

Scene 1

BEATRICE I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

LEONATO What is he that you ask for, niece?

HERO My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

LEONATO O, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

BEATRICE I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? For indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

LEONATO Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much, but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not. I hear he hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

BEATRICE You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it. He is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.

MARGARET And a good soldier too, lady.

BEATRICE And a good soldier to a lady, but what is he to a lord?

MARGARET A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stuffed with all honorable virtues.

BEATRICE It is so indeed. He is no less than a stuffed man, but for the stuffing—well, we are all mortal.

HERO You must not, dear, mistake my cousin. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her. They never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

BEATRICE Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one, so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse, for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

MARGARET Is 't possible?

BEATRICE Very easily possible. He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

MARGARET I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

BEATRICE No. An he were, I would burn my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no

young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

LEONATO He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

BEATRICE O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease! He is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

MARGARET I will hold friends with you, lady.

BEATRICE Do, good friend.

LEONATO You will never run mad, niece.

BEATRICE No, not till a hot January.

LEONATO Don Pedro is approached.

(The following sections may be left out or done separately)

Enter Don Pedro with (Claudio), Benedick, and (Don John).

DON PEDRO Good Signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

LEONATO Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace, for trouble being gone, comfort should remain, but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

DON PEDRO You embrace your charge too willingly. *Turning to Hero.* I think this is your daughter.

LEONATO Her mother hath many times told me so.

BENEDICK Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

LEONATO Signior Benedick, no, for then were you a child.

DON PEDRO You have it full, Benedick. We may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady, for you are like an honorable father.

(The following section may be left out or done separately)

Leonato and the Prince move aside.

BENEDICK If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

BEATRICE I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick, nobody marks you.

BENEDICK What, my dear Lady Disdain! Are you yet living?

BEATRICE Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick?

Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come
in her presence.

BENEDICK Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain
I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and
I would I could find in my heart that I had not a
hard heart, for truly I love none.

BEATRICE A dear happiness to women. They would
else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I
thank God and my cold blood I am of your humor
for that. I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow
than a man swear he loves me.

BENEDICK God keep your Ladyship still in that mind,
so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate
scratched face.

BEATRICE Scratching could not make it worse an
'twere such a face as yours were.

BENEDICK Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEATRICE A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of
yours.

BENEDICK I would my horse had the speed of your
tongue and so good a continuer, but keep your
way, i' God's name, I have done.

BEATRICE You always end with a jade's trick. I know
you of old.

Scene 2

CLAUDIO Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

BENEDICK I noted her not, but I looked on her.

CLAUDIO Is she not a modest young lady?

BENEDICK Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? Or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

CLAUDIO No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

BENEDICK Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise. Only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

CLAUDIO Thou thinkest I am in sport. I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

BENEDICK Would you buy her that you enquire after her?

CLAUDIO Can the world buy such a jewel?

BENEDICK Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? Or do you play the flouting jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?

CLAUDIO In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

BENEDICK I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter. There's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

CLAUDIO I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

BENEDICK Is 't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith, an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Scene 3

BORACHIO What the goodyear, my lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

DON JOHN There is no measure in the occasion that breeds. Therefore the sadness is without limit.

BORACHIO You should hear reason.

DON JOHN And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

BORACHIO If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

DON JOHN I cannot hide what I am. I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

BORACHIO Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself. It is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

DON JOHN I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking. In the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

BORACHIO Can you make no use of your discontent?

DON JOHN I make all use of it, for I use it only.

BORACHIO I came yonder from a great supper. The Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

DON JOHN Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

BORACHIO Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

DON JOHN Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

BORACHIO Even he.

DON JOHN A proper squire. And who, and who? Which way looks he?

BORACHIO Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

DON JOHN A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

BORACHIO Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the Prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference. I whopped me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

DON JOHN Come, come, let us thither. This may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way.

Scene 4

BEATRICE I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

DON PEDRO Why, how now, count, wherefore are you sad?

CLAUDIO Not sad, my lord.

DON PEDRO How then, sick?

CLAUDIO Neither, my lord.

