**TYBALT/CAPULET SIDES**

TYBALT

This, by his voice, should be a Montague - /What dares the slave come here covered with an antic face/ to fleer and scorn at our solemnity,/ Now, by the stock and honor of my kin, /to strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET

Why how now nephew. Where fore storm you so?

TYBALT

Uncle,this is a Montague, our foe. /A villain that is hither come in spite /to scorn our solemnity this night.

CAPULET

Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT

It's he, that villain Romeo

CAPULET

Content thee, gentle coz. Let him alone./ He bears him like a portly gentleman, /and , to say truth, Verona brags of him/ to be a virtuous and well-governed youth. / There fore be patient. Take no note of him./ It is my will, the which if you respect, /show a fair presence and put off these frowns.

TYBALT

It fits when such a villain is a guest./ I'll not endure him.

CAPULET

He shall be endured! What, goodman boy? I say he shall! Go to. /Am I the master here or you? Go to. /You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,/you'll make a mutiny among my guests?

TYBALT

Why uncle it's a shame

CAPULET

Go to, go to. You are a saucy boy. Is't so indeed?/ Well said my hearts - You are an insolent boy, go. /Be quiet or - More light, more light! -for shame/ I'll make you quiet - What cheerly, my hearts.

TYBALT

I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall, now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall.