

**Carlo Goldoni**

# **The Servant of Two Masters**

**English Version by David Allen George, Luke  
David Young**

## *CHARACTERS*

PANTALONE DEI BISOGNOSI .....	Zack Reardon
CLARICE .....	Krystal Hernandez
DR. LOMBARDI.....	Ryan Bottcher
SILVIO .....	Jay Connolly
BEATRICE RASPONI.....	Kelly McGowan
FLORINDO ARETUSI .....	Alec Pitzele
BRIGHELLA. ....	Joseph Mazzella
SMERALDINA ,.....	Valerie Cozzen
TRUFFALDINO .....	Alex Portenko
FIRST PORTER.....	Andrew Hanle
SECOND PORTER.....	Ryan Hull
THIRD PORTER.....	David Picarello
FOURTH PORTER.....	Olivia Dumaine

*The scene is laid in Venice. The action takes place within a single day.*

## **ACT I**

**SCENE I – A Room in the House of PANTALONE.**

**SILVIO:** [*offering his hand to CLARICE*] Here is my hand, and with it I give you my whole heart.

**PANTALONE:** [*to CLARICE*] Come, come, not so shy, give him your hand too. Then you will be betrothed, and very soon you will be married.

**CLARICE:** Dear Silvio, here is my hand. I promise to be your wife.

**SILVIO:** And I promise to be your husband.

[*They take hands.*]

**DR. LOMBARDI:** Well done. Now that is settled, and there's no going back on it.

SMERALDINA: [*aside*] There's luck for you! And me just bursting to get married!

PANTALONE: [*to BRIGHELLA and SMERALDINA*] You two shall be witnesses of this betrothal of my daughter Clarice to Signor Silvio, the worthy son of our good Dr. Lombardi!

BRIGHELLA: [*to PANTALONE*] We will, sir, and I thank you for the honor.

PANTALONE: We will have dinner together; we will enjoy ourselves and no one shall disturb us.  
[*To CLARICE and SILVIO.*]  
What say you, children, does that suit you?

SILVIO: I desire nothing better than to be near my beloved bride.

SMERALDINA: [*aside*] Yes, that's the best of all foods.

DR. LOMBARDI: My son is no lover of vanities. He is an honest lad; he loves your daughter and thinks of nothing else.

PANTALONE: Truly we may say that this marriage was made in Heaven, for had it not been for the death of Federigo Rasponi, my correspondent at Turin, you know, I had promised my daughter to him.  
[*To SILVIO.*]  
I could not then have given her to my dear son-in-law.

SILVIO: I can call myself fortunate indeed, sir; I know not if Signora Clarice will say the same.

CLARICE: You wrong me, dear Silvio. You should know if I love you. I should have married Signor Rasponi in obedience to my father; but my heart has always been yours.

DR. LOMBARDI: Love birds always get to me.  
[*To PANTALONE.*]  
Pray, sir, how did Federigo Rasponi come to die?

PANTALONE: Poor wretch, I hardly know. He was killed one night on account of some affair about his sister. Someone ran a sword through him and that was the end of him.

BRIGHELLA: Did that happen at Turin, sir?

PANTALONE: At Turin.

BRIGHELLA: Alas, poor gentleman! I am indeed sorry to hear it.

PANTALONE: [*to BRIGHELLA*] Did you know Signor Federigo Rasponi?

BRIGHELLA: Indeed, sir. I was three years at Turin. I knew his sister too – a fine high-spirited young woman – dressed like a man and rode a-horseback; and he loved her more than anyone in the world. Lord! Who'd ha' thought it??

PANTALONE: Well, misfortune waits for all of us. But come, let us talk no more of sad things. Do you know what I have in mind, good master Brighella? I know you love to show your skill in the kitchen. Now, I would have you make us a few dishes of your best.

BRIGHELLA: 'Tis a pleasure to serve you, sir. You shall taste something fine, sir!

PANTALONE: Let's have something with plenty of gravy that we can sop the bread in.

[*Bell rings.*]

Oh! Someone is at the gate. Smeraldina, see who it is.

SMERALDINA: Yes, sir.

CLARICE: Sir, may I beg your leave?

PANTALONE: Wait; we are all coming. Let us hear who is there.

SMERALDINA: [Sir, there is a gentleman's servant at the gate who desires to give you a message. He would tell me nothing. He says he would speak to the master.

PANTALONE: Tell him to come.

SMERALDINA: I'll fetch him, sir. [*Exit*]

CLARICE: May I not go, sir?

PANTALONE: No, madam, no; you stay here.

[*Aside to LOMBARDI.*]

These lovebirds can't be left alone just yet for a while.

DR. LOMBARDI: [*aside to PANTALONE*] Prudence above all things!

[*SMERALDINA brings in TRUFFALDINO.*]

SMERALDINA: Here he is! Truffaldino!

PANTALONE: Truffaldino?

WEDDING PARTY: Truffaldino?

OLIVIA: Truffaldino.

RYAN: Truffaldino.

DAVID: Truffaldino.

ANDREW: Truffaldino.

ALL: Truffaldino?

TRUFFALDINO: My most humble duty to the ladies and gentleman of the house. And a very fine company too, to be sure! Very fine indeed!

PANTALONE: Who are you, my good friend? And what is your business?

TRUFFALDINO: Who is this fair gentlewoman?

PANTALONE: That is my daughter.

TRUFFALDINO: Delighted to hear it.

SMERALDINA: What's more, she is going to be married.

TRUFFALDINO: I'm sorry to hear it. And who are you?

SMERALDINA: I am her maid, sir.

TRUFFALDINO: I congratulate her.

PANTALONE: Come, sir. What do you want with me? Who are you? Who sends you?

TRUFFALDINO: Patience, patience, my good sir, take it easy. Three questions at once is too much for a poor man.

PANTALONE: I think the man's a fool.

DR. LOMBARDI: I think he's playing the fool.

TRUFFALDINO: Is it you that are going to be married?

SMERALDINA: [*sighs*] No, sir.

PANTALONE: Will you tell me who you are, or will you go about your business?

TRUFFALDINO: If you only want to know who I am, I'll tell you in two words. I am the servant of my master. To go back to what I was saying...

PANTALONE: But who is your master?

TRUFFALDINO: [*to PANTALONE*] He is a gentleman who desires the honor of paying his respects to you. We must have a talk about this marriage.

PANTALONE: Who is this gentleman, I say? What is his name?

TRUFFALDINO: OH! Why didn't you just ask? Signor Federigo Rasponi of Turin, that's my master. He sends his compliments, and he has come to see you, and he's over there, and he sends me to say that he would like to come here, and he's waiting for your answer. Anything else, or will that do? Okay, I'm sensing it's all a bit fuzzy. One more time. Signor Federigo...

PANTALONE: Rasponi?

TRUFFALDINO: Rasponi.

PANTALONE: Of Turin?

TRUFFALDINO: Of Turin.

PANTALONE: You go to Hell!

TRUFFALDINO: You go to Hell, sir! I tell you he's here.

PANTALONE: If you say anymore, I'll smash your head!

DR. LOMBARDI: No, no, Signor Pantalone; I tell you what to do. Tell him to bring in this person whom he thinks to be Federigo Rasponi.

PANTALONE: Well, bring in this man that is risen from the dead.

TRUFFALDINO: He may have been dead and risen from the dead, that's no affair of mine. But he's alive now, and you will see him with your own eyes. I'll tell him to come. And it's time you learned some manners, especially to a gentleman of my position, to honorable citizens of Bergamo. Young woman.

CLARICE: Silvio, I am all of a tremble.

SILVIO: Have no fear; whatever happens, you shall be mine.

DR. LOMBARDI: Now we shall discover the truth.

PANTALONE: Some fool, come to tell me a string of lies!

BRIGHELLA: Sir, as I told you just now, I knew Signor Federigo; we shall see if it be he.

[*Enter BEATRICE, dressed as a man.*]

BEATRICE: Signor Pantalone, that courtesy which I have so much admired in your correspondence is but ill matched in the treatment which I have received from you in person. I send

my servant to pay you my respects, and you keep me standing in the street for half an hour.

PANTALONE: I ask your pardon. But, sir, who are you?

BEATRICE: Your obedient servant, sir, Federigo Rasponi of Turin.

*[All look bewildered.]*

PANTALONE: Good god!

BRIGHELLA: *[aside]* What does this mean? This is not Federigo, this is his sister Beatrice.

PANTALONE: We are so happy to see you, sir, alive and in health, after the bad news which we had received.

BEATRICE: I know; 'twas reported that I was killed in a duel. It was but a touch, restored to health than I sent out for Venice, according to our previous arrangement.

PANTALONE: You have the appearance of an honest man, sir, but I have sure and certain evidence that Signor Federigo is dead, and you will understand that if you cannot give us proof.

BEATRICE: I recognize that I must give you proof of my identity. Here are four letters from correspondents of yours whom you know personally; one of them is from the manager of our bank. You will recognize the signatures.

*[Gives four letters to PANTALONE, reads them to himself.]*

CLARICE: Ah, Silvio, we are lost.

SILVIO: I will lose my life before I lose you.

BEATRICE: *[noticing BRIGHELLA, aside]* Brighella! Why is he here? If he betrays me –

*[Aloud to BRIGHELLA.]*

Friend, I think I know you.

BRIGHELLA: Indeed yes, sir; do you not remember Brighella Cavicchio at Turin?

BEATRICE: Ah yes, now I recognize you.

*[Goes up to him.]*

What are you doing in Venice? *[aside to BRIGHELLA]* Do not betray me.

BRIGHELLA: *[aside to BEATRICE]* Trust me.

*[Aloud]*

I keep an inn, sir, at your service.

BEATRICE: The very thing for me; as I have the pleasure for your acquaintance, I shall come to lodge at your inn.

BRIGHELLA: Delightful!

PANTALONE: I have read the letters, Signor Federigo Rasponi. And if you present them, I am bound to believe that you are – the person named therein.

BEATRICE: If you are still in doubt, here is Master Brighella; he knows me, he can assure you as to who I am.

BRIGHELLA: Of course, sir, I am happy to assure you.

PANTALONE: Well, if that be so, and my good friend Brighella confirms the testimony of the letters, then, dear Signor Federigo, I am delighted to see you and I ask your pardon for having doubted your word.

CLARICE: Then, sir, this gentleman is indeed Signor Federigo Rasponi?

PANTALONE: But of course he is!

CLARICE: [*aside to SILVIO*] Oh, matrimony, what will happen to us?

SILVIO: [*aside to CLARICE*] Don't be frightened; you are mine and I will protect you.

PANTALONE: [*aside to DR. LOMBARDI*] What do you say to it, Doctor? He has come just in the nick of time.

DR. LOMBARDI: *Accidit in puncto, quod non contingit in anno.*

BEATRICE: [*pointing to CLARICE*] Who is that young lady?

PANTALONE: That is my daughter Clarice.

BEATRICE: The one who was promised in marriage to me?

PANTALONE: Precisely, sir; that is she. [*aside*] Well that was a short marriage.

BEATRICE: [*to CLARICE*] Madam, permit me to have the honor.

CLARICE: [*stiffly*] Your most humble servant, sir.

BEATRICE: [*to PANTALONE*] She receives me somewhat coldly.

PANTALONE: You must forgive her, she is shy.

BEATRICE: [*to PANTALONE, pointing at Silvio*] And this gentleman is a relative of yours?

PANTALONE: Yes, sir; he is a nephew of mine.

SILVIO: [*to BEATRICE*] No, sir, I am not his nephew at all; I am the promised husband of Signora Clarice.

DR. LOMBARDI: [*aside to SILVIO*] Well said, my boy! Don't lose your chance! Stand up for your rights!

BEATRICE: What? You the promised husband of Signora Clarice? Was she not promised to me?

PANTALONE: My dear Signor Federigo, I fully believed that the story of your accident was true, that you were dead, in fact, and so I had promised my daughter to Signor Silvio; but there is not the least harm done. You have arrived at last, just in time. Clarice is yours, if you will have her, and I am here to keep my word. Signor Silvio, I don't know what to say; you can see the position yourself. You remember what I said to you; and you will have no cause to bear me ill-will.

SILVIO: But Signor Federigo will never consent to take a bride who has given her hand to another.

BEATRICE: Oh, I am not that particular.

DR. LOMBARDI: [*sarcastically*] There's a fine husband! I like him.

BEATRICE: I hope Signora Clarice will not refuse me her hand.

SILVIO: Sir, you have arrived too late. Signora Clarice is to be *my* wife, and you need have no hope that I will yield her to you. If Signor Pantalone does me wrong, I will have my revenge

upon him; and whoever presumes to desire Clarice will have to fight for her against this sword.

DR. LOMBARDI: [*aside*] That's a fine boy. Go to it, my son!

BEATRICE: Thank you, but I don't mean to die just yet.

DR. LOMBARDI: Sir, you are too late. Signora Clarice is to marry my son. The law, the law, sir, is clear on the point. *Prior in tempore, potior in jure*. Come on!

SILIVO: What he said.

[*Exeunt DR. LOMBARDI and SILVIO.*]

BEATRICE: [*to CLARICE*] And you say nothing?

