

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE****ACT 3, SCENE 5**

ROMEO and JULIET enter above the stage.

JULIET

Are you going? It's still a long time until daybreak. Don't be afraid. That sound you heard was the nightingale, not the lark. Every night the nightingale chirps on that pomegranate-tree. Believe me, my love, it was the nightingale.

→  
The lark sings in  
the morning, the  
nightingale sings at  
night.

ROMEO

It was the lark, the bird that sings at dawn, not the nightingale. Look, my love, what are those streaks of light in the clouds parting in the east? Night is over, and day is coming. If I want to live, I must go. If I stay, I'll die.

JULIET

That light is not daylight, I know it. It's some meteor coming out of the sun to light your way to Mantua. So stay for a while. You don't have to go yet.

ROMEO

Let me be captured. Let me be put to death. I am content, if that's the way you want it. I'll say the light over there isn't morning. I'll say it's the reflection of the moon. I'll say that sound isn't the lark ringing in the sky. I want to stay more than I want to go. Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wants it this way. How are you, my love? Let's talk. It's not daylight.

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**JULIET**

It is, it is. Get out of here, be gone, go away! It's the lark that sings so out of tune, making such harsh noise. Some say the lark makes a sweet division between day and night. It's not true because she separates us. Some say the lark traded its eyes with the toad. Oh, now I wish they had traded voices too! Because the lark's voice tears us out of each other's arms, and now there will be men hunting for you. Oh, go away now. I see more and more light.

→  
*A folktale said that the lark had gotten its ugly eyes from the toad, who had taken its pretty eyes from the lark.*

**ROMEO**

More and more light. More and more pain for us.

*The NURSE enters.*

**NURSE**

Madam.

**JULIET**

Nurse?

**NURSE**

Your mother is coming to your bedroom. Day has broken. Be careful. Watch out.

*The NURSE exits.*

**JULIET**

Then the window lets day in, and life goes out the window.

**ROMEO**

Farewell, farewell! Give me one kiss, and I'll go down.

*They kiss. ROMEO drops the ladder and goes down.*

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**JULIET**

Are you gone like that, my love, my lord? Yes, my husband, my friend! I must hear from you every day in the hour. In a minute there are many days. Oh, by this count I'll be many years older before I see my Romeo again.

**ROMEO**

Farewell! I won't miss any chance to send my love to you.

**JULIET**

Oh, do you think we'll ever meet again?

**ROMEO**

I have no doubts. All these troubles will give us stories to tell each other later in life.

**JULIET**

Oh God, I have a soul that predicts evil things! Now that you are down there, you look like someone dead in the bottom of a tomb. Either my eyesight is failing me, or you look pale.

**ROMEO**

And trust me, love, you look pale to me too. Sadness takes away our color. Goodbye, Goodbye!

*ROMEO exits.*

**JULIET**

Oh luck, luck. Everyone says you can't make up your mind. If you change your mind so much, what are you going to do to Romeo, who's so faithful? Change your mind, luck. I hope maybe then you'll send him back home soon.

**LADY CAPULET**

*(offstage)* Hey, daughter! Are you awake?

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**JULIET**

Who's that calling? Is it my mother? Isn't she up very late? Or is she up very early? What strange reason could she have for coming here?

**LADY CAPULET** *enters.*

**LADY CAPULET**

What's going on, Juliet?

**JULIET**

Madam, I am not well.

**LADY CAPULET**

Will you cry about your cousin's death forever? Are you trying to wash him out of his grave with tears? If you could, you couldn't bring him back to life. So stop crying. A little bit of grief shows a lot of love. But too much grief makes you look stupid.

**JULIET**

Let me keep weeping for such a great loss.

**LADY CAPULET**

You will feel the loss, but the man you weep for will feel nothing.

**JULIET**

Feeling the loss like this, I can't help but weep for him forever.

**LADY CAPULET**

Well, girl, you're weeping not for his death as much as for the fact that the villain who killed him is still alive.

