

JULIET

Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished;'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentations might have moved?
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

JULIET

Should I speak badly of my own husband? Ah, my poor husband, who will speak well of you when I, your wife of three hours, have been calling you such dreadful names? But why, you villain, did you kill my cousin? Because my villain of a cousin would have killed you, my husband. I refuse to cry. These tears which seem like sadness for Tybalt's death are actually tears of joy that Romeo is still alive. My husband, whom Tybalt would have killed, is alive. And Tybalt, who wanted to kill my husband, is dead. This is good news. So why am I crying? Because there was news that's even worse than that of Tybalt's death. Worse news that kills me inside. I wish I could forget it, but it forces its way into my memory the way sins obsess guilty minds. "Tybalt is dead, and Romeo has been banished." That word "banished," that single word "banished," is worse than the death of ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death would have been misery enough even if nothing else had happened. Or, if misery loves company, and one grief must necessarily follow another, then it would have been better had the Nurse, after telling me that Tybalt was dead, then told me that my mother or my father, or even both, were gone. That would have pushed me into normal feelings of grief. But to tell me that Tybalt's is dead and then say, "Romeo has been banished." To say that is the same as saying that my father, my mother, Tybalt, Romeo, and Juliet have all been killed, are all dead. "Romeo has been banished." The death contained in those four words is infinite, unmeasurable. No words can express that misery.

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