



**BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE  
ARCHIVE**

TECH SCRIPT

*What, Lamb! What, Ladybird!*

2011

**Director:** Victoria Reinsel

**Conceived and Performed by:** Charlene V. Smith

**Artistic Director:** Charlene V. Smith

**Resident Dramaturg:** Claire Kimball

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**What, Lamb! What, Ladybird!**  
**(tech script)**

- Pre-Sets: SCHOLARWASH – General warm (yellow/mocha) wash. (Used for most sections where other writers are quoted.)  
NIGHTWASH – Dimmed cool side lighting (yellow/mocha) with Blue rear or front lighting. (i.e. Tomb, Party, and Balcony scenes.)
- Modified: DAYWASH – A performance wash, adding a 2<sup>nd</sup> row of front lighting, or twice as bright as ScholarWash. (Used for all other scenes.)  
(Some First Person scenes about the author’s private life can be a mixture where Nightwash is up at the same time as a half Scholar or Daywash, specifically near the end before the final reprise of “Come vial.”)
- [Quotes] Author quotes shown from a Slideshow on either a back wall or screen are in bold font and bracketed and if a [Name] does not end in [END-Name] then the named author should remain on the screen.
- [Sound] Track 1 – 12:12 (preshow music)  
Track 2 – 00:05 (bird chirp)  
Track 3 – 05:43 (post show music)
- Preshow: **SCHOLARWASH with House lights up.**  
Slide: **[What, Lamb! What, Ladybird!]**  
Music 12 min: **[SOUND – Track 1 – preshow music]**  
1 min to start: **[END-What Lamb! What, Ladybird!], House lights down.**  
Start: Fade down to **BLACKOUT**,  
(wait for Author to take her place)  
**Fade Up to NIGHTWASH**

**[NIGHTWASH]**

JULIET I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:  
I'll call them back again to comfort me:  
Nurse! What should she do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.  
Come, vial.  
What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?  
No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.  
What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored,  
Because he married me before to Romeo?  
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!  
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place—  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are packed:  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—  
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,  
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,  
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:--  
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears?  
And madly play with my forefather's joints?  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!  
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink—I drink to thee.

(Juliet Falls to the Ground)

**[BLACKOUT – Fade Up to SCHOLARWASH]**

Shakespeare's Juliet has enflamed the imaginations of the women, such as myself, who have read, seen, or acted in her play. This was particularly true in the Victorian era where more than one leading actress wrote essays about Juliet's depth and significance. To be a classical actress in that period meant to have a connection to Juliet. At that time, she was the debut role for an actress, and if one failed in it, one was not very likely to have any further career.

One such writer was the actress Helena Faucit who recalls her childhood admiration for Juliet's courage, particularly during the tomb scene.

**[Helena Faucit]**

“What a scene this is – so simple, so grand, so terrible! What it is to act I need not tell you. What power it demands, and yet what restraint!”

**[END-Helena Faucit]**



Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

**[FADE to SCHOLARWASH]**

Unlike Helena Faucit, I had no childhood admiration for Juliet. My first opinion of *Romeo and Juliet* was the same as my mother's.

**[My Mother]**

"They are stupid."

**[END-My Mother]**

She was not alone in this opinion.

**[Niamh Cusack]**

"Although a lot of people said that I would make a 'lovely Juliet', that I had the right youthful quality, I had no aspirations to play the part and had the idea, though I hadn't actually read the play, that she was rather a wet."

**[END-Niamh Cusack]**

**[Mrs. Smith]**

"There are a million other things *Romeo and Juliet* could have done," my mother maintained.

**[END-Mrs. Smith]**

**[Jess Dorynne]**

"Why does she not face 'a row' and own up to her insignificantly disagreeable mother that she is married to Romeo?"

**[END-Jess Dorynne]**

As I got older I realized that that wasn't the point. *Romeo and Juliet* didn't think things through, because there was no time to think things through.

Shakespeare is infamous for being inaccurate and careless with details like time and geography. But *Romeo and Juliet* is one of the few plays where he sets up a very specific timeline. Characters, on more than one occasion, ask, "What day is it?" keeping the audience aware of the passage of time.

