**Abram**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**Sampson**

I do bite my thumb, sir.

**Abram**

Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

**Sampson**

*Aside to Gregory*

Is the law of our side if I say ay?

**Gregory**

*Aside to Sampson* No.

**Sampson**

No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

**Gregory**

Do you quarrel, sir?

**Abram**

Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

**Sampson**

But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

**Abram**

No better?

**Sampson**

Well, sir.

*Enter Benvolio.*

**Gregory**

Say “better,” here comes one of my master’s kinsmen.

**Sampson**

Yes, better, sir.

**Abram**

You lie.

**Sampson**

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

*They fight.*

**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.*