

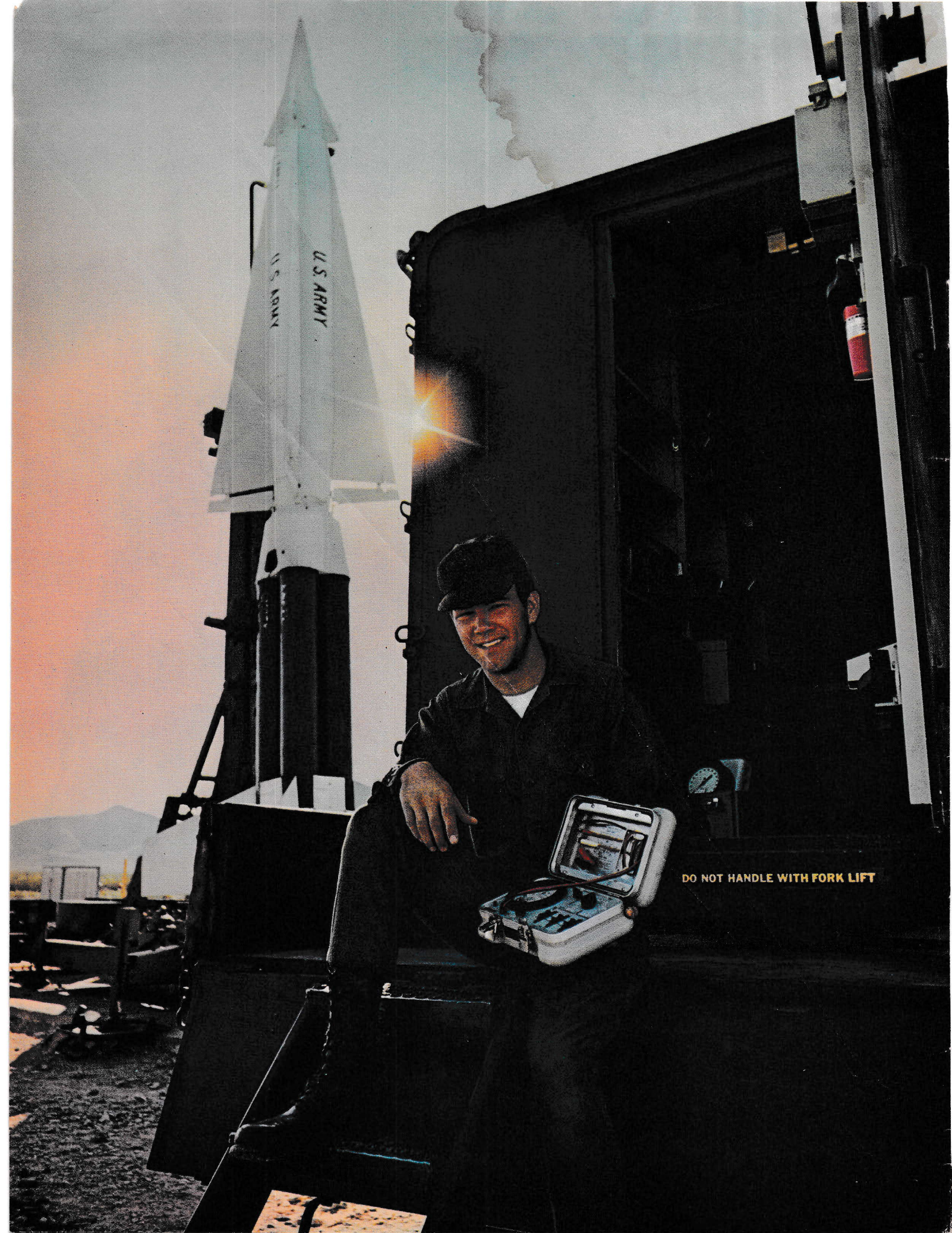
SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 55, No. 3
OCTOBER 4, 1973

Voice[®]

Romeo & Juliet
William Shakespeare





DO NOT HANDLE WITH FORK LIFT

HIDDEN MESSAGES

Earlier this year, moviegoers in Shreveport, Louisiana, found on the movie page of a local paper an ad for the film *American Wilderness*. It showed a picture of some wild rams butting horns. Below our photo (not from the film) is the entire text of the ad.

How Wild Can You Get?



AMERICAN WILDERNESS

From Alaska to Baja

"...a film for everyone...."—*Sports Illustrated*
[G] In Color.

A true-life adventure for the entire family!

"...a genuine family picture with thrills and scenic beauty...."—*Oregon Journal*

Held Over—Second Big Week!

You have a brother and sister, under 10, who just love animals. Would you conclude from this ad that *American Wilderness* is a good film to take them to?

What parts of the ad influence your decision?

Does the "G" rating affect your decision?

What additional information would this ad have

to include, in order to make you decide *not* to take your brother and sister?

Consider your answers before reading on.

The September 1973 *Consumer Reports* includes a reader's letter describing this ad, and commenting:

"...after less than 15 minutes of watching, I realized that this big-game trophy hunter had made this film of himself killing wildlife, some of which are on the list of endangered species. I was appalled and furious to be so duped."

The magazine reports that it has received several similar complaints. As for the MPAA's rating, the editors write, "The film industry gave this production a G rating, but a goodly number of our readers consider it unsuitable for children."

Were these readers' protests justified? Does a G rating, or an ad like this, imply that the film does *not* depict the killing of wildlife? ■



Romeo & Juliet

William Shakespeare
Part II

ROMEO AND JULIET

Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* is the world's best-known story of teenage love. Romeo, son of the Montague family, falls in love with Juliet, daughter of the Capulets. But the Montagues and Capulets, both rich and powerful families, are deadly enemies. And before long, tragedy strikes.

The scene is Verona, Italy, in about 1450. The action begins with the Capulets planning a marriage between their daughter Juliet (*played by 15-year-old Olivia Hussey*) and Count Paris. They are having a party that night — a masked ball. There, they hope, Paris will tell the other guests that he will marry Juliet.

Lady Capulet (*photo at left, below*) tells Juliet that she may soon be married to Paris. Juliet's nurse is more excited than Juliet at the news. Marriage doesn't interest Juliet at this point. But the thought of a ball in her home excites her.

