**ROMEO – RECALL SCRIPT**

**ACT 2 SCENE 2**

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO** He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*JULIET appears above at a window*

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
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.  
It is my lady, O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were!  
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!

**JULIET** Ay me!

**ROMEO** 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.

**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** [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

**JULIET** '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 name 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 that name which is no part of thee  
Take all myself.

**ROMEO** I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

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

**ROMEO** 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.

**JULIET**Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

**ROMEO** Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

**JULIET** How camest 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.

**ROMEO** Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

**JULIET** I would not for the world they saw thee here.

**ROMEO** I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;  
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** By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

**ROMEO** By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;  
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 would adventure for such merchandise.

**JULIET** 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 to-night  
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  
Then 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 an 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 'havior light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

**ROMEO** Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear --

**JULIET** O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

**ROMEO** What shall I swear by?

**JULIET** 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.

**ROMEO** If my heart's dear love--

**JULIET** Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night:  
It is too rash, too unadvised, 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!

**ROMEO** O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

**JULIET** What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

**ROMEO** The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

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

**ROMEO** Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

**JULIET** But to be frank, and give it thee again. [*Nurse calls within*]

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!  
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit, above*]

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

*Re-enter JULIET, above*

**JULIET** Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
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.

**Nurse** [*Within*] Madam!

**JULIET** I come, anon.--But if thou mean'st not well,  
I do beseech thee--

**Nurse** [*Within*] Madam!

**JULIET** By and by, I come:--  
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:  
To-morrow will I send.

**ROMEO** So thrive my soul--

**JULIET** A thousand times good night! [*Exit, above*]

**ROMEO** 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.

**Act 3 Scene 3**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and BENVOLIO*

**FRIAR L.** Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom:

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO** Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death;'  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

**BENVOLIO** Hence from Verona art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

**ROMEO** There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself..

**FRIAR L.** O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

**ROMEO** 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not: more validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
But Romeo may not; he is banished:  
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:  
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
But 'banished' to kill me?--'banished'?

**FRIAR L.** Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

**ROMEO** Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

**FRIAR L.** O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

**ROMEO** How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

**FRIAR L.** Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

**ROMEO** Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel. [*Knocking within*]

**BENVOLIO** Arise; one knocks;

**FRIAR L.** Good Romeo, hide thyself.

**ROMEO** Not I; unless the breath of heartsick groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking*]

**FRIAR L.** Hark, how they knock! Who's there?

**BENVOLIO** Romeo, arise;  
Thou wilt be taken.