

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urf.* You could never do him so ill, well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urf.* Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you so?

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of *The hundred merry tales*; well, this was signior *Benedick* that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure, you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the prince's jester; a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible flanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would, he had boarded me.

*Bene.* When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

*Beat.* Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me, which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing sav'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders.

*Bene.* In every good thing.

*Beat.* Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE