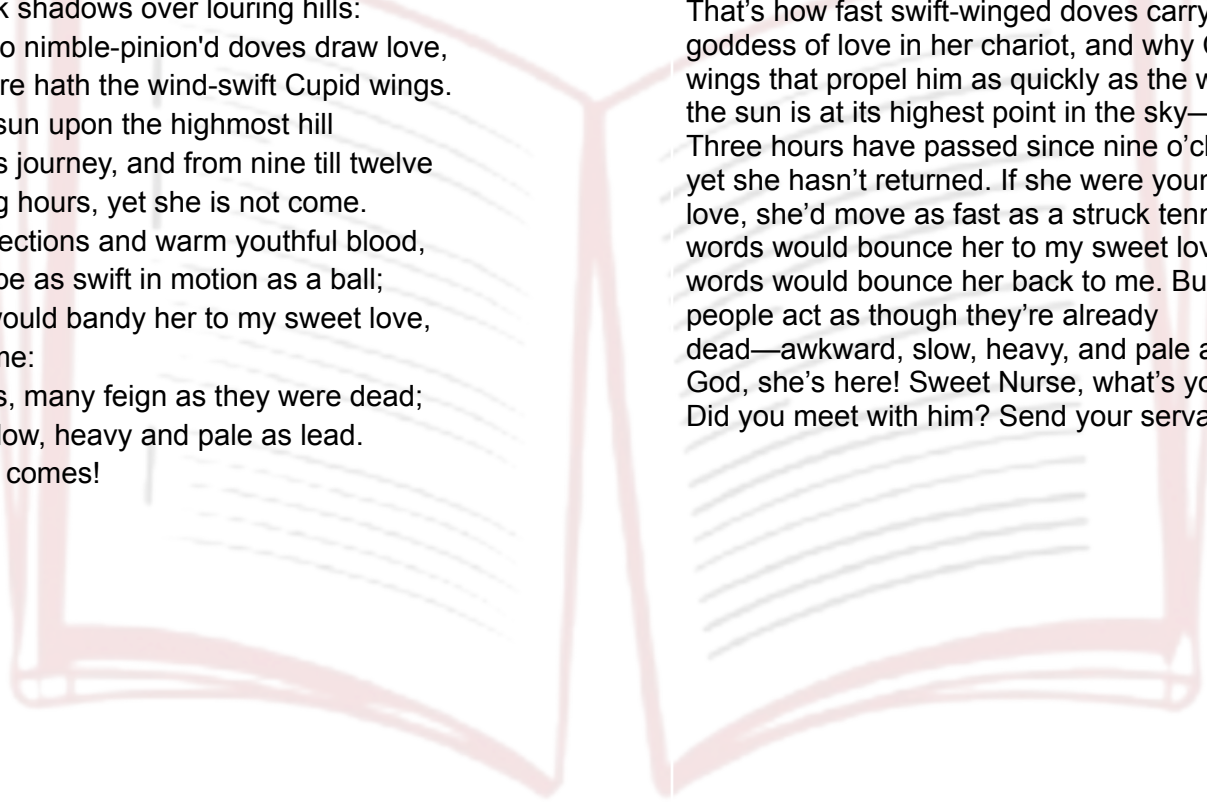


JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
O God, she comes!

JULIET

It was nine o'clock when I sent the Nurse. She
promised to be back in half an hour. Maybe she
can't find him. No, that makes no sense. Oh, she's
so slow! Love's messengers should be thoughts,
which fly ten times faster than sunbeams and drive
the shadows back over the dark and scowling hills.
That's how fast swift-winged doves carry the
goddess of love in her chariot, and why Cupid has
wings that propel him as quickly as the wind. Now
the sun is at its highest point in the sky—it's noon.
Three hours have passed since nine o'clock, and
yet she hasn't returned. If she were young and in
love, she'd move as fast as a struck tennis ball. My
words would bounce her to my sweet love, and his
words would bounce her back to me. But old
people act as though they're already
dead—awkward, slow, heavy, and pale as lead. Oh
God, she's here! Sweet Nurse, what's your news?
Did you meet with him? Send your servant away.



TABLE|READ

EVERY GREAT SHOW STARTS HERE