**[Madeline Leigh-Noel Elliot]**

"In the short space of four days [Juliet] lives a life of many years. She appears before us a child, she leaves us a woman."

**[END-Madeline Leigh-Noel Elliot]**

On Wednesday the young lovers die. It was only Monday when they married, the same day that Tybalt is killed and Romeo banished. On Sunday they met.

Their first meeting, like many moments in this play, is locked in our shared consciousness. The two lovers, having never encountered each other before, share a perfect sonnet. This is emotional connection taken to its greatest poetic heights. What it simply means, is that *Romeo and Juliet* listen to each other.

**[Niamh Cusack]**

“Never before has she met anyone so in tune with her as to be able to exchange lines with her in a sonnet, who so exactly compliments her, anyone with whom she doesn’t have to compromise.”

**[END-Niamh Cusack]**

**[David Tennant]**

**(keep throughout scene)**

“Their conversation begins with what is, to my mind, a rather brilliant chat-up line for Romeo.”

**[QUICK XFADE to NIGHTWASH]**

ROMEO        If I profane with my unworhiest hand  
                  This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:  
                  My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
                  To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

“I’m quite sure that he’s used this line before. It seems far too polished and well constructed to be an extempore remark and it is right up his particular alley of pure obsession. He casts himself as a pilgrim and the object of his love as the holiest of saints. Even if he has tried this line before, however, he has never had the response that he now enjoys:” (David Tennant)

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.

“They are sparring with their wits now. [Romeo] takes her argument and uses it against her:” (David Tennant)

ROMEO        Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

“But, again, she is too quick for him:” (David Tennant)

JULIET        Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

“Continuing the idea, Romeo appeals to her – as it were ‘in character’ – and warns her that she is responsible for his immortal soul:” (David Tennant)

ROMEO        O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;  
                  They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

“And Juliet, ever his equal, manages to give in, knowing full well where all this is leading, without losing any of her own dignity:” (David Tennant)

JULIET                      Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.  
ROMEO                      Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

“And so, on the last line of the sonnet, Romeo and Juliet kiss and their destiny is sealed.”

**[END-David Tenant]**

Then they begin again.

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

But for Juliet, full of boldness and curiosity, one kiss is not enough. Here, as elsewhere in the play, she drives the action, clearly hinting at the next desired move.

JULIET                      Then have my lips the sin that they have took.  
ROMEO                      Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!  
                                        Give me my sin again.

JULIET    You kiss by the book.

**[XFADE to SCHOLARWASH]**

That single line is actually one of my favorite moments in the play. It’s one of those wonderful moments in Shakespeare that has multiple meanings, multiple ways of acting it. Too often when I see this play the director, or the actress, picks the least interesting one.

“You kiss by the book” could mean, as it is typically played, “You kiss expertly!” This seems to be to be a typical “I’m a pretty ingénue” response.

“You kiss by the book” could also mean, “you kiss too formally”. Meaning, let me know show you how it’s done.

This is Juliet taking charge, moving things forward. It’s far more fun. As the party ends, and the guest leaves, Juliet is determined to find out who this young man is. The Nurse, perhaps overhearing part of the exchange, does not mince words.

NURSE                      His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
                                        The only son of your great enemy.

**[Marie M. McKenney]**

“In judging Juliet, we must remember her tender years. Not quite fourteen, she gives her passionate first love to the enemy of her home, without thought or reason.”

**[END-Marie M. McKenney]**

**[XFADE back to NIGHTWASH]**

JULIET        My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.  
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.  
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for that name which is no part of thee  
Take all myself.

**[XFADE to SCHOLARWASH]**

Thus begins the remarkable balcony scene –the scene where Romeo and Juliet get to know each other and fully fall in love.

**[Constance O'Brien]**

“Now we see Juliet as she is, no longer repressed by external influences, no longer the shy girl, but suddenly developed by the new feeling that has come upon her; the lily-bud opens and shows her gold heart. All the vindictiveness instilled into her mind by the long family feud disappears before this new passion; her only love destroys her only hate. Juliet’s nature combines the most exquisite tenderness with a curious directness and strength of purpose. Not only is she strong to endure in misfortune, but she faces the facts of her position, and is absolutely clear and honest about them.”