CLARICE: I say – I say – I'd sooner marry the hangman.

[*CLARICE Exit.*]

PANTALONE: What did you say?

[*Starts to run after her.*]

BEATRICE: Signor Pantalone; In course of time I hope I may deserve her favor. Meanwhile let us go into our accounts together, for, as you know, that is one of the two reasons that have brought me to Venice.

PANTALONE: Everything is in order for your inspection.

BEATRICE: I will call on you at some more convenient time.

PANTALONE: I am at your service.

BEATRICE: Well, if you could give me a little money. I did not bring any with me, for fear of being robbed on the way.

PANTALONE: I am delighted to serve you. I will send the money to your lodgings.

BEATRICE: I will send my servant; he is entirely honest. You can trust him with anything.

PANTALONE: Very well. I am yours to command.

BRIGHELLA: May I ask, Signora Beatrice – ?

BEATRICE: Don't betray me. My poor brother is dead. 'Twas thought Florindo Aretusi killed him in a duel. You remember, Florindo loved me, and my brother would not have it. They fought, Federigo fell, and Florindo fled from justice. I heard he was making for Venice, so I put on my brother's clothes and followed him. Thanks to the letters of credit, which are my brother's, and thanks still more to you, Signor Pantalone takes me for Federigo. We are to make up our accounts; I shall draw the money, and then I shall be able to help Florindo too, if he need of it. Dear Brighella, help me, please! You shall be generously rewarded.

BRIGHELLA: Well, well, you were always one for having your own way. Trust me, I'll do my best.

BEATRICE: Thank you. Now let us go to your inn.

BRIGHELLA: Where is your servant?

BEATRICE: I told him to wait for me in the street.

BRIGHELLA: Wherever did you get hold of that idiot?

BEATRICE: I picked him up on the journey. He seems a fool at times; but he isn't really a fool and I can rely on his loyalty.

BRIGHELLA: Yes, loyalty's a fine thing. Well, I am at your service. To think what love will make people do!

BEATRICE: Oh, this is nothing. Love makes people do far worse things than this.

[*Exeunt BEATRICE and BRIGHELLA.*]

SCENE II – *A Street with BRIGHELLA'S Inn.*

TRUFFALDINO: I'm sick of waiting. I can hold out no longer. With this new master of mine there's not enough to eat, and the less there is the more I want it. The clock struck noon, two hours ago, I've been hungry for far longer than that. If only I knew where we were going to lodge! With my other masters, the first thing they did as soon as they came to town was go to an inn. This new gentleman – lord no! He leaves his trunks at the landing stage, and goes off to pay visits, and forgets all about his poor servant. O look! Here's an inn. I should go in and see if I can something to tickle my teeth. But what if my master comes to look for me and I'm not here... (*shuffles around*) No! Truffaldino, you're a man. You have needs. I'll go in! But now that I come to think of it, there's another little difficulty. I don't have a penny.

DAVID: I can go no farther; the weight's enough to kill me.

FLORINDO: Here is the sign of an inn. Can't you carry it these few steps?

DAVID: Help! The trunk is falling!

FLORINDO: I told you you could not carry it; you're too weak; you have no strength at all.

TRUFFALDINO: [*Aside*] Here's a chance for a halfpence. Sir, can I do anything for you?

FLORINDO: My good man, be so good as to carry this trunk into the inn there.

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, sir, let me take it. See how I do it.

FLORINDO: Well done!

TRUFFALDINO: It weighs nothing.

FLORINDO: [*to PORTER*] There! You see how it's done.

DAVID: I can do no more. I am the son of a respectable person!

FLORINDO: What did your father do?

DAVID: He skinned lambs in the town.

FLORINDO: That will do.

DAVID: Please your honor –

FLORINDO: What do you want?

DAVID: The money for the portage!

FLORINDO: How much am I to give you for three yards?



DAVID: I didn't count them. I want my pay.

FLORINDO: There's twopense.

DAVID: I want my pay

FLORINDO: Here's twopense more.

DAVID: I want my pay.

FLORINDO: [*Slaps him*] Go and be hanged!

DAVID: Thank you, sir, that's enough.

[DAVID *Exit.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Sir, everything is ready for you.

FLORINDO: What lodging is there here?

TRUFFALDINO: It's a very good place! You will be served like a king.

FLORINDO: What's *your* trade?

TRUFFALDINO: I'm a servant.

FLORINDO: Are you a Venetian?

TRUFFALDINO: I'm from Bergamo, at your service.

FLORINDO: Have you a master now?

TRUFFALDINO: Right here, right now – uh, no?

FLORINDO: You are without a master?

TRUFFALDINO: You see me. I am without a master. [*Aside.*] My master is not here so I'm not technically lying. I mean what could go wrong?

FLORINDO: Will you come and be *my* servant?

TRUFFALDINO: Me serve you? Oh, I don't know. Oh my god. How will I ever decide? Okay.

FLORINDO: At any rate, for as long as I stay in Venice.

TRUFFALDINO: Very good, sir. How much will you give me?

FLORINDO: How much do you want?

TRUFFALDINO: Well my current master... I mean my former master, gave me a shilling a day.

FLORINDO: Good, I will give you as much.

TRUFFALDINO: You'll have to give me a little bit more than that.

FLORINDO: How much do you want?

TRUFFALDINO: A halfpence a day for food?

FLORINDO: I'll give you that.

TRUFFALDINO: Oh my god! I'm your man! Uh – Man, sir.  
Manservant, sir.

FLORINDO: I should like to know a little more about you.

TRUFFALDINO: Go to Bergamo; anyone there will tell you who I am.

FLORINDO: Have you nobody in Venice who knows you?

TRUFFALDINO: I only arrived this morning.

FLORINDO: Well, well, I take you for an honest man. I will give you a trial.

TRUFFALDINO: A trial? But sir, I'm innocent! I didn't know she was my sister!

FLORINDO: No, not a "trial". No, I mean I should like to *try* you.

TRUFFALDINO: This is so sudden... Right here in the street? Well I'm game if you are.

FLOINDO: Let me give this to you. Go to the Turin Post and ask if there are letters for Florindo Aretusi.

TRUFFALDINO: Fandango Juicy-Lucy

FLORINDO: Florindo Aretusi

TRUFFALDINO: Flamingo Loosey Goosey.

FLORINDO: Florindo Aretusi

TRUFFALDINO: Bless you! [*whack*] Florindo Aretusi

FLORINDO: If there are any letters bring them at once. I shall wait for you.

TRUFFALDINO: Wait can you order us some food?

FLORINDO: Yes, well said!

[FLORINDO *goes into the inn.*]

[BEATRICE *enters with BRIGHELLA.*]

BEATRICE: That's a nice way to behave! Is that the way you wait for me?

TRUFFALDINO: Here I am sir. Still waiting for you.

BEATRICE: And how do you come to be waiting for me here, and not in the street where I told you? Go at once to the landing stage; fetch my trunk and take it to the inn of Master Brighella.

BRIGHELLA: There's my inn, you cannot mistake it.

BEATRICE: Very well, then, make haste, and I will wait for you.

TRUFFALDINO: UH-OH, In *that* inn?

BEATRICE: Here, you will go at the same time to the Turin Post and ask if there are any letters for me. You may ask if there are letters for Federigo Rasponi and also as for Beatrice Rasponi. That's my sister. Some friends of hers might perhaps write to her; so be sure to see if there are letters either for her or for me.

TRUFFALDINO: [*aside*] What the Hell do I do now?

BRIGHELLA: [*to BEATRICE*] Why do you expect letters in your real name if you left home secretly?

BEATRICE: I told the steward to write to me; and I don't know which name he may use. I'll tell you more later.

[*To TRUFFALDINO.*]

Make haste, be off with you to the Post and the landing stage.

[*Exit BEATRICE and BRIGHELLA into the inn.*]

TRUFFALDINO: There's luck! There are many that look in vein for one master, and I have found two. What am I going to do? I cannot possibly wait upon the both! No... Why? Wouldn't it be a fine thing to wait upon both of them, earn two men's wages and eat and drink for two? It would be a fine thing indeed, if neither of them found out. But you're just going to screw everything up anyway. Well now you're just being pessimistic. I'm not being pessimistic. I'm being realistic!

You're just being mean.  
 I'm not being mean! I'm being honest!  
 Shut up!  
 You shut up! You're not even paying attention!  
 Oh look at the pretty lights!  
 Focus!  
 RIGHT! I'll serve both masters that way, if one fires me then  
 I'll just stay with the other. Oh! I'll try it. If it lasts a day, I'll  
 try it. Whatever happens I shall have done a fine thing. Here  
 goes. Off to the post for both of them! Where did I put those  
 letters?

SILVIO: The servant of Federigo Rasponi. My good man.

TRUFFALDINO: God?

SILVIO: Where is your master?

TRUFFALDINO: Wouldn't you already know that?

SILVIO: Right here...

TRUFFALDINO: Oh – He's in that inn there.

SILVIO: Go at once and tell your master I wish to speak to him.

TRUFFALDINO: My dear sir –

SILVIO: [*angrily*] Go at once!

TRUFFALDINO: But I must tell you, my master –

SILVIO: Don't answer me; or –

TRUFFALDINO: But which do you want?

SILVIO: At once I say!

TRUFFALDINO: [*aside*] I'll send the first one I can find.

SILVIO: Go!

[*Exit TRUFFALDINO into the inn.*]

SILVIO: No, I will never suffer the presence of a rival. Federigo may  
 have got off once with his life, but he shall not always have  
 the same fortune. Either he shall renounce all claims to  
 Clarice, or he shall receive his just desert!

[*Enter TRUFFALDINO with FLORINDO.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Did he just say desert?! Here's Mr. Yellsalot

FLORINDO: I do not know him. What does he want with me?

TRUFFALDINO: I don't know. I'll be at the Post.

SILVIO: [*aside*] Federigo does not come?

FLORINDO: [*aside*] I must find out what the truth is.

[*To SILVIO.*]

Sir, are you the gentleman who asked for me?

SILVIO: I, sir? I have not the honor of your acquaintance.

FLORINDO: But that servant who has just gone told me that you have  
 made bold to challenge me.

SILVIO: He misunderstood. I said I wished to speak to his master.

FLORINDO: Very well, I am his master.

SILVIO: You his master?

FLORINDO: Certainly. He is in my service.

SILVIO: Then I ask your pardon. Either your servant looks exactly like another whom I saw this morning, or he wait on another person.

FLORINDO: You may set your mind at rest; he waits on me.

SILVIO: If that be so, I ask your pardon again.

FLORINDO: No harm done.

SILVIO: Are you a stranger here?

FLORINDO: From Turin.

SILVIO: The man I would have provoked is from Turin.

FLORINDO: Then perhaps I may know him.

SILVIO: Do you know one Federigo Rasponi?

FLORINDO: Ah! I knew him well.

SILVIO: He makes claim, on the strength of her father's word, to the lady who this morning swore to be my wife.

FLORINDO: My good friend, Federigo Rasponi is dead.

SILVIO: Yes, we all believed that he was dead; but this morning to my disgust he arrived in Venice safe and sound.

FLORINDO: Sir, you shock me!

SILVIO: No wonder! I was petrified myself! I was really scared!

FLORINDO: I assure you Federigo Rasponi is dead.

SILVIO: I assure you Federigo Rasponi is alive.

FLORINDO: Take care you are not deceived.

SILVIO: Signor Pantalone dei Bisognosi, the young lady's father, has made all possible inquiries to assure himself and is in possession of incontestable proofs that he is here in person.

FLORINDO: [*aside*] Then he was not killed in the duel.

SILVIO: Either he or I must renounce our love of Clarice or to life.

FLORINDO: [*aside*] Federigo here?

SILVIO: I am surprised that you have not seen him. He was to lodge at this very inn.

FLORINDO: I have not seen him. They told me that there was no one else at all staying there.

SILVIO: He must have changed his mind. Forgive me, sir, if I have troubled you. If you see him, tell him that for his own welfare he must abandon the idea of this marriage. Silvio Lombardi is my name; I am your most obedient servant, sir.

FLORINDO: I shall be greatly pleased to have the honor of your friendship. [*Aside.*] I can't believe this.

SILVIO: May I beg to know your name, sir?

FLORINDO: [*aside*] I must not reveal myself [*To* SILVIO.] Your servant, sir, Orazio Ardenti.

SILVIO: Signor Orazio, I am yours to command.  
[*Exit* SILVIO.]

FLORINDO: I was told he died on the spot. Yet I fled so hurriedly when accused of the crime that I had no chance of finding out the

truth. Then, since he is not dead, it will be better for me to go back to Turin and console my beloved Beatrice.

TRUFFALDINO: Come along. This way – Oh shit. There's my other master. Go back and wait for me at that corner! Hello, sir!

FLORINDO: Truffaldino, will you come to Turin with me?

TRUFFALDINO: When?

FLORINDO: Now; at once.

TRUFFALDINO: Now, sir? Oh, this is so sudden. The reception, my outfit, I have to get my hair did...

FLORINDO: Settle down. We will have dinner, and then we will go.

