**BENVOLIO – RECALL SCRIPT**

**Act 1 Scene 1**

**BENVOLIO** Good-morrow, cousin.

**ROMEO** Is the day so young?

**BENVOLIO** But new struck nine.

**ROMEO** Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

**BENVOLIO** It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

**ROMEO** Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

**BENVOLIO** In love?

**ROMEO** Out--

**BENVOLIO** Of love?

**ROMEO** Out of her favour, where I am in love.

**BENVOLIO** Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

**ROMEO** Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Dost thou not laugh?

**BENVOLIO** No, coz, I rather weep.

**ROMEO** Good heart, at what?

**BENVOLIO** At thy good heart's oppression.

**ROMEO** Why, such is love's transgression.
Farewell, my coz.

**BENVOLIO** Soft! I will go along;

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

**ROMEO** In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

**BENVOLIO** I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

**ROMEO** A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

**BENVOLIO** A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

**ROMEO** Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

**BENVOLIO** Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

**ROMEO** She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,

**BENVOLIO** Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

**ROMEO** O, teach me how I should forget to think.

**BENVOLIO** By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
examine other beauties.

**ROMEO** 'Tis the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more:
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

**BENVOLIO** I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

**Act 5 Scene 1**

*Enter BENVOLIO*

**ROMEO** News from Verona!—How now, Benvolio!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

**BENVOLIO** Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office.

**ROMEO** Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Leave me. I will hence to-night. Get thee gone!

**BENVOLIO** I do beseech you, coz, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

**ROMEO** Tush, thou art deceived:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

**BENVOLIO** No.

**ROMEO** No matter: get thee gone. [*Exit BENVOLIO*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.