Two Example Sections

Original Text

Featuring the original Shakespeare script.

Created to support the teaching of two set sections for a particular English Test in the UK, this document can be used for more general study of the play. This document is presented as linework to allow fast downloading and easy printing.

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ROMEO AND JULIET

(The Condensed Story)
Romeo Montague and Juliet Capulet are the children of two feuding families in the Italian city of Verona. After the initial Prologue, the play opens with a street fight between the Montagues and the Capulets. Escalus, Prince of Verona, announces that anyone caught feuding in the future will be given the death penalty.

Count Paris is related to the Prince; and Juliet’s father is anxious for his daughter to marry Paris, who is keen to marry Juliet. However, as a good father, he first wants to make sure Paris’ feelings are true. As a test, he organises a party, to which he invites every eligible lady in Verona. If Paris still wants to marry Juliet after that, then his feelings must be true.

Romeo is in love with Rosaline, but she is not interested in a relationship. Romeo and his friends see the guest list for the Capulet party and, seeing Rosaline on that list, decide to attend in disguise - after all, it is on “enemy territory”. There, Romeo meets Juliet and they instantly fall in love - but soon they find out that they are members of opposing families and their love for each other will not be permitted.

Being much in love, they decide to marry in secret. Friar Laurence, Romeo’s friend and teacher, agrees to carry out the service, hoping that the wedding will end the long running feud between the two families.

In the meantime, there is more fighting – Tybalt (Juliet’s cousin) kills Mercutio (Romeo’s friend and a relative of Prince Escalus). In revenge, Romeo then kills Tybalt and is banished from Verona. He escapes to Mantua after spending a single night with his bride.

Juliet’s father, unaware of his daughter’s secret marriage to Romeo, decides that Juliet must marry Paris later that week. Distraught, Juliet turns to Friar Laurence, who gives Juliet a potion that will simulate death for a short time. The idea being that she will be taken to the family tomb, where she will awake and escape to Mantua with Romeo.

Romeo inadvertently hears that Juliet is dead, even though she is not. He risks his life and returns to Verona, buying some poison from an apothecary on the way. Romeo arrives at Juliet’s burial chamber and opens the mausoleum. Paris finds him there and, thinking he is desecrating the grave, attacks him. They fight and Romeo kills Paris. Romeo then takes the poison and dies beside his wife.

Friar Laurence arrives too late to stop the suicide. Juliet wakes up and finds Romeo dead. She is grief-stricken and stabs herself with Romeo’s dagger, falling dead upon his body.

Prince Escalus arrives, along with the Montagues and the Capulets. Friar Laurence explains what has happened. The Prince blames the families, who, united in grief, finally decide to end their feud. The play ends with the Prince summarising this tragic story of love and hate.
SECTION 1
Act 1, Scene 1, lines 98 to 232.

Background

Romeo & Juliet is arguably the greatest love story ever told. Romeo is a Montague and Juliet is a Capulet – these two aristocratic families have been bitter enemies for many years, so any love between Romeo and Juliet is completely out of the question.

At the beginning of the play, an actor (Chorus), delivers a Prologue, explaining the enmity between the two families and a brief synopsis of the plot – how the “star-cross’d lovers” are doomed (“their death-marked love”) but also how their deaths bring about the reconciliation of the two families.

Act 1 of the play begins with a brawl in a public place, between servants of the house of Montague (Abraham and Balthasar) and the house of Capulet (Sampson and Gregory). Romeo’s cousin, Benvolio, tries to break up the fight, but Juliet’s cousin, the fiery Tybalt, enters and fights with Benvolio. More members of each house arrive, along with citizens and peace-officers, and the brawl quickly escalates into a riot. Old Montague and Old Capulet, the heads of each house, hear the commotions and they, too, want to get involved; but they are each restrained from doing so by their wives, who seem to have more sense than their husbands.