TRUFFALDINO: Very good, sir. I'll think it over at dinner.

FLORINDO: Have you been to the Post?

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, sir.

FLORINDO: Have you found my letters?

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, sir.

FLORINDO: Where are they?

TRUFFALDINO: I have them right here. Oh shit! I have mixed up one master's letters with the other's! How am I supposed to find out which are his? I cannot read.

FLORINDO: Come, give me my letters.

TRUFFALDINO: Directly, sir! O, double shit. Well, the jig is up... I must tell you sir. These letters are not all yours... I met another mast - I mean servant! Who knows me! We served together in Bergamo. I told him I was going to the post, and he asked me to see whether there was anything for his master. I think there was one letter, but I don't know which one of these it was.

FLORINDO: Let me see.

TRUFFALDINO: I only wanted to do my friend a favor.

FLORINDO: [*aside*] A letter addressed to Beatrice Rasponi? To Beatrice Rasponi at Venice?

TRUFFALDINO: Did you find the one that belongs to my mate?

FLORINDO: Who is this mate of yours who asked you to do this for him?

TRUFFALDINO: He is a servant...with a face, and hands, and hair.

FLORINDO: His name?

TRUFFALDINO: His name is...I'm not very good at this. Pee...Pasqual

FLORINDO: Pasquale? Whom does he wait upon?

TRUFFALDINO: I do not know, sir.

FLORINDO: But if he told you to fetch his master's letters, he must have told you his name.

TRUFFALDINO: Naturally. [*Aside.*] The shits getting thicker.

FLORINDO: Well, what name did he tell you?

TRUFFALDINO: I don't remember.

FLORINDO: What?

TRUFFALDINO: He wrote it down on a bit of paper.

FLORINDO: And where is that paper?

TRUFFALDINO: I ate it.

FLORINDO: You what?!

TRUFFALDINO: I left it at the post.

FLORINDO: [*aside*] Confusion! What does this mean?

TRUFFALDINO: [*aside*] I don't know if you noticed, but I'm making this up as I go along.

FLORINDO: Where does this fellow Pasquale live?

TRUFFALDINO: I don't know.

FLORINDO: How will you be able to give him the letter?

TRUFFALDINO: He said he would meet me at the Piazza.

FLORINDO: I don't know what to make of it.

TRUFFALDINO: Neither do I. [*Aside.*] If I get through this, 'twill be a miracle! [*To FLORINDO.*] Give me the letter, sir and I shall find him somewhere.

FLORINDO: No; I mean to open this letter.

TRUFFALDINO: Oh, sir, do not do that, sir. You know how wrong it is to open letters.

FLORINDO: [*Opens letter.*] I care not; this letter interests me too much. It is addressed to a person on whom I have a certain claim. I can open it without scruple.

TRUFFALDINO: [*aside*] There. You saw it. He opened it. Not me.

FLORINDO: "Madam, your departure from this city has given rise to much talk, and all understand that you have gone to join Signor Florindo. The Court of Justice has discovered that you have fled in man's dress and intends to have you arrested."

TRUFFALDINO: That's lovely, reading other people's letters!

FLORINDO: [*aside*] What is all this? Beatrice has left home? In man's dress? To join me? Indeed she loves me. Heaven grant I may find her in Venice. Here, my good Truffaldino, go and do all you can to find Pasquale; find out from him who his master is, and if he be man or woman. Find out where he lodges, and if you can, bring him here to me, and both he and you shall be handsomely rewarded.

TRUFFALDINO: Give me the letter; I will find him.

FLORINDO: There it is. I count upon you. This matter is of infinite importance to me.

TRUFFALDINO: But what if he asks why it's open?

FLORINDO: Tell him it was a mistake, an accident.

TRUFFALDINO: And are you going to Turin now?

FLORINDO: No, not for the present. Go and find Pasquale.

[*Aside.*] Beatrice in Venice, Federigo in Venice! If her brother finds her, I will do all I can to discover her first.

[*Exit toward the town.*]

TRUFFALDINO: I hope he is not going away. I want to see how my two jobs will work out. Okay, audience, let's recap: The letter for my

first master was opened by the second master. I have to fix it somehow. First the fold – That’s looks pretty good. Now for the seal... If I only had some wax or something – Oh! I have sometimes seen my grandmother seal letters with chewed bread. I’d hate to waste bread, but still something must be done! Oh no! It’s gone down! I must chew another! No good! I’ll try again. (*fights himself to get it out*) I think that looks quite good! I’m well-known for doing things cleanly. Porter! Take the trunk on your shoulder.

ANDREW: Here I am; where am I to carry it?

TRUFFALDINO: Here she comes! Take it into that Inn.

BEATRICE: Is this my trunk?

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, sir.

BEATRICE: [*to PORTER*] Carry it into my room.

ANDREW: Which is your room?

BEATRICE: Ask the waiter.

ANDREW: There’s one and threepence to pay.

BEATRICE: Go on, I will pay you.

ANDREW: Please be quick about it.

BEATRICE: Don’t bother me.

ANDREW: I have half a mind to throw the trunk down in the middle of the street.

TRUFFALDINO: Porters can be so nasty.

BEATRICE: Have you been to the Post?

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, sir.

BEATRICE: Any letters for me?

TRUFFALDINO: There was one for your sister.

BEATRICE: Good; where is it?

TRUFFALDINO: Here it is.

BEATRICE: This letter had been opened.

TRUFFALDINO: Opened? No! Impossible!

BEATRICE: Yes, opened, and then sealed with bread.

TRUFFALDINO: I wonder how that happened...

BEATRICE: You cannot think. Who has opened this letter?

TRUFFALDINO: I confess. We are all liable to make mistakes. At the post there was a letter for me, I can’t read very well, and by mistake and mistake alone, I opened your letter accidentally. I beg your pardon.

BEATRICE: If that was all, there’s no great harm done.

TRUFFALDINO: Phew...

BEATRICE: Have you read this letter? Do you know what is in it?

TRUFFALDINO: Not a word. I can’t read.

BEATRICE: Has anyone else seen it?

TRUFFALDINO: No...?

BEATRICE: Take care now...

TRUFFALDINO: No....?

BEATRICE: I hope he is not deceiving me.

TRUFFALDINO: Glad that's over!

BEATRICE: Listen; I have some business to do close by. You go into the inn, open the trunk – here are my keys – and unpack my things. When I come back, we will have dinner. [*Aside.*] I have seen nothing of Signor Pantalone, and I am anxious to have my money.

TRUFFALDINO: Well, that went well; it couldn't have gone better. I'm a good boy!

PANTALONE: Tell me, is your master in the house?

TRUFFALDINO: No.

PANTALONE: Do you know where he may be?

TRUFFALDINO: No.

PANTALONE: Is he coming home to dinner?

TRUFFALDINO: I should hope so! I'm as hungry as a bear.

PANTALONE: Give your master this purse with these hundred guineas. I cannot stay, I have business. Good day.

[*Exit PANTALONE.*]

TRUFFALDINO: And a good day to you, sir! Wait, sir! Which one do you want me to give it to?

[*Enter FLORINDO.*]

FLORINDO: Well, did you find Pasquale?

TRUFFALDINO: No sir, but I did find a gentleman who gave me a purse with a hundred guineas in it.

FLORINDO: A hundred guineas? What for?

TRUFFALDINO: Tell me truly, sir, were you expecting money from anyone?

FLORINDO: Yes, I had presented a letter of credit to a merchant.

TRUFFALDINO: Pinky promise...?

FLORINDO: What did he say when he gave it to you?

TRUFFALDINO: He said to give it to my master.

FLORINDO: Then of course it is mine. Am I not your master? What doubt could you have?

TRUFFALDINO: Well it could belong to my other master...

FLORINDO: And you do not know who gave you this money?

TRUFFALDINO: No clue.

FLORINDO: It will have been the merchant to whom I had a letter.

TRUFFALDINO: Sounds good to me.

FLORINDO: You won't forget Pasquale.

TRUFFALDINO: I'll find him after dinner.

FLORINDO: Then let us go and order out meal. [*Goes into the inn.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Yes sir! I made no mistake this time. I've given the purse to the right one.



SCENE III – *A Room in the House of PANTALONE*

CLARICE: No, No, No, No, No! Indeed I cannot marry him.  
PANTALONE: No? And why not?  
CLARICE: Nothing shall induce me to marry Federigo.  
PANTALONE: You dislike him so much?  
CLARICE: He is odious in my eyes.  
PANTALONE: And supposing I were to show you how you might begin to like him?  
CLARICE: What do you mean?  
PANTALONE: Put Signor Silvio out of your mind, and you will soon like Federigo well enough.  
CLARICE: No. Silvio is too firmly stamped upon my heart.  
*[Enter SMERALDINA.]*  
SMERALDINA: Sir, Signor Federigo is here and desires to speak with you.  
PANTALONE: Tell him to come in; I am at his service.  
CLARICE: *[weeping]* What torture!  
SMERALDINA: What is it, madam? You are weeping? Truly you do wrong. Have you not noticed how handsome Signor Federigo is? If I had such luck, I would not cry; no, I would laugh with the whole of my mouth.  
*[Exit SMERALDINA.]*  
PANTALONE: There, there, my child; you must not be seen crying.  
CLARICE: I feel my heart bursting!  
*[Enter BEATRICE in man's dress]*  
BEATRICE: My respects to Signor Pantalone.  
PANTALONE: Your servant, sir. Did you receive a purse with a hundred guineas in it?  
BEATRICE: No.  
PANTALONE: But I gave it to your servant just now. You told me he was a trustworthy man.  
BEATRICE: Yes, indeed. I did not see him. He will give me the money when I come home again.  
*[Aside to PANTALONE.]*  
What ails Signor Clarice that she is weeping?  
PANTALONE: *[aside to BEATRICE]* Dear Signor Federigo, you must have pity on her. The news of your death was the cause of this trouble. I hope it will pass away in time.  
BEATRICE: *[to PANTALONE]* Signor Pantalone, leave me alone with her a moment to see if I cannot obtain a kind word from her.  
PANTALONE: With pleasure, sir. I will go, and come back again.  
*[To CLARICE.]*  
Clarice my child, stay here, I will be back. You must entertain your promised husband awhile. Now, be careful.  
*[Exit PANTALONE.]*

BEATRICE: Signor Clarice, I beg you –  
CLARICE: Stand away, and do not dare to importune me.  
BEATRICE: So severe with your destined husband?  
CLARICE: They may drag me by force to the altar, but you will have  
only my hand, never my heart.  
BEATRICE: You disdain me, but I hope to appease you.  
CLARICE: I shall abhor you to all eternity.  
BEATRICE: If you knew me, you would not say so.  
CLARICE: I know you well enough as the destroyer of my happiness.  
BEATRICE: But I can find a way to comfort you.  
CLARICE: There is no one who can comfort me but Silvio.  
BEATRICE: I cannot give you the same comfort as your Silvio might,  
but I can at least contribute to your happiness.  
CLARICE: I think it is quite enough, sir, that although I speak to you as  
harshly as I can, you should continue to torture me.  
BEATRICE: Signora Clarice, I have a secret to tell you.  
CLARICE: I make no promise to keep it; you had better not tell it to me.  
BEATRICE: Your severity deprives me of the means to make you happy.  
CLARICE: You can never make me anything but miserable.  
BEATRICE: You are wrong, I will speak plainly. You have no desire for  
me, I have no use for you. You have promised your hand to  
another, I too have already pledged my heart.  
CLARICE: Oh! Now you begin to please me.  
BEATRICE: Did I not tell you that I knew how to comfort you?  
CLARICE: Ah, I feared you would deceive me.  
BEATRICE: I speak in all sincerity; and if you promise me that  
discretion which you refused me just now, I will confide to  
you a secret, which will ensure your peace of mind.  
CLARICE: I vow I will observe the strictest silence.  
BEATRICE: I am not Federigo Rasponi, but his sister Beatrice.  
CLARICE: What! You're a woman?  
BEATRICE: I am indeed. Imagine my feelings when I claimed you as  
my bride!  
CLARICE: And what news have you of your brother?  
BEATRICE: He died by the sword. A lover of mine was thought to have  
killed him, and 'tis he whom I am seeking now in these  
clothes. I beseech you by all the holy laws of friendship and  
of love not to betray me.  
CLARICE: Won't you let me tell Silvio?  
BEATRICE: No; I forbid you absolutely.  
CLARICE: Well, I will say nothing.  
BEATRICE: Remember.  
CLARICE: You have my promise. I will be silent.  
BEATRICE: Now, I hope, you will treat me more kindly.  
CLARICE: I will be your friend indeed.  
BEATRICE: I too swear eternal friendship to you. Give me your hand.

