

Tybalt Fight Playscript

III.1

Enter Tybalt

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!
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
That late thou gavest me. 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.

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ROMEO

This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falls

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?

Exit Romeo

Enter Citizens

CITIZENS

Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO

There lies that Tybalt

Act 1 Scene 1 (edited)

Capulets and Montagues meet in the street.

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.

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: 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: Yes, better.

ABRAHAM: You lie.

SAMPSON: Draw, if you be men.

Unit 1 Day 4

Act 1 Scene 4 (edited)

Romeo and his friends come to the party at Lord Capulet's house.

ROMEO: Give me a torch, I will bear the light. MERCUTIO: Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO: Not I, believe me.

BENVOLIO: Come, knock and enter.

ROMEO: I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

MERCUTIO: We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day.

ROMEO: I dreamt a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO: And so did I

ROMEO: Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO: That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO: In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO: Oh, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you: She is the fairies' midwife.

ROMEO: Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!

BENVOLIO: Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROMEO: I fear too early, for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels.

Act 3 Scene 5 (Edited)

LADY CAPULET: Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at St Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET: Now, by St Peter's Church and Peter too, He shall not
make me there a joyful bride.

LADY CAPULET: Here comes your father: tell him so yourself.

LORD CAPULET: How now, wife? Have you delivered to her
our decree?

LADY CAPULET: Ay, sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks.

CAPULET: How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest, Unworthy as
she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JULIET: Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAPULET: Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch! I
tell thee what: get thee to church o'Thursday, Or never after
look me in the face. Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.

JULIET: Oh, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

LADY CAPULET: Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word: Do as
thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Act 3 Scene 5 (Extra lines)

LADY CAPULET: Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn, The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at St Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET: Now, by St Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I will not marry yet, and, when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LADY CAPULET: Here comes your father: tell him so yourself, And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Lord Capulet

LORD CAPULET: How now, wife? Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET: Ay, sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks. I would the fool were married to her grave.

LORD CAPULET: Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JULIET: Not proud you have but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

LORD CAPULET: How now? How now? Chopped-logic? What is this? 'Proud' and 'I thank you' and 'I thank you not',
And yet 'not proud', mistress minion you?
Thank me no thankings nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St Peter's Church,
Or I wilt drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion, out, you baggage,
You tallow-face!

Unit 1 Day 4