Сцена 1. РОМЕО И БЕНВОЛИО.

РОМЕО –

БЕНВОЛИО –

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Benvolio | Good morrow, cousin. |
| Romeo  | Is the day so young? |
| Benvolio | It struck nine. |
| Romeo | Ay me! Sad hours seem long. |
| Benvolio | What sadness lengthens Romeo’s hours? |
| Romeo | No having that which makes them short |
| Benvolio | In love? |
| Romeo | Out. |
| Benvolio | Of love. |
| Romeo | Out of her favour. |
| Benvolio | Alas that love should be so tyrannous! |
| Romeo | O brawling love, o loving hate,O anything, of nothing first create!O heavy lightness, serious vanity,Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!This love feel I, that feel no love in this.Do you not laught? |
| Benvolio | No, coz, I rather weep. |
| Romeo | Farewell, my coz. |
| Benvolio | Tell me in sadness, who is that you love? |
| Romeo | She is rich in beautyShe is so far, too wise, wisely too fair. |
| Benvolio | Forget to think of her. |
| Romeo | O teach how I should forget to think. |
| Benvolio | Examine other beauties. |
| Romeo | He that is stricken blind cannot forgetThe precious treasure of his eyesight lost.Farewell. You cannot teach me to forget. |
| Benvolio | I’ll play that doctrine, or else die in debt. |

Занавес.

SONNET 102

Сцена 2. ТАНЦЫ.

КАПУЛЕТТИ (глава семейства) -

КАПУЛЕТТИ (его жена) –

ДЖУЛЬЕТТА –

ТИБАЛЬТ –

КОРМИЛИЦА –

РОМЕО –

БЕНВОЛИО –

ПЕВЕЦ ЛЕОНАРДО –

ГОСТИ В МАСКАХ –

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Capulet | Welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play! More light! |
| Romeo | (to Benvolio) What lady’s that, which doth enrich the hand of younger knight? |
| Benvolio | I know not,sir. |
| Tybalt | This, by his voice, should be a Montague. Fetch me my rapier, boy to strike him dead. |
| Capulet | Why, how now, kinsman? Wherefore storm you so? |
| Tybalt | Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe.A villain, that is here come in spiteTo scorn at our solemnity this night. |
| Capulet | Young Romeo is it? |
| Tybalt | ‘Tis he, that villain Romeo. |
| Mrs Capulet | Let him alone. |
| Capulet | He shall be endured.What, Goodman, boy! I say he shall. Go to! |
| Tybalt | Why, uncle, ‘tis a shame. |
| Capulet | Go to, go to! Leonardo will sing!*What is a youth?* *Impetuous fire**What is a maid?**Ice and desire.**The world wags on**A rose will bloom**It then will fade**So does a youth**So does the fairest maid**Comes the time**When one sweet smile**Has its season for a while**Then love’s in love with me**Some may think only to marry**Others will tease and tarry**Mine is the very best parry**Cupid he rules us all**Caper the caper, sing me the song**Death will come soon to hush us along**Sweeter than honey and bitter as gall**Love is a pastime than never will pall**Sweeter than honey and bitter as gall**Cupid he rules us all*. |
| Romeo | My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready standTo smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss. |
| Juliet | Good pilgrim,Saints have hands that pilgrims ‘hands do touch,And palm to palm is holy palmers’ kiss. |
| Romeo | Have not saints lips? |
| Juliet | Ay, pilgrims, lips that must use in prayer. |
| Romeo | Then move not while my prayer’s effect I take. |
| Juliet |  Then have my lips then sin that they have took. |
| Romeo | Give me my sin again. |
| Nurse | Madam, your mother wants a word with you. |
| Romeo (to Nurse) | What`s her mother? |
| Nurse | Her mother is the lady of the house.  |
| Romeo *снимает**маску* | Is she a Capulet? O dear account! |
| Juliet (to Nurse) | What is yon gentleman? |
| Nurse | Oh, I know not. |
| Juliet (to Nurse) | Go ask his name. |
| Nurse (to Tybalt) | *Жестом показывает на Ромео* |
| Tybalt | Romeo of the house of Montague |
| Nurse | What? *Оглядывается на Джульетту. Подбегает к ней*  (to Juliet) His name is Romeo and a Montague, the only son of your great enemy. *уходит* |
| Juliet (to herself) | My only love sprung from my only hate prodigious birth of love it is to me that I must love a loathed enemy.  |

Занавес.