CLARICE: I don't quite like to –  
 BEATRICE: Are you afraid I am not a woman after all? I will give you proof positive.  
 CLARICE: It all seems just like a dream.  
 BEATRICE: Yes. 'Tis a strange business.  
 CLARICE: 'Tis indeed fantastic.  
 BEATRICE: Come, I must be going. Let us embrace in sign of honest friendship and loyalty.  
 CLARICE: There! I doubt you no longer.  
 [Enter PANTALONE.]  
 PANTALONE: Well done, well done; I congratulate you.  
 [To CLARICE.]  
 My child, you have been very quick in adapting yourself?  
 BEATRICE: Did I not tell you, Signor Pantalone, that I should win her round?  
 PANTALONE: Magnificent! You have done more in four minutes than I should have done in four years.  
 CLARICE: [*aside*] I am in a worse tangle than ever.  
 PANTALONE: [*To CLARICE*] Then we will have the wedding at once.  
 BEATRICE & CLARICE: No!  
 CLARICE: Do not be in too much haste, sir.  
 PANTALONE: What? Holding hands on the sly and kissing, and then in no haste about it? No. You shall be married tomorrow.  
 BEATRICE & CLARICE: Tomorrow!  
 BEATRICE: Signor Pantalone, 'twill be necessary first of all to arrange the settlement and to go into our accounts.  
 PANTALONE: These things can be done in a couple of hours.  
 CLARICE: Sir, I beseech you –  
 PANTALONE: Madam, I am going straight away to say a word to Signor Silvio.  
 CLARICE: Do not anger him!  
 PANTALONE: Do you want two husbands?  
 CLARICE: Not exactly – but –  
 PANTALONE: Butt me no buts. 'Tis all settled. You are husband and wife.  
 [PANTALONE *Exits.*]  
 CLARICE: Oh, this is worse than before!

SCENE IV – *The Courtyard of PANTALONE'S House*

SILVIO: Leave me alone.  
 DR. LOMBARDI: Stay, answer me.  
 SILVIO: I am beside myself.  
 DR. LOMBARDI: What are we doing in the courtyard of Signor Pantalone?

SILVIO: I intend either that he should keep his word that he has given to me, or that he should render me account for this intolerable insult.

DR. LOMBARDI: In Pantalone's own house? You are a fool to let yourself be so transported with anger.

SILVIO: A man who behaves so abominably deserves no consideration.

DR. LOMBARDI: True; but that is no reason why you should be so rash. Leave him to me; let me talk to him; maybe I can bring him to reason and make him see where his duty lies. Leave this courtyard. I will wait for Signor Pantalone.

SILVIO: But sir, I –

DR. LOMBARDI: But me not buts sir, I will have you obey me.

SILVIO: I will go. Speak to him. I will wait at the apothecary's. But if Signor Pantalone persists, he will have to settle with me.

DR. LOMBARDI: Oh go meet me in the apothecary!

[SILVIO *Exits.*]

Poor boy. I feel sorry for him. Signor Pantalone ought never to have led him on so far before he was quite certain that man from Turin was dead.

[*Enter* PANTALONE.]

PANTALONE: [*aside*] What is the doctor doing in my courtyard?

DR. LOMBARDI: Oh, Signor Pantalone, your servant.

PANTALONE: Doctor, I was just going to look for you and your son.

DR. LOMBARDI: Good! I suppose you were coming to give us your assurance that Signora Clarice is to be Silvio's wife.

PANTALONE: Well, the fact is, I was coming to tell you –

DR. LOMBARDI: No, no; there is no need for explanations. You have my sympathy in a very awkward situation. We will let bygones be bygones.

PANTALONE: Yes, of course, in view of the promise made to Federigo –

DR. LOMBARDI: He took you by surprise, and you had no time to think of the affront you were giving to our family.

PANTALONE: You can hardly talk of an affront, when a previous contract –

DR. LOMBARDI: I know what you are going to say. It seemed at first sight out of the question that your promise to the Turin gentleman could be repudiated because it was a formal contract. But that was a contract merely between you and him; whereas ours is confirmed by the girl herself.

PANTALONE: Very true, but –

DR. LOMBARDI: And as you know, in matrimonial cases, *consensus, et non concubitus, facit virum.*

PANTALONE: I'm no Latin scholar.

DR. LOMBARDI: And girls must not be sacrificed.

PANTALONE: Are you done?

DR. LOMBARDI: Yes.

PANTALONE: Have you finished?

DR. LOMBARDI: I have finished.

PANTALONE: May I speak?

DR. LOMBARDI: You may.

PANTALONE: Doctor, with all your learning –

DR. LOMBARDI: As regards the dowry, we can easily arrange matters.

A little more or a little less, I will make no difficulties.

PANTALONE: Will you let me speak?

DR. LOMBARDI: With pleasure.

PANTALONE: I have the greatest respect for your legal learning, but in this case it does not apply.

DR. LOMBARDI: What? And you mean to tell me that this other marriage is to take place?

PANTALONE: For my part I have given my word and I cannot go back upon it. My daughter is content; what impediment can there be? I was just coming to look for you or Signor Silvio, to tell you this, I am extremely sorry, but I see no help for it.

DR. LOMBARDI: I am not surprised at your daughter's behavior. But I am surprised at yours, sir, at your treating me in this disgraceful way. If you were not perfectly certain about the death of Signor Federigo, you had no business to enter into an engagement with my son; and having entered into an engagement with him, you are bound to maintain that engagement whatever it may cost you. The marriage which has been contracted this morning between Signora Clarice and my son *coram fucking testibus* cannot be dissolved. I should be ashamed to receive into my house so disreputable a daughter-in-law, the daughter of a man who breaks his word as you do. Signor Pantalone, you have done me an injury, you have done an injury to the house of Lombardi. The time will come when you will have to pay for it; yes, sir, the time will come. *Omnia tempus habent.* [Exit DOCTOR.]

PANTALONE: You may go to the devil for all I care. I don't care a fig, I'm not afraid of you. The Rasponis are worth a hundred of the Lombardis. An only son, and as rich as he is – you won't find that every day. It has got to be.

[Enter SILVIO.]

PANTALONE: [*aside*] Oh great, here's the other one.

SILVIO: [*rudely*] Your servant, sir.

PANTALONE: [*aside*] He is in such a rage.

SILVIO: I have heard something from my father; am I to believe that it's true?

PANTALONE: If your father said it, it must certainly be true.

SILVIO: That the marriage is settled between Signora Clarice and Signor Federigo?

PANTALONE: Yes, sir, settled and concluded.

SILVIO: I am amazed that you should have the face to tell me so. You are a man of no reputation, you are no gentleman.

PANTALONE: What is all this? Is that the way you speak to a man of my age?

SILVIO: I don't care how old you are; I have a mind to run you straight through the gut!

[Enter BEATRICE.]

BEATRICE: [to PANTALONE] I am here to defend you.

PANTALONE: My dear son-in-law, I am much obliged to you.

SILVIO: [to BEATRICE] You are the very man I want to fight.

BEATRICE: [aside] I am in for it now.

SILVIO: [to BEATRICE] Come on!

PANTALONE: Help! Help!

[PANTALONE runs toward the street. BEATRICE and SILVIO fight. SILVIO falls and drops his sword. BEATRICE holds her point to his heart.]

CLARICE: [to BEATRICE] Stop!

BEATRICE: Clarice, at your request I grant Silvio his life, and in consideration of my mercy, I beg you to remember your oath.

[Exit BEATRICE.]

CLARICE: Dear Silvio, are you hurt?

SILVIO: Dear Silvio! Faithless deceiver! Dear Silvio!

CLARICE: No, Silvio, I do not deserve this. I love you, I adore you, I am faithful.

SILVIO: Faithful to me, forsooth!

CLARICE: I will die rather than desert you.

SILVIO: I heard just now that you have given your oath.

CLARICE: My oath does not bind me to marry him.

SILVIO: Then what did you swear?

CLARICE: Silvio, I cannot tell you.

SILVIO: Why not?

CLARICE: Because I am sworn to silence.

SILVIO: That proves your guilt.

CLARICE: No, I am innocent.

SILVIO: Innocent people have no secrets.

CLARICE: I should be guilty if I spoke.

SILVIO: And to whom have you sworn this silence.

CLARICE: To Federigo.

SILVIO: And you will observe it so jealously?

CLARICE: I will observe it, rather than be a perjurer.

SILVIO: And you tell me you do not love him? I don't believe you, cruel, deceiver! Be gone from my sight!

CLARICE: If I did not love you, I should not have saved your life.

SILVIO: Then I loathe my life.

CLARICE: I love you with all my heart.

SILVIO: I abhor you with all my soul.

CLARICE: I will die, if you are not to be appeased.

SILVIO: I would sooner see you dead than unfaithful.

CLARICE: Then you shall have that satisfaction Ha!

*[Picks up sword.]*

SILVIO: Yes, that sword should avenge my wrongs.

CLARICE: Are you so cruel to your Clarice?

SILVIO: 'Twas you that taught me cruelty.

CLARICE: Then you desire my death?

SILVIO: I know not what I desire.

CLARICE: I do.

*[Points the sword at her breast.]*

*[Enter SMERALDINA.]*

SMERALDINA: Stop, stop! What on earth are you doing?

*[Takes sword away.]*

And you, what is wrong with you?

*[To SILVIO.]*

Have you the heart of a tiger, of a hyena, of a devil? Look at you, you expect ladies to disembowel themselves for you!

You are too kind to him, madam. He doesn't want you. He doesn't deserve you. You come along with me. There's no shortage of men; I'll promise to find you a dozen.

CLARICE: *[weeping.]* Ungrateful! I *shall* die, and die of grief! I shall die, and you will be content.

*[Exit CLARICE.]*

SMERALDINA: Here's something I really don't understand. Here's a girl on the point of killing herself, and you sit there looking on, just as if you were in a play.

SILVIO: Nonsense, woman! Do you suppose she really meant to kill herself?

SMERALDINA: How should I know? I know that if I had not arrived in time, she would have been gone, poor thing.

SILVIO: The point was nowhere near her heart.

SMERALDINA: Did you, did you, did you ever hear such a lie? It was ready to pierce her!

SILVIO: You woman always invent things.

SMERALDINA: We should, if we were like you men. It's as the old saw says; we the kicks and you the halfpence. Woman are unfaithful, but men committing infidelities all day long. People talk about woman, and never say a word about the men. We all get the blame, and you are allowed to do as you please. Do you know why? Do you know why? Do you know why? Because men have made these laws. If woman had made them, things would be the other way. If I were a queen, I'd make every man who was unfaithful carry a branch in his hand. All towns would look like forests.

[SMERALDINA *puts the sword down on the fountain and exits SL.*]

SILVIO: Clarice, faithless! Clarice a traitress! Her pretense at suicide was a trick to deceive me, to move my compassion. But though fate made me fall before no rival, I will never give up the thought of revenge. That wretch shall dieeeeeeeeeee!!!

[SILVIO *picks up sword and exits to street, passing TRUFFALDINO who enters from street.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Dieeeeeeeeeee!!!

SCENE V – *A Room in BRIGHELLA’S Inn, with a door on each side and two doors at the back, facing the audience.*

TRUFFALDINO: Two masters and not one of them come back for dinner. It’s nearly two o’clock and not one of them to be seen. Sure enough, they’ll both come at the same time... Then what? I won’t possibly be able to wait upon them both together. Here comes one. All the better.

[*Enter FLORINDO.*]

FLORINDO: Well, did you find that fellow Pasquale?

TRUFFALDINO: Didn’t we say, sir, that I was to look for him after dinner?

FLORINDO: I am impatient to see him.

TRUFFALDINO: You should have come back a little sooner. You tell me to order dinner and then you go off to see some hussy?

FLORINDO: I don’t want to eat anything. I shall go to the Post.

TRUFFALDINO: You know, in Venice you must eat; if you do not, you will die.

FLORINDO: I have important business. If I come back to dinner, good; if not, I shall eat in the evening. Get yourself some food.

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, sir. You’re the master.

FLORINDO: This money is heavy; here, put it in my trunk. Here’s the key.

TRUFFALDINO: Oh, I’ll bring the key back at once.

FLORINDO: No, no, you can give it to me later. I can’t stop. If I do not come back to dinner come to the Piazza; I can’t rest till you have found Pasquale.

TRUFFALDINO: Now I’ll take this money and go get some food.

[*Enter BEATRICE.*]

BEATRICE: Oh, Truffaldino!

TRUFFALDINO: [*aside*] You have got to be joking.

BEATRICE: Did Signor Pantalone dei Bisognosi give you a purse of a hundred guineas?

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, sir.

BEATRICE: Then why did you not give it to me?



TRUFFALDINO: Was it meant for you?

BEATRICE: Was it meant for me? What did he say when he gave it to you?

TRUFFALDINO: He told me to give it to my master.

BEATRICE: Well, who is your master?

TRUFFALDINO: You, sir.

BEATRICE: Then why do you ask if the purse is mine?

TRUFFALDINO: You can never be too sure.

BEATRICE: Then where is it?

TRUFFALDINO: Right here!

BEATRICE: Is the money all here?

TRUFFALDINO: I haven't touched it.

BEATRICE: [*aside*] I shall could it.

TRUFFALDINO: I made a mistake over the purse; but that puts it straight. I wonder what the other gentleman will say? Eh... whatever.

BEATRICE: Is the landlord in?

TRUFFALDINO: Yes.

BEATRICE: Tell him I shall have a friend to dinner with me, and he must get it ready as soon as he can.