**[END-Constance O'Brien]**

Helena Faucit was so enraptured with this part of the play that she found it necessary to reprint nearly the entire scene with eager commentary.

**[Helena Faucit]**

**(keep throughout scene)**

“At first too amazed, too doubtful of his joy, [Romeo] is fearful to interrupt her spoken reverie, but upon the offer of herself his self-restraint can hold out no longer, and he breaks in vehemently with” (Helena Faucit)





“Juliet, when partly pacified as to his safety – “I have night’s cloak to hide me from their sight” has time to think of how she has committed herself, in how unmaidenly a guise she must appear before him.” (Helena Faucit)

JULIET        Thou knowst the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'  
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swearst,  
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries  
Then 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 an say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou overheardst, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

**[XFADE to SCHOLARWASH]**

“Women are deeply in debt to Shakespeare for all the lovely noble things he has put into his women’s hearts and mouths, but surely for nothing more than for the words in which Juliet’s reply is couched. Only one who knew of what a true women is capable, in frankness, in courage, and self-surrender when her heart is possessed by a noble love, could have touched with such delicacy, such infinite charm of mingled reserve and artless frankness, the avowal of so fervent yet so modest a love, the secret of which had been so strangely stolen from her.” (Helena Faucit)

“Romeo is spell-bound into silence, and cannot break the music of those words that flood his heart with happiness, until Juliet, by asking him not to think lightly of a love so frankly expressed, binds him to her by a tie never to be sundered.”

“Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear –“ But Juliet interrupts, and will not let him swear by:” (Helena Faucit)

**[FAST XFADE to NIGHTWASH]**

JULIET        The inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable”

“He asks—“what shall I swear by?” She answers—“” (Helena Faucit)

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.

“Oh the rich resonance of those words! What scope they give the actress, by her delivery of them, to mark the enthusiasm and the devotion of Juliet's nature which is so soon to develop into the heroic constancy which carries her, alone and unsupported, through a trial more fearful than death itself!” (Helena Faucit)

“Suddenly she thinks that such joy as this cannot be lasting,--that this contract between them is” (Helena Faucit)

JULIET        Too rash, too unadvised, too sudden  
                  Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
                  Ere one can say It lightens”

“But such a reflection is only momentary, for she directly adds—” (Helena Faucit)

JULIET        Sweet good night!  
                  This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
                  May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet”

“and to prove that no disturbing thoughts have real place within her, says, as she turn to leave him—” (Helena Faucit)

JULIET        As sweet repose and rest  
                  Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.”

“Naturally anxious to delay the parting, Romeo detains Juliet by the entreaty—” (Helena Faucit)

ROMEO        O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied!  
JULIET        What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?  
ROMEO        The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine

“How charming is what follows!—” (Helena Faucit)

JULIET        I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:  
                  And yet I would it were to give again.

“Romeo trembling asks—” (Helena Faucit)

ROMEO        Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose love?

JULIET        But to be frank and give it thee again.  
                  My bounty is as boundless as the sea  
                  My love as deep; the more I give to thee  
                  The more I have, for both are infinite.  
                  (Helena Faucit)

**[END-Helena Faucit and XFADE to SCHOLARWASH]**

Romeo inspires an excess of love in Juliet. But Juliet inspires an excess of love in us.

**[Anna Jameson]**

“Such beautiful things have already been said of her, only to be exceeded in beauty by the subject that inspired them, it is impossible to say any thing better—but it is possible to say something more.”

**[END-Anna Jameson]**

**[Helena Faucit]**

“Juliet seems inwoven with my life. Of all characters, hers is the one which I have found the greatest difficulty, but also the greatest delight, in acting. My early girlhood’s first step upon the stage was made as Juliet. To the last days of my artist life I never acted the character without finding fresh cause to marvel at the genius which created this child-woman, raised by love to heroism of the highest type.”

