

NAUGHTY MARIETTA

Music by Victor Herbert Lyrics by Rida Johnson Young
Book and revised lyrics by Thomas Petiet

WHY IMPROVE ON A CLASSIC?

Naughty Marietta still holds the stage, unlike most of Victor Herbert's operettas, but only barely. The main reason, of course is the music. The American libretti of the period were notably inferior, although acceptable to audiences of the period. To bring Marietta up to today's standards required a complete reworking, which Mr. Petiet has provided

CAST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance

NANETTE (soprano) A flower seller
ADAH (Mezzo) A mulatto gentlewoman, mistress of Etienne
FELICE (Soprano) A flower seller
WATCHMAN (Baritone) Town crier and watchman
BIRDSPELLER (Tenor)
FRUIT VENDOR (bass)
SUGAR CANE VENDOR (tenor)
ETIENNE (Baritone) Son of the Governor and Bras. Pique
CAPTAIN RICHARD WARRINGTON (Tenor) Captain of a troop of American Rangers
HARRY BLAKE (Bass) His second in command
SILAS (Tenor or Baritone) A private in the Rangers
RUDOLFO (Baritone) Operator of a marionette show
MARIETTA D'ALTENA (Coloratura soprano) An escaped noblewoman from Italy, disguised as a casquette girl
LIZETTE (Mezzo-soprano) A homely casquette girl
GOVERNOR GRANDDET (Baritone) Foppish governor of New Orleans
FLORENZ (Actor) His aged secretary
POLICE OFFICER (Actor)
ANTOINE (Actor) Friend of Etienne and a pirate
JEAN-PIERRE (Actor) Another friend of Etienne
BRIGITTE (Actress) Acquaintance of Silas
MARIA (Actress) Ditto
CLAIRE (Actress) Ditto
SERVANT TO ETIENNE (Act 2)

ACT I CHORUS - Citizens of New Orleans, Rangers, Casquette Girls

ACT II CHORUS- Citizens, Rangers, Dancers, Nobility

1.

ACT I – Scene: A large square in New Orleans in the early Nineteenth century. There is a fountain, from which water is being drawn. It is morning, and the activities of the city are beginning.

#1. OPENING CHORUS

WATCHMAN: *Five o'clock and a fine clear mornin'. All's well!*

1ST FLWR GIRL: *Jesamine, Jesamine and roses.*

2nd FLWR GIRL: *Rose of May, blushing posies.*

1ST FLWR GIRL: *Jesamine, Jesamine and roses.*

2nd FLWR GIRL: *Sweet flow'rs, fresh flow'rs.*

FLWR VENDOR: *Seet flow'rs!*

1ST FLWR GIRL: *Roses.*

SEVERAL MEN: *Flow'rs!*

WOMEN: *Come, come come, for the morning is breaking
Haste, haste, haste, for the day is awaking!
Youth life, love, ev'rywhere,
Garlands of roses rare.
Fragrance your sense overtaking.
Come, come, etc.*

*Waste no hour of the springtime enthralling,
When love and life itself comes a'calling
Smell the flow'rs while you may
Short, ah, too short the day!
Petals already are falling.*

ITALIAN: *Parakeets! Parakeets! Happy fortune telling.*

FRUIT VENDOR: *Fresh figs, oranges!*

SUGAR VENDOR: *Sugar cane! Sugar cane!*

ALTOS: *Come here, I'll buy!*

2.

SOPS: *Don't pass us by!*

SWEEPERS: *Clear the way! Clear out! Clear the way!
Clear out and clear the way!
Clear the way, clear out, I say,
You foolish vendors, crying.
We have to sweep the dust away,
We have no time for buying
We have to work to clear the way
The casket maidens come today.
To make all fresh and fair and gay we're trying!*

ITALIAN: *Parakeets! Parakeets! Happy fortune telling.*

FRUIT VENDOR: *Fresh figs, oranges!*

SUGAR VENDOR: *Sugar cane! Sugar cane!*

ALTOS: *Come here, I'll buy!*

SOPS: *Don't pass us by!*

FLWR GIRLS: *Here they come, the convent girls
So demure and shy.
Creole beauties ev'ry one
See them passing by.
Downcast lashes, lips demure
Steps peregise and staid
Ooh, la, la! Ooh, la, la!
I wouldn't be a convent maid!*

MEN: *There's Ma'mselle de Frontenac
Ma'mselle Rosemarie.
From the best of families,*

GIRLS: *High nobility.*

MEN: *Looking neither right or left,*

GIRLS: *To smile they are afraid.*

3.

MEN: *To smile they are afraid.*

ALL: *Ooh, la, la! Ooh, la, la!
I wouldn't be a convent maid!*

ITALIAN: *Parakeets! Parakeets! Happy fortune telling.*

SUGAR VENDOR: *Sugar cane! Sugar cane!*

SWEEPERS: *Clear the way, clear out, I say, etc.*

GIRLS: *Come, come come, for the morning is breaking, etc.*

NANETTE: *(Selling flowers to Adah)* This flower will make you even more beautiful, Miss Adah.

