**MERCUTIO / PARIS – RECALL SCRIPT**

**Act 1 Scene 4**

**ROMEO** Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

**MERCUTIO** Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

**ROMEO** Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

**MERCUTIO** You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

**ROMEO** Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

**MERCUTIO** And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

**ROMEO** Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

**MERCUTIO** If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

Come, we burn daylight, ho!

**ROMEO** And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

**MERCUTIO** Why, may one ask?

**ROMEO** I dream'd a dream to-night.

**MERCUTIO** And so did I.

**ROMEO** Well, what was yours?

**MERCUTIO** That dreamers often lie.

**ROMEO** In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

**MERCUTIO** 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;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
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 that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:
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--

**ROMEO** Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

**MERCUTIO** True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,

**BENVOLIO** This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

**ROMEO** I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels…
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

**Act 4 Scene 1**

**FRIAR L.** On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

**PARIS** My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

**FRIAR L.** You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

**PARIS** Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

**FRIAR L.** Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET*

**PARIS** Happily met, my lady and my wife!

**JULIET** That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

**PARIS** That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

**JULIET** What must be shall be.

**FRIAR L.** That's a certain text.

**PARIS** Come you to make confession to this father?

**JULIET** To answer that, I should confess to you.

**PARIS** Do not deny to him that you love me.

**JULIET** I will confess to you that I love him.

**PARIS** So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

**JULIET** If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

**FRIAR L.** My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

**PARIS** God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit*]