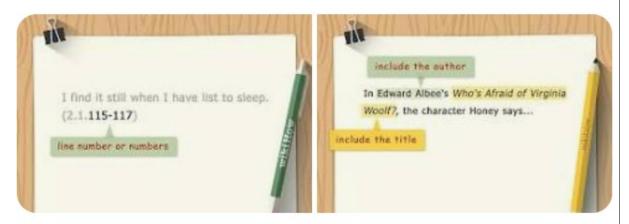
#### Works Cited citation for the text book:

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### Citing Evidence Within Paragraphs:

To cite a specific quotation from a play in MLA style, **place the quotation in quotation marks** (using slashes to indicate line breaks) and end with a parenthetical citation of author, name of play, and then page/act (for prose plays) or act/scene/line(s) (for verse).



When embedding a quote, use C.E.C. and "quote" marks. Follow with MLA citations:

- C Claim
- E Evidence
- C Commentary

#### Claim:

Romeo and Mercutio meet Tybalt in the streets and Mercutio uses the kind of language that is sure to start a fight.

### Evidence:

"Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?" (3. 1. 69-71).

## Commentary:

A fight breaks out in which Tybalt kills Mercutio and subsequently Romeo kills Tybalt. Romeo did not intend to cause Mercutio's death or want to kill Tybalt, but because of the Prince's law against street violence Romeo must flee Verona.

| Act 1 Scene 1 |             |   |
|---------------|-------------|---|
| Prince        | Lines 81-93 | On pain of torture, from those bloody hands, Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved Prince. Three civil brawls bred of an airy word, By thee old Capulet and Montague, Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Cankered with peace, to part your cankered hate. If ever you disturb our streets again Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. The prince threatens to have anyone involved in street fighting put to death. |
| Act 1 Scene 2 |             |   |
| Capulet       | Lines 7-11  | But saying o'er what I have said before. My child is a stranger to the world, She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.   |

|                |             | Let two more summers wither in their pride Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride. Capulet is having a conversation with Paris. Paris wants to marry Juliet. Capulet says that Juliet is too young. He would like to postpone her wedding for two more years.   |
|----------------|-------------|--|
| Act 2, Scene 3 |             |  |
| Friar Lawrence | Lines 92-97 | O, she knew well Thy love did read by rote that could not spell. But, come young waverer, come go with me. In one respect I'll thy assistant be; For this alliance may so happy prove To turn your households' rancour to pure love. The Friar agrees to marry Romeo and Juliet. He knows that the Montagues and Capulets are feuding but he hopes that marrying Romeo and Juliet will end the feud. |
|                |             |  |
| Act 2, Scene 4 |             |  |
| Nurse          | Lines 68-   | Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell. There stays a husband to make you a wife.  |

|               |             | Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks. They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. Hi you to church. I must another way To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark. I am the drudge, and toil in your delight. But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go. I'll to dinner. Hie you to the cell. The nurse agrees to put a ladder outside Juliet's window so that he can climb up to it at night. She also sends Juliet off to Friar Lawrence's cell to be secretly married to Romeo. |
|---------------|-------------|---|
| Act 3 Scene 1 |             |   |
| Mercutio      | Lines 69-71 | O calm, dishonorable, vile submission: Alla scoccata caries it away: Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk? Mercurtio is trying to start a fight with Tybalt. He doesn't know that Romeo has secretly married Juliet, and now, because Tybalt is Romeo's new relative, Romeo doesn't want to fight.  |
| Tybalt        | Lines 56-57 | Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford  |

| Tybalt   | Lines 62-63 | No better term than this: thou art a villain.  Tybalt calls Romeo a villain, trying to start a fight.  Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  That thou has done me, therefore turn and draw.  |
|----------|-------------|--|
|          |             | Tybalt is still trying to start a fight.   |
| Mercutio | Lines 73-77 | 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. Mercutio is trying to get Tybalt to fight.   |
|          | Lines 93-99 | 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 peppered, I warrant, for this works. A plague on 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 or arithmetic – why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm. |

|              |               | Mercutio says that is Romeo's fault that he was wounded by Tybalt.   |
|--------------|---------------|--|
| Romeo        | Lines 118-125 | Alive, in triumph, and Mercutio slain.  Away to heaven's respective lenity, And fire-eyes fury be my conduct now?  Now Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again That late thou gav'st me, for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thing to keep him company. Either thou, or I, or both must go with him.  Romeo blames Tybalt for Mercutio's death and declares that he will fight him. He declares that either he or Tybalt or both will die in the fight. |
| Lady Capulet | Lines 175-180 | 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 of those twenty could but kill one life. I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give. Romeo slew Tybalt. Romeo must not live.   |

|                |             | Lady Capulet calls for Romeo's        |
|----------------|-------------|---------------------------------------|
|                |             | death after Tybalt is killed.         |
| Prince         | Lines 86-97 | And for that offence                  |
|                |             | 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 your 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. <u>Let Romeo</u> |
|                |             | 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.                      |
|                |             | The Prince declares that Romeo is     |
|                |             | exiled for killing Tybalt and that    |
|                |             | he will be executed when he is        |
|                |             | found.                                |
| Act 3, Scene 3 | ,           |                                       |
| Friar Lawrence | Lines 74-81 | Go hence, good night, and here        |
|                |             | stands all your state:                |
|                |             | Either be home before the Watch       |
|                |             | be set,                               |
|                |             | Or by the break of day disguised      |
|                |             | from hence.                           |
|                | <u> </u>    | II OIII IICIICC.                      |

| Act 3, Scene 4 |             | Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man, And he shall signify from time to time Every good hap to you that chances here. Give me thy hand. Tis late. Farewell. Good night. Friar Lawrence sends Romeo to Mantua to hide. He promises to send Balthazar with news from time to time.  |
|----------------|-------------|--|
| Capulet        | Lines 13-18 | Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender Of my child's love. I think she will be ruled In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not. Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed, Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,' And bid her- mark you me? – on Wednesday next— But sift what day is this? Capulet tells Lady Capulet to tell Juliet that her wedding to Paris has been moved up to Wednesday. |
| Capulet        | Lines 20-29 | Monday! Ha ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon. A Thursday let it be, a Thursday, tell her, She shall be married to this noble earl.   |

|                |               | Will you be ready? Do you like this haste? We'll keep no great ado – a friend or two. For, hard you, Tybalt being slain so late, It may be thought we held him carelessly, Being our kinsman, if we revel much. Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends And there an end. But what say you to Thursday? Capulet moves the wedding of Juliet and Tybalt up to Thursday which is just two days away. |
|----------------|---------------|---|
| Friar Lawrence | Lines 36-39   | Come, come with me, and we will make short work. For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone Till holy church incorporate two in one. Friar Lawrence tells Romeo and Juliet that he will marry them.  |
| Act 3 Scene 5  |               |   |
| Capulet        | Lines 166-174 | Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch!  I tell thee what – get thee to church a Thursday  Or never after look me in the face.  Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.  |

| My fingers itch. Wife, we scard thought us blest That God had lent us but this concild; But now I see this one is one to much, And that we have a curse in hat her. Out on her, hiding. Capulet is angry when Juliet sat that she doesn't want to marry | only<br>oo<br>aving |
|---|---------------------|
| That God had lent us but this conclid; But now I see this one is one to much, And that we have a curse in hat her. Out on her, hiding. Capulet is angry when Juliet sat that she doesn't want to marry  | oo                  |
| child; But now I see this one is one to much, And that we have a curse in hat her. Out on her, hiding. Capulet is angry when Juliet sa that she doesn't want to marry   | oo                  |
| But now I see this one is one to much, And that we have a curse in hat her. Out on her, hiding. Capulet is angry when Juliet sa that she doesn't want to marry  | aving               |
| much, And that we have a curse in hat her. Out on her, hiding. Capulet is angry when Juliet sat that she doesn't want to marry  | aving               |
| And that we have a curse in hat her.  Out on her, hiding.  Capulet is angry when Juliet sat that she doesn't want to marry  |                     |
| her. Out on her, hiding. Capulet is angry when Juliet sa that she doesn't want to marry   |                     |
| her. Out on her, hiding. Capulet is angry when Juliet sa that she doesn't want to marry   |                     |
| Capulet is angry when Juliet sa<br>that she doesn't want to marry   | VS                  |
| Capulet is angry when Juliet sa<br>that she doesn't want to marry   | VS                  |
| that she doesn't want to marry  | VO                  |
|   |                     |
| Paris.  |                     |
| Capulet Lines 186- God's bread, it makes me mad   |                     |
| Day, night, work,   | •                   |
| play.   |                     |
| Alone, in company, still my car   | ۵.                  |
| hath been   |                     |
| To have her matched. And have   | ing                 |
| now provided  | /יייק               |
| A gentleman of noble parentag   | 70                  |
| Of fair demesnes, youthful and  |                     |
|   | '                   |
| nobly ligned,   |                     |
| Stuffed, as they say,. With   |                     |
| honourable parts,   |                     |
| Proportioned as one's thought   |                     |
| would wish a man –  |                     |
| And then to have a wretched   |                     |
| puling fool,  |                     |
| A whining mammet, in her  |                     |
| fortune's tender,   |                     |
| To answer 'I'll not wed, I canno  | ot                  |
| love,   |                     |
| I am too young, I pray you pard   | nob                 |
| me!'  |                     |
| But, and you will not wed, I'll   |                     |
| pardon you!   |                     |

|                |               | Graze where you will, you shall not house with me. Look to't, I do not use to jest. Thursday is near. Lay hand on heart. Advise. And you be mine I'll give you to my friend; And you be not, hang! Beg! Starve! Die in the streets! For by my soul I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, Nor what is mine shall never do thee good. Trust to't, bethink you. I'll not be forsworn. Capulet is angry when Juliet says that she doesn't want to marry Paris. Paris is a fine match. He tells her that she will marry Paris or he will throw her out of the house to live in the streets. He and Paris have moved the marriage date to Thursday. |
|----------------|---------------|--|
| Lady Capulet   | Lines 213-214 | Talk not to me, for I"ll not speak a word. Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. Juliet looks to her mother for support but Lady Capulet tells Juliet that she doesn't want to have anything to do with her.   |
|                |               |  |
| Act 4 Scene 1  |               |  |
| Friar Lawrence | Lines 70-78   | Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope  |

|                |              | Which craves as deperate an execution As that is desperate which we would prevent. If, rather than to marry County Paris, Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself, Then is it likely thou wilt undertake A thing like death to chide away this shame,' That cop'st with death himself to scape from it. And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy. Friar Lawrence explains to Juliet that he has a plan which will allow her to escape marriage to Paris but she will have to pretend that she is dead. |
|----------------|--------------|--|
| Friar Lawrence | Lines 91-112 | Hold then. Go home, be merry, give consent To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow; Tomorrow night look that thou like alone. Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber. Take thou this vial, being then in bed, And this distilling liquor drink thou off; When presently through all thy veins shall run A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse   |

Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;

No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest,

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall face

To wanny ashes, thy eyes' windows fall like death when he shuts up the day of life.

Each part deprived of supple government

Shall stiff and stark and cold appear, like death,

And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death

Thou shall continue two and forty hours

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou, dead.

Then as the manner of our country is,

In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier

Thou shall be borne to that same ancient vault

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the meantime, against thou shalt awake, Shall Romeo my letters know our drift

And hither shall he come, and he and I Will watch thy waking, and that very night Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua. And this shall free thee from this present shame, If not inconstant toy nor womanish fear Abate thy valour in the acting it. Friar Lawrence describes his plan for Juliet to escape marrying Paris. In this plan she should return home and appear happy to marry Paris on Thursday. Friar Lawrence has a potion that will make Juliet appear to be dead. Juliet is to take the potion when she goes to bed. She will enter a deep sleep and appear to be dead. The next day the family will take her body to the family tomb. In the meantime he will send letters to Romeo telling him that he will find Juliet in the tomb and that the two of them should leave Verona.

# Act 5, Scene 1

| Romeo | Lines 61-68 | Come hither man. I see that thou    |
|-------|-------------|-------------------------------------|
|       |             | art poor.                           |
|       |             | Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me |
|       |             | have                                |
|       |             | A dram of poison, such soon-        |
|       |             | spreading gear                      |
|       |             | As will disperse itself through all |
|       |             | the veins,                          |

|            |             | That the life-weary taker may fall dead, And that the trunk may be discharged of breath As violently as hasty powder fired Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb. Romeo wants the Apothecary to sell him a fast-acting poison so he can commit suicide.                       |
|------------|-------------|---|
| Apothecary | Lines 69-70 | Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law Is death to any he that utters them. The Apothecary says that it is against the law for him to sell this poison.   |
| Apothecary | Lines 80-82 | Put this in any liquid then you will And drink it off and if you had the strength Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight. The apothecary explains that the poison he sells is very powerful.  |
| Romeo      | Lines 83-89 | There is thy gold – worse poison to men's souls, Doing more murder in this loathsome world Than thee poor compounds that thou mayst not sell. I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none. Farewell, buy food, and get thyself in flesh. Come cordial, and to poison, go with me |

| Act 5 Scene 2 |               | To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. Romeo bribes the Apothecary to sell him the drug.   |  |  |  |
|---------------|---------------|---|--|--|--|
| Friar John    | Lines 5-12    | Going to find a barefoot brother out, One of our order, to associate me, Here in this city visiting the sick, And finding him, the searchers of the town, Suspecting that we both were in a house Where the infectious pestilence did reign, Sealed up the doors and would not let us forth, So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed. Friar John says that a brother in his order caught a disease when visiting the sick. Both Friar John and the other brother were forced to quarantine in a house so they were not able to go to Mantua. He was not able to deliver Friar Lawrence's letter to Romeo. This means that Romeo doesn't know that Juliet is sleeping, not dead. |  |  |  |
| Act 5 Scene 3 | Act 5 Scene 3 |   |  |  |  |
| Paris         | Lines 49-57   | This is that banished haughty  Montague  That murdered my love's cousin –  with which grief   |  |  |  |

|       |             | It is supposed the fair creature died — And here is come to do some villainous shame to the dead bodies. I will apprehend him. Stop ty unhallowed toil, vile Montague. Can vengeance be pursued further than death? Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee. Obey, and go with me, for thou must die. Paris wants to avenge the death of Tybalt. He tells Romeo that he will kill him.   |
|-------|-------------|---|
| Romeo | Lines 58-67 | I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.  Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.  Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone.  Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,  Put not another sin upon my head By urging me to fury. O be gone.  Be heaven I love thee better than myself,  For I come hither armed against myself.  Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say  A mad man's mercy bid thee run away.  Romeo tries to dissuade Paris from fighting. |