

## **QUOTES FOR I SAY YOU SAY WE SAY.**

**QUESTION: “Is Friar Laurence to blame for the deaths of Romeo and Juliet?”**

### **Arguments from the Offence**

- **Friar Laurence is to blame for the death of Romeo and Juliet.**
- **The Friar is bumbling and unclear in his thinking. He lacks the foresight to see the possibility of his actions and plans going wrong.**
- **The Friar dabbles in the dark arts.**
- **The Friar breaks the law by agreeing to marry Romeo and Juliet in secret.**
- **The Friar is a trusted guide to the young people, and yet he advises them to go against the wishes of their parents and families. He advises Romeo to follow immoral behaviour by visiting Juliet in her bedroom.**
- **The Friar does not emphasize the importance of the letter to brother John.**

### **Arguments for the Defence**

#### **TEXTUAL EVIDENCE**

**STRATEGY: The argument builders and the Evidence Searchers need to quickly work through the text to discover what points can be drawn from the text – OR – what sections of the text can be used to support or example a point in the developing argument.**

**Any need for contextual or contemporary or historical information needs to be immediately referred to the Support Evidence Searchers.**

## **VIDEO SCENE EXCERPTS TO BE PRE-VIEWED**

Act 2 S3, & S6 Act 3 S3 Act 4 S1 & S5 and Act 5 S2 & S3.

## **TEXT EXCERPTS**

### **TIMELINE**

#### **Act 1 Scene V**

##### **ROMEO**

[To JULIET] If I profane with my unworhiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

##### **JULIET**

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

##### **ROMEO**

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

##### **JULIET**

Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

##### **ROMEO**

O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

##### **JULIET**

Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

##### **ROMEO**

Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.  
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

##### **JULIET**

Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

##### **ROMEO**

Sin from thy lips? O trespass sweetly urged!  
Give me my sin again.

##### **JULIET**

You kiss by the book.

##### **Nurse**

Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

##### **ROMEO**

What is her mother?

##### **Nurse**

Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous

I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;  
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her  
Shall have the chinks.

**ROMEO**

Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

**BENVOLIO**

Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

### **Act1 Scene V**

**JULIET**

What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

**Nurse**

I know not.

**JULIET**

Go ask his name: if he be married.

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

**Nurse**

His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

The only son of your great enemy.

**JULIET**

My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

**Nurse**

What's this? what's this?

**JULIET**

A rhyme I learn'd even now

Of one I danced withal.

### **ACT 2 Scene 3**

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;

What is her burying grave that is her womb,

And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find,

Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some and yet all different.

Later in the same scene...

...nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give,  
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometimes by action dignified.  
Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence and medicine power:  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;  
And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Later in the same scene...

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
... thy earliness doth me assure  
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

**ROMEO**

That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

**ROMEO**

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

Later in the same scene...

**ROMEO**

Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
And all combined, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage: when and where and how  
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
... Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:  
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then,  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

**ROMEO**

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

And bad'st me bury love.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

**ROMEO**

I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now  
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;  
The other did not so.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O, she knew well

Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

**ROMEO**

O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt*

## **Act 2 Scene 6**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

**ROMEO**

Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

These violent delights have violent ends  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Later in the same scene...

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Come, come with me, and we will make short work;  
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone  
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

### Act 3 Scene 3

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:  
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company:  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

**ROMEO**

What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

**ROMEO**

Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death';  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hence from Verona art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

**ROMEO**

There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death: then banished,  
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

**ROMEO**

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog

Later in the same scene...

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

**ROMEO**

O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

I'll give thee armour to keep off that word:  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

**ROMEO**

Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

**ROMEO**

How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

**ROMEO**

Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:

Later in the same scene...

**ROMEO...**

... O, tell me, friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion.

*Drawing his sword*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!  
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!  
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And stay thy lady too that lives in thee,  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.  
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;  
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed  
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:  
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valour of a man;  
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;  
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skitless soldier's flask,  
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,  
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.  
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:  
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend  
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings lights up upon thy back;  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,  
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:  
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;  
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:  
Romeo is coming.

**Nurse**

O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night



And then...

**ROMEO**

How well my comfort is revived by this!

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,

Or by the break of day disguised from hence:

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time

Every good hap to you that chances here:

Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

**ROMEO**

But that a joy past joy calls out on me,

It were a grief, so brief to part with thee: Farewell.

*Exeunt*

## Act 4 Scene 1

### SCENE I. Friar Laurence's cell.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

**PARIS**

My father Capulet will have it so;

And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

You say you do not know the lady's mind:

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

**PARIS**

Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;

...

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

[Aside] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Later in the same scene...

**PARIS**

God shield I should disturb devotion!  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:  
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

*Exit*

**JULIET**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits:  
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this county.

