

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

R O M E O & J U L I E T

Act 3, scene 1: *Death of Mercutio and Tybalt*

Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, Tybalt

BENVOLIO

I Pray thee good Mercutio, let's retire. The day is hot The Capulet's abroad, and if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl...For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.
[Enter TYBLAT]

TYBALT

Good den: a word with you.

MERCUTIO

And but one word? 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? Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

BENVOLIO

Peace! 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.

TYBALT

[Enter ROMEO]

Peace be with you sir, here comes my man.

Romeo, 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 thou hast done me!

MERCUTIO

[to Romeo, pushing him out of the way] **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

Gentle Mercutio, put up thy sword!

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your passado.

ROMEO and BENVOLIO

[shouting] Tybalt! Hold! Hold, Mercutio! Hold!
[TYBALT, under ROMEO's arm, CUTS MERCUTIO, and runs out]

MERCUTIO

I am hurt. 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

They have made wormsmeat of me. **A PLAGUE ON BOTH YOUR HOUSES!**
[MERCUTIO dies]

BENVOLIO

Oh Romeo! Brave Mercutio is dead!

ROMEO

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt in my behalf, my reputation stained with Tybalt's slander, Tybalt that an hour hath been my kinsman!

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again! [*Re-enter TYBALT*]

ROMEO

Now, Tybalt, for Mercutio's soul is but a little way above our heads...either thou, or I, or both, must go with him. Either THOU, OR I, OR BOTH MUST GO WITH HIM!

TYBALT

Thou, wretched boy shalt with him hence!
[*They fight; ROMEO stabs TYBALT & he dies*]

BENVOLIO

Romeo, away, be gone! The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO

Why dost thou stay?