

The Note

Romantic comedy · Two-hander · 1 min · Female role · Adult · Advanced

(Dorante holds a crumpled note he has just intercepted.)

DORANTE

This note, beneath your fingers, trembled like a confession. To whom were you writing, Madam, with such fire?

LÉONORE

To you. But having read it, I feared to reveal too much, and chose to hush it rather than be reborn in it.

DORANTE

To me? This burning word, this ardour I deny: it was for the one who doubted his beloved?

LÉONORE

Doubt is a mirror: it shows what one carries. You thought me fickle; I had to be strong.

DORANTE

Forgive this suspicion that a trifle gave birth to.

LÉONORE

I forgive the jealous man what self-love hates. But keep this note: let it be your rule. One does not force open a letter that offers itself.

What you can do with it

Original text written for Acto. Read it, print it, work on it in class, perform it at an audition or on a self-tape: that is what it is for, and you need no permission. For a public performance or any commercial use, write to us at contact@acto.re.