

ACT III. Scene I.

A public place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Men.

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

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows that, when he 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.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. 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.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have 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 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 quarrell'd with a
man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog
that hath lain 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 an old riband? And yet thou wilt
tutor me from quarrelling!

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

Mer. The fee simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good den. A word with one of you.

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

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

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

Mer. Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make
minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my
fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart. Here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no man's pleasure,

Enter Romeo.

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

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, 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.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

Rom. 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.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd 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
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. [Draws.]
Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. 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 pitcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your
ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Draws.]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado!
[They fight.]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame! forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.
Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!
Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio in, and flies
[with his Followers].

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

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[Exit Page.]

Rom. Courage, man. The hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door;
but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow, 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.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
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!

[Exit. [supported by Benvolio].

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf- my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander- Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman. O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soft'ned valour's steel

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on moe days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive in triumph, and Mercutio slain?
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
That late thou gavest 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.

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

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amaz'd. The Prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citizen. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Citizen. Up, sir, go with me.
I charge thee in the Prince's name obey.

Enter Prince [attended], Old Montague, Capulet, their Wives,
and [others].

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. 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.

Cap. Wife. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O Prince! O husband! O, the blood is spill'd
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 bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did stay.
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure. All this- uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd-
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
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 agile arm beats down their fatal points,
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 entertain'd revenge,
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.

Cap. Wife. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
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.

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

Mon. 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
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.
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.
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.