

**THOUGHTS, WORDS, AND DEEDS:**

Methinks Much Ado with Language, Character Motivation, and Theme in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*

Character of focus (circle one):    BENVOLIO                      MERCUTIO                      TYBALT                      ROMEO

While reading 3.1, Stop and Jot and use the Why-Lighting strategy to locate elements of language and character motivation. Choose one color to highlight specific instances of your character's use of rich language, and another color to highlight clues that your character is motivated by a dominant textual theme.

<b>LANGUAGE</b>		<b>CHARACTER MOTIVATION</b> <b>(CODE EACH EXAMPLE USING L/H/F/FW)</b>
	<p>Verona. A street.</p> <p><i>Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Men.</i></p> <p><b>Benvolio</b></p> <p>I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire. The day is hot, the Capels are abroad, And if we meet we shall not scape a brawl, For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.</p> <p><b>Mercutio</b></p> <p>Thou art like one of these 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 him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.</p> <p><b>Benvolio</b></p> <p>Am I like such a fellow?</p> <p><b>Mercutio</b></p> <p>Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon mov'd to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.</p> <p><b>Benvolio</b></p> <p>And what to?</p> <p><b>Mercutio</b></p> <p>Nay, and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou? Why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? 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 quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a</p>	

tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter?  
With another for tying his new shoes with old  
riband? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

**Benvolio**

And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man  
should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and  
a quarter.

**Mercutio**

The fee-simple! O simple!

*Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.*

**Benvolio**

By my head, here comes the Capulets.

**Mercutio**

By my heel, I care not.

**Tybalt**

Follow me close, for I will speak to them.  
Gentlemen, good den, 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 consortest 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 fiddlestick, here's that shall  
make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

**Benvolio**

We talk here in the public haunt of men.  
Either withdraw unto some private place,  
Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

**Mercutio**

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter Romeo.*

**Tybalt**

Well, peace be with you, sir, here comes my man.

**Mercutio**

But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

**Tybalt**

Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

**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 knowest me not.

**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.

**Mercutio**

O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!  
Alia stoccato 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.

**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  
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.

*Romeo steps between them.*

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

*Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio in.*

*Away Tybalt with his followers.*

**Mercutio**

I am hurt.  
A plague a' both 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 Page.*

**Romeo**

Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

**Mercutio**

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world. A plague a' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the dev'l came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

**Romeo**

I thought all for the best.

**Mercutio**

Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague a' both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,  
And soundly too. Your houses!

*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

**Romeo**

This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,  
And in my temper soft'ned valor's steel!

*Enter Benvolio.*

**Benvolio**

O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

**Romeo**

This day's black fate on more days doth depend,  
This but begins the woe others must end.

*Enter Tybalt.*

**Benvolio**

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

**Romeo**

He gone in triumph, and Mercutio slain!  
Away to heaven, respective lenity,  
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!  
Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again

That late thou gavest me, for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company.  
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

**Tybalt**

Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

**Romeo**

This shall determine that.

*They fight; Tybalt falls.*

**Benvolio**

Romeo, away, be gone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amazed, the Prince will doom thee death  
If thou art taken. Hence be gone, away!

**Romeo**

O, I am fortune's fool!

**Benvolio**

Why dost thou stay?

*Exit Romeo.*

*Enter Citizens.*

**First Citizen of Verona**

Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

**Benvolio**

There lies that Tybalt.

**First Citizen of Verona**

Up, sir, go with me;

I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives,  
and all.*

**Prince Escalus**

Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

**Benvolio**

O noble Prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

**Lady Capulet**

Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!  
O Prince! O husband! O, the blood is spill'd  
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!

**Prince Escalus**

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

**Benvolio**

Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay!  
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal  
Your high displeasure; all this, uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly  
bowed,  
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,  
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,  
"Hold, friends! Friends, part!" and swifter than his  
tongue,  
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I  
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;  
And as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

**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:

	<p>Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.</p> <p><b>Prince Escalus</b></p> <p>Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio; Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?</p> <p><b>Montague</b></p> <p>Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend; His fault concludes but what the law should end, The life of Tybalt.</p> <p><b>Prince Escalus</b></p> <p>And for that offense Immediately we do exile him hence. I have an interest in your hearts' 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 is found, that hour is his last. Bear hence this body and attend our will; Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.</p> <p><i>Exeunt.</i></p>	
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***HOMEWORK:***

Read ACT 3, SCENES 2-4 (pages 49-59). As you read, continue annotating the text using the Stop and Jot strategy practiced in class. Focus on language, character motivation, and theme.

You have been provided a blank template to annotate in a similar fashion on the back of this page. Rather than focusing on one character, however, pay attention to all players in these scenes. Annotate as necessary, using the middle column to record significant, direct quotes from your text. Be sure to include the speaker, as well as an appropriate act/scene and page citation for each quote.

Be prepared to share your annotations with the class at the beginning of class tomorrow. You will need evidence of thorough reading!



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