

# Romeo & Juliet

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

William Shakespeare

ORIGINAL TEXT VERSION

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Romeo & Juliet: The Graphic Novel  
Original Text Version

William Shakespeare

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# Dramatis Personæ



Romeo  
*Son to Montague*



Chorus  
*Introduces the first two acts  
of the play*



Lord Montague  
*Head of the Montague house  
(a Veronese family), at feud  
with the Capulet family*



Lady Montague  
*Wife to Montague*



Benvolio  
*Nephew to Montague and friend  
to Romeo and Mercutio*



Balthasar  
*Servant to Romeo*



Abraham  
*Servant to Montague*



Escalus  
*Prince of Verona*



Mercutio  
*Kinsman to Escalus, Prince of  
Verona, and friend to Romeo  
and Benvolio*



Paris  
*A young nobleman, kinsman to  
Escalus, Prince of Verona*



Juliet  
*Daughter to Capulet*



Lord Capulet  
Head of the Capulet house  
(a Veronese family), at feud  
with the Montague family



Lady Capulet  
Wife to Capulet



Tybalt  
Nephew to Lady Capulet



Nurse  
A Capulet servant and Juliet's  
foster-mother



Peter  
A Capulet servant to Juliet's nurse



Sampson  
Servant to Capulet



Gregory  
Servant to Capulet



Friar Laurence  
A monk of the Franciscan Order



Friar John  
A monk of the Franciscan Order

# Romeo & Juliet

## A Note on Pronunciation

As you go through this Original Text version, you will notice how some words that usually end in “-ed” are written “-d” whereas others are written out in full.

Shakespeare wrote much of his plays in verse, where the rhythm of the speech formed strings of “iambic pentameters”, each line being five pairs of syllables, with the second syllable in each pair being the most dominant in the rhythm.

To help with enunciation and voice projection in early theaters, words that ended with “-ed” had that last syllable accented — unless to do so would have spoiled the iambic rhythm, in which case it was spoken just as we say the word today.

This speech by Prince Escalus at the end of the play:

*Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:*  
would have been said as:

*Some shall be pardon'd, and some punish-ed:*  
so that the syllable pairs (five of them in the line) are correct in number and in emphasis [if you say it as “punish'd” you'll see how the rhythm of the line is destroyed].

Whereas, the “pardon-ed” cannot be pronounced “pardon-ed” because to do so would give eleven syllables in the line, and would not allow the right emphasis to be placed on each syllable. In short, whenever you see a word ending “-ed” it should have its ‘e’ pronounced to preserve the rhythm of the speech.

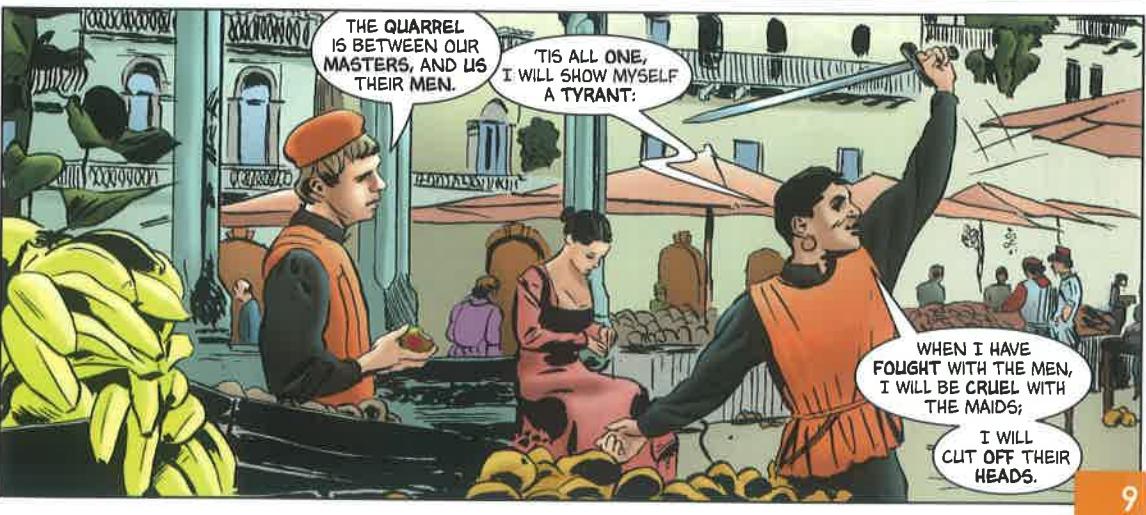
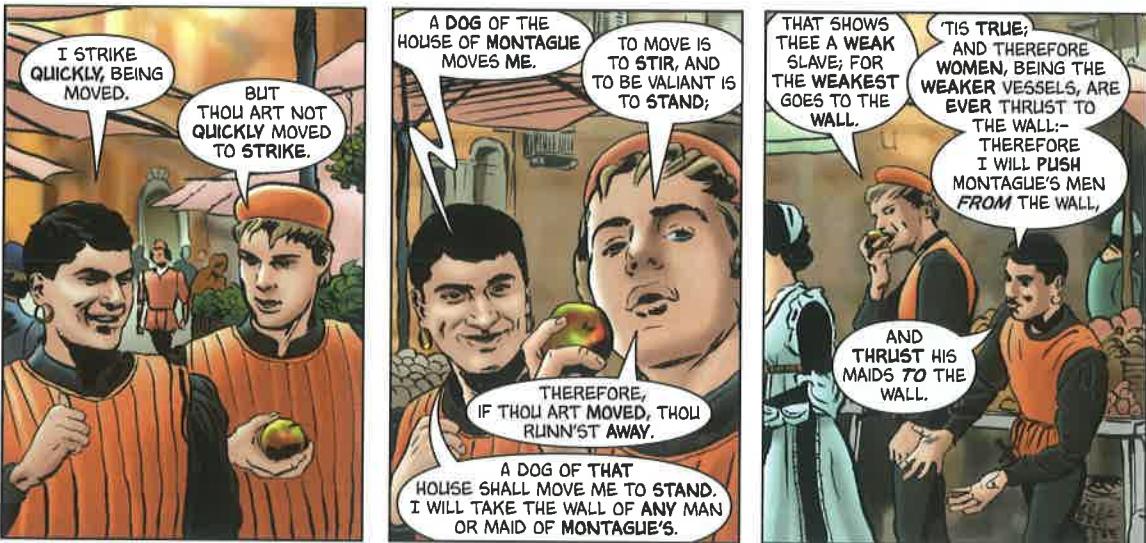
Act I - Prologue



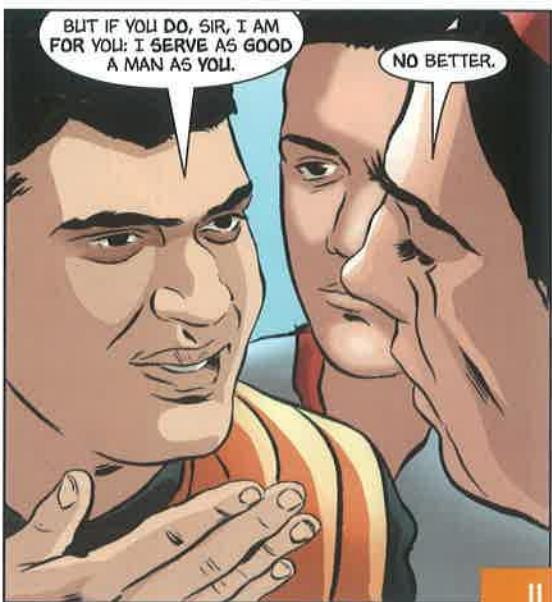
TWO HOUSEHOLDS,  
BOTH ALIKE IN DIGNITY,  
IN FAIR VERONA, WHERE WE  
LAY OUR SCENE,  
FROM ANCIENT  
GRUDGE BREAK TO NEW MUTINY,  
WHERE CIVIL BLOOD MAKES CIVIL  
HANDS UNECLEAN.

FROM  
FORTH THE FATAL  
LOINS OF THESE TWO FOES  
A PAIR OF STAR-CROSS'D  
LOVERS TAKE THEIR  
LIFE;  
WHOSE  
MISADVENTUR'D  
PITEOUS OVERTHROWS  
DOOTH WITH THEIR DEATH  
BURY THEIR PARENTS'  
STRIFE.





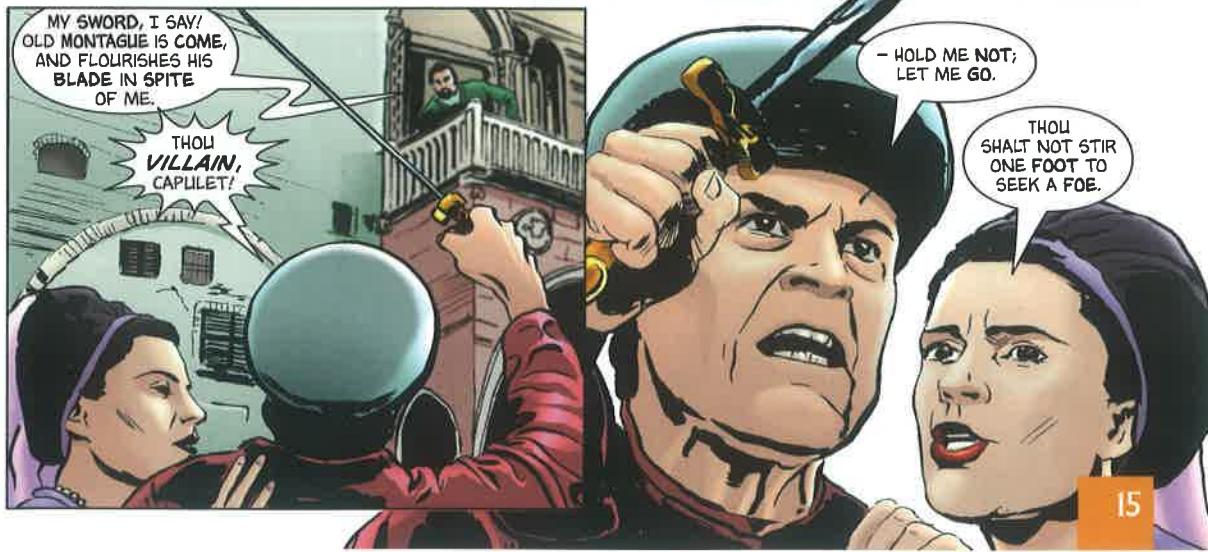


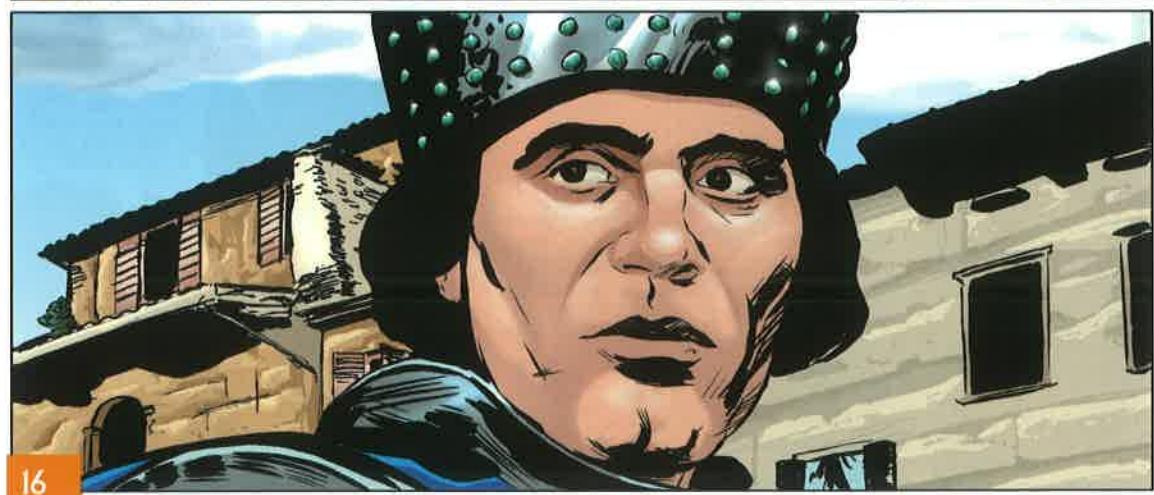




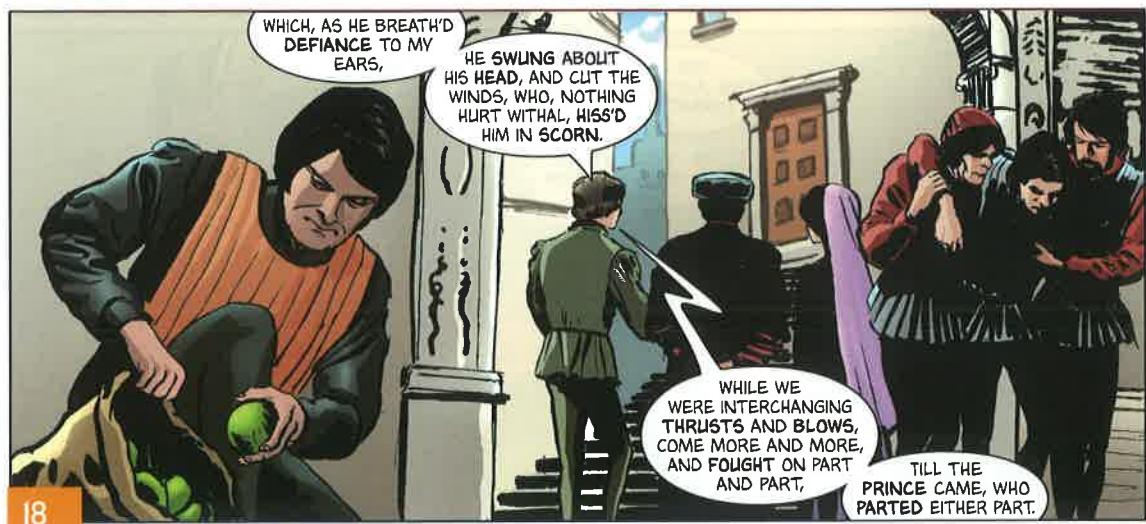
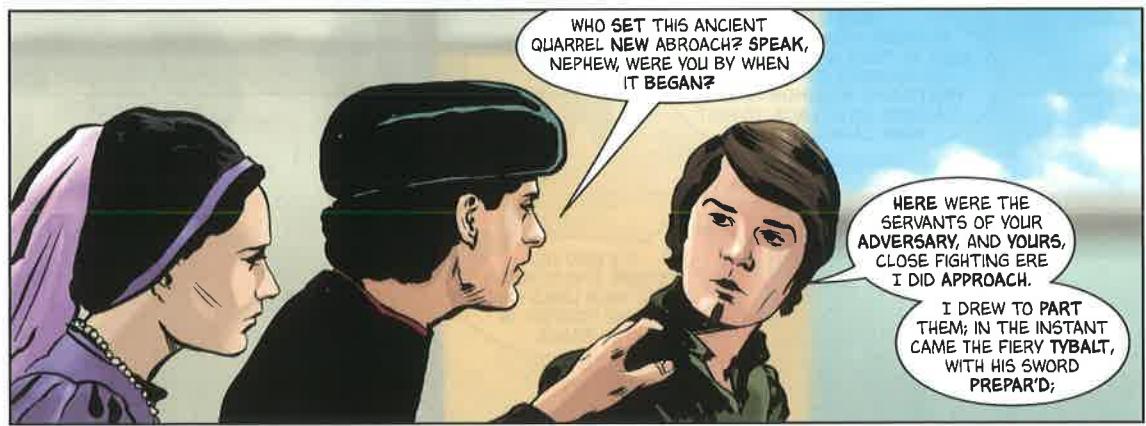
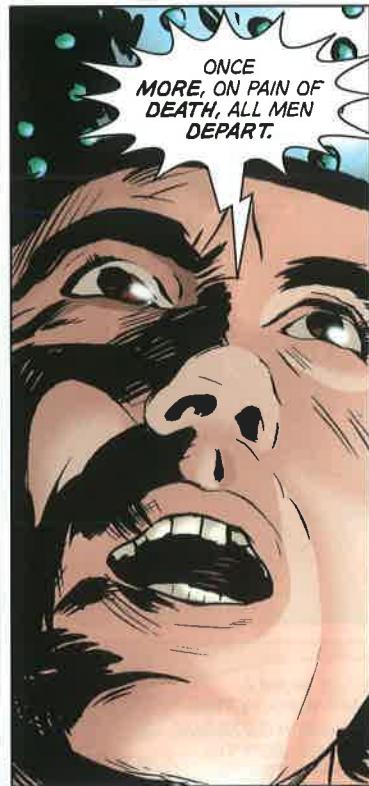