Meanwhile, Romeo (*played by Leonard Whiting, 17*) is feeling depressed. Rosaline, the girl he loves, won't pay any attention to him. He and a friend are walking through town when they meet a servant of the Capulets. The servant is trying to find the houses of people to be invited to the ball. Romeo (*photo at right, below*) looks at the guest list. There he sees Rosaline's name.

Now Romeo wants to go to the ball — even though it is at the house of the Capulets, his family's enemies. He and his friends decide to "crash" the party. By wearing masks, they figure, they won't be spotted by the Capulets.



Romeo and Juliet, a new movie of the world's best known story of teenage love and tragedy. Begins on p. 4.

To join the gang, Phil had to take "The Test" — a short story on p. 13.

What is "haiku"? Find out and try it yourself in "Haiku by You," p. 20.

What does it take to be a fashion model? See "Scope Spotlight," p. 26.

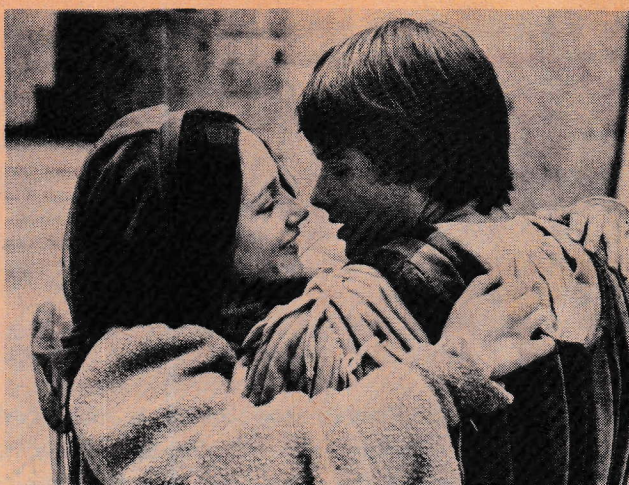
Does revenge help or hurt you? Tell it *your* way in "YOU and Revenge," p. 28.

Have you ever met a probation officer? Meet one on p. 30, "Where the Jobs Are."

Should Mike and Joe be fired for fighting on the job? "You Be the Judge," p. 32.

Does it matter how a person dresses? You decide in "What Do You Think?" p. 34.

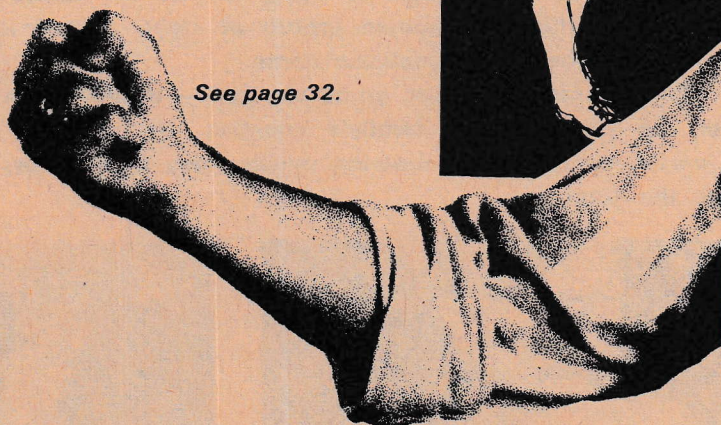
Have a problem? Have advice for those who do? See "What's on Your Mind?" p. 41.



See page 4.



See page 28.



See page 32.

THIS
WEEK
IN
SCOPE

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ROMEO AND JULIET

by William Shakespeare

Adapted for the screen by Franco Brusati and Franco Zeffirelli

Directed by Franco Zeffirelli

Starring Leonard Whiting (17) as Romeo
and

Olivia Hussey (15) as Juliet

The pitiful, tragic tale of Romeo and Juliet, the two young lovers destroyed in a senseless war of their elders, has inspired interpreters for some 400 years. Franco Zeffirelli's new movie, with its accent on youth and its parallels with contemporary history, may be this generation's definitive version.*

TIME: 15th century

PLACE: Verona, Italy

CHARACTERS

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona
PARIS, a young nobleman

FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan monk

Two Noble Families Feuding With Each Other

THE HOUSE OF MONTAGUE

LORD MONTAGUE

LADY MONTAGUE

ROMEO, their son

MERCUTIO, a friend of Romeo's

BENVOLIO, a cousin of Romeo's

BALTHAZAR, a servant

ABRAHAM, a servant

THE HOUSE OF CAPULET

LORD CAPULET

LADY CAPULET

JULIET, their daughter

NURSE

TYBALT, a cousin of Juliet's

PETER, a servant

SAMPSON and GREGORY, servants

*Excerpts from screenplay and stills printed through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures. Copyright © 1968 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All rights reserved.

Romeo and Juliet
(Continued from page 13)

CATHEDRAL SQUARE. EXTERIOR—GRAY, WINDY DAY

The sky is somber and drained of color, so that this opening scene seems a symphony of grays, whites, and blacks. Far away a few children are playing. Their faint voices are mingled with the . . .

SOUGHING OF THE WIND AND THE SINISTER TOLLING OF BELLS FROM THE NEARBY CATHEDRAL.

BALTHAZAR'S VOICE

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

The Camera shows Balthazar half reclining on the stone bench that runs along the cathedral wall.

BALTHAZAR (cont'd)

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life,
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage.

The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

MARKET STREET (WITH STALLS). EXTERIOR — DAY

The wind drops, the sun begins to shine, and color flows back into the scene. Two figures as brightly colored as parrots come down the street, here pinching a fruit, there roughly pushing someone out of their way, with the insolent attitude of people who think they own the place. They are servants of the Capulet family, Sampson and Gregory.

GREGORY

The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

SAMPSON

'Tis all one.

Suddenly two servants wearing the livery of the Montague family emerge from a little street. One is an old man.

GREGORY (between his teeth)

Here comes the house of the Montagues.

