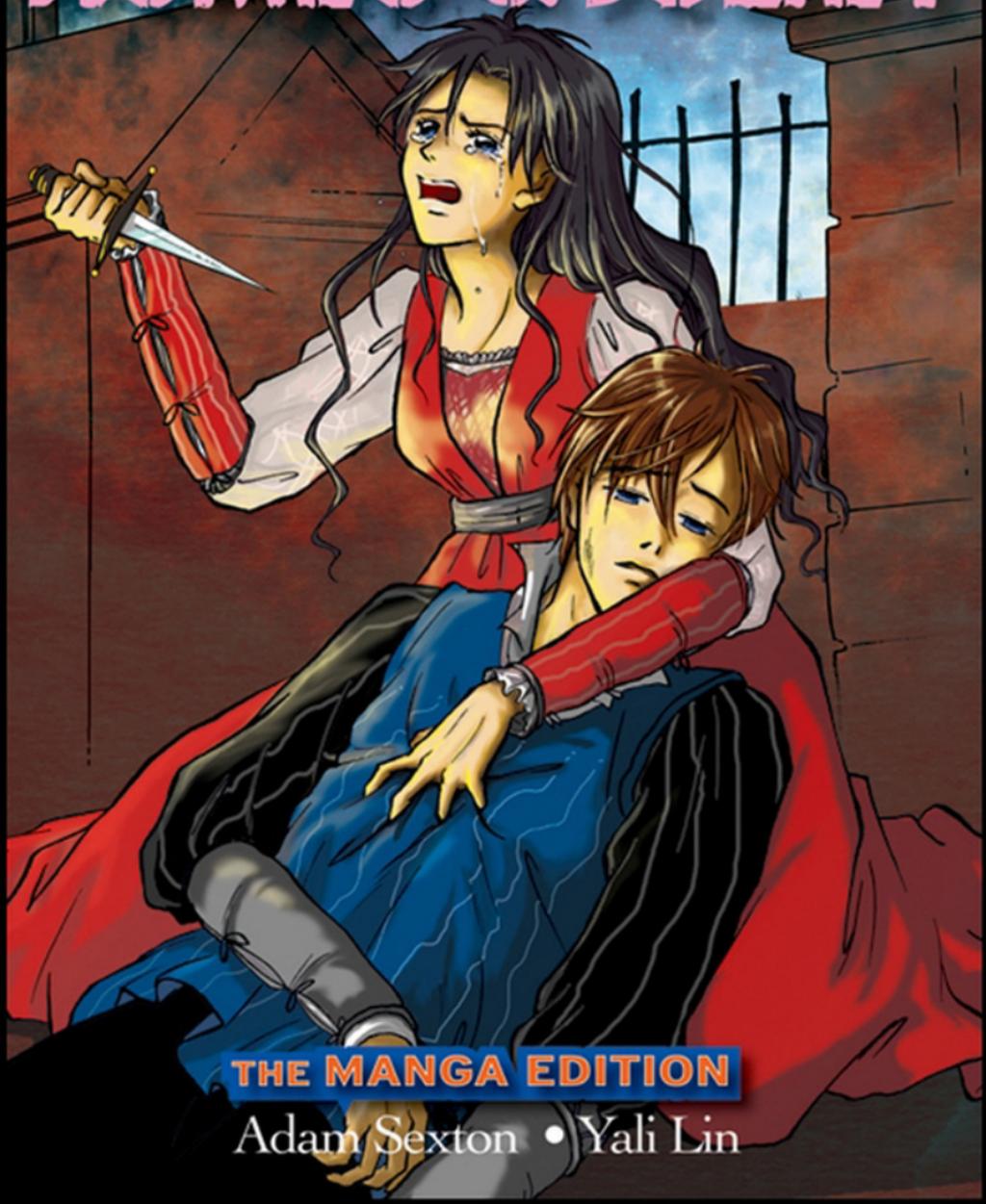


Shakespeare's

ROMEO & JULIET



THE MANGA EDITION

Adam Sexton • Yali Lin

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Wiley Publishing, Inc.

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Suiting the Action to the Word: Shakespeare and Manga

by Adam Sexton

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action...

—*Hamlet* (Act III, Scene 2)

Four hundred years after the writing of William Shakespeare's plays, it is clear that they are timeless. This is due in part to their infinite adaptability. The plays have been translated into dozens of languages and performed all over the world. Famously creative stage productions have included a version of *Julius Caesar* set in fascist Europe during the 1930s and a so-called "voodoo *Macbeth*." Nor have gender and age proved barriers to casting Shakespeare's characters. The role of Hamlet is occasionally played by a woman—an appropriate reversal, considering that boys acted all the female roles in Shakespeare's day—while the teenaged Romeo and Juliet have been portrayed by couples in their forties and fifties.

It is common knowledge that the plays of Shakespeare transfer especially well to the movie screen. Such has been the case since Thomas Edison made one of the first sound films ever using a scene from *As You Like It*. Recent cinema standouts include *William Shakespeare's Romeo + Juliet*, directed by Baz Luhrmann, and Michael Almereyda's *Hamlet*. Both take place in the present day or near future: Leonardo DiCaprio's Romeo wears a Hawaiian shirt—and Julia Stiles' Ophelia wears a wire, so Claudius and Polonius can eavesdrop on her conversation with Hamlet. Otherwise, these adaptations remain surprisingly faithful to Shakespeare's texts. And both hit the audience as hard as conventional stage productions in which the actors are

outfitted with doublets and hose, crossed swords, and what Hamlet calls “a bare bodkin”—his unsheathed dagger (replaced in Almereyda’s movie by a gun).

Shakespeare’s plays have been set to music as well, in operas and ballets by composers such as Verdi, Tchaikovsky, and Prokofiev. The early comedy *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was adapted for Broadway by the composer of *Hair*, and it won the Tony award for Best Musical the same year that *Grease* was nominated. In the words of theater critic Jan Kott, Shakespeare is indeed “our contemporary.”

In short, though some consider the plays of William Shakespeare to be sacrosanct, they have been cut, expanded (it was common in the Victorian era to add songs and even happy endings to the tragedies), and adapted to multiple media, emerging none the worse for wear. Although we cannot be sure of this, it seems likely that the writer, who was a popular artist and a savvy businessman as well as an incomparable poet, would approve.

The graphic novels known as *manga* (Japanese for “whimsical pictures”) are a natural medium for Shakespeare’s work. Like his tragedies, comedies, histories, and romances, which are thrillingly dynamic if properly staged, manga are of course visual. In fact, a manga is potentially *more* visual than a stage production of one of the plays of Shakespeare. Unbound by the physical realities of the theater, the graphic novel can depict any situation, no matter how fantastical or violent, that its creators are able to pencil, ink, and shade.

Take *Romeo and Juliet*’s famous Queen Mab speech. Even the most creative stage director cannot faithfully present the minuscule fairy described by Mercutio. Manga artists can. The same is true of the drowning of Ophelia in *Hamlet*. It is precisely because these vignettes are unstageable that Shakespeare has his characters describe Queen Mab and the death of Ophelia in such great detail—they must help us imagine them. In its unlimited ability to dramatize, the graphic novel more closely resembles a

contemporary film with a colossal special-effects budget than anything produced onstage in the Elizabethan era or since.

At the same time, manga are potentially no less verbal than Shakespeare's spectacularly wordy plays, with this crucial difference: in a production of one of the plays onstage or onscreen, we can hear the words but can't see them. Though Shakespeare is never easy, reading helps. And that is precisely what manga adaptations of the plays allow. Perusing a Shakespeare manga, the reader can linger over speeches, rereading them in part or altogether. Especially in the long and intricate soliloquies typical of Shakespearean tragedy, this allows for an appreciation of the playwright's craft that is difficult if not impossible as those soliloquies move past us during a performance.

Overall, turning the pages of a manga version of one of Shakespeare's plays is something like reading the text of that play while attending a performance, but at one's own pace. Manga is not merely a new medium for the plays of William Shakespeare, but one that is distinctly different from anything to have come before.

A note on authenticity: In order to fit our adaptations into books of less than 200 pages, the writers and editors of *The Manga Editions* have cut words, lines, speeches, even entire scenes from Shakespeare's plays, a practice almost universal among stage and film directors. We have never paraphrased the playwright's language, however, nor have we summarized action. Everything you read in *The Manga Editions* was written by William Shakespeare himself. Finally, footnotes don't interrupt the characters' speeches here, any more than they would in a production of one of Shakespeare's plays onstage or on film.



If the plays of Shakespeare are cinematic, then Romeo and Juliet might be the most cinematic Shakespeare play of all. The screen adaptations of this tragedy directed by Luhrmann and

his predecessor Franco Zeffirelli have succeeded at the box office compared not only to other films of Shakespeare's work but to other films in general. As motion pictures and graphic novels resemble one another closely, it follows that Romeo and Juliet and manga are something like a perfect fit.

Most likely it is the close proximity of violent action and romantic love within *Romeo and Juliet* that makes it equally adaptable to movie screen and manga page. The story opens with a riot and concludes following a double suicide, and its turning point is the unintended slaying of one character by another, followed quickly by a revenge killing. Yet the narrative is set into motion by a mutual instance of love at first sight, and *Romeo and Juliet* contains the most famous love scenes in the English language. Unlike productions of Shakespeare's plays on stage, movies allow us to watch action scenes from multiple angles as well as intimate close-ups of kisses. So do manga.

In fact, a single page of manga can present two or more separate scenes simultaneously, a technique the movies rarely utilize. On page 24 of *Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet: The Manga Edition*, Juliet tells her mother that she will do her best to like Paris, the young man chosen as a suitable husband for her, when they meet at the Capulets' party that evening. On the same page, Romeo reiterates to Mercutio his imagined love for Rosaline, which he says has given him a "soul of lead" that will make dancing with her impossible. In other words, Juliet promises her family to feel something she doesn't, while Romeo insists with his friends on feelings he lacks—a combination that will contrast starkly with the true love both feel when they meet that night.

In dramatizing this story of "two households, both alike in dignity," a manga can show us both households at once.

ACT 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-
CROSSED LOVERS TAKE THEIR LIFE;
WHOSE MISADVENTURED PITEOUS
OVERTHROWS DOOTH WITH THEIR DEATH
BURY THEIR PARENTS' STRIFE...

I WILL PUSH
MONTAGUE'S MEN
FROM THE WALL...



...AND THRUST
HIS MAIDS TO
THE WALL.

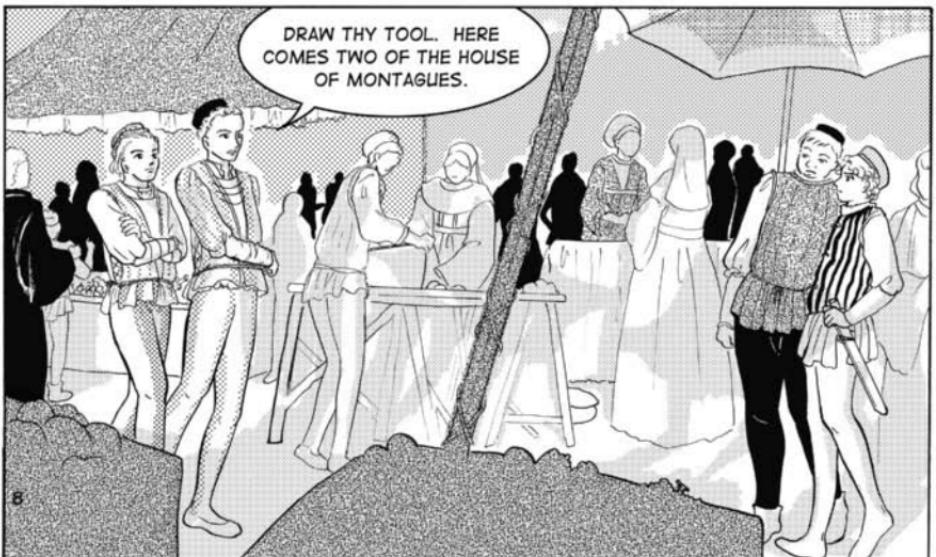


ME THEY SHALL
FEEL WHILE I AM ABLE
TO STAND -- AND
'TIS KNOWN I AM A
PRETTY PIECE OF
FLESH.

THE QUARREL IS
BETWEEN OUR
MASTERS, AND US
THEIR MEN.



DRAW THY TOOL. HERE
COMES TWO OF THE HOUSE
OF MONTAGUES.







DRAW,
IF YOU BE
MEN!



PART,
FOOLS!



PUT UP
YOUR SWORDS,
YOU KNOW NOT
WHAT YOU DO.







WHAT NOISE IS THIS?
GIVE ME MY LONG SWORD!

MONTAGUE
IS COME, AND
FLOURISHES HIS
BLADE IN SPITE
OF ME!

THOU VILLAIN
CAPULET!

THOU SHALT NOT
STIR ONE FOOT TO
SEEK A FOE.

HOLD ME NOT!
LET ME GO!







THREE CIVIL
BRAWLS 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!





O WHERE IS ROMEO?
SAW YOU HIM TODAY?
RIGHT GLAD I AM HE
WAS NOT AT THIS
FRAY.



MADAM, AN HOUR
BEFORE THE WORSHIPED
SUN PEERED FORTH THE
GOLDEN WINDOW OF THE EAST,
A TROUBLED MIND DROVE ME
TO WALK ABROAD,



WHERE UNDERNEATH
THE GROVE OF SYCAMORE
SO EARLY WALKING DID I
SEE YOUR SON.



MANY A MORNING HATH
HE THERE BEEN SEEN, WITH
TEARS AUGMENTING THE FRESH
MORNING'S DEW, ADDING TO
CLOUDS MORE CLOUDS, WITH
HIS DEEP SIGHS...



...BUT ALL SO SOON AS
THE ALL-CHEERING SUN SHOULD
IN THE FARDEST EAST BEGIN TO
DRAW THE SHADY CURTAINS FROM
AURORA'S BED, AWAY FROM LIGHT
STEALS HOME MY HEAVY SON AND
PRIVATE IN HIS CHAMBER PENS
HIMSELF --



SHUTS UP HIS
WINDOWS, LOCKS FAIR
DAYLIGHT OUT, AND MAKES
HIMSELF AN ARTIFICIAL
NIGHT.







LOVE IS A SMOKE
MADE WITH THE FUME
OF SIGHS --

BEING PURGED, A
FIRE SPARKLING IN
LOVERS' EYES; BEING
VEXED, A SEA
NOURISHED WITH
LOVING TEARS.

TELL ME IN
SADNESS, WHO IS
IT THAT YOU LOVE?

IN SADNESS,
COUSIN, I DO
LOVE...A WOMAN.

I AIMED SO NEAR,
WHEN I SUPPOSED
YOU LOVED.

THEN SHE HATH
SWORN THAT SHE
WILL STILL LIVE
CHASTE?

SHE HATH -- AND
IN THAT SPARING
MAKES HUGE WASTE.

SHE'LL NOT
BE HIT WITH
CUPID'S ARROW.
SHE HATH DIAN'S
WIT. FROM LOVE'S
WEAK, CHILDISH
BOW SHE LIVES
UNHARMED.

FORGET TO
THINK OF HER!
EXAMINE OTHER
BEAUTIES.

HE THAT IS STRICKEN
BLIND CANNOT FORGET THE
PRECIOUS TREASURE OF HIS
EYESIGHT LOST. SHOW ME A
MISTRESS THAT IS PASSING FAIR
-- WHAT DOOTH HER BEAUTY SERVE
BUT AS A NOTE WHERE I MAY
READ WHO PASSED THAT
PASSING FAIR?

FAREWELL. THOU
CANST NOT TEACH
ME TO FORGET.



MY LORD,
WHAT SAY YOU TO
MY SUIT?

WHAT I HAVE SAID
BEFORE: MY CHILD IS YET A
STRANGER IN THE WORLD --
SHE HATH NOT SEEN THE CHANGE
OF FOURTEEN YEARS. LET TWO
MORE SUMMERS WITHER IN
THEIR PRIDE, ERE WE MAY
THINK HER RIPE TO BE A
BRIDE.

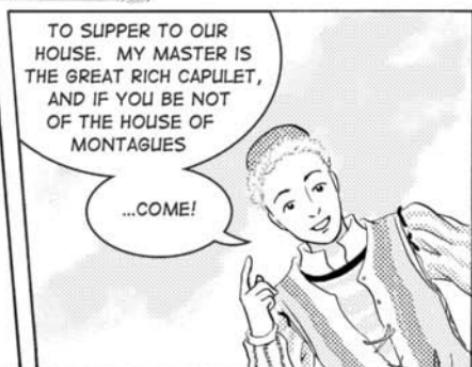
YOUNGER THAN
SHE ARE HAPPY
MOTHERS MADE.

AND TOO
SOON MARRED ARE
THOSE SO EARLY
MADE.

BUT WOO HER,
GENTLE PARIS, GET HER
HEART -- MY WILL TO HER
CONSENT IS BUT A PART.
AN SHE AGREE, WITHIN HER
SCOPE OF CHOICE LIES MY
CONSENT AND FAIR
ACCORDING VOICE.

THIS NIGHT I
HOLD AN OLD
ACCUSTOMED FEAST,
WHERETO I HAVE
INVITED MANY A GUEST
SUCH AS I LOVE -- AND
YOU, AMONG THE
STORE, ONE MORE,
MOST WELCOME,
MAKES MY NUMBER
MORE. HEAR ALL, ALL
SEE, AND LIKE HER
MOST WHOSE MERIT
MOST SHALL BE.

GO, SIRRAH,
TRUDGE ABOUT
THROUGH FAIR
VERONA. FIND
THOSE PERSONS OUT
WHOSE NAMES ARE
WRITTEN THERE, AND
TO THEM SAY, MY
HOUSE AND
WELCOME ON
THEIR PLEASURE
STAY.



AT THIS SAME ANCIENT
FEAST OF CAPULET'S SUPS
THE FAIR ROSALINE WHOM THOU
SO LOVEST, WITH ALL THE
ADMIRE BEAUTIES OF
VERONA.

GO THITHER AND,
WITH UNATTAINED EYE,
COMPARE HER FACE WITH SOME
THAT I SHALL SHOW -- AND I
WILL MAKE THEE THINK THY
SWAN A CROW.

ONE FAIRER THAN MY
LOVE! THE ALL-SEEING SUN
NE'ER SAW HER MATCH SINCE
FIRST THE WORLD BEGUN. I'LL GO
ALONG, NO SUCH SIGHT TO BE
SHOWN, BUT TO REJOICE IN
SPLENDOR OF MINE OWN.

THOU WAST
THE PRETTIEST
BABE THAT E'ER I
NURSED.

AN I MIGHT LIVE TO
SEE THEE MARRIED ONCE,
I HAVE MY WISH.

I'LL LOOK TO LIKE, IF
LOOKING LIKING MOVE. BUT NO
MORE DEEP WILL I ENDART MINE
EYE THAN YOUR CONSENT GIVES
STRENGTH TO MAKE IT FLY.



NAY, GENTLE
ROMEO, WE MUST
HAVE YOU DANCE!

NOT I --
BELIEVE ME. YOU HAVE
DANCING SHOES WITH
NIMBLE SOLES.

I HAVE A SOUL
OF LEAD SO STAKES
ME TO THE GROUND I
CANNOT MOVE.

YOU
ARE A LOVER!
BORROW CUPID'S
WINGS, AND SOAR
WITH THEM ABOVE A
COMMON BOUND.

UNDER
LOVE'S HEAVY
BURDEN DO I
SINK.

AND, TO SINK IN IT,
SHOULD YOU BURDEN
LOVE -- TOO GREAT
OPPRESSION FOR A
TENDER THING.

IS
LOVE A TENDER
THING? IT PRICKS
LIKE THORN.



IF LOVE BE ROUGH
WITH YOU, BE ROUGH
WITH LOVE --

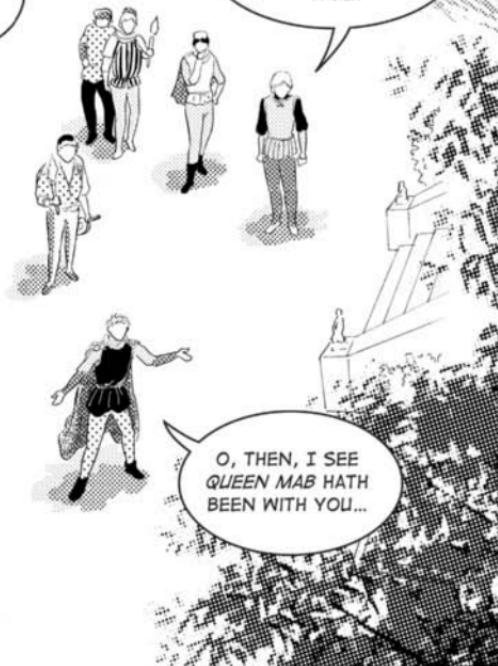


WELL, WHAT
WAS YOURS?

THAT
DREAMERS
OFTEN LIE.



-- IN BED
ASLEEP, WHILE THEY
DO DREAM THINGS
TRUE.



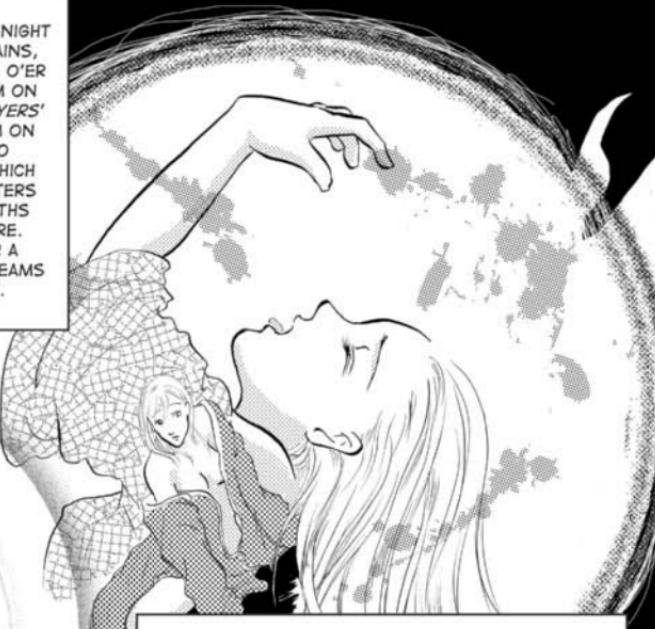


SHE IS THE FAIRIES' MIDWIFE, AND SHE COMES IN SHAPE NO BIGGER THAN AN AGATE-STONE ON THE FORE-FINGER OF AN ALDERMAN, DRAWN WITH A TEAM OF LITTLE ATOMIES ATHWART MEN'S NOSES AS THEY LIE ASLEEP.

