

MERCUTIO O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata 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, 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.

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*
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ROMEO Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.