

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act III Scene 1

TYBALT

Romeo, the love 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 knowest 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
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
Alla stoccato carries it away. *(He draws.)*
Tybalt, you ratcatcher, 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, dry-beat the rest of the
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher
by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your
ears ere it be out.

HATE



ROMEO AND JULIET

TYBALT

I am for you. *(He draws.)*

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your passado.

They fight.

ROMEO

Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons. *(Romeo draws.)*

Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage!

Tybalt! Mercutio! The Prince expressly hath

Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

Romeo attempts to beat down their rapiers. Tybalt stabs Mercutio

HATE