

Hero, Philia

HERO. Yes?

PSEUDOLUS. A brilliant idea!

HERO. Yes?

PSEUDOLUS. That's what we have to find. A brilliant idea.

(LYCUS speaks into his house, as HE backs out of it.)

LYCUS. Come, come, my dear. This way. Don't touch that pillar. Here is someone I want you to meet. (PHILIA enters, carrying a bag.) Philia, this is Pseudolus. You are to stay with him until the captain comes. It will not be long. (Aside to PSEUDOLUS.) Pseudolus! Thank you, Pseudolus. If none in the house were to your liking, there will soon be new arrivals. You shall have first choice, because, Pseudolus, you are a friend. (Bows.)

PSEUDOLUS. (Returning the bow.) And you, Lycus, are a gentleman and a procurer. (LYCUS exits. HERO and PHILIA stand staring at each other. PSEUDOLUS looks at them, then turns to audience.) There they are. Together. And I must keep them that way, together, if I am to be free. What to do? What to do? (To himself.) I need help. I'll go to the harbor. I am off! The captain! (HERO and PHILIA turn to him, alarmed.) Watch for him. He may arrive this way . . . (PHILIA turns from HERO, looks off.) . . . or he may arrive this way. (HERO turns, looks off.) No, no. You watch this way. (Turns PHILIA around.) And you watch that way. (Turns HERO around. HERO and PHILIA now face each other.) Much better. (Starts to exit, stops, addresses audience.) Don't worry. Nothing will happen. He's a virgin, too. (Runs off.)

PHILIA. My name is Philia.

HERO. Yes.

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PHILIA. I do not know your name, but you have beautiful legs.

HERO. My name is Hero and . . . uh . . . you have beautiful legs . . . I imagine.

PHILIA. I would show them to you, but they are sold.

HERO. I know.

PHILIA. Along with the rest of me. I cost 500 minae. Is that a lot of money?

HERO. Oh, yes.

PHILIA. More than 300?

HERO. Nearly twice as much.

PHILIA. Those are the two numbers that mix me up, three and five. I hope that captain doesn't expect me to do a lot of adding.

HERO. You can't add?

PHILIA. We are taught beauty and grace, and no more. I cannot add, or spell, or anything. I have but one talent. (Sings.)

I'm lovely,
All I am is lovely,
Lovely is the one thing I can do.
Winsome,
What I am is winsome,
Radiant as in some
Dream come true.
Oh,
Isn't it a shame?
I can neither sew
Nor cook nor read nor write my name.
But I'm happy

END

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