TRUFFALDINO: What do you want for dinner? How many dishes?

BEATRICE: Oh, Signor Pantalone is not a man who expects a great deal. Tell him to give us five or six dishes; something good.

TRUFFALDINO: You are entrusting me with your food?

BEATRICE: Yes, you order it, do the best you can. I am going to fetch the gentleman, he is not far off; see that all is ready by the time we come back.

TRUFFALDINO: You can count on me.

BEATRICE: Look! Take this paper; put it in my trunk. Be careful with it; 'tis a bill of exchange for four thousand crowns.

TRUFFALDINO: Four thousands crowns! That's a lot of money! I'll put it away at once.

BEATRICE: See that everything is ready.

[*Exit* BEATRICE.]

TRUFFALDINO: Okay Truffaldino, no screw-ups this time. This is the first time this master of mine has asked you to order him dinner. I'll show him that I am a man of good taste. Let's put this away in here safe and sound! Don't move! Ho there! Call Brighella, tell him I want to speak with him. Now with a really good dinner, it's not what dishes you order but it's the way you serve them. A properly laid table is worth more than a mountain dishes.

[*Enter* BRIGHELLA.]

BRIGHELLA: What is it, Si'or Truffaldino? What can I do for you?

TRUFFALDINO: Master Brighella. My master has a friend dinning with him. He wants everything to be perfect. Have you got enough in the kitchen?

BRIGHELLA: Are you joking? I always have plenty of everything.

TRUFFALDINO: Very well, then. Tell me what you can give us.

BRIGHELLA: For two persons, we will have two courses of four dishes each; will that do?

TRUFFALDINO: He said five or six dishes – better say six or eight. That will do. What will you give us?

BRIGHELLA: For the first course, I shall give you fish soup,

TRUFFALDINO: *da da da da*

BRIGHELLA: The risotto pomodoro

TRUFFALDINO: *chica bow bow bam*

BRIGHELLA: Then the boiled meat,

TRUFFALDINO: *moo tip bang*

BRIGHELLA: And a fricandeau.

TRUFFALDINO: Three of the dishes I know, but I do not know the last.

BRIGHELLA: Fricandeau.

BOTH: *mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm ooo*

BRIGHELLA: For the second course the roast beast *shhhh*, the salad *shwa shwa*, a meat pie *huh*, and a trifle.

TRUFFALDINO: A trifle? My master won't be satisfied with a mere trifle.

BRIGHELLA: You don't understand. I said a trifle! That's a English dish, a pudding, my very own specialty; there's not another man in Venice knows how to make it!

TRUFFALDINO: Oh well, I dare say it will do. But how are you going to arrange the table?

BRIGHELLA: Oh. Excellent question. The waiter will see to that.

TRUFFALDINO: No, my good friend, the layout of the table is of utmost importance; so where's all that gonna go on the table?

BRIGHELLA: All right, all right. I'll put the fish soup *da da da da* right there, we'll put the risotto pomodoro *chica bow wow* there, we'll put the boiled beef *moo tip bang* there, and over here we'll put the *mmm mmm mmm* fricandeau.

TRUFFALDINO: And in the middle, what nothing?

BRIGHELLA: Then we should want five dishes.

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, then let us have five.

BRIGHELLA: Then we can put the sauce *sploosh* in the middle for the beef, *moo tip bang*.

TRUFFALDINO: You can't put the sauce *sploosh* in the middle; soup *da da da da* always goes in the middle.

BRIGHELLA: But everything is in its rightful place.

TRUFFALDINO: My friend, you may know how to cook but you have no clue how to get a table "laid" let me show you how to spread it. Suppose this is a table. Like this....What? Bunch of

tree huggers... In the middle we'll put the fish soup *da da da da* then over here the boiled beef *moo tip bang*. Here the risotto pomodoro *chica bow bow* there. Then the fricandeu *mmm mmm mmm mmm* there and that puts the sauce *splloosh* right there. Hmm?

BRIGHELLA: Yes, that will do; but you have put the sauce *splloosh* too far away from the beef *moo tip bang*.

TRUFFALDINO: Okay, okay, you might be right. I'll give you that. So let's move the beef *moo tip bang* over here and put the risotto pomodoro *chica bow wow there*. And then the fricandeu *mmm mm mm mm* goes there and that puts the sauce *splloosh* right there by the beef *moo tip bang*. *KEE!*

[Enter BEATRICE and PANTALONE.]

BEATRICE: What are you doing on your knees?

BRIGHELLA: Silly me.

TRUFFALDINO: I was just planning how to have the table laid.

BEATRICE: What's the paper?

TRUFFALDINO: Oh no... The letter he gave me!

BEATRICE: That is my bill of exchange. You rascal. Is that how you look after my things? Things of such value too! You deserve a thrashing. Did you ever see such a piece of work?

PANTALONE: I will write you out another.

BEATRICE: [to TRUFFALDINO] You fool!

TRUFFALDINO: Brighella doesn't know how to lay a table!

BRIGHELLA: He finds fault with everything I do.

TRUFFALDINO: I am a man that knows his business.

BEATRICE: [to TRUFFALDINO] Go away.

TRUFFALDINO: Things must get done properly. Silly me.

BRIGHELLA: I don't understand him; sometimes he's a knave and then a fool.

BEATRICE: This tomfoolery is all put on. Well, is dinner ready?

BRIGHELLA: If you will sit down here for a moment, gentlemen, dinner will be ready directly.

BEATRICE: Tell Truffaldino to come and wait on us.

BRIGHELLA: I will tell him, sir.

[Exit BRIGHELLA into the inn.]

BEATRICE: Signor Pantalone, I fear you will indeed have to be content with pot luck.

PANTALONE: I am overcome with all the attention you show me. I have that girl of mine at home, and until everything is finally settled it would not be proper for you to be together. So I accept your kind hospitality. Had it not been for you, that young scoundrel would have done for me.

BEATRICE: I am glad that I arrived in time.

[WAITERS and Enter TRUFFALDINO carrying a soup tureen.]

PANTALONE: They are very quick about their business here.

BEATRICE: Brighella is a smart fellow.

TRUFFALDINO: Dinner is ready for you in that room, sir.

BEATRICE: Put the soup on the table.

TRUFFALDINO: [*bows*] After you, sir.

PANTALONE: That servant of yours is a strange one.

BEATRICE: [*to TRUFFALDINO*] Less wit and more attention.

TRUFFALDINO: Call that a dinner! They have money to spend and yet they spend it at this dump. I wonder if this soup is even worth eating. I always carry my weapons about me. (To Beatrice) That's good! Mm...

DAVID: When is that man coming to take the dishes?

TRUFFALDINO: Here I am. What have you got for me?

DAVID: Here's the boiled meat *moo tip bang*. There's another dish to follow. [*Exit DAVID.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Mutton? Or veal? Mutton, I think. Let's taste it.

No. It is lamb; [*eats*] very good too!

[*Goes towards BEATRICE'S room.*]

[*Enter FLORINDO.*]

FLORINDO: Where are you going?

TRUFFALDINO: [*aside*] Damn. My other master.

FLORINDO: What are you doing with that dish?

TRUFFALDINO: I was just putting it on the table, sir.

FLORINDO: For whom?

TRUFFALDINO: For you, sir.

FLORINDO: Why do you serve dinner before I come in?

[*RYAN peeks out from a window*]

RYAN: Hello?

TRUFFALDINO: I saw you from the window! [*Aside.*] I must find some excuse.

FLORINDO: And you begin with boiled meat instead of soup?

TRUFFALDINO: You must know, sir, at Venice soup is always taken last.

FLORINDO: I don't care. I want my soup.

RYAN: He doesn't care. He wants his soup.

[*RYAN shuts window*]

FLORINDO: Take that back to the kitchen.

TRUFFALDINO: Okay.

FLORINDO: Make haste; afterward I want to have a nap.

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, sir.

[*Makes as if going to the kitchen.*]

[*Exit FLORINDO. TRUFFALDINO immediately enters and quickly takes the dish to BEATRICE. Enter FIRST WAITER with another dish. FLORINDO calls from his room.*]

FLORINDO: Truffaldino! Truffaldino! Am I always to be kept waiting?

TRUFFALDINO: [*coming out of BEATRICE'S room*] Coming, sir.  
[*To OLIVIA.*]

Quick, go and lay the table in that other room, the other gentleman has arrived; bring the soup at once.

OLIVIA: Right away.

[*Exit OLIVIA.*]

RYAN: Here we are!

TRUFFALDINO: What may this dish be?

RYAN: This is the... *mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm ooo!*

TRUFFALDINO: Oh, that's very good.

[*Takes it in to BEATRICE. WAITERS enter and carry glasses, bread, etc. into FLORINDO'S room.*]

Very good lads! They're as lively as kittens. Well, if I can manage to wait at table on two masters at once, it will be a great accomplishment indeed.

[*The WAITERS come back out of FLORINDO'S room and go toward the kitchen.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Hurry up, lads, the soup!

ANDREW: You look after your own table; we'll take care of this one.

TRUFFALDINO: I want to look after both.

[*Re-enter DAVID with FLORINDO'S soup.*]

FLORINDO: Truffaldino!

TRUFFALDINO: Here, give me that; I'll take it. Go and get the stuff from the other room.

[*Takes soup from FIRST WAITER and carries it into FLORINDO'S room.*]

DAVID: He wants to wait on everyone.

OLIVIA: Let him. They will have to give me *my* tip all the same.

[*TRUFFALDINO comes out of FLORINDO'S room.*]

BEATRICE: [*calling from her room*] Truffaldino!

RYAN: [*to TRUFFALDINO*] Your master's calling.

TRUFFALDINO: Coming sir!

DAVID: Hello? Hello! Have you seen that crazy one?

OLIVIA: This guy: *mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm ooo?* Nah.

[*. TRUFFALDINO brings the dirty plates out of BEATRICE'S room.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Here, give it to me.

FLORINDO: [*yells*] Truffaldino!

TRUFFALDINO: [*Wants the meat from WAITER.*] Please give it to me!

DAVID: No, I am taking this.

TRUFFALDINO: Didn't you hear him call for me? Oh look at that bird!

[*Takes meat from him and carries it to FLORINDO.*]

DAVID: Where? (*foot stomp*) OW! Well, that's fine! He wants to do everything!

[*OLIVIA brings in another dish*]

OLIVIA: I would take this in myself, but it's so much fun to watch.

[*Re-enter TRUFFALDINO from FLORINDO'S room with dirty plates.*]

Here Jack-of-all-trades; take these rissoles to your master.

TRUFFALDINO: [*takes dish*] Rissoles?

OLIVIA: Yes, the rissoles he ordered.

[*OLIVIA exits*]

TRUFFALDINO: Oh! Uuummm.... Two plates. That's 1...2...3...4...  
and 1...2...3...4... and there's one left. Who should it go to?  
I have to be fair... ooops... clumsy me... (*eats it*)

BEATRICE: Truffaldino!

TRUFFALDINO: Now, we'll take the rissoles to this gentleman.

[*TRUFFALDINO puts one plate of rissoles on the floor and takes the other in to BEATRICE. ANDREW enters with an English pudding (trifle).*]

ANDREW : Truffaldino! Where in the devil is he now.

TRUFFALDINO: [*comes out of BEATRICE'S room*] Coming, sir!

ANDREW: Take this pudding –

TRUFFALDINO: Wait a moment.

[*Takes the other dish of rissoles and is going to FLORINDO'S room.*]

ANDREW: That's not right, the rissoles belong there.

TRUFFALDINO: I know they do. I have carried them there; and my  
master sends these four as a courtesy to this gentleman.

[*Goes into FLORINDO'S room.*]

ANDREW: I see, they know each other. They might as well have dined  
together.

TRUFFALDINO: What's this?

OLIVIA: That's an English pudding.

TRUFFALDINO: Wait, haha. I'm not falling for that again. Who's it for?

OLIVIA: For your master.

[*Exit OLIVIA.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Okay, tahnks! Wait...oh no. Screw it. (*eats*) Damn,  
this is good.

BEATRICE: Truffaldino!

TRUFFALDINO: [*mouth full*] Coming, sir.

FLORINDO: Truffaldino!

TRUFFALDINO: [*mouth full*] Coming, sir. Oh, just another mouthful  
and then I'll go.

BEATRICE: Come and wait on me! [*She goes back to her room.*]  
Truffaldino!

TRUFFALDINO: Coming!

[*TRUFFALDINO puts the pudding on the floor and goes into BEATRICE'S room. FLORINDO comes out of his.*]

FLORINDO: [*calling*] Truffaldino! Where is he?

[*TRUFFALDINO comes out of BEATRICE'S room.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Here, sir.

FLORINDO: What are you doing? Where have you been?

TRUFFALDINO: I just went to fetch the next course, sir.

FLORINDO: Is there anything more to eat?

TRUFFALDINO: I'll go and see.

FLORINDO: Make haste.

[*Goes back into his room.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Very good, sir. Waiter, is there anything more to come?

ANDREW: Here's the roast.

TRUFFALDINO: Get the desert!

ANDREW: In a minute!