SONNET № 56

Сцена 3. НА БАЛКОНЕ.

КОРМИЛИЦА-

ДЖУЛЬЕТТА –

РОМЕО –

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Romeo | What light through that window breaks?It is the East and Juliet is the sun!It is my lady. O, it is my love!She speaks. I will answer it.I’m to bold. ‘Tis not to me she speaks.O that I were a glove upon that hand,That I might touch that cheek! |
| Juliet  | Ay me! |
| Romeo | She speaks. O, speak again, bright angel! |
| Juliet | O, Romeo, Romeo! – wherefore are you Romeo?Deny your father and refuse your name.Or, if you will not,Then I’ll no longer be a Capulet.  |
| Romeo | Shall I speak at this? |
| Juliet | ‘Tis but your name that is my enemy.What’s Montague? It is nor hand nor footNor arm, nor face nor any other partBelonging to a man.What’s in a name? That which we call a rose By any other word would smell as sweet.So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,Retain that dear perfection which he owesWithout that title. Romeo, deny your name;And for your name, which is no part of you,Take all myself. |
| Romeo | I take you at your word.Call me but love, I never will be Romeo. |
| Juliet | Are you not Romeo, and a Montague? |
| Romeo | Neither, if either you dislike. |
| Juliet | O gentle Romeo,If you do love, pronounce it faithfully. |
| Romeo | Lady, by that blessed moon I vow. |
| Juliet | O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon. |
| Romeo | What shall I swear by? |
| Juliet | Do not swear at allOr if you will, swear by your gracious self,And I’ll believe you. |
| Romeo | O, will you leave me so unsatisfied? |
| Juliet | My bounty is as boundless as the sea,My love as deep. The more I give to you,The more I have. Dear love, adieu! |
| Nurse | Juliet! Juliet! |
| Romeo | O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard.All this is but a dream. |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Juliet (enter) | Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.If you purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow.And all my fortunes at your foot I’ll layAnd follow you my lord throughout the world. |
| Nurse | Madam, madam! |
| Juliet | A thousand times good night! |
| Romeo | Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books. |
| Juliet (enter again) | Romeo! What o’clock tomorrow shall I send to you? |
| Romeo | By the hour of nine. |
| Juliet | I will not fail. I have forgot why I did call you back. |
| Romeo | Let me stand here till you remember it. |
| Juliet | ‘Tis almost morning. I would have you gone. Good night! Good night! |

Занавес.

SONNET № 109

Сцена 4. СВЯТОЙ ОТЕЦ И РОМЕО.

СВЯТОЙ ОТЕЦ –

РОМЕО –

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Romeo | Good morrow, father. |
| Friar | What early tongue, so sweet salutes me? Our Romeo has not been in bed tonight. |
| Romeo | The last is true. |
| Friar | God pardon sin. Were your with Rosaline? |
| Romeo | With Rosaline, my father? No. I have forgot that name. |
| Friar | That’s my good son. But where have you been then? |
| Romeo | Feasting with my enemy. Then my heart’s dear love is set on the fair daughter of rich Capulet. As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine. |
| Friar | Holy Saint Francis! Is Rosaline so soon forsaken? Jesu Maria! |
| Romeo | I pray you calm me not. Her I love now and love foe love allow. |
| Friar | Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast. |

Занавес.

SONNET № 117

Сцена 5.СМЕРТЬ МЕРКУЦИО И ТИБАЛЬТА.