**JULIET**

Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st 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.  
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,  
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and art  
Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,  
Which craves as desperate an execution.  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
If, rather than to marry County Paris,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That copes with death himself to scape from it:  
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

**JULIET**

O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;  
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:  
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, deprived of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:  
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come: and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame;  
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

**JULIET**

Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

**JULIET**

Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.  
Farewell, dear father!

*Exeunt*

**Act 4 Scene 5:**

**CAPULET...**

Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;  
And with my child my joys are buried.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not  
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid:  
Your part in her you could not keep from death,  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was her promotion;  
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
She's not well married that lives married long;  
But she's best married that dies married young.  
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church:  
For though fond nature bids us an lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

**CAPULET**

All things that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral;

**Act 5 Scene 2**

**SCENE II. Friar Laurence's cell.**

*Enter FRIAR JOHN*

**FRIAR JOHN**

Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

This same should be the voice of Friar John.  
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

**FRIAR JOHN**

Going to find a bare-foot brother out  
One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

**FRIAR JOHN**

I could not send it,--here it is again,--  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
The letter was not nice but full of charge  
Of dear import, and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;  
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

**FRIAR JOHN**

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

*Exit*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Now must I to the monument alone;  
Within three hours will fair Juliet wake:  
She will beshrew me much that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;  
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

*Exit*

## WEBSITES TO EXPLORE

<http://www.elizabethan.org/compendium/10.html>

<http://www.elizabethan-era.org.uk/elizabethan-family-life.htm>

<http://ic.galegroup.com/ic/suic/ReferenceDetailsPage/ReferenceDetailsWindow?zid=05c471d31548b2f243717c399768720e&action=2&catId=&documentId=GALE%7CEJ2115610748&userGroupName=clov94514&jsid=08fcd4bb6d55083aea9385fc681d4d6e>

<http://ic.galegroup.com/ic/suic/ReferenceDetailsPage/ReferenceDetailsWindow?zid=a14106e737499252adf7ca1a0e1be126&action=2&catId=&documentId=GALE%7CEJ2115601593&userGroupName=clov94514&jsid=a6ab0110801fab103be57334fc19667a>

<https://www.hartfordstage.org/stagenotes/hamlet/elizabethan-era>

[https://folgerpedia.folger.edu/Letterwriting\\_in\\_Renaissance\\_England#Postal\\_.22Systems.22](https://folgerpedia.folger.edu/Letterwriting_in_Renaissance_England#Postal_.22Systems.22)

<http://www.health.gov.au/internet/publications/publishing.nsf/Content/drugtreat-pubs-front8-wk-toc~drugtreat-pubs-front8-wk-secb~drugtreat-pubs-front8-wk-secb-6~drugtreat-pubs-front8-wk-secb-6-3>

## **TEAM STRUCTURE**

**Team participants may take on the following roles:**

**ARGUMENT BUILDERS:** These people identify key points or premises upon which to base the logical reasoning to be presented. These people are the pilots or coordinators of the overall team. They provide direction for the others to respond to and to contribute to the overall team effort.

**TEXT EVIDENCE SEARCHERS:** These are the forensic searchers for clues within the text to support the arguments being developed.

**CONTEXT AND SUPPORT EVIDENCE SEARCHERS:** These people search the web and other sources for contextual evidence to support the argument and links being made between the argument and the text. They also look up definitions, meanings and references. They are also responsible for validating their sources. This may mean checking the credentials of the source, or cross-referencing the information from the source with other independent sources.

**DEVIL'S ADVOCATES:** These are the test pilots for the argument – they see whether it will fly. These people test the links being made, the evidence presented and the coherence of the argument being presented. These people are charged with thinking of different points of view or challenges to the argument being developed **IN ORDER TO MAKE THE ARGUMENT STRONGER.**

## **BASIC ARGUMENT PLAN:**

**The basic structure of your argument should typically follow this pattern:**

**OPENING STATEMENT – outlining your stance and the major point that you seek to prove.**

**BROAD STATEMENT OF APPROACH: How are you going to go about proving this argument? Are you working chronologically through the play? Are you examining certain behaviours? Are you looking at certain statements? Give us a picture of how you are going to navigate through the landscape of your presentation.**

## **THE SEQUENCE OF YOUR POINTS OF ARGUMENT.**

**Point one – plus evidence – plus explanation – ie: what does this evidence prove?**

**Point Two - -----**

**Point three - ....**

**And so on.**

**Take time to explain how each point links to each other so that you cumulatively build an argument that has its own impact and energy.**

**Counter-points: These will be raised by the Devil's Advocates. Acknowledge where there might be strong differing points of view or possibility. And then disprove or place doubt upon those arguments or reposition them to be not contextually valid for your argument.**

**SUMMATION AND FINAL STATEMENT. Finish up by reminding us of what you set out to prove. By giving us a precise of how you have proven that. And culminate in a resounding conviction of why we should agree!**