SAMPSON

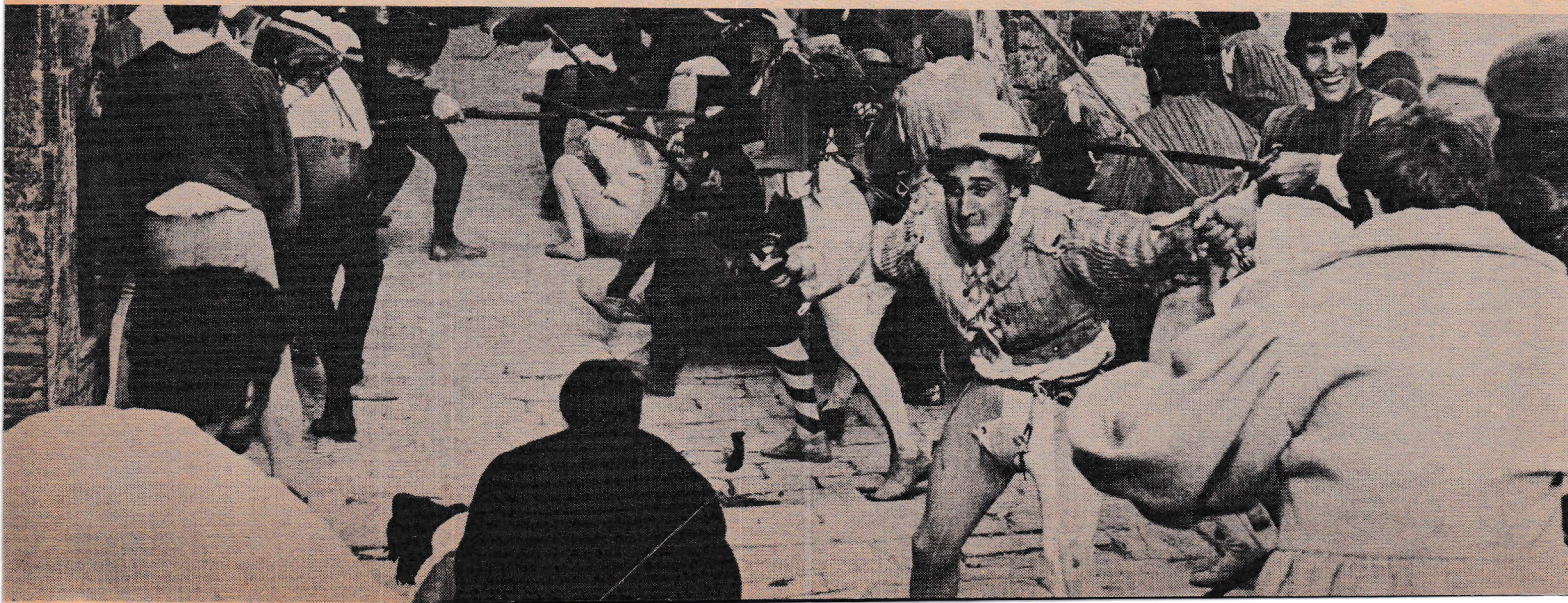
Quarrel! I will back thee.

GREGORY

Fear me not. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.*

Gregory walks "nonchalantly" alongside the two Montague servants and stares at them with a stupid expression. But they do not swallow the bait. Then Sampson steps right in their way and ostentatiously bites his thumb and spits.

*list — wish



ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM (*more forcibly*)

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON (*in an undertone to Gregory*)

Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

GREGORY

No.

SAMPSON (*flustered*)

No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at

you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

The two Montagues are about to go on their way. But Gregory and Sampson follow them.

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM (*laughing*)

Quarrel, sir! No, sir.

SAMPSON

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

ABRAHAM

No better.

SAMPSON

Yes, better, sir.

ABRAHAM (*in a cold, final tone*)

You lie.

Sampson and Gregory are taken aback for a moment. Abraham and the old man take advantage of this to go on their way; but Gregory trips the old man up. Abraham loses patience and jumps on Gregory. Sampson draws his sword.

SAMPSON

Draw, if you be men! Gregory, remember thy swashing blow!

In the skirmish several stalls are knocked over.

YELLS, SHOUTS, CURSES

Benvolio appears, drawing his sword and leaping into the midst of the duelers, trying to end the fray.

BENVOLIO

Part, fools!

Put up your swords! You know not what you do!

Suddenly Tybalt appears behind Benvolio, sword in hand.

TYBALT

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO

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

Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace?



Prince: *If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.*

I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward!

He flings his cap into the air and with fierce zest shouts:

Ca-a-a-pulet!

It is the signal; this time the battle rages furiously.

CATHEDRAL SQUARE. EXTERIOR — DAY

Close-up of the Prince, angered and speaking vehemently. Their clothes torn, covered with dust, some of them wounded, the supporters of Montague House and of Capulet House (Capulet and his wife, and Montague and his wife are also present) are listening as if turned to stone.

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your movèd Prince.

Three civil brawls bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Romeo and Juliet

(Continued from page 15)

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of
our streets.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of
the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart
away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with
me,
And Montague, come you this after-
noon,
To know our further pleasure in this
case,
To old Free-town, our common
judgment place.

Then, raising his club in the air, he
speaks the last words slowly and
distinctly:

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

CAPULETS' HOUSE. INTERIOR — DAY

Capulet and Paris are going up the
stairs, chatting.

CAPULET

But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard,
I think,



Capulet: *But woo her, gentle Paris, get her
heart. My will to her consent is but a part.*

For men so old as we to keep the
peace.

Capulet goes to look out of a win-
dow facing the courtyard.

PARIS

Of honorable reckoning are you
both;
And pity 'tis, you lived at odds so
long.
But now, my Lord, what say you to
my suit?

We hear, coming from the direction
in which the old man is looking,

JULIET LAUGHING

CAPULET

But saying o'er what I have said
before;
My child is yet a stranger in the
world;
She hath not seen the change of
fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in
their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a
bride.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers
made.

CAPULET (*moving away from the
window*)

And too soon marred are those so
early made!
The earth hath swallowed all my
hopes but she,
She is the hopeful Lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her
heart,
My will to her consent is but a part.

Capulet goes to a desk, picks up
a sheet of paper and calls:

Peter!

Then he turns back to Paris.

This night I hold an old accustomed
feast,
Whereto I have invited many a
guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the
store,
One more, most welcome, makes my
number more.

The servant Peter comes in.

Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona, find those
persons out
Whose names are written there, and
to them say,
My house and welcome on their
pleasure stay.

[Romeo hears about the Capulets'
party, and he and his friends decide
to crash it. Romeo's main reason for
wanting to go is that he has a crush
on a girl named Rosalina, who he
knows will be there.]

CAPULETS' HOUSE. INTERIOR — EVENING

Noisy preparations for the feast are at their height. Peter arrives, panting, at the door of Lady Capulet's room.

