

PANDER Bolt!

BOLT Sir?

PANDER Search the market narrowly. Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

BAWD We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

PANDER Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

BAWD Thou sayst true. 'Tis not our bringing up of poor bastards—as I think I have brought up some eleven—

BOLT Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

BAWD What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

PANDER Thou sayst true. There's two unwholesome, a' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage.

BOLT Ay, she quickly pooped him. She made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market.

*He exits.*

PANDER Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

BAWD Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

PANDER O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger. Therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

BAWD Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

PANDER As well as we? Ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Bolt.