

Side 19: Abraham, Sampson, Gregory, Tybalt, Benvolia

ACT 1, SCENE 1

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON

No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I
bite my thumb, sir.

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM

Quarrel sir! No, sir. (*mocking*)

SAMPSON

If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAHAM

No better? (*mocking*)

GREGORY (Sees Tybalt approaching the stage from the right...their best fighter!!)

Say 'better:' here comes Tybalt.

SAMPSON

Hah, yes, better, sir. (*with swagger*)

ABRAHAM

You lie.

SAMPSON

Draw, if you be men.

All draw their swords in one motion together.

Benvolia steps onto the platform in between to try to stop the fight again.

BENVOLIA (speaking to both sides)

Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

TYBALT (*moves onto the platform*)

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolia, and look upon thy death.

BENVOLIA (*turns to face him*)

I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT

What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee. (*cheers from the Capulets*)

Have at thee, coward!

(He jumps on the platform & assumes a fighting stance.)