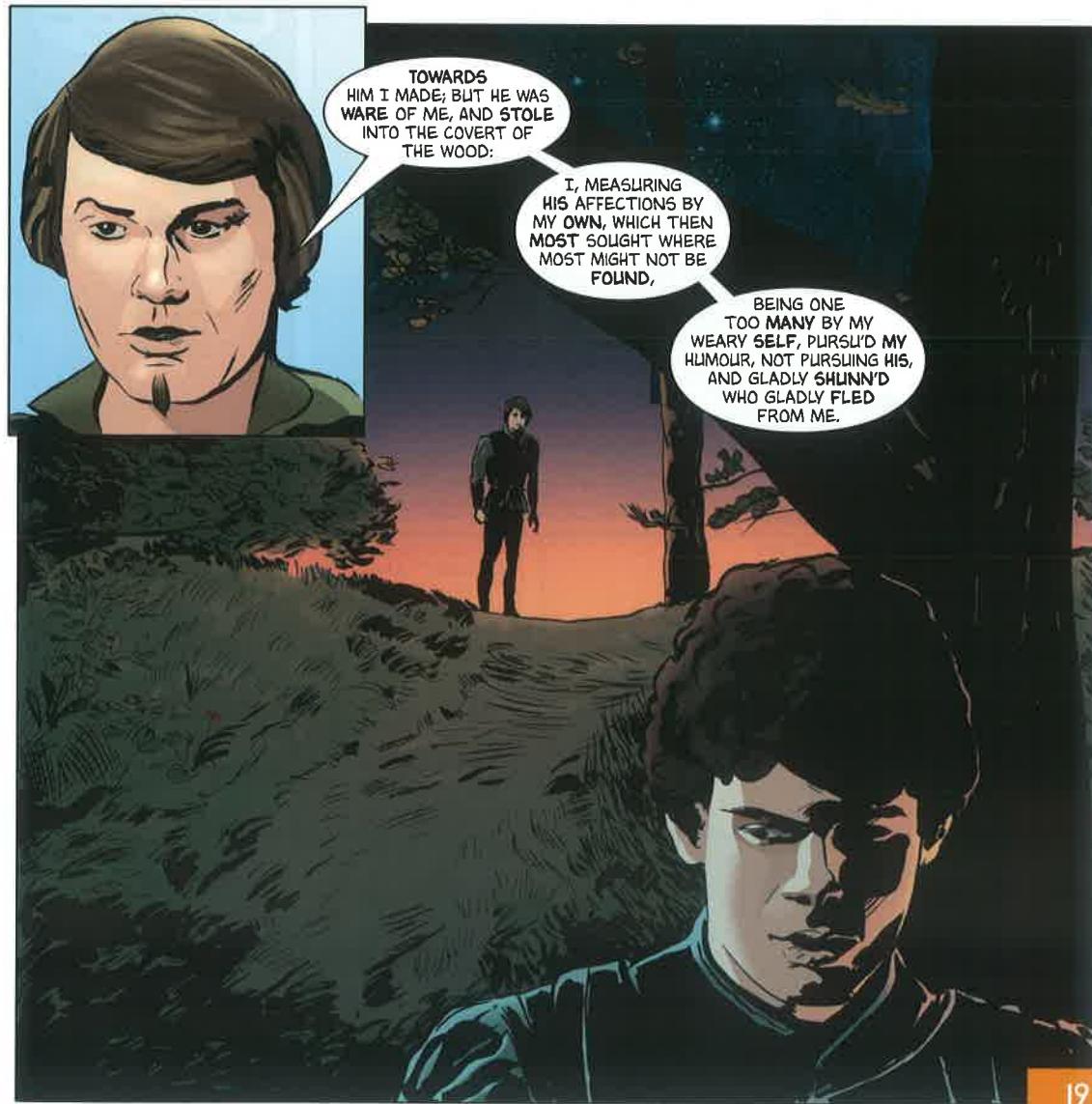
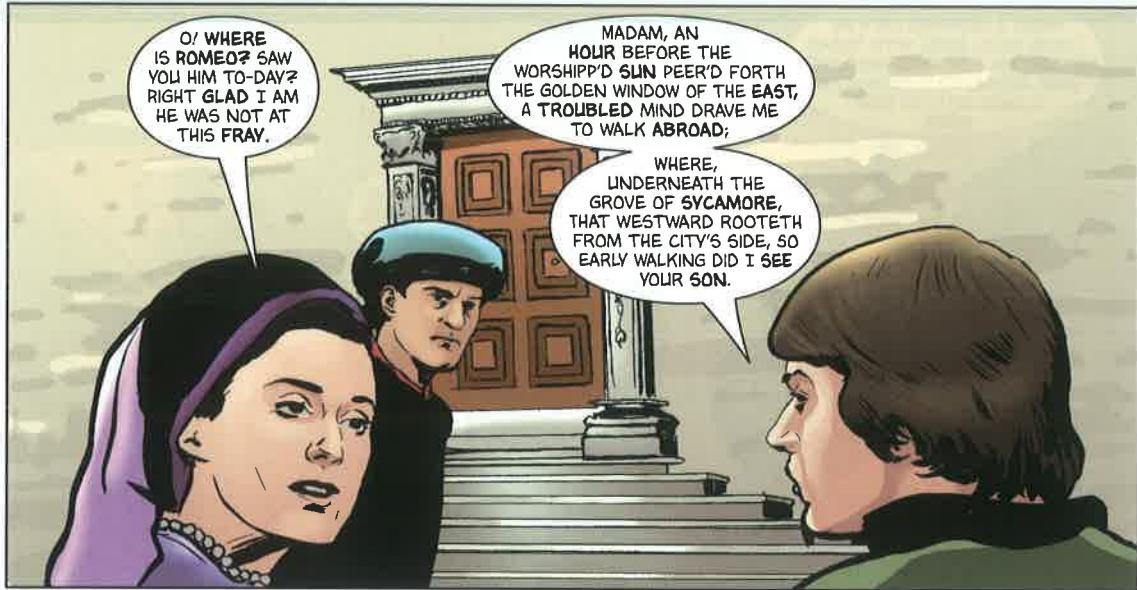




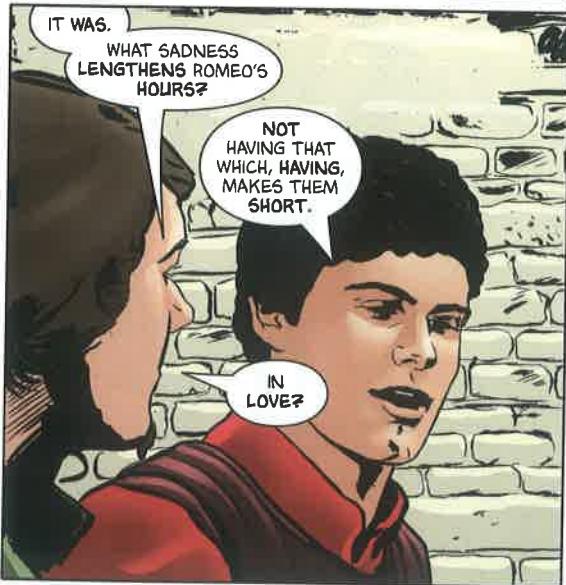












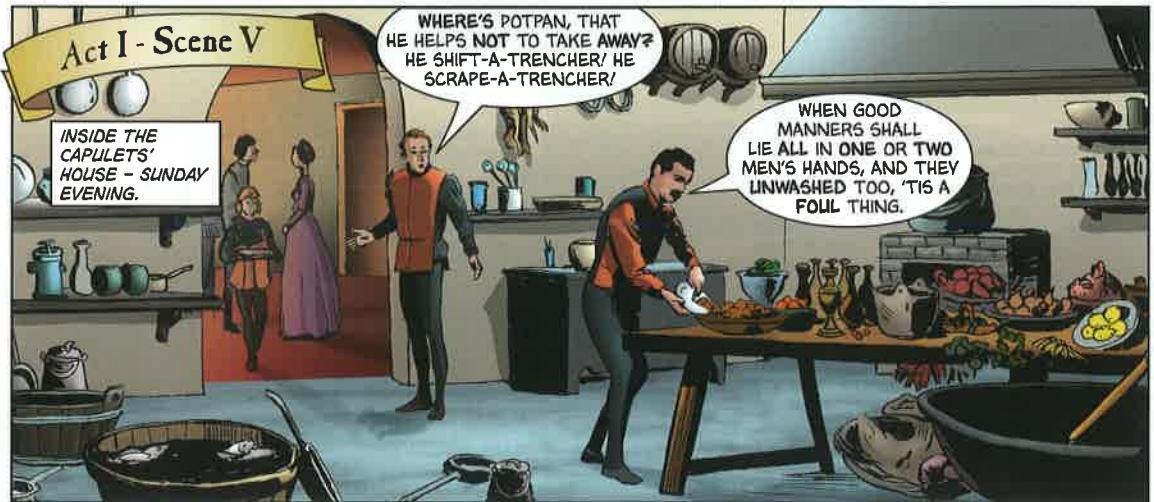




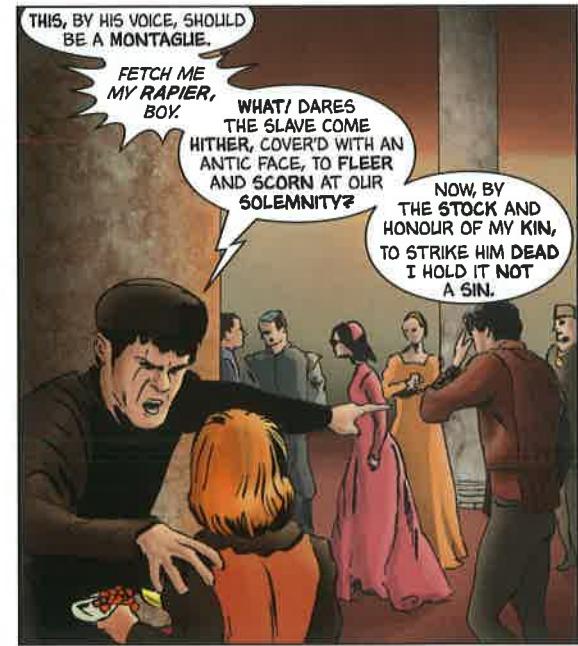
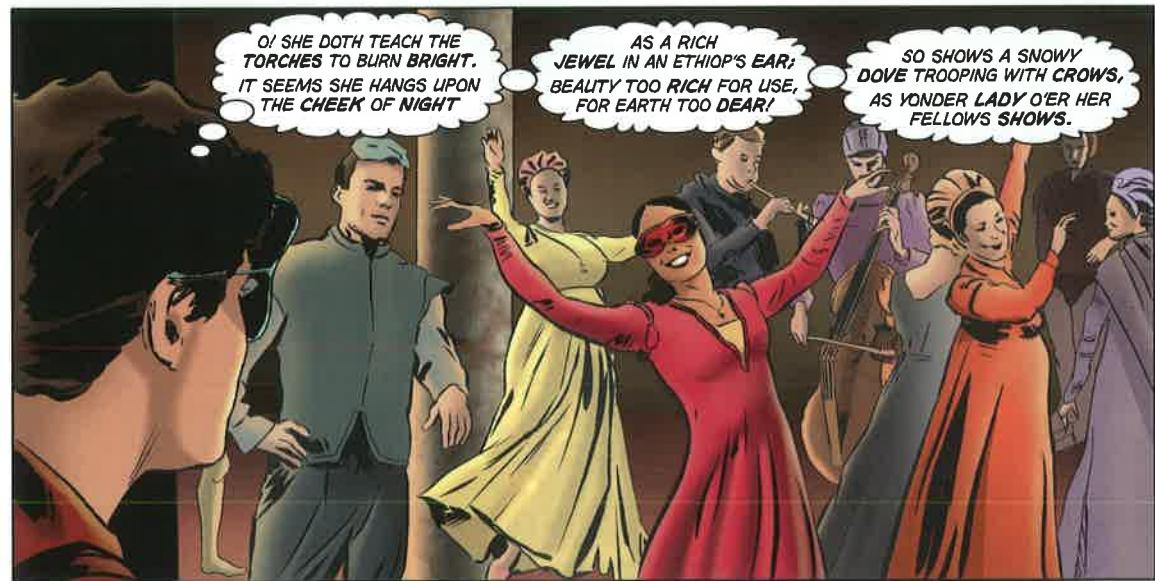


