MERCUTIO

I shouldn’t have said anything.

TYBALT

Right, you should have just lied to me, because I can’t handle anything to do with the Montagues. That Tybalt, he’s a barrel of gunpowder, better not drop a match.

MERCUTIO

Better not step on his tail, or he’ll claw your face off.

TYBALT

Did you know they send their servants into our orchard, not just to steal our fruit, but also to sow salt in the roots and kill our trees?

MERCUTIO

Only because you take a sixth of their crop yield every year.

TYBALT

No, the Prince gives us the crop yield from the section of *our* land they’ve been farming on for the last 3 decades.

MERCUTIO

Technically, the owner of that land is disputed. But that’s not the point. It just seems to me that both households are inordinately wealthy, and a little land dispute isn’t worth all this.

TYBALT

The day my mother first brought me to Verona, when I was fourteen, a group of Montagues threw rotten fruit at us, just because we were riding with a Capulet escort. I hadn’t been there a day, I had done nothing wrong, and they attacked me in the street.

MERCUTIO

Aren’t you doing the same thing? Romeo and Benvolio are good men, and they’ve done nothing to you, except be born into a household that stole some land before you were even born.

TYBALT

It’s not about the land—it’s about character. It’s about a sense of entitlement, when they already have everything, to something that’s ours.

MERCUTIO

None of that is Romeo’s fault.

TYBALT

He has money, looks, charm, friends, women, family who love him—and still he sulks and weeps in public like a self-important, entitled brat.

MERCUTIO

Romeo’s flair for the dramatic has never hurt anyone, and it certainly hasn’t done anything to you.

TYBALT

He has everything, but he couldn’t be content with that. He had to have you too.

MERCUTIO

We’re just friends. And even if we ever had been more, it wouldn’t be any concern of yours. Just because you hate yourself too much to let anyone close doesn’t mean I have to be lonely too.