

SIDE 2: PROTEUS AND SPEED

SPEED

Sir Proteus, 'save you. Saw you my master?

PROTEUS

But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

SPEED

Twenty to one, then, he is off already,
And I have played the sheep in losing him.

PROTEUS

Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

SPEED

You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

PROTEUS

I do.

SPEED

Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

PROTEUS

A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

SPEED

This proves me still a sheep.

PROTEUS

True, and thy master a shepherd.

SPEED

Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

PROTEUS

It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

SPEED

The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my
master seeks not me. Therefore I am no sheep.

PROTEUS

The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the
shepherd for food follows not the sheep. Thou for
wages followest thy master; thy master for wages
follows not thee. Therefore thou art a sheep.

SPEED

Such another proof will make me cry "baa."

PROTEUS

But dost thou hear? Gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

SPEED

Ay, sir. I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labor.

PROTEUS

Here's too small a pasture for such store of Muttons. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED

And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

PROTEUS

Come, come, open the matter in brief. What said she?

SPEED

Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

PROTEUS (*giving money*)

Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

SPEED (*looking at the money*)

Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

PROTEUS

Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

SPEED

Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her, no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

PROTEUS

What said she? Nothing?

SPEED

No, not so much as "Take this for thy pains." Henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.
(*Speed exits*)

PROTEUS

Go, go, begone.
I must go send some better messenger.
I fear my Julia would not read my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.