

*Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE*

**BORACHIO**  
What Conrade!

**BORACHIO**  
Conrade, I say!

**CONRADE**  
Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

**BORACHIO**  
Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

**CONRADE**  
I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

**BORACHIO**  
Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

**BORACHIO**  
Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

**CONRADE**  
Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

**BORACHIO**  
Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

**CONRADE**  
I wonder at it.

**BORACHIO**  
That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

**CONRADE**  
Yes, it is apparel.

**BORACHIO**  
I mean, the fashion.

**CONRADE**  
Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

**BORACHIO**

Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

**BORACHIO**

Didst thou not hear somebody?

**CONRADE**

No; 'twas the vane on the house.

**BORACHIO**

Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reeky painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

**CONRADE**

All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

**BORACHIO**

Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,--I tell this tale vilely:--I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

**CONRADE**

And thought they Margaret was Hero?

**BORACHIO**

Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night and send her home again without a husband.