BEATRICE The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry,

nor well, but civil count, civil as an orange, and

something of that jealous complexion.

DON PEDRO I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true,

though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is

false.—Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name,

and fair Hero is won. I have broke with her father

and his goodwill obtained. Name the day of marriage,

and God give thee joy.

LEONATO Count, take of me my daughter, and with her

my fortunes. His Grace hath made the match, and

all grace say "Amen" to it.

BEATRICE Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

CLAUDIO Silence is the perfectest herald of joy. I were

but little happy if I could say how much.—Lady, as

you are mine, I am yours. I give away myself for you

and dote upon the exchange.

BEATRICE Speak, cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his

mouth with a kiss and let not him speak neither.

DON PEDRO In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

BEATRICE Yea, my lord. I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on

the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear

that he is in her heart.

CLAUDIO And so she doth, cousin.

BEATRICE Good Lord for alliance! Thus goes everyone

to the world but I, and I am sunburnt. I may sit in a

corner and cry "Heigh-ho for a husband!"

DON PEDRO Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

BEATRICE I would rather have one of your father's

getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you?

Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could

come by them.

DON PEDRO Will you have me, lady?

BEATRICE No, my lord, unless I might have another for

working days. Your Grace is too costly to wear

every day. But I beseech your Grace pardon me. I

was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

DON PEDRO Your silence most offends me, and to be merry

best becomes you, for out o' question you were

born in a merry hour.

BEATRICE No, sure, my lord, my mother cried, but then
there was a star danced, and under that was I
born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

LEONATO Niece, will you look to those things I told
you of?

BEATRICE I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your Grace's
pardon.

Beatrice exits.

(The following section may be left out or done separately)

DON PEDRO By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

LEONATO There's little of the melancholy element in
her, my lord. She is never sad but when she sleeps,
and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter
say she hath often dreamt of unhappiness and
waked herself with laughing.

DON PEDRO She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

LEONATO O, by no means. She mocks all her wooers
out of suit.

DON PEDRO She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

LEONATO O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week
married, they would talk themselves mad.

DON PEDRO County Claudio, when mean you to go to
church?

CLAUDIO Tomorrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches
till love have all his rites.

LEONATO Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence
a just sevennight, and a time too brief, too, to have
all things answer my mind.

DON PEDRO, *to Claudio* Come, you shake the head at so
long a breathing, but I warrant thee, Claudio, the
time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim
undertake one of Hercules' labors, which is to bring
Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a
mountain of affection, th' one with th' other. I
would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to
fashion it, if you three will but minister such
assistance as I shall give you direction.

LEONATO My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten
nights' watchings.

CLAUDIO And I, my lord.

DON PEDRO And you too, gentle Hero?

HERO I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my
cousin to a good husband.

DON PEDRO I will teach you how to humor your
cousin that she shall fall in love with Benedick.—
And I, with your two helps, will so practice on
Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his

queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice.
If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his
glory shall be ours, for we are the only love gods.

Scene 5

BENEDICK

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love. Claudio was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier, and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster, but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool.

Ha! The Prince and
Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor.

He hides.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio.

DON PEDRO Come, shall we hear this music?

CLAUDIO

Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!

DON PEDRO, *aside to Claudio*

See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

CLAUDIO, *aside to Prince*

O, very well my lord. The music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

DON PEDRO Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of today, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

CLAUDIO O, ay. *Aside to Prince.* Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.—I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

LEONATO No, nor I neither, but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

BENEDICK, *aside* Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

LEONATO By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

DON PEDRO Maybe she doth but counterfeit.

CLAUDIO Faith, like enough.

LEONATO O God! Counterfeit? There was never counterfeit

of passion came so near the life of passion as
she discovers it.

DON PEDRO Why, what effects of passion shows she?

CLAUDIO, *aside to Leonato* Bait the hook well; this fish
will bite.

LEONATO What effects, my lord? She will sit you—you
heard my daughter tell you how.

CLAUDIO She did indeed.