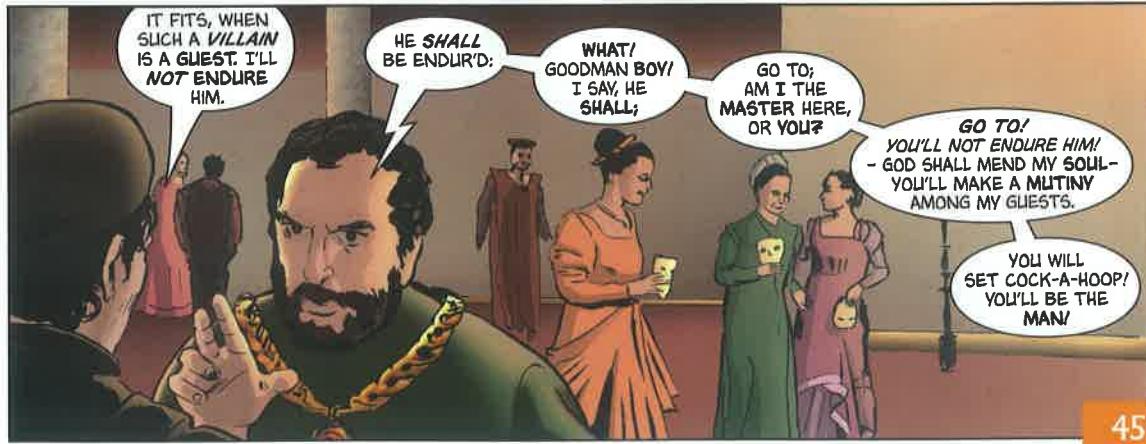
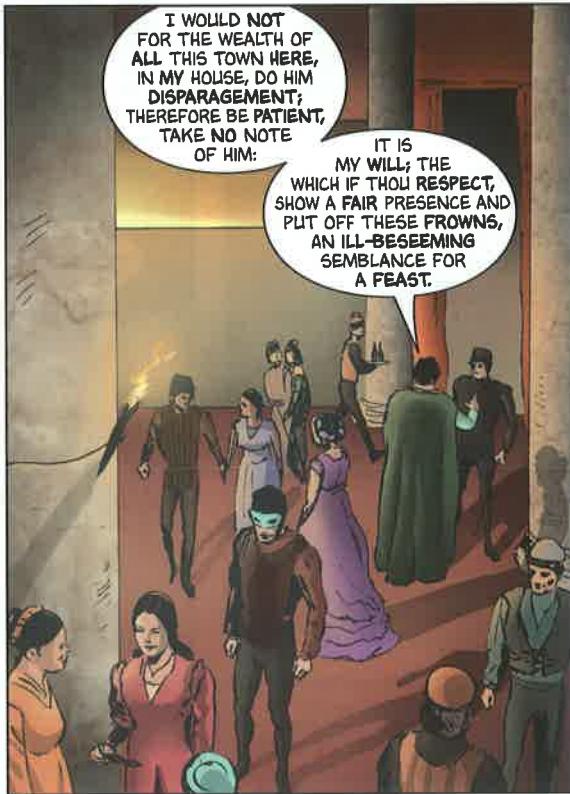
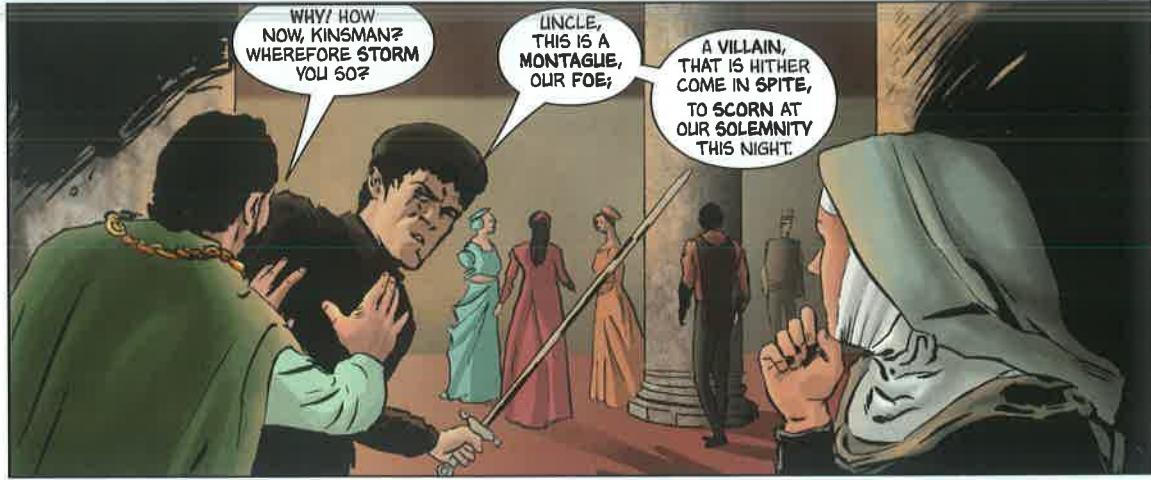




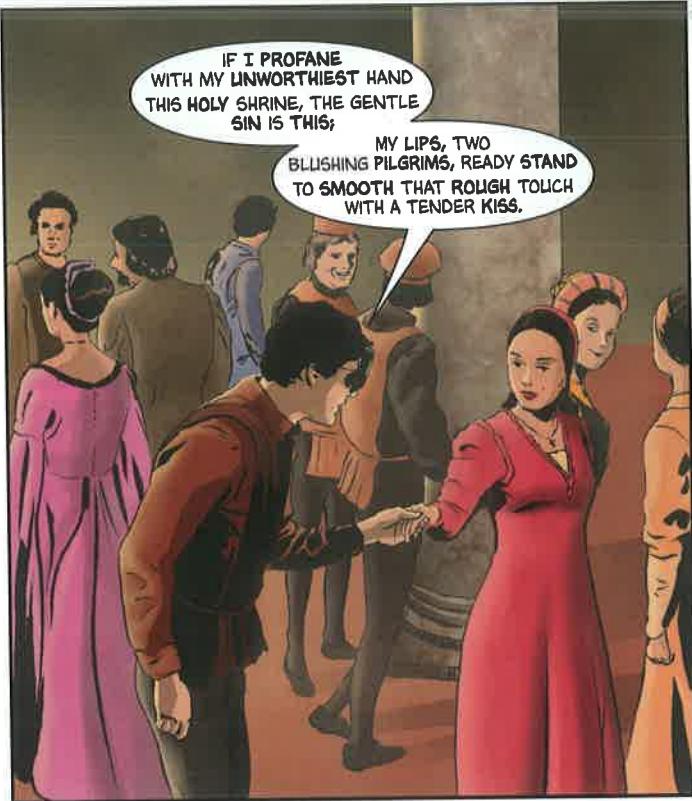


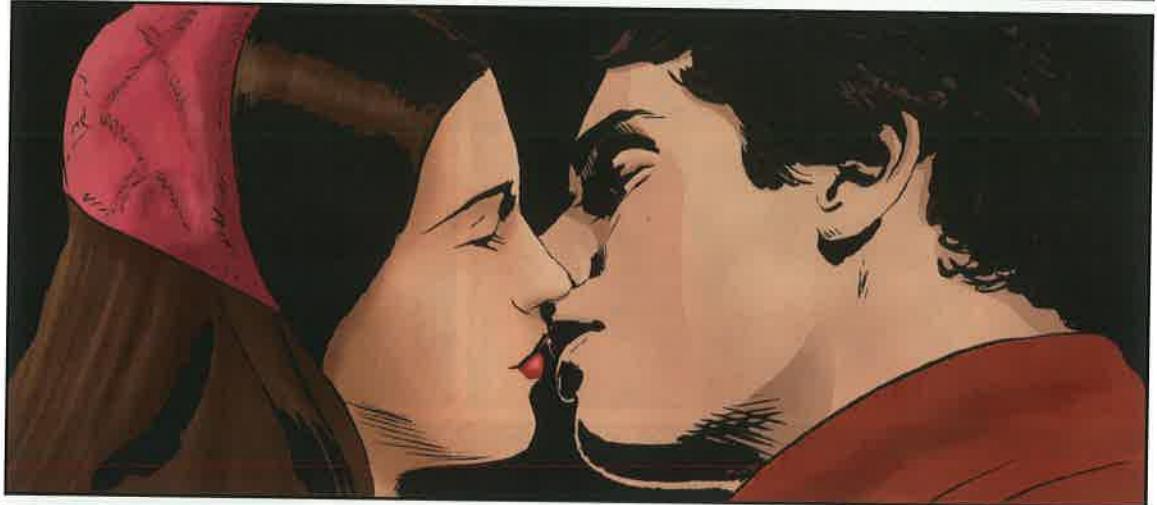
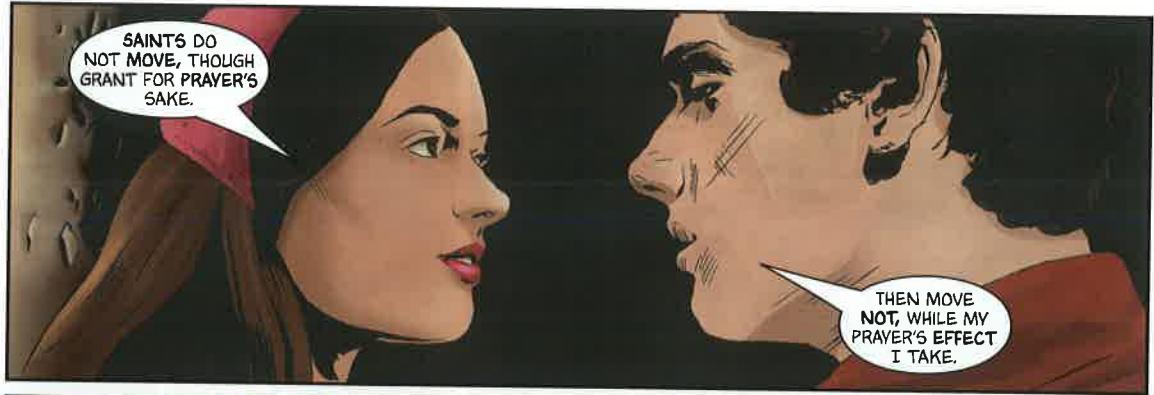


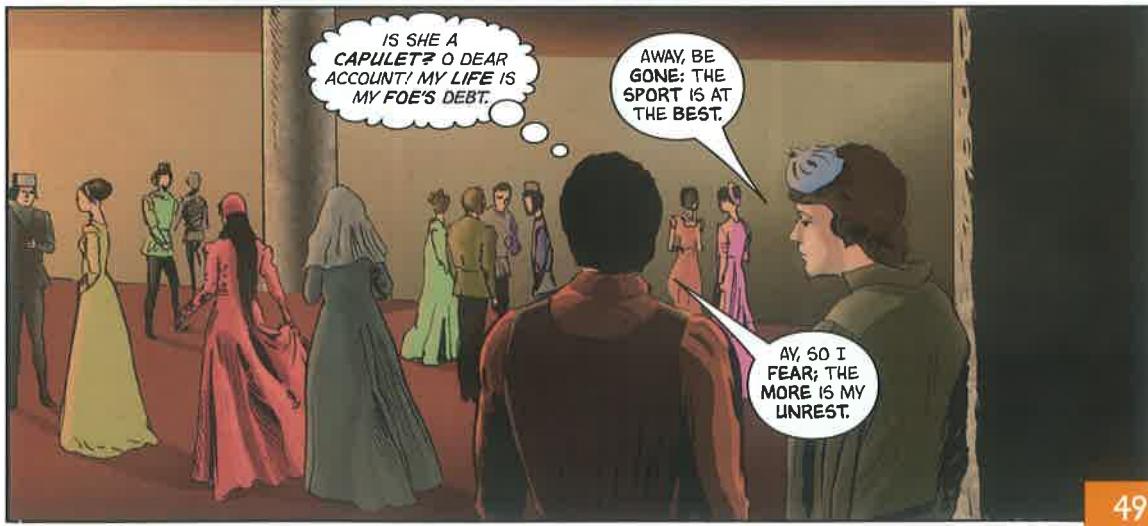
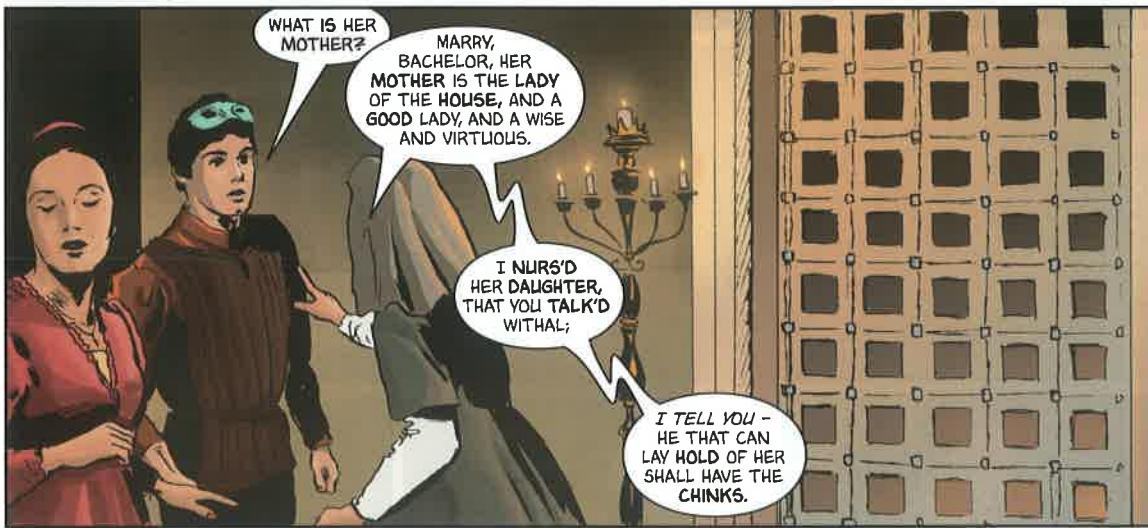


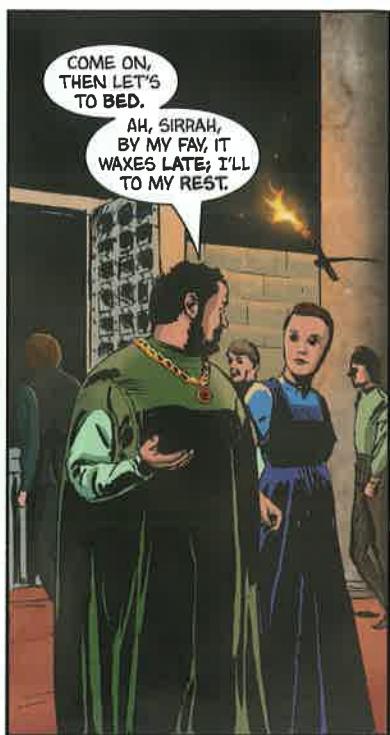


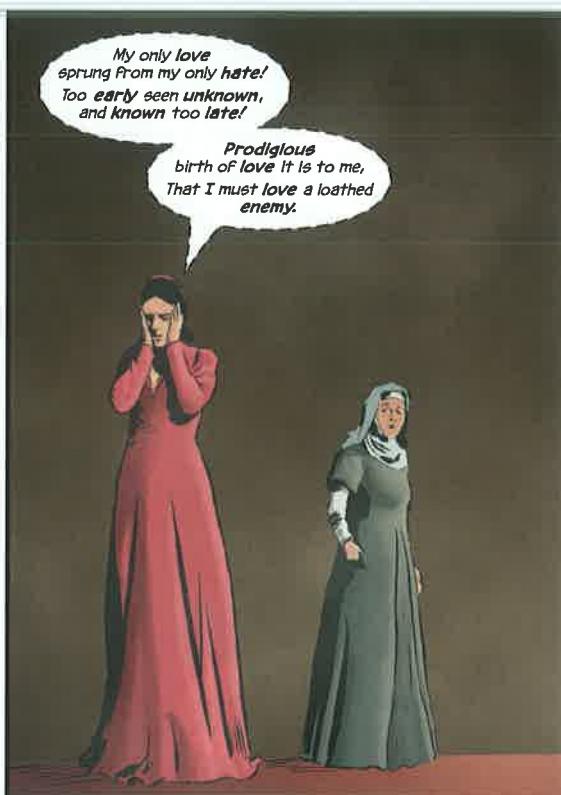














BUT, SOFT!  
WHAT LIGHT THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS?