ADAH: Thank you, dear, you're very kind. Like this, do you think? *(Putting flower in her hair)* Oh, I must have some fruit...

FELICE: *(Approaching Nannette)* Nanette! Did you hear the big news?

NAN: Lily and Antoine had another fight?

FEL: No, no... much better than that.

NAN: You're pregnant again?

FEL: No, silly, that's not news. There was a big fight down the coast. Bras. Pique and his pirates raided the village.

NAN: Mon dieu! He is getting bolder.

FEL: Yes, but this time a group of American soldiers came and drove them off.

NAN: Americans...

WATCHMAN: *(Joining them)* Yes- and I understand Pique and his men were pretty well thrashed.

ADAH: *(Overhearing)* Monsieur, do I understand that you said Bras Pique was thrashed?

WAT: That he was!

4.

BIRDSELLER: *(Joining them)* I heard that everyone was killed.

ADAH: *(Shocked)* Killed?

BIRD: Killed. And their throats cut! *(Adah puts her hands to her face and pulls away from the group)*

WAT: Nonsense! Americans don't do that.

NAN: Well, they are barbarians.

FEL: *(Wistfully)* Yes...

(Others enter the discussion, creating a group on one side of the stage, with Adah apart. Etienne enters unnoticed and approaches Adah.)

ETN: Good morning, My dear. Are you unwell?

ADAH: Etienne! *(Embracing him)* But you're still alive...

ETN: Yes, aren't I? How nice of you to notice. But, surely, my dear, you should not concern yourself with such morbid thoughts.

ADAH: The rumor has spread that Bras. Pique was killed last night by the Americans.

ETN: Was he? Well, then, I'm sure we can all breathe a little easier, eh?

ADAH: Don't be flip with me, Etienne. You know I cannot bear the thought of your dying. You must give up this obsession...

ETN: Not until I have thoroughly offended the Americans and have the power I need. In any case, your advice on the subject is not required. *(Sweetly)* You must think only about more pleasant things, such as the ball on Saturday night. You must be radiant...

ADAH: I cannot go on like this...

ETN: You can. You must!

A MAN: The Americans! They are in New Orleans. They are right behind me.

ETN: This should be amusing.

#2. TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP Entrance of the Americans**DICK:** 1.

*We've hunted the wolf in the forest
 We've raided the pirates at sea.
 We have no indenture,
 We're out for adventure
 As anyone plainly can see.
 We've smoked the peace pipe with the Natches,
 We've fought with the Sioux wild and free.
 We've laughed at all dangers,
 We're known as the Rangers.
 Harry Blake, my good comrades...*

SILAS: *And me!***DICK:** *Tramp, tramp, tramp, along the highway,
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the road is free,
 Blazing trails along the byway,
 Couriers de Bois are we!*

*Tramp, tramp, tramp, now clear the roadway,
 For to us the world is free!
 We're planters and Canucks,
 Virginians and Kaintucks,
 All my loyal infantry.*

MEN: *Tramp, tramp, tramp, now clear the roadway,
 For to us the world is free!
 Virginians and Kaintucks,
 And his loyal infantry.***DICK:** 2.

*We've blazoned the North in the winter
 We've answered the call of the wild,
 We heard the wolf calling
 When nighttime is falling,
 And burning logs higher we piled.
 We've fought for our scalps with the Indians
 We've waded in blood to the knee,
 So welcome us, strangers*

*We're known as the Rangers
Harry Blake, my good comrades...*

SILAS: *And me!*

DICK: *Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.*

ETN: *(Aside)* I was wrong. It was not amusing.

FEL: *(to Nan.)* Aren't they marvelous?

NAN: They are very unusual.

FEL: *(to Dick)* Are you the heroes who killed the pirates?

DICK: *(laughing)* Well, no, I guess not. We just ran some people off.

BIRD: You didn't kill them?

DICK: No. *(the crowd starts to disperse, mumbling. Dick calls after them)*
I'm sorry...

FEL: *(who has not moved)* I don't mind.

DICK: Well...much obliged. Say, I wonder if you could tell me where I could find the governor...

ETN: *(brushing Felice out of the way)* Allow me to introduce myself, monsieur.
I am Etienne Grandet, son of the Governor. I would be honored to be of assistance.

DICK: Thank you. I have come to see the governor on the matter of piracy in the coastal waters.

ETN: Oh, but I understood that you had already taken care of that.

DICK: Well, we ran off Bras. Pique, if that's what you mean. But they'll be back.

ETN: How unfortunate. And the citizens were so looking forward to worshipping you.

HARRY: We'll get 'em next time.

ETN: How charming. A true rustic. You are lucky to have him.

DICK: Harry is my first lieutenant.

ETN: *(to Adah, loud enough to be overheard)* His very first, I should say, by the look of him. Well, Captain, I trust we shall be able to show you the sights of our fair city?

