

[Perdita enters a cave. Her wandering, anxious spirit led her astray from the field she shepherd. She is dressed plainly. It is early morning, before she must play the role of hostess and, she hopes, exchange her vows. She finds a letter in a dark corner of the cave. An arrangement of rocks in the middle of the cave whisper the remains of some who once dwelt here. She reads the letter written in distressed hand. She sits and extracts from her bag a paper and a writing device hidden under a bunch of flowers. Setting the bag aside, she writes:]

My dearest Imogen,

O, how curious to write a letter
to an absent reader. I led a simpler life
Compared to thy royal plights, for whether
my day be hooked by passion or claimed by strife
my blood knows not the torments of splendid
demand. Methinkst your desperate pen,
etched in the depths of this cave, is betrayed
to mine eyes by fate; I must respond then
to your plea. Because though I know the field
O've the palace, love be constant as love
is true, and so your pulse through mine veins yield.
If you should hear me from above, cross bonds
of time, by will of love. I hope happiness
stole misfortune and "Posthumus," your kiss.

I know it be not mine to ask,
but if you've known such fortune, pray send mine love and I your luck
for we face a terrible plight.
Love makes me not so blind
to our situation, as the bliss
Which benefits my dear prince.
Tonight, his hand I'll hold but to your heart I'll pray for love to know a happier wish.
I'll finish your story,
my dear lost princess, with my life inclined.
For if you've perished 'fore happiness found you,
redeem your happiness in mine.

Your friend, from across the bonds of time,
Perdita

Hailey Rebecca Ibberson