**Original Text**

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial. *(holds out the vial)*

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

No, no. This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

*(lays her knife down)*

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored

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—?

Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environèd 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,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

Oh, 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.

**Modern Translation**

Alright, here’s the vial. What if this mixture doesn’t work at all? Will I be married tomorrow morning? No, no, this knife will stop it. Lie down right there.

*(she lays down the knife)* What if the Friar mixed the potion to kill me? Is he worried that he will be disgraced if I marry Paris after he married me to Romeo? I’m afraid that it’s poison. And yet, it shouldn’t be poison because he is a trustworthy holy man. What if, when I am put in the tomb, I wake up before Romeo comes to save me? That’s a frightening idea. Won’t I suffocate in the tomb? There’s no healthy air to breathe in there. Will I die of suffocation before Romeo comes? Or if I live, I’ll be surrounded by death and darkness. It will be terrible. There will be bones hundreds of years old in that tomb, my ancestors' bones. Tybalt’s body will be in there, freshly entombed, and his corpse will be rotting. They say that during the night the spirits are in tombs. Oh no, oh no. I’ll wake up and smell awful odors. I’ll hear screams that would drive people crazy.

If I wake up too early, won’t I go insane with all these horrible, frightening things around me, start playing with my ancestors' bones, and pull Tybalt’s corpse out of his death shroud? Will I grab one of my dead ancestor’s bones and bash in my own skull? Oh, look! I think I see my cousin Tybalt’s ghost. He’s looking for Romeo because Romeo killed him with his sword. Wait, Tybalt, wait! Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here’s a drink. I drink to you.

*She drinks and falls down on the bed, hidden by the bed curtains…*