HER WAGON-SPOKES MADE OF LONG SPIDERS' LEGS, THE COVER OF THE WINGS OF GRASSHOPPERS, THE TRACES OF THE SMALLEST SPIDER'S WEB, THE COLLARS OF THE MOONSHINE'S WATERY BEAMS,

HER WHIP OF CRICKET'S BONE, THE LASH OF FILM, HER WAGONER A SMALL GREY-COATED GNAT, NOT SO BIG AS A ROUND LITTLE WORM PRICKED FROM THE LAZY FINGER OF A MAID. HER CHARIOT IS AN EMPTY HAZEL-NUT MADE BY THE JOINER SQUIRREL OR OLD GRUB, TIME OUT O' MIND THE FAIRIES' COACHMAKERS.

AND IN THIS STATE SHE GALLOPS NIGHT
BY NIGHT THROUGH LOVERS' BRAINS,
AND THEN THEY DREAM OF LOVE; O'ER
COURTIERS' KNEES, THAT DREAM ON
COURT'SIES STRAIGHT; O'ER LAWYERS'
FINGERS, WHO STRAIGHT DREAM ON
FEES: O'ER LADIES' LIPS, WHO
STRAIGHT ON KISSES DREAM, WHICH
OFT THE ANGRY MAB WITH BLISTERS
PLAGUES, BECAUSE THEIR BREATHS
WITH SWEETMEATS TAINTED ARE.
SOMETIME SHE GALLOPS O'ER A
COURTIER'S NOSE, AND THEN DREAMS
HE OF SMELLING OUT A SUIT.



AND SOMETIME COMES SHE WITH A TITHE-PIG'S
TAIL TICKLING A PARSON'S NOSE AS A LIES ASLEEP
-- THEN DREAMS HE OF ANOTHER BENEFICE.
SOMETIME SHE DRIVETH O'ER A SOLDIER'S NECK,
AND THEN DREAMS HE OF CUTTING FOREIGN
THROATS, OF BREACHES, AMBUSHADES, SPANISH
BLADES, OF HEALTHS FIVE-FATHOM DEEP; AND
THEN ANON DRUMS IN HIS EAR, AT WHICH HE
STARTS AND WAKES, AND BEING THIS FRIGHTED
SWEARS A PRAYER OR TWO AND SLEEPS AGAIN...



THIS IS THAT VERY MAB THAT
PLATS THE MANES OF HORSES IN THE
NIGHT, AND BAKES THE ELFLOCKS IN FOUL
SLUTTISH HAIRS, WHICH ONCE LINTANGLED,
MUCH MISFORTUNE BODES.



THIS IS THE HAG, WHEN
MAIDS LIE ON THEIR BACKS, THAT
PRESSES THEM AND LEARNS THEM
FIRST TO BEAR, MAKING THEM WOMEN
OF GOOD CARRIAGE: THIS IS
SHE --



PEACE! PEACE,
MERCUTIO.

FOR MY MIND
MISGIVES SOME
CONSEQUENCE YET
HANGING IN THE STARS
SHALL BITTERLY BEGIN
HIS FEARFUL DATE WITH
THIS NIGHT'S Revels
AND EXPIRE THE TERM
OF A DESPISED LIFE
CLOSED IN MY
BREAST BY SOME
VILE FORFEIT OF
INTIMELY
DEATH...



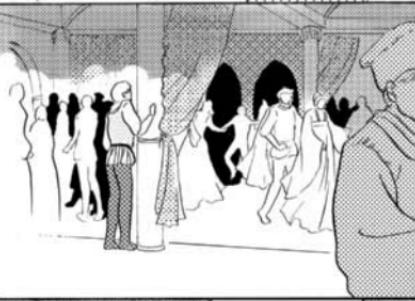




SO SHOWS A SNOWY DOVE
TROPPING WITH CROWS, AS YONDER
LADY O'ER HER FELLOWS SHOWS.



THIS, BY HIS
VOICE, SHOULD BE
A MONTAGUE.



FETCH ME MY RAPIER,
BOY. NOW, BY THE
STOCK AND HONOR OF
MY KIN, TO STRIKE
HIM DEAD I HOLD IT
NOT A SIN.

UNCLE, THIS IS A
MONTAGUE, OUR FOE --
A VILLAIN THAT IS HITHER
COME IN SPITE, TO SCORN AT
OUR SOLEMNITY THIS
NIGHT.





YOUNG
ROMEO, IS IT?



'TIS HE, THAT
VILLAIN ROMEO.



LET HIM ALONE.
VERONA BRAGS OF HIM TO
BE A VIRTUOUS AND WELL-
GOVERNED YOUTH. I WOULD
NOT FOR THE WEALTH OF ALL
THE TOWN HERE IN MY HOUSE
DO HIM DISPARAGEMENT.



I'LL NOT
ENDURE
HIM!



HE SHALL BE
ENDURED.
AM I THE MASTER
HERE, OR YOU?
GO TO!



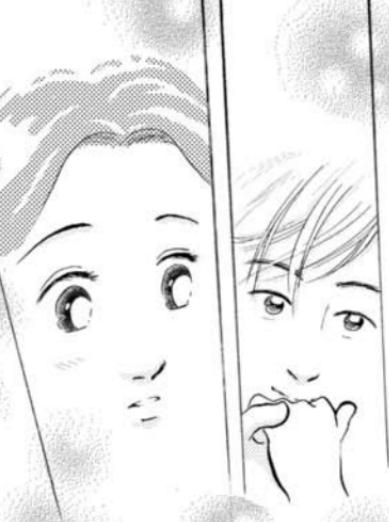
I WILL
WITHDRAW --
BUT THIS INTRUSION
SHALL, NOW SEEMING
SWEET, CONVERT TO
BITTER GALL.



IF I PROFANE WITH
MY UNWORTHIEST HAND
THIS HOLY SHRINE, THE
GENTLE FINE IS THIS:

MY LIPS, TWO
BLUSHING PILGRIMS,
READY STAND TO SMOOTH
THAT ROUGH TOUCH WITH
A TENDER KISS.





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.



HAVE NOT SAINTS
LIPS -- AND HOLY
PALMERS, TOO?

AY, PILGRIM, LIPS
THAT THEY MUST
USE IN PRAYER.



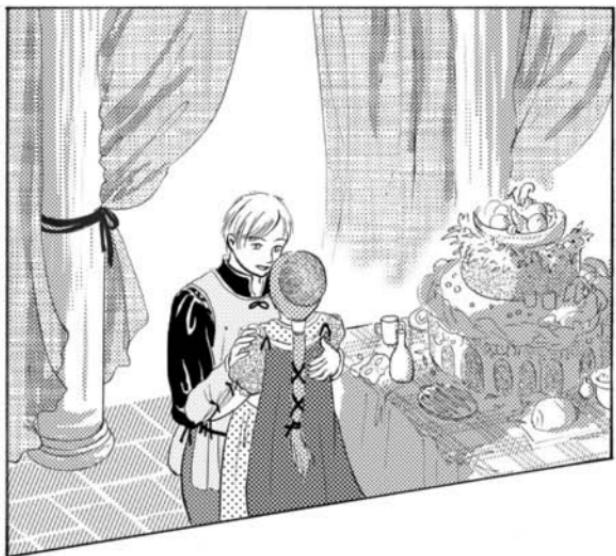
O, THEN, DEAR
SAINT, LET LIPS DO WHAT
HANDS DO: THEY PRAY,
GRANT THOU, LEST FAITH
TURN TO DESPAIR.

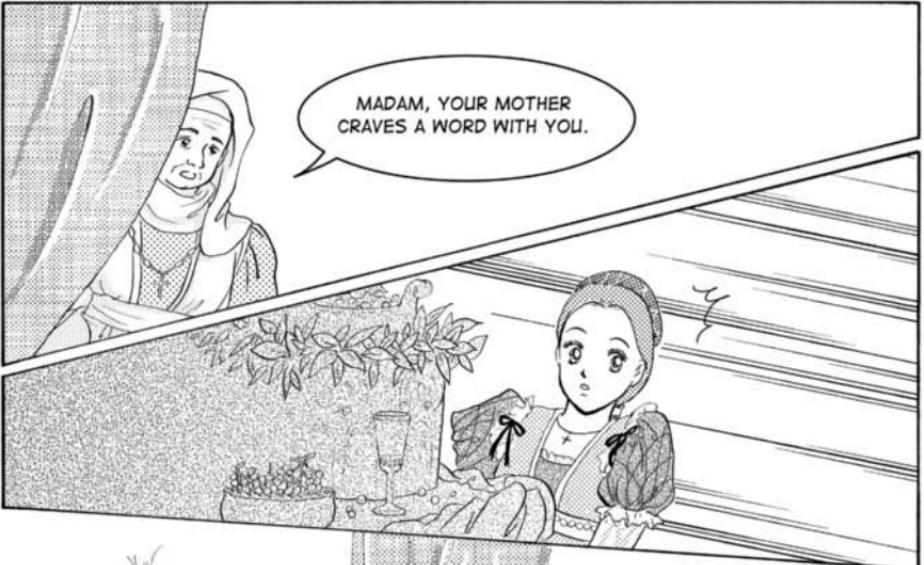


SAINTS DO NOT
MOVE, THOUGH GRANT
FOR PRAYERS' SAKE.

THEN MOVE NOT,
WHILE MY PRAYER'S
EFFECT I TAKE.







MADAM, YOUR MOTHER
CRAVES A WORD WITH YOU.



WHAT IS
HER MOTHER?

HER MOTHER
IS THE LADY OF
THE HOUSE.

I NURSED HER
DAUGHTER, THAT
YOU TALKED
WITHAL.

IS
SHE

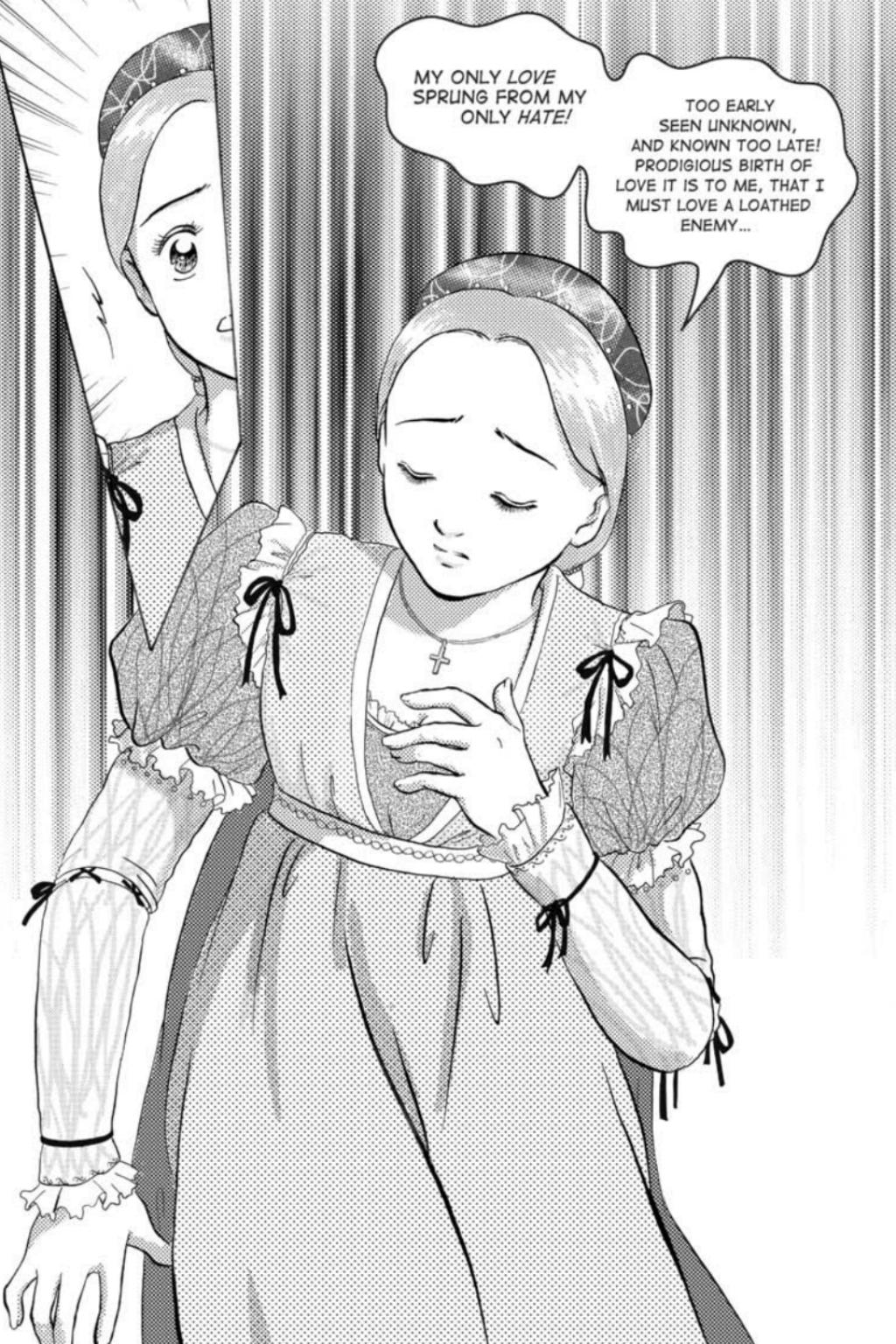
...A
CAPULET?

O DEAR ACCOUNT!
MY LIFE IS MY
FOE'S DEBT.

AWAY, BEGONE
-- THE SPORT IS
AT THE BEST.

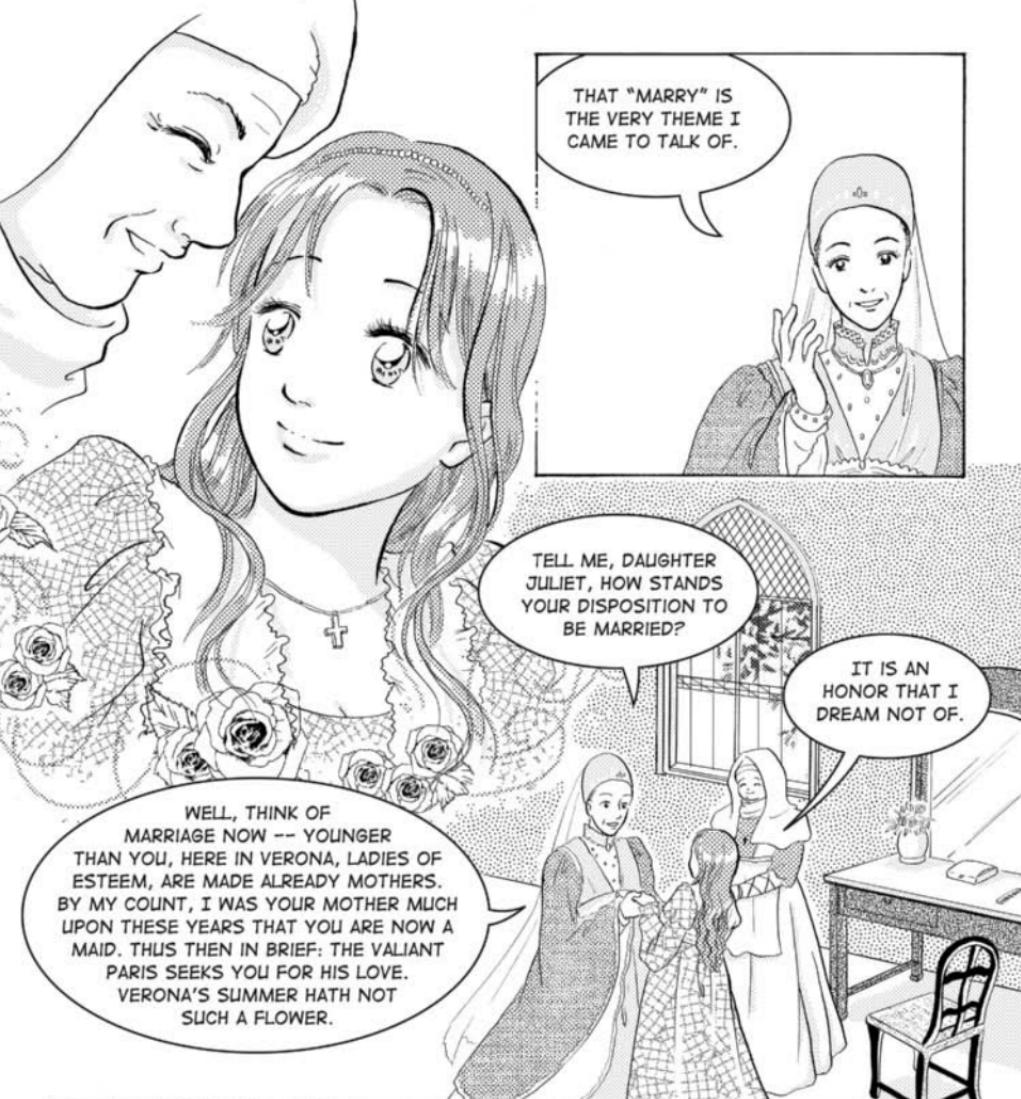
AY, SO I FEAR
-- THE MORE IS
MY UNREST.



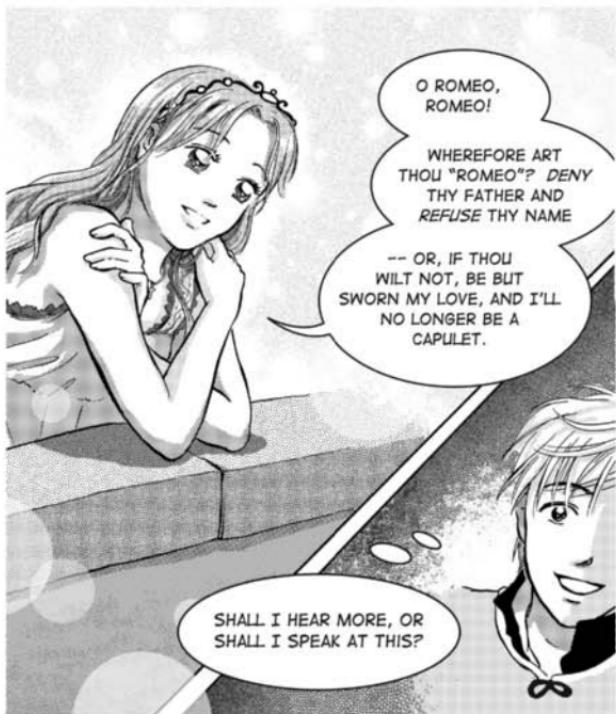


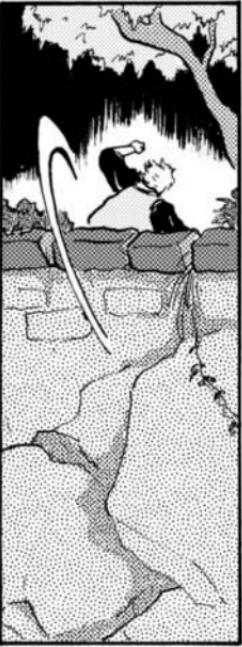
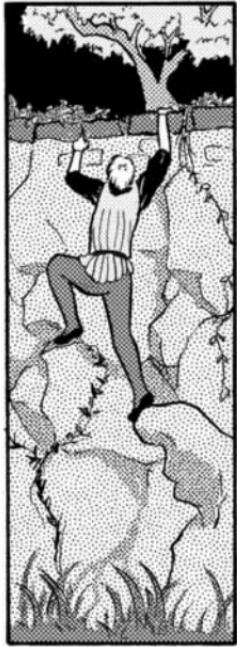
MY ONLY LOVE
SPRUNG FROM MY
ONLY HATE!

TOO EARLY
SEEN UNKNOWN,
AND KNOWN TOO LATE!
PRODIGIOUS BIRTH OF
LOVE IT IS TO ME, THAT I
MUST LOVE A LOATHED
ENEMY...



ACT II





ROMEO, MY COUSIN!

HE IS WISE -- AND, ON
MY LIFE, HATH STOL'N HIM
HOME TO BED.

HE RAN THIS WAY, AND
LEAP'TH THIS ORCHARD WALL.

COME, SHALL
WE GO?

COME, HE HATH HID
HIMSELF AMONG THESE TREES
-- BLIND IS HIS LOVE AND
BEST BEFITS THE DARK.

I CONJURE THEE BY
ROSALINE'S BRIGHT EYES,
BY HER HIGH FOREHEAD AND
HER SCARLET LIP, THAT IN THY
LIKENESS THOU APPEAR TO US!

GO, THEN -- FOR
'TIS IN VAIN TO SEEK HIM
HERE THAT MEANS NOT
TO BE FOUND.



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 ENTRATE 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 DOETH 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!

AY ME!

SHE SPEAKS.

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.

SHALL I HEAR MORE, OR
SHALL I SPEAK AT THIS?

'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 CALLED,
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.

I TAKE THEE AT THY
WORD. CALL ME BUT LOVE,
AND I'LL BE NEW BAPTIZED.
HENCEFORTH I NEVER WILL
BE ROMEO.

WHAT MAN ART
THOU THAT, THUS
BESCREENED IN NIGHT,
SO STUMBLEST ON
MY COUNSEL?

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.

MY EARS HAVE NOT YET
DRUNK A HUNDRED WORDS OF THY
TONGUE'S LITTERANCE, YET I
KNOW THE SOUND:

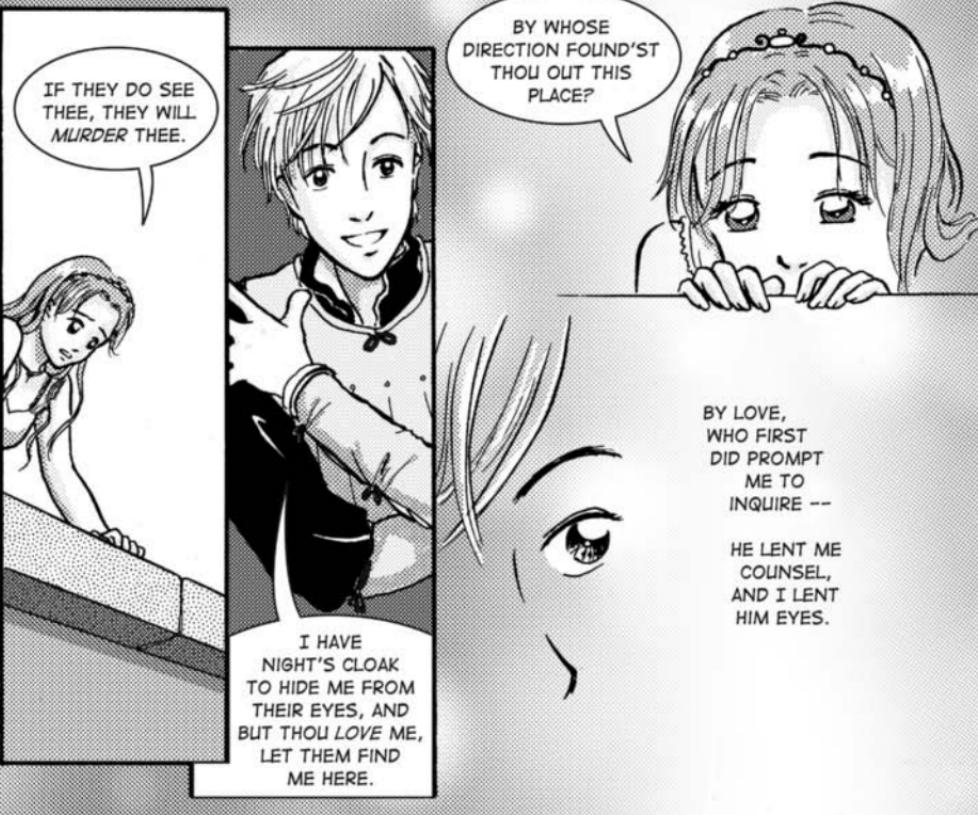
ART THOU NOT ROMEO,
AND A MONTAGUE?