DICK: Well...

SILAS: Ask him about the girls...

DICK: What?

SILAS: The girls. You know.

ETN: I'm sure I can direct you to the area of town you seek...

DICK: I'm sorry, sir! That's not what he means. We were told that a boatload of casquette girls were coming over from France.

RUDOLFO: *(overhearing)* The casquette girls? Si, signore. They are coming over on the same boat as my son.

DICK: Your son?

RUD: Si. He come from Napoli to help me with the puppets.

ADAH: I have been told that the ship will dock today, M'sieur.

DICK: Thank you, ma'am. I don't believe I've had the pleasure...

ETN: *(pulling her away)* I will be happy to announce you to my father, captain. I feel sure he will see you. If you would be so kind as to wait here, I'm certain he would prefer to have this audience outside, where you will be more comfortable. Adieu.
(exeunt Adah and Etienne)

HAR: Can't say I think much of the likes of him.

DICK: Well, we're in a Frenchy city, now, Harry, so don't let them get to you. We won't be here long.

SILAS: I wouldn't mind stayin' here.

HAR: Oh, you wouldn't?

SILAS: Nope. I could make it really big here.

8.

HAR: As what?

SILAS: Haven't quite decided. That's all that's stoppin' me. But I know I'm meant for other things than soldierin'.

HAR: Amen to that.

SILAS: Mebbe politics. I think I'd be good at that.

HAR: That's about all.

SILAS: Say, what's keepin' them girls?

DICK: Keep your shirt on. They'll be here, just like I told you.

HAR: You have enough money to pay the passage for one of them girls, do you?

SILAS: I dunno... How much are they?

HAR: I wouldn't know, but it's more than you got.

SILAS: Say, if you was to get two, I could take one off your hands and pay you back later. What do you say?

HAR: Get away!

NAN: You hear how they speak about those poor girls? It is disgusting.

FEL: *(wistfully)* Yes...

WAT: *(re-entering)* "Ten o'clock and there's casket girls comin'. All's well."

SILAS: GIRLS!

(A group of girls equal in number to the Rangers enter, carrying casquettes on their shoulders. Lizette, the homeliest one, has the largest casquette, which she pulls behind her. The men react and gather around them.)

#3. TAISEZ VOUS - Ensemble

TENORS: *Oh maiden fair, oh, maiden fair, won't you marry me*

MAIDS: *Taissez vous, taissez vous, we'll see!*

MAN 1: *I have broad lands and a cabin too!*

MAN 2: *I've a range well stocked with caribou.*

MAN 3: *I've a snug little nest, big enough for two!*

MAIDS: *Taissez vous, taissez vous, taissez vous, taissez vous!
We're coming her to be married, married, married,
And we don't intend to now be harried!
Not by you...*

MEN: *Won't you marry me?*

MAIDS: *Not by you...
The King has given us caskets fair
Our small possessions are all in there!
You're have to show us that you're on the square!
Taissez vous!*

MEN: *Marry me! Etc.*

MAIDS: *Taissez vous! Etc.*

(At the end of the dance, men are paying much attention to the girls, especially Marietta, but no one pays any attention to Lizette. She approaches the nearest man-Silas.)

LIZ: *Hey, you are in need of wife, no?*

SILAS: *Yes, ma' am! (Turning around) That is, no, ma'am.*

LIZ: *I am Lizette, M'sieur. What is your name, huh?*

SILAS: *Silas, Ma'am. Now, if you'll excuse me...*

LIZ: *M'sieur Silas, I am what you need. A good, strong woman to help you. Never will you find another. See, I have good, strong hands for the farming. (grabbing him)*

SILAS: *Yes, ma'am. But I'm not a farmer. I'm a soldier.*

LIZ: Oh, I am a good wife of the officer. I can entertain the generals for you. I dress "tres elegant". I listen to their wives (*yawning*). I laugh at their jokes: "Oh, General, that is so droll-- ha, ha." (*slaps Silas on the back*)

SILAS: That's all very nice, but I'm not an officer.

LIZ: Oh, you have fool Lizette. She always fall for the uniform.

SILAS: Look, miss, I can't afford a wife.

LIZ: That is no problem. I come very well equipped. (*indicates her casquette*)

SILAS: (*looking at her body*) I can see that. But...no offense, ma' am, I don't guess I'm ready for so much woman as you are, you see... I thought, as a beginner, I'd start with the small, young ones first to kinda get the hang of it, you know.

LIZ: A beginner, eh? (*even more interested*) Small girls no good for a beginner.

SILAS: Well, they're easier to get excited about.

LIZ: I see. I somehow think you Americans are different. But no... it is all the same.

SILAS: What is?

