**CHORUS / SERVANT / APOTHECARY – RECALL SCRIPT**

**Prologue**

**CHORUS** Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Do with their death –

**Act 1 Scene 2**

**Servant** God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

**ROMEO** Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

**Servant** Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

**ROMEO** Stay, fellow; I can read.

*[Reads]*'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.' A fair assembly: whither should they come?

**Servant** Up.

**ROMEO** Whither?

**Servant** To supper; to our house.

**ROMEO** Whose house?

**Servant** My master's.

**ROMEO** Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

**Servant** Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the  
great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house  
of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.  
Rest you merry! [*Exit*]

**Act 5 Scene 1**

**ROMEO** Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
Let's see for means: O mischief, thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
I do remember an apothecary,--  
And hereabouts he dwells,--

As I remember, this should be the house.  
What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary*

**Apothecary** Who calls so loud?

**ROMEO** Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:  
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have  
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear  
As will disperse itself through all the veins  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead  
As violently as hasty powder fired  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

**Apothecary** Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law  
Is death to any he that utters them.

**ROMEO** Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;  
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

**Apothecary** My poverty, but not my will, consents.

**ROMEO** I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

**Apothecary** Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

**ROMEO** Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.  
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt*]