

Act I – Scene III

[Capulet house. LADY CAPULET & NURSE]

LADY CAPULET

Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

NURSE

I bade her come. God forbid! Where's this girl? Juliet! Juliet! *told*

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your will? *what do you want*

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile, *leave us*
We must talk in secret.

[Nurse starts to leave]

Nurse, come back again! I have remembered me. *you shall, conversation*

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.

And I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish. *if*

LADY CAPULET

Marry, that "marry" is the very theme I came to talk of.

Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married? *how do you feel about marriage*

JULIET

It is an honor that I dream not of.

NURSE

An honor? Were not I thine only nurse,

*if I weren't your only wet-nurse
the breast*

I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET

Enough of this. Hold thy peace!

I ask you, be quiet

Well, think of marriage now. Younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem

high-breeding

Are made already mothers. By my count

I was your mother much upon these years

at the same age

That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE

A man, young lady! Lady, such a man as all the world.

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower. *indeed*

LADY CAPULET

What say you? Can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast. *see*

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, *read like a book*

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen. *written*

This precious book of love, this unbound lover, *uncovered/unmarried*

To beautify him, only lacks a cover. *he only needs a cover*

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory *a book cover is made*

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. *beautiful by a beautiful tale*

So shall you share all that he doth possess *all his wealth and status*

By having him, making yourself no less. *marrying him*

NURSE

No less? Nay, bigger. Women grow by men. *get pregnant*

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly. Can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move, *if looks will make me like him*

But no more deep will I engage mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

SERVANT *[enters]*

Madam, the guests are come.

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee.

[Servant exits]

Juliet.

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[They exit]

*I won't look any deeper
than you want me to*

have come

will follow

to make