**[END-Helena Faucit]**

A common thread between actresses is this persistent self-identification with Juliet.

**[Fanny Kemble]**

“I began to forget myself; in the following one, the balcony scene, I had done so, and, for aught I knew I was Juliet.”

**[END-Fanny Kemble]**

**[Bernard Grebanier]**

“Eleanor Duse’s first great performance was as Juliet when she was a mere slip of a girl in her father’s wretched touring company. When she came to Verona with the troupe and saw the tombs of the Scaligeri, she cried, “There’s Juliet’s grave!” and burst into tears. She completely identified herself with Juliet when she was playing the role.”

**[END-Bernard Grebanier]**

Niamh Cusack begins her essay by referring to Juliet as a separate entity, in the third person, she does this, and she does that, but by the end, Cusack conflates herself with the character:

**[Niamh Cusack]**

“In the balcony scene I suddenly realized that there are parts of me that have never lived, never vibrated or breathed, and then I met him and we had that wonderful time talking to each other, and so I can never go back to what I was.”

**[END-Niamh Cusack]**

**[Elmer Stoll]**

“To the casual onlooker, Romeo and Juliet may seem to love and marry as carelessly and unthinkingly as folk do at Hollywood or at college; but not to us, who know them.”

**[END-Elmer Stoll]**

Not to us, who know them. This is the remarkable thing about Shakespeare’s art. We theatre practitioners and academics, those of us who spend our lives with Shakespeare,

have this intense sense of understanding his characters, with their virtues and their faults, this sense of knowing who they are.

**[Fanny Kemble]**

“Juliet was a reality to me, a living individual woman, whose nature I could receive, as it were, into mine at once, without effort, comprehending and expressing it.”

**[END-Fanny Kemble]**

Indeed actors and writers of the past are able to expound on Juliet’s character and motivations without effort. They have something to say about every one of the Juliet’s appearances.

**[Niamh Cusack]**

“Whenever you fall in love you are never sure of the other person at the beginning, and this uncertainty and impatience in Juliet are all taken out on the Nurse. She is not yet sure of Romeo, or of her destiny. The balcony scene doesn’t finally consolidate their love: the ups and downs and uncertainties continue and here now at midday she wonders why the Nurse has taken ‘three long hours’ to return; could it be that he didn’t turn up, that he got caught by his family; her imagination is running riot.”

**[END-Niamh Cusack]**

**[QUICK Fade UP to DAYWASH]**

JULIET        The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;  
                  In half an hour she promised to return.  
                  Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.  
                  O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,  
                  Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
                  Driving back shadows over louring hills:  
                  Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,  
                  And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
                  Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
                  Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve  
                  Is three long hours, yet she is not come.  
                  Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
                  She would be as swift in motion as a ball;  
                  My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
                  And his to me:  
                  But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
                  Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.  
                  O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?  
NURSE        I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:  
                  Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!  
JULIET        I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:  
                  Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.  
NURSE        Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?

JULIET Do you not see that I am out of breath?  
How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;  
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:  
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

NURSE Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not  
how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his  
face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels  
all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,  
though they be not to be talked on, yet they are  
past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy,  
but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy  
ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

JULIET No, no: but all this did I know before.  
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

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 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?'

NURSE O God's lady dear!  
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;  
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.  
Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

NURSE Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

JULIET I have.

NURSE Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;  
There stays a husband to make you a wife:  
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

JULIET Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

**[FADE Down to SCHOLARWASH]**

Other actresses discovered immediately what was so great about Juliet, and her play. It took me years to figure it out. But maybe I'm not entirely to blame.

**[Anna Jameson]**

“Such, in fact, is the simplicity, the truth, and the loveliness of Juliet’s character, that we are not at first aware of its complexity, its depth, and its variety.”

**[END-Anna Jameson]**

But when I did get it, when I did fall for Juliet as hard as all these actresses before me, it happened instantly - it was a single speech that convinced me. Shakespeare was a man in his early 30's when he wrote this play, yet his poetic genius was so great that he knew what it was to be a young woman at the moment where everything shifts.

**[Madeline Leigh-Noel Elliot]**

“How [Shakespeare] attained to such familiarity with the feminine nature it is impossible to say.”

