

ITALO MARIOSTO is an aging Italian immigrant.

#1 (Italo remembers the past.)

ITALO

Those were the days when I would sleep through matins,
For I had stayed awake the whole night through.
From eight to ten the masquerades and satins,

The dresses fringed in violet, gold, and blue;
From ten to twelve o'clock the old viscount
And countess took me in their carriage to

Those suppers at the Boboli, the mount
Was filled with romance in the summer night;
And yet the merry babble of the fount

And of the lady's twinkling laughter, bright
It may have been, was nothing but a prelude.
From twelve to four my world was only light,

For then, O Dio Mio, all the crude
And merely worldly feelings from my brow,
Would tumble down, as if my life, a mood

A passing fancy were. For even now
I see how she would curtsey, we would meet,
And I would make to her, an awkward bow.

#2A (Audrey and Italo banter as they discuss the Harvest Ball.)

AUDREY

Italo I would hate to make you repeat....But what was that old viscount's name again?

ITALO

(*Turning up his nose*) The honorable Visconte Di Polpetta Piccante.

AUDREY

And your beloved's name?

ITALO

It pains me much to speak of her. And yet...it was the noble Donna Delicato Fungo Biondo.

AUDREY

Italo you need to stop lying to me... (*Italo protests*). Every time the names change, the location changes, the details change!

ITALO

(*Sadly*) Yes, life changes so quickly. "La vita è fatta di formaggio saporito," as we say in Italy.

AUDREY

Italo, tu sai che io parlo italiano?

ITALO

Si, tutti parliamo Italiano – when we love!

AUDREY

I'm not sure about that Italo, but, at any rate, all is forgiven – I wanted to ask you something.

ITALO

(*Busy with his cart*)

Si?

AUDREY

Well, you are aware of the Harvest Ball tonight, no doubt?

ITALO

Ah, yes, yes! What a lovely evening it will be!

AUDREY

Well, that's the thing: I was hoping to find dates for Camilla and myself – nobody serious, mind you, but just some acquaintances to have fun with.

ITALO

Ah yes, the pleasure of lovemaking... it so quickly slips my mind; I only feel the ache of love now..

AUDREY

Oh quit it, Italo! You're twisting my sense (*he shrugs in acknowledgement*). Anyway, I thought it might have been nice to find dates, but Camilla wouldn't hear it. I asked her, "Camilla, what do you think about Peter, or Paul --

ITALO

Perhaps offer something more exciting than disciples? Though, mabe a Judas for her?

AUDREY

Please, Italo, must you interrupt with such sacrilege? (*Italo nods, casually crosses himself*). As I was saying, I gave her quite the choice, but she found them all revolting.

ITALO

This is no mystery my darling: it sounds like Miss Camilla is keeping someone close to her heart. If she acts crazy, she acts crazy – but this is nothing to fret about. If she goes this way, then there is only one explanation: the girl is in love!

#2B (Italo's first interaction with Michael, who's been gone several years.)

ITALO

(in an all-out run, but stops upon seeing Michael)
(out of breath) Miguel, Michael! Is it really you?

MICHAEL

It undeniably is, Italo.

ITALO

(embracing him) Oh, mio caro, it is so excellent to see you again. I heard that you spoke before, but, alas, I was late to the festival – detained, even, by duty!

MICHAEL

Your sense of justice, Italo, is untrammelled by time.

ITALO

Yes, a just man pays no heed to time!

MICHAEL

Nor does the jester.

ITALO

Wrong, Michael. The jester must keep time, so that he might know how to best help it pass. *(checking his pocket watch dispassionately)* We've wondered how you feel about time, Michael.

MICHAEL

You are too subtle, Italo.

ITALO

Oh, do you think I am wondering where you have been? *(puts watch away)* Yes, I suppose that is true. What has kept you occupied then, *signore*?

MICHAEL

My mind has kept me occupied, but only barely. I was on a ship, and I saw the world.

ITALO

Oh, very nice. I assume your mind was full of the sights?

MICHAEL

Hardly at all, actually.

ITALO

Then, perhaps love?

MICHAEL

(taken aback) I hope you are not serious.

ITALO

I could not be more so.

MICHAEL

What does love have to do with an infinite expanse of sea?

ITALO

It sounds like you are confusing the infinite with the *indefinito*.

MICHAEL

Well, if we are splitting hairs --

ITALO

The great infinite is infinitely grand, Miguel but we only know it in the smallest of moments. *(smiling, looking up)* Ah, like la bella luna!