

*Leon.* O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

*Pedro.* She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

*Leon.* O lord, my lord, if they were but a week marry'd they would talk themselves mad.

*Pedro.* Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

*Claud.* To-morrow, my lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

*Leon.* Not 'till monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

*Pedro.* 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's* labours, which is, to bring signior *Benedick* and the lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other: I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

*Pedro.* And you too, gentle *Hero*?

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

*Pedro.* And *Benedick* is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will so practise 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; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.