[*Exit ANDREW.*]

TRUFFALDINO: I'll take the roast to this gentleman.

[*Takes roast to FLORINDO.*]

[*Enter DAVID.*]

DAVID: Here's the dessert; where are you?

TRUFFALDINO: [*from FLORINDO'S room*] Here.

DAVID: There. Anything more?

TRUFFALDINO: Wait.

[*Takes dessert to BEATRICE.*]

DAVID: He jumps about here and there like the devil himself.

TRUFFALDINO: That will do. Nobody wants any more. (Kiss DAVID)

DAVID: Glad to hear it.

[*Exit DAVID.*]

TRUFFALDINO: It's all done! (*celebrate*) I've got through it all. They are all content! They want nothing more. And they've had a very nice dinner. Now for my pudding. I have successfully waited on two masters at once, and neither of them knew anything about the other. But if I have waited for two, now I am going to eat for four!

BEATRICE+FLORINDO: Truffaldino! [*drops pudding*]

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, Masters? [*To Audience*] I haven't the least idea how to untie this knot. This is going to take me some time. Plus I need to pee. Joe... Intermission?

## ACT II

### SCENE I – A Street with BRIGHELLA'S Inn

TRUFFALDINO: Hello. Welcome back. Both masters have gone out to town. I still haven't figured out how to solve my dilemma. So... shit... Joe. Maybe, we could have a second intermission? Well... I guess I'll just go get some more food

and wine. (*goes to leave. Stops*) Funny. I eat and eat and eat but inside I still feel so empty.

[*Enter SMERALDINA.*]

SMERALDINA: A very proper sort of a young lady my mistress is! To send me all alone with a letter to a tavern, a young girl like me! Waiting on a woman in love is sad business. This young lady of mine does a thousand crazy things, and what I cannot understand is this – if she is so much in love with Signor Silvio as to disembowel herself for him, do you remember? Why does she send letters to another gentleman? Maybe. One for summer and one for winter, I suppose! Well, there it is. I am not going inside that tavern. I'll call; somebody will come out. Hey there! Is anyone home?

DAVID: Now, young woman, what do you want?

SMERALDINA: [*aside*] I feel thoroughly ashamed.

Tell me – a certain Signor Federigo Rasponi lodges here, does he not?

RYAN: Yes. He has just finished dinner.

SMERALDINA: I have something to say to him.

OLIVIA: A message? You can come inside.

SMERALDINA: And what sort of a girl do you take me for? I am the waiting maid of the lady he is to marry.

ANDREW: [*more politely*] Well then, step this way.

SMERALDINA: Oh, but I don't like to go in there.

DAVID: Do you expect me to bring him out into the street for you? That would not be at all the right thing; as he has Signor Pantalone dei Bisognosi with him.

SMERALDINA: What, my master?

RYAN: I can send his servant, if you like.

SMERALDINA: The crazy one.

RYAN: Pcfsdighwoijsdfwiojgsjweoij.

SMERALDINA: Yes, send him.

OLIVIA: [*aside*] You fancy him and are ashamed to come inside.

SMERALDINA: She's right you know. If the master sees me, what shall I say? I'll tell him I came to look for *him*. I'm never short of an answer.

TRUFFALDINO: Who sent for me?

SMERALDINA: I did.

TRUFFALDINO: I am yours to command.

SMERALDINA: I fear I must have taken you from your dinner.

TRUFFALDINO: I was having dinner, but I can go back to it.

SMERALDINA: I am sorry.

TRUFFALDINO: Don't be. The fact is, I have had my bellyful, and your bright eyes are just the right thing to make me digest it. I'll just put this wine away, and then I'm yours, my dear.



SMERALDINA: [*aside*] He called me “my dear”!

TRUFFALDINO: I know.

SMERALDINA: My mistress sends this letter to Signor Federigo Rasponi; I do not like to come into the tavern, so I thought I might put you to this trouble, as you are his man.

TRUFFALDINO: I’ll take it with pleasure; but first, you must know that I have a message for *you*.

SMERALDINA: From whom?

TRUFFALDINO: From a very honest man. Have you heard of one Truffaldin’ Battocchio?

SMERALDINA: I think I have heard of him. It must be himself.

TRUFFALDINO: He’s a handsome man. Tal, well-built, deep voice, incredible bowler, understands service too!

SMERALDINA: I don’t know him from Adam.

TRUFFALDINO: It’s too bad you don’t know him because he’s in love with you.

SMERALDINA: Oh! You are making fun of me.

TRUFFALDINO: And if he could only have just a little hope that his affections were returned, he would make himself known.

SMERALDINA: Well, sir, if I were to see him, and he took my fancy, I might be in love with him as well.

TRUFFALDINO: Shall I show him to you?

SMERALDINA: I should like to see him.

TRUFFALDINO: Just a moment.

[*Goes into the inn.*]

SMERALDINA: Then ‘tis not he.

[*TRUFFALDINO comes out of the inn, dances, passes her, then goes back into the inn.*]

I do not understand this.

TRUFFALDINO: [*re-entering*] Did you see him?

SMERALDINA: See whom?

TRUFFALDINO: The man who is in love with your beauty.

SMERALDINA: I saw no one but you.

TRUFFALDINO: Well, you know....

SMERALDINA: It is you, then, who profess to be in love with me?

TRUFFALDINO: It is I.

SMERALDINA: Why did you not say so before?

TRUFFALDINO: I am rather shy.

SMERALDINA: [*aside*] He would make a stone fall in love with him.

TRUFFALDINO: What do you say?

SMERALDINA: I am –

TRUFFALDINO: Come, tell me.

SMERALDINA: Oh – I am rather shy too.

TRUFFALDINO: Then if we were joined up, it would be a marriage of two people who are rather shy.

SMERALDINA: I must say, you are just my fancy.

TRUFFALDINO: Are you a maid?

SMERALDINA: Need you ask?

TRUFFALDINO: I suppose that means “certainly not.”

SMERALDINA: On the contrary, it means “certainly I am.”

TRUFFALDINO: Y’know, I’ve never been with a woman. Okay we get it.

SMERALDINA: I could have been married fifty times, but I never found the man I really fancied.

TRUFFALDINO: Do you think there is any hope for me?

SMERALDINA: Well – to tell the truth – really – I must say – there’s a - something about you – No, I won’t say another word.

TRUFFALDINO: If somebody wanted to marry you, what would he have to do?

SMERALDINA: I have neither father nor mother. He would have to speak to my master, or my mistress.

TRUFFALDINO: And if I speak to them, what will they say?

SMERALDINA: They will say, that if I am content –

TRUFFALDINO: And what will you say?

SMERALDINA: I shall say, - that if they are content too –

TRUFFALDINO: That will do. We shall all be content. Give me the letter and when I bring you back the answer, we will have a talk.

SMERALDINA: Here’s the letter.

TRUFFALDINO: Do you know what’s in it?

SMERALDINA: No – if you only knew how curious I am to know!

TRUFFALDINO: I hope it’s not a disdainful letter. I don’t want to get my face spoiled.

SMERALDINA: Who knows? It can’t be a love letter.

TRUFFALDINO: I don’t want to get in trouble. If I don’t know what’s in the letter, I am not going to take it.

SMERALDINA: We could open it – but how are we to seal it again?

TRUFFALDINO: Leave it to me; I seal letters better than the post office.

SMERALDINA: Then let’s open it.

TRUFFALDINO: Can you read?

SMERALDINA: A little. But you can read quite well, I’m sure.

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, I too can read just a little.

SMERALDINA: Then read it.

TRUFFALDINO: We must open it cleanly.

*[Tears off a piece.]*

SMERALDINA: Oh no! What have you done?

TRUFFALDINO: Nothing, I have a secret way to mend it. Here it is, open.

SMERALDINA: Quick, read it!

TRUFFALDINO: No, *you* read it.

SMERALDINA: *[looking at the letter]* I can’t make out a word.

TRUFFALDINO: *[same business]* Nor I neither.

SMERALDINA: Then what'd the good of opening it?

TRUFFALDINO: [*takes letter*] Wait; let me think; I can make out some of it.

SMERALDINA: Oh I know some of those letters too.

TRUFFALDINO: Let us try one by one. Isn't that an M?

SMERALDINA: No! That's an S.

TRUFFALDINO: Between S and M there is very little difference.

BOTH: Ready, sound it out. Ma ma say ma ma sa ma ma cousa. Ma ma say ma ma sa ma ma cousa. Ma ma say ma ma sa ma ma cousa.

PANTALONE: [*to SMERALDINA*] What are you doing here?

SMERALDINA: [*frightened*] Nothing sir; I came to look for you.

PANTALONE: What do you want with me?

SMERALDINA: The mistress wants you.

BEATRICE: [*to TRUFFALDINO*] What is this paper?

TRUFFALDINO: [*frightened*] Nothing...

BEATRICE: Let me see. What? This is a letter addressed to me. Villain, will you open all my letters?

TRUFFALDINO: muhhhhhffffeeeee!!!sseessssshhiijkka

BEATRICE: Look Signor Pantalone, here is a letter from Signora Clarice, in which she tells me of Silvio's insane jealousy – and this rascal has the impudence to open it!

PANTALONE: [*to SMERALDINA*] And you helped him to do so?

SMERALDINA: I know nothing about it, sir.

BEATRICE: Who opened this letter?

TRUFFALDINO: Not I.

SMERALDINA: Nor I.

PANTALONE: Well, who brought it?

SMERALDINA: Truffaldino brought it to his master.

TRUFFALDINO: And Smeraldina brought it to Truffaldino.

SMERALDINA: I don't like you anymore.

PANTALONE: Wait you meddlesome little hussy, so you are the cause of all this trouble, and you? I've a good mind to smack your face! Get into the house. I'll deal with you later.

[*SMERALDINA and PANTALONE exit into Pantalone's house.*]

BEATRICE: About this letter...

TRUFFALDINO: Help! Murder! Fire! Police! Stranger Danger!

BEATRICE: I could kill you!

TRUFFALDINO: Not if you can't catch me.

[*TRUFFALDINO runs away and the "chase" begins.*

PORTERS, BRIGHELLA, PANTALONE, and

BEATRICE chase after him.]

[*TRUFFALDINO exits Pantalone's house and is caught by BEATRICE, who is waiting for him outside*]

BEATRICE: Where are you off to?

TRUFFALDINO: [*stops dead in tracks.*] Nowhere.

BEATRICE: Why did you open this letter?

TRUFFALDINO: It was Smeraldina; I had nothing to do with it.

BEATRICE: Smeraldina? You did it, you rascal. One and one make two.  
That's the second letter of mine you have opened today.

TRUFFALDINO: Oh, for mercy's sake, sir –

BEATRICE: Come here!

TRUFFALDINO: Oh for the love of Heaven –

[*BEATRICE takes a stick and beats TRUFFALDINO.*

*FLORINDO sees from the window and appears.*]

FLORINDO: What's this? Beating my servant?

[*Leaves window.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Stop, stop, for the pity's sake!

BEATRICE: Take that, rascal, and learn to open my letters. Here.

[*Hands him slapstick and exits.*]

TRUFFALDINO: [*after BEATRICE has gone.*] My blood! My body! Is that the way to treat a man of my sort? If a servant is no good send him away, but you don't beat him.

[*FLORINDO comes out, unseen by TRUFFALDINO.*]

FLORINDO: What's that?

TRUFFALDINO: [*seeing FLORINDO*] Oh! I said people had no business to beat other people's servants like that. This is an insult to my master.

FLORINDO: Yes, 'tis an affront put upon *me*. Who was it gave you a thrashing?

TRUFFALDINO: I couldn't say, sir; I do not know him.

FLORINDO: Why did he thrash you?

TRUFFALDINO: Because I – I spat on his shoe.

FLORINDO: And you let yourself be beaten like that? Did nothing?

Made no attempt to defend yourself? And you expose your master to insult, with perhaps serious consequences? You stupid jackass! Come Here.

[*Hands him the slapstick and exit into inn.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Well, there's no mistake about my being the servant of two masters. They have both paid me my wages. What is to be done now? Both masters are out on the town. Why it's just the time to give those clothes an airing. I can take them out of the trunks and see if there is anything wants doing. I'll get the trunks out and make a proper job of it. I must have someone to help me though. Waiter!

[*Enter WAITERS.*]

FIRST PORTER: What do you want?

TRUFFALDINO: I want you to lend a hand to bring some trunks out of those rooms, to give the clothes an airing.

FIRST PORTER: [*to RYAN*] Go and help him.

TRUFFALDINO: Me Truffaldino.

RYAN: Me Grunk.

TRUFFALDINO: Grunk, let's go get trunk!

RYAN: I love getting drunk!

TRUFFALDINO: Maybe later. Help me and I'll give you a good handful of what my masters gave me!

[TRUFFALDINO *and* RYAN *go into*  
BEATRICE'S *room*]

DAVID: He looks like a rare good servant – quick, ready, and most attentive; but I'll warrant he has his faults somewhere.

OLIVIA: I've been a servant myself and I know the ropes. Nobody does anything just for love. Whatever they do, either they are robbing their masters or they are throwing dust in their eyes.

