

Romeo and Juliet (Benvolio/Mercutio/Tybalt/Romeo), 3.1 | Tragedy

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page

BENVOLIO

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.

MERCUTIO

Benvolio, thou hast quarreled with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes, and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT

TYBALT

Friends. Good den: 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, an' you 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? 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!

BENVOLIO

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.

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO (*calls from offstage*) Mercutio.

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.
Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,--thou art a villain.

Enter ROMEO

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 know'st me not.

TYBALT

Boy! This shall not excuse the injuries
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,
And so, good Capulet,--which name I tender
As dearly as my own,--be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away.

Draws

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me

MERCUTIO

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.

TYBALT

I am for you.

Drawing sword

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

They fight

ROMEO

Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

TYBALT, under ROMEO's arm, stabs MERCUTIO, and flies with his followers

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses!

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

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

ROMEO

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

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 girl. A plague o' both your houses! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

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!

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

ROMEO

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

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO

Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
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.

Re-enter TYBALT

TYBALT

This shall determine that.

They fight; TYBALT falls

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone!
The prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken.

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!