**Cutting from *Much Ado About Nothing* Act IV, scene I**

BENEDICK

Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

BEATRICE

Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BENEDICK

Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

BEATRICE

Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

BENEDICK

Is there any way to show such friendship?

BEATRICE

A very even way, but no such friend.

BENEDICK

May a man do it?

BEATRICE

 It is a man's office, but not yours.

BENEDICK

I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

  BEATRICE

You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

BENEDICK

And do it with all thy heart.

BEATRICE

I love you with so much of my heart that none is  left to protest.

BENEDICK

Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

BEATRICE

Kill Claudio.

BENEDICK

Ha! not for the wide world.

BEATRICE

You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

BENEDICK

Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

BEATRICE

 I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in      you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

BENEDICK

 Beatrice,--

BEATRICE

 Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

BENEDICK

Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

BEATRICE

Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

BENEDICK

Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

BEATRICE

Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

BENEDICK

Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell.

**From *Romeo & Juliet*, Act II, scene ii**

**ROMEO**

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*JULIET appears above at a window*

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

It is my lady, O, it is my love!

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

**JULIET**

Ay me!

**ROMEO**

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel!

**JULIET**

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.