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!







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  
TO-NIGHT:

IT IS TOO  
RASH, TOO UNADV'D,  
TOO SUDDEN; TOO LIKE  
THE LIGHTNING, WHICH  
DOTH 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!

O! WILT  
THOU LEAVE ME  
LINGSATISFIED?

I GAVE THEE MINE BEFORE  
THOU DIDST REQUEST IT;  
AND YET I WOULD IT WERE  
TO GIVE AGAIN.

WOLDST  
THOU WITHDRAW IT?  
FOR WHAT PURPOSE,  
LOVE?

WHAT  
SATISFACTION  
CANST THOU HAVE  
TO-NIGHT?  
THE  
EXCHANGE  
OF THY LOVE'S  
FAITHFUL VOW  
FOR MINE.

BUT TO BE  
FRANK, AND  
GIVE IT THEE  
AGAIN.

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.



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.

HIST!  
ROMEO,  
HIST!-

O, FOR A  
FALCONER'S VOICE,  
TO LURE THIS TASSEL-  
GENTLE BACK AGAIN!  
BONDAGE IS HOARSE,  
AND MAY NOT SPEAK  
ALOUD;

ELSE WOULD  
I TEAR THE CAVE  
WHERE ECHO LIES, AND  
MAKE HER AIRY TONGUE  
MORE HOARSE THAN MINE  
WITH REPETITION OF MY  
ROMEO'S NAME.

ROMEO!

IT IS MY SOUL  
THAT CALLS UPON  
MY NAME:

HOW  
SILVER-SWEET  
SOUND LOVERS'  
TONGUES BY NIGHT,  
LIKE SOFTEST MUSIC  
TO ATTENDING  
EARS!

ROMEO!

MY  
NAME?

AT WHAT  
O'CLOCK TO-MORROW  
SHALL I SEND TO  
THEE?

BY THE  
HOUR OF  
NINE.

I WILL  
NOT FAIL: 'TIS  
TWENTY YEARS  
TILL THEN.

I HAVE  
FORGOT WHY I  
DID CALL THEE  
BACK.

LET ME  
STAND HERE TILL  
THOU REMEMBER  
IT.

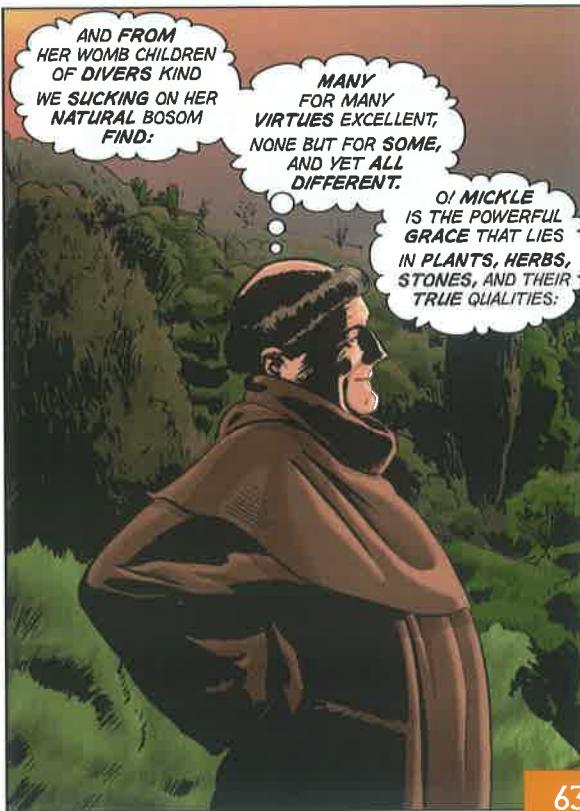
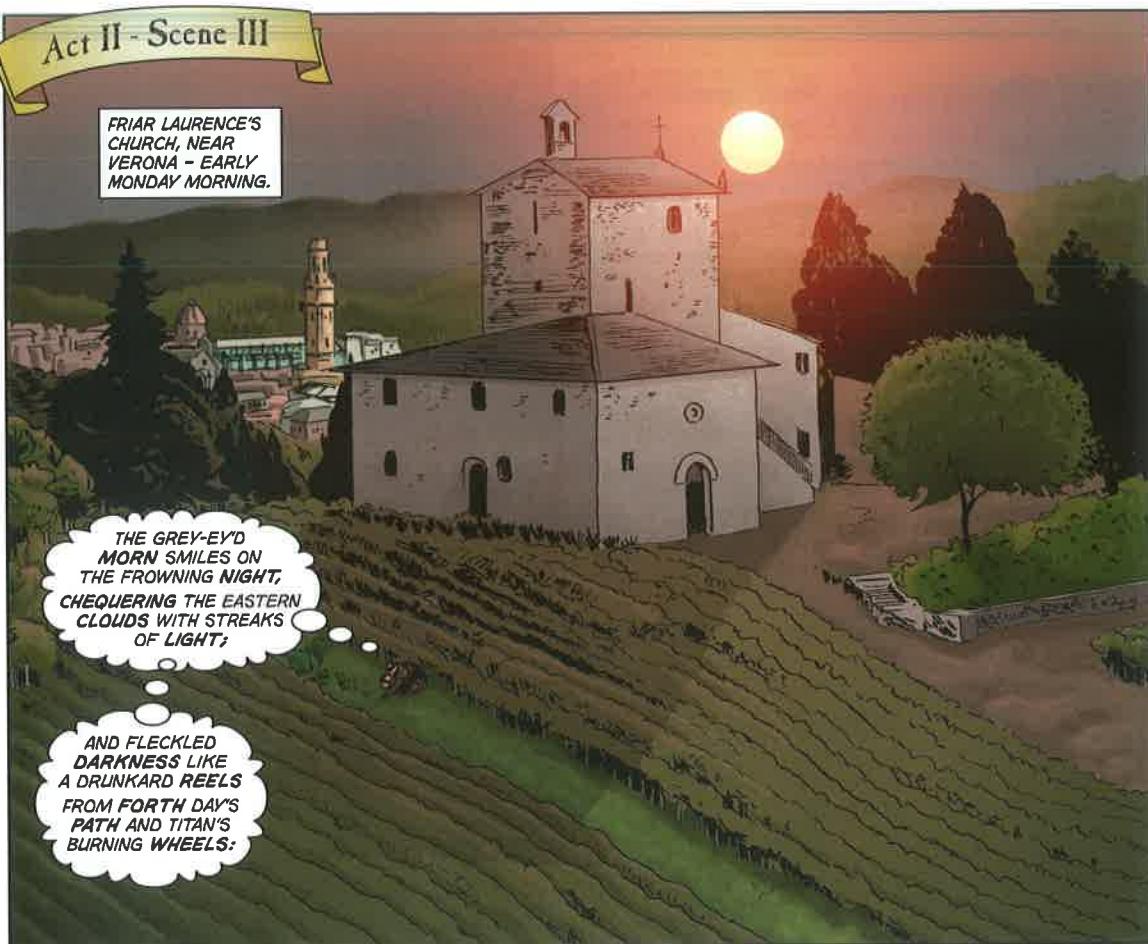
I SHALL FORGET, TO HAVE  
THEE STILL STAND THERE,  
REMEMBERING HOW I LOVE  
THY COMPANY.

AND I'LL  
STILL STAY, TO HAVE  
THEE STILL FORGET,  
FORGETTING ANY  
OTHER HOME BUT  
THIS.



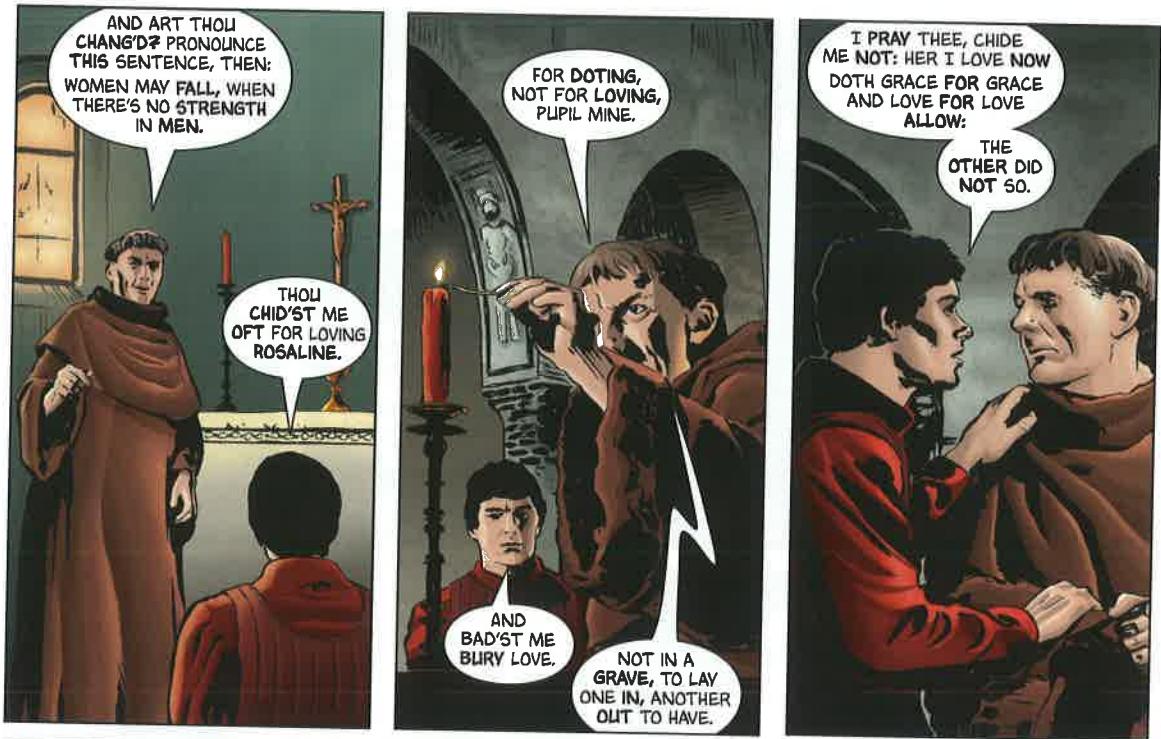
## Act II - Scene III

FRIAR LAURENCE'S  
CHURCH, NEAR  
VERONA - EARLY  
MONDAY MORNING.









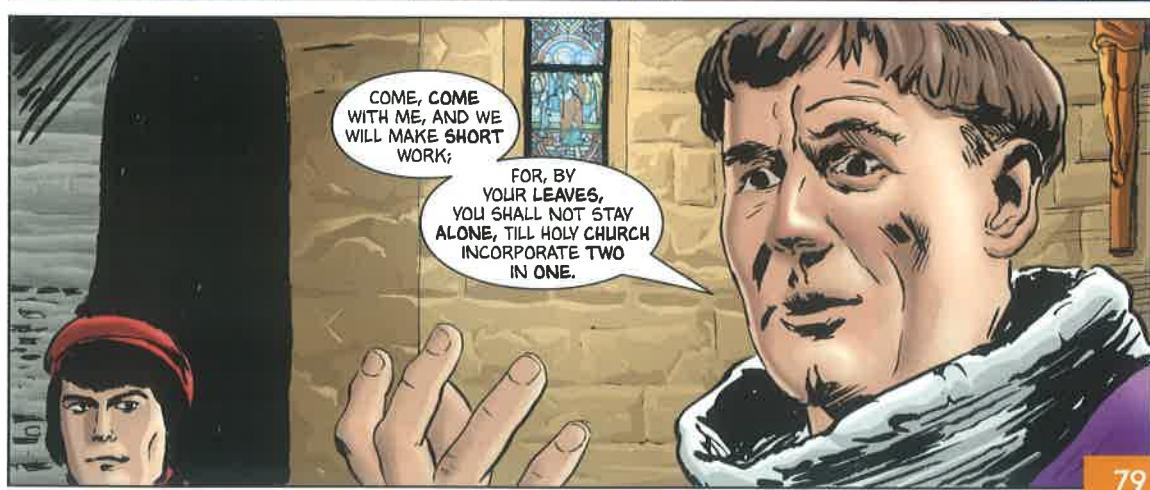
## Act II - Scene VI

FRIAR LAURENCE'S CHURCH - MONDAY AFTERNOON.

SO SMILE THE HEAVENS UPON THIS HOLY ACT, THAT AFTER-HOURS WITH SORROW CHIDE US NOT.

AMEN, AMEN! BUT COME WHAT SORROW CAN, IT CANNOT COUNTERVAIL THE EXCHANGE OF JOY THAT ONE SHORT MINUTE GIVES ME IN HER SIGHT:

DO THOU BUT CLOSE OUR HANDS WITH HOLY WORDS, THEN LOVE-DEVOURING DEATH DO WHAT HE DARE; IT IS ENOUGH I MAY BUT CALL HER MINE.



### Act III - Scene I

A PUBLIC PLACE  
IN VERONA -  
LATER, MONDAY  
AFTERNOON.

I PRAY  
THEE, GOOD MERCUTIO,  
LET'S RETIRE: THE DAY IS HOT,  
THE CAPULETS ABROAD, AND, IF  
WE MEET, WE SHALL NOT 'SCAPE  
A BRAWL; FOR NOW THESE  
HOT DAYS IS THE MAD  
BLOOD STIRRING.

THOU ART LIKE ONE  
OF THOSE FELLOWS THAT  
WHEN HE ENTERS THE CONFINES  
OF A TAVERN, CLAPS ME HIS SWORD  
LIQUID ON THE TABLE, AND SAYS  
"GOD SEND ME NO NEED  
OF THEE!"

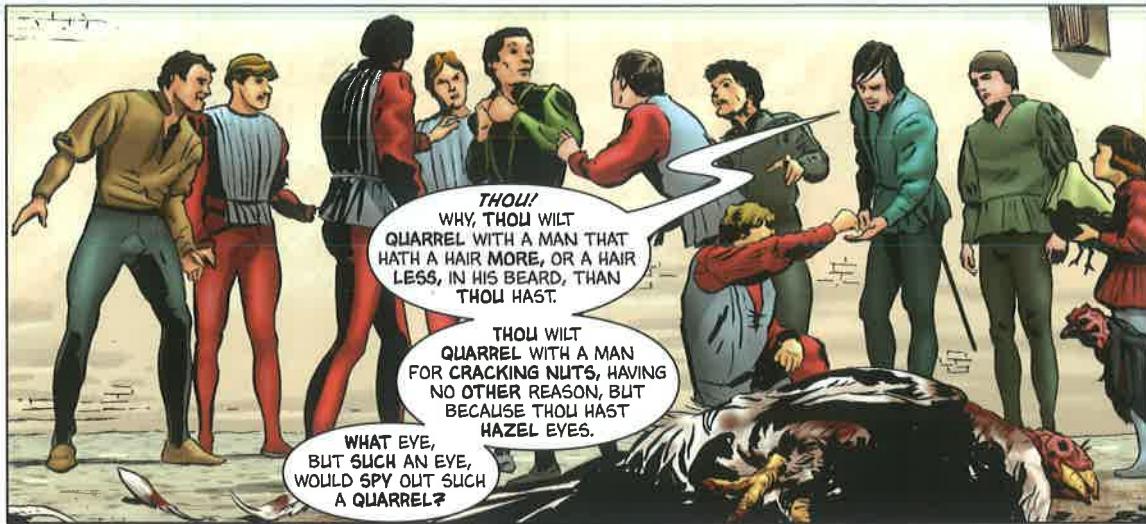
AND, BY THE  
OPERATION OF THE  
SECOND CLIP, DRAWS IT  
ON THE DRAWER, WHEN  
INDEED THERE IS  
NO NEED.