PETER

Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young Lady ask'd for, the Nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait. I beseech you to follow straight.

On the landing they meet the Nurse.

LADY CAPULET (*to the Nurse*)

Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

The Nurse goes up to the window facing the courtyard and shouts:

NURSE

Juliet!

And now we see Juliet for the first time. The girl appears at a window opposite.

JULIET

How now, who calls?



Lady Capulet: Tell me, daughter Juliet, how stands your disposition to be married?

NURSE

Your mother.

Then we see Juliet running past the wide-open windows of the corridor. She appears and disappears until she arrives before her mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter . . .

Lady Capulet sits down solemnly, dismissing the Nurse with a papal gesture:

Nurse, give leave awhile, we must talk in secret.

The Nurse makes to move off, with obvious reluctance. But after her confident beginning, Lady Capulet finds she does not know how to proceed; and she calls the Nurse back.

Nurse, come back again, I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

NURSE

I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, and yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four — she is not fourteen. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET

A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE

Even or odd, of all days in the year, come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen. (*to Juliet*) God mark thee to his grace! Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd: and I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

Marry, that "marry" is the very theme I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, how stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET (*almost childlike*)

It is an honor that I dream not of.

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now; younger than you

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers.

Thus then in brief:

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Romeo and Juliet

(Continued from page 17)

NURSE

A man, young Lady! Lady, such a man as all the world — why, he's a man of wax.*

From the hall comes the sound of

MUSIC, VOICES OF GUESTS

LADY CAPULET

What say you? can you love the gentleman?

Juliet does not answer. Her mother takes her by the arm, and the two women go towards the hall.

LADY CAPULET

This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

VARIOUS STREETS AND CATHEDRAL SQUARE.

EXTERIOR — NIGHT

A group of fashionable young-men-about-town — Romeo, Benvolio, Mercutio, and two or three others — are present. They are masked. There are also a few attendants with torches, and two musicians, one with a large drum. The group is moving vaguely in the direction of the Capulets' house. They throw stones, break lanterns, insolent, in search of amusement.

ROMEO (to Benvolio)

What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO

The date is out of such prolixity: Let them measure us by what they will;

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

Strike, drum!

On, lusty gentlemen!

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

The drum is struck two or three times, and the group begins to walk

*a man of wax — as pretty as if modeled in wax



in the direction of the Capulets' house, disappearing in the darkness. Romeo has remained alone, mysteriously agitated, in the middle of the square. He raises his eyes to the sky, where a few stars are shining.

ROMEO

I fear, too early: for my mind mis-gives

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date With this night's revels, and expire the term

Of a despised life closed in my breast

By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

But He, that hath the steerage of my course,

Direct my sail!

We begin to hear the notes of the band at the Capulets' house, the laughter and voices at the ball. Dollying backwards, the Camera



shows us that we have already passed, with Romeo, into the...

CAPULETS' HOUSE. INTERIOR — NIGHT

We discover Romeo and Benvolio, who are looking at the pretty girls dancing. Benvolio pulls Romeo by the sleeve and indicates someone: As seen by the two, Rosalina, who is dancing with great skill. She is a magnificent girl, tall and slim, with the stereotyped and rather silly smile of beauties of the time. A few moments pass. Then Rosalina, moving during the dance, reveals Juliet, who is dancing on Paris's arm, at the other end of the room. For Romeo it is the fatal blow. He forgets Rosalina. Carried away by a new, sudden, and very different passion, he murmurs...

ROMEO

Benvolio, O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear!
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder Lady o'er her fellows shows.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

At the last line, Camera shoots Tybalt, who is passing near Romeo, dancing with Lady Capulet.

TYBALT (to Lady Capulet)

This, by his voice, should be a Montague.

Now he turns to his page:

Fetch me my rapier, boy! What, dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

A new dance has begun. Juliet stretches out her right hand to the partner who has invited her, and her left hand to an invisible partner. Juliet's face suddenly turns pale, as if the hand, which the Camera now shoots, is sending an electric shock through her. Juliet turns her head towards the partner on her left. It is Romeo, masked.

In a corner of the room, Tybalt, in a fury, goes up to his uncle.

TYBALT

Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;

He bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well-governed youth:

I would not for the wealth of all this town

Here in my house do him disparagement.

Therefore be patient, take no note of him.

Romeo and Juliet

(Continued from page 19)

Tybalt sees Romeo taking by the hand, following the natural movements of the dance, the ladies of the Capulet family.

TYBALT

Why, uncle, 'tis a shame!

CAPULET

Am I the master here, or you? Go to!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

TYBALT

I will not endure him!

CAPULET

He *shall* be endured!

Go to, go to. . . You are a saucy boy.

TYBALT

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet, convert to
bitter gall.

The dance has finished. The scene changes: a host of people have poured into the room to listen to the performance of a musician. Juliet goes in search of Romeo's mask. Suddenly she stops, starting, and we hear a voice:

ROMEO'S VOICE

If I profane with my unworthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is
this:

Romeo has taken her hand, behind a 50-year-old stranger.

My lips, two blushing pilgrims,
ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a
gentle kiss.

His lips lightly touch her hand. Juliet pulls her hand away, with a little choked cry. The middle-aged

man, annoyed to be disturbed as he listens to the music, turns around and with a stern face:

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Sh-h-h-h!

Juliet slips away into the . . .

COURTYARD OF CAPULETS' HOUSE. EXTERIOR — NIGHT

Romeo follows her. Juliet can only turn around and face him, at once shy and attracted.

JULIET

Good Pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in
this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims'
hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers'
kiss.

Their palms join.

ROMEO

Have not saints lips, and holy
palmers too?

Juliet smiles, excited.

JULIET

Ay, Pilgrim, lips that they must use
in prayer.

ROMEO

O, then, dear Saint, let lips do what
hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith
turn to despair.

