

Act III

SCENE I

A public place.

(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?