

Innamorati: *The child of Pantalone, well-educated and in love with the idea of love. They are very serious with heightened emotions - surrounded by clowns, they're simply in the wrong play.*

Side:

The Lover enters, as if floating on air.

I am here in the park to meet my love. It has been so long since I've seen them, and my heart aches with desire to once again be in their presence.

They see a letter on the ground, and bend to pick it up.

What's this? Perhaps it is from my love! (Beat.) Indeed, it smells of their perfume.

They open the letter, and begin to read.

"My dearest love..." Oh, it is the happiest of days to read their gentle words! "I write these words full of longing and sorrow..." Sorrow? But why sorrow? Perhaps they mean to end our courtship!

They continue to read.

"I love you with all my heart..." Oh, that is a relief indeed! "But I have terrible news..." Most unhappy letter, to bear ill tidings. I can scarcely continue!

Beat. They continue to read.

"I have been delayed..." Delayed?! "...but will meet you in one hour, with fresh roses." Oh joy! I can forgive an hour's delay, when it is accompanied by roses. I will return, perhaps bearing a gift of my own.

Exit.