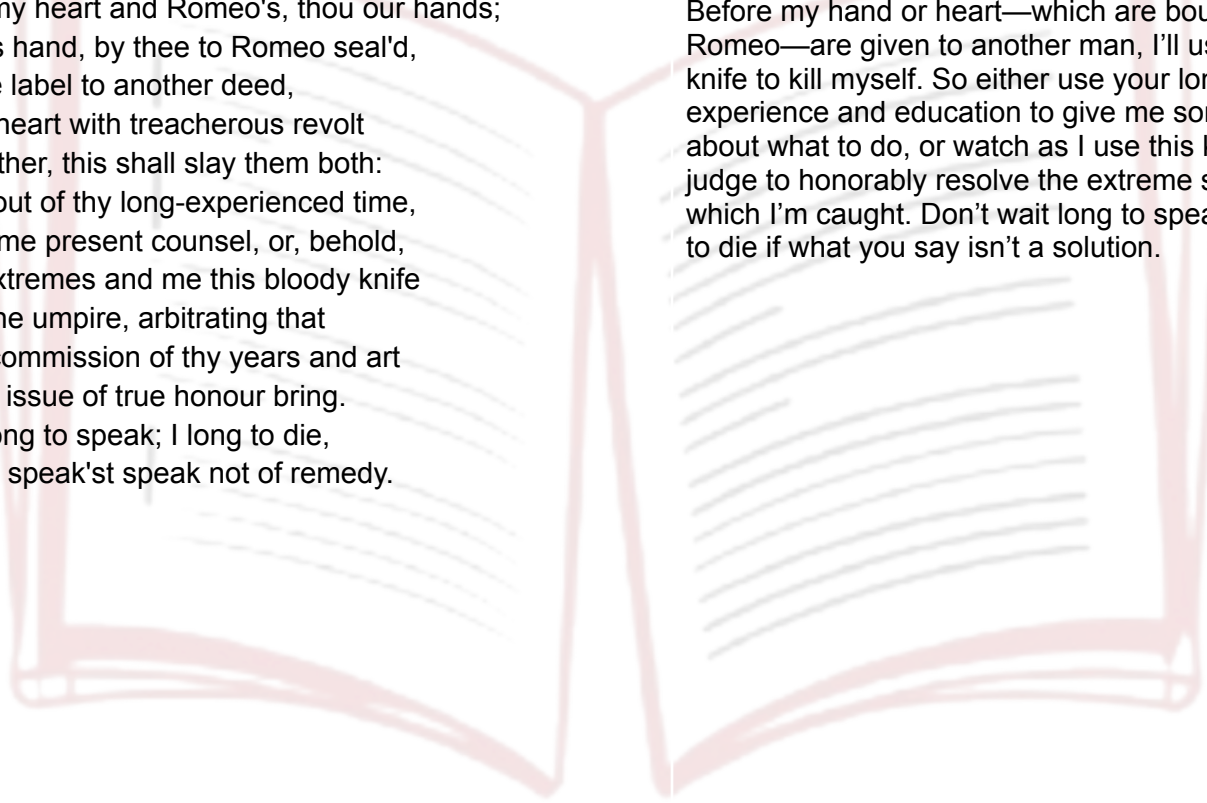


JULIET

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.

JULIET

Friar, don't tell me that you've heard all this unless you can tell me how I can prevent it. If with all your wisdom even you can't help, then you must agree that my resolution to die is wise. And this knife will help me do it. [Revealing a knife] God joined my heart to Romeo's, and you joined our hands. Before my hand or heart—which are bound to Romeo—are given to another man, I'll use this knife to kill myself. So either use your long experience and education to give me some advice about what to do, or watch as I use this knife like a judge to honorably resolve the extreme situation in which I'm caught. Don't wait long to speak. I want to die if what you say isn't a solution.



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