ANDREW: Just like my sister!

[TRUFFALDINO *comes out of the room with the*  
RYAN *carrying a trunk.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Put it right down there.

RYAN: Trunk!

TRUFFALDINO: A little more over. Okay Now let's fetch the other. But quietly, for my master is asleep. in there.

[TRUFFALDINO *and* SECOND WAITER *go into*  
FLORINDO'S *room.*]

OLIVIA: Either he's a real first-rate fellow, or he's a real knave; I never saw anybody wait on two gentleman at once like that.

ANDREW: I shall just keep my eyes open.

DAVID: Maybe, under the pretense of waiting on two gentlemen at once, he means to rob them both.

ALL: That son of a bitch!

[TRUFFALDINO *and* SECOND WAITER *enter with*  
*trunk.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Put it down right there. There! You can run along now, if you like.

FIRST PORTER: I must say, you are a giant for work; it's a marvel to me how you get through it all. Can I help you?

TRUFFALDINO: No thank you. Now I'm going to do my work properly, in peace and quiet, with no one to worry me. Now which key fits which trunk? Let's try this. Haha. I am a genius. And this one must open this trunk. Now they're both open. Let's take everything out. (*rat sequence*) I'll just see if there's anything in the pockets. You never know sometimes I leave biscuits or sweets in them. My word who could this be? I seem to know him, but I can't seem to remember him. He is just the least bit like my other master, but no, he never wears anything like that.

FLORINDO: Truffaldino!

TRUFFALDINO: Oh shit! He's coming back. If he sees this other trunk, he'll ask me things! Quick, quick put everything back in the trunk and say I don't know whose it is.

*[Begins putting clothes in again.]*

FLORINDO: *[calling]* Truffaldino!

TRUFFALDINO: Coming, sir! *[aside]* I must put these things away first.

FLORINDO: *[calling]* Come here, I say; or must I fetch a stick to you?

TRUFFALDINO: In a minute, sir. Quick, before he comes! I'll put it right when he goes out. This looks pretty good right? Oh my god,,,oh my god! Oh my god!!

*[Rat Reaction]*

FLORINDO: What in the devil are you doing?

TRUFFALDINO: Didn't you tell me to give your clothes an airing? I was just about to do it.

FLORINDO: And this other trunk, whose is that?

TRUFFALDINO: I couldn't say, sir; It will belong to some other gentleman.

FLORINDO: Give me my black coat.

TRUFFALDINO: Very good, sir.

*[Open FLORINDO'S trunk and he finds the portrait there within the "coat pocket".]*

FLORINDO: *[much surprised]* What is this?

TRUFFALDINO: *[aside]* Oh Lord, I've made a mistake. I should have put it into the other gentleman's pocket.

FLORINDO: *[aside]* There can be no mistake. This is my own portrait; the one I gave to my beloved Beatrice.*[To TRUFFALDINO.]* Tell me, how ever did this portrait come to be in the pocket of my coat? It wasn't there before.

TRUFFALDINO: *[aside]* What do I say now? I don't know. Let me think...

FLORINDO: Come on, out with it, answer me. How did this portrait come to be in my pocket?

TRUFFALDINO: Sir, be kind and forgive me for taking a liberty. The portrait is mine and I hid it there for safety because I was afraid I might lose it.

FLORINDO: How did you come by this portrait?

TRUFFALDINO: I had another master; he left it to me when he did die.

FLORINDO: Great heavens! And how long is it since this master of yours died?

TRUFFALDINO: 'Twill be just about a week ago, sir. *[Aside.]* I say the first thing that comes into my head.

FLORINDO: What was your master's name?

TRUFFALDINO: I do not know, sir, he lived incognito.

FLORINDO: Incognito? How long were you incognito?

TRUFFALDINO: Only a short time.

FLORINDO: [*aside*] I fear that it was Beatrice. She escaped in man's dress; she concealed her name – Oh, wretched me, if it be true!

TRUFFALDINO: [*aside*] I may as well go on with this fairy tale.

FLORINDO: [*despairingly*] Tell me, was your master young?

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, sir, quite a young gentleman.

FLORINDO: Without a beard?

TRUFFALDINO: Without a beard, sir.

FLORINDO: [*aside, with a sigh*] 'Twas she, doubtless.

TRUFFALDINO: [*aside*] I hope I'm not in for another thrashing.

FLORINDO: At least, you know where your late master came from?

TRUFFALDINO: I did know, sir, but I can't now call it to mind.

FLORINDO: Was it from Turin?

TRUFFALDINO: Turin it was, sir.

FLORINDO: [*aside*] Every word is a sword trust in my heart. [*To TRUFFALDINO*] Tell me again, this young gentleman from Turin, is he really dead?

TRUFFALDINO: He is definitely dead indeed.

FLORINDO: Of what did he die?

TRUFFALDINO: He did definitely die in a disastrous, deadly accident and that was the end of him. [*Aside.*] That seems to be the best way out.

FLORINDO: Where was he buried?

TRUFFALDINO: [*aside*] I wasn't ready for that one. [*To FLORINDO*] He wasn't buried, sir.

FLORINDO: What!

TRUFFALDINO: He was thrown into the canal, Catholics

FLORINDO: [*aside*] Then all hope is lost. Beatrice is dead. Unhappy Beatrice! These discomforts of the journey and the tortures of her heart must have killed her. Oh! I can no longer endure the agony of my grief!

*[Exits into his room. TRUFFALDINO follows and hits head on door. BEATRICE and PANTALONE enter.]*

BEATRICE: Truffaldino!

TRUFFALDINO: Here, sir.

BEATRICE: Have you the key of my trunk?

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, sir; here it is.

BEATRICE: Why have you brought my trunk out here?

TRUFFALDINO: To air your clothes.

BEATRICE: Have you aired them?

TRUFFALDINO: I have.

BEATRICE: Open the trunk and give me – Whose is that other trunk?

TRUFFALDINO: It belongs to another gentleman who has just come.

BEATRICE: Give me the memorandum book which you will find there.

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, sir. [*aside*] God help me this now! Is this the book sir?

BEATRICE: I expect so. No, this is not it – Whose is this book?

TRUFFALDINO: I hate you!

BEATRICE: [*aside*] These are two letters, which I wrote to Florindo.

Alas, these notes, these accounts belong to him. I tremble, I am in a cold sweat, I know not where I am.

PANTALONE: Signor Federigo? Are you unwell?

BEATRICE: 'Tis nothing. Truffaldino, how did this book come to be in my trunk? It is not mine.

TRUFFALDINO: I hardly know, sir –

BEATRICE: Come, out with it – tell me the truth.

TRUFFALDINO: I ask your pardon for the liberty I took, putting the book into your trunk. The book belongs to me, and I put it there for safety. (*aside*) that worked pretty well for the other gentleman.

BEATRICE: The book is your own, you say, and yet you gave it to me instead of mine, without noticing?

TRUFFALDINO: I'll tell you, sir; I have only had the book a very short time, so I did not recognize it at once.

BEATRICE: And how have you come by this book?

TRUFFALDINO: I was in service with a gentleman at Venice, and he did die and left the book to me.

BEATRICE: How long ago?

TRUFFALDINO: I don't remember exactly. About a week.

BEATRICE: How can that be, when I met you at Verona?

TRUFFALDINO: I had just come away from Venice on account of my poor master's death.

BEATRICE: [*aside*] Alas for me!

[*To TRUFFALDINO.*]

Your master – was his name – Florindo?

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, sir; Florindo.

BEATRICE: And his family name Aretusi?

TRUFFALDINO: That was it, sir; Aretusi.

BEATRICE: And you are sure he is dead?

TRUFFALDINO: Oh he is definitely dead.

BEATRICE: Of what did he die? Where was he buried?

TRUFFALDINO: He was thrown into the canal and that was that.

BEATRICE: Oh, wretched that I am! Florindo is dead, my beloved is dead; my one and only hope is dead. All is lost. I leave my home, leave my relatives, I dress as a man, I confront danger, I hazard my very life, and for Florindo – and Florindo is dead. Was the loss of my brother so little to me that Fate must make me lose my lover as well? Oh! Grief overwhelms me, I can no longer bear the light of day. My adored one, my beloved, I will follow you to the tomb.

[*Exits into her room raving.*]

TRUFFALDINO: What the hell just happened?



PANTALONE: Truffaldino!

TRUFFALDINO: Si'or Pantapalooza?

PANTALONE: A woman!

TRUFFALDINO: A female!

PANTALONE: Without...

TRUFFALDINO: With...

PANTALONE: Sits down when she pees?

TRUFFALDINO: Just like me!

PANTALONE: I shall go straight home and tell my daughter.

[Exits.]

TRUFFALDINO: Me too! I don't have a daughter. It seems I am not the servant of two masters but of a master and a mistress. I need a drink.

## SCENE II – A Street

[Enter DR. LOMBARDI meeting PANTALONE.]

DR. LOMBARDI: [aside] This doddering old villain Pantalone sticks in my gizzard. The more I think about him, the more I abominate him

PANTALONE: [cheerfully] Good day, my dear Doctor, your servant.

DR. LOMBARDI: I am surprised that you have the effrontery to address me.

PANTALONE: I have news for you. Do you know –

DR. LOMBARDI: You are going to tell me that the marriage has already been performed? I care not a fig if it is.

PANTALONE: The whole story is untrue. Let me speak, plague take you.

DR. LOMBARDI: Speak on then, pox on you.

PANTALONE: [aside] I should like to give him a good workout with my fists.

[To DR. LOMBARDI]

My daughter shall marry your son whenever you please.

DR. LOMBARDI: My son is not prepared to stomach that, sir. You may give her to the Turin gentleman.

PANTALONE: If you knew who the Turin gentleman is, you would say differently.

DR. LOMBARDI: He may be who he will. Your daughter has been seen with him, *et hoc sufficit*.

PANTALONE: Crock full of shit? But 'tis not true that he is –

DR. LOMBARDI: I will not hear another word.

PANTALONE: If you won't hear me, 'twill be the worse for you.

DR. LOMBARDI: We shall see for whom it will be the worse.

PANTALONE: My daughter is a girl of unblemished reputation, and–

DR. LOMBARDI: Go to Hell.

PANTALONE: You go to Hell.

DR. LOMBARDI: Go to Hell!

PANTALONE: You go to Hell!

Dr. LOMBARDI: You go to Hell!

PANTALONE: You go to Hell!

DR. LOMBARDI: You disputable old villain!

[Exit DR. LOMBARDI]

PANTALONE: Damn you! He is more like a beast than a man. Why, how could I ever tell him that the man was a woman? Not a bit of it, he wouldn't let me speak.

[Enter SILVIO.]

SILVIO: [*aside*] There is Pantalone. I should like to run a sword through him.

PANTALONE: Signor Silvio, if you will give me leave, I should like to give you a piece of good news, if you will condescend to allow me to speak, and not behave like that of a father of yours.

SILVIO: What have you to say to me? Speak, sir.

PANTALONE: You must know, sir that the marriage of my daughter to Signor Federigo has come to nothing.

SILVIO: Do not deceive me.

PANTALONE: If you are still of your former mind, my daughter is ready to give you her hand.

SILVIO: You bring me back from death to life.

PANTALONE: [*aside*] Well, well, he is not quite such a bear as his father.

SILVIO: No, no, no. But how can I clasp to my bosom her who has for so long been the bride of another?

PANTALONE: Long story short, Federigo Rasponi has turned into Beatrice his sister.

SILVIO: What? I do not understand you.

PANTALONE: You are thinkheaded. The person whom we thought to be Federigo has been discovered to be Beatrice.

SIVLIO: Dressed as a man?

PANTALONE: Dressed as a man.

SILVIO: I understand.

PANTALONE: About time you did.

SILVIO: How did it happen?

PANTALONE: Let us go to my house. My daughter knows nothing of it. I need only tell the story once to satisfy you both.

[Exit PANTALONE and SILVIO.]

### SCENE III – A Room in BRIGHELLA'S Inn

[BEATRICE and FLORINDO walk out of their rooms at the same time; each holds a sword/dagger and about to commit suicide. BRIGHELLA is restraining BEATRICE]

*and the FIRST WAITER restraining FLORINDO. They meet eyes from across stage.]*

FLORINDO: Beatrice?

BEATRICE: Florindo?

FLORINDO: What brought you to attempt such an act of madness?

BEATRICE: The false news of your death.

FLORINDO: Who told you I was dead?

BEATRICE: My servant.

FLORINDO: And mine as well. I too, carried away by the same agony of grief, intended to take my life.

BEATRICE: This book caused me to believe the story.

FLORINDO: That book was in my trunk. How came it into your hands?  
Ah, now I know. By the same means, no doubt, as the portrait I found in my coat pocket. Here it is. The one I gave you in Turin.

BEATRICE: Those rascally servants of ours – Heaven only knows what they have been up to.

FLORINDO: Where are they, I wonder?

BEATRICE: Nowhere to be seen.

FLORINDO: Let us find them and confront them. Ho there! Is nobody there?

BEATRICE:

FLORINDO: Oh well. Are you too lodged in this inn?