Escalus (the Prince of Verona) and his soldiers eventually break up the riot. The Prince is extremely angry, as this is the third time the Montagues and Capulets have fought in public. The Prince warns Old Montague and Old Capulet that whoever disturbs the peace again will be sentenced to death.

The crowd disperses and Old Montague tries to find out who started it from Benvolio - thus, the scene is set for love to enter where, before, there was only hate.
WHO SET THIS ANCIENT QUARREL?
NEW ABBREACH? SPEAK, NEPHEW.
WERE YOU BY WHEN IT BEGAN?

HERE WERE
THE SERVANTS OF YOUR
ADVERSARY AND YOURS;
CLOSE FIGHTING ERE I
PITTED APPROACH.
I DRAW TO
PART THEM.

IN THE INSTANT
CAME THE FIERY TYBALT,
WITH HIS SWORD PREPARED,
WHICH, AS HE BREATHED
DEFIANCE TO MY EARS,
HE SWUNG ABOUT HIS HEAD,
AND CUT THE WINDS, WHO,
NOTHING HURT WITHAL,
HIDGED HIM IN
SCORN.

WHILE WE WERE
INTERCAGING THRUSTS AND BLOWS,
CAME MORE AND MORE, AND FOUGHT ON
PART AND PART, TILL THE PRINCE CAME,
WHO PARTED EITHER PART.
O WHERE IS ROMEO?
Saw you him today?
RIGHT GLAD, I AM HE WAS NOT AT THIS HOUR,

HADAM,
AN HOUR BEFORE THE WORSHIPPED SUN PEEKED FORTH
THE GOLDEN WINDOW OF THE EAST
A TROUBLED MIND DROVE ME
TO WALK ABROAD.

WHERE,
UNDERNEATH THE GROVE OF
Sycamore That Westward
Rooteth from this city side;
So early walking did I
SEE YOUR SON.

TOWARDS HIM I WANDERED, BUT
HE WAS WARE OF ME,
AND STOLE INTO THE
COVERT OF THE
WOOD.

I, MEASURING
HIS AFFECTIONS BY MY OWN;
WHICH THEN MOST SOUGHT
WHERE MOST MIGHT NOT BE FOUND,
BEING ONE TOO MANY BY MY WEARY
SELF; PURSUED MY HUMOUR NOT
Pursuing his, and gladly
SHUNNED WHO GLADLY
FLED FROM ME.
MANY A MORNING HATH HE THERE BEEN SEEN, WITH TEARS AUGMENTING THE FRESH MORNING'S PEN, ADDING TO CLOUDS MORE CLOUDS WITH HIS DEEP SIGHS, BUT ALL SO SOON AS THE ALL-CHEERING SUN SHOULD IN THE FARthest EAST BEGIN TO DRAW THE SHADY CURTAINS FROM AURORA'S BED, AWAY FROM LIGHT STEALS HOME MY HEAVY SON.

AND PRIVATE IN HIS CHAMBER PENS HIMSELF, SHUTS UP HIS WINDOWS, LOCKS FAIR DAYLIGHT OUT, AND MAKES HIMSELF AN ARTIFICIAL NIGHT.

BLACK AND PORTENTOUS MUST THIS HUMOUR PROVE, UNLESS GOOD COUNSEL MAY THE CAUSE REMOVE.

MY NOBLE UNCLE, DO YOU KNOW THE CAUSE?

I NEITHER KNOW IT, NOR CAN LEARN OF HIM.

HAVE YOU IMPORTUNED HIM BY ANY MEANS?

BOTH BY MYSELF AND MANY OTHER FRIENDS!

BUT HE, HIS OWN AFFECTIONS' COUNSELLOR, IS TO HIMSELF - I WILL NOT SAY HOW TRUE - BUT TO HIMSELF SO SECRET AND SO CLOSE, SO FAR FROM SOUNDING AND DISCOVERY AS IS THE BUD BIT WITH AN ENVIOUS WORM, ERE HE CAN SPREAD HIS SWEET LEAVES TO THE AIR, OR DEDICATE HIS BEAUTY TO THE SUN.