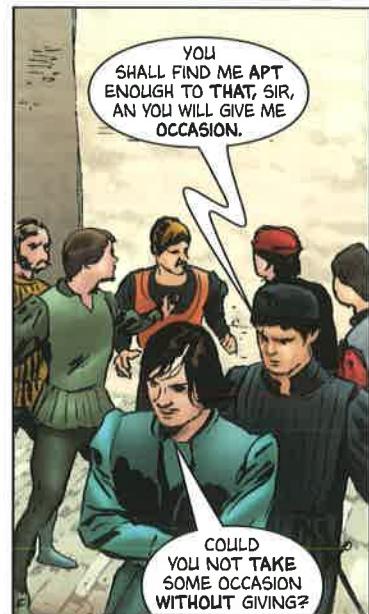
AM I  
LIKE SUCH A  
FELLOW?

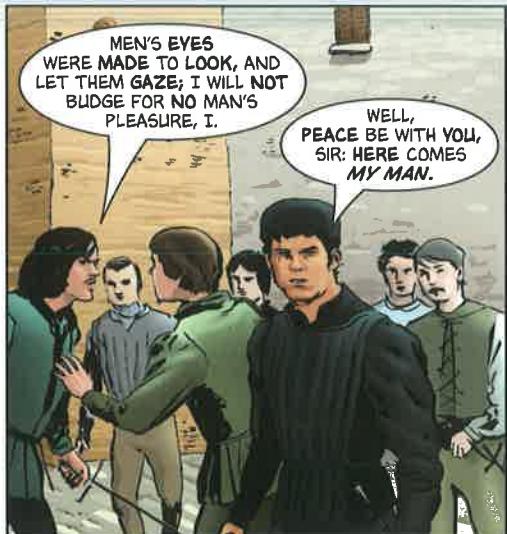
COME, COME, THOU  
ART AS HOT A JACK IN  
THY MOOD, AS ANY IN ITALY;  
AND AS SOON MOVED TO  
BE MOODY, AND AS SOON  
MOODY TO BE  
MOVED.

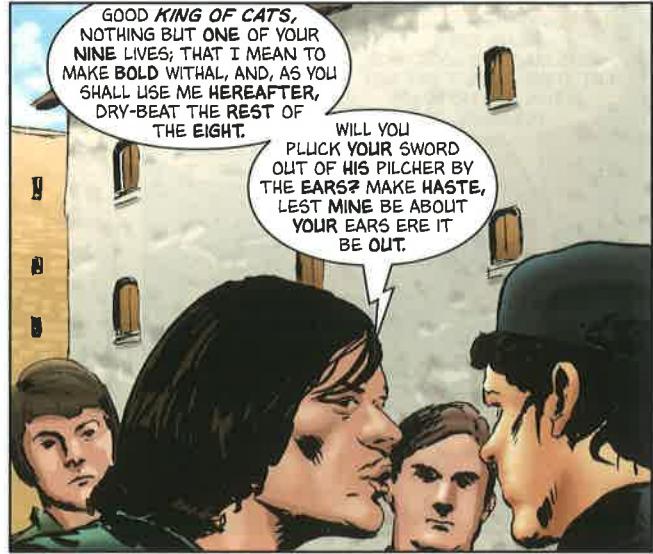
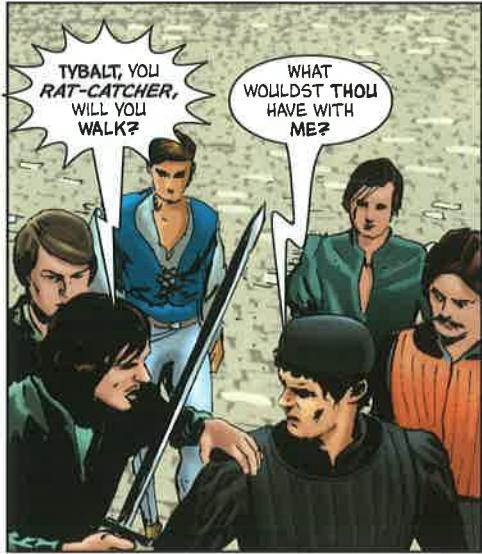
AND  
WHAT  
TO?

NAY, AN THERE  
WERE TWO SUCH, WE  
SHOULD HAVE NONE SHORTLY, FOR  
ONE WOULD KILL THE OTHER.

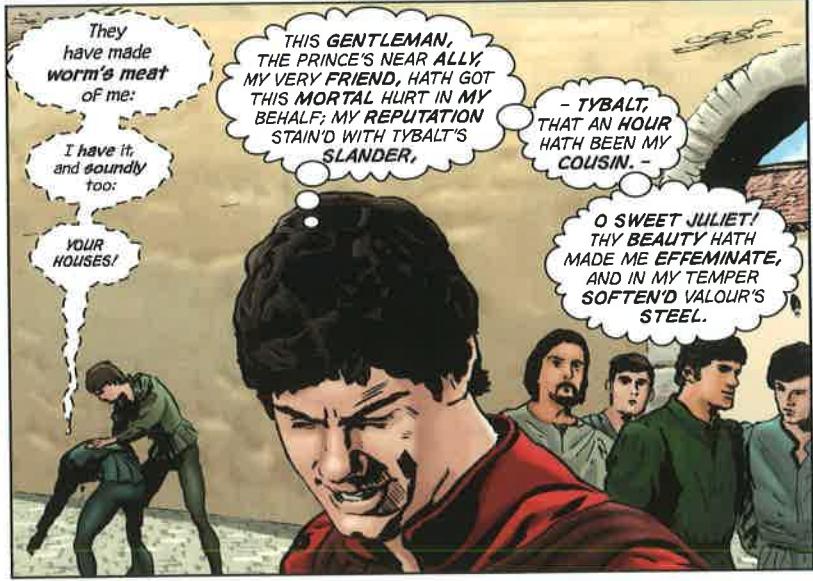


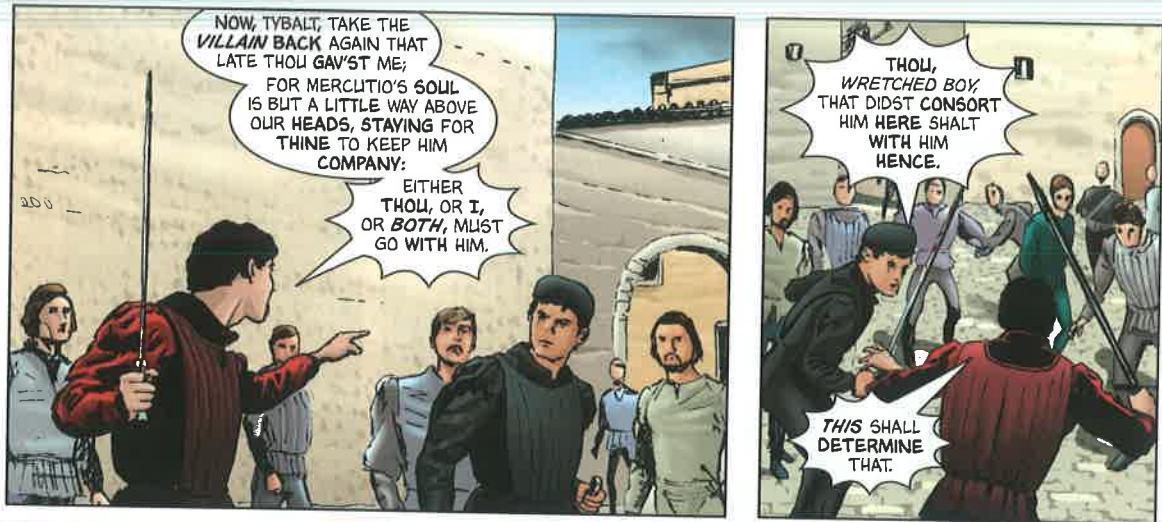


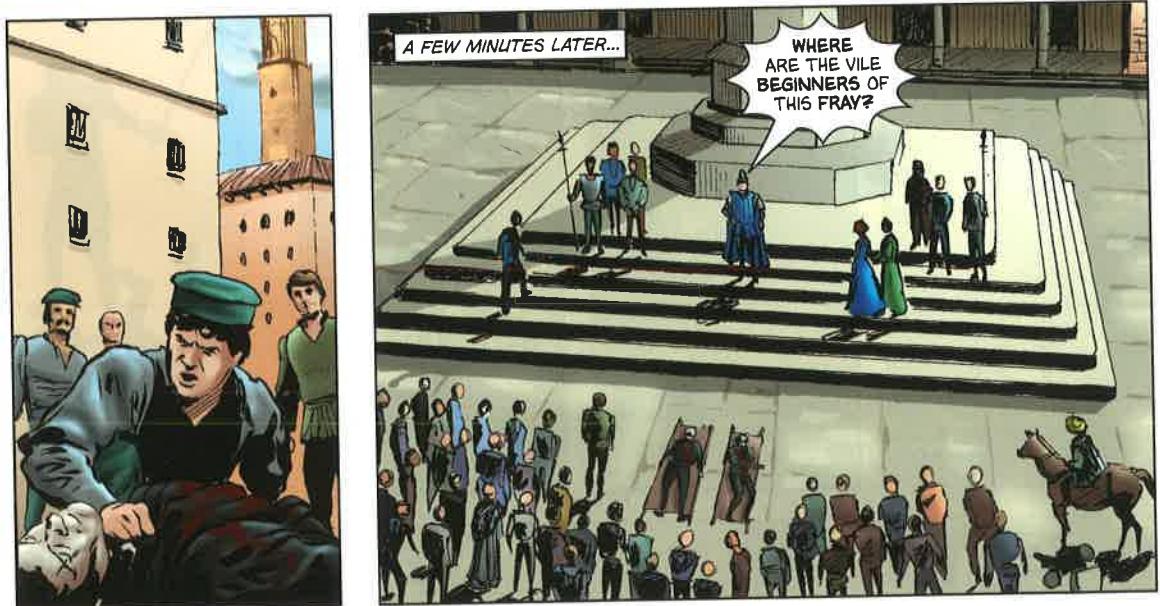




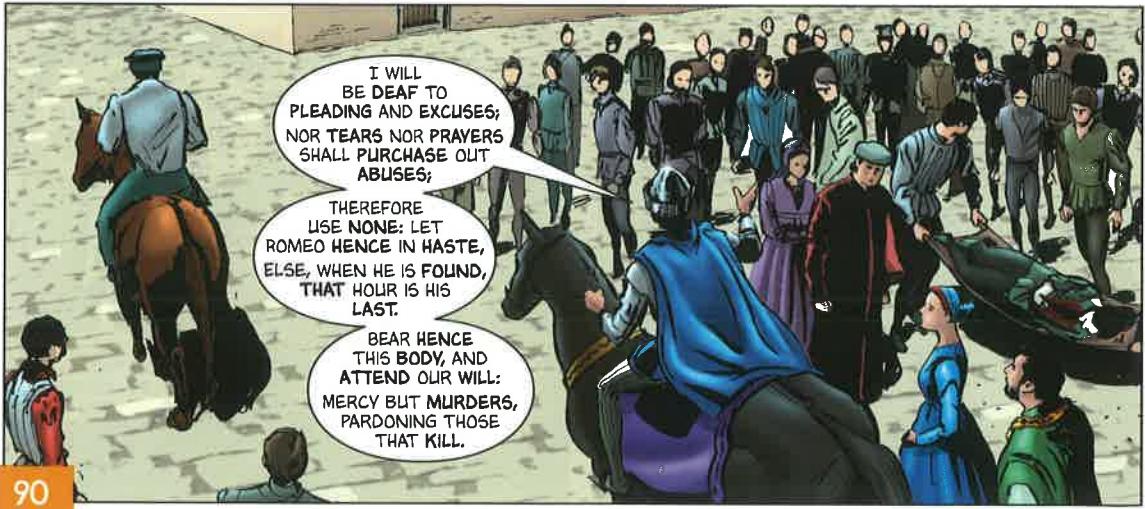
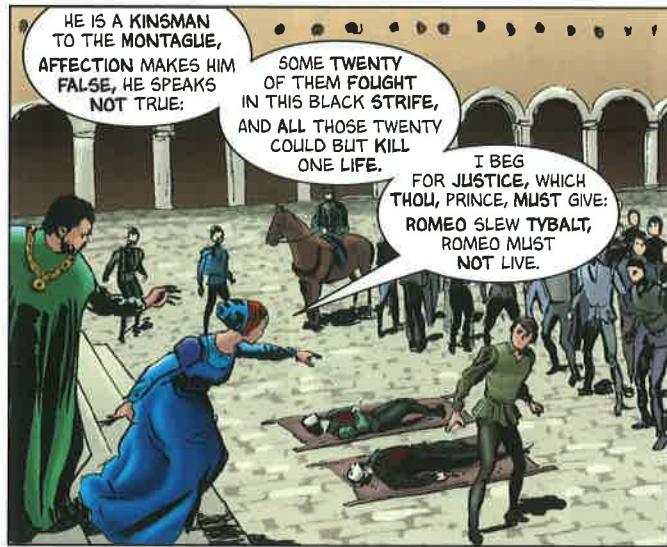












### Act III - Scene V

THE CAPULETS' HOUSE -  
JULIET'S CHAMBER, EARLY  
TUESDAY MORNING.

WILT  
THOU BE  
GONE?

IT IS NOT  
YET NEAR DAY: IT  
WAS THE NIGHTINGALE,  
AND NOT THE LARK, THAT  
PIERC'D THE FEARFUL  
HOLLOW OF THINE  
EAR;

NIGHTLY  
SHE SINGS ON YOND  
POMEGRANATE-TREE:  
BELIEVE ME, LOVE,  
IT WAS THE  
NIGHTINGALE.



IT WAS THE  
LARK, THE HERALD OF  
THE MORN, NO NIGHTINGALE:  
LOOK, LOVE, WHAT ENVIOUS  
STREAKS DO LACE THE  
SEVERING CLOUDS IN  
VONDER EAST.

NIGHT'S  
CANDLES ARE BURNT  
OUT, AND JOCLIND DAY  
STANDS TIPTOE ON THE  
MISTY MOUNTAIN  
TOPS:

I MUST  
BE GONE AND  
LIVE, OR STAY  
AND DIE.

