Jonathan Quang 11/1/14  
  
Act I Scene I

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| *Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers.* | | |
| SAMPSON | Gregory, o' my word, we'll not [carry coals](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglosscoals.html). |  |
| GREGORY | No, for then we should be [colliers](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglosscolliers.html). |  |
| SAMPSON | I mean, [an we be in choler](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglossdraw.html), we'll draw. |  |
| GREGORY | Ay, while you live, [draw your neck out o' the collar](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglosscollar.html). | Gregory and Sampson are trying to establish themselves as people who are not cowards. |
| SAMPSON | I strike quickly, [being moved](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglossmoved.html). | *5* |
| GREGORY | [But thou art not quickly moved to strike](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglossstrike.html). |  |
| SAMPSON | A [dog of the house of Montague](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglossdog.html) moves me. |  |
| GREGORY | To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: |  |
|  | therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away. |  |
| SAMPSON | A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will | *10* |
|  | [take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglossstand.html). |  |
| GREGORY | That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes |  |
|  | [to the wall](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglosswall.html). |  |
| SAMPSON | True; and therefore women, being the [weaker vessels](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglossvessels.html), |  |
|  | are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push |  |
|  | Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids |  |
|  | to the wall. |  |
| GREGORY | The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. |  |
| SAMPSON | ['Tis all one](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglosstisall.html), I will show myself a tyrant: when I |  |
|  | have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the | *20* |
|  | maids, and cut off their heads. |  |
| GREGORY | The heads of the maids? |  |
| SAMPSON | Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; |  |
|  | take it in what sense thou wilt. |  |
| GREGORY | They must take it in sense that feel it. |  |
| SAMPSON | Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and |  |
|  | 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh. |  |
| GREGORY | 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou |  |
|  | hadst been poor John. [Draw thy tool!](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglosstool.html) here comes |  |
|  | two of the house of the Montagues. |  |
| SAMPSON | My naked weapon is out: [quarrel, I will back thee](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglossquarrel.html). |  |
| GREGORY | How! turn thy back and run? |  |
| SAMPSON | Fear me not. |  |
| GREGORY | No, [marry](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglossmarry.html); I fear thee! | Sampson and Gregory are the ones picking a fight. |
| SAMPSON | [Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglossbegin.html) |  |
| GREGORY | I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as |  |
|  | [they list.](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglosslist.html) | *30* |
| SAMPSON | Nay, as they dare. [I will bite my thumb at them](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglossnay.html); |  |
|  | which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it. |  |
| *Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR* | | |
| 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? | *40* |
| 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.](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglosskinsmen.html) |  |
| SAMPSON | Yes, better, sir. |  |
| ABRAHAM | You lie. |  |
| SAMPSON | Draw, if you be men. Gregory, [remember thy swashing blow.](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglossswashing.html) | *49* |
| *They fight* | | |
| *Enter BENVOLIO* | | |
| BENVOLIO | Part, fools! | This is Benvolio's introduction to the audience as someone who just wants peace.  Tybalt has a very aggressive nature.  Just how long have the families been fighting?  The wives do not support their husbands fighting. |
|  | Put up your swords; you know not what you do. |  |
| *Beats down their swords* | | |
| *Enter TYBALT* | | |
| TYBALT | What, art thou drawn among these [heartless hinds?](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglossshinds.html) |  |
|  | Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death. |  |
| BENVOLIO | I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, |  |
|  | Or [manage it](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglossmanage.html) to part these men with me. |  |
| TYBALT | [What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/romeoandjuliet/romeoglosspeace.html) |  |
|  | As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: |  |
|  | Have at thee, coward! |  |
| *They fight* | | |
| *Enter, several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs* | | |
| First Citizen | Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! | *60* |
|  | Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues! |  |
| *Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET* | | |
| CAPULET | What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho! |  |
| LADY CAPULET | A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword? |  |
| CAPULET | My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, |  |
|  | And flourishes his blade in spite of me. |  |
| *Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE* | | |
| MONTAGUE | Thou villain Capulet,--Hold me not, let me go. |  |
| LADY MONTAGUE | Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe. |  |
| *Enter PRINCE, with Attendants* | | |
| PRINCE | Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, |  |
|  | Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,-- |  |
|  | Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts, | *70* |
|  | 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, old Capulet, and Montague, | partisans - strong supporters of a party, cause, or person. |
|  | Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, |  |
|  | And made Verona's ancient citizens |  |
|  | Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments, | *80* |
|  | 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. | *90* |
| *Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO* | | |
| MONTAGUE | Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach? |  |
|  | Speak, nephew, were you by when it began? |  |
| BENVOLIO | Here were the servants of your adversary, |  |
|  | And yours, close fighting ere I did approach: |  |
|  | I drew to part them: in the instant came |  |
|  | The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared, |  |
|  | Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears, |  |
|  | He swung about his head and cut the winds, |  |
|  | Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn: |  |
|  | While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, | *100* |
|  | Came more and more and fought on part and part, |  |
|  | Till the prince came, who parted either part. |  |
| LADY MONTAGUE | O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day? | Lady Montague cares about her son's well being.  Romeo seems to want to be left to his thoughts, and Montague knows what is going on. |
|  | Right glad I am he was not at this fray. |  |
| BENVOLIO | Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun |  |
|  | Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, |  |
|  | A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad; |  |
|  | Where, underneath the grove of sycamore |  |
|  | That westward rooteth from the city's side, |  |
|  | So early walking did I see your son: |  |
|  | Towards him I made, but he was ware of me |  |
|  | And stole into the covert of the wood: |  |
|  | I, measuring his affections by my own, |  |
|  | That most are busied when they're most alone, |  |
|  | Pursued my humour not pursuing his, |  |
|  | And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me. |  |
| MONTAGUE | Many a morning hath he there been seen, |  |
|  | With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew. |  |
|  | Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs; |  |
|  | But all so soon as the all-cheering sun | *120* |
|  | Should in the furthest east begin to draw |  |
|  | The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, |  |
|  | Away from the light steals home my heavy son, |  |
|  | And private in his chamber pens himself, |  |
|  | Shuts up his windows, locks far daylight out |  |
|  | And makes himself an artificial night: |  |
|  | Black and portentous must this humour prove, |  |
|  | Unless good counsel may the cause remove. |  |