COULD WE BUT LEARN FROM WHENCE HIS SORROWS GROW, WE WOULD AS WILLINGLY GIVE CURE AS KNOW.

SEE WHERE HE COMES, SO PLEASE YOU, STEP ABIDE, I'LL KNOW HIS GRIEVANCE, OR BE MUCH DENIED.
I WOULD
THOU WERT SO HAPPY
BY THY STAY TO HEAR
TRUE SHRIFT!
COME, MAFDAM, LET'S AWAY.

GOOD MORROW, COUSIN.

BUT NEW STRUCK NINE.
AY ME,
SAD HOURS
SHREW LONG.
WAS THAT MY
FATHER THAT WENT
HENCE SO FAST?

IT WAS
WHAT SADNESS
LENIGHTENS ROMEO'S
HOURS?
NOT HAVING
THAT WHICH
HAVING, MAKES
THEM SHORT.

OUT
OF LOVE?

IN LOVE?
OUT OF HER FAVOUR WHERE I AM IN LOVE.

ALAS, THAT LOVE, SO GENTLE IN HIS VIEW, SHOULD BE SO TYRANNOUS AND ROUGH IN PROOF!

ALSO, THAT LOVE, WHO'S VIEW IS MUFFLED STILL, SHOULD WITHOUT EYES SEE PATHWAYS TO HIS WILL!

WHERE SHALL WE DINE? O ME! WHAT PRAY WAS HERE?

YET TELL ME NOT; FOR I HAVE HEARD IT ALL, HERE'S MUCH TO DO WITH HATE, BUT MORE WITH LOVE.

WHY, THEN, O BRAWLING LOVE, O LOVING HATE.

O ANYTHING OF NOTHING FIRST CREATE!

O HEAVY LIGHTNESS, SERIOUS VANITY,

MISHAPEN CHAOS OF WELL-SEEING FORMS!

FEATHER OF LEAD, BRIGHT SMOKE, COLD FIRE,

SICK HEALTH, STILL-WAKING SLEEP,

THAT IS NOT WHAT IT IS!

THIS LOVE FEEL I, THAT FEEL NO LOVE IN THIS.
POST THOU NOT LAUGH? NO, COZ I NEITHER WEEP.

GOOD HEART, AT WHAT? AT THIS GOOD HEART'S OPPRESSION.

LOVE IS A SMOKE MADE WITH THE FUME OF SIGHS: BEING PURGED, A FIRE SPARKLES IN LOVERS' EYES; BEING VEINED, A SEA NOURISHED WITH LOVING TEARS. WHAT IS IT ELSE?

TUT, I HAVE LOST MYSELF, I AM NOT HERE.

TUT ME IN SADNESS, WHO IS THAT YOU LOVE?

WHAT, SHALL I GROAN AND TELL THEE?

SOFT, I WILL GO ALONG: AND IF YOU LEAVE ME SO, YOU DO ME WRONG.

FAREWELL, MY COZ.

WHY, SUCH IS LOVE'S TRANSGRESSION, GRIEFS OF Mine Own Lie Heavy in My Breast, Which Thou Wilt Propagate to Have It Pressed with More of Thine. This Love That Thou Hast Shown DOTH ADD MORE GRIEVE TO TOO Much of Mine Own.
BID A SICK MAN IN SADNESS 
MAKE HIS WILL - A WORD ILL URGED 
TO ONE THAT IS SO ILL.

IN SADNESS, COUSIN, I DO LOVE 
A WOMAN.

I AIDED 
SO NEAR WHEN 
I SUPPOSED 
YOU LOVED.

A RIGHT 
GOOD MARK-MAN! 
AND SHE'S FAIR 
I LOVE.

A RIGHT 
FAIR MARK; FAIR COZ; IS 
SOONEST HIT.

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-ARMED, FROM LOVE'S WEAK 
CHILDISH BOW SHE LIVES 
UNCHARMED.