NEITHER, FAIR MAID, IF
EITHER THEE DISLIKE.



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.

WITH LOVE'S LIGHT WINGS
DID I O'ERPERCH THESE WALLS,
FOR STONY LIMITS CANNOT HOLD
LOVE OUT -- THEREFORE THY
KINSMEN ARE NO STOP TO ME.



IF THEY DO SEE
THEE, THEY WILL
MURDER THEE.

BY WHOSE
DIRECTION FOUND'ST
THOU OUT THIS
PLACE?

I HAVE
NIGHT'S CLOAK
TO HIDE ME FROM
THEIR EYES, AND
BUT THOU LOVE ME,
LET THEM FIND
ME HERE.

BY LOVE,
WHO FIRST
DID PROMPT
ME TO
INQUIRE --

HE LENT ME
COUNSEL,
AND I LENT
HIM EYES.

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. O GENTLE
ROMEO, IF THOU DOST
LOVE, PRONOUNCE IT
FAITHFULLY.

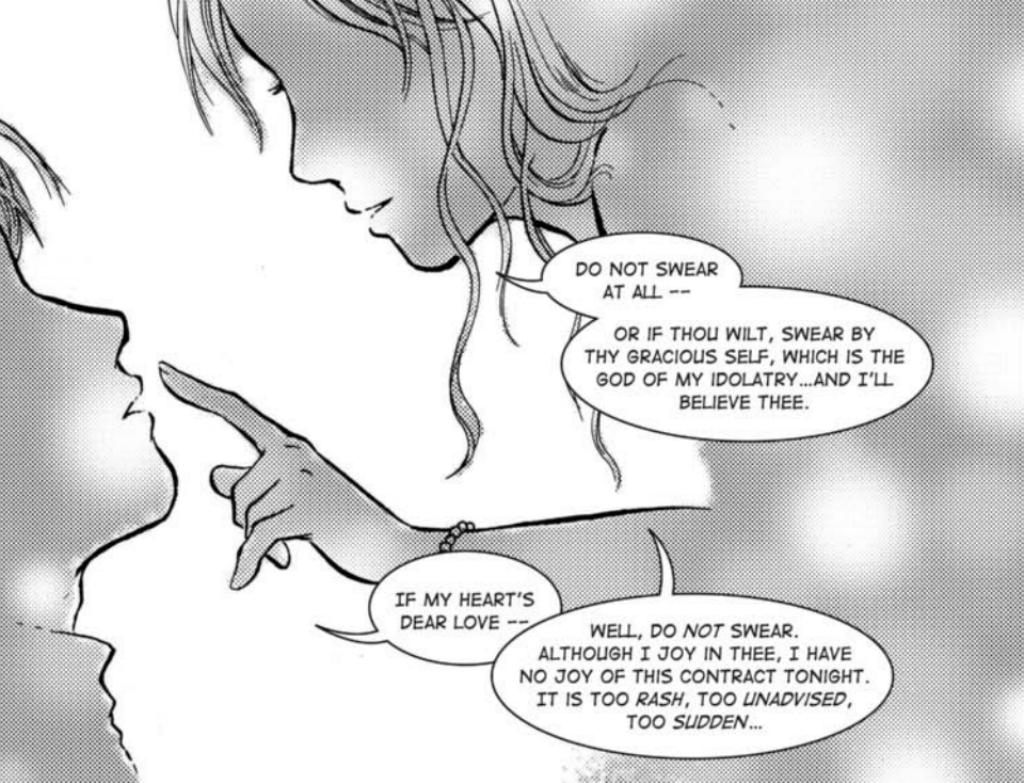
I SHOULD HAVE BEEN
MORE STRANGE, I MUST
CONFESS, BUT THAT THOU
OVERHEARD'ST, ERE I WAS WARE,
MY TRUE-LOVE PASSION. THERE-
FORE PARDON ME, AND NOT
IMPUTE THIS YIELDING TO LIGHT
LOVE, WHICH THE DARK NIGHT
HATH SO DISCOVERED.

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.

LADY,
BY YONDER
BLESSED MOON
I VOW, THAT TIPS
WITH SILVER ALL
THESE FRUIT-TREE
TOPS --

O, SWEAR NOT BY
THE MOON, TH'INCONSTANT
MOON, THAT MONTHLY
CHANGES IN HER CIRCLED ORB
-- LEST THAT THY LOVE
PROVE LIKEWISE VARIABLE.

WHAT SHALL I
SWEAR BY?



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.

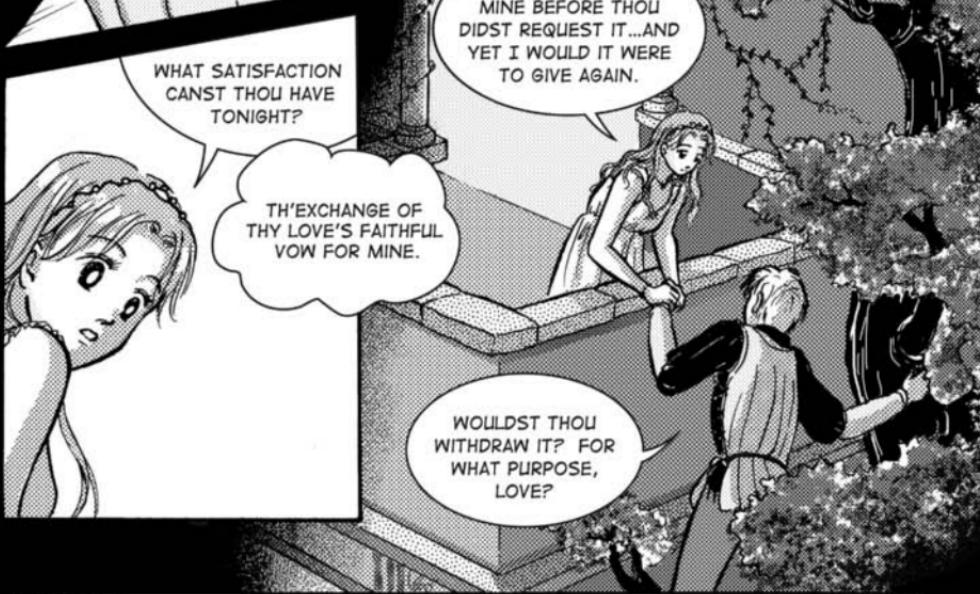
IF MY HEART'S
DEAR LOVE --

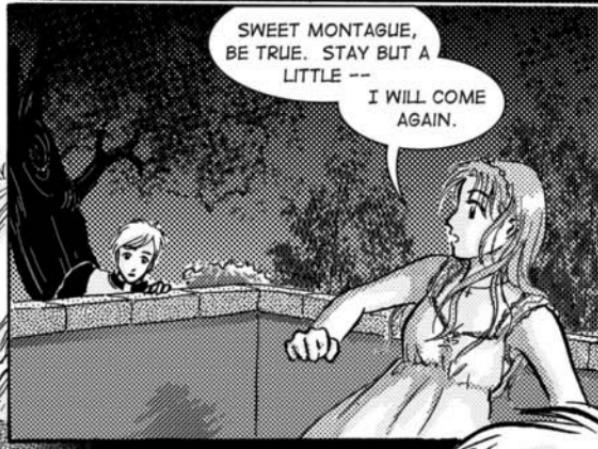
WELL, DO NOT SWEAR.
ALTHOUGH I JOY IN THEE, I HAVE
NO JOY OF THIS CONTRACT TONIGHT.
IT IS TOO RASH, TOO UNADVISED,
TOO SUDDEN...



...TOO LIKE THE
LIGHTNING, WHICH DOOTH
CEASE TO BE ERE ONE CAN
SAY "IT LIGHTENS."

SWEET, GOOD NIGHT! THIS
BLUD 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!







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.



MADAM!



-- BUT IF
THOU MEAN'ST
NOT WELL,
I DO BESEECH
THEE --



MADAM!



I COME,
ANON.



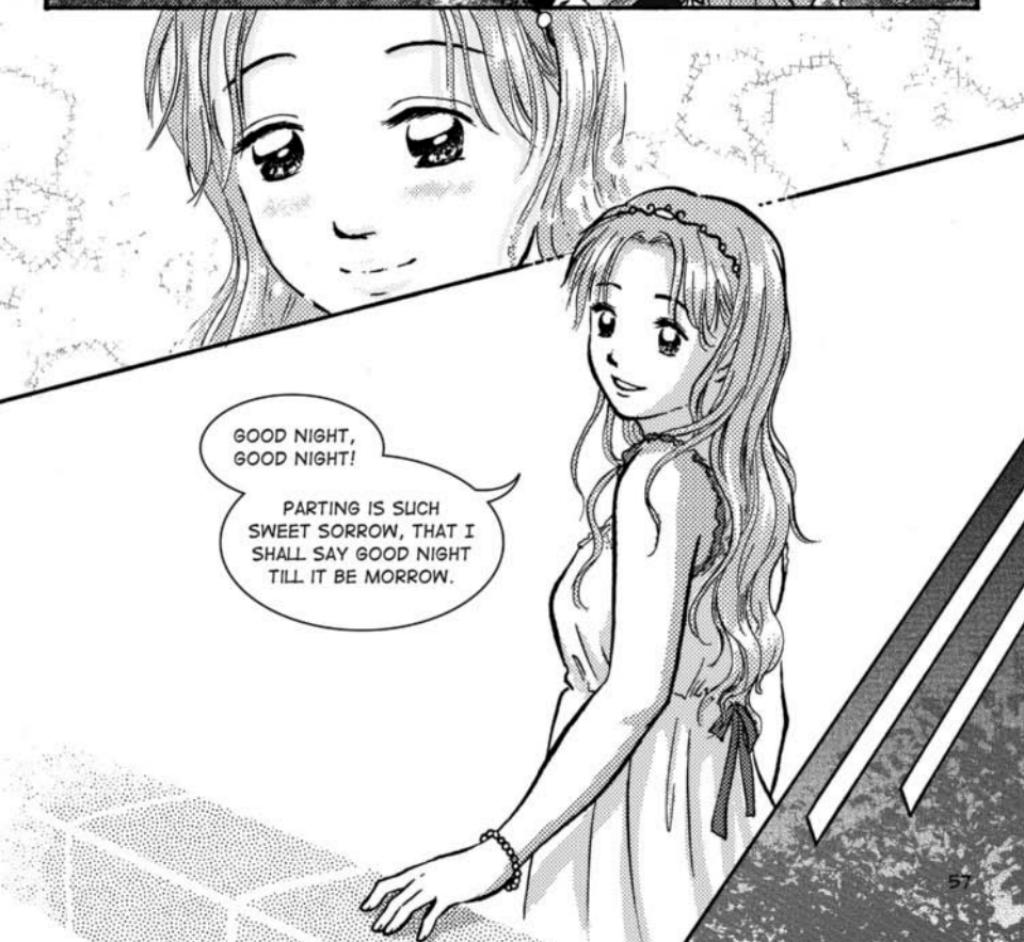
BY AND BY,
I COME!

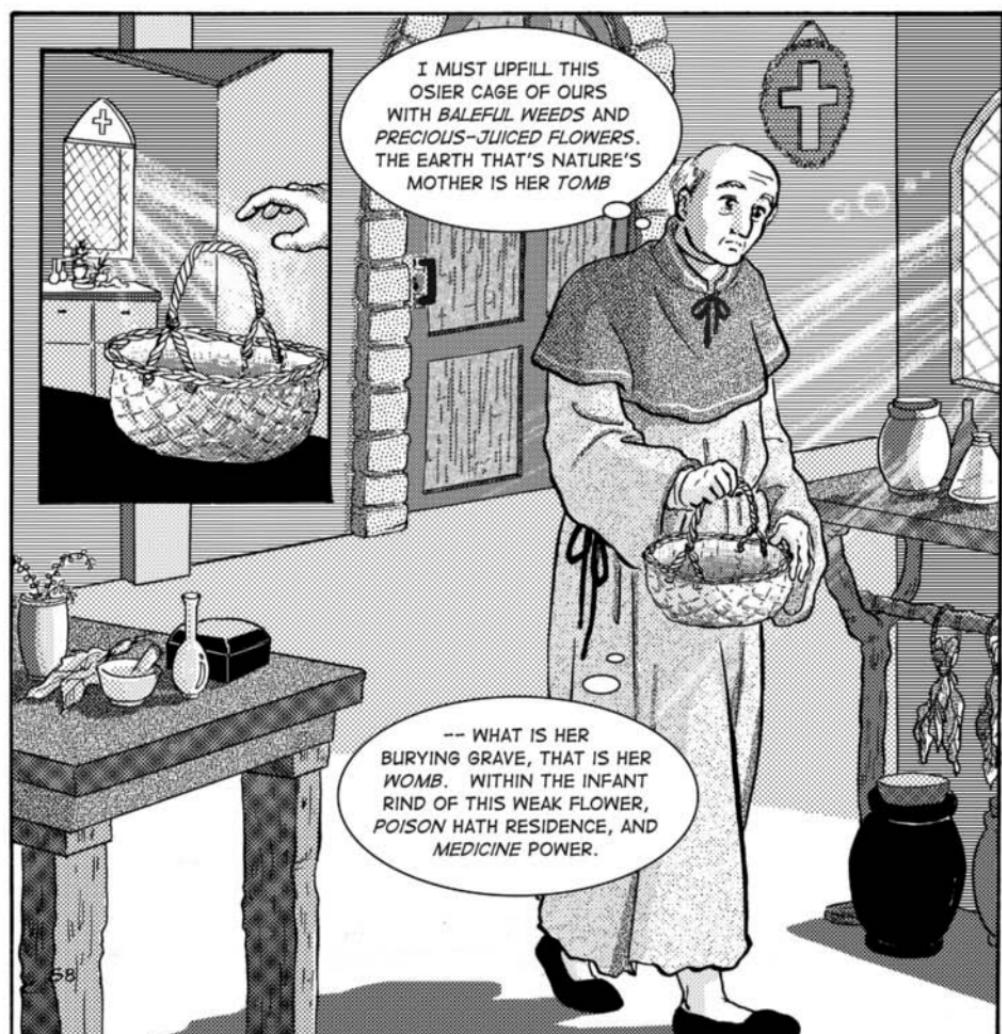
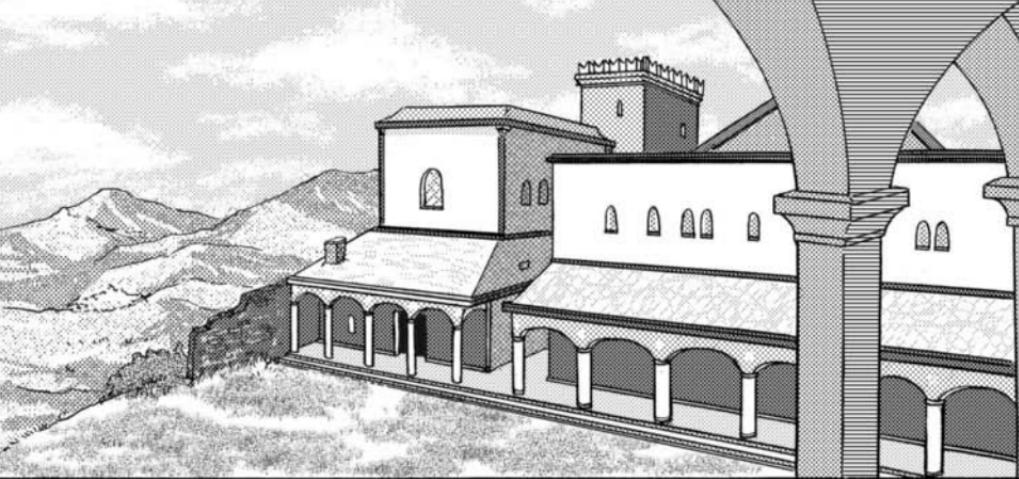


-- TO CEASE
THY SUIT, AND
LEAVE ME TO
MY GRIEF.

TOMORROW
WILL I SEND.









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 COMBINED, SAVE WHAT
THOU MUST COMBINE BY HOLY
MARRIAGE:

WHEN
AND WHERE AND HOW WE
MET, WE WO'D AND MADE
EXCHANGE OF VOW, I'LL TELL THEE
AS WE PASS -- BUT THIS I PRAY:
THAT THOU CONSENT TO
MARRY US TODAY.

HOLY SAINT
FRANCIS, WHAT A
CHANGE IS HERE!

IS ROSALINE, WHOM
THOU DIDST LOVE SO DEAR,
SO SOON FORSAKEN? YOUNG
MEN'S LOVE THEN LIES NOT
TRUELY IN THEIR HEARTS,
BUT IN THEIR EYES.

THOU CHID'ST ME
OFT FOR LOVING
ROSALINE.

FOR DOTTING,
NOT FOR LOVING,
PUPIL MINE.

AND BAD'ST
ME BURY LOVE.

NOT IN A GRAVE
-- TO LAY ONE IN,
ANOTHER OUT TO
HAVE.

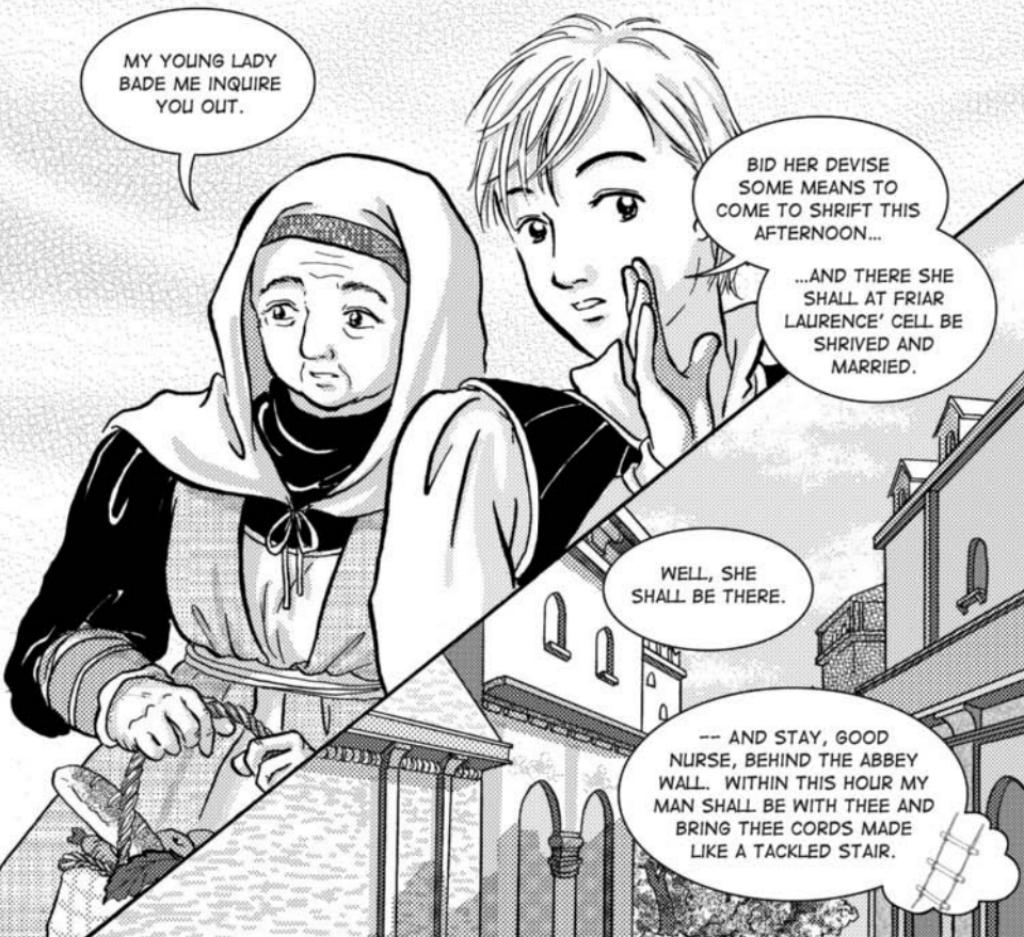
I PRAY THEE,
CHIDE NOT.

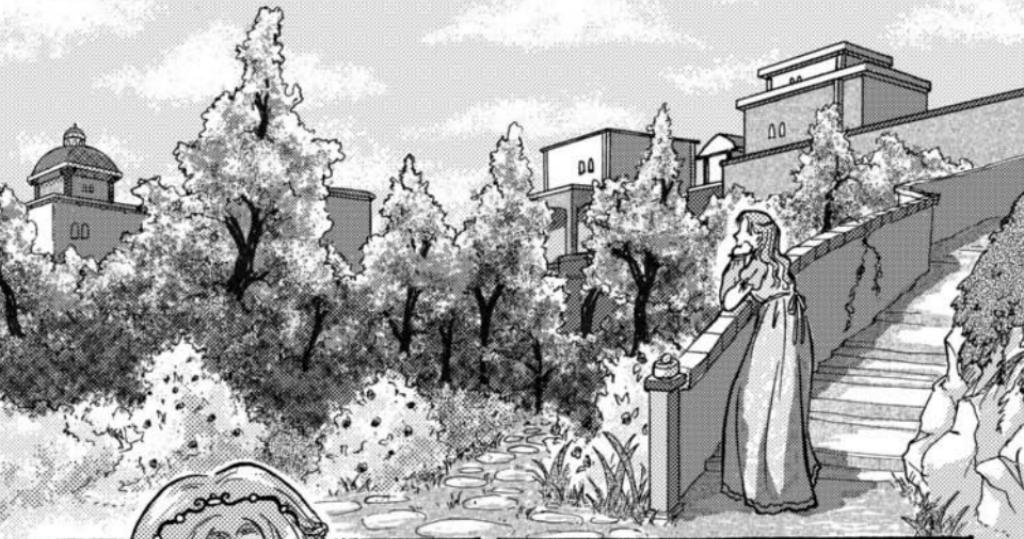
SHE WHOM I
LOVE NOW DOETH
GRACE FOR GRACE
AND LOVE FOR
LOVE ALLOW.