New #4. SONG, LIZETTE (old #21)

LIZ: 1.
*The pretty girls have always been the ones who got a man!
 It's been that way, I'm sad to say, since history began.
 Tho' Adam was a married man, his options were but few,
 But as soon as there were plenty girls, no homely one would do.*

*And of course, throughout the years it went exactly just like that,
 Whenever two girls could be got, the beauty got begat
 Through European history, how many soldiers fell,
 Just because some king or other chose a pretty mad'moiselle?*

*The Trojan princess Helen was the fairest in the land,
 She was trothed to Menelaus and she gave to him her hand.
 But Paris took her from him, tho' it bore his nation ill.*

*Yes, Paris went for beauty then,
And Paris always will!*

*For beauty is as beauty does, they say.
And ugly isn't where it's at today.*

*It's true I've personality,
And charms for which you'd envy me,
Still nobody ever asks me to play...
In games of love, I'll tell you this,
I've had to fight for ev'ry kiss,
I'd wet my lips and take a grip
To make damn sure the guy don't run away.*

2.

*Now tho' you may not think it, I've had problems finding men,
For ev'ry time I'd find one, he would lose himself again
For years, I could not understand what the heck was wrong with me,
By the time I had my first romance, Babette had twenty-three.*

*So I asked Babette to tell me what on earth I had to do,
And she said, "Just be beautiful and men will come to you."
I thought that was the answer, so I tried to look more nice,
But I found there was a hitch in her unfortunate advice.*

*It's not an easy matter to be pretty when you're plain,
Nor to fit into a dainty dress a shape it won't contain.
No paste can make this face of mine a thing of beauty rare,
And no one makes the hour-glass shaped like my derriere.*

*For beauty is as beauty does, they say.
And ugly isn't where it's at today.
It's true I've personality,*

*And charms for which you'd envy me,
Still nobody ever asks me to play...*

*But as the years go on, I know
My chances may begin to grow,
While beauty wanes,
My face remains.
I'll look the same forever and a day!*

(Lizette finishes song crying loudly)

SILAS: Now, look, there's no cause to be goin' on like that.

LIZ: You don't like me because I'm not beautiful!

SILAS: *(grudgingly)* I like you...

LIZ: *(changing)* Will you help me carry this?

SILAS: *(trapped)* Oh, I guess so. My God, what's in here? You better get somebody else.

LIZ: *(crying again)* You don't like me because I got a big chest!

SILAS: Now, don't start. What's in here anyway?

LIZ: All my treasure. I save all my life...

SILAS: Then it must be a treasure! *(aside)* I could use that money to become a success.
(aloud) Well, I might just marry you anyway.

LIZ: You will? *(jumping on him)* Let's go!

SILAS: Say, do you mind if I look inside this here chest? Maybe we could strap some of the stuff on a horse.

LIZ: Oh, no. I do not dare. Everything in there is without price. It must not be opened until we are married.

SILAS: Well, okay... *(tries to move it, but can't)*

LIZ: I help you, sweetie. *(pulls it easily)* Come- we take it to hotel.
(he follows her out, embarrassed)

(Marietta comes forward with Dick and some other admirers.)

MAR: So, Captain, I cannot count you as a suitor?

DICK: Not me, miss. But it doesn't look like you're going to need me.

MAR: Yes, these gentlemen are very nice.

A RANGER: I'd be more than proud if you'd be my wife, miss,

FRUIT VENDOR: You need someone more steady, miss..., like me. I've got a little house and I'm doing very well.

RANGER: You need a real man, not a fruit man.

MAR: *(calming them)* Gentlemen, please do not fight.

ETN: *(entering)* May I be of assistance, mademoiselle?

MAR: Thank you, sir. *(looking at Dick)* How gallant.

ADAH: Etienne!

ETN: *(ignoring Adah)* May I present my father, the Governor?

MAR: I am honored, M'sieur.

GOV: *(having entered with Florenz)* Enchantee, Mademoiselle. You are a very charming girl.

MAR: Thank you, M'sieur.

GOV: Yes, you are very charming. I am afraid I will have to ask you to come to my office.

MAR: M'sieur!

GOV: With the rest of these charming girls, of course. I must register you personally in the city records.

DICK: Sir, I believe you were coming to see me?

GOV: Was I? I can hardly believe it, sir.

DICK: I must speak to you on matters of state.

GOV: Oh, dear, then I know I wasn't coming to see you. I'm afraid I must attend to this urgent business first. Come, girls. Etienne, will you escort some of the young ladies?

ETN: With pleasure, father.

(he gives his arm to Marietta, as Adah glowers. The governor, Etienne and the girls exeunt, followed by Adah. The townsmen disperse, and the rangers are leftstanding around.)

HAR: Well, now, looks like we've come out on the short end again.

DICK: We'll just have to wait then, won't we? Take the men down to the fort and get them billeted, Harry. I'll wait for his honor.

HAR: Whatever you say, captain. *(exits with soldiers)*

DICK: *(seeing Rudolfo, who has entered)* Well, friend, where is your son?

RUD: I do not know, signore.

DICK: Haven't you seen him yet?

RUD: He did not come on the boat, signore.

DICK: Sorry to hear it.

