

JULIET

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me:
Nurse! What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,.
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed:
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;.
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:.
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefather's joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,

JULIET

Goodybe. God only knows when we will meet again. I feel a bit of cold fear tingling through my veins; it's almost freezing the heat of life. I'll call them back into the room again to comfort me.
Nurse!—Oh, what good could she do here? I must carry out this dismal performance by myself. Come to me, vial. What if this mixture doesn't work at all? In that case, will I have to get married tomorrow morning? No, no, this knife will forbid that from happening. I'll put you down there. What if the friar has slyly given me a potion to kill me? Is he afraid that he would be disgraced by marrying me to Paris, because he married me to Romeo first? That's what I'm afraid of—and yet, I think it's probably not the case, because he has always proved to be an honest, holy man. But what if, when I'm laid in the tomb, I wake up before the time Romeo is supposed to come and get me? That frightens me. Will I not feel stifled in that foul vault—where no healthy air gets in—and die of strangulation before Romeo arrives? Or, if I live, isn't it likely that the horrible thought of death and night, together with the terror of the place, will make me go crazy? There's no place as terrifying as a vault, an ancient container where for over a hundred years my ancestors' bones have been packed in for burial. There bloody Tybalt, so recently alive on the earth, now lies festering in his burial shroud. They say that at some hours of night, spirits visit the tomb. Alas, alas! Is it not likely that I, waking up so early—what with the awful smells and the cries like mandrakes ripped out from the earth, making living mortals go crazy after hearing them—will likewise go insane? Oh, if I do wake up in there, will I not be distraught, surrounded with all these terrible fears? Will I go crazy, and play with my forefathers' bones, and take Tybalt's injured corpse out of his shroud? And, in this madness, will I use some noble relative's bone as a club to dash out my hopeless brains? Oh, look there! I think I see my cousin's ghost searching for Romeo, who killed him with a sword, staking him like a piece of meat upon the dagger's point. Wait, Tybalt, wait! Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's a drink. I'll drink to you.

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here's drink. I drink to thee



TABLEREAD

EVERY GREAT SHOW STARTS HERE