

Shakespeare - Romeo and Juliet

Character motivation:

A public place: Act 3 Scene 1

Q. Annotate Act 3 Scene 1 in detail. Focus on:

- Metaphorical language
- Simile
- Stage directions
- Shakespeare's use language

[Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants]

BENVOLIO

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO

Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO

Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO

Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BENVOLIO

And what to?

MERCUTIO

Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a

hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having noother reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel?

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BENVOLIO

An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MERCUTIO

The fee-simple! O simple!

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not.

[Enter TYBALT and others]

TYBALT

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

MERCUTIO

And but one word with one of us? 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?
an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear
nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick;
here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds,
consort!

BENVOLIO

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.

MERCUTIO

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them
gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

[Enter ROMEO]

TYBALT

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

MERCUTIO

But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;

Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

TYBALT

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.

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

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Allastoccata carries it away.

[Draws]

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; that I mean to make bold withal, and as
you
shall use me hereafter, drybeat the rest of
the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his
pitcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be
about your ears ere it be out.

TYBALT

I am for you.

[Drawing]

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your passado.

[They fight]

ROMEO

Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
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
with his followers]

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO

What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO

Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit PAGE]

ROMEO

Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave
man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A
plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a
rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to
death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by
the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you

between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO

Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses!

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO]

ROMEO

This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
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 BENVOLIO]

BENVOLIO

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO

This day's black fate on more days doth
depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

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!

[Re-enter TYBALT]

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.

ROMEO

This shall determine that.

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!

[They fight; TYBALT falls]

a) Summarise the scene thoroughly in your own words.

b) After analysing the scene, what do you think about the following characters' motivations?
Use quotes to explain your point.

Mercutio

[illegible][illegible]

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