

Viola, Sam
Pg # 1

NED. Gentlemen, keep time, distance, proportion. Ready.
And. Double forward. And double back. Turn, face
your partner. Double away...The lovers touch hands...
That's good...Next figure. Leaving the lovers...

VIOLA/ROMEO.

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

SAM/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.

VIOLA/ROMEO.

Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

SAM/JULIET.

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

VIOLA/ROMEO.

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

SAM/JULIET.

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

(VIOLA is distracted by WILL.)

It's your cue.

VIOLA/ROMEO.

Then move not while my prayer's effect I take.

(VIOLA kisses SAM demurely on the cheek.)

WILL. Stop! What was that? *(to NED)* Sorry, Mister Alleyn.

NED. Carry on, Mister Shakespeare.

WILL. Master Kent, you kiss like a child. If there is no sin,
there is no trespass. Observe. Sam, what was the line?