COME, YOUNG
WAVERER, COME, GO
WITH ME. IN ONE
RESPECT I'LL THY
ASSISTANT BE -- FOR
THIS ALLIANCE MAY SO
HAPPY PROVE, TO TURN
YOUR HOUSEHOLDS'
RANCOR TO PURE LOVE.









O HONEY NURSE,
WHAT NEWS?
HAST THOU MET WITH HIM?
LORD, WHY LOOK'ST
THOU SAD?

I AM AWEARY,
GIVE ME LEAVE
AWHILE.

NAY, COME, I
PRAY THEE, SPEAK.
GOOD, GOOD NURSE,
SPEAK.

DO YOU
NOT SEE THAT
I AM OUT OF
BREATH?

HOW ART THOU
OUT OF BREATH,
WHEN THOU HAST
BREATH TO SAY TO ME
THAT THOU ART OUT
OF BREATH?

WHAT SAYS HE
OF OUR MARRIAGE?
WHAT OF THAT?

LORD, HOW MY
HEAD ACHE! WHAT
A HEAD HAVE I! IT
BEATS AS IT WOULD
FALL IN TWENTY
PIECES.

I' FAITH, I AM
SORRY THAT THOU ART
NOT WELL.

SWEET, SWEET,
SWEET NURSE, TELL
ME: WHAT SAYS MY
LOVE?

YOUR LOVE SAYS,
LIKE AN HONEST GENTLE-
MAN, AND A COURTEOUS, AND
A KIND, AND A HANDSOME,
AND, I WARRANT, A
VIRTUOUS --

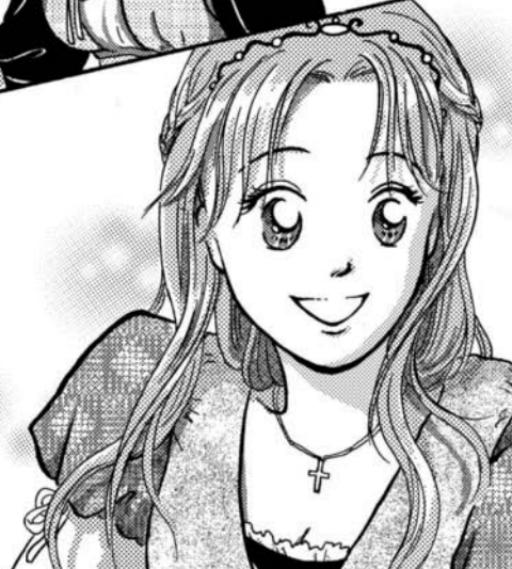
-- WHERE IS
YOUR MOTHER?

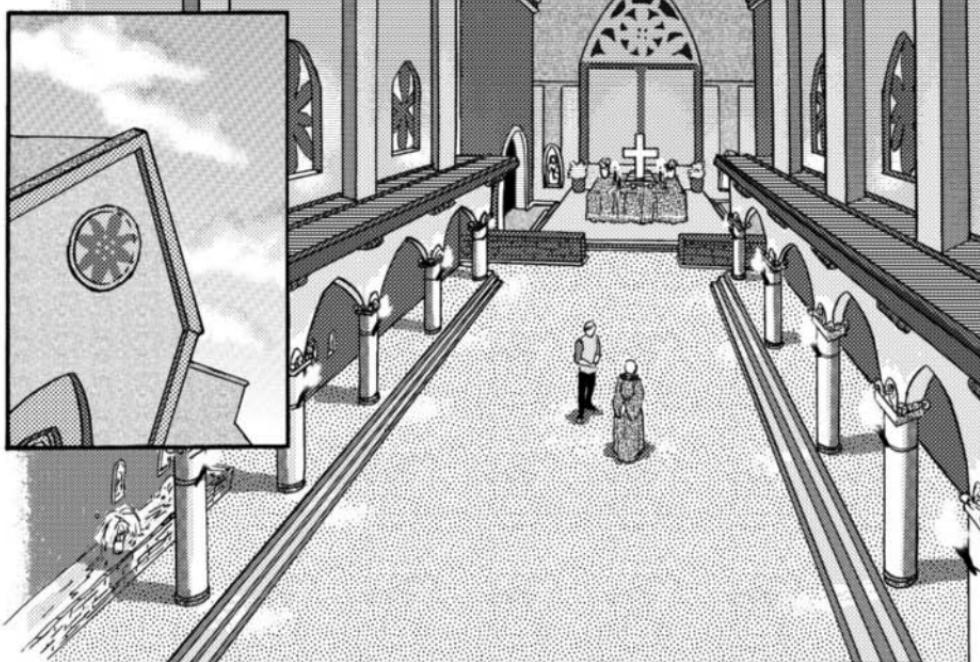
WHERE IS MY
MOTHER??? WHY,
SHE IS WITHIN.
WHERE SHOULD SHE BE?
HOW ODDLY THOU
REPLIED!

HAVE YOU GOT
LEAVE TO GO TO
SHRIFT TODAY?

I HAVE.

THEN HIE YOU
HENCE TO FRIAR
LAURENCE' CELL --
THERE STAYS A
HUSBAND TO MAKE
YOU A WIFE. HIE YOU
TO CHURCH. I MUST
ANOTHER WAY, TO
FETCH A LADDER.
HIE YOU TO THE
CELL.





GOOD EVEN TO
MY GHOSTLY
CONFESSOR.

AH, JULIET, IF THE
MEASURE OF THY JOY
BE HEAPED LIKE MINE,
LET RICH MUSIC'S
TONGUE UNFOLD THE
IMAGINED HAPPINESS
THAT BOTH RECEIVE IN
EITHER BY THIS DEAR
ENCOUNTER.

CONCEIT, MORE RICH
IN MATTER THAN IN
WORDS, BRAGS OF HIS
SUBSTANCE, NOT OF
ORNAMENT. THEY ARE
BUT BEGGARS THAT CAN
COUNT THEIR WORTH -- BUT
MY TRUE LOVE IS GROWN TO
SUCH EXCESS I CANNOT
SUM UP SUM OF HALF
MY WEALTH.



COME,

COME WITH ME, AND WE
WILL MAKE SHORT WORK, FOR,
BY YOUR LEAVES, YOU SHALL NOT
STAY ALONE TILL HOLY CHURCH
INCORPORATE TWO IN ONE...

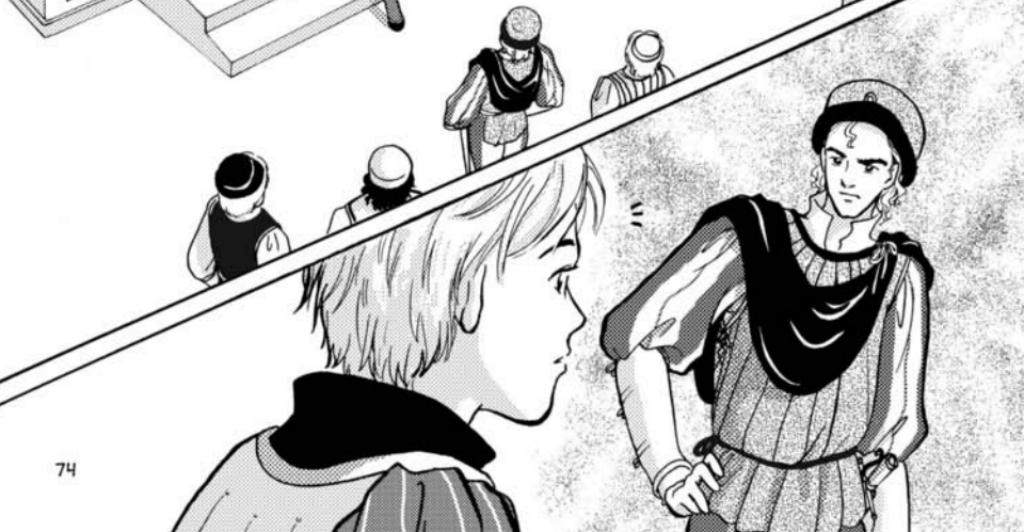
ACT III





EITHER WITHDRAW
UNTO SOME PRIVATE PLACE,
OR ELSE DEPART -- HERE ALL
EYES GAZE ON US.

MEN'S EYES WERE
MADE TO LOOK, AND LET
THEM GAZE. I WILL NOT
BUDGE FOR NO MAN'S
PLEASURE, I.





ROMEO, THE HATE I
BEAR THEE CAN AFFORD
NO BETTER TERM THAN
THIS: THOU ART A
VILLAIN.

TYBALT, THE
REASON THAT I HAVE TO
LOVE THEE DOETH MUCH
EXCUSE THE APPERTAINING
RAGE TO SUCH A
GREETING.

"VILLAIN" AM I
NONE -- THEREFORE,
FAREWELL.. I SEE THOU
KNOW'ST ME NOT.





BOY,

THIS SHALL NOT EXCUSE
THE INJURIES THAT THOU HAST
DONE ME -- THEREFORE, TURN
AND DRAW.



I DO PROTEST I NEVER
INJURED THEE, BUT LOVE THEE
BETTER THAN THOU CANST DEVISE TILL
THOU SHALT KNOW THE REASON OF MY
LOVE. AND SO, GOOD CAPULET --
WHICH NAME I TENDER AS DEARLY
AS MY OWN --

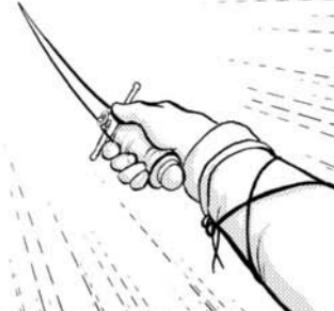
BE SATISFIED.



O CALM,
DISHONORABLE,
VILE SUBMISSION!



TYBALT, YOU
RAT-CATCHER, WILL
YOU WALK?



I AM FOR YOU.

GENTLE
MERCUTIO, PUT
THY RAPIER UP.

COME, SIR!

TYBALT, MERCUTIO,
THE PRINCE EXPRESSLY
HATH FORBIDDEN
BANDYING IN VERONA
STREETS!



GOOD
MERCUTIO!

HOLD,
TYBALT!





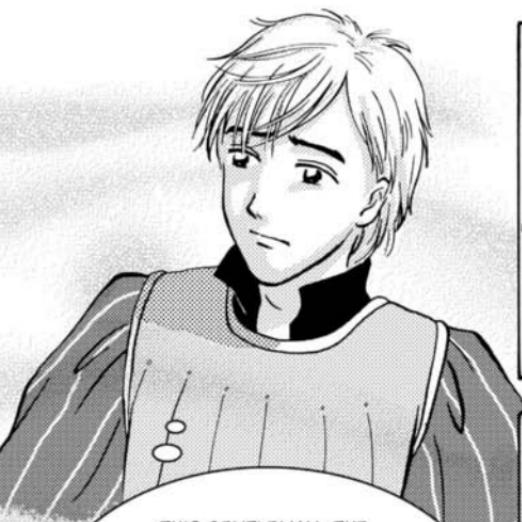
A PLAGUE
O' BOTH
YOUR HOUSES

ART THOU
HURT?

AY, AY, A
SCRATCH, A
SCRATCH. MARRY,
'TIS ENOUGH.

COURAGE, MAN --
THE HURT CANNOT
BE MUCH.

NO, 'TIS NOT SO DEEP
AS A WELL, NOR SO WIDE AS A
CHURCH DOOR -- BUT 'TIS
ENOUGH, 'TWILL SERVE. ASK FOR
ME TOMORROW, AND YOU SHALL
FIND ME A...GRAVE MAN.



THIS GENTLEMAN, THE PRINCE'S NEAR ALLY, MY VERY FRIEND, HATH GOT HIS MORTAL HURT IN MY BEHALF -- MY REPUTATION STAINED WITH TYBALT'S SLANDER -- TYBALT, THAT AN HOUR HATH BEEN MY COUSIN! O SWEET JULIET, THY BEAUTY HATH MADE ME EFFEMINATE AND IN MY TEMPER SOFTENED VALOR'S STEEL!





ALIVE IN
TRIUMPH --
AND
MERCUTIO
SLAIN?

NOW,
TYBALT, TAKE THE
"VILLAIN" BACK AGAIN
THAT LATE THOU
GAVEST ME -- FOR
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.

THIS SHALL
DETERMINE THAT!

THOU, WRETCHED
BOY, THAT DIDST
CONSORT HIM HERE,
SHALT WITH HIM HENCE.





AHHH



ROMEO, AWAY, BE GONE! STAND NOT AMAZED -- THE PRINCE WILL DOOM THEE DEATH IF THOU ART TAKEN.

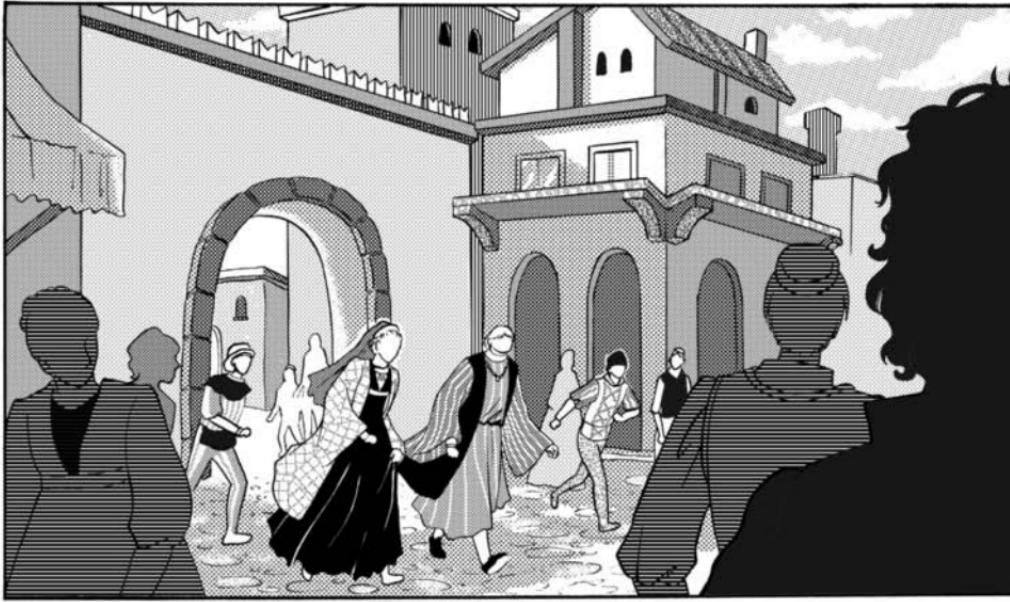


HENCE,
BE GONE,
AWAY!



O, I AM
FORTUNE'S
FOOL!

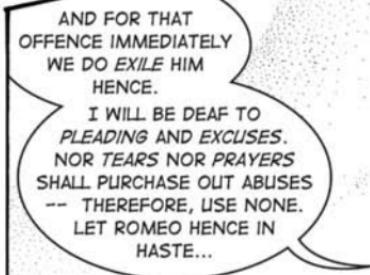


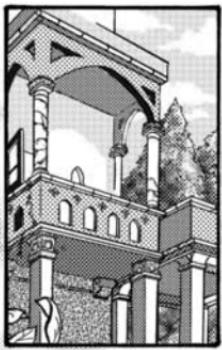


THERE LIES THE MAN,
SLAIN BY YOUNG ROMEO,
THAT SLEW THY KINSMAN,
BRAVE MERCUTIO.

TYBALT, MY
COUSIN!







COME, NIGHT. COME,
ROMEO. COME, THOU
DAY IN NIGHT --

FOR THOU WILT LIE
UPON THE WINGS OF NIGHT
WHITER THAN NEW SNOW ON A
RAVEN'S BACK. COME, GENTLE
NIGHT -- COME, LOVING,
BLACK-BROWED NIGHT. GIVE
ME MY ROMEO.

AND, WHEN HE SHALL
DIE, TAKE HIM AND CUT HIM OUT
IN LITTLE STARS, AND HE WILL MAKE
THE FACE OF HEAVEN SO FINE THAT
ALL THE WORLD WILL BE IN LOVE WITH
NIGHT AND PAY NO WORSHIP TO
THE GARISH SUN.

O, I HAVE BOUGHT THE
MANSION OF A LOVE, BUT NOT
POSSESSED IT -- AND, THOUGH I
AM SOLD, NOT YET ENJOYED. SO
TEDIOUS IS THIS DAY AS IS THE NIGHT
BEFORE SOME FESTIVAL TO AN
IMPATIENT CHILD THAT HATH NEW
ROBES AND MAY NOT WEAR
THEM.



AY,
AY, THE
CORDS.

AY ME! WHAT
NEWS? WHY DOST
THOU WRING THY
HANDS?

WE ARE LINDONE.
HE'S GONE! HE'S
KILLED! HE'S DEAD!



CAN HEAVEN BE
SO ENVIOUS?

ROMEO CAN --
THOUGH HEAVEN
CANNOT. O ROMEO,
ROMEO!



WHAT DEVIL ART
THOU, THAT DOST
TORMENT ME THUS? IF
HE BE SLAIN, SAY "AY"
--- OR IF NOT, "NO."

A PITEOUS CORPSE
-- I SWOONED AT THE
SIGHT.

O, BREAK, MY
HEART! POOR
BANKRUPT, BREAK
AT ONCE!





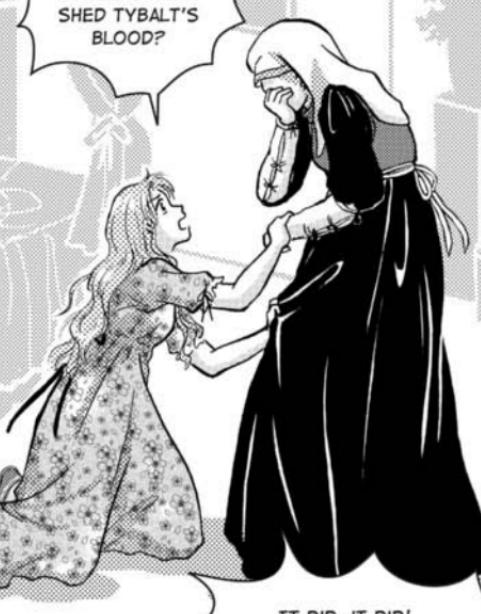
O TYBALT, TYBALT,
THE BEST FRIEND I HAD!
THAT EVER I SHOULD LIVE
TO SEE THEE DEAD!



WHAT STORM IS THIS THAT
BLOWS SO CONTRARY? IS ROMEO
SLAUGHTERED, AND IS TYBALT DEAD? MY
DEAREST COUSIN, AND MY DEARER LORD?
THEN, DREADFUL TRUMPET, SOUND THE
GENERAL DOOM!



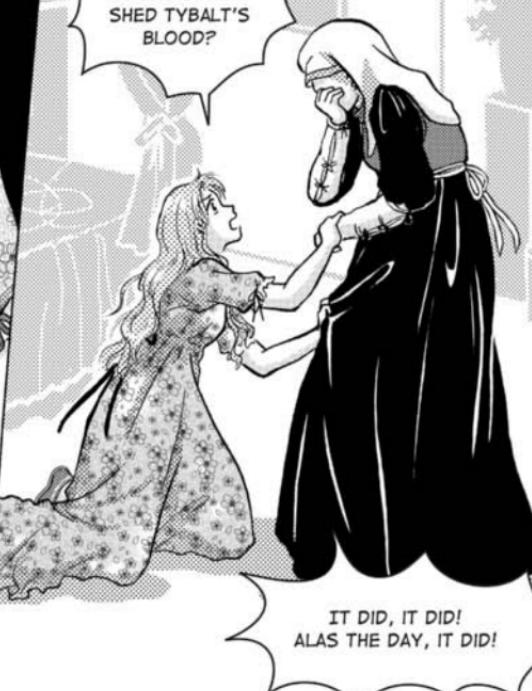
TYBALT IS
GONE, AND ROMEO
BANISHED -- ROMEO,
THAT KILLED HIM, HE
IS BANISHED.



O GOD! DID
ROMEO'S HAND
SHED TYBALT'S
BLOOD?



FOR WHO IS
LIVING, IF THOSE TWO
ARE GONE?



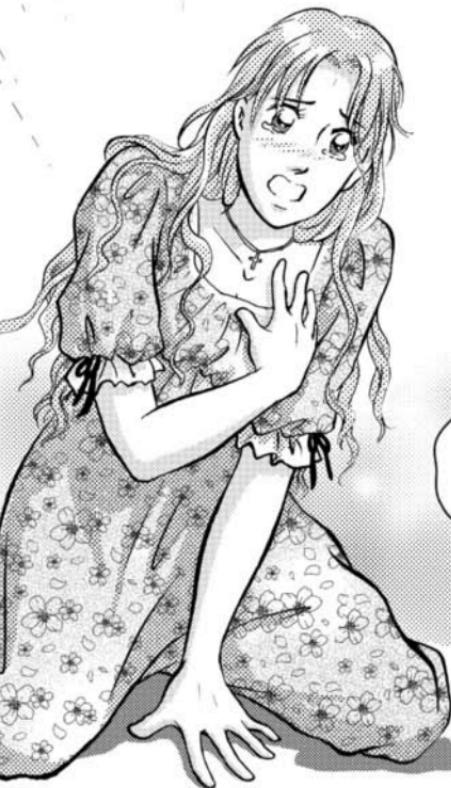
IT DID, IT DID!
ALAS THE DAY, IT DID!

O SERPENT HEART, HID
WITH A FLOWERING FACE! DID
EVER DRAGON KEEP SO FAIR A
CAVE? BEAUTIFUL TYRANT! FIEND
ANGELICAL! JUST OPPOSITE TO
WHAT THOU JUSTLY
SEEM'ST -- A DAMNED
SAINT, AN HONOURABLE
VILLAIN! WAS EVER BOOK
CONTAINING SUCH VILE
MATTER SO FAIRLY
BOUND? O THAT DECEIT
SHOULD DWELL IN SUCH A
GORGEOUS PALACE!

THERE'S NO TRUST, NO FAITH,
NO HONESTY IN MEN -- ALL
PERJURED, ALL FORSWORN, ALL
NAUGHT, ALL DISSEMBLERS.
SHAME COME TO
ROMEO!

BLISTERED BE
THY TONGUE FOR
SUCH A WISH! HE
WAS NOT BORN TO
SHAME. O, WHAT A
BEAST WAS I TO
CHIDE AT HIM!

WILL YOU SPEAK WELL
OF HIM THAT KILLED YOUR
COUSIN?



SHALL I SPEAK ILL OF HIM
THAT IS MY HUSBAND? AH, POOR
MY LORD, WHAT TONGUE SHALL SMOOTH
THY NAME, WHEN I, THY THREE-HOURS
WIFE, HAVE MANGLED IT? MY HUSBAND
LIVES, THAT TYBALT WOULD HAVE SLAIN
-- AND TYBALT'S DEAD, THAT WOULD
HAVE SLAIN MY HUSBAND. ALL
THIS IS COMFORT --
WHEREFORE WEEP I
THEN?

