

START

But what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east and Juliet is the sun!
(Student 2 rises as Juliet.)

Arise fair sun and kill the envious moon
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid since she is envious,
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it. Cast it off!

STU. 2 (J).

O Romeo ...

(Student 1 illuminates Student 2 with the flashlight. The rest of the scene is lit by prowling flashlights.)

STU. 1 (R).

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

STU. 2 (J).

Romeo ...

STU. 1 (R).

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold. 'Tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp. Her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek.

STU. 2 (J).

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.

STU. 1 (R).

She speaks.

O speak again bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-puffing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

STU. 2 (J).

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot
Nor arm nor face nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O be some other name.
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

STU. 1 (R).

I take thee at thy word!

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptis'd:
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

(Students 2, 3, & 4 search for the source of the voice with their flashlights.)

STU. 2 (J).

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

STU. 1 (R).

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

STU. 2 (J).

My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

(Students 3 & 4's flashlights hit Student 1.)

STU. 1 (R).

Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

(Students 3 & 4 descend on Student 2, unhappy with the way this scene is going.)

STU. 2 (J).

How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

(Student 1 runs to Student 2 and drags him from the other boys.

Students 3 & 4 try to pull them apart.)

STU. 1 (R).

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

For stony limits cannot hold love out,

And what love can do, that dares love attempt:

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

STU. 2 (J).

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

STU. 1 (R).

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye

Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet

And I am proof against their enmity.

(Student 1 manages to pull away. He backs off, as does Student 2.

Student 1 lies down on the floor, as if to go to sleep.)

STU. 1. Now I lay me down to sleep ... *(Student 2 lies down on the other side of the room, as if to go to sleep.)*

STU. 1/2. I pray the Lord my soul to keep. *(Students 3 & 4 go to lie down also.)*

ALL. And if I die before I wake. I pray the Lord my soul to take.

(Student 4 takes one more look, shining his light on Students 1 and 2

making sure they're asleep. Then he himself goes to sleep. After a moment,

Student 1 gets up and turns his flashlight on shining it on Student 2.

Student 2 tries to stop him from approaching.)

STU. 2 (J).

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

STU. 1 (R).

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.

(Student 1 runs to Student 2 and jumps on him and straddles him and kisses him. As they spin around, a huge moon and stars appear. They are awed and delighted by this new environment.)

STU. 2 (J).

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

STU. 1 (R).

By love, that first did prompt me to enquire.

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea

I should adventure for such merchandise.

STU. 2 (J).

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.

Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny

What I have spoke. But farewell, compliment.

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay,"

And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,

And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light,

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,

My true-love passion; therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yielding to light love

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

STU. 1 (R).

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

STU. 2 (J).

O swear not by the moon, th'inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

STU. 1 (R).

What shall I swear by?

STU. 2 (J).

Do not swear at all.
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

STU. 1 (R).

If my heart's dear love —

STU. 2 (J).

Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night.
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night. As sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast.

STU. 1 (R).

O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

STU. 2 (J).

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

STU. 1 (R).

Th'exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

STU. 2 (J).

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it,
And yet I would it were to give again.

STU. 1 (R).

Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

STU. 2 (J).

But to be frank and give it thee again;
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep: the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.

(Students 3 & 4 awake. The moon and stars disappear. Students 1 & 2 realize they have been caught.)

STU. 2.

I hear some noise within.

(Student 2 grabs the script, opens it and reads: "Act II Scene 3 Friar Laurence's cell. (He hands the script to Student 3, who takes on the role of the friar [F]. Student 2 quickly whispers in Student 1's ear.)"

Dear love, adieu. Stay but a little, I will come again.
(Student 3 recites from the script, as Students 2 & 4 sit and listen.)

STU. 3 (F).

I must upfill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

(His voice trails off as the focus switches to Student 1, off to the side.)

STU. 1 (R).

O blessed blessed night I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dream
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

(Student 2 sneaks back to Student 1.)

STU. 2 (J).

Three words, dear Romeo, and goodnight indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
Tomorrow will I send.

STU. 1 (R).

So strive my soul —

STU. 2 (J).

A thousand times good night.

(Student 2 goes back to join the other two boys.)

STU. 1 (R).

A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

(Student 1 goes and sits down to listen with the others.)

STU. 3. (F).

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:

(His voice trails off as the focus switches to Students 1 & 2, whispering to each other secretly.)

STU. 2 (J).

Romeo.

STU. 1 (R).

My love.

STU. 2 (J).

What o'clock tomorrow

Shall I send to thee?

STU. 1 (R).

By the hour of nine.

STU. 2 (J).

I will not fail. 'Tis twenty year till then.

(The sound of school bells.)

STU. 2.

'Tis almost morning.

(Knowing they have little time left, Students 3 & 4 quickly put the flashlights away. Student 2 runs and quickly kisses Student 1.)

STU. 2 (J).

Parting is such sweet sorrow

That I shall say good night till it be morrow. STOP

(Student 2 shoves Student 1 into the next scene.)

STU. 2. Act II Scene 3!

STU. 1 (R).

Good morrow, Father.

STU. 3 (F).

Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure

Thou are uprous'd with some distemperature;

Or, if not so, then here I hit it right:

Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

STU. 1 (R).

That last is true. The sweeter rest was mine.

STU. 3 (F).

God pardon sin. Wast thou with Rosaline?

STU. 1 (R).

With Rosaline! My ghostly father, no.

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

STU. 3 (F).

That's my good son. But where hast thou been then?

STU. 1 (R).

I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy.

STU. 3 (F).

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

STU. 1 (R).

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,

And all combin'd save what thou must combine

By holy marriage. When, and where, and how

We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us today.

STU. 3 (F).

Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here!

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,

So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts but in their eyes.

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.

If ere thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.

And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence then:

Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

STU. 1 (R).

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

STU. 3 (F).

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

STU. 1 (R).

And bad'st me bury love.

STU. 3 (F).

Not in a grave

To lay one in, another out to have.

STU. 1 (R).

I pray thee chide me not, her I love now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.