BEATRICE: I arrived this morning.

FLORINDO: I too this morning. And yet we never saw each other.

BEATRICE: Fate has been pleased to torment us a little.

FLORINDO: Tell me: your brother Federigo – is he dead?

BEATRICE: Have you any doubt? He died on the spot.

FLORINDO: I was told he was alive and here in Venice.

BEATRICE: It was I who traveled in his name and in these clothes to follow –

FLORINDO: To follow me – I know, my dearest; I read it in a letter from your servant in Turin.

BEATRICE: How came it into your hands?

FLORINDO: My servant gave me it by mistake and seeing it was addressed to you, I could not help but opening it.

BEATRICE: I suppose a lover's curiosity is always legitimate.

FLORINDO: But where are these servants of ours? Ah!

*[Enter TRUFFALDINO]*

FLORINDO: Come here, come here, don't be frightened.

BEATRICE: We shall do you no harm.

FLORINDO: *[To TRUFFALDINO]* Come, now, tell us what happened about the changing of the portrait and the book, and why you and that other rascal conspired to drive us distracted.

TRUFFALDINO: Shh! Pray sir a word with you in private! I will tell you everything directly. You must know sir. I am not to blame

for anything that has happened it's all Pasqual's fault, the servant of that lady there.

FLORINDO: Then the man who got you to fetch that letter from the Post was servant of Signora Beatrice?

TRUFFALDINO: Yes, sir, that was Pasqual'.

FLORINDO: Then why conceal from me a fact I so urgently desired to know?

TRUFFALDINO: He begged me not to tell anyone, sir.

FLORINDO: Who?

TRUFFALDINO: Pasqual'.

FLORINDO: Why didn't you obey your master?

TRUFFALDINO: For the love of Pasqual'.

FLORINDO: You and Pasqual' deserve a sound thrashing.

TRUFFALDINO: In that case, I'll go get him.

BEATRICE: Have you not yet finished this long cross-examination?

FLORINDO: This fellow has been telling me –

TRUFFALDINO: For the love of Heaven, your honor, do not say it was Pasqual'. I'd rather you told the lady it was me. You can give me a beating if you like, but don't, don't let any trouble come to Pasqual'.

[TRUFFALDINO *moves toward* BEATRICE.]

FLORINDO: [*aside*] Well, he's certainly a very loyal and affectionate character.

TRUFFALDINO: [*to* BEATRICE] Here I am, madam.

BEATRICE: [*aside to* TRUFFALDINO] What is this story you've been telling Signor Florindo?

TRUFFALDINO: You must know madam, that the gentleman there has a servant called Pasqual. He is the most arrant nobby in the world. He was the one that made all the mess of things, but because the poor man was afraid his master would send him away. I made up whole the story about the book and the master who was drowned and all the rest. And I've just been telling Signor Florindo that I was the cause of it all.

BEATRICE: But why accuse yourself of faults which you have never committed?

TRUFFALDINO: Madam, 'tis all for the love I bear Pasqual'. Dear madam, I beg of you, don't get him into trouble.

BEATRICE: Whom?

TRUFFALDINO: Pasqual'.

BEATRICE: Pasquale and you are a pair of rascals.

TRUFFALDINO: [*aside*] I fear I'm the only one.

FLORINDO: Come. Signor Beatrice, I will meet you soon. Truffaldino, accompany her for the time being.

[*Exit* BEATRICE *and* TRUFFALDINO *to her room.*]

FLORINDO: What strange things have happened in the course of this one day! Tears, lamentations, and anguish, and then at last consolation and happiness. From tears to laughter is a happy step, which makes us forget our agonies, but when we pass from pleasure to pain the change is even yet more acutely perceptible.

[*Re-enter TRUFFALDINO.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Sir, I want to ask you this favor.

FLORINDO: What do you want?

TRUFFALDINO: You see, sir, I'm in love too.

FLORINDO: Pasquale?

TRUFFALDINO: Yes. NO! No, no. Signor Pantabaloney has a young beautiful maid women and it would be very kind if your honor—

FLORINDO: How do I come into it?

TRUFFALDINO: I won't say, sir, that you come into it at all! When a man and a women love each other there is no room for a third party —

FLORINDO: We must see first whether the girl wants you.

TRUFFALDINO: The girl wants me, no mistake.

FLORINDO: I will speak for you, but how can you keep a wife?

TRUFFALDINO: I shall ask for help from Pasqual'.

FLORINDO: You had better ask help from someone with more sense.

[*FLORINDO goes into his room.*]

TRUFFALDINO: Well, if I don't show sense this time, I shall never show it again.

[*TRUFFALDINO follows FLORINDO into his room.*]

#### SCENE IV – *A Room in the House of PANTALONE*

PANTALONE: Come, Clarice, pull yourself together.

SILVIO: My dear Clarice, Measure my agony by your own, Signora Clarice, and rest assured that I most truly love you, since 'twas the fear of losing you that rendered me distracted Heaven desires our happiness; do not be ungrateful for the blessing of Providence. Do not let the idea of revenge spoil the most beautiful day of your life.

DR. LOMBARDI: Here, here, here. I join my prayers to those of my son; Signora Clarice, my dear daughter-in-law, have pity on the poor young man; he nearly went out of his mind.

SMERALDINA: Come, dear madam, what would you? Men are all cruel to us, some more, some less. They demand the most absolute fidelity, and on the least shadow of suspicion they bully us, ill-treat us and are like to murder us. Well, you have got to marry one or another of them some day, so I say to you as

one says to sick people – since you have got to take your nasty medicine, take it.

PANTALONE: There, do you hear that? Smeraldina calls matrimony medicine. You must not think it is poison.

DR. LOMBARDI: Certainly, 'tis not nasty medicine. Matrimony is a lollipop.

PANTALONE: Lollipop!

DR. LOMBARDI: A jujube!

PANTALONE: A jujube!

DR. LOMBARDI: A bonbon!

PANTALONE: A bonbon!

SILVIO: No! But dear Clarice, won't you say a word? I know I deserve to be punished by you. Behold me at your feet; have pity upon me.

CLARICE: [*to SILVIO with a sigh*] You are so cruel!

PANTALONE: [*to DR. LOMBARDI*] You hear that little sigh? A good sign!

DR. LOMBARDI: [*aside to SILVIO*] Strike while the iron is hot.

SILVIO: If I could think that you desired my blood to avenge my supposed cruelty, I give it you with all my heart. But, oh God! Instead of the blood of my veins, accept, I beg you, that which gushes from my eyes.

PANTALONE: Here, come up with you.

[*He raises SILVIO, take him by the hand.*]

Stand over there.

[*Takes CLARICE'S hand.*]

And you come here too, madam. Now, join your hands together again; and make peace.

ALL: Yes! No!

SILVIO: [*holding CLARICE'S hand*] Oh, Signora Clarice, for pity's sake –

CLARICE: Ungrateful cad!

SILVIO: My dearest!

CLARICE: Inhuman creature!

SILVIO: My beloved!

CLARICE: Monstrous coward!

SILVIO: My angel!

CLARICE: [*sighs*] Ah!

[*Enter BRIGHELLA.*]

BRIGHELLA: Hello? By your leave, sir, may I join you?

PANTALONE: Pray come in, good friend Brighella. Who assured me that that party was Signor Federigo – eh?

BRIGHELLA: My dear sir, who would not have been deceived? They were twin brother and sister, as like two peas in a pod.

Signora Beatrice is here, and desires to pay her respects.

PANTALONE: Let her come in; she is most welcome.

CLARICE: Poor Signora Beatrice, I am happy to think that her troubles are over.

SILVIO: You are sorry for her?

CLARICE: I am indeed.

SILVIO: And for me?

CLARICE: Oh, cruel!

[Enter BEATRICE.]

BEATRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, I come to ask your pardon and forgiveness, you should on my account have been put to inconvenience –

CLARICE: No, no, my dear; come to me.

[Embraces her.]

SILVIO: [*annoyed at the embrace*] How so?

BEATRICE: [*to SILVIO*] What! May she not even embrace a woman?

DR. LOMBARDI: [*to BEATRICE*] Too much spirit, madam.

BEATRICE: Love makes one do great things.

PANTALONE: And you have found your young gentleman at last?

BEATRICE: Yes, Heaven has made us happy.

DR. LOMBARDI: A nice reputation you have made yourself!

BEATRICE: Sir, you have no business in my affairs.

SILVIO: [*to DR. LOMBARDI*] Sir, I beg you, let everyone do as they will; do not be so put out about it. Now that I am happy, I want all the world to be happy too. Is anyone else going to be married? Let them all get married!

SMERALDINA: [*to SILVIO*] What about me, sir?

SILVIO: Whom are you going to marry?

SMERALDINA: The first man that comes along, sir.

[Enter TRUFFALDINO.]

TRUFFALDINO: Hello sky!

BEATRICE: [*to TRUFFALDINO*] Where is Signor Florindo?

TRUFFALDINO: He is here.

BEATRICE: Signor Pantalone, will you give Signor Florindo leave?

PANTALONE: I shall be pleased to meet him.

BEATRICE: [*to TRUFFALDINO*] Show him in.

[Exit TRUFFALDINO.]

SMERALDINA: [*to CLARICE*] Madam, with the company's leave, I want a favor of you.

CLARICE: [*going aside to listen to SMERALDINA*] What is it?

SMERALDINA: I too am a poor girl that would like to settle myself; there's the servant of Signora Beatrice who wants to marry me; now if you would say a kind word to his mistress, and get her to allow him to take me to wife, I should be the happiest girl in the world.

PANTALONE: [*to CLARICE*] What is all this whispering about?

CLARICE: Nothing, sir. She had something to say to me.

SILVIO: [*to CLARICE*] May I not know?

CLARICE: How inquisitive they all are! And then they talk about us women!

[Enter FLORINDO shown by TRUFFALDINO.]

FLORINDO: Shut up! Your most humble servant, ladies and gentlemen. Are you the master of the house, sir?

PANTALONE: Yours to command, sir.

FLORINDO: I present myself by command of the Signora Beatrice.

PANTALONE: I congratulate you most heartily on your good fortune.

FLORINDO: Signora Beatrice is to be my wife.

PANTALONE: Give her your hand.

FLORINDO: Signora Beatrice.

BEATRICE: Signora Florindo.

CLARICE: [to BEATRICE] Dear friend, I congratulate you.

BEATRICE: [to CLARICE] And I you, with all my heart.

SILVIO: [to FLORINDO] Sir, do you know me again?

FLORINDO: [to SILVIO] Indeed I do, sir.

PANTALONE: Everything is in order.

TRUFFALDINO: The best is yet to come.

PANTALONE: What is yet to come?

TRUFFALDINO: [to FLORINDO, taking him apart] Sir, one word.

FLORINDO: What do you want?

TRUFFALDINO: You remember what you promised me, sir?

FLORINDO: What did I promise?

TRUFFALDINO: To ask Si'or Pantalone for Smeraldina as my wife.

FLORINDO: Oh, now I remember. [to PANTALONE] Signor Pantalone, although this is the first occasion on which I have the honor of knowing you, I make bold to desire a favor of you.

PANTALONE: You may command me, sir.

FLORINDO: My manservant desires to marry your maid.

SMERALDINA: [aside] Here's another who wants to marry me! Who the Hell could he be? I wish I knew him.

CLARICE: Signor Florindo, you have anticipated me in something that I ought have done. I was to propose the marriage of my maid with the manservant of Signora Beatrice. You have asked for her for *your* servant, I can say no more.

FLORINDO: No, no; since you so earnestly desire this, I withdraw altogether and leave you completely free.

CLARICE: Indeed, sir, I could never permit myself to have my own wishes preferred to yours.

FLORINDO: I will not say another word on behalf of my servant; on the contrary; I am absolutely opposed to hi marrying her.

CLARICE: If *your* man is not to marry her, no more shall the other man.

TRUFFALDINO: I'm going to die alone.

PANTALONE: Come, we *must* settle it somehow; this poor girl wants to get married; let us give her either to the one or the other.



TRUFFALDINO: Okay, okay. I can settle the matter. Si'or Florindo, did you not ask the hand of Smeraldina for your servant?

FLORINDO: I did.

TRUFFALDINO: And you, Si'ora Clarice, did you not intend Smeraldina to marry the servant of Si'ora Beatrice?

CLARICE: Most certainly.

TRUFFALDINO: Then give me your hand, Smeraldina. I am the servant of Si'or Florindo and of Si'ora Beatrice.

FLORINDO: What?

BEATRICE: What?

TRUFFALDINO: Who asked you to ask Si'or Pantalone for Smeraldina?

FLORINDO: You.

TRUFFALDINO: And you, Si'ora Clarice, who had you in mind as the intended husband of Smeraldina?

CLARICE: You.

TRUFFALDINO: *Ergo*, she is mine!

FLORINDO: Where is your servant?

BEATRICE: Right here!

FLORINDO: Truffaldino? He is *my* servant!

BEATRICE: Where is your servant?

FLORINDO: Here!

BEATRICE: How do you explain this?

TRUFFALDINO: Simply, sir. I am the servant of two masters!

-END-