SOME WORD THERE
WAS, WORSER THAN
TYBALT'S DEATH, THAT
MURDERED ME. I WOULD
FORGET IT FAIR -- BUT
O, IT PRESSES TO
MY MEMORY LIKE
DAMNED GUILTY DEEDS TO
SINNERS' MINDS!
"TYBALT IS DEAD, AND
ROMEO -- BANISHED."
THERE IS NO END, NO LIMIT,
MEASURE, BOUND, IN THAT WORD'S
DEATH -- NO WORDS CAN THAT
WOE SOUND.



WHERE IS MY
FATHER, AND MY
MOTHER, NURSE?

WEEPING AND
WAILING OVER TYBALT'S
CORPSE. WILL YOU GO TO
THEM? I WILL BRING YOU
THITHER.

WASH THEY HIS
WOUNDS WITH TEARS?
MINE SHALL BE SPENT WHEN
THEIRS ARE DRY, FOR
ROMEO'S BANISHMENT. COME,
CORDS -- COME, NURSE. I'LL
TO MY WEDDING-BED -- AND
DEATH, NOT ROMEO, TAKE
MY MAIDENHEAD!

HARK YE, YOUR ROMEO
WILL BE HERE AT NIGHT.
I'LL TO HIM -- HE IS HID AT
LAURENCE' CELL.

O, FIND HIM! GIVE THIS
RING TO MY TRUE KNIGHT,
AND BID HIM COME TO TAKE
HIS LAST FAREWELL.

HENCE FROM VERONA
ART THOU BANISHED. BE
PATIENT, FOR THE WORLD IS
BROAD AND WIDE.

THERE IS NO WORLD
WITHOUT VERONA WALLS,
BUT PURGATORY, TORTURE,
HELL ITSELF. HENCE
BANISHED IS BANISHED
FROM THE WORLD. THOU
CUT'ST MY HEAD OFF WITH A
GOLDEN AX AND SMILEST
UPON THE STROKE THAT
MURDERS ME.

O DEADLY SIN! O
RUDE UNTHANKFULNESS!
THIS IS DEAR MERCY, AND
THOU SEEST IT NOT.



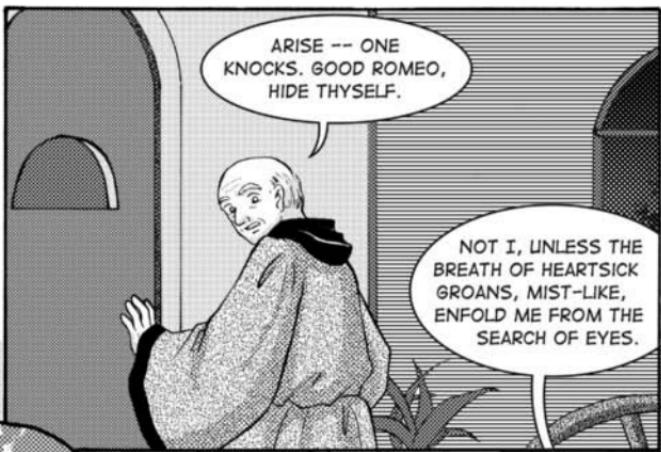
'TIS TORTURE, AND NOT
MERCY. HEAVEN IS HERE,
WHERE JULIET LIVES. AND
EVERY CAT AND DOG AND
LITTLE MOUSE, EVERY
UNWORTHY THING, LIVE HERE IN
HEAVEN AND MAY LOOK ON
HER...BUT ROMEO MAY NOT
-- HE IS BANISHED!

THOU FOND MAD
MAN, HEAR ME A
LITTLE SPEAK --

THOU CANST
NOT SPEAK OF
THAT THOU DOST
NOT FEEL.

WERE THOU AS
YOUNG AS I, JULIET THY
LOVE, AN HOUR BUT
MARRIED, TYBALT MURDERED,
DOTALING LIKE ME AND LIKE
ME BANISHED

-- THEN MIGHTST
THOU SPEAK, THEN
MIGHTST THOU TEAR THY HAIR
AND FALL UPON THE GROUND,
AS I DO NOW, TAKING THE
MEASURE OF AN UNMADE
GRAVE.



SPEAKEST THOU
OF JULIET? HOW IS
IT WITH HER?

DOTH SHE NOT THINK ME AN
OLD MURDERER, NOW I HAVE STAINED
THE CHILDHOOD OF OUR JOY WITH BLOOD
REMOVED BUT LITTLE FROM HER OWN?
WHERE IS SHE? AND HOW DOTH SHE? AND
WHAT SAYS MY CONCEALED LADY TO
OUR CANCELLED LOVE?

O, SHE SAYS NOTHING, SIR,
BUT WEEPS AND WEEPS -- AND NOW
FALLS ON HER BED, AND THEN STARTS
UP, AND TYBALT CALLS -- AND THEN
ON ROMEO CRIES, AND THEN
DOWN FALLS AGAIN.

AS IF THAT NAME, SHOT
FROM THE DEADLY LEVEL OF A
GUN, DID MURDER HER -- AS THAT
NAME'S CURSED HAND MURDERED HER
KINSMAN. O, TELL ME, FRIAR, TELL
ME, IN WHAT VILE PART OF THIS
ANATOMY DOOTH MY NAME
LODGE?

TELL ME, THAT I
MAY SACK THE
HATEFUL MANSION!

HOLD THY DESPERATE
HAND! ART THOU A MAN? THY
FORM CRIES OUT THOU ART -- THY
TEARS ARE WOMANISH -- THY WILD
ACTS DENOTE THE UNREASONABLE
FURY OF A BEAST. HAST THOU
SLAIN TYBALT? WILT THOU
SLAY THYSELF?

AND SLAY THY LADY
TOO THAT LIVES IN THEE,
BY DOING DAMNED HATE
UPON THYSELF?

"WHAT, ROUSE
THEE, MAN! THY
JULIET IS ALIVE, FOR
WHOSE DEAR SAKE THOU
WAST BUT LATELY DEAD.
THERE ART THOU HAPPY.
TYBALT WOULD KILL THEE, BUT
THOU SLEWEST TYBALT.
THERE ART THOU HAPPY TOO.
THE LAW, THAT THREATENED
DEATH, BECOMES THY
FRIEND AND TURNS IT TO
EXILE. THERE ART
THOU HAPPY.

GO, GET THEE TO THY LOVE, AS
WAS DECREED, ASCEND HER CHAMBER,
HENCE AND COMFORT HER. BUT LOOK THOU STAY
NOT TILL THE WATCH BE SET, FOR THEN THOU CANST
NOT PASS TO MANTUA, WHERE THOU SHALT LIVE TILL WE
CAN FIND A TIME TO BLAZE YOUR MARRIAGE, RECONCILE
YOUR FRIENDS, BEG PARDON OF THE PRINCE, AND CALL
THEE BACK WITH TWENTY HUNDRED THOUSAND TIMES
MORE JOY THAN THOU WENT'ST FORTH IN
LAMENTATION.

A PACK OF BLESSINGS
LIGHTS UP UPON THY BACK --
HAPPINESS COURTS THEE IN HER BEST
ARRAY -- BUT LIKE A MISBEHAVED AND
Sullen WENCH, THOU POUT'ST UPON THY
FORTUNE AND THY LOVE. TAKE HEED,
TAKE HEED, FOR SUCH DIE
MISERABLE.

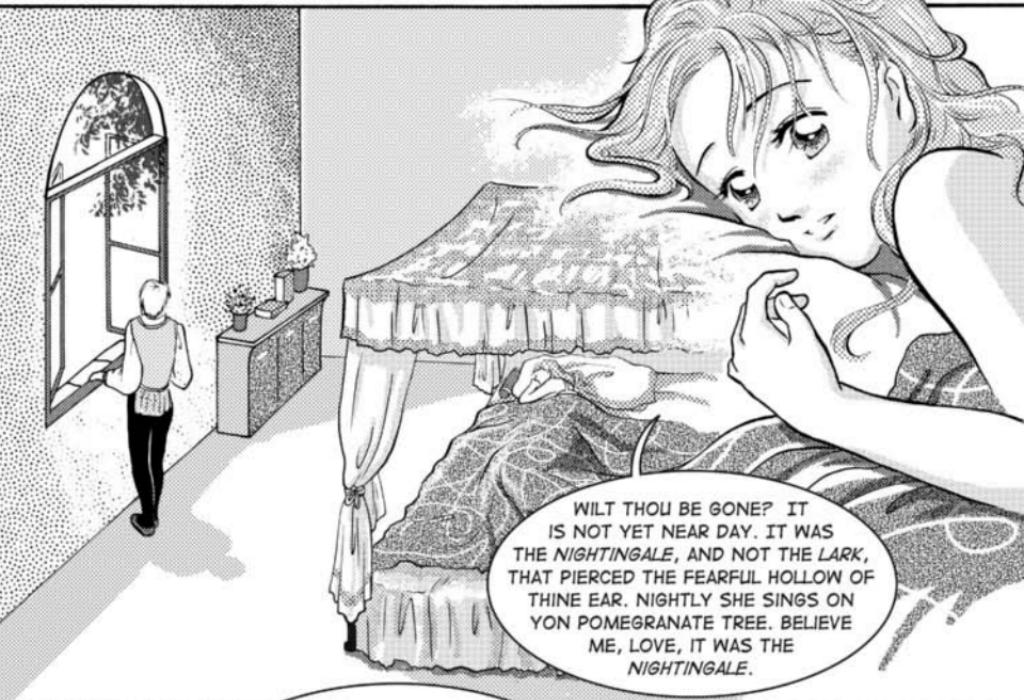
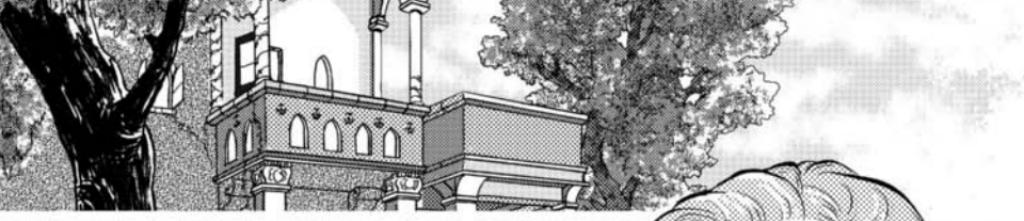
GO BEFORE, NURSE
-- COMMEND ME TO THY
LADY, AND BID HER HASTEN
ALL THE HOUSE TO BED...
...ROMEO IS COMING.

HERE, SIR, A
RING SHE BID ME
GIVE YOU, SIR.

HOW WELL MY
COMFORT IS REVIVED
BY THIS!

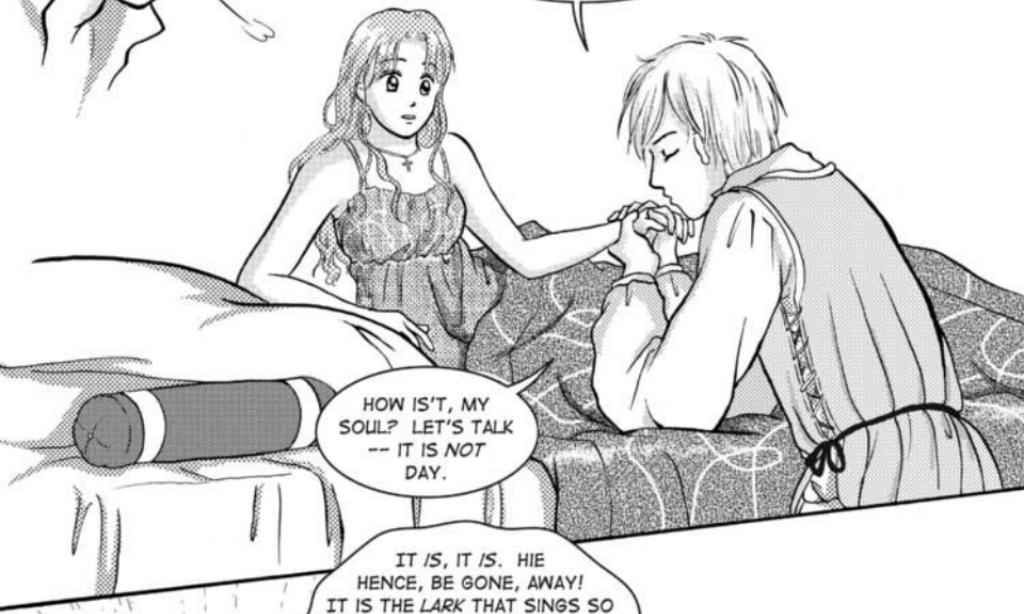




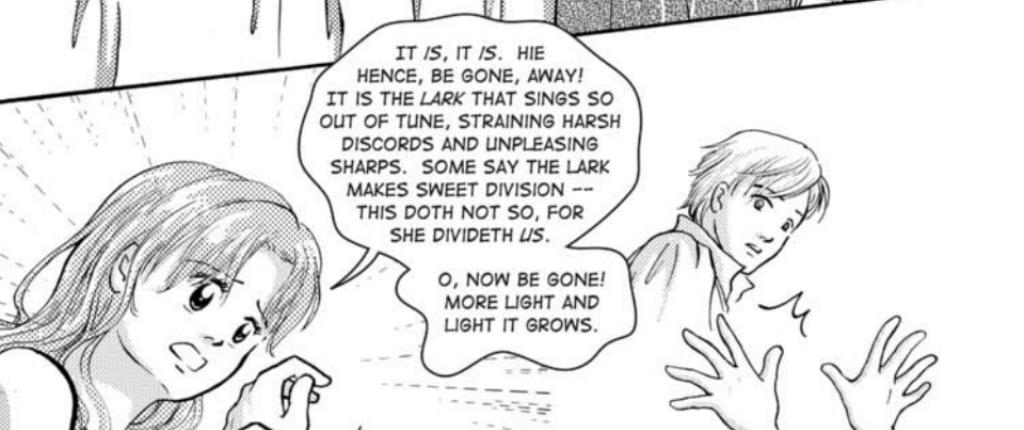




LET ME BE TA'EN! LET
ME BE PUT TO DEATH! I AM
CONTENT, SO THOU WILT HAVE IT
SO. I HAVE MORE CARE TO STAY
THAN WILL TO GO. COME, DEATH,
AND WELCOME! JULIET
WILLS IT SO.



HOW IS'T, MY
SOUL? LET'S TALK
-- IT IS NOT
DAY.



IT IS, IT IS. HIE
HENCE, BE GONE, AWAY!
IT IS THE LARK THAT SINGS SO
OUT OF TUNE, STRAINING HARSH
DISCORDS AND UNPLEASING
SHARPS. SOME SAY THE LARK
MAKES SWEET DIVISION --
THIS DOETH NOT SO, FOR
SHE DIVIDETH US.

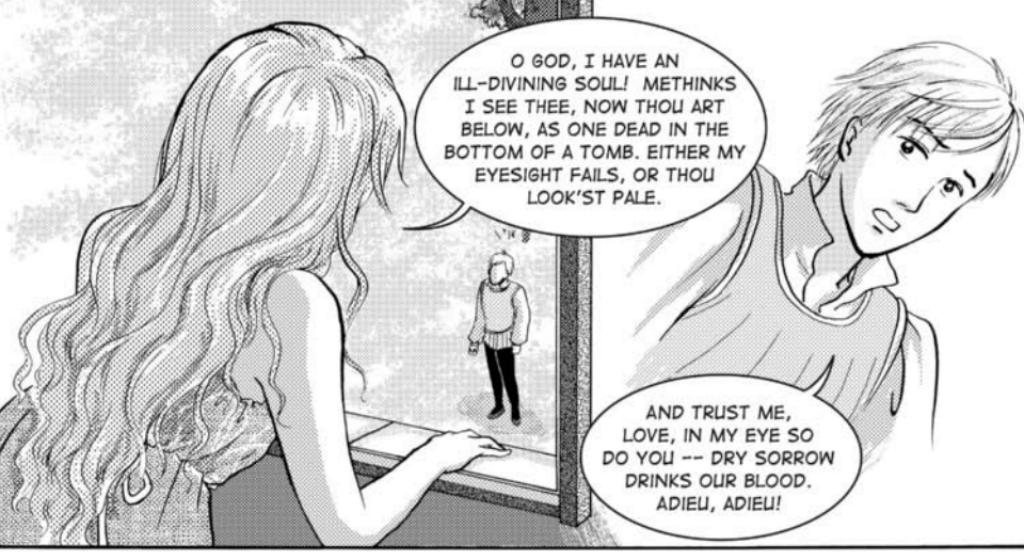


O, NOW BE GONE!
MORE LIGHT AND
LIGHT IT GROWS.



MORE LIGHT AND
LIGHT -- MORE DARK
AND DARK OUR
WOES.







AY, MADAM, FROM
THE REACH OF THESE MY
HANDS. WOULD NONE BUT
I MIGHT VENGE MY
COUSIN'S DEATH!

THEN WEEP NO
MORE. I'LL SEND TO
ONE IN MANTUA SHALL
GIVE HIM SUCH AN
UNACCUSTOMED DRAM
THAT HE SHALL SOON KEEP
TYBALT COMPANY. BUT
NOW I'LL TELL THEE
JOYFUL TIDINGS,
GIRL.

WHAT ARE THEY,
I BESEECH YOUR
LADYSHIP?

MARRY, MY CHILD, EARLY
NEXT THURSDAY MORN, THE
GALLANT, YOUNG AND NOBLE
GENTLEMAN, THE COUNTY PARIS, AT
SAINT PETER'S CHURCH, SHALL
HAPPILY MAKE THEE THERE...A
JOYFUL BRIDE!

HE SHALL NOT MAKE
ME THERE 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
ROMEY -- WHOM YOU
KNOW I HATE -- RATHER
THAN PARIS.

TELL HIM SO
YOURSELF, AND SEE
HOW HE WILL TAKE IT
AT YOUR HANDS!

HAVE YOU
DELIVERED TO HER
OUR DECREE?

AY, SIR -- BUT SHE WILL
NONE, SHE GIVES YOU THANKS.
I WOULD THE FOOL WERE
MARRIED TO HER GRAVE!

DOTH SHE NOT
COUNT HER BLEST, THAT
WE HAVE WROUGHT SO
WORTHY A GENTLEMAN
TO BE HER BRIDE?

I TELL THEE
WHAT: GET THEE TO
CHURCH O' THURSDAY,
OR NEVER AFTER LOOK
ME IN THE FACE.

SPEAK NOT, REPLY
NOT, DO NOT ANSWER
ME! AN YOU BE MINE, I'LL
GIVE YOU TO MY FRIEND. AN
YOU BE NOT? HANG, BEG,
STARVE, DIE IN THE STREETS --
FOR BY MY SOUL, I'LL NE'R
ACKNOWLEDGE THEE, NOR
WHAT IS MINE SHALL
NEVER DO THEE
GOOD!



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.



FAITH, HERE IT IS:
SINCE THE CASE SO STANDS
AS NOW IT DOETH, I THINK IT BEST YOU
MARRIED WITH THE COUNTY. O, HE'S A
LOVELY GENTLEMAN! ROMEO'S A
DISHCLOUT TO HIM.





WELL, THOU HAST
COMFORTED ME MARVELOUS
MUCH. GO IN AND TELL MY LADY I
AM GONE, HAVING DISPLEASED MY
FATHER, TO LAURENCE' CELL, TO
MAKE CONFESSION AND TO
BE ABSOLVED.

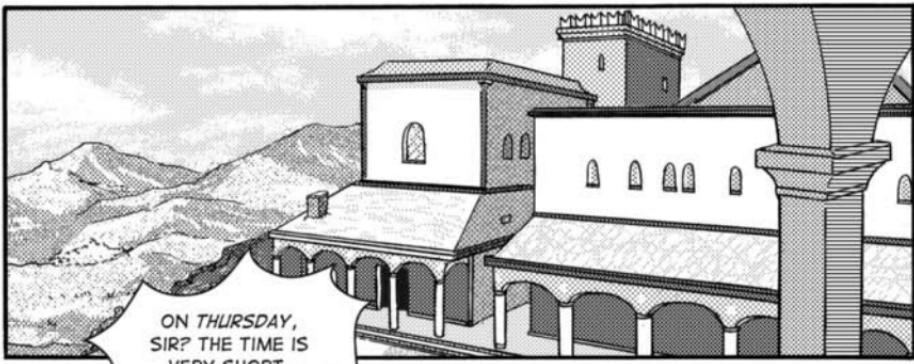
MARRY, I WILL,
AND THIS IS WISELY
DONE.

O MOST WICKED
FIEND! GO, COUNSELOR!
THOU AND MY BOSOM
HENCEFORTH SHALL BE TWAIN.
I'LL TO THE FRIAR, TO
KNOW HIS REMEDY.

IF ALL ELSE FAIL,
MYSELF HAVE
POWER TO DIE.

ACT IV





ON THURSDAY,
SIR? THE TIME IS
VERY SHORT.

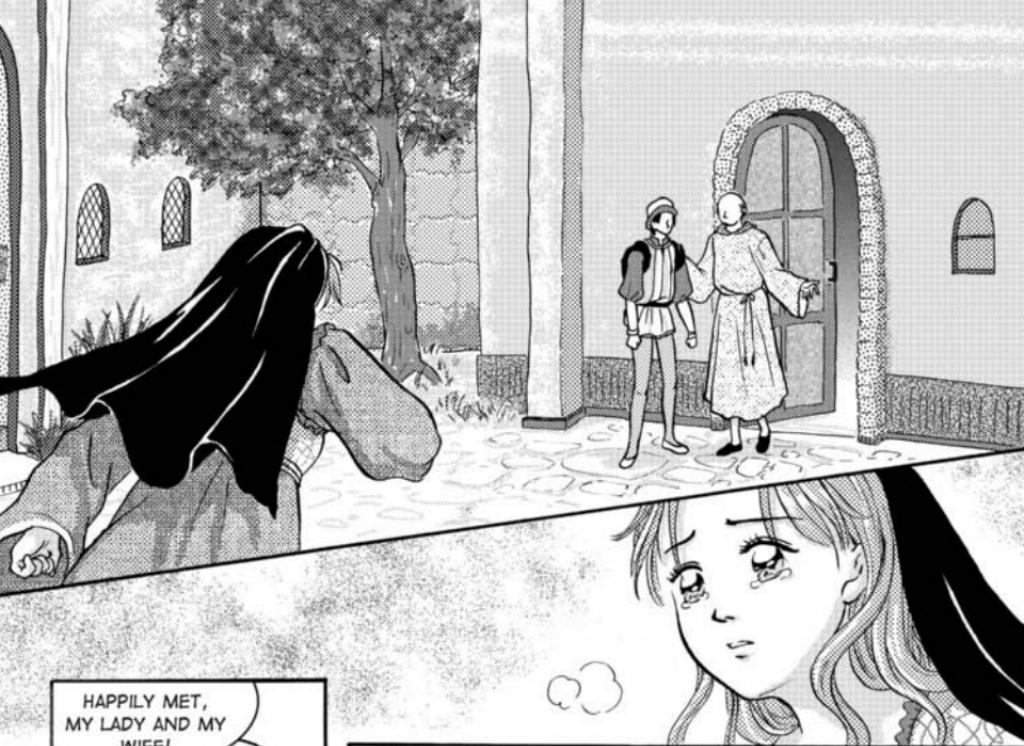


IMMODERATELY
SHE WEEPS FOR
TYBALT'S DEATH.

