

**SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

***Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies***

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

Act I, scene 1: *Street Brawl*

Montagues vs. Capulets, Prince Escalus

*[Enter GREGORY and SAMPSON of the House of Capulet]*

**GREGORY**

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

**SAMPSON**

Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

**GREGORY**

I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

**SAMPSON**

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them;  
which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

*[Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR of the House of Montague]*

**ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**SAMPSON**

I do bite my thumb, sir.

**ABRAHAM**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**SAMPSON**

*[Aside to GREGORY]* Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

**GREGORY**

No.

**SAMPSON**

No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I  
bite my thumb, sir.

**GREGORY**

Do you quarrel, sir?

**ABRAHAM**

Quarrel sir! no, sir.

**SAMPSON**

If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

**ABRAHAM**

No better.

**SAMPSON**

Well, sir.

**GREGORY**

Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

**SAMPSON**

Yes, better, sir!

**ABRAHAM**

You lie! *[They stand off to fight, one punch and wrestle]*

*[Enter BENVOLIO]*

**BENVOLIO**

Part, fools! you know not what you do. *[Parts them with drawn sword]*

*[Enter TYBALT]*

**TYBALT**

What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? *[sword drawn]*

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

**BENVOLIO**

I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

**TYBALT**

What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: Have at thee, coward!

*[ ENT Prince Escalus]*

**PRINCE ESCALUS**

**Rebellious subjects**, enemies to peace, profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--

Will they not hear?

What, ho! you men, you beasts, that quench the fire of your pernicious rage with purple fountains issuing from your veins,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands, throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground and hear the sentence of your moved prince.

**Three civil brawls**, bred of an airy word, by thee, Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, and made Verona's ancient citizens cast by their grave beseeming ornaments, to wield old partisans, in hands as old, canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away:

You Capulet; shall go along with me:  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case, to old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.