

SCENE 13

[Church, afternoon. FRIAR weds ROMEO & JULIET]

FRIAR

So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

These violent delights have violent ends  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so.  
God joined your hearts and I your hands; do then  
Seal with a righteous kiss your faith in heaven.

[They kiss]

Now Holy Church incorporate two in one.  
[They exit]

may heaven smile  
and not give us sorrow later

at their peak, gunpowder  
are used  
can make you sick in its  
that's how love lasts

join you two in marriage

SCENE 14

[A street. MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO]

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

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

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 quarreling. And yet thou wilt  
tutor me from quarreling?

[TYBALT & other Capulets enter]

BENVOLIO

By my head, here come the Capulets.

MERCUTIO

By my heel, I care not!

TYBALT

[to Capulets] Follow me close.

[to Benvolio & Mercutio]

Gentlemen, good day. 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,  
and 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?

And thou make minstrels of us, look to  
hear nothing but discords. Here's my

let's go home  
are out  
escape

hot days stir our temper

hot-tempered, man

angered

food, scrambled

lecture

something else

happy  
if, a reason

make your own reason

hang out with Romeo

ensemble, musicians

if  
disagreement/dissonance

side 5  
Benvolio  
Mercutio  
Tybalt  
Romeo

fiddlestick! Here's that shall make you dance!	(sword)
Zounds, consort!	my god
BENVOLIO	
Either withdraw unto some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart! Here all eyes gaze on us.	calmly discuss your complaints
MERCUTIO	
Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze. I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I!	to please anyone
ROMEO [enters]	
Mercutio!	
TYBALT	
Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man. Romeo! The hate I bear thee can afford No better term than this: Thou art a villain!	I hate you so much all I can say is this
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.	rage you deserve for
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 mine own, be satisfied.	imagine until you learn care for
MERCUTIO	
O calm, dishonorable, vile submission! [draws his sword] Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?	what a filthy cat, come here
TYBALT	
What wouldst thou have with me?	
MERCUTIO	
Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives.	
TYBALT	
I am for you. [draws his sword]	I am ready for you
[They fight]	
ROMEO	
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! Tybalt! Mercutio! Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio! [draws and tries to disarm them] [Tybalt stabs Mercutio]	stop
MERCUTIO	
A plague on both your houses! [Tybalt & Capulets exit]	death to both your families
Is he gone and hath nothing?	without a scratch
BENVOLIO	
What, art thou hurt?	
MERCUTIO	
Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. [aside] They have made worms' meat of me.	
ROMEO	
Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.	
MERCUTIO	
No, 'tis not so deep, nor so wide, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man.	