

LADY CAPULET    He is a kinsman to the Montague;  
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:  
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,  
And all those twenty could but kill one life.  
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;  
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRINCE    Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;  
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

MONTAGUE    Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;  
His fault concludes but what the law should end,  
The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE    And for that offence  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;  
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:  
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body and attend our will:  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. (*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE II

CAPULET'S orchard.

(*Enter* JULIET.)