

## *Romeo and Juliet* – directed by Jordan Cho

### **JULIET (Act III, Scene 2)**

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, untalk'd of and unseen.  
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo; and, when he 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 possess'd it, and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd: 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.

### **ROMEO (Act II, Scene 2)**

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:  
It is my lady, O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were!  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright  
That birds would sing and think it were not night.  
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

### **MERCUTIO (Act I, Scene 4)**

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two  
And sleeps again.  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage:  
This is she—

## Act II Scene V

**Juliet**

O honey nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him?

**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?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

**Juliet**

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath?

**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.

**Juliet**

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

**Nurse**

Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

**Juliet**

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

**Nurse**

Where is your mother?

**Juliet**

Where is my mother! why, she is within;  
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!

**Nurse**

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

**Juliet**

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.