

SCENE VII.

Another apartment in Leonato's house.

Enter Don John, and Borachio.

John. IT is so, the count *Claudio* shall marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be medicinal to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper: go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd *Claudio* (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough, to misuse the prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour, to draw on *Pedro*, and the count *Claudio*, alone; tell them that you know *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and *Claudio*, as, in a love of your brother's honour who hath made this match, and his