DON PEDRO How, how I pray you? You amaze me. I would
have thought her spirit had been invincible against
all assaults of affection.

LEONATO I would have sworn it had, my lord, especially
against Benedick.

BENEDICK, *aside* I should think this a gull but that the
white-bearded fellow speaks it. Knavery cannot,
sure, hide himself in such reverence.

CLAUDIO, *aside to Prince* He hath ta'en th' infection.
Hold it up.

DON PEDRO Hath she made her affection known to
Benedick?

LEONATO No, and swears she never will. That's her
torment.

CLAUDIO 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter says. "Shall
I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with
scorn, write to him that I love him?"

LEONATO This says she now when she is beginning to
write to him, for she'll be up twenty times a night,
and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ
a sheet of paper. My daughter tells us all.

CLAUDIO Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember
a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

LEONATO O, when she had writ it and was reading it
over, she found "Benedick" and "Beatrice" between
the sheet?

CLAUDIO That.

LEONATO O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence,
railed at herself that she should be so
immodest to write to one that she knew would flout
her. "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit,
for I should flout him if he writ to me, yea, though I
love him, I should."

CLAUDIO Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps,
sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses:
"O sweet Benedick, God give me patience!"

LEONATO She doth indeed, my daughter says so, and
the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my
daughter is sometimes afeared she will do a desperate
outrage to herself. It is very true.

DON PEDRO It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

CLAUDIO To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

DON PEDRO An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

CLAUDIO And she is exceeding wise.

DON PEDRO In everything but in loving Benedick.

LEONATO O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

DON PEDRO I would she had bestowed this dotage on me. I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

LEONATO Were it good, think you?

CLAUDIO Hero thinks surely she will die, for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

DON PEDRO She doth well. If she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it, for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

CLAUDIO He is a very proper man.

DON PEDRO He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

CLAUDIO Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

DON PEDRO He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

CLAUDIO And I take him to be valiant.

DON PEDRO As Hector, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion or undertakes them with a most Christianlike fear.

LEONATO If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace. If he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

DON PEDRO And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick and tell him of her love?

CLAUDIO Never tell him, my lord, let her wear it out with good counsel.

LEONATO Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

DON PEDRO Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter.

Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

LEONATO My lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready.

CLAUDIO, *aside to Prince and Leonato* If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

DON PEDRO, *aside to Leonato* Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter. That's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

BENEDICK, *coming forward* This can be no trick. The conference was sadly borne; they have the truth of this from Hero; they seem to pity the lady. It seems her affections have their full bent. Love me? Why, it must be requited! I hear how I am censured. They say I will bear myself proudly if I perceive the love come from her. They say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness. And virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it. And wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her! I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me because I have railed so long against marriage, but doth not the appetite alter? When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her.

(The following section may be left out or done separately)

BEATRICE Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

BENEDICK Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

BEATRICE I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me. If it had been painful, I would not have come.

BENEDICK You take pleasure then in the message?

Leonato, Prince, and Claudio begin to exit.

Prince, Leonato, and Claudio exit.

Enter Beatrice.

BEATRICE Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior. Fare you well. *She exits.*

BENEDICK Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner." There's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me." That's as much as to say "Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks." If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a villain. I will go get her picture.

Scene 6

HERO

Now, Margaret, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Now begin,
For look where Beatrice like a lapwing runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Enter Beatrice, who instantly hides.

No, truly, Margaret, she is too disdainful.
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

MARGARET But are you sure

That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

HERO

So says the Prince and my new-trothèd lord.

MARGARET

And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

HERO

They did entreat me to acquaint her of it,
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

MARGARET

Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

HERO

O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man,
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

MARGARET Sure, I think so,

And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she'll make sport at it.

HERO

Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward.
If tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

MARGARET

Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

HERO

No, not to be so odd and from all fashions
As Beatrice is cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air. O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly.
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

MARGARET

Yet tell her of it. Hear what she will say.