JULIET

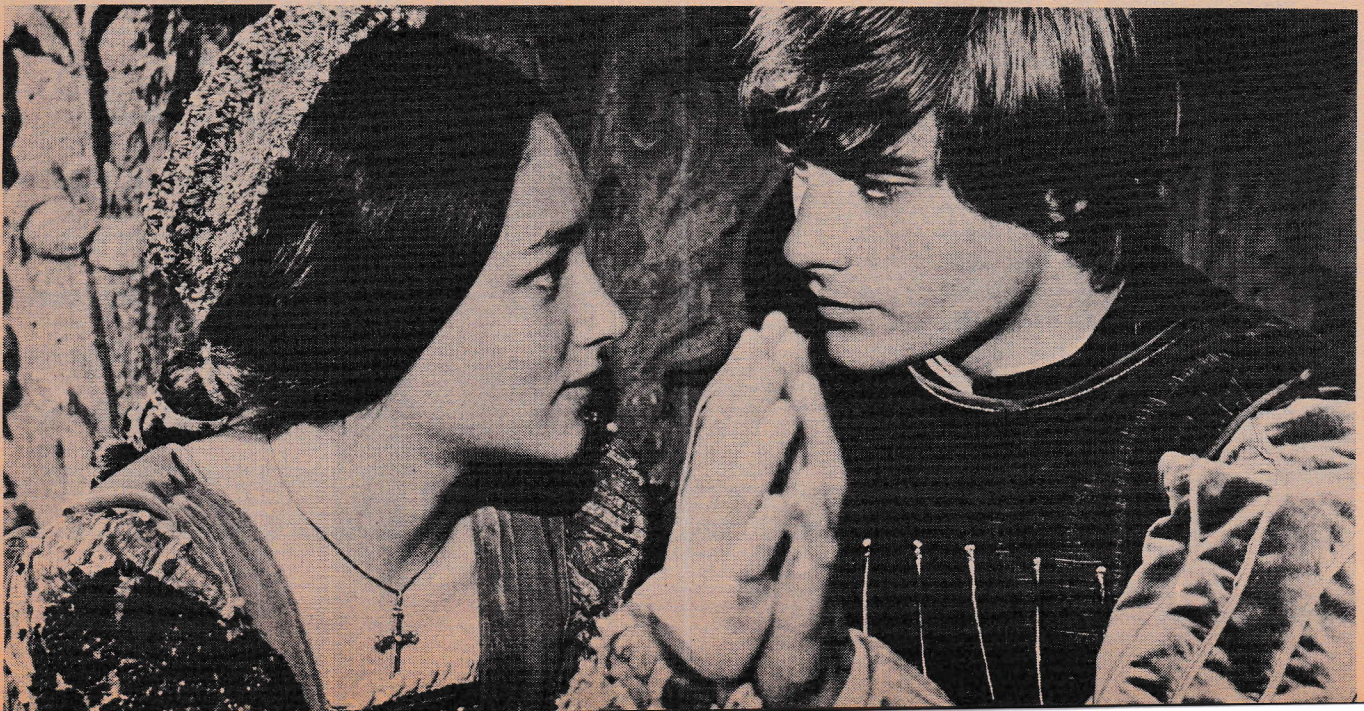
Saints do not move, though grant
for prayers' sake.

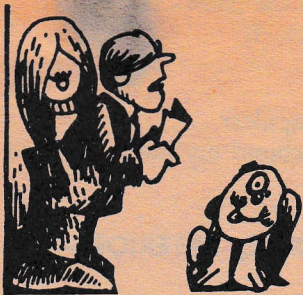
ROMEO

Then move not, while my prayer's
effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin
is purged.

(Continued on page 30)





SAY WHAT YOU PLEASE

This is your column—to air gripes, offer compliments, or just tell us your thoughts. Be sure to sign your name and school address to letters. We'll print as many as we've space for.

Address your letters to:

Say What You Please
Practical English
50 West 44th Street
New York, N.Y. 10036

Let us hear from you!

May 2, 1968, was the first time I had ever seen *P.E.* My reason for looking through it was that I wanted to read what it said about *Oliver Twist*, having just finished the book.

When I first saw the column "Boy dates Girl," I thought it was a little off, but I read it anyway. You answered a letter that began "Phyllis tags along with my friends and me everywhere we go." Well, I found out that I shouldn't be deceived by a column title. It was great advice! I tried what you suggested. You said, "You'll find out that you haven't lost a thing." I agree. I didn't lose anything—I gained.

Richard Kenyon
Townsend, Va.

I think one of the main causes of teenage crime is that education is stressed too much in the schools. Many boys feel that if you don't have a good college education you have failed. They feel that you cannot survive or make a living in the world if you don't have a college education. So they turn to crime for a way of living, or just for revenge.

Denise Duffey
Natrona Hts., Pa.

In Kansas, 18-year-olds can buy beer, and they can go to Vietnam. They are under the same laws that so-called adults are under, and adults vote. Eighteen-year-olds should be allowed to vote, too.

Linda Kinkaid
Sedan, Kans.

We must face up to the fact that teenagers are a frustrated and confused group of people! How can a person go straight when there are riots, wars, racial prejudice, and hatred in the world around him?

Richard Ray
Hardinsburg, Ky.

SOUND OFF!

The hills are alive—with the sounds of everything from bears to bells. Our puzzle master has corralled more than a dozen ear-tinglers, and scattered them through this first word grid of the season. Asterisks (*) mark the sonic clues.

If you have a tin ear, tune in next week for the correct answers.

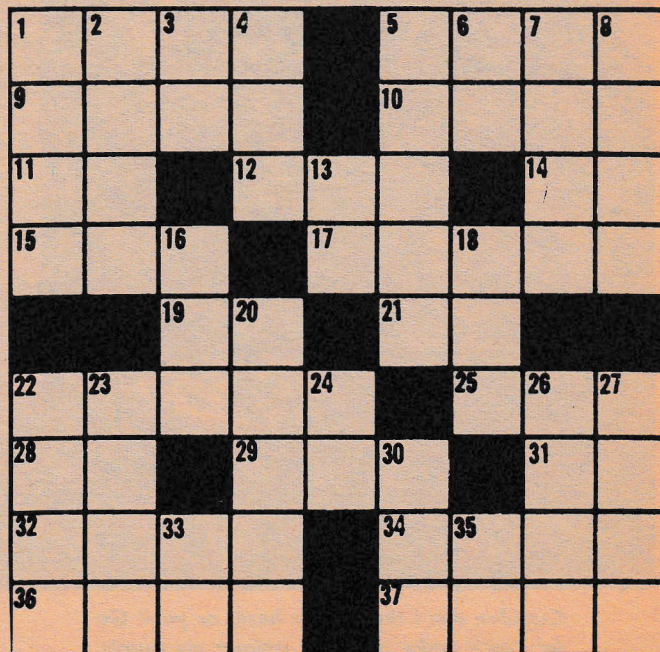
Attention, bookworms! Next week's starred clues clue you to the library.