РОМЕО -

БЕНВОЛИО -

МЕРКУЦИО -

ТИБАЛЬТ -

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Benvolio | By my head, here come the Capulets. |
| Mercutio | By my heel, I care not. |
| Tybalt | Gentlemen, a word with one of you. |
| Mercutio | Make it a word and a blow. |
| Tybalt | Mercutio, you are a friend of Romeo. |
| Benvolio | Here all eyes gaze on us. |
| Mercutio | Men’s eyes were made to look. |
| Tybalt | Well, peace be with you, sir, here come my man. Romeo, you are a villain. |
| Romeo | Tybalt, the reason that I have to love youDoes much excuse the rageTo such a greeting. Villain am I none.Therefore farewell. |
| Tybalt | Boy, this shall not excuse the injuriesThat you have done me. Therefore turn and draw. |
| Mercutio | Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk? |
| Tybalt | I am for you. |
| Romeo | Gentle Mercutio, put your rapier up. |
| Mercutio | I am hurt. A plague a’both houses! |
| Benvolio | What are you hurt? |
| Mercutio | A scratch, a scratch. |
| Romeo | Courage, man. |
| Mercutio | A plague a’both your houses! |
| Benvolio | Brave Mercutio is dead! |
| Tybalt (they fight) | You, wretched boy, you follow him! |
| Benvolio | Romeo, away, be gone!The Prince will doom you death if you are taken |
| Romeo | O, I am fortune’s fool! |

Занавес.

SONNET № 47

Сцена 6. ГОРЕ.

КАПУЛЕТТИ -

ДЖУЛЬЕТТА -

КОРМИЛИЦА -

СВЯТОЙ ОТЕЦ -

РОМЕО –

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Juliet | Ay me! What news? |
| Nurse | He is dead, he is dead, he is dead! |
| Juliet | Can heaven be so envious? |
| Nurse | O Romeo, Romeo! |
| Juliet | Has Romeo slain himself? O, break my heart! |
| Nurse | O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had! |
| Juliet | And is Tybalt dead, my dearest cousin? Who is living, if those two are gone? |
| Nurse | Romeo that killed him, he is banished. |
| Juliet | O God! Did Romeo’s hand shed Tybalt’s blood? |
| Nurse | It did, it did! |
| Juliet | Romeo is banished. No words can that woe sound. |
| Nurse | Go to your chamber I’ll find Romeo to comfort you. |
| Juliet | O, find him. (exit Juliet with Nurse) |
| Friar | Romeo, come forth. |
| Romeo | Father, what’s news? What’s my doom? |
| Friar | Not death, but leaving this place for ever. |
| Romeo | Be merciful, say «death». Exile is more than death. |
| Friar | Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. |
| Romeo | I helps not. Talk no more. |
| Friar | I see that madmen has no ears. |
| Nurse | Let me come in. I come from Lady Juliet.  |
| Friar | Welcome then. |
| Nurse | O holy Friar. O, tell me, holy Friar, where’s my lady’s lord, where’s Romeo? |
| Romeo | Nurse- |
| Nurse | Ah,sir! Ah,sir! Death’s the end of all. |
| Romeo | Speak you of Juliet? How is it with her? |
| Nurse | O, she says nothing, sir,but weeps and weeps,And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,And Tybalt calls and then on Romeo cries,And then down falls again. |
| Romeo | O, kill me, kill me! |
| Friar | Hold you deperate hand,Are you a man?Your tears are womanish.What, rouse you, man Your Juliet is alive,For whose sake you were but lately dead.There are you happy.Go before, Nurse.Romeo is coming. |
| Nurse | My lord, I’ll tell my lady you will come. |
| Romeo | Do so. |
| Friar | ‘Tis late. Farewell. Good night. |

Занавес.

SONNET № 81

Сцена 7. СМЕРТЬ ДЖУЛЬЕТТЫ.

