

**Pantalone:** *A miserly old man who loves his family (but maybe his money more). He came from nothing, and is jealous of every cent.*

**Side:**

*Pantalone enters, peeking over both shoulders*

I think I'm alone. Perfect!

*He pulls out a coin purse and begins to count the coins - his favorite part of the day. Each coin gets its own loving gesture,*

One... Two... Three...

*The bag is empty.*

Four? (*Beat.*) How could it be missing? Number four is my favorite!

*Pantalone yells, in his grief and/or anger.*

It must have been that buffoon Dottore, jealous of my success. My hard-earned successes! No no, surely it was one of my servants. They're always skulking about and looking for scraps. Surely it wasn't my own child! Why, that ungrateful, little...

*Suddenly Pantalone stops and reaches into a pocket.*

There you are! What a relief. Don't scare me like that again.

*Again looking over each shoulder, Exit.*