HERO

No, rather I will go to Benedick
And counsel him to fight against his passion;
And truly I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

MARGARET

O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have, as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

HERO

He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

MARGARET

I pray you be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valor,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

HERO

Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

MARGARET

His excellence did earn it ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

HERO

Why, every day, tomorrow. Come, go in.
I'll show thee some attires and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me tomorrow.

MARGARET, *aside to Hero*

She's limed, I warrant you. We have caught her,
madam.

HERO, *aside to Margaret*

If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

Hero and Margaret exit.

BEATRICE, *coming forward*

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

Scene 7

MARGARET Troth, I think your other rebato were better.

HERO No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

MARGARET By my troth, 's not so good, and I warrant your cousin will say so.

HERO My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Enter Beatrice.

HERO Good morrow, coz.

BEATRICE Good morrow, sweet Hero.

HERO Why, how now? Do you speak in the sick tune?

BEATRICE I am out of all other tune, methinks.

'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin. 'Tis time
you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill.
Heigh-ho!

MARGARET For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

BEATRICE For the letter that begins them all, *H*.

MARGARET Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no
more sailing by the star.

BEATRICE What means the fool, trow?

MARGARET Nothing, I; but God send everyone their
heart's desire.

HERO These gloves the Count sent me, they are an
excellent perfume.

BEATRICE I am stuffed, cousin. I cannot smell.

MARGARET A maid, and stuffed! There's goodly catching
of cold.

BEATRICE O, God help me, God help me! How long
have you professed apprehension?

MARGARET Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit
become me rarely?

BEATRICE It is not seen enough; you should wear it in
your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

MARGARET Get you some of this distilled *carduus benedictus*
and lay it to your heart. It is the only thing for
a qualm.

HERO There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

BEATRICE *Benedictus!* Why *benedictus*? You have some
moral in this *benedictus*?

MARGARET Moral? No, by my troth, I have no moral
meaning; I meant plain holy thistle. You may think
perchance that I think you are in love. Nay, by 'r
Lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I
list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot
think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that

you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man. He swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging. And how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

BEATRICE What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

MARGARET Not a false gallop.

Scene 8

LEONATO Come, Friar Francis, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

FRIAR, *to Claudio* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

CLAUDIO No.

LEONATO To be married to her.—Friar, you come to marry her.

FRIAR Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

HERO I do.

FRIAR If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

CLAUDIO Know you any, Hero?

HERO None, my lord.

FRIAR Know you any, count?

LEONATO I dare make his answer, none.

CLAUDIO O, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing what they do!

BENEDICK How now, interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as ah, ha, he!

CLAUDIO

Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave,
Will you with free and unconstrainèd soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

LEONATO

As freely, son, as God did give her me.

CLAUDIO

And what have I to give you back whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

DON PEDRO

Nothing, unless you render her again.

CLAUDIO

Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her back again.
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the sign and semblance of her honor.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none.

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed.

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEONATO

What do you mean, my lord?

CLAUDIO Not to be married,

Not to knit my soul to an approvèd wanton.

LEONATO

Dear my lord, if you in your own proof
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity—

CLAUDIO

I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehand sin.

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large,
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

HERO

And seemed I ever otherwise to you?

CLAUDIO

Out on thee, seeming! I will write against it.
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pampered animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

HERO

Is my lord well that he doth speak so wide?

LEONATO

Sweet prince, why speak not you?

DON PEDRO What should I speak?

I stand dishonored that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

LEONATO

Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

DON JOHN

Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

CLAUDIO

Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

LEONATO

I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

HERO

O, God defend me, how am I beset!—

What kind of catechizing call you this?

CLAUDIO

To make you answer truly to your name.

HERO

Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

CLAUDIO Marry, that can Hero!

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talked with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

HERO

I talked with no man at that hour, my lord.

DON PEDRO

Why, then, are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honor,
Myself, my brother, and this grievèd count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confessed the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

CLAUDIO

Farewell, thou pure impiety and impious purity.
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

LEONATO

Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Hero falls.

BEATRICE

Why, how now, cousin, wherefore sink you down?

DON JOHN

Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

Scene 9

Hero lies on the floor, unconscious, cradled by Beatrice.

BENEDICK

How doth the lady?

BEATRICE Dead, I think.—Help, uncle!—

Hero, why Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

Hero stirs.

BEATRICE How now, cousin Hero?

FRIAR, *to Hero* Have comfort, lady.

LEONATO, *to Hero*

Dost thou look up?

FRIAR Yea, wherefore should she not?

LEONATO

Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero, do not ope thine eyes,
For, did I think thou wouldest not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who, smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said "No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins"?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her—why she, O she, is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

BENEDICK Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attired in wonder

I know not what to say.

BEATRICE

O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

BENEDICK

Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

BEATRICE

No, truly not, although until last night

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

LEONATO

Confirmed, confirmed! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barred up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so that, speaking of her foulness,
Washed it with tears? Hence from her. Let her die!

FRIAR Hear me a little,

For I have only silent been so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes,
And in her eye there hath appeared a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

LEONATO Friar, it cannot be.

Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury. She not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

FRIAR

Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

HERO

They know that do accuse me. I know none.
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintained the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

FRIAR

There is some strange misprision in the princes.

BENEDICK

Two of them have the very bent of honor,
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in Don John,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

LEONATO

I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her. If they wrong her honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

FRIAR Pause awhile,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead.
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed.
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

LEONATO

What shall become of this? What will this do?

FRIAR

Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse.

BENEDICK

Signior Leonato, let the Friar advise you.
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

LEONATO Being that I flow in grief,

The smallest twine may lead me.

FRIAR

'Tis well consented. Presently away,
For to strange sores strangely they strain the
cure.—

Come, lady, die to live. This wedding day
Perhaps is but prolonged. Have patience and
endure.

Monologue 1

BENEDICK I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love—and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe; I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier, and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster, but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! The Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor.

Monologue 2

CLAUDIO, *unmasking*

Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so. The Prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love.
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues.
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent, for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore, Hero.

Monologue 3

BEATRICE I could not endure a husband
with a beard on his face. I had rather lie in
the woolen! And what is he who hath no
beard. What should I do with him? Dress him in my
apparel and make him my waiting gentlewoman?
He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he
that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is
more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less
than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even
take sixpence in earnest of the bearherd, and lead
his apes into hell. Well then, go I into hell?
No, but to the gate, and there will the devil
meet me like an old cuckold with horns on his
head, and say "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you
to heaven; here's no place for you maids." So deliver
I up my apes and away to Saint Peter; for the
heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and
there live we as merry as the day is long.
Adam's sons are my brethren,
and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Monologue 4

HERO Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
I am to grant you my love.
A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
If for my love
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world.
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither entitled in the other's heart.

Creative Task 1

Paparazzi

This task focuses on **physical comedy and improv**. Tasks can be presented alone or with up to three people. The following **prompts are meant to give you some initial ideas**, but please **feel free to present something completely different** as well. As these prompts are very open ended we encourage you to think of a twist or specific moment to land on at the end.

- You are 2-3 paparazzi waiting in front of a popular location (e.g. a restaurant or the airport) for someone famous to come outside. While you wait you discuss each others recent sightings.
- You are trying to sneak into a private garden to catch starlett xy relaxing by the pool, but first you must get past the hedges and the very hungry looking guard dog.
- You are two Paparazzi comparing your camera rolls of the day, trying to one-up each other.

Creative Task 2

Radio Hosts

Write and perform a short radio segment (1-3 minutes) **using the following prompts as a guide (or not ;))**. This task can also be written and performed with a partner (2-5 minutes long).

- Invent a scandal! The crazier the better!
- Report on this headline: “What happens when stars collide? Benedick and Beatrize finally cast as lovers in new Motion Picture”
- You have received word that some of Hollywood's biggest names are vacationing together in a private Italian villa. Report this news and speculate about what might be happening behind closed doors.
- Paparazzi have caught star a and star b together at location c, what could they be doing together at that place? And how could this be quite scandalous?
- Report on Don Pedro's dubious half brother Don John and weather or not he might have connections to the communists.