ACROSS

- * 1. Idle talk or chatter.
- * 5. Loud ringing of a bell.
- 9. Famous Verdi opera set in Egypt.
- 10. To the inside.
- 11. In the same manner.
- *12. Sharp, shrill bark.
- 14. Osmium (*symbol*).
- 15. Secret agent.
- *17. Cries of a young bird.
- 19. For example (*abbr.*).
- 21. Steamship (*abbr.*).
- *22. Loud, trumpetlike sound.
- 25. Female sheep.
- 28. Radium (*symbol*).
- 29. Cereal grain.
- 31. Male pronoun.
- 32. For an additional time.
- *34. Long, sad cry.
- *36. Scream.
- 37. You row a boat with these.

DOWN

- * 1. Sheep talk.
- * 2. Sound *s* like *th*.
- 3. Advertisement.
- * 4. Long, deep bark.
- * 5. Utters shrill sounds.
- 6. Prefix meaning "in" as in "___circle."
- 7. On top of.
- 8. Deprivation.
- 13. Apostle (*abbr.*).
- 16. Affirmative vote.
- 18. Suffix meaning nationality, as in "Japan ___."
- *20. Bear talk.
- *22. Donkey talk.
- 23. Country path.
- 24. Each (*abbr.*).
- *26. Revolve with a buzz.
- 27. Slippery fish.
- 30. Number in a pair.
- 33. Short for elevated.
- 35. Next shoe width narrower than A.



Romeo and Juliet

(Continued from page 20)

A quick, light kiss.

JULIET

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO

Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

Another kiss, but this time it is a wild kiss. When they break away, the two of them are breathless.

JULIET

You kiss by the book.

Romeo is about to kiss her again. But they are interrupted by the sudden arrival of the Nurse.

NURSE

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Juliet rushes away.

ROMEO (to the Nurse)

What is her mother?

NURSE (with a superior air)

Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house. And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.

I nursed her daughter, that you talked withal.

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.*

The Nurse goes out. Romeo is dumbfounded.

ROMEO

Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

CAPULETS' HOUSE. INTERIOR, EXTERIOR — NIGHT

JULIET (to the Nurse)

Go, ask his name: if he be married, My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Close-up of Romeo among the crowd.

ROMEO

She is a Capulet! She is a Capulet!

The Nurse, dismayed.

NURSE

His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

The only son of your great enemy.

Close-up of Juliet turning pale.

JULIET

My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Close-up of Romeo being swept

(Continued on page 34)

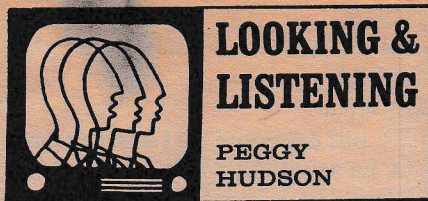
*chinks — money



Capulet: Am I the master here, or you? Go to! You'll make a mutiny among my guests.



Nurse (pointing to Juliet): I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall have the chinks!



THE NEW SEASON: WILL THEY COOL IT?

This season's TV heroes are still men of action — cops, private eyes, cowboys, and secret agents. Inevitably, that sounds like more violence on the home screen. But the TV industry, under heavy fire for showing too much murder and mayhem, has ordered its producers to "cool it." For a while at least, the new breed of hero may not be quite as quick as his predecessors in using his guns or fists to do away with bad guys.

The de-emphasis of violence has many TV script writers playing a new kind of numbers game. The question doesn't seem to be whether violence in some form is necessary or legitimate. Most of the writers say it has its place. But how much violence? How many villains can you do away with per hour without being accused of overdoing it?

We discussed this problem with a number of TV producers and writers in California recently, where most of the shows are currently being filmed. During our talks the TV men invariably used the word "action" rather than "violence." All of them expressed opposition to the use of violence "for its own sake." But the rules of dramatic writing being what they are, action is often synonymous with violence. This is nothing new, as is demonstrated by the number of bodies dragged off the stage during many Shakespearean plays.

Some critics contend, justifiably so in my view, that much of the best dramatic action is not physically violent at all. These are the plays, movies — and even TV shows — whose main action is that of the mind, a kind of internal conflict.

The rub here, of course, is that this premise holds true for good drama, and good TV scripts are few and far between. The drama-hungry networks devour almost 6,000 hours of programing each year. To see all those shows, you'd have to sit in front of a TV set 12 hours a day for almost a year and a half. That amount of programing takes a lot of

time and talent to put together. It is not, as most viewers have pointed out, uniformly good.

TV's current anti-violence crusade is being widely felt, even by those most durable of "action" dramas, the westerns. As Wayne Maunder, star of CBS's new *Lancer* series, told me:

"TV works itself into a corner. They write dull, clichéd scenes, then say, 'Okay, we need *action*.' And the definition of action becomes a gun fight or a fist fight. They have the good guy defeat the bad guy. Better yet, they have the good guy defeat *five* bad guys! Or they have a dull scene, so bang, bang, bang — they shoot a guy off a horse. That's beautiful — that's action."

Obviously the question of whether to shoot a man off a horse isn't likely to trouble unduly the producers of such new shows as CBS's *Hawaii Five-O*, starring Jack Lord as head of a four-man state police unit operating out of Honolulu; NBC's *Adam-12*, the story of two squad-car policemen of the Los Angeles Police Department, portrayed by Martin Milner and Kent McCord; NBC's *The Outsider*, starring Darren McGavin as a private investigator; or ABC's *Mod Squad*, which features Clarence Williams, Michael Cole, and Peggy Lipton as young undercover investigators for the Los Angeles Police Department.

But the producers of these shows are faced with the problem of how far they can disarm their heroes and not lose viewers in the process. Returning shows faced with the same problem include *The Avengers*, *It Takes a Thief*, *N.Y.P.D.*, *Ironside*, *Dragnet*, *The FBI*, *Mission: Impossible*, and *The Felony Squad*.

Sid Sheinberg, vice-president in charge of TV production at Universal City Studios, argues that concern about violence on the home screen is being carried too far. "I abhor violence," he told me during an interview. "But the answer isn't to eliminate guns from all programs. To take guns out of the script just because they're guns is a little silly at this point. We can't begin to make TV reflect non-reality — and I think there's a little non-reality thinking going on right now. I don't think anything that's happened should require change, but re-evaluation. We all have to make sure we're using good taste in what we do."

Soap and Water: one of modern science's most surprising answers to the blemish.



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"Surprise!"

Jergens Clear Complexion Bar:
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FROM THE JERGENS SKIN CARE LABORATORIES

Romeo and Juliet

(Continued from page 30)

along by the departing guests. The Camera dollies back and reveals Juliet, who has remained alone in the ballroom. Capulet's voice can be heard calling:

CAPULET'S VOICE

Juliet! ... Juliet! ...

Juliet pulls herself together and is about to move on. But suddenly she stops. She hears a voice in the distance calling:

BENVOLIO'S VOICE

Romeo! R-o-m-e-o-o-o-o.

[Romeo hides outside the wall surrounding the Capulets' garden, thus eluding his friends, who go home without him.]

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 the 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! wherefore* art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*wherefore — why?

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;

(Continued on page 36)



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Romeo and Juliet

(Continued from page 34)

So Romeo would, were he not
Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which
he owes*
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 be-
screen'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 hun-
dred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know
the sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Mon-
tague?

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.*

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

(Continued on page 38)

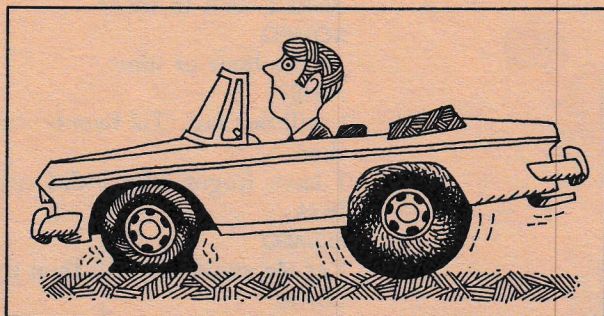
*owes — owns; farewell compliment — let's forget formalities

Tires are made to take almost anything except neglect.

To handle modern driving conditions, tires have to be built rugged. Dependable. Safe. But to stay that way they need proper care. Safety and good mileage just come naturally if you follow these four tire tips.

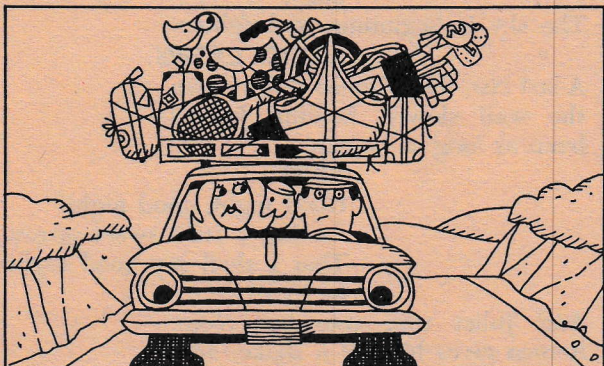
1 Proper Inflation.

Air pressure should be checked once a month—on cool tires. Pressure build-up is normal when you're on the road, so don't reduce it when tires are hot. Underinflation will cause rapid wear on outer edges of tread while overinflation will cause excessive wear in the center tread. Keep your normal cold inflation about four pounds over manual recommendation.



2 Avoid Overloading.

Overloading's unsafe for you. Hard on your tires. The maximum rated load for a station



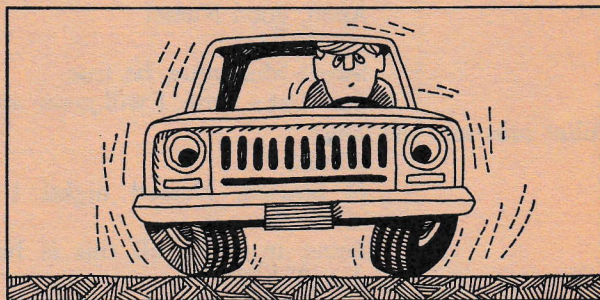
wagon is six passengers and 300 pounds of cargo. All models with bucket seats take five riders and 200 pounds. Other models can hold a gang of six plus 200 pounds of cargo. So instead of piling everyone in tight—get a friend to take his car, too. And stay loose.

3 Proper Driving Habits.

Avoid driving at excessive speeds. Avoid fast turns. Chuck holes and curbs. Don't get into a jack-rabbit habit or panic-stop routine. Riding the edge of the pavement or on washboard roads can ruin your tires. And all are hazardous for you.

4 Tire Maintenance.

By rotating your tires you can equalize the wear. Check wheel balance and alignment. If wheels are irregular, your tires will wear out unevenly. And if your steering wheel tries to vibrate out of your grip—your wheel balance is off. Pigeon-toed or out-toed tires are a sign of improper camber. This too will cause uneven wear.



Safe tires are important. And it's important to know your entire car is a safe car. That's why your nearby Firestone Safe Tire Center offers to give your car or your family's car a *free* safety check. And remember—Firestone tires have characteristics that have made them first choice for original equipment on most new cars and for replacement on used cars.

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The safe tire

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Romeo and Juliet

(Continued from page 36)

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,
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 off screen*)

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 (*off screen*)

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 slowly, 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 hedges like a deer and disappearing behind the garden wall.

(End of Part I. Part II will appear in the Sept 20, 1968, issue of P.E.)

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.

*Excerpts from screenplay and stills printed through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures. Copyright © 1968 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All rights reserved.

¹ *wherefore:* why?

² *owes:* possesses.



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!

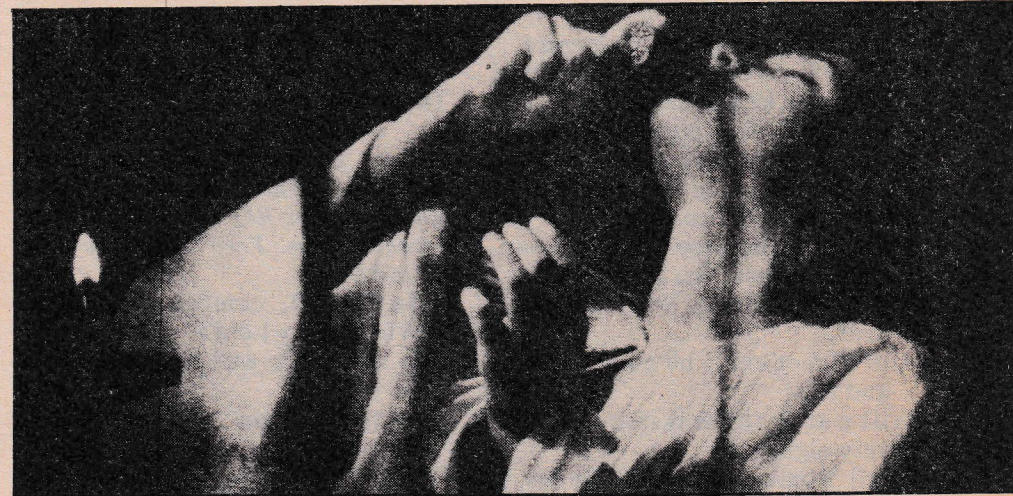
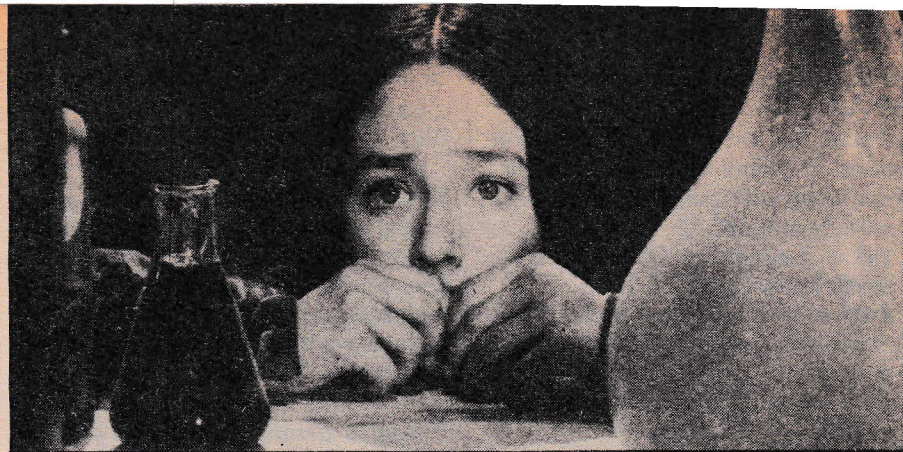
Shaken by sobs, Juliet goes to the window and sees from above the mournful procession bringing back Tybalt's body into the courtyard below. Then she seems to grasp the exact dimensions of the tragedy that has overtaken her family and herself. She stiffens; her face becomes hard, resolved.

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;

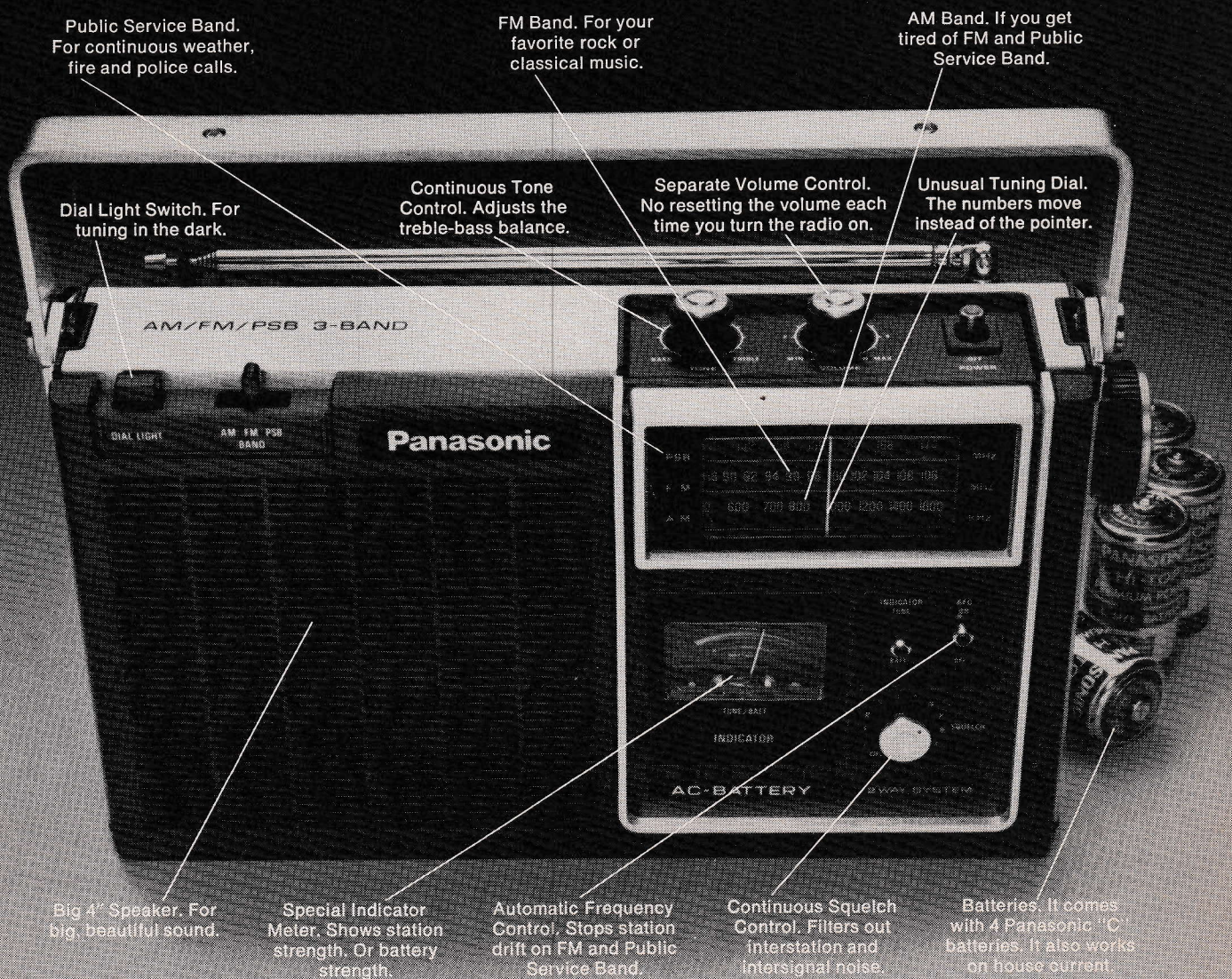
The sun for sorrow will not show his head:

For never was a story of more woe

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

¹⁰ jointure: wedding gift.

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