SHE WILL 
NOT STAY THE 
SIEGE OF LOVING TERMS, 
NOR BIDE THE ENCOUNTER OF 
ASSAILING EYES, NOR OPE 
HER LAP TO SAINT- 
REDUCING GOLD.
O, she is rich in beauty - only poor that when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste. For beauty starved with her severity, cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair, to merit bliss by making me despair.

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Be ruled by me: forget to think of her.

Teach me how I should forget to think.
SECTION 2
Act 2, Scene 2, lines 1 to 157

Background

Before this famous orchard scene, Romeo is oblivious to the fighting in Act 1. He is deeply in love with a lady called Rosaline (who is never actually seen in the play). Rosaline doesn’t reciprocate Romeo’s love and as we saw in the previous section, he mopes about, saying things like, “this is not Romeo, he’s some other where”. He meets Benvolio, who tries to cheer him up, without much success.

Meanwhile, Old Capulet is discussing his daughter Juliet with Count Paris, a relative of Prince Escalus. Paris wants to marry Juliet, but Capulet thinks she may be too young. He decides to host a great party, to which he intends to invite all the eligible young ladies of Verona for Paris to view. If Paris still wants Juliet after seeing them, and if Paris can succeed in winning Juliet’s heart, then Capulet will agree to the marriage. Capulet sends his servant round Verona, with a list of people to invite.

The servant meets Romeo and Benvolio and asks them to read the list for him. Romeo sees Rosaline’s name on the list and, when the servant invites them to come along too (as long as they’re not Montagues, which of course they are!), Benvolio thinks it would be a good idea for Romeo to compare Rosaline to the most beautiful women in Verona – that way, he’ll realise she’s not quite as wonderful as he thinks she is.

In the Capulet house, Juliet’s mother tells her about Paris’ intentions. Juliet seems happy, at this stage, to welcome his attentions.

The party begins. Romeo is spotted by Tybalt as a Montague in the Capulet house, but Capulet instructs him to keep the peace and not spoil the party. Despite being on “enemy territory”, Romeo Montague meets Juliet Capulet. They kiss, and instantly fall in love.

After the party, the love-struck Romeo scales the wall of Capulet’s orchard…
THE JESTS
AT SCARS THAT
NEVER FELT
A WOUND.

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 WAd
ARE FAR MORE FAIR
THAN SHE.

BEl NOT HER HAND,
SINCE SHE IS ENVIous;
HER VESTAL LIVERY IS BUT
SICK AND GREEN, AND NONE
BUT FOOLS DO WEAR IT.
CAST IT OFF.
- IT IS MY LADY!
O, IT IS MY LOVE!

O THAT SHE
kNEW SHE WERE!
SHE SPEAKS, YET SHE SAYS NOTHING.
WHAT OF THAT?
HER EYE DISCOurses.
I Will AnSwEr IT.
- I AM TOO BOLD.
TIS NOT TO ME SHE SPEAKS.
TWO OR 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 TRHoUGH 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 Touched
THAT CHEEK!
AY ME!

SHE SPEAKS.

O SPEAK AGAIN, BRIGHT ANGEL, FOR THOU ART AS GLORIOUS TO THIS NIGHT, BEING O’ER MY HEAD, AS IS A WINGED MESSENGER OF HEAVEN UNTO THE WHITE-UPTURNED WONDERING EYES OF MORTALS THAT FALL BACK TO GAZE ON HIM WHEN HE BESTRIDES THE LAZY-PACING CLOUDS, AND SAILS UPON THE BOSOM OF THE AIR.

O ROMEO, ROMEO! WHEREFORE ART THOU ROMEO?

DENY THY FATHER AND REFUSE THY NAME OR IF THOU WIL NOT BE SWORN MY LOVE AND I’LL NO LONGER BE A CAPULET.

TIE BUT THY NAME THAT IS MY ENEMY, THOU ART THYSELF; THOUGH NOT A MONTAGUE.

