

Romeo and Juliet

3.1

Enter Mercutio with his page, Benvolio, and men

BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire.
The day is hot, the Capels are abroad,
And if we meet we shall not scape a brawl,
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO Thou art like one of these fellows that, when he 5
enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon
the table and says `God send me no need of thee', and
by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the
drawer when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO Am I like such a fellow? 10

MERCUTIO Come, come, thou art as hot a jack in thy mood
as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and
as soon moody to be moved.

BENVOLIO And what to?

MERCUTIO Nay, an there were two such, we should have 15
none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou±±why,
thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or
a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel
with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason
but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such 20
an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as
full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy
head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling.
Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the
street because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain 25
asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor
for wearing his new doublet before Easter; with another
for tying his new shoes with old ribbon? And yet thou
wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BENVOLIO An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any 30
man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour
and a quarter.

MERCUTIO The fee simple? O, simple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruccio, and others

BENVOLIO By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO By my heel, I care not. 35

TYBALT (*to Petruccio and the others*)

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

(*To the Montagues*) Gentlemen, good e'en. A word with one of you.

MERCUTIO And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something: make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you 40 will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.

MERCUTIO `Consort'? What, dost thou make us minstrels? 45

An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. [*Touching his rapier*] Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds±±`Consort'!

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of men.

Either withdraw unto some private place, 50

Or reason coldly of your grievances,

Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man. 55

MERCUTIO

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower.

Your worship in that sense may call him `man'.

TYBALT

Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford

No better term than this: thou art a villain. 60

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting. Villain am I none.

Therefore, farewell. I see thou knowest me not.

TYBALT

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries 65
That thou hast done me. Therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO

I do protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good Capulet±±which name I tender 70
As dearly as mine own±±be satisfied.

MERCUTIO *[drawing]*

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccado carries it away.
Tybalt, you ratcatcher, come, will you walk?

TYBALT What wouldst thou have with me? 75

MERCUTIO Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
lives. That I mean to make bold withal, and, as you
shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight.
Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?
Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out. 80

TYBALT *(drawing)* I am for you.

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO *(to Tybalt)* Come, sir, your *passado*.
They fight

ROMEO *[drawing]*

Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage. 85
Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.
Hold, Tybalt, good Mercutio.

*[Romeo beats down their points and rushes between
them. Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio in]*

[PETRUCCIO] Away, Tybalt!

Exeunt Tybalt, Petruccio, and their followers

MERCUTIO I am hurt. 90

A plague o' both your houses. I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain. Fetch a surgeon.

Exit page

ROMEO

Courage, man. The hurt cannot be much. 95

MERCUTIO No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough. 'Twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm. 100

ROMEO I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

Help me into some house, Benvolio, 105
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses.
They have made worms' meat of me.
I have it, and soundly, too. Your houses!

Exeunt all but Romeo

ROMEO

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt 110
In my behalf, my reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander±±Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valour's steel. 115

Enter Benvolio

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO

This day's black fate on more days doth depend.
This but begins the woe others must end. 120

Enter Tybalt

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

He gad in triumph, and Mercutio slain?
Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now, Tybalt, take the `villain' back again 125
That late thou gav'st me, for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company.
Either thou, or I, or both must go with him.

TYBALT
Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here, 130
Shalt with him hence.

ROMEO This shall determine that.
They fight. Tybalt is wounded. He falls and dies

BENVOLIO Romeo, away, be gone.
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed. The Prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away. 135

ROMEO
O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo

Enter Citizens [of the watch]

CITIZEN [OF THE WATCH]
Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO
There lies that Tybalt.

CITIZEN [OF THE WATCH] (to Tybalt) Up, sir, go with me.
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey. 140

*Enter the Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their
Wives, and all*

PRINCE
Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO
O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. 145

CAPULET'S WIFE
Tybalt, my cousin, O, my brother's child!
O Prince, O cousin, husband! O, the blood is spilled
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague!

O cousin, cousin!

PRINCE Benvolio, who began this fray? 150

BENVOLIO

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure. All this±±uttereÁd
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed±± 155
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 160
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo, he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends, friends, part!' and swifter than his
tongue

His agent arm beats down their fatal points, 165
And 'twixt them rushes, underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled,
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained revenge, 170
And to't they go like lightning; for ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain,
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

CAPULET'S WIFE

He is a kinsman to the Montague. 175
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give.
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live. 180

PRINCE

Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio.
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

[MONTAGUE]

Not Romeo, Prince. He was Mercutio's friend.

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE	And for that offence	185
	Immediately we do exile him hence.	
	I have an interest in your hate's proceeding;	
	My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding.	
	But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine	
	That you shall all repent the loss of mine.	190
	I will be deaf to pleading and excuses.	
	Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.	
	Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,	
	Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.	
	Bear hence this body, and attend our will.	195
	Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.	
	<i>Exeunt with the body</i>	