NOW, SIR, HER FATHER
COUNTS IT DANGEROUS THAT
SHE DOOTH GIVE HER SORROW SO
MUCH SWAY, AND IN HIS WISDOM
HASTES OUR MARRIAGE, TO
STOP THE INUNDATION OF
HER TEARS.



I WOULD I KNEW
NOT WHY IT SHOULD
BE SLOWED...





ARE YOU AT
LEISURE, HOLY
FATHER,

NOW?

MY LORD, WE
MUST ENTREAT THE
TIME ALONE.

TILL THEN, ADIEU,
AND KEEP THIS HOLY
KISS.

JULIET, ON
THURSDAY EARLY
WILL I ROUSE YE.



IF, IN THY WISDOM,
THOU CANST GIVE NO HELP,
DO THOU BUT CALL MY
RESOLUTION WISE...

...AND WITH THIS
KNIFE I'LL HELP IT
PRESENTLY. GOD JOINED MY
HEART AND ROMEOS'S, THOU OUR
HANDS. AND ERE THIS HAND, BY THEE TO
ROMESE SEALED, SHALL BE THE LABEL TO
ANOTHER DEED, OR MY TRUE HEART
WITH TREACHEROUS REVOLT TURN TO
ANOTHER, THIS SHALL SLAY
THEM BOTH.

HOLD,
DAUGHTER.





GO HOME. BE
MERRY. GIVE CONSENT
TO MARRY PARIS.

WEDNESDAY IS
TOMORROW.

TOMORROW NIGHT LOOK
THAT THOU LIE ALONE -- LET
NOT THY NURSE LIE WITH THEE
IN THY CHAMBER.

TAKE THOU THIS VIAL,
BEING THEN IN BED, AND
THIS DISTILLED LIQUOR
DRINK THOU OFF.

NO WARMTH, NO
BREATH, SHALL TESTIFY
THOU LIVEST.

THE ROSES IN THY LIPS
AND CHEEKS SHALL FADE TO
WANNY 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.

AND IN THIS BORROWED
LIKENESS OF SHRUNK DEATH, THOU
SHALT CONTINUE TWO-AND-FORTY
HOURS -- AND THEN AWAKE AS
FROM A PLEASANT SLEEP.

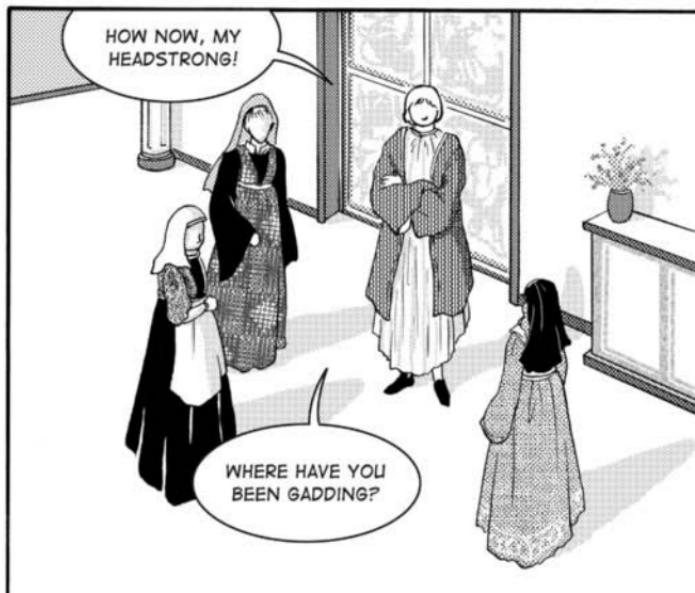
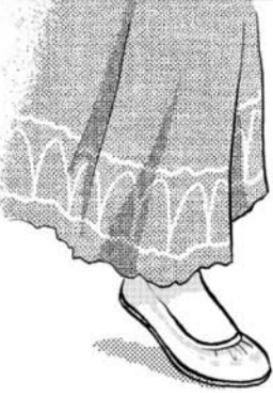
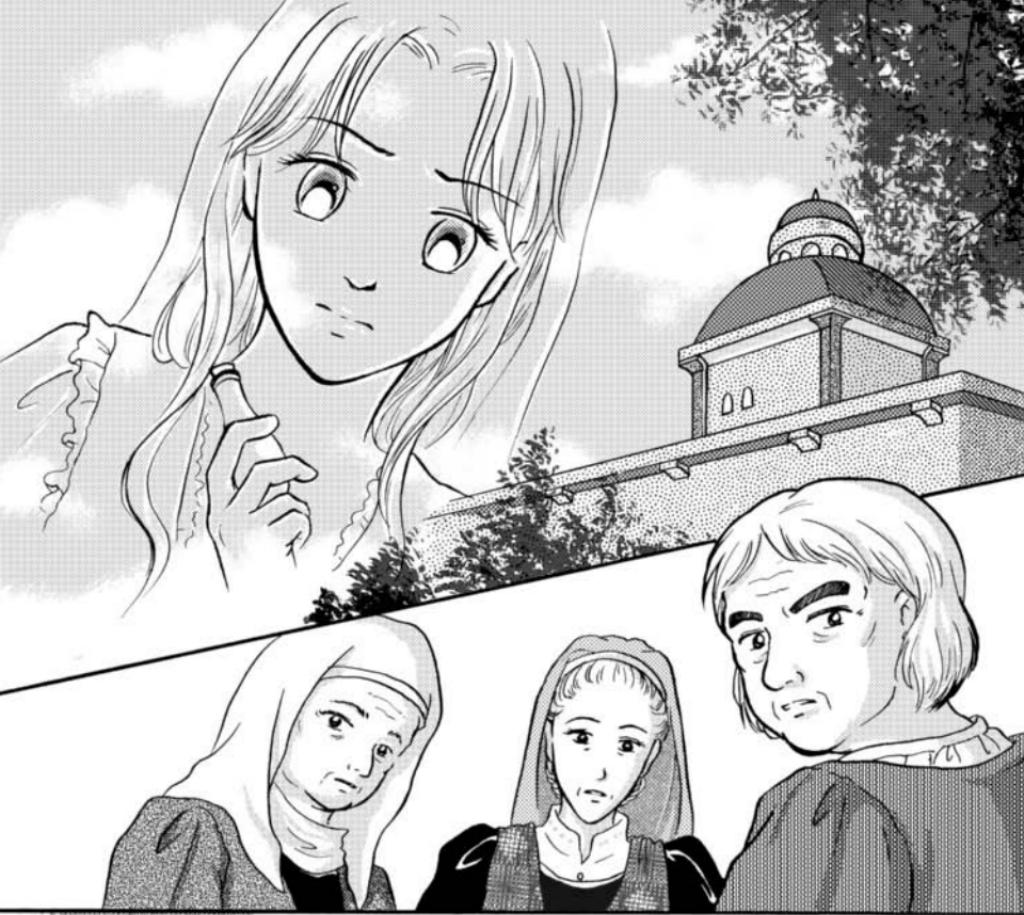
NOW, WHEN THE
BRIDEGROOM IN THE MORNING
COMES TO ROUSE THEE FROM THY BED,
THERE ART THOU "DEAD." THOU SHALT BE
BORNE TO THAT SAME ANCIENT VAULT
WHERE ALL THE KINDRED OF THE
CAPULETS LIE.

IN THE MEANTIME,
AGAINST THOU SHALT AWAKE,
SHALL ROMEO BY MY LETTERS KNOW
OUR DRIFT, AND HITHER SHALL HE
COME, AND HE AND I WILL
WATCH THY WAKING...

...AND THAT VERY
NIGHT SHALL ROMEO
BEAR THEE HENCE TO
MANTUA.

GIVE ME,
GIVE ME!

I'LL SEND A FRIAR WITH
SPEED TO MANTUA, WITH MY
LETTERS TO THY LORD.



WHERE I HAVE LEARNED ME
TO REPENT THE SIN OF DISOBEDIENT
OPPOSITION TO YOU AND YOUR BEHESTS,
AND AM ENJOINED BY HOLY LAURENCE
TO FALL PROSTRATE HERE, AND BEG
YOUR PARDON.

PARDON, I BESEECH
YOU! HENCEFORWARD I AM
EVER RULED BY YOU.

I MET THE YOUTHFUL
LORD AT LAURENCE' CELL AND
GAVE HIM WHAT BECOMEDE
LOVE I MIGHT.

SEND FOR
THE COUNTY --
GO TELL HIM OF
THIS. I'LL HAVE
THIS KNOT KNIT
UP TOMORROW
MORNING.

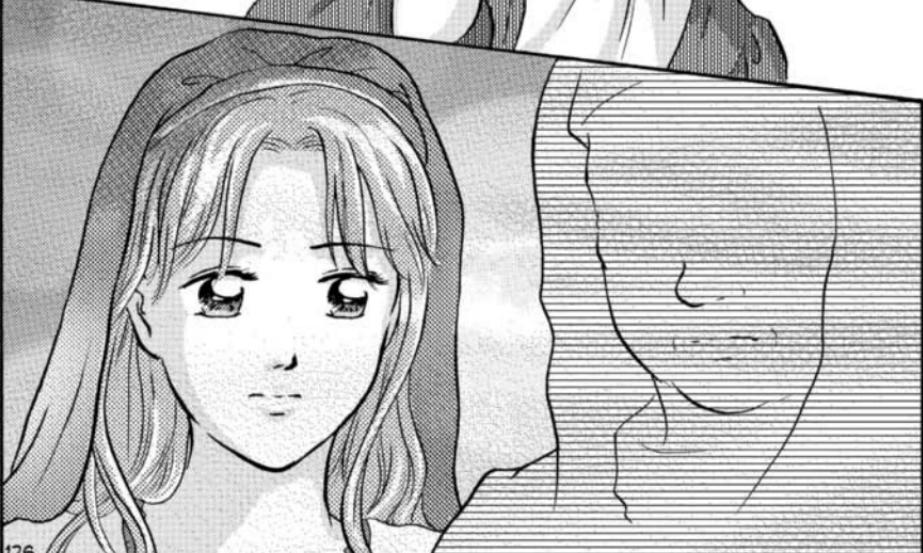
THIS IS AS'T
SHOULD BE. LET ME
SEE THE COUNTY.

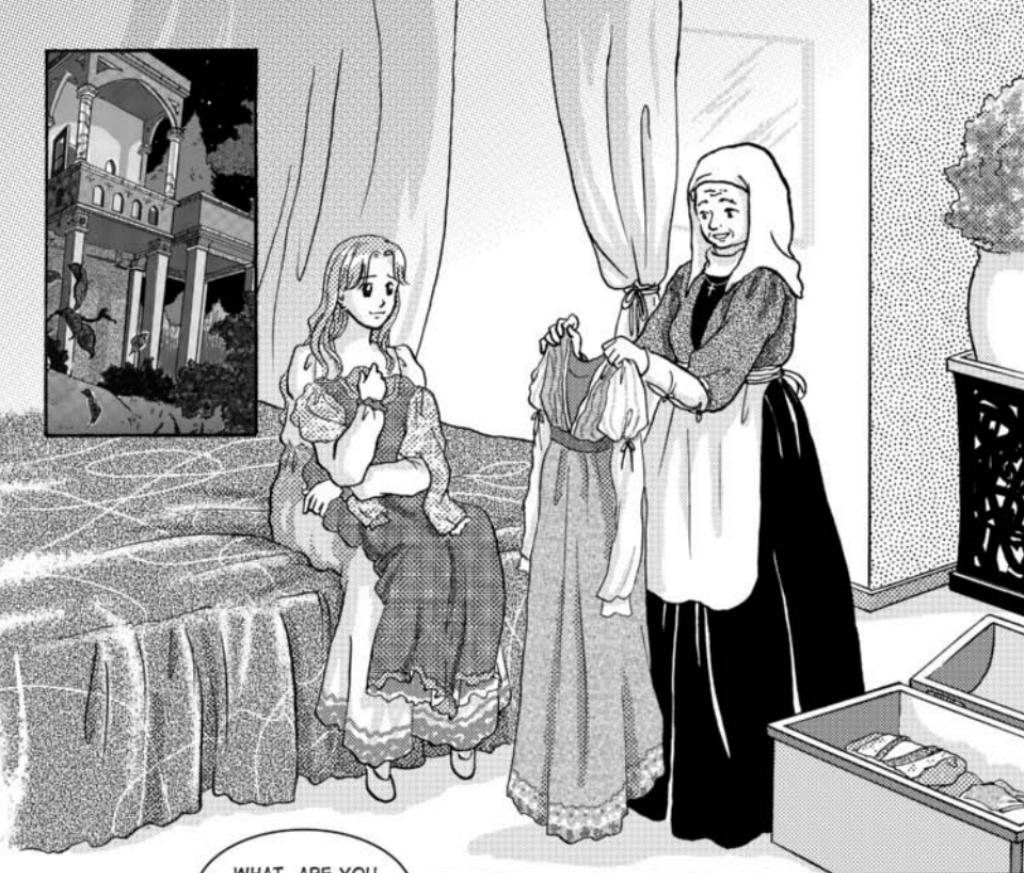
NURSE, WILL YOU GO WITH
ME INTO MY CLOSET, TO HELP ME
SORT SUCH NEEDFUL ORNAMENTS
AS YOU THINK FIT TO FURNISH
ME TOMORROW?

NO, NOT TILL
THURSDAY. THERE IS
TIME ENOUGH --

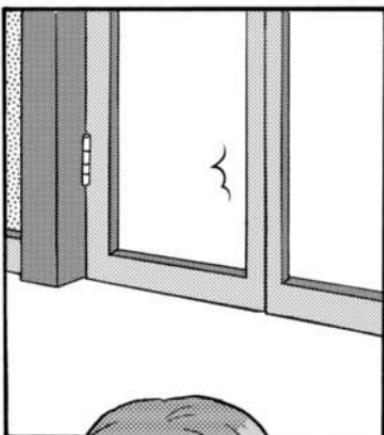
GO, NURSE, GO
WITH HER --

WE'LL TO CHURCH
TOMORROW.

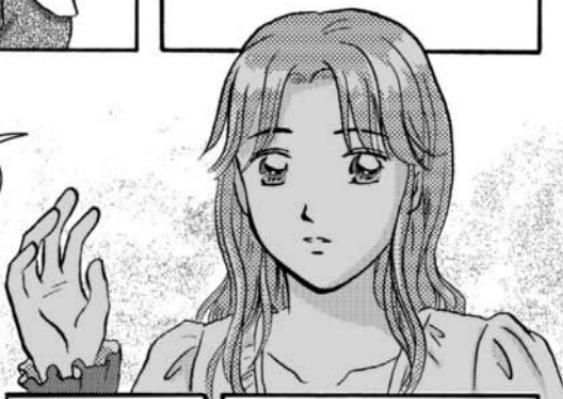




GOOD NIGHT. GET
THEE TO BED AND
REST, FOR THOU
HAST NEED.



FAREWELL! GOD
KNOWS WHEN WE SHALL
MEET AGAIN.



I HAVE A FAINT COLD
FEAR THRILLS THROUGH MY
VEINS, THAT ALMOST FREEZES
UP THE HEAT OF LIFE. I'LL
CALL THEM BACK AGAIN TO
COMFORT ME...

WHAT SHOULD
SHE DO HERE?
MY DISMAL
SCENE I NEEDS
MUST ACT ALONE.

COME, VIAL...

NURSE!

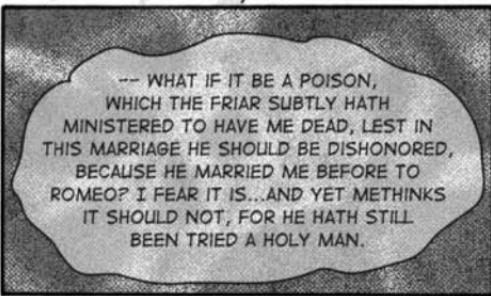




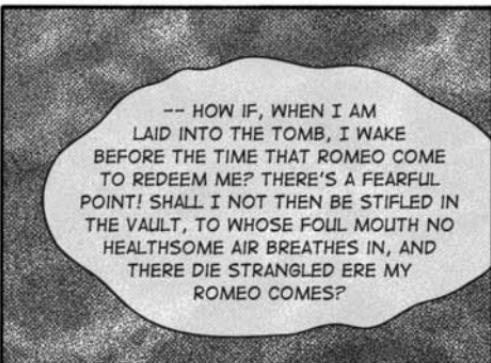
-- WHAT IF THIS
MIXTURE DO NOT WORK AT
ALL? SHALL I BE MARRIED
THEN TOMORROW
MORNING?



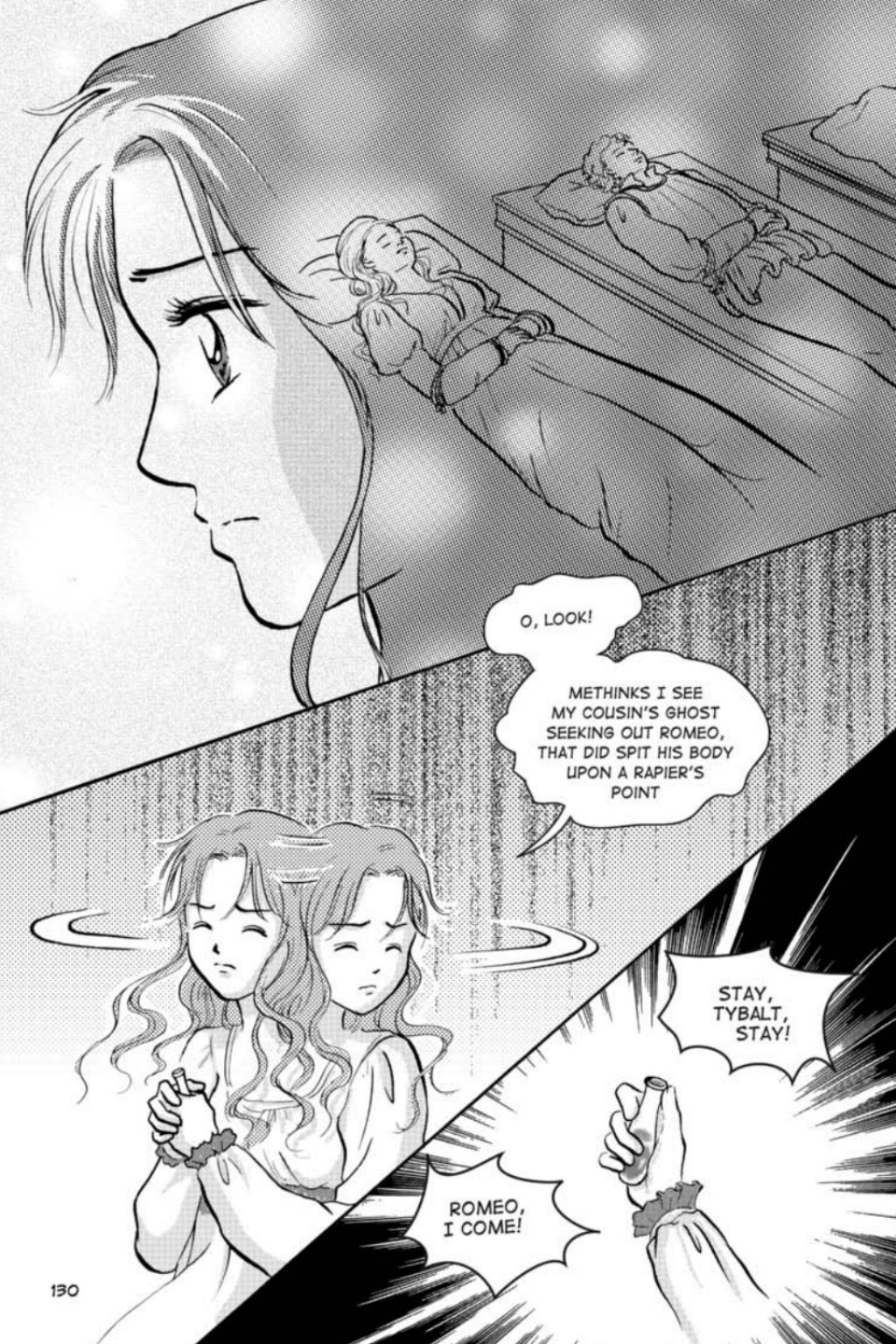
NO, NO. THIS
SHALL FORBID IT. LIE
THOU THERE.



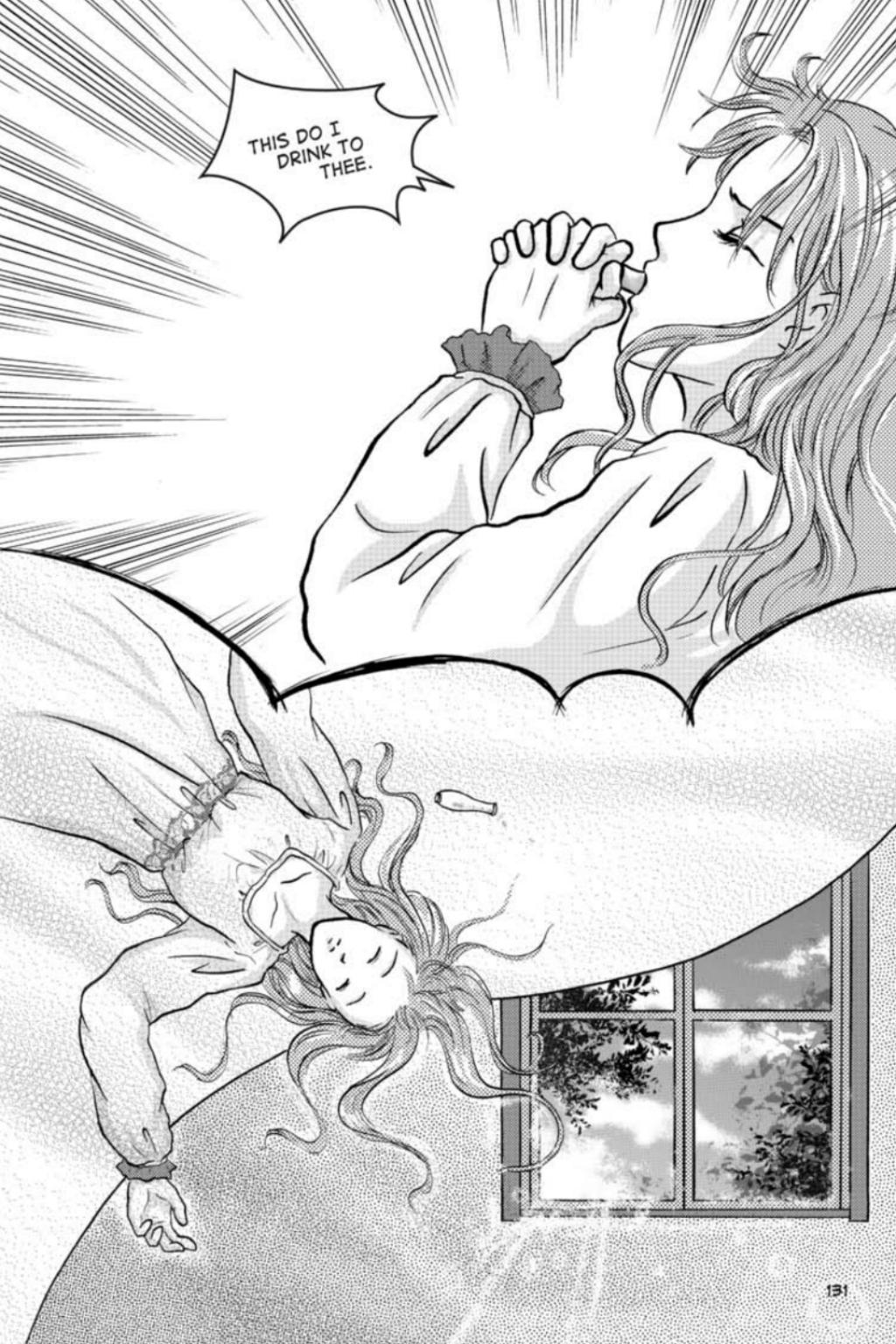
-- WHAT IF IT BE A POISON,
WHICH THE FRIAR SUBTLY HATH
MINISTERED TO HAVE ME DEAD, LEST IN
THIS MARRIAGE HE SHOULD BE DISHONORED,
BECAUSE HE MARRIED ME BEFORE TO
ROMEO? I FEAR IT IS...AND YET METHINKS
IT SHOULD NOT, FOR HE HATH STILL
BEEN TRIED A HOLY MAN.



