

## Side 8: Mercutio, Romeo, Benvolia

### ACT 1, SCENE IV. A street.

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIA carrying masks*

*Props: 3 masks*

#### ROMEO

Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;  
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

#### MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

#### ROMEO

Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes  
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

#### MERCUTIO

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

#### ROMEO

I am too sore enpierced with his shaft  
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

#### MERCUTIO

And, to sink in it, should you burden love;  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

#### ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,  
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

#### MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

#### BENVOLIA

Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,  
But every man betake him to his legs.

#### ROMEO

A torch for me: let wantons light of heart  
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,  
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

#### MERCUTIO

Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:  
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire  
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

**ROMEO**

And we mean well in going to this mask.  
But 'tis no wit to go.

**MERCUTIO**

Why, may one ask?

**ROMEO**

I dream'd a dream to-night.

**MERCUTIO**

And so did I.

**ROMEO**

Well, what was yours?

**MERCUTIO**

That dreamers often lie.

**ROMEO**

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true...

**MERCUTIO**

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;

Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not so big as a round little worm  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut  
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then ... they dream of love;

This is she...

**ROMEO**

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

**MERCUTIO**

True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,  
Which is as thin of substance as the air  
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

**BENVOLIO**

This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

**ROMEO**

I fear, too early: for my mind misgives  
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
With this night's revels and expire the term  
Of a despised life closed in my breast  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.  
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

**BENVOLIA**

Strike, drum. (*Exeunt all*)