RUD: He probably plays with the girls. He never want to work. Rudolfo cannot do show now. I must pack my things away. Addio, signore. *(exits)*

DICK: Everything isn't so happy in New Orleans. Must've come at the wrong time of year.

MAR: Mio capitano... *(entering coyly)*

DICK: Well, well. Aren't you supposed to be with the Governor?

MAR: Too many people for Marietta.

DICK: There sure were.

MAR: Oho, maybe the Capitan is jealous. Maybe you like to talk to Marietta alone, eh?

DICK: Ha, ha! I'm afraid you've got me wrong, miss.

MAR: You are not looking for wife?

DICK: No, ma'am.

MAR: Good. I not looking for husband.

DICK: *(surprised)* You're not?

MAR: Not me. Why you don't want wife?

DICK: Well, in my line, I'm only used to the rough company of men.

MAR: Oh...

DICK. (*quickly*) I mean in the fightin'.

MAR: Oh. Well, if you have wife, you get plenty fighting.

DICK: No, thanks. Say, how come a casquette girl doesn't want to get married?

MAR: Oh, I not really a casquette girl. I just pretend to be one so I can escape.

DICK: From what?

MAR: You promise not to tell? They deport me.

DICK: Promise.

MAR: Okay. My father put me in convent in Paris because I run a little wild. I don't like convent so good. All the time work - eat -]read, work - eat- read! Marietta pretty soon get smart, fat and blind. The nuns do not like me having the fun. I cannot live like that!

New #5. NAUGHTY MARIETTA

MAR: 1.

*There are two little maidens that live in my heart
And one is so good, like dis!
She look, comme ca,
And she talk: "la, la..."
Like butter would melt, I guess.*

*But the other little maiden dat's also me,
Has a temper so warm, it's torrid!
So when I am good,
I am very good indeed.
But when I am bad, I'm horrid!*

*"Naughty Marietta, come be good," says she
"Mais non!" says me.
"Naughty Marietta, but you should," says she
"Be good, like me!"*

*"Naughty Marietta, come go home," says she
 "Mais non! Mais non!" says me.*

*Dat naughty Marietta
 Her temper will let her
 Be good as she should. Oui, oui!*

2.

*Come a time, to the convent they sent me right off.
 I'm not fond of dat, not me.
 I say my pray'r,
 Almost ev'rywhere
 And better than gold I be.*

*But the naughty Marietta dat's also me
 Break every rule dey tell me
 'Cause when I was good,
 I was very good indeed,
 But when I was bad, dey expel me!*

*"Naughty Marietta, come be good," says she
 "Mais non!" says me.
 "Naughty Marietta, but you should," says she
 "Be good, like me!"*

*"Naughty Marietta, come go home," says she
 "Mais non! Mais non!" says me.
 Dat naughty Marietta
 Her temper will let her
 Be good as she should. Oui, oui!*

DICK: Well, how do you plan to stay over here unless you get married? You don't have any money, do you?

MAR: No, I got no money, but that's okay. I find something. I already got some friends. Like you.

DICK: Ha! You need more than that!

MAR: No, no- with lots of friends Marietta will have no trouble. Marietta \always have lots of friends.

DICK: I'll bet!

MAR: Ah, ah (*scoldingly*)... Maybe some day I marry...

DICK: You think so?

MAR: Oh, sure.

DICK: So who are you going to marry?

MAR: The man I marry got to be strong - - like you- - and handsome - - (*looking him over*)
Hmmm -- and smart - -I bet you got to be smart to be a capitano, no? - -and he has to
be the man in my dream. I always have the same dream. A gypsy woman tell me my
dream is a prophecy. That I must marry only this man.

DICK: And how will you know this fellow?

MAR: Oh, I know him! In my dream I sing a song, and it is always the same... over and over.
(*sings beginning of dream melody*) But I cannot finish it, Then I hear him singing and he
sings the rest \of my song.

DICK: Well, that lets me out. I don't sing.

MAR: Oh. That is too bad. Never?

DICK: Only in the bath.

MAR: That is something, you know. I take baths too. Anyway, we can still be friends.

DICK: Why sure.

New #6. IT NEVER CAN BE LOVE

DICK: *1. So here's my hand, we're friends you see.*

MAR: *Certainly, certainly.
You promise you never make love at me?*

DICK: *No, no, no! You will see!*

MAR: *You'll never try just to kiss my hand?*

DICK: *I'm not that foolish kind of a man.*

MAR: *Then I'm sure, if you're sure...*

DICK: *And I'm sure I am sure*

BOTH: *That we mutually understand.
We'll call it Bond platonic
Or friendship tried and true.
We'll call us just good comrades
Or simply "chums" will do.*

MAR: *You may say I'm your partner
Temptation high above.*

DICK: *We solemnly swear...*

MAR: *Yes, solemnly swear...*

DICK: *It never, never can be love.*

BOTH: *No. It never, never can be love!*

MAR: *2.
I see I don't appeal to you...*

DICK: *Oh, well... you'll do.
In friendship you'll find that I'm tried and true*

MAR: *Of course... me too.
I s'pose dat your love must be tall and grand.*

DICK: *I shall never love, so here's my hand.*

MAR: *The I'm sure if you're sure...*

DICK: *And I'm sure I am sure,*

BOTH: *That we mutually understand.
We'll call it Bond platonic
Or friendship tried and true.
We'll call us just good comrades
Or simply "chums" will do.*

MAR: *You may say I'm your partner*

Temptation high above.

