

## Side 11: The Prince

### ACT 1, SCENE 1

*Enter PRINCE, with guards (down the centre aisle)*

#### PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
What, ho! you men, you beasts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground.

*(All fighting stops)*

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,  
If ever you disturb them again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, all the rest depart away:  
You Capulet and you Montague shall come this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case.  
Now, on pain of death, depart.

*Montagues exit US and DS Left, Capulets US and DS Right. Prince and his guard plus Benvolio and the townsfolk remain, including Friar Lawrence and the Nurse. They say the Prologue with indignation and anger. We will break up the lines between them. The last two lines will be said together. (We have now introduced the meaning behind this speech.)*

#### PROLOGUE

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.