PRINCE

Capulet, Montague,  
See, what a scourge is laid upon  
your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill  
your joys with love;  
And I, for winking at your discords  
too,  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All  
are punished.

United in their grief Lord Montague and Lord Capulet are shook into seeing the error of their ways. They talk as grieving parents, not as mortal enemies.

LORD CAPULET

O brother Montague, give me thy  
hand.

LORD MONTAGUE

There shall no figure at such rate  
be set  
As that of true and faithful  
Juliet.

LORD CAPULET

As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's  
lie,  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

FADE TO BLACK.