DICK: *We solemnly swear...*

MAR: *Yes, solemnly swear...*

DICK: *It never, never can be love.*

BOTH: *No... (uncertainly)*
It never, never can be love!

(Dick and Marietta exeunt, as the governor enters with Florenz)

GOV: *Yes, yes, you needn't remind me. I know he's been waiting. It couldn't be helped. Well, where is he?*

FLO: *Perhaps you took too long.*

GOV: *Thank goodness. Now I won't have to make any decisions.*

FLO: *But, sir, you must make them eventually.*

GOV: *Don't say that to me, Florenz. The only thing that keeps me going is the hope that I can postpone doing anything that may offend. How else could I bear all of my responsibilities? They overwhelm me. It is very difficult, Florenz. I have been accustomed to being polite for a living- -perhaps hosting a fete once a year. But to have the governorship thrust upon me is too much. Why did Etienne... I mean Bras. Pique... have to kill the old governor? It is too much!*

New #7~ BYE AND BYE (old #17)

GOV: *1.*
I am a man of compromise, no stern decrees for me.
Upon the silv'y sea of life I sail contentedly.
When grave affairs of state arise,
And things are off the track,
I close debate,
Say calmly: Wait!
For I will come right back...
Bye and bye, bye and bye...

20.

*Don't meet your troubles coming and perhaps they'll pass you by.
If stagecoach rates should really rise
And ev'ry slave should get franchise,
I'm not upset for I surmise
That someone will adjust things bye and bye!*

*Bye and bye, bye and bye,
I'm waiting for that sweet, sweet bye and bye.*

2.

*They've bought up all the sugar cane and sell it very dear.
They've cornered corn and indigo and cotton too, I hear.
They try to make me arbitrate
They put me on the rack*

*About the rate
But I say: "Wait!
For I will come right back..."*

*Bye and bye, bye and bye...
Don't meet your troubles coming and perhaps they'll pass you by.
Tho' things are bad as they can go,
The country's going "bally-ho,"
I don't butt in because I know
That someone will adjust things bye and bye!*

*Bye and bye, bye and bye,
I'm waiting for that sweet, sweet (pause) CADENZA! bye and bye.*

FLO: Yes, it is a problem. Especially as the Emperor expects so much of you.

GOV: Oh, you are cruel, Florenz. How can I succeed? I don't know what to do. I think I am doing the right things, but how am I to know? Right things are so similar to wrong things.

FLO: I will tell you, sir.

GOV: Yes... don't think I don't appreciate it, Florenz, but somehow it is not completely comforting. What I need is someone else to accept responsibility for my decisions.

FLO: Like a whipping boy.

GOV: Yes, like a... what did you say?

FLO: A whipping boy, used by the royal houses to absorb punishment intended for naughty princes. Haven't been used since the republic...

GOV: That is what I need. Get me one.

FLO: But...

GOV: I have made a decision, Florenz. I know it is a good one. I have the flush that one feels the first time. I leave it in your hands, Florenz. Fly! (*Florenz hesitates*) Fly! My! That was invigorating. I had no idea decisions could be like that. I must be prudent, however. Too much of that sort of thing could be exhausting.
(*sits down*)

DICK: (*Entering laughing at Marietta, who is eating an apple*) Marietta, you are wicked. The fruit seller has to make a living too!

MAR: I will pay him back when somebody give me some money. Maybe today yet.

GOV: Ah, captain. I have been waiting for you. And our elusive casquette girl! So, you have claimed her for your own, eh?

DICK: Not at all. She's just a friend. (*Marietta looks somewhat hurt*)

GOV: Well, that is a shame. In any case, what did you wish to discuss? I must rush off and make more decisions.

DICK: Well, sir, I am empowered by the United States Government to enter into an anti-piracy agreement with you.

GOV: An Agreement?

DICK: To combine the forces of America and France to stop Bras. Pique and other pirates. My government feels that Pique has inside connections and may be politically motivated. We will need a quick decision from you.

GOV: A decision? (*he is worried*)

DICK: Yes. Let me explain it in detail. Excuse us, Marietta.

MAR: Oh, sure. No place for me. (*she wanders away*)

ETN: (*entering with Adah*) Ah, there you are, Marietta. We were concerned about you

ADAH: *(testily)* (Yes, Etienne was very concerned.

ETN: Tell me, Marietta. Would you like to go to a masked ball Saturday night?

ADAH: Etienne!

MAR. *(embarrassed)* Oh, but sure you are taking mistress Adah?

