

Excerpt from *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 5, Scene 1

ACT 5, SCENE 1

[*Mantua, that afternoon. ROMEO*]

ROMEO

5.1.1

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

*believe what good dreams say
predict, soon*

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,

heart is light with joy

And all this day an unaccustomed spirit

unusually good mood

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

5.1.5

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,

—Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think!—

the ability

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips

on

That I revived and was an emperor.

5.1.10

Ah me! How sweet is love itself possessed

the love you have in reality

When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

even just love's dreams

[*BALTHASAR enters*]

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!

hello

Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?

How doth my lady? Is my father well?

5.1.15

How fares¹ my Juliet? That I ask again,

doth²: how is

For nothing can be ill if she be well.

bad, good

BALTHASAR

5.1.18

Then she is well and nothing can be ill.

she's in heaven (an expression)

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,

the Capulet tomb

And her immortal part with angels lives.

soul

I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,

family's tomb

And presently took post to tell it you.

immediately rented a horse

O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,

bad

Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

make it my duty

ROMEO

5.1.25

Is it e'en¹ so? Then I defy¹ you², stars!—

is it really so, deny², my¹, fate

Thou know'st my lodging. Get me ink and paper,

know where I'm staying

And hire post-horses. I will hence tonight.

rent horses, leave

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BALTHASAR 5.1.28

I do beseech you, sir, have patience!

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import *suggest*
Some misadventure. *something bad will happen*

ROMEO Tush, thou art deceived! *nonsense* 5.1.31

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.

Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BALTHASAR 5.1.34

No, my good lord.

ROMEO No matter. Get thee gone, 5.1.35

And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight. *right away*

[Balthasar exits]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.

Let's see for means... O mischief, thou art swift *let's see how*

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothec'ry, *druggist* 5.1.40

And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted *who lately I saw*

In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows, *clothes, prominent*

Culling of simples. Meager were his looks. *gathering medicinal herbs*

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, *poor* 5.1.45

An alligator stuffed, and other skins

Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves *odd-shaped, around*

A beggarly account of empty boxes, *worthless collection*

Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds, *leather containers, old*

Remnants of pack-thread, and old cakes of roses *blocks of dried petals*

Were thinly scattered to make up a show. *fill up the shelves* 5.1.51

Noting this penury, to myself I said *poverty*

"And if a man did need a poison now,

Whose sale is present death in Mantua, *punishable by death*

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him." *miserable man who would*

O, this same thought did but foreshun my need, *foreshadow* 5.1.56

And this same needy man must sell it me. *poor*

Excerpt from *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 5, Scene 1

As I remember, this should be the house.

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—

What, ho! Apothec'ry!

APOTHECARY [*enters*] Who calls so loud? 5.1.61

ROMEO 5.1.62

Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor. *come here*

Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have *look, gold coins*

A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear *some, fast-acting stuff*

As will disperse itself through all the veins

That the life-weary taker may fall dead *the one taking their life*

And that the trunk may be discharged of breath *body, exhaled*

As violently as hasty powder fired *gunpowder*

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

APOTHECARY 5.1.70

Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law *deadly*

Is death to any he that utters them. *sentences death, sells*

ROMEO 5.1.72

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness, *poor*

And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks, *afraid, starvation shows*

Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, *show*

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. *offers*

Then be not poor, but break it, and take this! [*Offers money*] *break the law*

APOTHECARY 5.1.79

My poverty, but not my will, consents. *conscience, agrees*

ROMEO 5.1.80

I pay¹ thy poverty and not thy will. *conscience*

APOTHECARY [*offers poison*] 5.1.81

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. *kill you immediately*

Excerpt from *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 5, Scene 1

ROMEO [*hands him the money*]

5.1.84

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,

Doing more murder in this loathsome world

hateful

Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.

mixtures

I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.

Farewell. Buy food and get thyself in flesh.

add flesh to your bones

[*Apothecary exits*]

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me

medicine

To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*exits*]