WHAT’S ‘MONTAGUE’? IT IS NOR HAND, NOR FOOT, NOR ARM, NOR FACE, NOR ANY OTHER PART BELONGING TO MAN.

O, BE SOME OTHER NAME! 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 OWES WITHOUT THAT TITLE. ROMEO, DOFF THY NAME AND FOR THAT NAME, WHICH IS NO PART OF THES, TAKE ALL MYSELF.

I TAKE THEE AT THY WORD. CALL WE BUT LOVE, AND I’LL BE NEW-BAPTIZED.

HENCEFORTH, I NEVER WILL BE ROMEO.

WHAT MAN ART THOU, THAT THUS BESCREEMED IN NIGHT SO STUMBLEST ON MY COUNSEL?
BY A NAME I KNOW NOT
HOW TO TELL THEE
WHO I AM, MY NAME.

NEITHER, FAIR MAID, IF
EITHER THEE DISLIKE.

MY EARS HAVE
YET NOT DRUNK A
HUNDRED WORDS OF
THY TONGUE'S UTERING,
YET I KNOW THE
SOUND.

ART THOU NOT
ROMEO, AND A
MONTAGUE?

WITH LOVE'S LIGHT
WINGS, DID I PERCH ON
THESE WALLS, FOR STONY LISTS CANNOT
HOLD LOVE OUT - AND WHAT LOVE CAN
DO, THAT DARES LOVE ATTEMPT.
THEY, WHOSE SWORDS ARE
NO STOP TO ME.

IF THEY DO
SEE THEE, THEY WILL
MURDER THEE.

I HAVE NIGHT'S CLOAK
TO HIDE ME FROM THEIR EYES.

BY THOU LOVE ME, LET THEM
AND BUT THOU LOVE ME, LET THEM
FIND ME HERE, MY LIFE WERE
BETTER ENDED BY THEIR HATE THAN DEATH.

PROROGUED, WANTING
OF THY LOVE.

WHOSE DIRECTION
FOUND'ST THEE OUT
THIS PLACE?

ALACK, THERE LIETH MORE
PERIL IN THY EYE THAN
TWENTY OF THEIR SWORDS.
LOOK THOU BUT SWEET AND
I AM PROOF AGAINST
THEIR ENMITY.

I WOULD NOT FOR THE
WORLD THEY SAW
THEE HERE.
O GENTLE ROMEO, IF THOU DOST LOVE, PRONOUNCE IT FAITHFULLY, OR IF THOU THINK I AM TOO QUICKLY WON, I'LL PROUD, AND BE PERVERSE, AND SAY THEE NAY, SO THOU WILT WOO - BUT ELSE, NOT FOR THE WORLD!

IN TRUTH, FAIR MONTAGUE, I AM TOO POND, AND THEREFORE THOU MAYST THINK MY HAVELIGHT.

LADY, BY YONDER BLESSED MOON, I VOW.

BUT TRUST ME, GENTLEMAN, I'LL PROVE MORE TRUE THAN THOSE THAT HAVE MORE CUNNING TO BE STRANGE. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE STRANGE, I MUST CONFESS, BUT THAT THOU OVERHEARDST, ERE I WAS WARE, MY TRUE LOVE PASSION.

THEREFORE, PRAY, AND NOT IMpute THIS YIELDING TO LIGHT LOVE, WHICH THE DARK NIGHT MATH SO DISCOVERED.

THAT TIPS WITH SILVER ALL THESE FRUIT-TREE TOPS.
O, swear not by the moon, thy constant moon, that monthly changes in her circle, or by any other constant thing. What shall I swear by? Do not swear at all. If thou wilt swear, swear by the God of my idolatry and I'll believe thee. If my heart's dear love prove otherwise variable, what shall I swear by? Do not swear at all. Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, which is the god of my idolatry and I'll believe thee. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract tonight. It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden. Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be ere one can say it lightens.

Sweet, good night.

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, may prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest come to thy heart as that within my breast. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

What satisfaction canst thou have tonight? The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it and yet I would it were to give again.

