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KEY STAGE

3

LEVELS

4–7

English test

# Shakespeare paper:

## *Much Ado About Nothing*

Please read this page, but do not open the booklet until your teacher tells you to start.

Write your name, the name of your school and the title of the play you have studied on the cover of your answer booklet.

This booklet contains one task which assesses your reading and understanding of *Much Ado About Nothing* and has 18 marks.

You have **45 minutes** to complete this task.

2007

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## **Much Ado About Nothing**

Act 1 Scene 1, lines 25 to 78  
Act 2 Scene 1, lines 243 to 300

In the first extract, Beatrice talks about Benedick; in the second, she talks to Don Pedro, Leonato and Claudio.

**What does Beatrice's use of language show about her attitudes towards the different men in these extracts?**

*Support your ideas by referring to both of the extracts which are printed on the following pages.*

***18 marks***

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## Much Ado About Nothing

### Act 1 Scene 1, lines 25 to 78

**In this extract, Beatrice makes mocking comments about Benedick, after she has heard the news that Don Pedro and his companions are on their way.**

BEATRICE	I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars, or no?	25
MESSENGER	I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.	
LEONATO	What is he that you ask for, niece?	
HERO	My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.	30
MESSENGER	O, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.	
BEATRICE	He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? For indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.	35
LEONATO	Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.	
MESSENGER	He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.	40
BEATRICE	You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it. He is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.	
MESSENGER	And a good soldier too, lady.	
BEATRICE	And a good soldier to a lady. But what is he to a lord?	45
MESSENGER	A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stuffed with all honourable virtues.	
BEATRICE	It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man. But for the stuffing – well, we are all mortal.	

**Turn over**

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LEONATO	You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her. They never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.	50
BEATRICE	Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.	55 60
MESSENGER	Is't possible?	
BEATRICE	Very easily possible. He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat: it ever changes with the next block.	
MESSENGER	I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.	
BEATRICE	No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?	65
MESSENGER	He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.	
BEATRICE	O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease. He is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere 'a be cured.	70
MESSENGER	I will hold friends with you, lady.	
BEATRICE	Do, good friend.	75
LEONATO	<i>You</i> will never run mad, niece.	
BEATRICE	No, not till a hot January.	
MESSENGER	Don Pedro is approached.	

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**Act 2 Scene 1, lines 243 to 300**

**In this extract, Beatrice talks light-heartedly with Don Pedro, Leonato and Claudio.**

DON PEDRO	Come, lady, come. You have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.	
BEATRICE	Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one. Marry, once before he won it of me with false dice: therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.	245
DON PEDRO	You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.	
BEATRICE	So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.	250
DON PEDRO	Why, how now, Count! Wherefore are you sad?	
CLAUDIO	Not sad, my lord.	
DON PEDRO	How then? Sick?	255
CLAUDIO	Neither, my lord.	
BEATRICE	The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.	
DON PEDRO	I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won. I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained. Name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!	260
LEONATO	Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes. His Grace hath made the match and all grace say Amen to it!	265
BEATRICE	Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.	
CLAUDIO	Silence is the perfectest herald of joy. I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.	270

**Turn over**

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BEATRICE	Speak, cousin – or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.	
DON PEDRO	In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.	275
BEATRICE	Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.	
CLAUDIO	And so she doth, cousin.	
BEATRICE	Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes everyone to the world but I, and I am sunburnt. I may sit in a corner and cry ‘Heigh-ho for a husband!’	280
DON PEDRO	Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.	
BEATRICE	I would rather have one of your father’s getting. Hath your Grace ne’er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.	285
DON PEDRO	Will you have <i>me</i> , lady?	
BEATRICE	No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days. Your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But I beseech your Grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.	290
DON PEDRO	Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.	
BEATRICE	No, sure, my lord, my mother cried. But then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!	295
LEONATO	Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?	
BEATRICE	I cry you mercy, uncle. ( <i>To DON PEDRO</i> ) By your Grace’s pardon.	300

*Exit BEATRICE.*

## END OF TEST



