

HYSTERIUM

Pseudolus! I might have known!

(PSEUDOLUS runs on D.R.)

PSEUDOLUS

(Spots HYSTERIUM, then to HERO)

Hero! Master!

HYSTERIUM

Pseudolus!

(PSEUDOLUS reacts, polishes pillar of house S.R.)

Pseudolus!

PSEUDOLUS

Yes, Hysterium?

HYSTERIUM

Pseudolus!

PSEUDOLUS

Pronounced perfectly! You know, a lot of people say Pseu-do-lus, and I hate it.

(Aside to HERO.)

Show the girl our garden.

(HERO and PHILIA exit behind center house.)

HYSTERIUM

How dare you! Arranging an assignation between an innocent boy and a you-know-what!

PSEUDOLUS

(Stopping him)

Hysterium, there is something you should know about that you-know-what.

HYSTERIUM

What?

PSEUDOLUS

That girl, about whom you think the worst, is my daughter.

HYSTERIUM

Your what?

PSEUDOLUS

My daughter. You've heard me speak of her.

log

HYSTERIUM

Never!

PSEUDOLUS

Well, I don't like to talk about her.

(Polishes center house pillar.)

HYSTERIUM

That girl is not your daughter.

PSEUDOLUS

My sister?

HYSTERIUM

I shall go tell his parents.

PSEUDOLUS

Wait! Hysterium, the truth. She has been sold to a captain who comes any moment now to claim her.

HYSTERIUM

Oh?

(Then.)

I go tell his parents!

PSEUDOLUS

I go with you!

HYSTERIUM

You don't want to be there when I tell them about you!

PSEUDOLUS

No, I want you to be there when I tell them about you!

HYSTERIUM

Tell them what about me?

(PSEUDOLUS shrugs.)

I have nothing to fear. I am a pillar of virtue. I go.

(HE starts to leave, PSEUDOLUS stops him.)

PSEUDOLUS

I think it might be of interest to the family that their slave-in-chief, their pillar of virtue, has secreted within the confines of his cubicle Rome's most extensive and diversified collection of erotic pottery.

(HYSTERIUM freezes in horror.)

End
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