МАТЬ ДЖУЛЬЕТТЫ -

ДЖУЛЬЕТТА–

ОТЕЦ ДЖУЛЬЕТТЫ -

КОРМИЛИЦА-

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Juliet | No! (crying) |
| Capulet | Then weep no more! I’ll sent to one in Mantua where that same banished runagate doth live shall give him such an unaccustomed dram he shall soon keep Tybalt company. |
| Juliet | No! (crying) |
| Capulet | But now I’ll tell thee joyful tiding, girl. Well, then thou hast a careful father one who to put thee from thy heaviness hath sorted out a sudden day of joy. |
| Juliet | And joy will come in such a needy time (gently) |
| Capulet | Marry, my child early next Thursday morn the gallant, young and noble prince the country Paris at St.Peter’s church shall happily make thee there a joyful bride. |
| Juliet | Now by St.Peter’s church and Peter too he shall not make me there a joyful bride. (to nurse) No! No! |
|  Mr.Capulet | Hang thee, your baggage! Disobedient wretch! I tell thee what get thee to church on Thursday or never after look at me in the face. |
| Juliet | Oh, father, good father! I beseech you. |
| Mr.Capulet | Speak not, reply not, do not answer me! |
| Nurse | You are too blame, my lord, to trate her so. |
| Mr.Capulet | And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue! Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go! |
| Nurse | I speak no reason. May not one speak? |
| Mr.Capulet | Speak! You mumbling fool! |
| Nurse | You are too hot. |
| Mr.Capulet | God’s bread it makes me mad! Thursday’s near. And you’ll be mine, I’ll be mine, I give you to my friend an you be not hang, beg, starve, die in the streets. |
| Juliet | No, father! Oh, sweet, my mother, cast me not away. Delay this marriage for a month, a week, oh! |
| Capulet | Talk not to me! For I’ll not speak a word. |
| Juliet | Oh, God! Oh,nurse! Some comfort, nurse! |
| Nurse | Romeo is banished. And all the world to nothing that he dares ne’er come back to challenge you if he do it needs must be by stealth. Then since the case so stands as now it doth. I think it best you marry with the county. (pause) True. Oh, he’s a lovely gentleman. Romeo’s a dishcloth to him. And the eagle, madam, hath. Beshrew, my heart. I think you happy in this second match. For if it didn’t your first is dead or there as good he were as living here and you no use of him. |
| Juliet | Speak thou from thy heart? |
| Nurse | And from my soul, too.. |
| Juliet | Amen. |
| Nurse | What? |
| Juliet | Well, thou hast comfort me marvelous much. Go in and tell my lady I am gone having displeased my father to make confession and to be absolved. Go! (nurse exits. Juliet is taking a bottle of poison and drinking up) Love, live me strength. |
| Nurse | Ahh! My lord, my lord! She’s dead! Juliet is dead! My lady Juliet, my lord! She’s dead! She’s dead! Juliet! |

Сцена 8. В ФАМИЛЬНОМ СКЛЕПЕ.

РОМЕО –

СВЯТОЙ ОТЕЦ –

ДЖУЛЬЕТТА –

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Romeo | Juliet! O, my love. My wife. Death that hath shucked the honey of my heart no power to my beauty. Thou art not conquered… beauty ensign yet in crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks. Death’s pale flag is not advanced there. Ah, dear Juliet. Why art thou yet so far? Here, here will I remain with worms that thy chambermaids. Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace! And lips, o you the doors of breath seal with a largest kiss. Here’s to my love. Thus with a kiss… I die.  |
| Friar | Romeo! Oh, what an unkind hour! |
| Juliet | Oh! Oh, comfortable Friar! Where is my lord? Where is my Romeo?  |
| Friar | I hear some noise. |
| Juliet | O, where is my Romeo? |
| Friar | Come along. It’s time to go. |
| Juliet | Where is my Romeo? |
| Friar | Come. Go. Good Juliet! I dare no longer stay, Juliet! I dare no longer stay! |
| Juliet | What’s here? Poison, I see hath been his timeless end. O, churl, drunk all and left friendly drop to help me after. I will kiss thy lips. Yet doth hang on them to make me die with a restorative. The lips are warm!!! Oh, no, no! Yeah, noise… I hear noise. No! Then I’ll be brief o happy dagger! This is thy sheath the rest and let me die. |

Эпилог.

Занавес. Поклон.