Wouldst thou withdraw it for what purpose, love?

But to be frank and give it thee again; and yet I wish but for the thing I have. My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my love as deep. The more I give to thee, the more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!  

SWEET MONTAGUE, BE TRUE, STAY BUT A LITTLE: I WILL COME AGAIN.

O BLESSED, BLESSED NIGHT! I AM AFRAID, BEING IN NIGHT, ALL THIS IS BUT A DREAM, TOO FLATTERING—SWEET TO BE SUBSTANTIAL.

THREE WORDS, DEAR ROMEO, AND GOOD NIGHT INDEED, IF THAT THY BENT OF LOVE BE HONOURABLE, THY PURPOSE MARRIAGE. SEND ME WORD TOMORROW BY ONE THAT I’LL PROCE TO COME TO THEE; WHERE AND WHAT TIME THOU WILT PERFORM THE RITE— AND ALL MY FORTUNES AT THY FOOT I’LL LAY, AND FOLLOW THEE, MY LORD, THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

I COME! ANON!  

BUT IF THOU MEANST NOT WELL, I DO BESPEECH THEE—

A THOUSAND TIMES WORSE, TO WANT THY LIGHT, LOVE GOES TOWARD LOVE AS SCHOOLBOYS FROM THEIR BOOKS, BUT LOVE FROM LOVE, TOWARD SCHOOL WITH HEAVY LOOKS.

BY AND BY, I COME!

A THOUSAND TIMES GOOD NIGHT!
# DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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<td>Prince of Verona</td>
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<tr>
<td>MERCUTIO</td>
<td>Kinsman to Escalus, Prince of Verona, and friend of Romeo and Benvolio.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PARIS</td>
<td>A young nobleman, kinsman to Escalus, Prince of Verona.</td>
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<td>MONTAGUE</td>
<td>Head of the Montague house (a Veronese family), at feud with the Capulet family.</td>
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<tr>
<td>LADY MONTAGUE</td>
<td>Wife to Montague.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROMEO</td>
<td>Son of Montague</td>
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<tr>
<td>BENVOLIO</td>
<td>Nephew to Montague and friend of Romeo and Mercutio.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character</td>
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<tr>
<td>ABRAHAM</td>
<td>Servant to Montague.</td>
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<tr>
<td>BALTHASAR</td>
<td>Servant to Romeo.</td>
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<tr>
<td>CAPULET</td>
<td>Head of the Capulet house (a Veronese family), at feud with the Montague family.</td>
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<tr>
<td>LADY CAPULET</td>
<td>Wife to Capulet.</td>
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<tr>
<td>JULIET</td>
<td>Daughter to Capulet.</td>
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<tr>
<td>TYBALT</td>
<td>Nephew to Lady Capulet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NURSE</td>
<td>A Capulet servant and Juliet’s foster-mother.</td>
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### BACKGROUND TO THE PLAY

Shakespeare based *Romeo and Juliet* on the 1562 poem *The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet* by Arthur Brooke. This in turn was based on an Italian novella by Matteo Bandello (1554) and most likely made known to Shakespeare through an English Translation by William Painter in 1567, which he called *Palace of Pleasure*. Shakespeare added much to the pace of the plot, and in turn intensified the emotional development of the play. It is this basis of an intricate, intertwined plot, coupled with Shakespeare’s beautifully poetic lines, set against a backdrop of conflict and forbidden love, that makes this tragedy one of the most famous and enduring stories to come from the great Bard.

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<td><em>A Capulet servant, attending on the Nurse.</em></td>
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<td><strong>SAMPSON</strong></td>
<td><em>Servant to Capulet.</em></td>
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<td><strong>GREGORY</strong></td>
<td><em>Servant to Capulet.</em></td>
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<td><strong>FRIAR LAURENCE</strong></td>
<td><em>A monk of the Franciscan Order</em></td>
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<td><strong>CHORUS</strong></td>
<td><em>Introduces each Act of the play.</em></td>
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