**[END-Madeline Leigh-Noel Elliot]**

Do you remember the day you had sex for the first time? For me, it started with one of those rare conversations in life where everything goes exactly as planned. When you say something, drop a hint, lay a trap, and the other person responds exactly as you wanted them to. I craftily got myself invited to a young man's apartment that evening. The conversation took place in the morning, so I had to survive the entire day. Walking from room to room without purpose, making plans, going on errands to distract myself. The heart beating. The stomach flipping. The fire growing. Wanting nothing more than for the appointed hour to arrive.

**[FAST FADE UP to DAYWASH]**

JULIET        Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
                  Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner  
                  As Phaethon would whip you to the west,  
                  And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
                  Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
                  That runaway's eyes may wink and Romeo  
                  Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.  
                  Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
                  By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
                  It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
                  Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
                  And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
                  Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
                  Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,  
                  With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,  
                  Think true love acted simple modesty.  
                  Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;  
                  For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
                  Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
                  Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-browed night,  
                  Give me my Romeo; and, when I shall die,  
                  Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
                  And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
                  That all the world will be in love with night  
                  And pay no worship to the garish sun.



O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possessed it, and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoyed: so tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,  
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

**[FADE DOWN to SCHOLARWASH]**

Up until that moment everything has gone perfectly. Romeo and Juliet have been aligned. He has said everything that he should, and everything is falling out exactly as one could have hoped. They are in love, but they are still children, until their youthful exuberance is brought down by tragedy.

**[Niamh Cusack]**

“The next phase of the play is the one where Juliet really grows up. ... She has to come to terms with where her loyalties lie. I always felt that she understands what commitment and depth of love are in this scene; she comes to terms with the idea of being a wife, and with the responsibility of it, as she makes herself face up to the fact that being married to someone means that you stand by him even if he has killed someone you love. That is what is implied in the keeping of marriage vows, and this is where she becomes a wife rather than a girl playing at being a wife.”

**[END-Niamh Cusack]**

**[FADE UP to DAYWASH]**

JULIET        Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?  
NURSE        Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
                 We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
                 Alack the day! he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!  
JULIET        Can heaven be so envious?  
NURSE        Romeo can,  
                 Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!  
                 Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!  
JULIET        What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?  
                 This torture should be roared in dismal hell.  
                 Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'  
                 And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more  
                 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:  
                 I am not I, if there be such an I;  
                 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'I.'  
                 If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no:  
                 Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.  
NURSE        O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!  
 JULIET What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
 Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?  
 My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?  
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
 For who is living, if those two are gone?  
 NURSE Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
 Romeo that killed him, he is banished.  
 JULIET O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?  
 O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
 Dove-feathered raven! wolvis-ravens lamb!  
 Despised substance of divinest show!  
 Just opposite to what thou justly seemst,  
 A damned saint, an honourable villain!  
 O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,  
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
 In moral paradise of such sweet flesh?  
 Was ever book containing such vile matter  
 So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell  
 In such a gorgeous palace!  
 NURSE There's no trust,  
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,  
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.  
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
 Shame come to Romeo!  
 JULIET Blistered be thy tongue  
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;  
 For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned  
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!  
 NURSE Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?  
 JULIET Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?  
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
 That villain cousin would have killed my husband:  
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:  
 All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,  
That murdered me: I would forget it fain;  
But, O, it presses to my memory,  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo--banished;'  
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:  
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship  
And needly will be ranked with other griefs,  
Why followed not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'  
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
Which modern lamentations might have moved?  
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.  
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,  
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:  
He made you for a highway to my bed;  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;  
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

**[FADE DOWN to SCHOLARWASH]**

Is Juliet stupid, as my mother? Or is she brave? In our lives, we let go of things and of people so easily. I have lost friends and lovers for reasons I cannot explain. Maybe I was selfish. Maybe she was scared. Or vice versa. Maybe I cancelled on him, or said something and he felt slighted, and our relationship was never the same. Maybe he wasn't there when I needed him to be, and my trust was damaged. When I meet someone whom I could get close to, I'm terrified I will push him away for fear of being hurt.

