

CLOWN

(to Autolycus)

If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

MOPSA

I was promised them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

DORCAS

He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Ooooooh from the crowd. Fighting words. The rivalry is deep between these two.

MOPSA

He hath paid you all he promised you, Dorcas. Maybe he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

DORCAS

Jove, take the wheel--

Dorcas lunges at Mopsa--it's a potential Jerry Springer type moment. The two women claw at each other. The crowd rushes to break them up.

CLOWN

Is there no manners left among maids? Is there not milking time, when you are going to bed, or kiln hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Dorcas harrumphs.

DORCAS

I have done.

(to Clown)

Come, you promised me a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

CLOWN

Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all money?

AUTOLYCUS

And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.