**JULIET**

What villain, madam?

**LADY CAPULET**

That villain, Romeo.

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**JULIET**

*(speaking so that LADY CAPULET can't hear)* He's far from being a villain. *(to LADY CAPULET)* May God pardon him! I do, with all my heart. And yet no man could make my heart grieve like he does.

**LADY CAPULET**

That's because the murderer is alive.

**JULIET**

Yes, madam, he lies beyond my reach. I wish that no one could avenge my cousin's death except me!

**LADY CAPULET**

We'll have revenge for it. Don't worry about that. Stop crying. I'll send a man to Mantua, where that exiled rogue is living. Our man will poison Romeo's drink, and Romeo will join Tybalt in death. And then, I hope, you'll be satisfied.

**JULIET**

I'll never be satisfied with Romeo until I see him . . . dead—dead is how my poor heart feels when I think about my poor cousin. Madam, if you can find a man to deliver the poison, I'll mix it myself so that Romeo will sleep quietly soon after he drinks it. Oh, how I hate to hear people say his name and not be able to go after him. I want to take the love I had for my cousin and take it out on the body of the man who killed him.

**LADY CAPULET**

Find out the way, and I'll find the right man. But now I have joyful news for you, girl.

**JULIET**

And it's good to have joy in such a joyless time. What's the news? Please tell me.

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LADY CAPULET

Well, well, you have a careful father, child. He has arranged a sudden day of joy to end your sadness. A day that you did not expect and that I did not seek out.

JULIET

Madam, tell me quickly, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET

Indeed, my child, at Saint Peter's Church early Thursday morning, the gallant, young, and noble gentleman Count Paris will happily make you a joyful bride.

JULIET

Now, I swear by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too, he will not make me a joyful bride there. This is a strange rush. How can I marry him, this husband, before he comes to court me? Please, tell my father, madam, I won't marry yet. And, when I do marry, I swear, it will be Romeo, whom you know I hate, rather than Paris. That's really news!

LADY CAPULET

Here comes your father. Tell him so yourself, and see how he takes the news.

*CAPULET and the NURSE enter.*

CAPULET

When the sun sets, the air drizzles dew. But at the death of my brother's son, it rains a downpour. What are you, girl? Some kind of fountain? Why are you still crying? Will you cry forever? In one little body you seem like a ship, the sea, and the winds. Your eyes, which I call the sea, flow with tears. The ship is your body which is sailing on the salt flood of your tears.

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE**

The winds are your sighs. Your sighs and your tears are raging. Unless you calm down, tears and sighs will overwhelm your body and sink your ship. So where do things stand, wife? Have you told her our decision?

**LADY CAPULET**

Yes, sir, I told her. But she won't agree. She says thank you but refuses. I wish the fool were dead and married to her grave!

**CAPULET**

Wait! Hold on, wife. I don't understand. How can this be? She refuses? Isn't she grateful? Isn't she proud of such a match? Doesn't she realize what a blessing this is? Doesn't she realize how unworthy she is of the gentleman we have found to be her bridegroom?

**JULIET**

I am not proud of what you have found for me. But I am thankful that you have found it. I can never be proud of what I hate. But I can be thankful for something I hate, if it was meant with love.

**CAPULET**

What is this? What is this fuzzy logic? What is this? I hear you say "proud" and "I thank you," and then "no thank you" and "not proud," you spoiled little girl. You're not really giving me any thanks or showing me any pride. But get yourself ready for Thursday. You're going to Saint Peter's Church to marry Paris. And if you don't go on your own, I'll drag you there. You disgust me, you little bug! You worthless girl! You pale face!

**LADY CAPULET**

Shame on you! What, are you crazy?

**JULIET**

Good father, I'm begging you on my knees, be patient and listen to me say just one thing.

**NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE****CAPULET**

Forget about you, you worthless girl! You disobedient wretch! I'll tell you what. Go to church on Thursday or never look me in the face again. Don't say anything. Don't reply. Don't talk back to me. (*JULIET rises*) I feel like slapping you. Wife, we never thought ourselves blessed that God only gave us this one child. But now I see that this one is one too many. We were cursed when we had her. She disgusts me, the little hussy!

**NURSE**

God in heaven bless her! My lord, you're wrong to berate her like that.

**CAPULET**

And why, wise lady? You shut up, old woman. Go blabber with your gossiping friends.

**NURSE**

I've said nothing wrong.

**CAPULET**

Oh, for God's sake.

**NURSE**

Can't I say something?

**CAPULET**

Be quiet, you mumbling fool! Say your serious things at lunch with your gossiping friends. We don't need to hear it.

**LADY CAPULET**

You're getting too angry.

**CAPULET**

Goddammit! It makes me mad. Day and night, hour after hour, all the time, at work, at play, alone, in company, my top priority has always been to find her a husband. Now I've provided a husband from a noble family, who is good-looking, young, well-educated. He's full of good qualities.



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He's the man of any girl's dreams. But this wretched, whimpering fool, like a whining puppet, she looks at this good fortune and answers, "I won't get married. I can't fall in love. I'm too young. Please, excuse me." Well, if you won't get married, I'll excuse you. Eat wherever you want, but you can no longer live under my roof. Consider that. Think about it. I'm not in the habit of joking. Thursday is coming. Put your hand on your heart and listen to my advice. If you act like my daughter, I'll marry you to my friend. If you don't act like my daughter, you can beg, starve, and die in the streets. I swear on my soul, I will never take you back or do anything for you. Believe me. Think about it. I won't break this promise.

*CAPULET exits.*

**JULIET**

Is there no pity in the sky that can see my sadness? Oh, my sweet mother, don't throw me out! Delay this marriage for a month, or a week. Or, if you don't delay, make my wedding bed in the tomb where Tybalt lies.

**LADY CAPULET**

Don't talk to me, because I won't say a word. Do as you please, because I'm done worrying about you.

*LADY CAPULET exits.*

**JULIET**

Oh God!—Oh Nurse, how can this be stopped? My husband is alive on earth, my vows of marriage are in heaven. How can I bring those promises back down to earth, unless my husband sends them back down to me by dying and going to heaven? Give me comfort. Give me advice. Oh no! Oh no! Why does heaven play tricks on someone as weak as me? What do you say?

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Don't you have one word of joy? Give me some comfort, Nurse.

**NURSE**

This is what I have to say: Romeo has been banished. And it's a sure thing that he will never come back to challenge you. If he does come back, he'll have to sneak back undercover. Then, since things are the way they are, I think the best thing to do is to marry the count. Oh, he's a lovely gentleman! Romeo's a dishcloth compared to him. Madam, an eagle does not have eyes as green, as quick, and as fair as the eyes of Paris. Curse my very heart, but I think you should be happy in this second marriage, because it's better than your first. Even if it's not better, your first marriage is over. Or if Romeo is as good as Paris, Romeo doesn't live here, so you don't get to enjoy him.

**JULIET**

Are you speaking from your heart?

**NURSE**

I speak from my heart and from my soul too. If not, curse them both.

**JULIET**

Amen!

**NURSE**

What?

**JULIET**

Well, you have given me great comfort. Go inside and tell my mother that I'm gone. I made my father angry, so I went to Friar Lawrence's cell to confess and be forgiven.

**NURSE**

Alright, I will. This is a good idea.

*The NURSE exits.*

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**JULIET**

That damned old lady! Oh, that most wicked fiend! Is it a worse sin for her to want me to break my vows or for her to say bad things about my husband after she praised him so many times before? Away with you and your advice, Nurse. From now on, I will never tell you what I feel in my heart. I'm going to the Friar to find out his solution. If everything else fails, at least I have the power to take my own life.

**JULIET** *exits.*