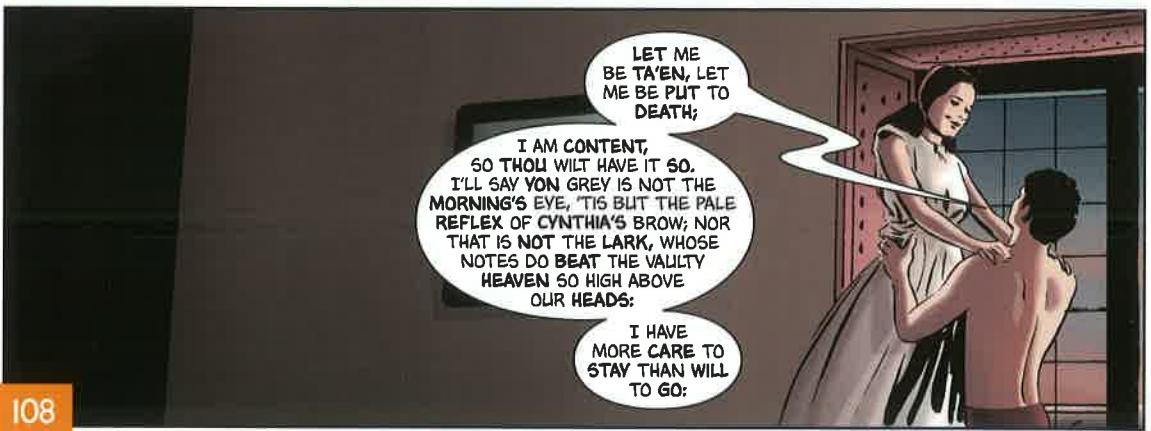
YOND LIGHT IS  
NOT DAYLIGHT, I KNOW IT, I:  
IT IS SOME METEOR THAT THE SUN  
EXHALES, TO BE TO THEE THIS NIGHT  
A TORCH-BEARER, AND LIGHT  
THEE ON THY WAY TO  
MANTUA:

THEREFORE  
STAY YET; THOU  
NEED'ST NOT TO  
BE GONE.



LET ME  
BE TA'EN, LET  
ME BE PUT TO  
DEATH;  
I AM CONTENT,  
SO THOU WILT HAVE IT SO.  
I'LL SAY YON GREY IS NOT THE  
MORNING'S EYE, 'TIS BUT THE PALE  
REFLEX OF CYNTHIA'S BROW: NOR  
THAT IS NOT THE LARK, WHOSE  
NOTES DO BEAT THE VALIY  
HEAVEN SO HIGH ABOVE  
OUR HEADS:

I HAVE  
MORE CARE TO  
STAY THAN WILL  
TO GO:





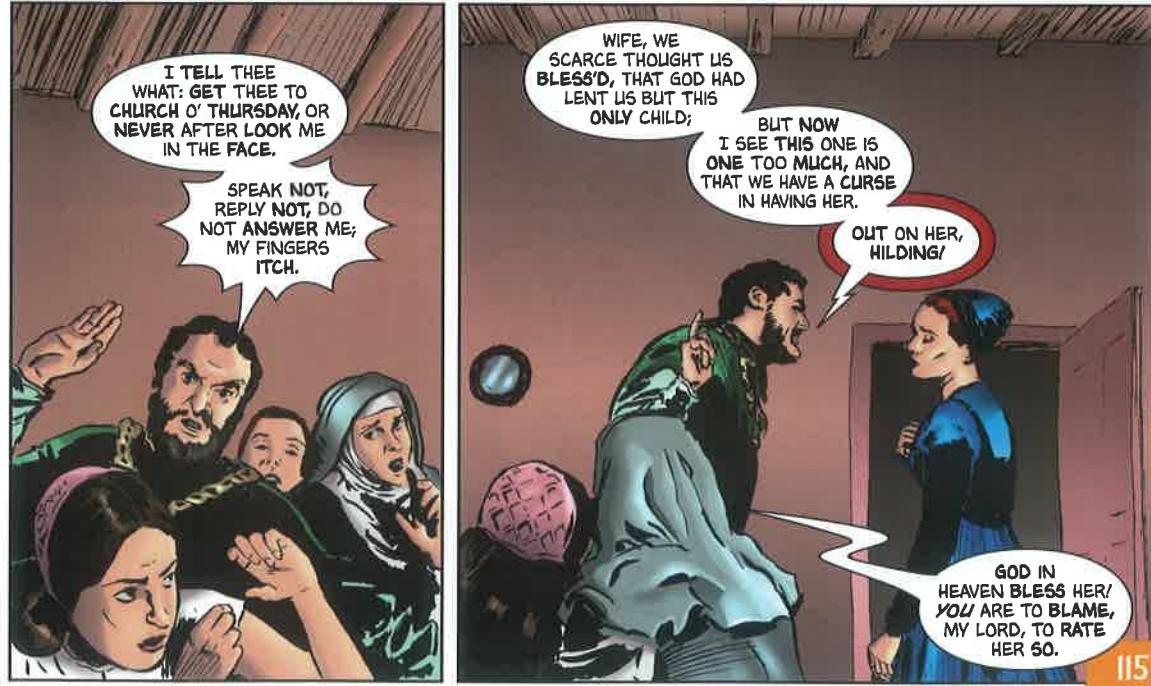






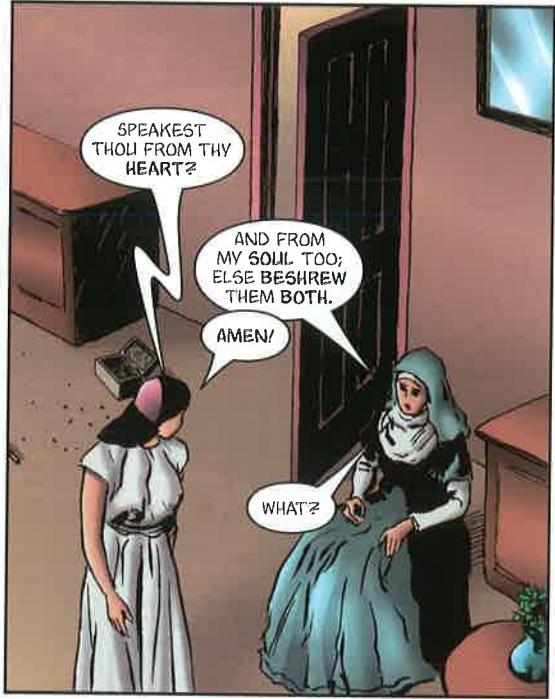








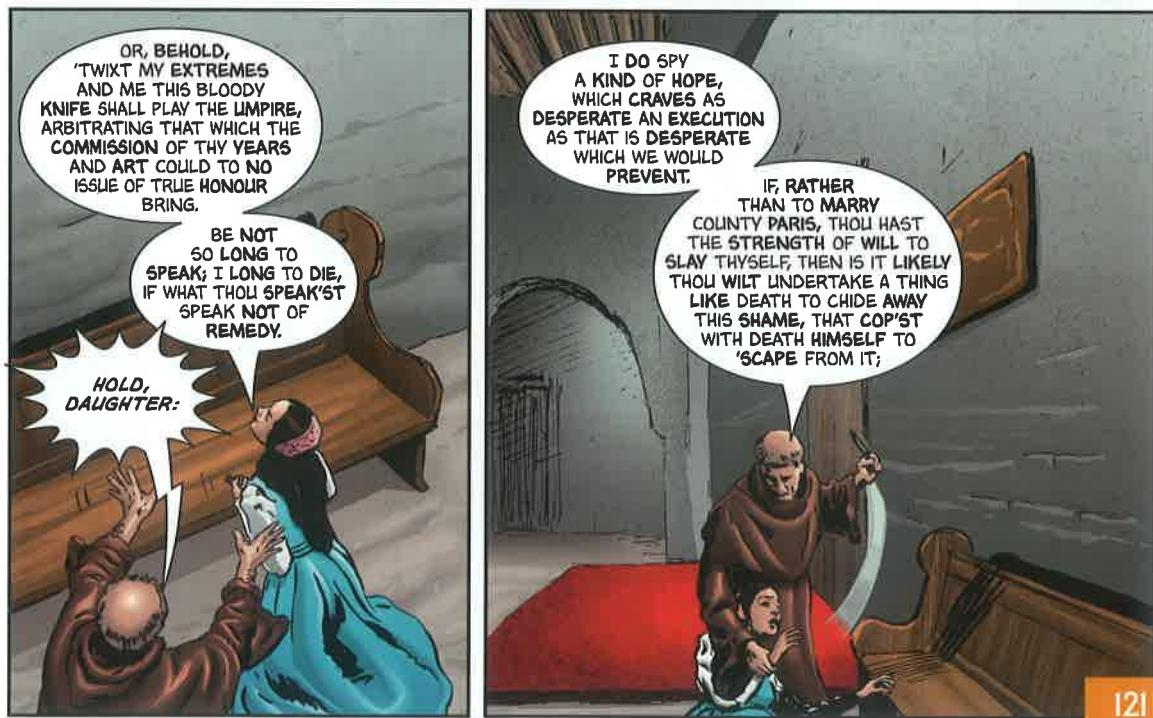


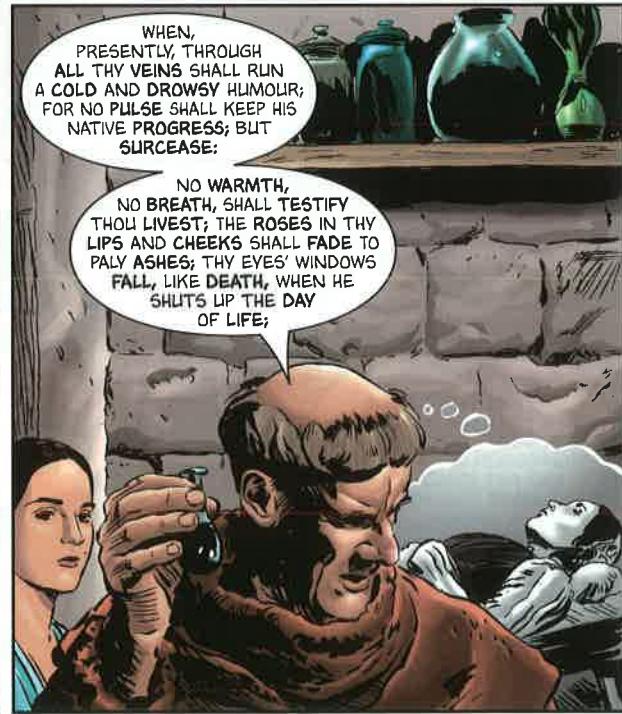
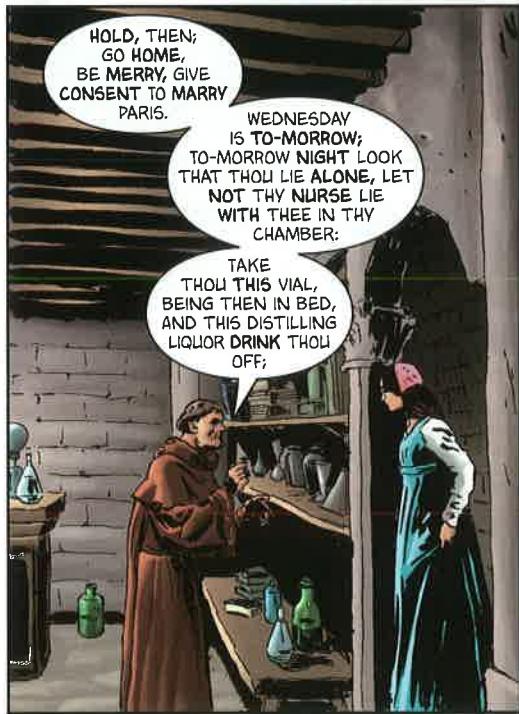
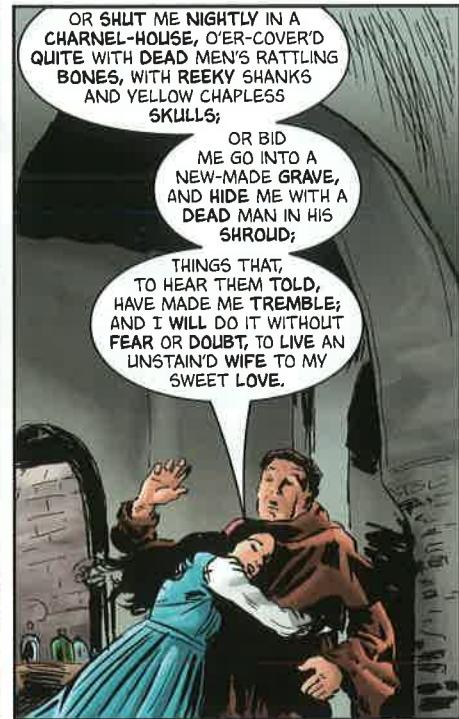


## Act IV - Scene I









NOW, WHEN  
THE BRIDEGROOM  
IN THE MORNING COMES  
TO ROUSE THEE FROM THY  
BED, THERE ART  
THOU DEAD:

THEN, AS  
THE MANNER OF OUR  
COUNTRY IS, IN THY BEST  
ROBES UNCOVER'D ON THE BIER,  
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.

AND THIS  
SHALL FREE THEE  
FROM THIS PRESENT SHAME,  
IF NO INCONSTANT TOY NOR  
WOMANISH FEAR, ABATE  
THY VALOUR IN THE  
ACTING IT.

GIVE ME,  
GIVE ME!

O' TELL  
NOT ME OF  
FEAR.

HOLD;  
GET YOU GONE;  
BE STRONG AND  
PROSPEROUS IN  
THIS RESOLVE.

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

LOVE, GIVE  
ME STRENGTH; AND  
STRENGTH SHALL HELP  
AFFORD.

FAREWELL,  
DEAR  
FATHER.

### Act IV - Scene III

THE CAPULETS' HOUSE - JULIET'S CHAMBER, TUESDAY NIGHT.

AY, THOSE ATTIRES ARE BEST:  
BUT, GENTLE NURSE,  
I PRAY THEE, LEAVE  
ME TO MYSELF  
TO-NIGHT;

FOR I  
HAVE NEED OF  
MANY ORISONS TO MOVE  
THE HEAVENS TO SMILE  
UPON MY STATE, WHICH,  
WELL THOU KNOWST,  
IS CROSS AND FULL  
OF SIN.

WHAT, ARE  
YOU BUSY, HO?  
NEED YOLI MY  
HELP?

NO, MADAM;  
WE HAVE CULL'D  
SUCH NECESSARIES  
AS ARE BEHOEFLIF  
FOR OUR STATE  
TO-MORROW:

SO PLEASE  
YOU, LET ME NOW BE  
LEFT ALONE, AND LET THE  
NURSE THIS NIGHT SIT UP  
WITH YOU; FOR, I AM SURE,  
YOU HAVE YOUR HANDS FULL  
ALL IN THIS SO SUDDEN  
BUSINESS.

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.

NURSE!

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

COME,  
VIAL.

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

NO, NO:  
THIS SHALL  
FORBID  
IT.

LIE  
THOU  
THERE.

WHAT IF  
IT BE A POISON,  
WHICH THE FRIAR SUBTLY  
HATH MINISTER'D TO HAVE ME  
DEAD, LEST IN THIS MARRIAGE  
HE SHOULD BE DISHONOUR'D,  
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  
BREATHES IN, AND THERE DIE  
STRANGLED ERE MY  
ROMEO COMES?

