



Romeo & Juliet

William Shakespeare
Part II

Adapted for the screen by Franco Brusati and Franco Zeffirelli*

Directed by Franco Zeffirelli

Time: 15th century. A feud between the Montague and the Capulet families is turning the city of Verona into a battleground. The Prince of Verona has said that anyone found fighting will pay with his life, but headstrong younger members of the clans will not make peace. In Part I (*Voice*, Sept. 27), Romeo Montague and Juliet Capulet met at a dance and fell in love. The dance is over, but Romeo remains outside the Capulets' house, just to be near Juliet.

STREET NEAR THE CAPULETS' HOUSE. EXTERIOR — NIGHT

Romeo is hiding, flattened into the shadow of a large oak. Turning his head suddenly, he sees a light go on at a window of Capulet mansion.

Romeo: Soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

He climbs over the wall and enters the garden. Warily, he draws near the house. Juliet has appeared at the window.

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.

Romeo creeps nearer. He hides just under the balcony where Juliet now stands.

It is my lady, O it is my love,
O that she knew she were!
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet, who thinks she is alone, utters her thoughts like a child speaking to herself, or to her doll.

Juliet: O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore¹ art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo: Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Juliet: 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:

O, be some other name!

What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes²

Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,

And for thy name, which is no part of thee,

Take all my self.

At this point Romeo is unable to hold back any longer, and, in a movement of unrestrainable joy, he leaps forward.

Romeo: I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Juliet: What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night

So stumblest on my counsel?

Romeo: By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name, dear Saint, is hateful to myself,

Because it is an enemy to thee;

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Juliet: My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words

Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo: Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Juliet: How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Romeo: With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out,

And what love can do, that dares love attempt:

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Juliet: Sh-h-h!

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Romeo: Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,

Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Juliet: Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke, but farewell compliment.³

Dost thou love me?

Elated, Romeo tries to climb onto the balcony, but falls down.

I know thou wilt say, "Ay,"

And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

At this point Romeo has gotten to the top. But he remains suspended there, without daring to come closer.

Romeo: Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

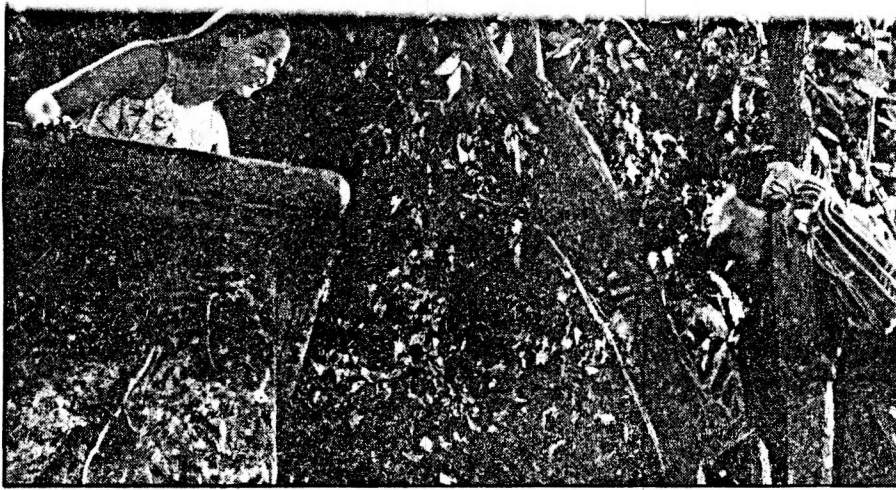
Juliet: O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,

³ *farewell compliment:* let's forget formalities.

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¹ *wherefore:* why?

² *owes:* possesses.



That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable!

Romeo: What shall I swear by?

Juliet: Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Romeo: If my heart's dear love—
Romeo seizes Juliet's hand and draws her to him.

Nurse (voice offscreen): Juliet!
Juliet!

Juliet: Anon, good Nurse!
(to Romeo)
Sweet Montague, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again.
Juliet runs into the house.

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

Juliet returns to the balcony.

Juliet: Three words, dear Romeo,
and good night indeed.
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.

But if thou mean'st not well, I do beseech thee—
Nurse (offscreen): Madam!

Juliet: By and by, I come! (to Romeo)
—to cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.

Romeo: So thrive my soul.
Juliet: A thousand times good night.

Juliet goes back into the house. Romeo, alone, slowly withdraws. Hardly has he disappeared into the garden when Juliet runs out again.

Juliet: Hist, Romeo, hist!
Romeo flies back to Juliet's arms.

Juliet: Romeo!
Romeo: Madam?
Juliet: At what o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?

Romeo: At the hour of nine.
Juliet: I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Romeo: Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Juliet: I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Remembering how I love thy company.

The sky is beginning to brighten. A cock crows. A last kiss, then Romeo slides down the wall holding Juliet's hand as long as he can.

Juliet: Good night, good night!

Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

And Juliet runs into her room. Romeo gives himself a shake, and, in a sudden wild outburst of joy, crosses the whole garden, jumping over the hedge like a deer and disappearing behind the garden wall.

(Romeo goes to his friend and pastor, Friar Laurence, and tells him of his love for Juliet. Friar Laurence agrees to marry them, thinking that their union will end the feud between their two families.)

CATHEDRAL SQUARE. EXTERIOR—DAY

The bells ring out nine o'clock. It is a fine sunny day; the whole square is bustling with activity. At the far end of the square the majestic figure of the Nurse appears, followed by Peter the servant. She makes straight for Romeo, Mercutio, and Benvolio, who are on the steps of the church.

Romeo (pointing to her): Here's goodly gear⁴! A sail! A sail!

Mercutio: Two, two, a shirt and a smock.

Nurse: God ye good morrow, gentlemen. Can any of you tell me where I may find young Romeo?

Romeo: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse: If you be he, sir, I desire some conference with you.

Mercutio plays tricks on the Nurse, turning the poor woman round several times until she falls to the ground, shouting, amid the laughter of everyone. In vain does Romeo try to stop Mercutio's cruel entertainment.

Mercutio: Farewell, ancient lady... (He begins to walk away, tired of the joke, with Benvolio.) Farewell! (He sings.) Lady... Lady... Lady...

The Nurse gets up in a rage.

Nurse: Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers—scurvy knaves! (to Romeo,

⁴ gear: rigging of a ship.

in another tone) Pray you, sir, a word... *(She signs to him to follow her into...)*

THE CATHEDRAL INTERIOR—
DAY

Nurse: Pray you, sir, a word: my young Lady bid me inquire you out.

Romeo: Bid her devise Some means to come to shrift⁵ this afternoon; And there she shall at Friar Laurence's cell Be shrived and married.

Nurse: This afternoon, sir, well, she shall be there.

Romeo: Commend me to thy Lady.

GARDEN AT CAPULETS' HOUSE. EXTERIOR—DAY

Juliet at the garden-gate is anxiously awaiting the return of her messenger. The Nurse arrives, out of breath, exhausted.

Juliet: Oh God, she comes. O honey Nurse, what news? Hast thou met with him?

Now, good sweet Nurse, O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Nurse: I am a-weary, give me leave a while,

Fie, how my bones ache, what a jaunce have I had!

Juliet: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay come, I pray thee, speak, good, good Nurse, speak.

The Nurse puts her hands on her ears and answers, irritated:

Nurse: Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and I warrant a virtuous... Where is your mother?

Juliet (indignantly): Where is my mother! Why, she is within!

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!

Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

Where is your mother?

Here's such a coil.⁶ Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse: Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

Juliet has somehow understood that the question is not casual. Her eyes sparkle as she answers.

Juliet: I have.

Nurse: Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell, There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Juliet rushes away, beside herself with excitement...



PASSAGEWAY IN THE MARKET, AND CATHEDRAL SQUARE. EXTERIOR—DAY

Two figures cross the square. They are Mercutio and Benvolio, wandering aimlessly.

Benvolio: 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.

As usual, Mercutio makes fun of his friend's fears. They have reached the fountain. Mercutio begins jokingly to splash water on Benvolio. But suddenly he falls silent, while his eyes, followed by Benvolio's, go towards the center of the square, where Tybalt has suddenly appeared, followed by his friends.

Tybalt: Gentlemen, good den,⁷ a word with one of you.

Mercutio: And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tybalt: You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and⁸ you will give me occasion.

Mercutio: Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tybalt: Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

Mercutio (still ironical): Consort. What dost thou make us, minstrels? And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. *(Mercutio points the tip of his sword toward Tybalt.)* Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance.

One of Tybalt's friends points out that on the other side of the square Romeo is arriving, joyous — he and Juliet have just been married.

Tybalt (to Mercutio): Well, peace be with you, sir, here comes my man.

Romeo stops suddenly, starting, on seeing the Capulets around. The smile disappears from his lips.

Tybalt: Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford

No better term than this: thou art a villain.

Romeo (smiling): Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee, Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting: villain am I none.

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st not me.

⁵ shrift: confession.

⁶ coil: upset.

⁷ good den: good evening.

⁸ and: if.



Romeo bows slightly and is about to move on toward his friends. Mercutio is enjoying the situation, thinking it highly entertaining.

Tybalt: Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Romeo (turning to him): I do protest I never injur'd 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 mine own, be satisfied.

