

# **THE SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS**

**BY CARLO GOLDONI**

**ADAPTED BY NICK ENRIGHT AND  
RON BLAIR**

*The Servant of Two Masters* was first produced in this translation by the State Theatre Company of SA, at the Playhouse, Adelaide, on 29 September 1978 with the following cast:

PANTALONE	Robin Bowering
CLARICE	Michele Stayner
DOTTORE	Hedley Cullen
SILVIO	Tony Prehn
BEATRICE	Daphne Grey
FLORINDO	Paul Sonkilla
BRIGHELLA	Brian James
SMERALDINA	Chris Mahoney
TRUFFALINDO	Tony Strachan
PULCINELLAS	Nick Enright, Michael Fuller, Peter Schwarz, Wayne Jarratt

Director, Edmo Fenoglio  
Designer, Axel Bartz  
Lighting Designer, Nigel Levings  
Dances and Movement, Michael Fuller  
Music, Salvatore Sciarrino

## CHARACTERS

SILVIO, Dottore's son  
CLARICE, Pantalone's daughter  
PANTALONE  
DOTTORE  
SMERALDINA, Clarice's maid  
BRIGHELLA, an innkeeper  
TRUFFALDINO, Beatrice's servant  
BEATRICE, Federigo's sister  
FLORINDO, Beatrice's lover

## SETTING

Mid eighteenth-century Venice.

## ACT ONE

### SCENE ONE

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*A room in the house of Pantalone.*

SILVIO: Here is my hand, and with it I give you all my heart.

PANTALONE: Come, don't be shy. Give him your hand, my dear. Then you will be engaged, and soon you'll be married.

CLARICE: Yes, Father.

DOTTORE: A marriage made in Heaven! Now there's no turning back, children.

SMERALDINA: [*aside*] A marriage made in Heaven! I wouldn't mind a marriage made anywhere.

CLARICE: Here is my hand, dear Silvio. I promise to be your wife.

SILVIO: And I promise to be your husband.

PANTALONE: There! Dottore's son Silvio is engaged to my daughter Clarice. You're a witness, Dottore, and you too, Brighella.

BRIGHELLA: The pleasure's mine.

PANTALONE: You see? I danced at your wedding, and you'll dance at my daughter's. We won't have a big reception. I'm a simple man, and so is Dottore here. Nothing too grand: a little supper, a few speeches and a toast or two. Well, children? How would that be?

SILVIO: All I crave is to be beside my dear wife.

SMERALDINA: [*aside*] That's the best wedding-breakfast of all.

DOTTORE: He doesn't want anything splashy, do you, my boy? He's a simple lad, and he has a good heart. All he thinks of is your daughter.

PANTALONE: You're right, you know, Dottore, this marriage was made in Heaven.

DOTTORE: Indeed.

PANTALONE: In more ways than one. Clarice was engaged already to a fellow in Turin I had some business with. Signor Federigo Rasponi. Well, he's dead. And so I could give her to my new son-in-law.

SILVIO: Then Heaven has blessed us. Though perhaps Signora Clarice does not think she is so lucky.

CLARICE: Oh, Silvio, how you wrong me! I am a dutiful daughter, so the man from Turin would have had my hand. But my heart would have been always yours.

DOTTORE: How right you are, Signor Pantalone. *Deus incognito movit.*

PANTALONE: Eh?

DOTTORE: The Lord moves in mysterious ways...

PANTALONE: Ah.

BRIGHELLA: How did he die, this Federigo Rasponi?

PANTALONE: Poor fellow! Killed one night in a sword fight over his sister. Bled to death on the spot.

BRIGHELLA: And this was in Turin.

PANTALONE: In Turin.

BRIGHELLA: Poor chap. I'm very sorry to hear it.

PANTALONE: You knew Federigo Rasponi?

BRIGHELLA: Knew him? Of course I knew him. I was three years in Turin, remember. I knew his sister too. What a woman! Always out riding, dressed as a man, more often than not. Her brother worshipped the ground she walked on. Poor chap!

PANTALONE: Well, we know not the day or the hour. But this is no time for sadness! I've a favour to ask you, Brighella. You run a fine kitchen, don't you, down at your place? Well, I'd like you to do the wedding breakfast. Really lay on a spread.

BRIGHELLA: With pleasure. At my inn, I always try to give satisfaction, but for you... something really special.

PANTALONE: That's the stuff! Something... something with a bit of

gravy. I love wiping the plate clean with a crust of bread... or two... or three.

*There is a knock at the door.*

See who it is, Smeraldina.

SMERALDINA: Yes, sir.

