*(Procession of bordello through streets. Gentleman pickpockets or does something unseemly. As Friar walks by trying to save people, Lucio and Gentleman pass him, mid-conversation.)*

LUCIO

Grace is grace, despite of all

 controversy; as, for example, thou thyself art a

 wicked villain, despite of all grace.  
  
GENTLEMAN

Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

LUCIO

I grant, as there may between the lists and the

velvet. Thou art the list.

GENTLEMAN

And thou the velvet. Thou art good

 velvet; thou ’rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee.

I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled,

 as thou art piled, for a French velvet.

Do I speak feelingly now?

LUCIO

I think thou dost, and indeed with most painful

 feeling of thy speech. I will, out of thine own

 confession, learn to begin thy health, but, whilst I

 live, forget to drink after thee.

GENTLEMAN

I think I have done myself wrong,

 have I not?

LUCIO

 Yes, that thou hast, whether thou

 art tainted or free.  
  
*(Enter Mistress Overdone, a Bawd/ Madame.)*

 Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation

comes! I have purchased as many diseases under

 her roof as come to—

GENTLEMAN

 To what, I pray?

LUCIO

Judge.

GENTLEMAN

To three thousand dolors a year.

LUCIO

Ay, and more.

GENTLEMAN

A French crown more.

LUCIO

Thou art always figuring diseases in

 me, but thou art full of error. I am sound.

GENTLEMAN

Nay, not, as one would say, healthy, but so sound

as things that are hollow. Thy bones are hollow.

 Impiety has made a feast of thee.

LUCIO*,*(*to Overdone*)

How now, which of your

 hips has the most profound sciatica?

MISTRESS OVERDONE

Well, well. There’s one yonder arrested and

 carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Gentleman

Who’s that, I pray thee?

MISTRESS OVERDONE

 Marry, sir, that’s Claudio, Signior Claudio.

LUCIO

Claudio to prison? ’Tis not so.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

Nay, but I know ’tis so. I saw him arrested, saw

him carried away; and, which is more, within these

 three days his head to be chopped off.

LUCIO

But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so!

 Art thou sure of this?

MISTRESS OVERDONE

 I am too sure of it. And it is for getting Madam

Julietta with child.

LUCIO

Believe me, this may be. He promised to meet

 me two hours since, and he was ever precise in

 promise-keeping. Let’s go learn the truth of it.

(*Lucio and Gentleman exit.)*

MISTRESS OVERDONE

Thus, what with the sweat,

what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am

 custom-shrunk.