

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

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Romeo and Juliet *Tybalt, Mercutio and Romeo*

Tybalt.

Good den: a word with you.

Mercutio.

And but one word? couple it with something;
make it a word and a blow.

Tybalt.

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

Mercutio.

Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels?
Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance.
'Zounds, consort!
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

[Enter ROMEO]

Tybalt.

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.
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.

[Both Mercutio and Tybalt are STUNNED by Romeo's line]

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,
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.

[to Romeo] O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
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!

Tybalt.

I am for you!

Romeo.

[Trying to pull Mercutio away] Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mercutio.

[to Tybalt] Come, sir, your passado.

Romeo.

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]

Mercutio.

I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses!

I am sped.

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch! marry, 'tis enough.

Romeo.

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mercutio.

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 dies]

Romeo.

This gentleman, 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 TYBALT]

Now, Tybalt, 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.

[They fight; TYBALT falls]

Romeo.

O, I am fortune's fool!