**PRINCE / NURSE – RECALL SCRIPT**

**Act 1 Scene 1**

**PRINCE** Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*Exeunt all but MONTAGUE and BENVOLIO*

**Act 2 Scene 5**

**JULIET** O honey nurse, what news? why look'st thou sad?

**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?

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** Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,--O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

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

**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.

**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:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

**JULIET** Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.