OR, IF  
I LIVE, IS IT  
NOT VERY LIKE, THE  
HORRIBLE CONCEIT OF  
DEATH AND NIGHT,  
TOGETHER WITH THE  
TERROR OF THE  
PLACE,

AS IN  
A VAULT, AN  
ANCIENT RECEPTACLE,  
WHERE, FOR THIS MANY  
HUNDRED YEARS, THE  
BONES OF ALL MY BURIED  
ANCESTORS ARE  
PACK'D;

WHERE  
BLOODY TYBALT, YET  
BUT GREEN IN EARTH,  
LIES FEST'RING IN HIS  
SHROUD:

WHERE,  
AS THEY SAY,  
AT SOME HOURS IN  
THE NIGHT SPIRITS  
RESORT;

ALACK, ALACK!  
IS IT NOT LIKE, THAT  
I, SO EARLY WAKING -  
WHAT WITH LOATHSOME  
SMELLS AND SHRIEKS LIKE  
MANDRAKES TORN OUT  
OF THE EARTH, THAT  
LIVING MORTALS,  
HEARING THEM,  
RUN MAD:

O! IF I WAKE,  
SHALL I NOT BE DISTRAUGHT,  
ENVIRONED WITH ALL THESE  
HIDEOUS FEARS: AND MADLY  
PLAY WITH MY FOREFATHERS'  
JOINTS, AND PLUCK THE  
MANGLED TYBALT FROM  
HIS SHROUD?

AND, IN  
THIS RAGE, WITH SOME  
GREAT KINSMAN'S BONE,  
AS WITH A CLUB, DASH  
OUT MY DESPERATE  
BRAINS?

O, LOOK!  
METHINKS I SEE MY  
COUSIN'S GHOST SEEKING  
OUT ROMEО, THAT DID SPIT  
HIS BODY UPON A RAPIER'S  
POINT: STAY, TYBALT,  
STAY!

ROMEО,  
I COME!

THIS DO I  
DRINK TO  
THEE.

## Act V - Scene I

THE OUTSKIRTS OF MANTUA - WEDNESDAY MORNING.

IF I MAY TRUST THE FLATTERING TRUTH OF SLEEP, MY DREAMS PRESAGE SOME JOYFUL NEWS AT HAND.

MY BOSOM'S LORD SITS LIGHTLY IN HIS THRONE; AND, ALL THIS DAY AN UNACUSTOM'D SPIRIT LIFTS ME ABOVE THE GROUND WITH CHEERFUL THOUGHTS.

I DREAMT MY LADY CAME AND FOUND ME DEAD - STRANGE DREAM, THAT GIVES A DEAD MAN LEAVE TO THINK! - AND BREATH'D SUCH LIFE WITH KISSES IN MY LIPS, THAT I REVIV'D AND WAS AN EMPEROR.

AH ME! HOW SWEET IS LOVE ITSELF POSSESS'D, WHEN BUT LOVE'S SHADOWS ARE SO RICH IN JOY!



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, SINCE YOU DID LEAVE IT FOR MY OFFICE, SIR.



NOTING THIS PENURY TO MYSELF I SAID - AN IF A MAN DID NEED A POISON NOW WHOSE SALE IS PRESENT DEATH IN MANTUA, HERE LIVES A CAITIFF WRETCH WHOULD SELL IT HIM.

O THIS SAME THOUGHT DID BUT FORERUN MY NEED, AND THIS SAME NEEDY MAN MUST SELL IT ME.

AS I REMEMBER, THIS SHOULD BE THE HOUSE:

BEING HOLIDAY THE BEGGAR'S SHOP IS SHUT.



BANG  
BANG



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; AND THAT THE TRUNK MAY BE DISCHARG'D OF BREATH AS VIOLENTLY, AS HASTY POWDER FIR'D DOOTH HURRY FROM THE FATAL CANNON'S WOMB.

ART THOU SO BARE, AND FULL OF WRETCHEDNESS, AND FEAR'ST TO DIE? FAMINE IS IN THY CHEEKS, NEED AND OPPRESSION STARVETH IN THY EYES, CONTEMPT AND BEGGARY HANGS UPON THY BACK;

THE WORLD IS NOT THY FRIEND, NOR THE WORLD'S LAW: THE WORLD AFFORDS NO LAW TO MAKE THEE RICH; THEN BE NOT POOR, BUT BREAK IT, AND TAKE THIS.





## Act V - Scene II

FRIAR LAURENCE'S CHURCH -  
WEDNESDAY EVENING.

KNOCK  
KNOCK

HOLY  
FRANCISCAN FRIAR!  
BROTHER, HO!

THIS SAME  
SHOULD BE THE  
VOICE OF FRIAR  
JOHN.

WELCOME  
FROM MANTUA:  
WHAT SAYS ROMEO?  
OR, IF HIS MIND BE  
WRIT, GIVE ME HIS  
LETTER.

GOING TO FIND  
A BARE-FOOT 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, SEAL'D UP THE  
DOORS AND WOULD NOT LET US FORTH;  
SO THAT MY SPEED TO MANTUA  
THERE WAS STAY'D.

WHO BARE  
MY LETTER THEN  
TO ROMEO?

I COULD  
NOT SEND IT,  
- HERE IT IS AGAIN, -  
NOR GET A MESSENGER  
TO BRING IT THEE, SO  
FEARFUL WERE THEY OF  
INFECTION.

UNHAPPY  
FORTUNE!

BY MY  
BROTHERHOOD,  
THE LETTER WAS NOT NICE,  
BUT FULL OF CHARGE,  
OF DEAR IMPORT; AND THE  
NEGLECTING IT MAY DO  
MUCH DANGER.

FRIAR  
JOHN, GO HENCE;  
GET ME AN IRON  
CROW, AND BRING IT  
STRAIGHT UNTO  
MY CELL.

BROTHER,  
I'LL GO AND  
BRING IT  
THEE.

NOW  
MUST I TO THE  
MONUMENT ALONE;  
WITHIN THIS THREE  
HOURS WILL FAIR  
JULIET WAKE.

SHE WILL  
BESREW ME MUCH  
THAT ROMEO HATH HAD  
NO NOTICE OF THESE  
ACCIDENTS; BUT I WILL  
WRITE AGAIN TO MANTUA,  
AND KEEP HER AT MY  
CELL TILL ROMEO  
COME.

POOR  
LIVING CORSE,  
CLOS'D IN A  
DEAD MAN'S  
TOMB!

### Act V - Scene III

A CHURCHYARD CONTAINING THE CAPULET FAMILY TOMB - WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

GIVE ME  
THY TORCH, BOY:  
HENCE, AND  
STAND ALOOF:

YET  
PUT IT OUT,  
FOR I WOULD  
NOT BE SEEN.

UNDER  
YOND YEW-TREES  
LAY THEE ALL ALONG,  
HOLDING THY EAR CLOSE TO  
THE HOLLOW GROUND: SO SHALL  
NO FOOT UPON THE CHURCHYARD  
TREAD, BEING LOOSE, UNFIRM,  
WITH DIGGING UP OF GRAVES,  
BUT THOU SHALT  
HEAR IT:

WHISTLE  
THEN TO ME, AS  
SIGNAL THAT THOU  
HEAR'ST SOMETHING  
APPROACH.

GIVE ME  
THOSE FLOWERS.  
DO AS I BID THEE;  
GO.

I AM  
ALMOST AFRAID  
TO STAND ALONE HERE  
IN THE CHURCHYARD;  
YET I WILL  
ADVENTURE.

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,  
OR, WANTING THAT WITH  
TEARS DISTILL'D  
BY MOANS:

THE BOY GIVES  
WARNING SOMETHING DOOTH  
APPROACH. WHAT CURSED FOOT  
WANDERS THIS WAY TO-NIGHT,  
TO CROSS MY OBSEQUIES  
AND TRUE LOVE'S  
RITE?

WHAT!  
WITH A TORCH?  
MUFFLE ME, NIGHT,  
A WHILE.

THE  
OBSEQUIES THAT  
I FOR THEE WILL KEEP,  
NIGHTLY SHALL BE, TO  
STREW THY GRAVE  
AND WEEP!

GIVE  
ME THAT MATTOCK  
AND THE WRENCHING  
IRON.

HOLD,  
TAKE THIS LETTER;  
EARLY IN THE MORNING  
SEE THOU DELIVER IT  
TO MY LORD AND  
FATHER.

GIVE ME THE LIGHT:  
UPON THY LIFE, I CHARGE THEE,  
WHATE'ER THOU HEAR'ST OR  
SEEST, STAND ALL ALOOF,  
AND DO NOT INTERRUPT ME IN  
MY COURSE.

WHY I  
DESCEND INTO THIS  
BED OF DEATH IS, PARTLY,  
TO BEHOLD MY LADY'S FACE;  
BLIT, CHIEFLY, TO TAKE THENCE  
FROM HER DEAD FINGER A  
PRECIOUS RING, A RING THAT  
I MUST USE IN DEAR  
EMPLOYMENT:

THEREFORE HENCE, BE GONE:  
BUT IF THOU, JEALOUS, DOST  
RETURN TO PRY IN WHAT I FARTHER  
SHALL INTEND TO DO, BY HEAVEN,  
I WILL TEAR THEE JOINT BY JOINT AND  
STREW THIS HUNGRY CHURCHYARD  
WITH THY LIMBS.

THE TIME  
AND MY INTENTS ARE  
SAVAGE-WILD, MORE FIERCE,  
AND MORE INEXORABLE  
FAR, THAN EMPTY TIGERS,  
OR THE ROARING  
SEA.

I WILL BE  
GONE, SIR, AND  
NOT TROUBLE  
YOU.

SO SHALT  
THOU SHOW ME  
FRIENDSHIP.

TAKE  
THOU THAT: LIVE,  
AND BE PROSPEROUS:  
AND FAREWELL, GOOD  
FELLOW.

FOR ALL  
THIS SAME, I'LL  
HIDE ME HEREABOUT:  
HIS LOOKS I FEAR,  
AND HIS INTENTS  
I DOUBT

THOU  
DETESTABLE  
MAW, THOU WOMB  
OF DEATH, GORG'D  
WITH THE DEAREST  
MORSEL OF THE  
EARTH,

THUS  
I ENFORCE THY  
ROTEN JAWS TO  
OPEN, AND, IN DESPITE,  
I'LL CRAM THEE  
WITH MORE  
FOOD!

THIS IS THAT  
BANISH'D HAUGHTY  
MONTAGUE, THAT MURDER'D  
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.









A GRAVE?  
O, NO! A LANTERN,  
SLAUGHTER'D YOUTH; FOR  
HERE LIES JULIET, AND HER  
BEAUTY MAKES THIS VAULT  
A FEASTING PRESENCE  
FULL OF LIGHT.

DEATH,  
LIE THOU THERE,  
BY A DEAD MAN INTERR'D.  
HOW OFT, WHEN MEN ARE AT  
THE POINT OF DEATH, HAVE THEY  
BEEN MERRY! WHICH THEIR  
KEEPERS CALL A LIGHTNING  
BEFORE DEATH:

O! HOW  
MAY I CALL THIS  
A LIGHTNING?

O MY LOVE! MY WIFE!  
DEATH, THAT HATH SUCK'D  
THE HONEY OF THY BREATH,  
HATH HAD NO POWER YET  
UPON THY BEAUTY:

THOU ART  
NOT CONQUER'D;  
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 FAVOUR 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!

AH! DEAR JULIET, WHY  
ART THOU YET SO FAIR?  
SHALL I BELIEVE THAT  
UNSUBSTANTIAL DEATH IS  
AMOROUS, AND THAT THE LEAN  
ABHORRED MONSTER KEEPS  
THEE HERE IN DARK TO BE  
HIS PARAMOUR?

FOR FEAR OF  
THAT, I STILL WILL  
STAY WITH THEE,  
AND NEVER FROM  
THIS PALACE OF DIM  
NIGHT DEPART  
AGAIN:

HERE, 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.





AS I DID SLEEP UNDER THIS YEW-TREE HERE, I DREAMT MY MASTER AND ANOTHER FOUGHT, AND THAT MY MASTER SLEW HIM.



ROMEO!

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

WHAT MEAN  
THESE MASTERLESS  
AND GORY SWORDS TO LIE  
DISCOLOUR'D BY THIS  
PLACE OF PEACE?



ROMEO! O, PALE!

WHO ELSE?

WHAT PARIS TOO?  
AND STEEP'D IN BLOOD?

AH! WHAT  
AN UNKIND HOUR  
IS GUILTY OF THIS  
LAMENTABLE  
CHANCE!



THE LADY STIRS.

O COMFORTABLE  
FRIAR! WHERE IS  
MY LORD?

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



TA-RA-TE-RA!

I HEAR  
SOME NOISE.

LADY, COME FROM  
THAT NEST OF DEATH,  
CONTAGION AND UNNATURAL  
SLEEP: A GREATER POWER  
THAN WE CAN CONTRADICT  
HATH THWARTED OUR  
INTENTS:

COME,  
COME AWAY: THY  
HUSBAND IN THY  
BOSOM THERE LIES  
DEAD; AND PARIS  
TOO:



COME, I'LL  
DISPOSE OF THEE  
AMONG A SISTERHOOD  
OF HOLY NUNS: STAY  
NOT TO QUESTION,  
FOR THE WATCH IS  
COMING;

COME, GO,  
GOOD JULIET.  
I DARE NO  
LONGER STAY.

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



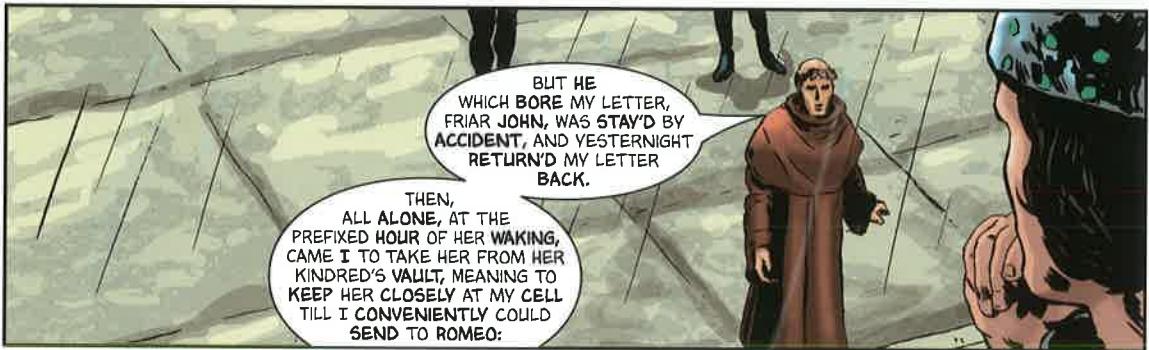
















# Romeo & Juliet

The End

# William Shakespeare

[c.1564 - 1616 AD]

Shakespeare is, without question, the world's most famous playwright. Yet, despite his fame, very few records and artifacts exist for him — we don't even know the exact date of his birth! April 23, 1564 (St George's Day) is taken to be his birthday, as this was three days before his baptism (for which we do have a record). Records also tell us that he died on the same date in 1616, aged fifty-two.

The life of William Shakespeare can be divided into three acts.

