

## Side 13: Benvolia, Mercutio, Romeo, Tybalt, Prince, the Capulets, the Montagues

### ACT 3, SCENE I. A public place.

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIA*

#### **BENVOLIA**

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.

#### **BENVOLIA**

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.

#### **BENVOLIA**

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, on his head, than thou hast: thou  
wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no  
other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes.  
Thou hast quarrelled 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 riband? And yet thou  
wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

#### **BENVOLIA**

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!

#### **BENVOLIA**

By my head, here come the Capulets.

#### **MERCUTIO**

By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT, SAMPSON and GREGORY*

**TYBALT**

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.  
Gentlemen, 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, 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. *(Draws his sword.)*  
Here's that shall make you dance.  
Zounds, consort!

**BENVOLIA**

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.

*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.

**TYBALT**

Romeo, the hate 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** (*goes right in his face, then calms himself*)

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!

*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; that I mean to make bold withal, and as you  
shall use me hereafter, drybeat 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.

**TYBALT**

I am for you.

*He draws his rapier.*

**ROMEO**

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

**MERCUTIO** (*pushes him away*)

Come, sir, your passado.

*(They fight. At a pause, Romeo jumps in between them. )*

**ROMEO**

Draw, Benvolia; 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 who slowly falls to his knees.*

*TYBALT flies with his followers*

**MERCUTIO**

I am hurt.

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

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

**BENVOLIA**

What, art thou hurt?

**MERCUTIO**

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

**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 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**

Help me into some house, Benvolia,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me.

*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIA US Left*

**ROMEO**

This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his 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 soften'd valour's steel!

*Re-enter BENVOLIA*

**BENVOLIA**

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

*Hugs him*

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.

**BENVOLIA**

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!

*Re-enter TYBALT, SAMPSON and GREGORY*

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.

**TYBALT**

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

**ROMEO**

This shall determine that.

*Major fight; TYBALT falls. SAMPSON AND GREGORY horrified fly.*

**BENVOLIA**

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**

O, I am fortune's fool!

**BENVOLIA**

Why dost thou stay?

*Exit ROMEO*

*Enter Prince, attended with two guards down center aisle;*

*Enter MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, from US Left & Right respectively*

**PRINCE**

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

**BENVOLIA**

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! O, the blood is spilt  
O my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!

**PRINCE**

Benvolia, who began this bloody fray?

**BENVOLIA**

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 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 Benvolia die.

**LADY CAPULET**

She is a kinsman to the Montague;  
Affection makes her false; she speaks not true:

*(She and LADY MONTAGUE nearly square off but are parted by the guards.)*

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?

**LADY 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 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.

*(They start to protest but the PRINCE shuts them down)*

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 all upstage. Guards drag or carry the body of Tybalt*

***Marshall music or otherwise something discordant to reflect what has happened and where the plot is going.***

## **INTERMISSION**