**Act 1**

**SCENE I. Verona. A public place.**

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers*

**SAMPSON**

A dog of the house of Montague 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
take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

**GREGORY**

That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes
to the wall.

**SAMPSON**

True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels,
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, I will show myself a tyrant: when I
have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the
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**

Here comes
two of the house of the Montagues.

**SAMPSON**

My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

**SAMPSON**

Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

**GREGORY**

I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as
they list.

**SAMPSON**

Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them;
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?

**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.

**SAMPSON**

Yes, better, sir.

**ABRAHAM**

You lie.

**SAMPSON**

Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

*They fight*

*Enter BENVOLIO*

**BENVOLIO**

Part, fools!
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?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

**BENVOLIO**

I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

**TYBALT**

What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
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!
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,
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,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.