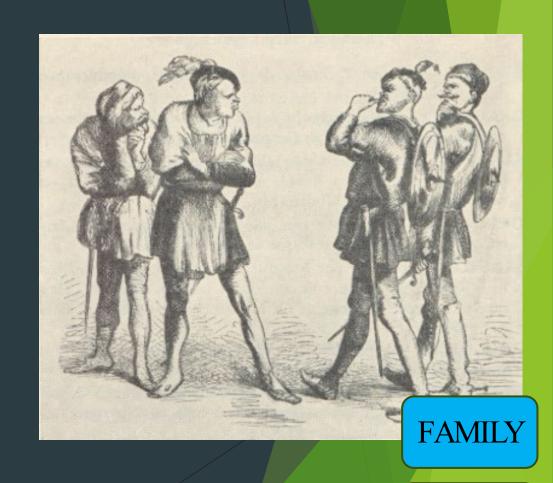
The Prologue

Apair of starcrossed lovers take their life



Abram (Capulet):
Do you bite your
thumb at us, sir?



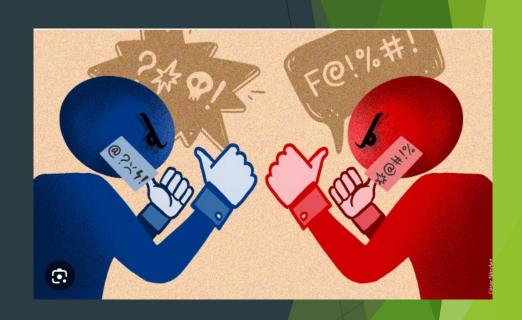


Benvolio:
Part, fools! You know not what you do



CONFLICT

Tybalt: What, drawn and talk of peace? I hate the word





Prince Escalus: If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace





Romeo:

Obrawling love,
Oloving hate



Capulet:

Let two more summers wither in their pride Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS

Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Capulet:

She's the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;



FATE

FAMILY

Nurse:

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er Inursed [...]
Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days

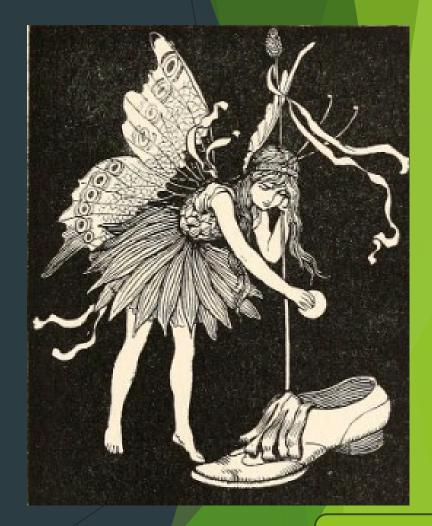


MERCUTIO
If love be rough with you, be rough
with love

[...]
O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

 $[\ldots]$

she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they
dream of love



ROMEO:

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

 $[\ldots]$

As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear

 $\lceil \ldots \rceil$

a snowy dove trooping with crows

 $\lceil \ldots
ceil$

Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight, For Ine'er saw true beauty till this night.





My only love sprung from my only hate!



FATE

CONFLICT

ROMEO

Juliet is the sun





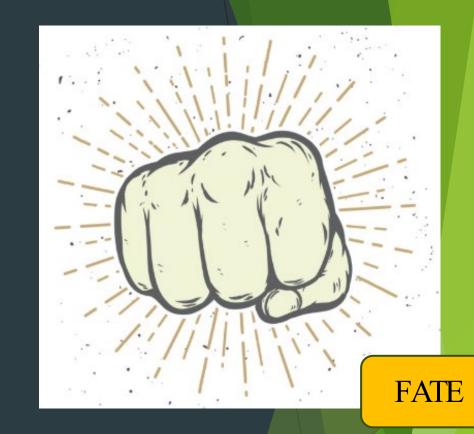
Juliet
That which we call a rose
By any other word would
smell as sweet.



Friar Lawrence
To turn your households'
rancor to pure love

Act 2 Scene 6

Friar Lawrence
These violent delights have
violent ends



FAMILY

CONFLICT

Tybalt
Thou art a villain





MERCUTIO
O calm, dishonorable, vile
submission!

[...]
Aplague o'both houses!





ROMEO
O, Iam Fortune's fool!



CAPULET
Hang thee, young baggage,
disobedient wretch!

hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee



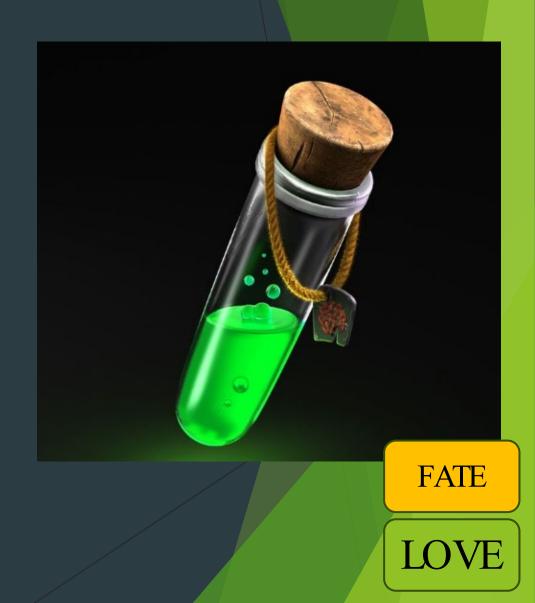


Juliet I'll to the Friar to know his remedy. If all else fail, myself have power to die.



Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink. I drink to thee.

Juliet



Lord Capulet

Alack, my child is dead, And with my child my joys are burièd.





Romeo

Come, cordial and not posion, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there I must use thee



Romeo

O my love, my wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty

Eyes, look your last Arms, take your last embrace



FATE

Juliet

O happy dagger,
This is thy sheath.
There rust and let me die



FATE

Prince Escalus

For never was a story of more woe

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo



FAMILY

CONFLICT