-- HOW IF, WHEN I AM
LAID INTO THE TOMB, I WAKE
BEFORE THE TIME THAT ROMEO COME
TO REDEEM ME? THERE'S A FEARFUL
POINT! SHALL I NOT THEN BE STIFLED IN
THE VAULT, TO WHOSE FOUL MOUTH NO
HEALTHSOME AIR BREATHESS IN, AND
THERE DIE STRANGLED ERE MY
ROMEO COMES?



THIS DO I
DRINK TO
THEE.



I NEEDS MUST
WAKE HER.

MADAM,
MADAM,
MADAM!

WHAT, DRESSED?
AND IN YOUR CLOTHES?
AND DOWN AGAIN! I MUST
NEEDS WAKE YOU.

LADY!

LADY!
LADY!

ALAS, ALAS!
HELP, HELP! MY
LADY'S DEAD!



WHAT IS THE
MATTER?



LOOK, LOOK!
O HEAVY DAY!



O ME, O ME! MY CHILD,
MY ONLY LIFE! REVIVE, LOOK
UP, OR I WILL DIE WITH THEE!
HELP, HELP! CALL HELP.



FOR SHAME,
BRING JULIET
FORTH --

HER LORD IS
COME.



OUT,
ALAS!

SHE'S COLD, HER BLOOD
IS SETTLED, AND HER JOINTS ARE
STIFF -- LIFE AND THESE LIPS HAVE
LONG BEEN SEPARATED. DEATH LIES ON
HER LIKE AN UNTIMELY FROST UPON
THE SWEETEST FLOWER OF ALL
THE FIELD...

O LAMENTABLE
DAY!

DEATH, THAT HATH TA'EN
HER HENCE TO MAKE ME WAIL,
TIRES UP MY TONGUE, AND WILL
NOT LET ME SPEAK.

O WOEFUL
TIME!

COME, IS THE BRIDE READY
TO GO TO CHURCH?

READY TO GO, BUT
NEVER TO RETURN.

DEATH IS MY
SON-IN-LAW, DEATH IS
MY HEIR -- MY DAUGHTER
HE HATH WEDDED. I WILL DIE,
AND LEAVE HIM ALL. LIFE,
LIVING, ALL IS DEATH'S.

O SON!
THE NIGHT BEFORE
THY WEDDING DAY
HATH DEATH LAIN WITH
THY WIFE. THERE SHE LIES,
FLOWER AS SHE WAS,
DE-FLOWERED BY
HIM.

BUT ONE, POOR ONE, ONE
POOR AND LOVING CHILD -- BUT ONE
THING TO REJOICE AND SOLACE IN,
AND CRUEL DEATH HATH CATCHED IT
FROM MY SIGHT!



DRY UP YOUR TEARS, AND STICK YOUR ROSEMARY ON THIS FAIR CORPSE --

YOUR PART IN HER
YOU COULD NOT KEEP
FROM DEATH, BUT HEAVEN
KEEP HIS PART IN
ETERNAL LIFE.

THE MOST YOU
SOLUGHT WAS HER
PROMOTION, FOR
'TWAS YOUR HEAVEN
SHE SHOULD BE
ADVANCED --

AND, AS THE
CUSTOM IS, IN ALL HER
BEST ARRAY BEAR HER
TO CHURCH.

AND WEEP YE NOW,
SEEING SHE IS ADVANCED
ABOVE THE CLOUDS, AS HIGH
AS HEAVEN ITSELF?

FOR THOUGH FOND
NATURE BIDS US ALL
LAMENT, YET NATURE'S
TEARS ARE REASON'S
MERRIMENT.

ALL THINGS THAT WE
ORDAINED FESTIVAL TURN FROM
THEIR OFFICE TO BLACK FUNERAL: OUR
INSTRUMENTS TO MELANCHOLY
BELLS...OUR WEDDING CHEER TO A SAD
BURIAL FEAST...OUR SOLEMN HYMNS
TO SULLEN DIRGES CHANGE...



OUR BRIDAL FLOWERS
SERVE FOR A BURIED
CORPSE...AND ALL THINGS
CHANGE THEM TO THE
CONTRARY.



SIR, GO YOU IN,
AND MADAM, GO
WITH HIM.



AND GO, SIR PARIS. EVERY
ONE PREPARE TO FOLLOW THIS FAIR
CORPSE UNTO HER GRAVE.



ACT V



IF I MAY TRUST THE
FLATTERING TRUTH OF SLEEP,
MY DREAMS PRESAGE SOME
JOYFUL NEWS AT HAND. I
DREAMT MY LADY CAME AND
FOUND ME DEAD --

STRANGE DREAM,
THAT GIVES A DEAD MAN
LEAVE TO THINK! -- AND
BREATHED SUCH LIFE WITH
KISSES IN MY LIPS, THAT I
REVIVED, AND WAS AN
EMPEROR.

NEWS FROM
VERONA! HOW
NOW, BALTHASARI!

DOST THOU NOT
BRING ME LETTERS
FROM THE FRIAR?
HOW FARES MY
JULIET?

THAT I ASK AGAIN,
FOR NOTHING CAN BE
ILL, IF SHE BE WELL.

THEN SHE IS
WELL, AND NOTHING
CAN BE ILL.

HER BODY SLEEPS IN
CAPEL'S MONUMENT, AND
HER IMMORTAL PART WITH
ANGELS LIVES.

I SAW HER LAID LOW IN
HER KINDRED'S VAULT, AND
PRESENTLY TOOK POST TO TELL IT
YOU. O, PARDON ME FOR
BRINGING THESE ILL NEWS.

IS IT
EVEN SO?

THEN I DEFY
YOU, STARS!

THOU KNOWEST
MY LODGING. GET
ME INK AND PAPER,
AND HIRE POST-
HORSES --

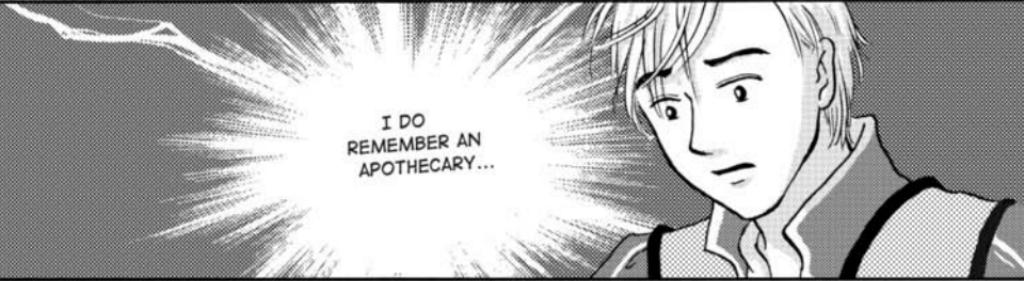
I WILL HENCE
TONIGHT.

NO, MY GOOD
LORD.

I DO BESEECH
YOU, SIR, HAVE
PATIENCE --

LEAVE ME, AND
DO THE THING I BID
THEE DO. HAST THOU
NO LETTERS TO ME
FROM THE FRIAR?

NO MATTER --
GET THEE GONE.
AND HIRE THOSE
HORSES. I'LL BE WITH
THEE STRAIGHT.



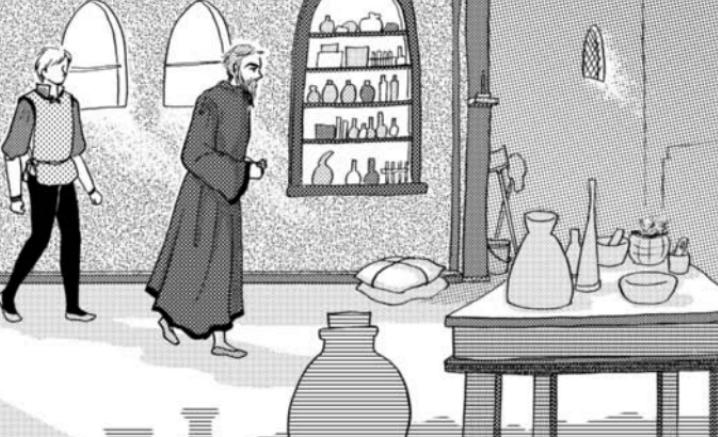
WHO CALLS
SO LOUD?

COME HITHER,
MAN. I SEE THAT
THOU ART POOR.

HOLD, THERE
IS FORTY
DUCATS.



!!





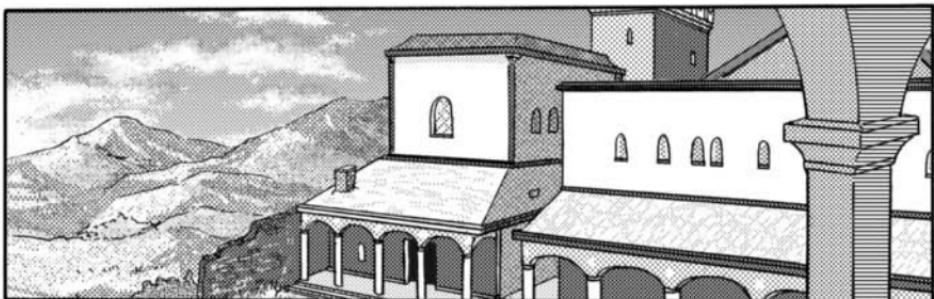
LET ME HAVE A
DRAM OF POISON,



SUCH SOON-SPEEDING
GEAR AS WILL DISPERSE
ITSELF THROUGH ALL THE VEINS
THAT THE LIFE-WEARY TAKER
MAY FALL DEAD.



MY POVERTY, BUT NOT MY
WILL, CONSENTS. PUT THIS IN ANY
LIQUID THING YOU WILL AND DRINK IT
OFF, AND, IF YOU HAD THE STRENGTH
OF TWENTY MEN, IT WOULD
DISPATCH YOU STRAIGHT.



WELCOME FROM
MANTUA -- WHAT
SAYS ROMEO?

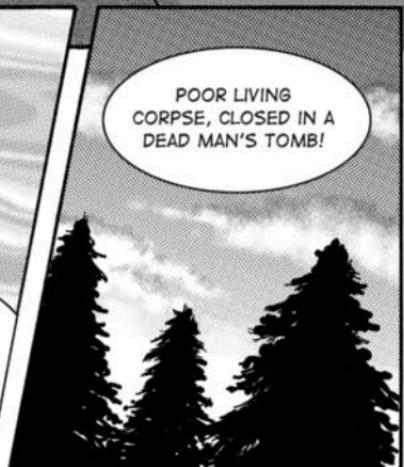
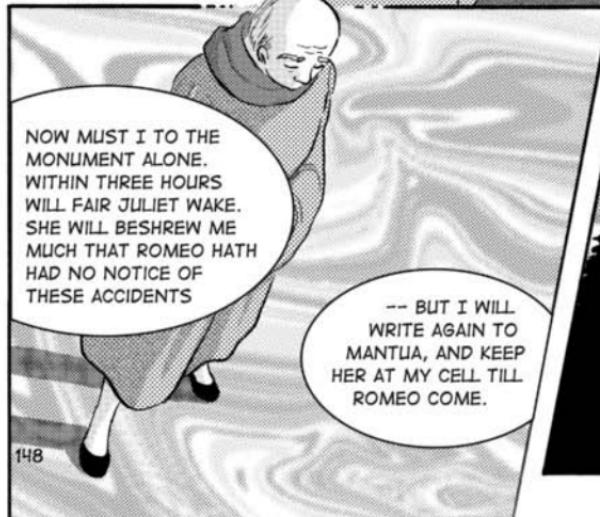
GOING TO FIND A
BAREFOOT BROTHER OUT,
ONE OF OUR ORDER, TO
ASSOCIATE ME HERE IN
THIS CITY VISITING THE
SICK,

AND FINDING HIM,
THE SEARCHERS OF THE
TOWN, SUSPECTING THAT WE
BOTH WERE IN A HOUSE WHERE
THE INFECTIOUS PESTILENCE
DID REIGN,

SEALED UP THE
DOORS, AND WOULD
NOT LET US FORTH, SO
THAT MY SPEED TO
MANTUA THERE WAS
STAYED.

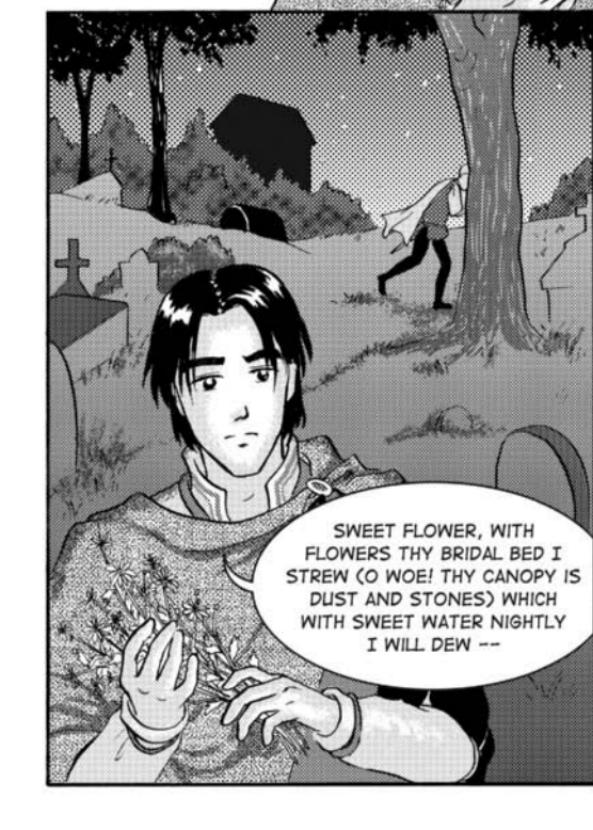
WHO BARE MY
LETTER, THEN, TO
ROMEO?

I COULD NOT
SEND IT -- HERE
IT IS AGAIN -- SO
FEARFUL WERE THEY
OF INFECTION.

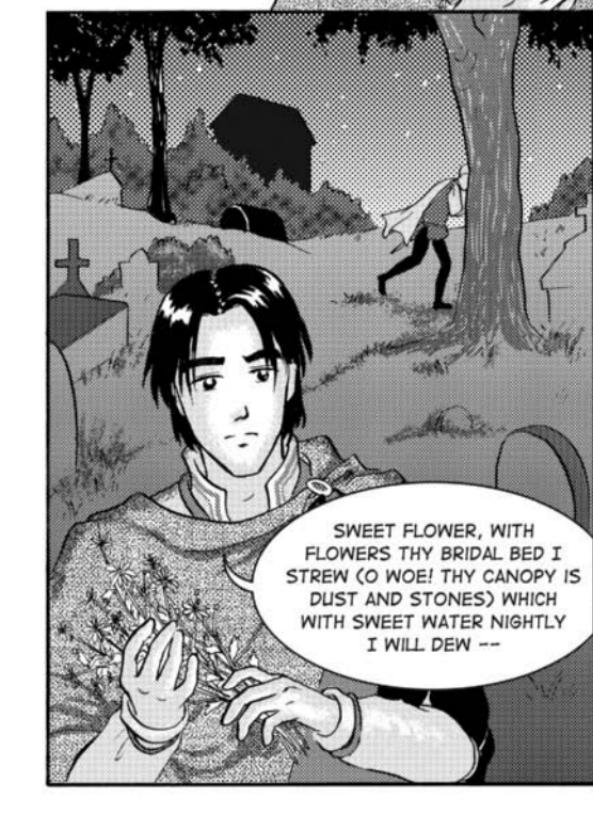




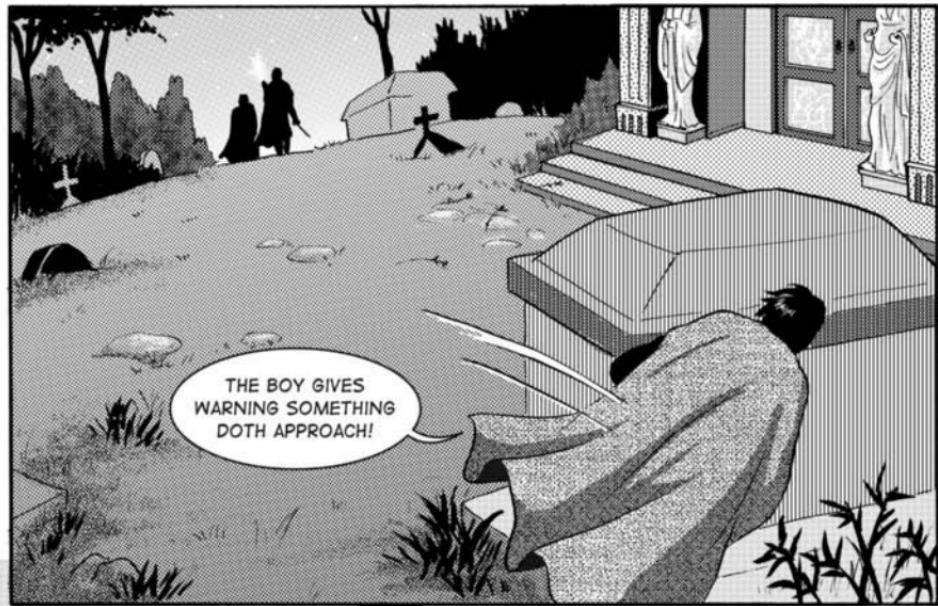
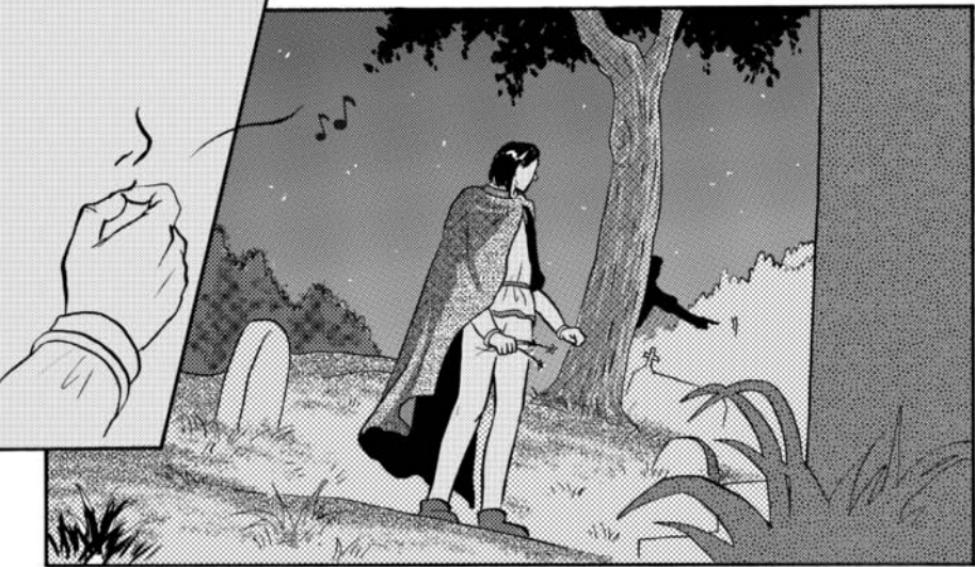
SHALL NO FOOT UPON
THE CHURCHYARD TREAD, BUT
THOU SHALT HEAR IT. WHISTLE
THEN TO ME, AS SIGNAL THAT
THOU HEAREST SOMETHING
APPROACH.



OR, WANTING THAT, WITH TEARS
DISTILLED BY MOANS. THE
OBSEQUIES THAT I FOR THEE WILL
KEEP NIGHTLY SHALL BE TO STREW
THY GRAVE AND WEEP.



SWEET FLOWER, WITH
FLOWERS THY BRIDAL BED I
STREW (O WOE! THY CANOPY IS
DUST AND STONES) WHICH
WITH SWEET WATER NIGHTLY
I WILL DEW --







HIS LOOKS I FEAR,
AND HIS INTENTS I
DOUBT.



THOU DETESTABLE
MAW, THOU WOMB OF
DEATH, GORGED WITH THE
DEAREST MORSEL OF THE
EARTH -- THUS I ENFORCE
THY ROTTEN JAWS TO OPEN,
AND IN DESPITE I'LL CRAM
THEE WITH MORE FOOD!



THIS IS THAT BANISHED
HAUGHTY MONTAGUE THAT
MURDERED MY LOVE'S COUSIN --
WITH WHICH GRIEF, IT IS SUPPOSED,
THE FAIR CREATURE DIED -- AND HERE
IS COME TO DO SOME VILLAINOUS
SHAME TO THE DEAD BODIES.
I WILL APPREHEND HIM.

STOP THY
UNHALLOWED TOIL,
VILE MONTAGUE!



OBEY, AND
GO WITH ME --
FOR THOU MUST
DIE.





PUT NOT ANOTHER SIN
UPON MY HEAD BY URGING
ME TO FURY. O, BE GONE! BY
HEAVEN, I LOVE THEE BETTER
THAN MYSELF, FOR I COME
HITHER ARMED AGAINST
MYSELF.