And he stretches out his hand to him. Tybalt looks at him in amazement. Tybalt's friends guffaw; the Montagues have given in, have been humiliated. Together with his group, he moves off, mocking and satisfied.

Mercutio: O calm, dishonorable, vile submission.

Tybalt (ironically): What wouldst thou have with me?

Mercutio: Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.

Mercutio whirls his sword. Tybalt, still laughing, also draws his sword.

Tybalt: I am for you.

At the beginning the duel takes

place in a joking atmosphere.

Romeo: Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mercutio (to Tybalt): Come, sir, your passado.

At last Romeo manages to hold Mercutio back; but Tybalt takes advantage of this to run the latter through with a thrust so rapid that hardly anyone notices; so that Romeo, seeing Tybalt hurry off silently, followed by his friends, believes in good faith that he has prevented the worst from happening, and laughs with Benvolio. Mercutio is still on his feet, his face drawn with pain.

Mercutio: I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses, I am sped.

Benvolio (joking): What, art thou hurt?

Mercutio: Ay, ay, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

(with closed eyes)

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon!

Romeo claps him on the back, merrily.

Romeo: Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mercutio: No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a churchdoor, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me

a grave man. *(to Romeo)* Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Romeo (subdued, dazed): I thought all for the best.

Mercutio: Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint...

It is his last moment. The last spasm shakes his body and his mouth speaks the last bitter words, yelling:

A plague o' both your houses!

They have made worms' meat of me.

Mercutio falls on his back, and Benvolio with him.

Benvolio: O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

It takes another moment before the truth dawns on Romeo and all his friends. Then the boy suddenly becomes a man. Now the time of tragedy begins.

Romeo (to himself): This day's black fate, on more days doth depend;

This but begins the woe others must end.

He gone in triumph and Mercutio slain?

Away to heaven, respective lenity, And fire and fury be my conduct now.

VARIOUS STREETS. EXTERIOR — DAY

Romeo: Tybalt! Tybalt! Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again,

That late thou gav'st 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.

Tybalt: Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here

Shalt with him hence.

Romeo hesitates for a moment, then rushes at Tybalt.

Romeo: This shall determine that.

They fight long and furiously. It is a fierce duel. Romeo finally stabs his enemy with his dagger, brutally. Benvolio comes running up.

Benvolio: Romeo, away, be gone. The citizens are up! Stand not amazed, the Prince will doom thee death,

If thou art taken; hence, be gone, away!

COURTYARD OF THE PRINCE'S PALACE. EXTERIOR — DAY

Two streams of yelling people arrive from opposite directions in the courtyard of the Prince's palace.

Suddenly a deep silence falls. The Prince, surrounded by his armed guard, slowly comes down the stairs. He stops halfway down and, seeing the corpses of Tybalt and Mercutio, looks around, quivering with indignation.

Prince: Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

A pause. Everyone is silent.

Lady Capulet: I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give:

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Montague: Not Romeo, Prince!

He was Mercutio's friend;

His fault concludes but what the law should end,

The life of Tybalt!

Close-up of the Prince, who turns in anger toward the Montagues.

Prince: And for that offense, Immediately we do exile him hence.
CAPULETS' HOUSE. INTERIOR — DAY

In her room, Juliet, stunned with grief, is listening to the Nurse finishing her story.

Juliet: O God, did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse: It did, it did, alas the day, it did!

Shaken by sobs, Juliet goes to the window and sees from above the mournful procession bringing back Tybalt's body into the courtyard below. Then she seems to grasp the exact dimensions of the tragedy that has overtaken her family and herself. She stiffens; her face becomes hard, resolved.

Juliet: That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring,

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?

JULIET'S ROOM — DAWN

We hear the singing of larks.

Juliet (to Romeo): Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

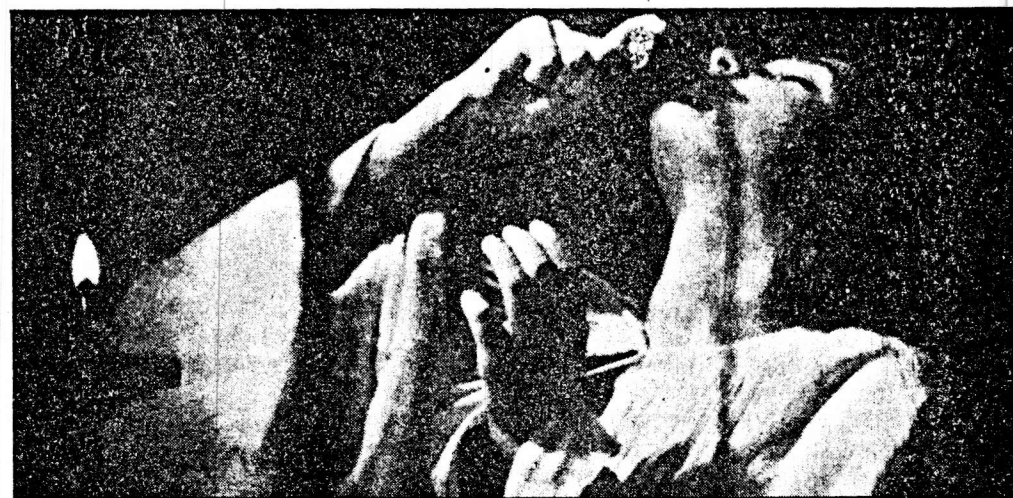
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo: It was the lark, the herald of the morn:

No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks



Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:

Night's candles are burnt out...

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet: O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Romeo: I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Romeo climbs down from the balcony to the ground.

Juliet: O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Romeo: And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood.

Adieu, adieu.

(Romeo flees to Mantua, where he begins his exile.)

JULIET'S ROOM. INTERIOR — DAY

Juliet is on the bed, shaken with sobs, her face hidden in the pillows.

Her mother is standing beside her, in mourning clothes. She has just informed Juliet that her father has

chosen a husband for her — Count

Paris. Juliet's reaction is immediate and fierce. She pushes her mother away with all her strength.

Juliet: Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too, He shall not make me there a joyful bride!

STUDY IN CAPULETS' HOUSE, CORRIDORS. INTERIOR — DAY

Capulet: How now, wife?

Have you delivered to her our decree?

Lady Capulet: Ay, sir, but she will none. She gives you thanks!

Capulet cannot believe his ears. Then as the truth dawns on him, he bursts into an uncontrollable rage. Like a hurricane he bursts into...

JULIET'S BEDROOM

Capulet: Hang thee, young baggage! Disobedient wretch,

I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face!

Juliet: Father, good father, I beseech you!

Capulet: Speak not, reply not! Do not answer me!

My fingers itch! Out on her, hilding!⁹

Capulet stalks out, the corridors resounding with his shouts.

FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL. INTERIOR — DAY

⁹hilding: wretch.

The door is suddenly thrown open and Juliet comes in.

Juliet (to the Friar): O shut the door, and when thou hast done so, Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help!

Friar Laurence: O Juliet, I already know thy grief...

Juliet (in an outburst of despair): Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help...

The Friar is at a loss, desperate.

Friar Laurence: Hold, daughter, I do spy a kind of hope.

The Friar pulls out a vial and explains to Juliet that one drink of the contents will make her appear to be dead — for only two days.

Friar Laurence: 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.

Juliet reaches out with desperate eagerness and takes the vial.

Juliet: Love give me strength and strength shall help afford. Farewell, dear father!

(In the next several scenes, Balthazar, Romeo's servant, gallops to Mantua to tell Romeo that Juliet has died. Romeo immediately sets out for Verona, taking with him a vial of poison with which he will end his own life. On the way he passes the friar who is carrying the letter from Friar Laurence explaining that Juliet is not really dead; but the two do not recognize each other.)

CRYPT OF THE CAPULETS. INTERIOR — NIGHT

Romeo climbs down into the crypt and draws near to Juliet's body, raising his torch.

Romeo: O my love! My wife! 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 place of dim night

Depart again: here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chamber-maids.

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!

Here's to my love!

Romeo drinks the poison and at once turns pale.

O true apothecary,

Thy drugs are quick!

He touches her lips with his...

Thus with a kiss I die.

...and he falls.

Friar Laurence enters the crypt and finds Romeo lying dead. Juliet slowly opens her eyes, regaining consciousness. Friar Laurence goes up to her.

Juliet: O, comfortable friar! Where is my Lord?

I do remember well where I should be

And there I am — Where is my Romeo?

The Friar is about to answer, but he strains his ears, anxiously, because there can be heard, outside, echoes of voices.

Friar Laurence: I hear some noise...

Juliet: Where is my Romeo?

Instead of replying, Friar Laurence, frightened by the voices, pushes her to her feet. There can be heard once more...

Faraway Voices: Search about the church yard...

Whoe'er you find, attack!...

Friar Laurence: Come, go, good Juliet... I dare no longer stay.

He picks up the lantern and hurries toward the way out, preceding Juliet. But she stops on the last step and casts a glance back down into the crypt. And so she sees Romeo's body, which has been concealed from her until now.

Juliet: What's here? a cup closed in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after? — I will kiss thy lips;

Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative.

Bends gently over Romeo and kisses him.

...Thy lips are warm.

But she starts up at once, hearing the voices outside coming nearer.

Yea, noise?...

.... Then I'll be brief.

She picks up Romeo's dagger.

O happy dagger! This is thy sheath...

She stabs herself.

.... There rust and let me die.

STREETS IN VERONA, THEN THE CATHEDRAL SQUARE. EXTERIOR — DAY

The bodies of Romeo and Juliet are being carried toward the church. The two families follow them, side by side in their grief, and silent. The sky is gray. Black rain clouds hang low over the city, and the crows are flying low, cawing. When they get to the cathedral square, the two bodies are laid side by side in the open space in front of the church. Then the Prince steps forward and says with a terrible calmness:

Prince: Where be these enemies?

Capulet! Montague! See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.

And I for winking at your discords too,

Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punished.

All are punished!

Capulet goes up to Montague, stretching out his hand.

Capulet: O brother Montague!

Give me thy hand:

This is my daughter's jointure;¹⁰ for no more

Can I demand.

Montague: But I can give thee more:

For I will raise her statue in pure gold;

That while Verona by that name is known

There shall no figure at such rate be set

As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Capulet: As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;

Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

The families gather together. Yesterday's enemies are now side by side, united in their common grief.

Balthazar: A glooming peace this morning with it brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head:

For never was a story of more woe Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

¹⁰ jointure: wedding gift.

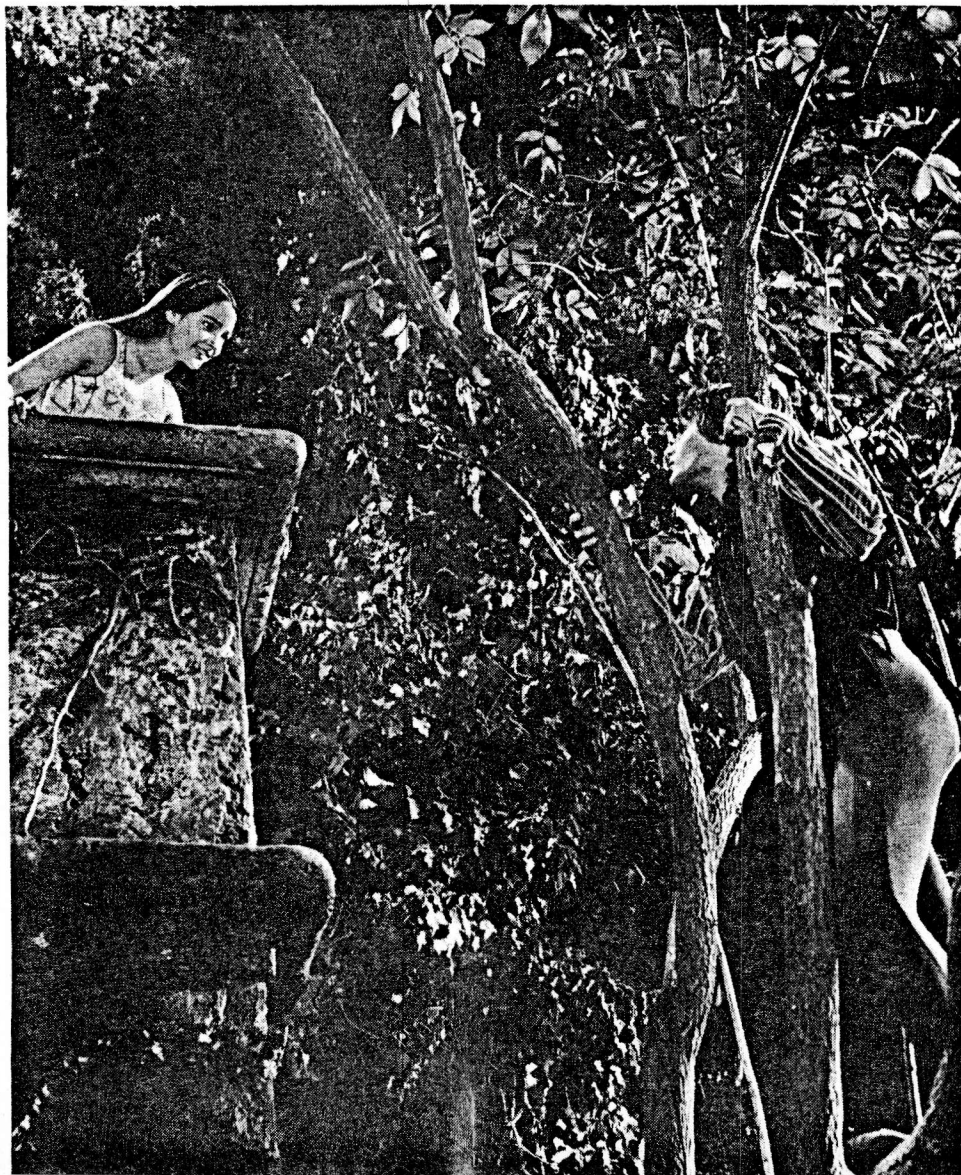


At the ball, Romeo sees Juliet. He finds her so lovely that he forgets where he is and lifts his mask for a better view of her.



Romeo and Juliet meet, alone for a moment. They don't say much, but they don't have to. Each senses the other's love.

Later that night, Romeo sneaks into the Capulet garden and hears Juliet calling his name. He climbs up to her balcony, and the two tell of their love for each other. They will get married secretly the next day — before Juliet is forced to marry Paris.





Romeo rushes to Friar Laurence's church early the next morning. He tells the friar that he wants to marry Juliet. The friar can't believe that Romeo could fall in love so quickly. Romeo (*photo above*) begs the friar to understand and perform the marriage.

Finally, Friar Laurence believes Romeo. He agrees to marry the two, hoping that their marriage will end the hatred and fights between the Capulets and Montagues.

Romeo sends for Juliet, who comes to the church (*photo at right*). After the marriage, Juliet goes home. The two will wait for a good moment to break the news to their parents.

Tybalt, Juliet's cousin, sees Romeo coming from the church. He calls Romeo a few names, hoping to get the young Montague into a fight. But Romeo surprises Tybalt by acting friendly, for Tybalt is now *his* cousin, too. Tybalt, of course, doesn't know that Romeo has married Juliet.



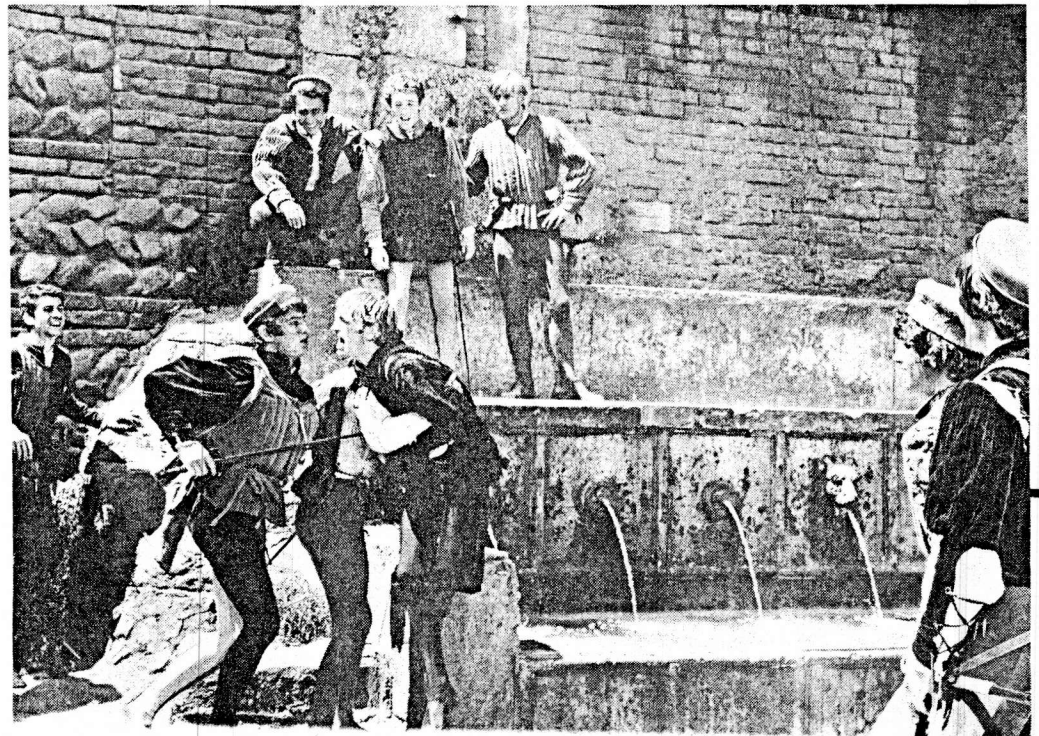


Mercutio (*left, sword in hand*) thinks that his friend Romeo is afraid, so he steps in and faces Tybalt (*right*).

At first, it seems as if Tybalt and Mercutio are just going to insult each other and flash their swords around. But the fight begins to get serious.

Romeo jumps between the two men (*below*), trying to stop the fight. But when he does, Tybalt runs his sword through Mercutio.

This happens so quickly that when Mercutio falls to the ground, everyone thinks he is faking. But he is not. And he dies, yelling, "A plague on both your houses!"