But what are these obstacles compared to what we see on stage in this play? Never seeing Romeo again, marrying Paris, this would have been easy. Letting go of dreams is easy. Holding on to them with all your might is hard.

**[Elmer Stoll]**

Romeo and Juliet “do not misunderstand or deceive, allure or elude, suspect or tantalize, turn, naturally or unnaturally, from love to hatred or wreak themselves upon each other, as both in drama and in life lovers not uncommonly do.”

**[END-Elmer Stoll]**



And light thee on thy way to Mantua:  
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.  
ROMEO Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:  
I have more care to stay than will to go:  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.  
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

**[Traces of NIGHTWASH BLUE should still be apparent at HALF]**

JULIET It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us.  
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROMEO More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!  
Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

**[DAYWASH at FULL by this point]**

LADY CAP Ho, daughter! are you up?

JULIET Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?

LADY CAP Why, how now, Juliet!

JULIET Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAP Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;  
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;  
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAP Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,  
As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.

JULIET What villain madam?

LADY CAP That same villain, Romeo.

JULIET Villain and he be many miles asunder.--  
God Pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAP That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:  
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LADY CAP We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:  
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
Where that same banished runagate doth live,  
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:  
 And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.  
 JULIET Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
 With Romeo, till I behold him--dead--  
 Is my poor heart for a kinsman vexed.  
 Madam, if you could find out but a man  
 To bear a poison, I would temper it;  
 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
 Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors  
 To hear him named, and cannot come to him.  
 To wreak the love I bore my cousin  
 Upon his body that slaughtered him!  
 LADY CAP Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.  
 But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.  
 JULIET And joy comes well in such a needy time:  
 What are they, I beseech your ladyship?  
 LADY CAP Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;  
 One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,  
 That thou expect'st not nor I looked not for.  
 JULIET Madam, in happy time, what day is that?  
 LADY CAP Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,  
 The gallant, young and noble gentleman,  
 The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,  
 Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.  
 JULIET Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,  
 He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
 I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
 Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.  
 I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
 I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,  
 It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
 Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!  
 LADY CAP Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,  
 And see how he will take it at your hands.  
 CAPULET How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?  
 Evermore showering? How now, wife!  
 Have you delivered to her our decree?  
 LADY CAP Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.  
 I would the fool were married to her grave!  
 CAPULET Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.  
 How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
 Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,  
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?  
 JULIET Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
 But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.  
 CAPULET How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?  
 'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'  
 And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you,  
 Thank me no thankings, nor, proud me no prouds,  
 But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
 JULIET Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
 Hear me with patience but to speak a word.  
 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.  
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:  
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
 And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:  
 Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit*]  
 JULIET Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.  
 LADY CAP Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:  
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit*]  
 JULIET O God!--O nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
 How shall that faith return again to earth,  
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
 By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.  
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practice stratagems  
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!  
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
 Some comfort, nurse.  
 NURSE Faith, here it is.  
 Romeo is banished; and all the world to nothing,  
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
 I think it best you married with the county.  
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
 Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
 I think you are happy in this second match,  
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,  
 As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET           Speakest thou from thy heart?  
 NURSE                     And from my soul too;  
                           Or else beshrew them both.

JULIET           Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.  
                           Go in: and tell my lady I am gone,  
                           Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
                           To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE           Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit*]  
 JULIET           Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
                           Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
                           Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
                           Which she hath praised him with above compare  
                           So many thousand times? Go, counselor;  
                           Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

**[FADE DOWN to SCHOLARWASH]**

**[Louis Lewes]**

“All the old and dear ties of her childhood are broken. The girl, at once tender and impatient, becomes a woman, a wife, a heroine. Suffering has taught her heroism, oppression has taught her dissimulation. She at once recovers her composure, her strength of mind.”

**[END-Louis Lewes]**

JULIET           I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:  
                           If all else fail, myself have power to die.

**[Henrietta Lee Palmer]**

“Not until Fate seems to have executed its most pitiless freaks upon her solitary heart; not until, her husband banished, she loses her sole friend and confidante—the only mother, in familiar affection, she has ever known—and she, for the first time in her young life, asserts her own individuality, invincible through the force of her love, does she command that absorbing interest which would never have been awakened by mere self-abandonment to passion.”