ETN: Adah will be there. I'm sure she won't mind me showing off a new visitor just a bit.

MAR: Oh, but I am afraid that I have already been asked, I think. I will check.
(crosses to Dick) Capitan Dick, I would like you to take me to the Quadroon Ball.

DICK: What? Talk to me later, Marietta.

MAR: But M'sieur Grandet has just asked me...

DICK. Too busy...

MAR: *(crossing back)* M'sieur, I was mistaken. I am free.

ETN: Excellent!

MAR: But I have no gown...

ETN: You can wear one of Adah's. You won't mind, will you, dear? No, I'm sure she won't.

(Adah is crushed, exits near tears)

MAR: You are very generous, M'sieur. *(loudly)* Marietta likes you a lot! Perhaps you are a very special man.

ETN: I like to think so.

MAR: Have you ever been to Paris?

ETN: Several times.

MAR: Ever since I been there, I have this song in my head but I cannot remember how all of it goes. Maybe you will know it.

ETN: I knew all the songs last year.

MAR: Okay. It is like this... *(begins the Dream Melody)*

DICK: *(hearing the voice, seeing Marietta with Etienne)* Excuse me a moment, Governor.
(crosses to them)

GOV: Thank heavens! Rescued just in time! *(sneaks off)*

DICK: I'll come by at eight o'clock Saturday, Marietta.

MAR: For what?

DICK: To take you to the ball.

MAR: Oh, capitano...

ETN: I'm sorry, M'sieur, you are too late. The lady has accepted my invitation.

DICK: Is that a fact?

MAR: Please, it is my fault, M'sieur Grandet. I have forgotten he ask me first. I must go with him.

ETN: I think perhaps the captain and I can settle this between ourselves. Don't you agree, sir?

MAR: No, I do not let you fight. Marietta's mind is made up!

ETN: You will regret this.

POLICEMAN: Search all the houses! Bring me the casquette girls! *(sees Marietta)* Here is one.
What is your name?

ETN: What is the problem, Officer?

POL: Oh, I did not see you, M'sieur Grandet. A countess has run away from her father and entered this port illegally. Her name is Marietta D'Altena. This girl is with you, I suppose...

ETN: This girl? Not with me, sir. She is with this gentleman!

POL: Well, then, come here, you.. *(Dick shoves Etienne into the officer. They fall, while Dick leads Marietta off)*
Stop them! *(the crowd runs off after them)*

SILAS: *(entering from other side of stage, still dragging the trunk)* Boy, that gal sure is hard to shake! Wonder where all those folks was goin'? Oh, well, I gotta sit down. Now, my beauty, what's inside you, eh? Maybe my whole future. I hate to play that gal a trick, but some things just have to be done.. *begins to open it*

LIZ: There you are, you naughty boy...

SILAS: The gal's a bloodhound! *(closes chest)*

LIZ: Why you come back here with my chest?

SILAS: Uh, I, uh, lost my way. I'm new in town.

LIZ: Me too. I have no trouble.

SILAS: *(avoiding detail)* Someday I'll know my way pretty good, gal. With a good headstart, there's no tellin' where I can go. *(pats chest)* I hate bein' a nobody.

LIZ: Nobody is enough for me.

SILAS: I can see it now... I'll have a big house with servants and horses and *(under his breath)* mistresses. Gal.. it's gonna be great!

New #8 IF I WERE ANYBOD& ELSE (old#6)

SILAS: *I must've been switched in my cradle
By my nurse or somethin' like....
For I ain't turned out what I ought to be
And nothin' seems to be right.*

LIZ: *Mon dieu! Plarbleu! Mon cher,
Zat is a sad affair!*

SILAS: *So sometimes I get to be dreamin'
As a fellow will, you see,
Of the kind of a sort of a "me" I'd be
If I wasn't the me that's me.*

LIZ: *Mon dieu! Plarbleu! Amie!
Ah, ca c'est tres tragique!*

SILAS: *I dream that I am a pirate bold that knows no fear
A ravin', swearin' tearin' son of a seasick buccaneer.
I carries round a hundred pound
Of iron in my sash.
And shakes my fist as I gives a twist
To my bristlin' black moustache.*

*On a coral reef I eats raw beef
Which I carves with me cutlass true
And I picks me teeth with a gleamin' dirk
When me bloody meal is though!*

LIZ: *Mon dieu! Plarbleu!
Bon, bon! You are ze brave garcon!*

SILAS: *I dream of floods of human blood
And chests of dead men's wealth
And then somebody wakes me up,
And I find I'm just myself.*

*I wish I was somebody else but me
Anybody else would do.
It's awful discouragin' bein' me
When I oughta be you or you!*

*I tries to smile, but what's the use?
It hits me with a slam!
When I gets to be thinkin' of who I'd be
If I wasn't who I am! (Silas ends with a slack limbed dance)*

LIZ: I think you better stay like you are.

SILAS: The world will be mine! (*aside*) All I need is what's in here!