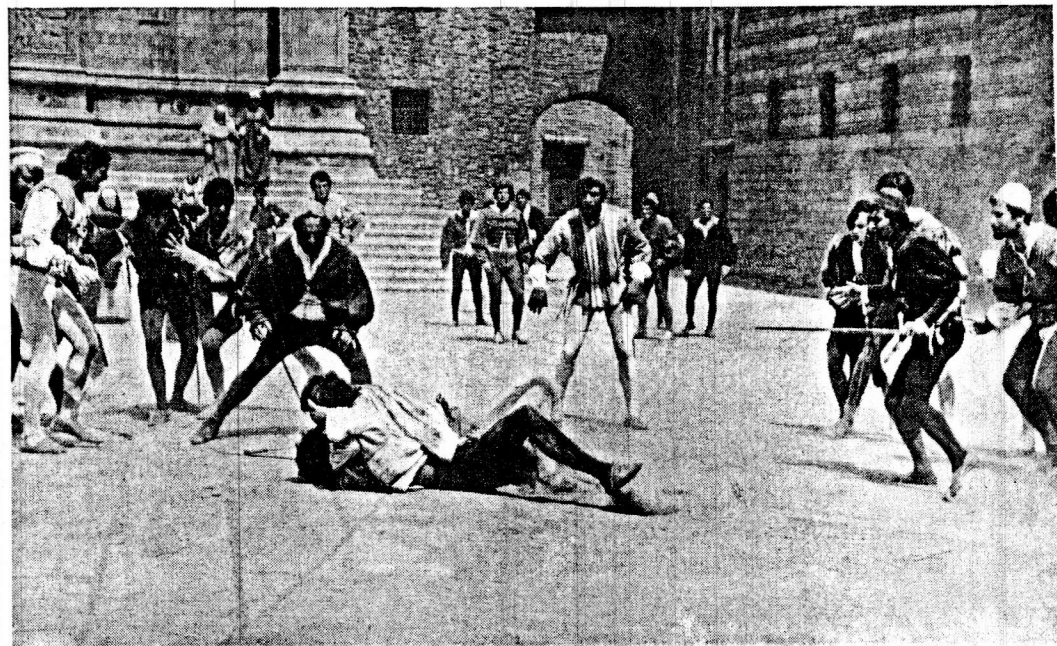




Mercutio lies dead in the street. As Tybalt and his friends leave, Romeo struggles with his anger and grief. He doesn't believe in killing, but he feels he must get revenge for his friend's death.

Finally, Romeo picks up Mercutio's sword. Then he races through the streets after Tybalt. Once again, Tybalt draws his sword. But this time, there is no laughter. There is no fooling around.

The fight is fierce and long, sometimes with swords, sometimes without. It ends, finally, when Romeo gives Tybalt a deadly slash.





Tybalt's body is taken home. The whole family, including Juliet, is very upset. Yet Juliet realizes that if her cousin had not died, her husband Romeo would have.

The Capulets, demanding revenge, carry Tybalt's body (*above*) to the prince's palace. The prince, who had promised to punish the next person to cause a death, doesn't ask how the fight started. Instead, he says that Romeo must get out of town.

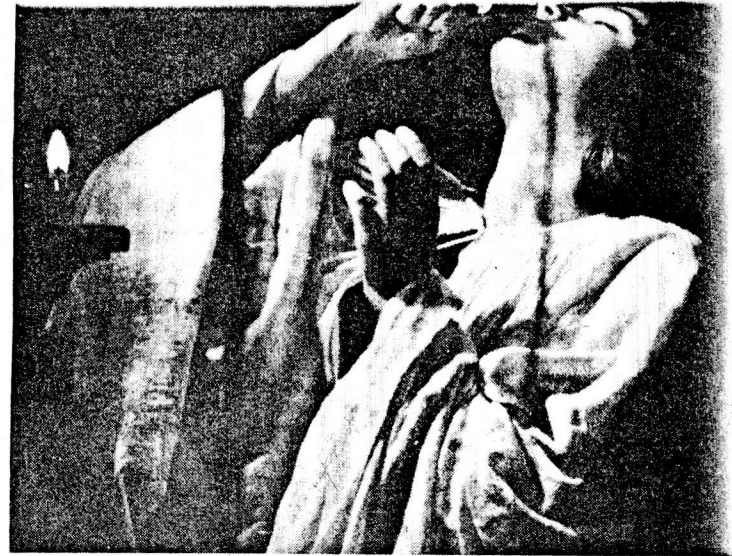
Romeo rushes to Friar Laurence, who urges Romeo to leave town. But the friar will try to get him and Juliet together somehow. Juliet's nurse arrives, saying that Juliet wants to see Romeo before he leaves.