**[END-Henrietta Lee Palmer]**

Juliet does not waver from her course. She runs to the Friar for advice and her resolution is extraordinary.

**[FADE UP to DAYWASH]**



JULIET        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,  
 Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
 And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
 God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
 Shall be the label to another deed,  
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both:  
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,  
 Give me some present counsel, or, behold,  
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
 Which the commission of thy years and art  
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR         Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an execution.  
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
 If, rather than to marry County Paris,  
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
 That copest with death himself to scape from it:  
 And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET        O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;  
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
 O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
 With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;  
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;  
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
 To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

**[FADE DOWN to SCHOLARWASH]**

**[Louis Lewes]**

Juliet “breaks resolutely every tie that bound her childhood, and with unshaken determination dares every terror of death and corruption, that she may belong to the man she loves.”

**[END-Louis Lewes]**

As such, her final goodbyes to her mother and her nurse, her family before she met Romeo, are rather perfunctory.

**[QUICK XFADE to NIGHTWASH]**

JULIET            Gentle nurse,  
                      I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night,  
                      For I have need of many orisons  
                      To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
                      Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of sin.

LADY CAP        What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?  
JULIET            No, madam; we have culled such necessaries  
                      As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:  
                      So please you, let me now be left alone,  
                      And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
                      For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,  
                      In this so sudden business.

LADY CAP                                    Good night:  
                      Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

**[XFADE to SCHOLARWASH]**

When things don't go my way in real life, I often find myself powerless to stop it. As I live it, I can feel what I want slipping through my fingers. If only I had said this, if only I had done that, how different it all might have been. I have stood and watched people walk out of my life and been unable to say a word. Shakespeare's characters are never in that situation. They can always speak.

Juliet's ending is not a happy one, but she never let her dreams slip through her fingers. She finds Romeo and she grasps onto him and never lets go. My original dismissal of her has given way to envy.

We find in Shakespeare's characters the kind of people we want to be. This is why they call to us, why we obsess over them.

**[Anna Jameson]**

"We are flattered by the perception of our own nature in the midst of so many charms and virtues: not only are they what we could wish to be, or ought to be, but what we persuade ourselves we might be, or would be, under a different and a happier state of things, and perhaps some time or other *may* be."

**[END-Anna Jameson]**

Juliet is bold, courageous, witty, vibrant. She is never frozen to the spot. She always speaks, she always acts.

But if I am being completely honest, I have to admit that there is something more than that. At my best I can be bold and vibrant. Juliet fascinates me because she has a quality that in the deepest, darkest places of my soul I fear I lack.

**[Anna Jameson]**

“All Shakespeare’s women ... either love or have loved, or are capable of loving; but Juliet is love itself.”

**[END-Anna Jameson]**

I am nearing 30, and I have never been in love. No man has ever loved me. If one claimed to, I’m not sure I would believe him. But Juliet does. Her heart is open in a way I have never been able to convince mine to be. She trusts. She trusts Romeo. She trusts the friar. She trusts her own heart.

**[Marie M. McKenney]**

“Juliet in love overshadows all other women.”

**[END-Marie M. McKenney]**

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to you  
The more I have—for both are infinite!

She certainly overshadows me.

**[FADE in NIGHTWASH while SCHOLARWASH is still ON]**

Every time something goes wrong in my love life, my friends’ response is always the same: “You’re too good for him. Move on. Let it go. He’s not worth it.” They are right, and I often feel that if I allow men to treat me badly, I have only myself to blame. But if we are never able to allow for the fact that we do misunderstand, that we do hide, that we do not speak when we should, what are we left with?

**[FADE out SCHOLARWASH, leaving only NIGHTWASH for final soliloquy]**

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:  
I'll call them back again to comfort me:  
What should they do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.  
Come, vial.

**[FADE to BLACKOUT]**

**[SOUND – Track 3 - Post show music]**

**[FADE UP to SCHOLARWASH – HOUSE lights after bows and/or curtain call]**