WILT THOU PROVOKE ME?



THEN HAVE AT THEE, BOY!



O LORD, THEY
FIGHT! I WILL GO
CALL THE WATCH.

O, I AM SLAIN!

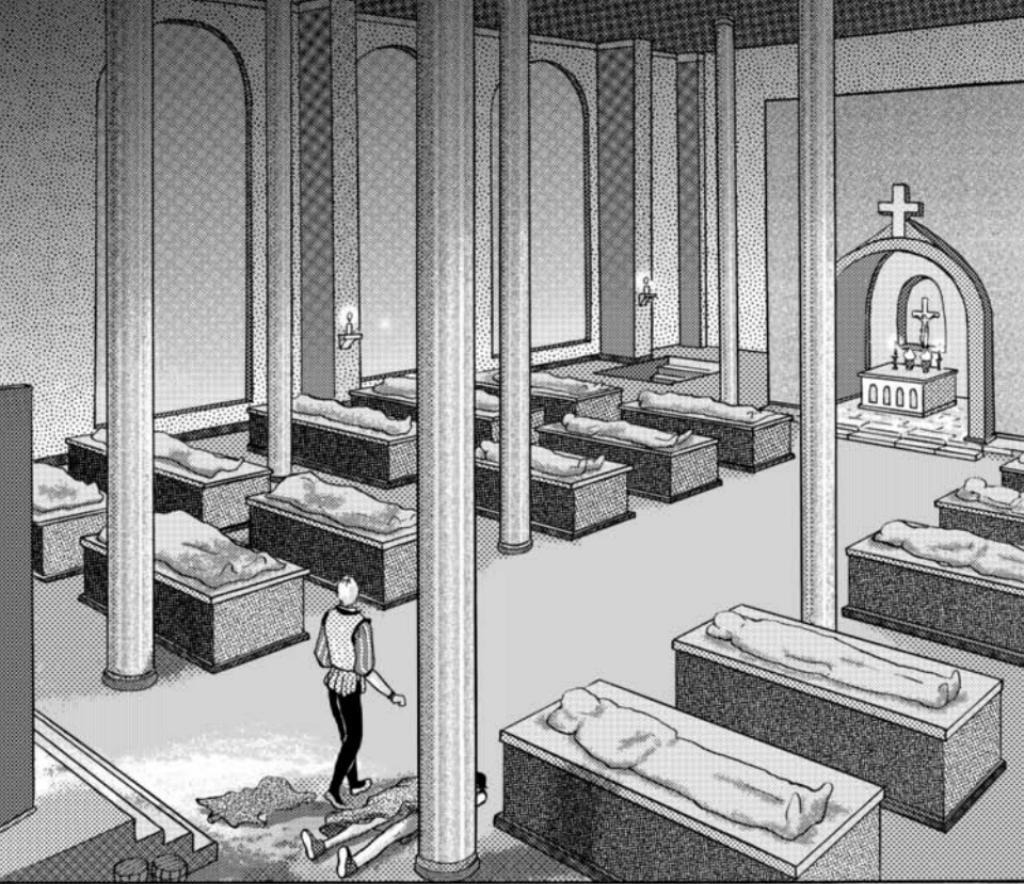
IF THOU BE
MERCIFUL, OPEN THE
TOMB -- LAY ME
WITH JULIET.



MERCUTIO'S
KINSMAN, NOBLE
COUNTY PARIS!



I'LL BURY THEE
IN A TRIUMPHANT GRAVE.



O MY LOVE!
MY WIFE!

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.



TYBALT, LIEST
THOU THERE IN THY
BLOODY SHEET?

O, WHAT MORE
FAVOR CAN I DO
TO THEE,

THAN WITH THAT
HAND THAT CUT THY YOUTH
IN TWAIN TO SUNDER HIS
THAT WAS THINE ENEMY?
FORGIVE ME, COUSIN!

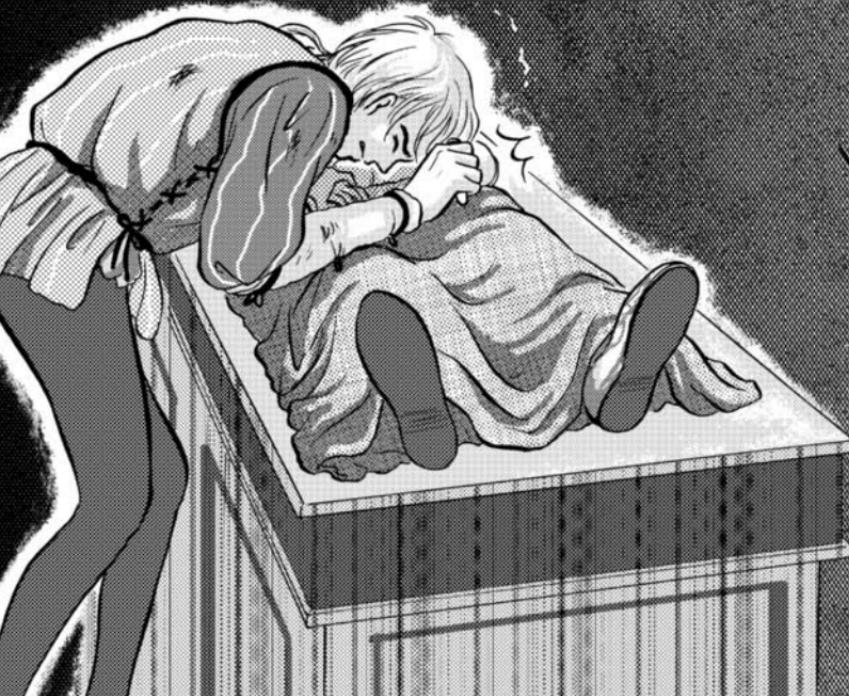
HERE WILL
I REMAIN WITH
WORMS THAT
ARE THY
CHAMBERMAIDS.

O, HERE WILL I SET UP
MY EVERLASTING REST, AND
SHAKE THE YOKE OF INAUSPICIOUS
STARS FROM THIS WORLD-WEARIED
FLESH. EYES, LOOK YOUR LAST!

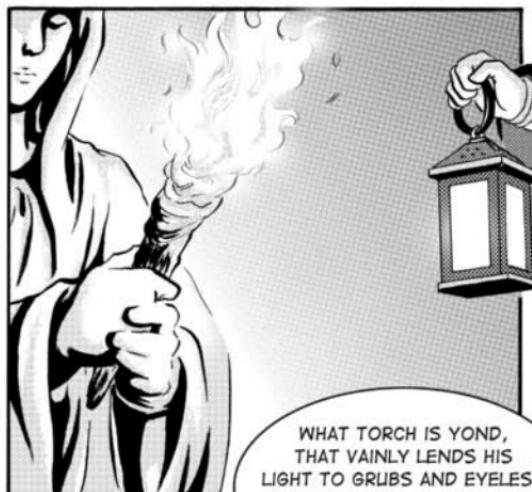
ARMS, TAKE YOUR
LAST EMBRACE! AND LIPS, O
YOU THE DOORS OF BREATH,
SEAL WITH A RIGHTEOUS KISS A
DATELESS BARGAIN TO
ENGROSSING DEATH!



THUS WITH A
KISS I DIE.







AND THERE'S
MY MASTER, ONE
THAT YOU LOVE.

WHO IS IT?

ROMEO.

HOW LONG
HATH HE BEEN
THERE?

FULL HALF
AN HOUR.

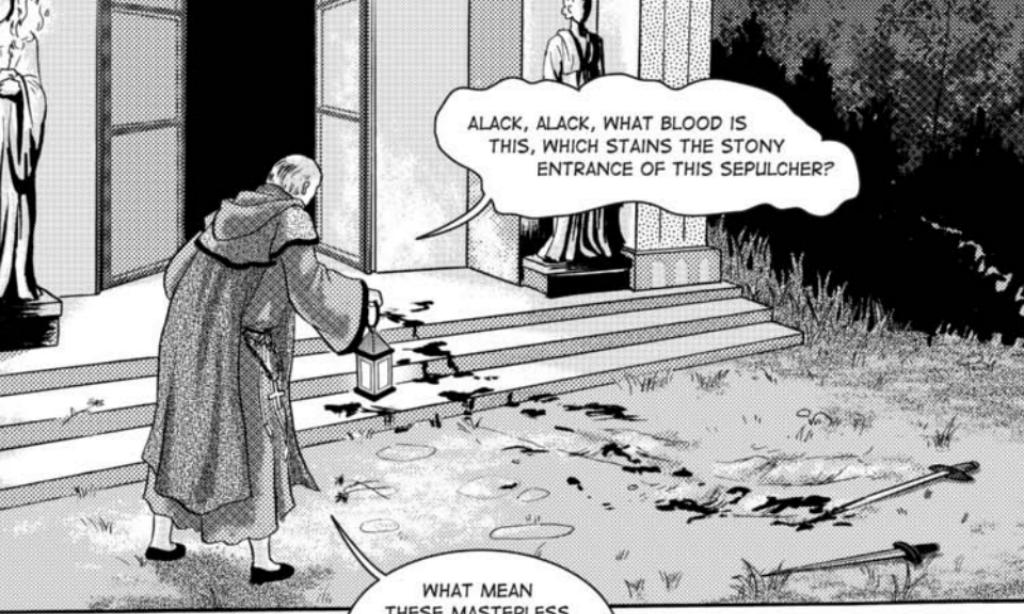
GO WITH
ME TO THE
VAULT.



I DARE
NOT, SIR.

STAY, THEN --
I'LL GO ALONE.

FEAR COMES
UPON ME. O, MUCH I
FEAR SOME ILL
UNLUCKY THING.



ALACK, ALACK, WHAT BLOOD IS
THIS, WHICH STAINS THE STONY
ENTRANCE OF THIS SEPULCHER?

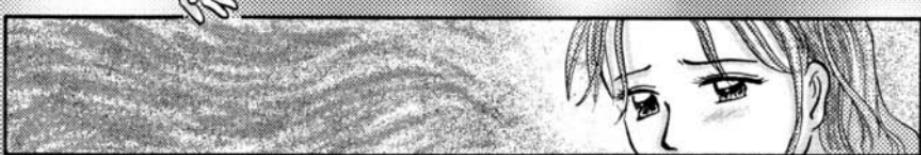
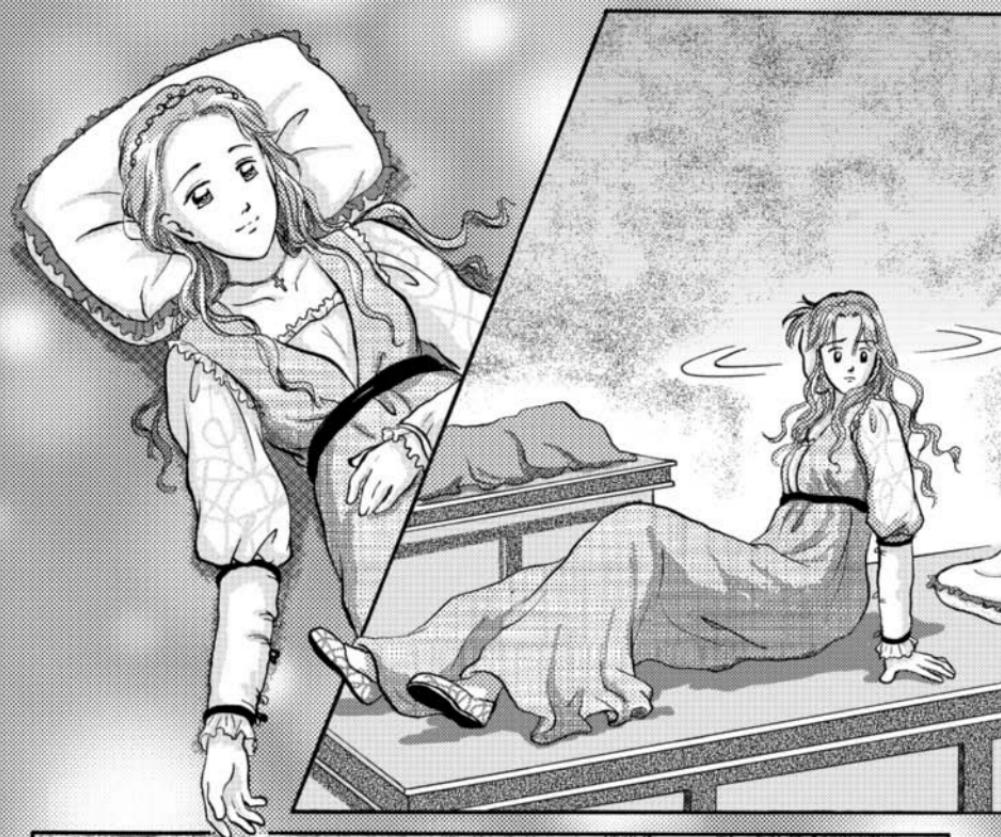
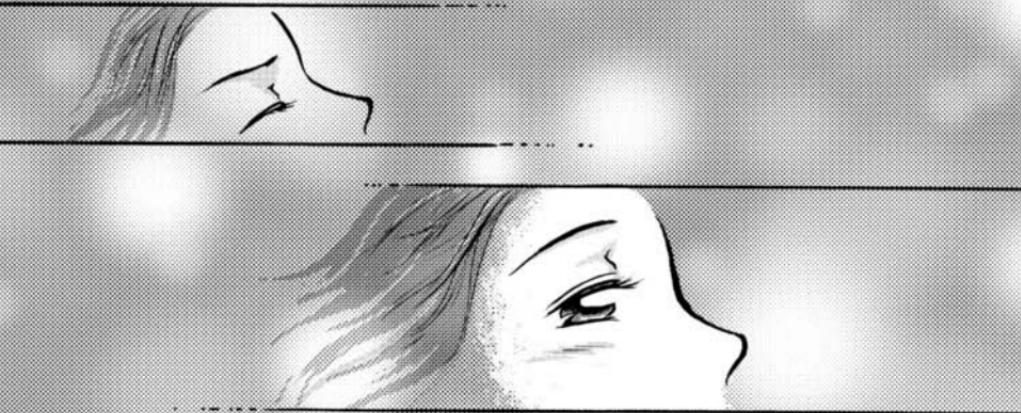


WHAT MEAN
THESE MASTERLESS
AND GORY SWORDS TO
LIE DISCOLORED BY THIS
PLACE OF PEACE?

ROMEO!
O, PALE!

WHO
ELSE?

WHAT,
PARIS TOO?



O COMFORTABLE
FRIAR! WHERE IS
MY LORD?

I DO REMEMBER
WELL WHERE I SHOULD BE,
AND THERE I AM. WHERE
IS MY ROMEO?



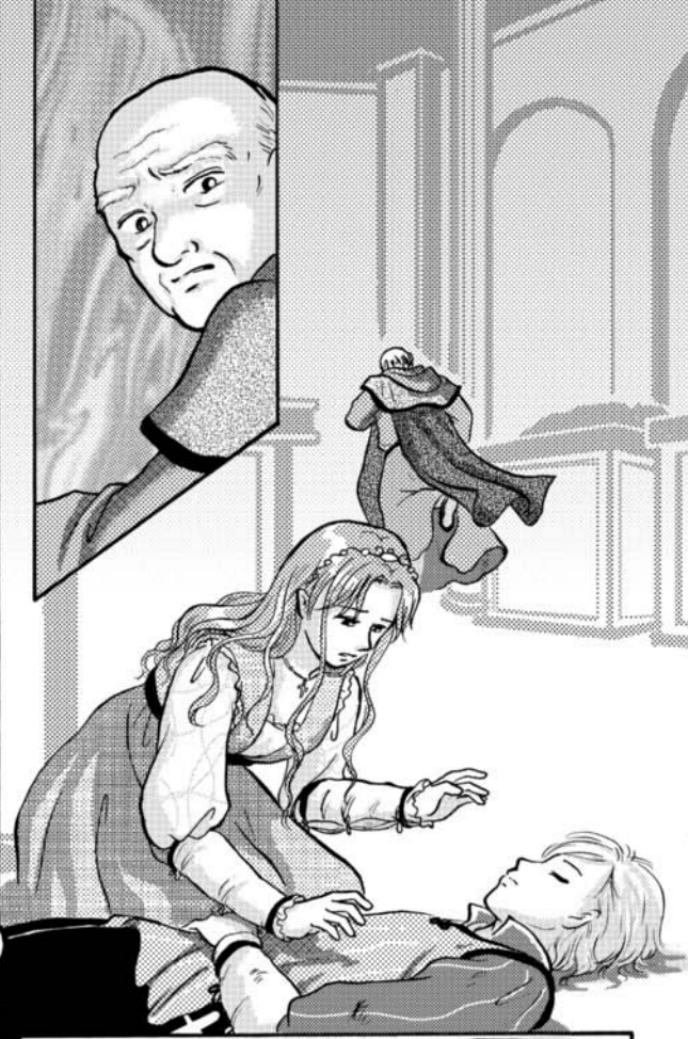
THY HUSBAND IN
THY BOSOM THERE
LIES DEAD

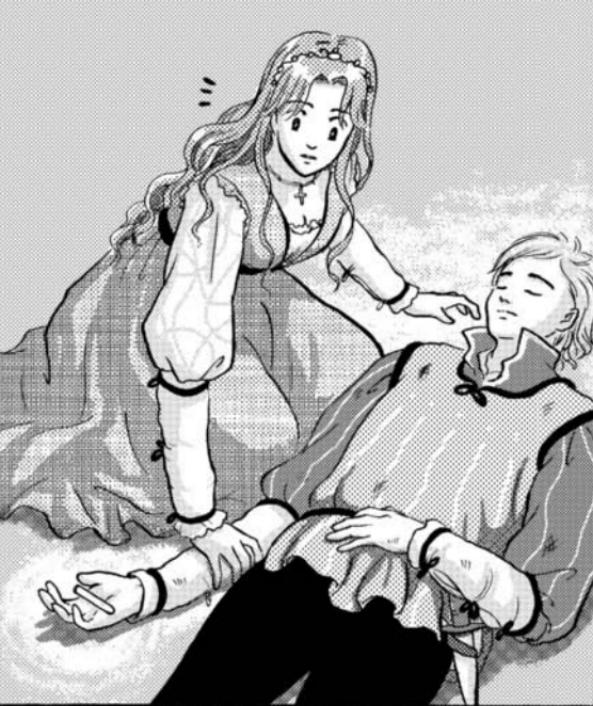
-- AND
PARIS TOO.





GO, GET
THEE HENCE,
FOR I WILL
NOT AWAY.





POISON, I SEE,
HATH BEEN HIS
TIMELESS END.



DRUNK ALL,
AND LEFT NO
FRIENDLY DROP TO
HELP ME AFTER?





I WILL KISS THY LIPS.
HAPLY SOME POISON YET
DOOTH HANG ON THEM, TO
MAKE DIE WITH A
RESTORATIVE.

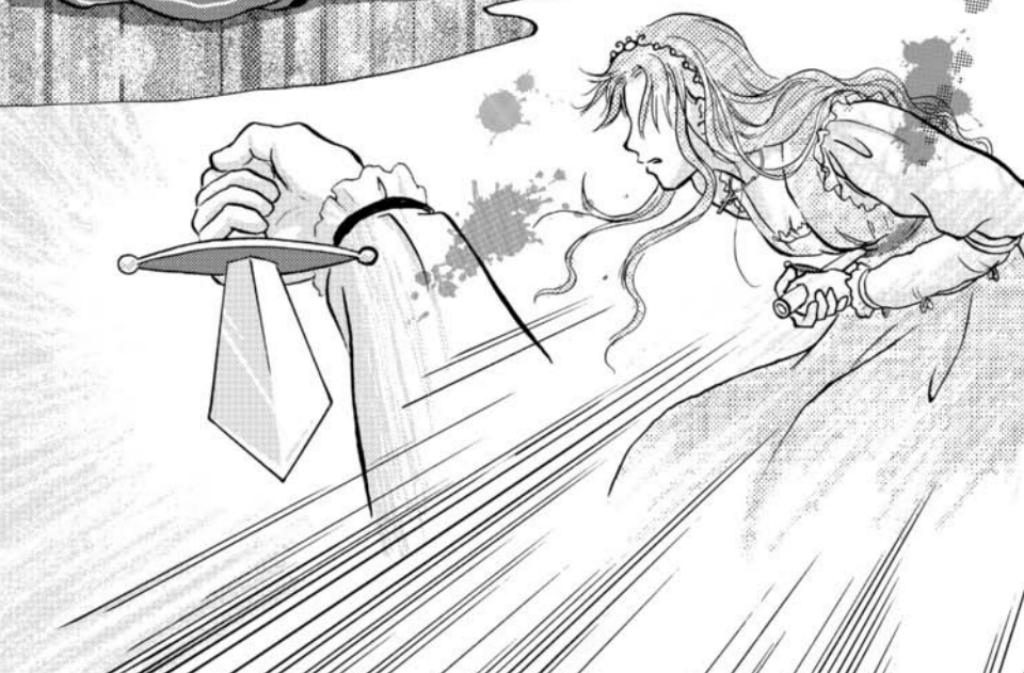
THY LIPS
ARE WARM!



THIS IS
THY SHEATH



-- THERE RUST,
AND LET ME DIE.











O ME! THIS SIGHT OF DEATH IS AS
A BELL, THAT WARNS MY OLD AGE
TO A SEPULCHRE.

COME,
MONTAGUE

-- FOR THOU ART
EARLY UP, TO SEE THY
SON AND HEIR MORE
EARLY DOWN.

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?

LOOK, AND
THOU SHALT
SEE.





BUT I CAN GIVE THEE
MORE -- FOR I WILL RAISE HER
STATUE IN PURE GOLD, THAT WHILES
VERONA BY THAT NAME IS KNOWN,
THERE SHALL NO FIGURE AT SUCH
RATE BE SET AS THAT OF TRUE
AND FAITHFUL JULIET.



AS RICH SHALL
ROMEO'S BY HIS LADY'S
LIE -- POOR SACRIFICES
OF OUR ENMITY!





A GLOOMING
PEACE THIS MORNING
WITH IT BRINGS.

THE SUN, FOR SORROW,
WILL NOT SHOW HIS HEAD. GO
HENCE, TO HAVE MORE TALK OF THESE
SAD THINGS -- SOME SHALL BE PARDONED,
AND SOME PUNISHED. FOR NEVER WAS A
STORY OF MORE WOE THAN THIS OF
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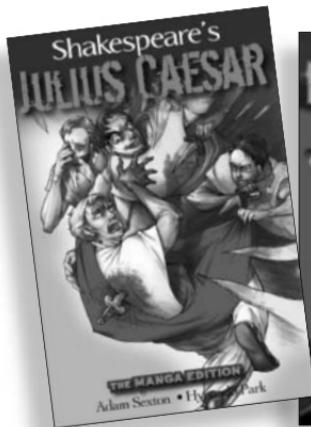
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