Late that night, Romeo goes to Juliet's room. They part the next morning at dawn (*right*), afraid that they may never see each other again.



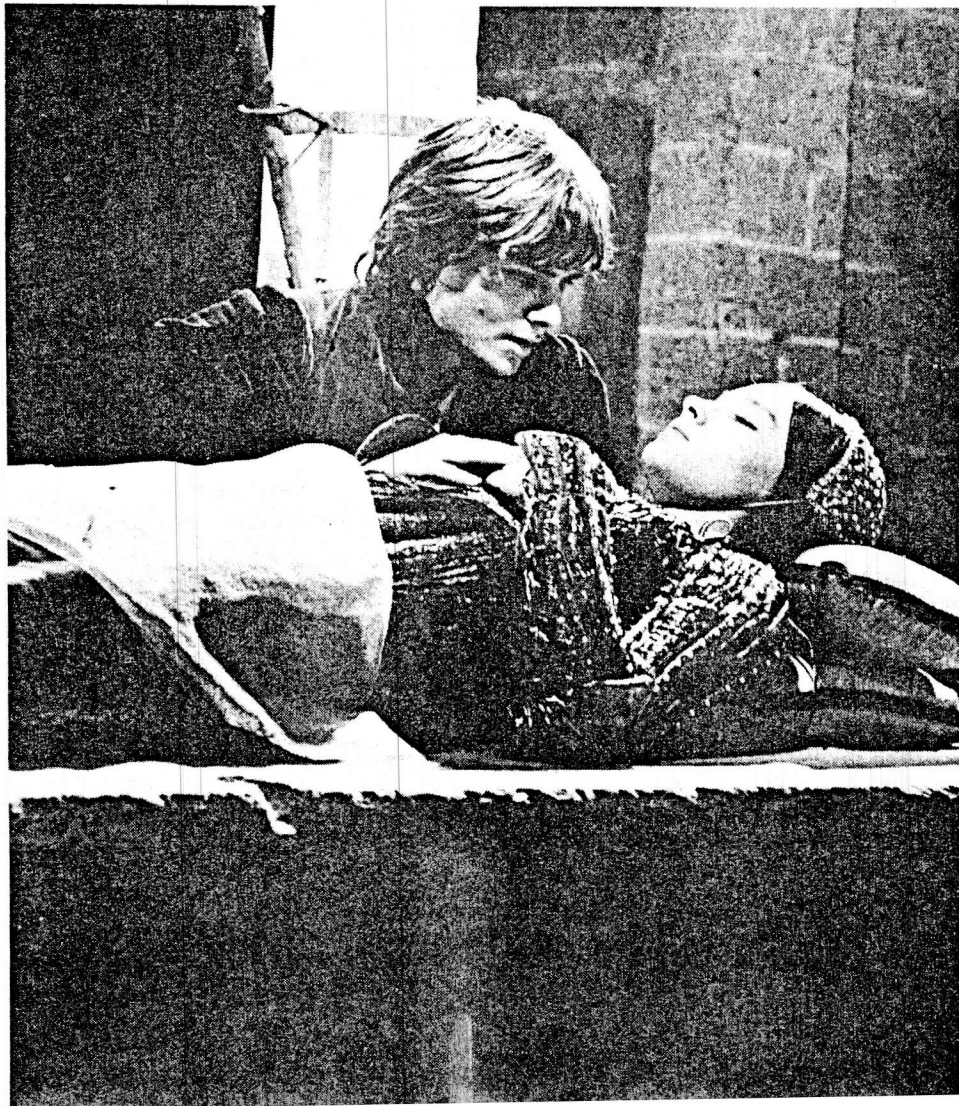


Juliet's father decides that his daughter will marry Count Paris the next day. Juliet runs to Friar Laurence, who offers her a drug that will cause a death-like sleep.



If Juliet takes the drug, she will seem to be dead. Later, she will wake up in the family tomb, and the friar will take her to Romeo. That night, Juliet drinks the drug.

Juliet's family thinks the sleeping girl is dead. They hold a funeral and place her body in the family tomb. Friar Laurence sends a message to Romeo, telling about the drug. But before the message arrives, Romeo hears that Juliet is dead. Quickly, he buys some poison and goes to the Capulet tomb. He takes a last look at his love. Then, thinking she's dead, he poisons himself.





Juliet wakes up — too late. Her Romeo is dead. Feeling no reason to live any longer, she pulls a dagger from his belt. "Let me die," she says — and stabs herself.

Only now do the Capulets and Montagues see that there has been too much hatred, too much revenge. The two families make peace with each other, as they march together to bury their dead children (*below*). The prince urges them never to forget these sad events: "For never was a story of more woe, than this of Juliet and her Romeo."

