

The Clown gathers himself, collects his money and pulls out a piece of paper from his back pocket.

CLOWN

Let me see. Every 'leven wether trods, every tod yields pound and odd shilling. Fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

AUTOLYCUS

(with a smirk)

A sucker.

CLOWN

I can't do't without counters. Let me see, what am I to buy for the sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice--what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies, mace, dates--

Autolycus melodramatically throws himself on the ground in front of the Clown.

AUTOLYCUS

(groveling on the ground)

O, that ever I was born!

CLOWN

(startled)

I'th' name of me!

Autolycus writhes in agony on the ground. It's a bit much.

AUTOLYCUS

O help me, help me! Pluck but off these rags, and then death, death!

CLOWN

Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee rather than have these off.

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AUTOLYCUS

O sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

CLOWN

What, by a horseman, or a footman?

AUTOLYCUS

A footman, sweet sir, a footman.