

Side 4: Benvolia and Mercutio

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.