

CONRADE – Don John (from Much Ado About Nothing: Act 1, Scene 3)

CONRADE

What the goodyear, my lord! Why are you thus out of measure sad?

DON JOHN

There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

CONRADE

You should hear reason.

DON JOHN

And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

CONRADE

If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

DON JOHN

I wonder that thou -- being as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn -- goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am. I must be sad when I have cause and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

CONRADE

Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself. It is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

DON JOHN

I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog. Therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty I would do my liking. In the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me.

CONRADE

Can you make no use of your discontent?

DON JOHN

I make all use of it, for I use it only.