Resource I: **The Friar (edited text)**

JULIET O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help!

F.LAURENCE O, Juliet, I already know thy grief,
It strains me past the compass of my wits:

JULIET Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

Reveals a dagger.

God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands,
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold…

F. LAURENCE Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desp'rate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

A plan in his head, he begins searching for something.

JULIET O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of any tower,
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

Friar produces a small vial of liquid and smiles – he's found it! He hurriedly ushers Juliet off.