

Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare  
M/M SmS, R&D, SS

**Romeo & Juliet**  
**Act 3, Scene 1**

**Tybalt VS Mercutio**

**BENVOLIO**

By my head, here come the Capulets.

**MERCUTIO**

By my heel, I care not.

*Enter TYBALT and others*

**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; 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.

**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**

I do protest, I never injured thee,  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
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*

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.

*Drawing*

**ROMEO**

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

**MERCUTIO**

Come, sir, your passado.

*They fight*

**ROMEO**

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!

*TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs MERCUTIO, and flies with his followers*

**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 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 to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. A plague o' both your houses! 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, 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; O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate  
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

*Re-enter BENVOLIO*

**BENVOLIO**

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's 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.

**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!

*Re-enter TYBALT*