*(Commotion. Pompey enters as another man is arrested. Officer unravels a scroll, and the whores flee, exiting.*)

POMPEY

Yonder man is carried to prison.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

Well, what has he done?

POMPEY

A woman.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

But what’s his offense?

POMPEY

Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

What? Is there a maid with child by him?

POMPEY

No, but there’s a woman with maid by him.

You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

MISTRESS OVERDONE

What proclamation, man?

POMPEY

All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be

 plucked down.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

And what shall become of those in the city?

POMPEY

They shall stand for seed.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs

 be pulled down?

POMPEY

 To the ground, mistress.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

Why, here’s a change indeed in the commonwealth!

 What shall become of me?

POMPEY

Come, fear not you.

Good counselors lack no

 clients. Though you change your place, you need

 not change your trade. I’ll be your tapster still.