SMERALDINA *goes*.

CLARICE: [*making to go*] Father, will you excuse me—

PANTALONE: Certainly not.

SMERALDINA *enters again*.

SMERALDINA: Signor Pantalone, it's a strange servant with a message.

He wouldn't tell me anything. He wants to speak to the master.

PANTALONE: Bring him in, we'll see what he wants.

SMERALDINA *goes*.

CLARICE: May I go, please, Father?

PANTALONE: Where?

CLARICE: I don't know, to... my room.

PANTALONE: No, miss, you may not. [*To DOTTORE*] You can't be too careful once they're engaged.

DOTTORE: Better safe than sorry.

TRUFFALDINO *enters with* SMERALDINA.

TRUFFALDINO: Ladies and gents, good morning! What a nice-looking bunch of people! Real smart bunch.

PANTALONE: Who are you? And what's your business?

TRUFFALDINO: [*pointing to* CLARICE] Who's the good-looker?

PANTALONE: She's my daughter.

TRUFFALDINO: Glad to hear it.

PANTALONE: She's engaged.

TRUFFALDINO: Sorry to hear it. And who are you?

SMERALDINA: I'm her maid.

TRUFFALDINO: Good on you. You engaged?

PANTALONE: That's enough of that. Who are you? What do you want? Who sent you?

TRUFFALDINO: Hang on! Take it easy! Three questions at a time, that's too much for a poor man.

PANTALONE: The man's a fool.

DOTTORE: Or else playing the fool.

TRUFFALDINO: Well, are you engaged, too?

SMERALDINA: No.

*She sighs.*

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

TRUFFALDINO: Is that all you want to know? That's easy. I'm the servant of my master. [*To SMERALDINA*] Now, where were we? Not engaged, eh?

PANTALONE: But who is your master?

TRUFFALDINO: He's a stranger to you, boss. He wants to come up and introduce himself. [*To SMERALDINA*] Well, marriage is a big step, but—

PANTALONE: Who is this stranger? What is his name?

TRUFFALDINO: Oh, his name? You want to know his name? Signor Federigo Rasponi. He sends his respects. He's downstairs now. He said he'd like to come up. He's waiting for an answer. Happy? Anything else you need to know? [*To SMERALDINA*] But do you think you might be ready for it?

PANTALONE: Come here! What the devil did you say?

TRUFFALDINO: And if you want to know my name, it's Truffaldino. Truffaldino from Bergamo.

PANTALONE: I don't want to know your name! I want to know your master's name. Now slowly, please, I think I misheard you.

TRUFFALDINO: Poor old feller, he's deaf. My master is Signor Federigo Rasponi, of Turin.

PANTALONE: Rubbish! You're out of your mind! Signor Federigo Rasponi of Turin is dead.

TRUFFALDINO: Dead?

PANTALONE: Dead.

TRUFFALDINO: Go on! He was alive when I left him downstairs.

PANTALONE: I tell you, he's dead. As a doornail.

DOTTORE: *Frigidus ut saxum.*

ALL: Eh?

DOTTORE: Cold as a stone.

TRUFFALDINO: Poor feller! He must have just had an accident. Well, goodbye, all.

PANTALONE: Goodbye? Is that all?

TRUFFALDINO: Well, if he's dead, there's nothing much I can do. [*Aside*] I'll just nick down and see if it's true.

TRUFFALDINO *exits.*

PANTALONE: What kind of larrikin is that? Is he a fool, or is he playing the fool?

DOTTORE: Six of one, half-dozen of the other.

BRIGHELLA: I think he's a bit simple. He can't be all that smart, coming from Bergamo.

SMERALDINA: [*aside*] He's smart all right. Smart enough for me.

PANTALONE: And as for all that rubbish about Signor Federigo—

CLARICE: He cannot really be alive, can he, Father?

PANTALONE: Of course he's not alive! You've seen the letter from Turin.

SILVIO: And even if he is alive, he has come too late.

TRUFFALDINO *enters.*

TRUFFALDINO: All right, all right, what's going on? That's no way to treat a poor feller, pulling his leg because he's a stranger. I'm surprised at you, boss. Well? Where's the apology?

PANTALONE: Be careful, he's crazy. Now, what have they done to you?

TRUFFALDINO: You done it! Told me Signor Federigo is dead!

PANTALONE: Yes? Well?

TRUFFALDINO: Yes. Well. He's here. Alive. Healthy. Full of beans.

Wants to come up and say hello, if it's all right with you.

PANTALONE: Signor Federigo?

TRUFFALDINO: Signor Federigo.

PANTALONE: Rasponi?