ACT THREE

SCENE 1

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Mercutio's page, and others

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
Thou art like one of those 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 it on the drawer when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO
Am I like such a fellow?

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 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

MERCUTIO
I'm begging you, good Mercutio, let's call it a day. It's hot outside, and the Capulets are wandering around. If we bump into them, we'll certainly get into a fight. When it's hot outside, people become angry and hot-blooded.

MERCUTIO
You're like one of those guys who walks into a bar, slams his sword on the table, and then says, "I pray I never have to use you." By the time he orders his second drink, he pulls his sword on the bartender for no reason at all.

BENVOLIO
Am I really like one of those guys?

MERCUTIO
Come on, you can be as angry as any guy in Italy when you're in the mood. When someone does the smallest thing to make you angry, you get angry. And when you're in the mood to get angry, you find something to get angry about.

BENVOLIO
And what about that?

MERCUTIO
If there were two men like you, pretty soon there'd be none because the two of you would kill each other. You would fight with a man if he had one more whisker or one less whisker in his beard than you have in your beard. You'll fight with a man who's cracking nuts just because you have hazelnut-colored eyes. Only you
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 quarreling. Thou hast quarreled 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 old ribbon? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

BENVOLIO
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.

MERCUTIO
The fee simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and other CAPULETS

BENVOLIO
By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO
By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT
Follow me close, for I will speak to them. 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 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.

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.

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.

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,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
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 his sword)
Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk?

TYBALT
What wouldst thou have with me?

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.

TYBALT
I am for you. (draws his sword)

ROMEO
Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO
Come, sir, your passado.

MERCEUTIO and TYBALT FIGHT

ROMEO
(draws his sword) 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!

I disagree. I've never done you harm. I love you more
than you can understand until you know the reason
why I love you. And so, good Capulet—which is a
name I love like my own name—you should be satis-
ified with what I say.

MERCUTIO
This calm submission is dishonorable and vile. The
thrust of a sword will end this surrender. (draws his
sword) Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you go fight me?

TYBALT
What do you want from me?

MERCUTIO
Good King of Cats, I want to take one of your nine
lives. I'll take one, and, depending on how you treat
me after that, I might beat the other eight out of you
too. Will you pull your sword out of its sheath? Hurry
up, or I'll smack you on the ears with my sword before
you have yours drawn.

TYBALT
I'll fight you. (he draws his sword)

ROMEO
Noble Mercutio, put your sword away.

MERCUTIO
(to TYBALT) Come on, sir, perform your forward
thrust, your passado.

MERCEUTIO and TYBALT FIGHT.

ROMEO
(drawn his sword) Draw your sword, Benvolio. Let's
beat down their weapons. Gentlemen, stop this dis-
graceful fight. Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince has
banned fighting in the streets of Verona. Stop, Tybalt.
Stop, good Mercutio.
ROMEO tries to break up the fight
TYBALT stabs MERCUTIO under ROMEO’s arm

PETRUCHIO
Away, Tybalt.
Exeunt TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and the other CAPULETS

MERCUTIO
I am hurt.
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 MERCUTIO’S PAGE

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 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.

ROMEO
I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO
No, it’s not as deep as a well, or as wide as a church
doors, but it’s enough. It’ll do the job. Ask for me
tomorrow, and you’ll find me in a grave. I’m done for
in this world, I believe. May a plague strike both your
houses. Goddammit! I can’t believe that dog, that rat,
that mouse, that cat could scratch me to death! That
braggart, punk villain who fights like he learned
swordsmanship from a manual! Why the hell did you
come in between us? He struck me from under your
arm.

ROMEO
I thought it was the right thing to do.
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!

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO*

ROMEO
This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf. My reputation stained
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 softened valor's steel!

*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.

*Enter TYBALT*

BENVOLIO
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO
Alive 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

BENVOLIO
Oh Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead! His brave spirit has floated up to heaven, but it was too early for him to leave life on earth.

ROMEO
The future will be affected by today's terrible events. Today is the start of a terror that will end in the days ahead.

TYBALT enters.

BENVOLIO
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO
He's alive and victorious, and Mercutio's dead? Enough with mercy and consideration. It's time for rage to guide my actions. Now, Tybalt, you can call me "villain" the way you did before. Mercutio's soul is
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.

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

ROMEO
This shall determine that.

They fight. TYBALT falls

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!

ROMEO
Oh, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO
Why dost thou stay?  

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.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, Lady Montague,
Lady Capulet, and others

ACT 3, SCENE 1

NO FEAR SHAKESPEARE

floating right above our heads. He's waiting for you to keep him company on the way up to heaven. Either you, or I, or both of us have to go with him.

TYBALT
Wretched boy, you hung out with him here, and you're going to go to heaven with him.

ROMEO
This fight will decide who dies.

They fight. TYBALT falls and dies.

BENVOLIO
Romeo, get out of here. The citizens are around, and Tybalt is dead. Don't stand there shocked. The Prince will give you the death penalty if you get caught. So get out of here!

ROMEO
Oh, I have awful luck.

BENVOLIO
Why are you waiting?

The citizens of the watch enter.

ROMEO exits.

CITIZEN OF THE WATCH
The man who killed Mercutio, which way did he go?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way did he run?

BENVOLIO
Tybalt is lying over there.

CITIZEN OF THE WATCH
(to TYBALT) Get up, sir, and come with me. I command you, by the authority of the Prince, to obey me.

The Prince enters with Montague, Capulet, Lady Montague, Lady Capulet, and others.
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.

LADY CAPULET
Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O Prince! O cousin! Husband! Oh, 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 bloody fray?

BENVOLIO
Tybalt here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay.
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was and urged withal
Your high displeasure. All this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed,
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 entertained 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.

**LADY CAPULET**
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?

**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 
Immediately we do exile him hence. 
I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding. 
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding. 
But I'll aterm 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's found, that hour is his last. 
Bear hence this body and attend our will. 
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. 

*Exeunt*