**Note**: This is a very advanced lesson. You are going to learn how to hold down the SHIFT key because, before a character speaks his/her name must be typed in all capitals.  
  
Have fun!

**Let's see what you can do.**

[Prologue I]

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-cross'd lovers take their life;

Whose misadventured piteous overthrows

[Prologue II]

Do with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,

And the continuance of their parents' rage,

Which, but their children's end, nought could

remove, Is now the two hours' traffic of our

stage; The which if you with patient ears attend,

What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to

mend.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

SAMPSON

Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY

No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON

I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

GREGORY

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the

collar.

[I Don't Trust These Guys.]

SAMPSON

I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

[Can you believe this guy?]

GREGORY

To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:

therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

SAMPSON

A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will

take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

[This Could Get Ugly Fast.]

GREGORY

That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes

to the wall.

SAMPSON

True; and therefore women, being the weaker

vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I

will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust

his maids to the wall.

[Lots of Drama On the Horizon.]

GREGORY

The quarrel is between our masters and us their

men.

SAMPSON

'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I

have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the

maids, and cut off their heads.

GREGORY

The heads of the maids?

[Whatever, Sampson.]

SAMPSON

Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads;

take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY

They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAMPSON

Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and

'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

[It's on!]

GREGORY

'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou

hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool! here comes

two of the house of the Montagues.

SAMPSON

My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

GREGORY

How! turn thy back and run?

[Watch Your Back.]

SAMPSON

Fear me not.

GREGORY

No, marry; I fear thee!

SAMPSON

Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

GREGORY

I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as

they list.

SAMPSON

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them;

which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

[You are 1/5th there. Go get some water and stretch your fingers. Hurry up you don't want to miss anything.]

[Don't bite your thumb]

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR

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?

[Someone isn't telling the truth.]

SAMPSON

[Aside 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.

[Act 1, Scene 1 ]

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM

Quarrel sir! no, sir.

SAMPSON

If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a

man as you.

ABRAHAM

No better.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

SAMPSON

Well, sir.

GREGORY

Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's

kinsmen.

SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAHAM

You lie.

[Do I need to buy a sword?]

SAMPSON

Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy

swashing blow.

They fight

Enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO

Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Beats down their swords

[Who is this guy?]

Enter TYBALT

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

[Get Ready to Rumble.]

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward!

They fight

[These guys are nuts.]

Enter, several of both houses, who join the fray;

then enter Citizens, with clubs

First Citizen

Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them

down! Down with the Capulets! down with the

Montagues!

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET

CAPULET

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

LADY CAPULET

A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

[Stand up and stretch out!]

[Yikes!]

CAPULET

My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet,--Hold me not, let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--

Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,

And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,

[Stay with it.]

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away:

You Capulet; shall go along with me:

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our further pleasure in this case,

To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and

BENVOLIO

MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary,

And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:

I drew to part them: in the instant came

The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,

Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,

He swung about his head and cut the winds,

Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn:

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Came more and more and fought on part and part,

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;

Where, underneath the grove of sycamore

That westward rooteth from the city's side,

So early walking did I see your son:

Towards him I made, but he was ware of me

[You've got 55 seconds this time!]

And stole into the covert of the wood:

I, measuring his affections by my own,

That most are busied when they're most alone,

Pursued my humour not pursuing his,

And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew.

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun

Should in the furthest east begin to draw

The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,

Away from the light steals home my heavy son,

[ht: Work hard, play hard!]

[You got it going on!]

And private in his chamber pens himself,

Shuts up his windows, locks far daylight out

And makes himself an artificial night:

Black and portentous must this humour prove,

Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

[Act 1, Scene 1]

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned him by any means?

[Act 1, Scene 1]

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,

Is to himself--I will not say how true--

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow.

We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO

BENVOLIO

See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MONTAGUE

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,

To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

BENVOLIO

Good-morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

In love?

ROMEO

Out--

BENVOLIO

Of love?

[He like her!]

ROMEO

Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

[Look out! You've got 60 seconds!]

ROMEO

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire,

sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

[You've almost typed the entire Act1, Scene1 of Romeo and Juliet. Could you imaging typing the ENTIRE works of Shakespeare!]

BENVOLIO

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;

Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO

Soft! I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO

Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

Groan! why, no.

But sadly tell me who.

ROMEO

Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:

Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

A right good mark-man! 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; she hath Dian's wit;

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,

That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live

chaste?

[Ok, 55 seconds for this exercise.]

ROMEO

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,

For beauty starved with her severity

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

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.

[You are amazing!]

[Act 1, Scene 1]

ROMEO

'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite, in question more:

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows

Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;

He that is strucken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve, but as a note

Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Exeunt

**Congratulations Text**

All of Act1, Scene1. You must be wondering what happens... I'll tell you! Basically, the studly Romeo falls in love with the dazzling Juliet and they decide to elope. Then they both tragically die in an awful twist of fate!

Very romantic, quite tragic, a timeless tale of love.

Do you have a tissue, I'm getting all misty...