## Act One – Stratford-upon-Avon

William was the eldest son of tradesman John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, and the third of eight children (he had two older sisters). The Shakespeares were a respectable family. The year after William was born, John (who made gloves and traded leather) became an alderman of Stratford-upon-Avon, and four years later he became High Bailiff (or mayor) of the town.

Little is known of William's childhood. He learned to read and write at the local primary school, and later is believed to have attended the local grammar school, where he studied Latin and English Literature. In 1582, aged eighteen, William married a local farmer's daughter, Anne Hathaway. Anne was eight years his senior and three months pregnant. During their marriage they had three children: Susanna, born on



May 26, 1583, and twins, Hamnet and Judith, born on February 2, 1585. Hamnet (William's only son) died in 1596, aged eleven, from Bubonic Plague.

## Act Two – London

Five years into his marriage, in 1587, William's wife and children stayed in Stratford, while he moved to London. He appeared as an actor at *The Theatre* (England's first permanent theater) and gave public recitals of his own poems; but it was his playwriting that created the most interest. His fame soon spread far and wide. When Queen Elizabeth I died in 1603, the new King James I (who was already King James VI of Scotland) gave royal consent for Shakespeare's acting company, *The Lord Chamberlain's Men* to be called *The King's Men* in return for entertaining the court. This association was to shape a

number of plays, such as *Macbeth*, which was written to please the Scottish King.

William Shakespeare is attributed with writing and collaborating on 38 plays, 154 sonnets and 5 poems, in just twenty-three years between 1590 and 1613. No original manuscript exists for any of his plays, making it hard to accurately date any of them. Printing was still in its infancy, and plays tended to change as they were performed. Shakespeare would write manuscript for the actors and continue to refine them over a number of performances. The plays we know today have survived from written copies taken at various stages of each play and usually written by the actors from memory. This has given rise to variations in texts of what is now known as "quarto" versions of the plays, until we reach the first

official printing of each play in the 1623 "folio" *Mr William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies*. His last solo-authored work was *The Tempest* in 1611, which was only followed by collaborative work on two plays (*Henry VIII* and *Two Noble Kinsmen*) with John Fletcher. Shakespeare is strongly associated with the famous *Globe Theatre*. Built by his troupe in 1599, it became his "spiritual home", with thousands of people crammed into the small space for each performance. There were 3,000 people in the building in 1613 when a cannon-shot during a performance of *Henry VIII* set fire

to the thatched roof and the entire theater was burned to the ground. Although it was rebuilt a year later, it marked an end to Shakespeare's writing and to his time in London.

#### Act Three - Retirement

Shortly after the 1613 accident at *The Globe*, Shakespeare left the capital and returned to live once more with his family in Stratford-upon-Avon. He died on April 23, 1616 and was buried two days later at the Church of the Holy Trinity (the same church where he had been baptized fifty-two years earlier). The cause of his death remains unknown.

#### Epilogue

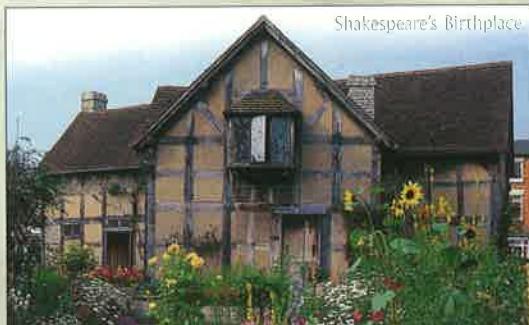
At the time of his death, Shakespeare had substantial properties, which he bestowed on his family and associates from the theater. He had no son to inherit his wealth, and he left the majority of his possessions to his eldest daughter Susanna. Curiously, the only thing that he left to his wife Anne was his second-best bed! (although she continued to live in the family home after his death). William Shakespeare's last direct descendant died in 1670. She was his granddaughter, Elizabeth.

W. William Shakespeare

## Shakespeare Birthplace Trust

**A**s so few relics survive from Shakespeare's life, it is amazing that the house where he was born and raised remains intact. It is owned and cared for by the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, which looks after a number of houses in the area:

- Shakespeare's Birthplace.
- Mary Arden's Farm: The childhood home of Shakespeare's mother.
- Anne Hathaway's Cottage: The childhood home of Shakespeare's wife.
- Hall's Croft: The home of Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susanna.
- New Place: Only the grounds exist of the house where Shakespeare died in 1616.
- Nash's House: The home of Shakespeare's granddaughter.



Shakespeare's Birthplace

[www.shakespeare.org.uk](http://www.shakespeare.org.uk)



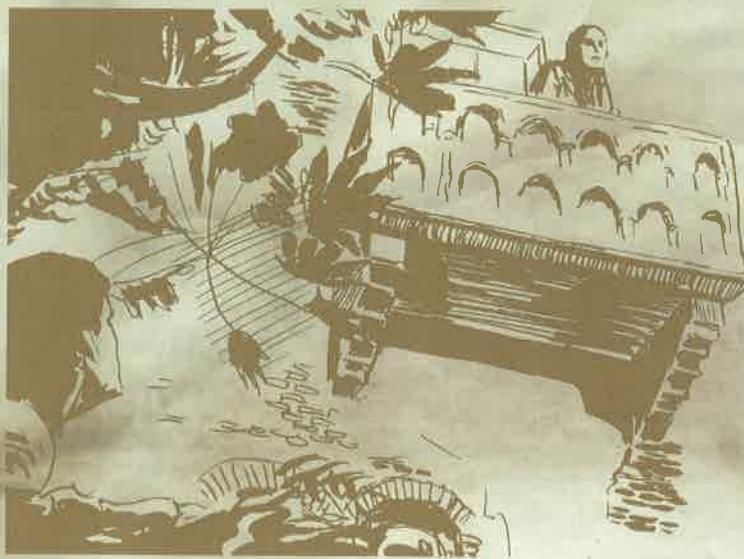
Martin Droeshout's engraving of Shakespeare

Formed in 1847, the Trust also works to promote Shakespeare around the world. In early 2009, it announced that it had found a new Shakespeare portrait, believed to have been painted within his lifetime, with a trail of provenance that links it to Shakespeare himself.

It is accepted that Martin Droeshout's engraving (left) that appears on the First Folio of 1623 is an authentic likeness of Shakespeare because the people involved in its publication would have personally known him. This new portrait (once owned by Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of Southampton, one of Shakespeare's most loyal supporters) is so similar in all facial aspects that it is now suspected to have been the source that Droeshout used for his famous engraving.

[www.shakespearefound.org.uk](http://www.shakespearefound.org.uk)

## History of the Play



The tale of ill-fated love between Romeo and Juliet is intrinsically linked with Shakespeare, with the famous "balcony scene" providing some of his most enduring phrases:

*"But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?"*

*"It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!"* (p55)

*"O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?"* (p56)

*"What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other word would smell as sweet;"* (p56)

However, as with the vast majority of his works, Shakespeare's play is an adaptation of a story that already existed (*The Tempest* is his only play without a clear source).

Stories of frustrated love are as old as civilization itself and can be found even in ancient myths. The

first recognizable form of *Romeo and Juliet* appeared around 1460 by Masuccio Salernitano. In it, Mariotto Mignanelli and Gianozza Saraceni of Siena fall in love and are married in secret by a friar. Shortly afterwards, Mariotto quarrels, fights with and kills a noble citizen. Mariotto is banished from the town, and Gianozza is forced into marriage by her father (who is unaware of her marriage with Mariotto). The friar creates a potion for Gianozza that makes her appear dead, and she is taken to the family tomb. From there, the friar escorts her to husband, who receives word of her death before she can reach him. Mariotto returns to Siena, where he is seized and executed. Gianozza shuts herself away in a convent and soon dies from grief.

Salernitano's story became the inspiration for Luigi da Porto's *Giulietta e Romeo*. Da Porto set the story in Verona, where he was inspired by the two castles just

outside the city, each owned by a different family: the Capuleti and the Montecchi, thus introducing the notion of the feuding families. The ending is more tragic than Shakespeare's, with Romeo killing himself by the side of Giulietta, but seeing her revive in his final moments.

In 1554, an Italian writer by the name of Matteo Bandello published his own version of *Giulietta e Romeo*. This story was much more popular than its predecessors. Not only was it translated into English but, importantly for Shakespeare, it became the basis of a 3,020-line poem by Arthur Brooke called *The Tragical Historye of Romeus and Juliet* (1562). Brooke's poem has all the main characters, albeit with some spelling differences: Romeus Montagew, Juliet Capilet, Prince Escalus, Tybalt, Paris, Friar Lawrence, Juliet's nurce [sic] and even Peter (although he is cited as one of Romeus's men).

Although Shakespeare embellished the story (and of course added his beautiful language) the events can all be found in Brooke's poem – even Friar John being unable to deliver the message to Romeus because of quarantine. It is possible that Shakespeare worked with other sources, too. He may have read the French translation of Bandello's novel, as well as an English version of the story by William Painter called *Palace of Pleasure*. Yet it is Brooke's poem that most closely matches the Bard's great play, as shown in the excerpt, opposite, in which Juliet discovers the name of her new love as the guests leave the masked ball.

## The Tragical Historye of Romeus and Juliet by Arthur Brooke (1562)

As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise  
To searne his name, that intertaind her in so gentle wise.  
Of whome her hart receiued so deepe, so wyde a wounde,  
An auncient dame she calde to her, and in her care gan rounde.  
This olde dame in her youth, had nurst her with her mylke,  
With slender needle taught her sow, and how to spin with silke.  
What twayne are those (quoth she) which prease vnto the doore,  
Whose pages in theyr hand doe beare, two toorchies light before.  
And then as eche of them had of his housshould name,  
So she him namde yet once agayne the yong and wylf dame.  
And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand  
That yender doth in masking weede besyde the window stand.  
His name is Romeus (sayd she) a Montegewe.  
Whose fathers pryd first styr'd the strife which both your  
housholdes revve.  
The woord of Montegew, her ioyes did ouerthrow,  
And straight in steade of happy hope, dyspayre began to growe.  
What hap haue I quoth she, to soue my fathers foe?  
What, am I very of my wele? what, doe I wishe my woe?  
But though her grieuous paynes distractind her tender hart,  
Yet with an outward shewe of ioye she clok'd inward smart.  
And of the courfylke dames her leue so courtly tooke,  
That none dyd gesse the sodain change by changing of her looke.

Shakespeare contracted the nine months of events within the poem into just five days. While that adds to the tension of the play in performance, it is likely to have been a conscious and practical decision to tailor the story for the stage, as the passing of time is hard to capture in theater.

The play appeared in print for the first time (the *First Quarto*) in 1597. The introduction of that edition tells us that it had already been performed by the time it was published:

*An Excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet, As it hath been often (with great applause) plaide publicquely, by the Honourable the L. of Hunsdon and his Seruants.*

It was written before the *Globe Theatre* was built (1599), in the reign of Elizabeth I (which ended in 1603), while Shakespeare was writing for *The Lord Chamberlain's Men*.

**The Lord Chamberlain's Men**  
Until the 1660s, the law prevented women and girls from acting. All parts, even Juliet, were played by males!

Even though Shakespeare's plays were hugely popular, only sparse records exist of actual performances. The earliest official recording of a production of *Romeo and Juliet* doesn't occur until as late as 1662, in a theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The famous diarist Samuel Pepys attended the



opening night and thought very poorly of it:

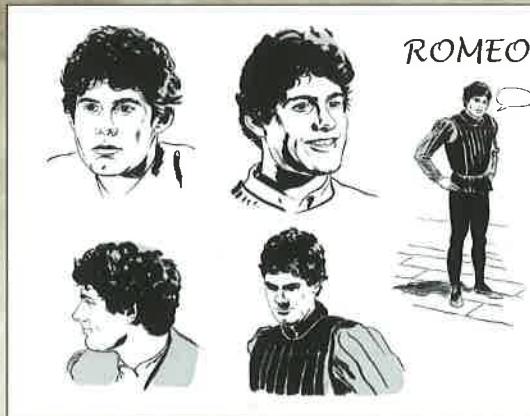
*"It is a play of itself the worst that I have ever heard in my life, and the worst acted that I ever saw these people do; and am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less."*

Despite that early criticism, *Romeo and Juliet* remains one of Shakespeare's best-loved plays, being performed regularly throughout the world, as well as being adapted into other media: classical music (Berlioz [1839] and Tchaikovsky [1870]), opera (Gounod [1867]), ballet (Prokofiev [1935]), musical (Leonard Bernstein's *West Side Story* [1957]), movie (many!), and, of course, this graphic novel.

# Page Creation

ACT 1 - Scene 5: Romeo approaches the balcony and sees Juliet		
	Original Text	Plain Text
161	Romeo: 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 with shame upbraided, His new-fangled hue is leaden and green, And none but hee is worthy to wear it soft.	Juliet is the sun. Romeo: 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 with shame upbraided, His new-fangled hue is leaden and green, And none but hee is worthy to wear it soft.
162	Juliet's PPS: From the balcony, Juliet is looking at the ground. She doesn't yet know... Her eyes open up at the sound. She jumps up in alarm. Her heart is racing. Her hands are cold and green. Her mind races to find words to say. Her style disappears. It will awake in a second.	Juliet's PPS: From the balcony, Juliet is looking at the ground. She doesn't yet know... Her eyes open up at the sound. She jumps up in alarm. Her heart is racing. Her hands are cold and green. Her mind races to find words to say. Her style disappears. It will awake in a second.
163	Romeo: Juliet looks down at Romeo. He looks up at her. Romeo: 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 with shame upbraided, His new-fangled hue is leaden and green, And none but hee is worthy to wear it soft.	Romeo: Juliet looks down at Romeo. He looks up at her. Romeo: 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 with shame upbraided, His new-fangled hue is leaden and green, And none but hee is worthy to wear it soft.

Page 55 from the script of *Romeo & Juliet* showing the three text versions.



The rough sketch created from the script.

## 1. Script

The first stage in creating a graphic novel adaptation of a Shakespeare play is to split the original script into comic book panels, describing the images to be drawn as well as the dialogue and any captions. To do this, not only does the script writer need to know the play well, but he also needs to visualize each page in his head as he writes the art descriptions for each panel (there are over 600 panels in *Romeo and Juliet*).

Once this is created, the dialogue is adapted into Plain Text and Quick Text to create the three versions of the book, which all use the same artwork.

## 2. Character Sheets

Because *Romeo and Juliet* is such a well-known play, Will Volly needed very little time to familiarize himself with the characters. However, an artist still needs to "climb into the story" while deciding on the right approach for the artwork. Here you can see Will's designs for Romeo and Juliet, which we instantly agreed upon. The whole process moves steadily towards bringing the play to life and, suddenly, the names "Romeo" and "Juliet" are no longer simply names in a script – they have turned into real people!



## 3. Rough Sketch

Armed with the character visualizations, the artist begins work on the 152 pages required for the book. Each page is first sketched out quickly in order to check panel layouts, ensure there is enough space for the lettering, explore continuity elements and to establish the pacing of the action. Will's roughs are very descriptive. As you can see here, he is already considering the lighting of the scenes, how the shadows will fall across surfaces, and so on. These rough layouts are then sent to the editor for approval. If any changes need to be made, it is far easier to make them at this stage from the fast rough layouts than to make changes to finished linework.