LIZ: Let's go to hotel.

SILAS: (*aside*) I gotta see it. (*aloud*) Look over there! (*Lizette looks off, he opens chest, screams and falls over*)

LIZ: Oh, no!

SILAS: (*stuttering*) There's a.. a... MAN in there!

LIZ: That is Henri.

SILAS: What... what...

LIZ: His last wish was to be with me always. So I have him stuffed and he is here.

SILAS: That's horrible!

LIZ: I suppose I could bury him in our back yard...

SILAS: In your back yard, you mean. It's all off! I can't marry you now.

LIZ: You hate Lizette because she has loved before! (*cries*)

SILAS: No, no! Now, don't start that again. Look, you're a very nice gal. Strange but ...nice. But I have to make some money before I get married.

LIZ: When you make money, you marry Lizette?

SILAS: Well... sure. When I'm a big success.

LIZ: I will wait for you! How long must I wait?

SILAS: These things can take time. A year, two, several... Anyway, you still have... Henri.

LIZ: But how will I pay my passage?

SILAS: Maybe you could sell something...

LIZ: That's it! Henri would not mind. I must get him to hotel now, before it is getting chilly. I'll be waiting for you.... (*leaves*)

SILAS: Yeah, sure. Whew, that was close! Don't guess there's any way I'll have to keep that promise. No way I'll be a success here now...

FLO: Hey, you! How would you like to be the Minister of Guilt, Blame, and Responsibility?

SILAS: What?

FLO: 1000 Francs a week.

SILAS: WHAT?

FLO: Sign here.

SILAS: Wait a minute. What do I have to do?

FLO: Nothing, just sit back and take what comes.

SILAS: Come on... you can't fool me. I'm an American.

FLO: Why do you think you got the job?

SILAS: Well, I don't know who you are, friend, but that job sounds successful enough for me.
Lead on! *(they exit)*

DICK: *(entering with Rudolfo)* There's not much time before they find us, friend. You need a helper, and Marietta needs your help. Do you agree?

RUD: Why not? Without my figlio I have no show anyway.

DICK: Good! *(whistles. Marietta comes out in boy's clothes)* Yes, you look about fourteen.

MAR: Hey!

DICK: Calm down. Behave yourself and you may get out of this.

ETN: *(entering with the Policeman and a large throng)* There he is!

POL: Where is the woman, M'sieur?

DICK: She's still running. You'll never catch her.

ETN: Arrest him! *(some men seize Dick)*

GOV: What is going on here? *(entering)*

ETN: Father, this American must be arrested.

GOV: Oh, dear. That will require a decision...

RUD: *(seizing on the Governor's hesitancy)* Ladies and Gentlemen! His Excellency the Governor! Rudolfo and his son...uh... Marius announce a marvelous show for tonight. And to show you how wonderful is going to be the performance, we give you a sample.
SING, bambino!

New #9 ITALIAN STREET SONG (old #8)

MAR: *Ah, my heart is back in Napoli,
Dear Napoli, dear Napoli.
And I seem to hear again today
Her revelry, her sweet revelry.
The mandolinas playing sweet
The pleasant fall of dancing feet.*

*Oh could I return, oh, joy complete,
Napoli, Napoli, Napoli!*

*Zing, zing, ziggy ziggy zing zing boom, boom aye!
Zing, zing, ziggy ziggy zing zing mandolinas gay!
Zing, zing, ziggy ziggy zing zing boom, boom aye,
La, la, la! Ha, ha, ha! Zing boom, boom aye,
La, la, la, la! Ha, ha, ha! Zing boom, aye,*

CHOR: *Zing, zing, ziggy ziggy zing zing boom, boom aye!
Zing, zing, ziggy ziggy zing zing mandolinas gay!
Zing, zing, ziggy ziggy zing zing boom, boom aye,
La, la, la! Ha, ha, ha! Zing boom, boom aye,
La, la, la, la! Ha, ha, ha! Zing boom, aye,*

*Mandolinas gay
Dancing as they play
La, la, ha, ha, boom, aye!*

*Zing, zing, ziggy ziggy zing zing boom, boom aye!
Zing, zing, ziggy ziggy zing zing mandolinas gay!
Zing, zing, ziggy ziggy zing zing boom, boom aye,
La, la, la! Ha, ha, ha! Zing boom, boom aye,
La, la, la, la! Ha, ha, ha! Zing boom, aye,*

GOV: Bravo! Marvelous, Rudolfo! We will all come to your show. Your son is indeed very talented. And such a high voice for a boy...

RUD: He never lose it, signore. A tragedy. You know, in Italy when a boy has a high voice...
(gestures)

GOV: *(flinching)* Oh, yes.

ETN: Father, about the captain...

GOV: What about him?

POL: He helped a stowaway escape.

ETN: He must be punished!

GOV: Oh, yes. Let him go.

ETN: Let him go?

GOV: Yes, Etienne. It is the only decision I can make without seriously affecting my health.

FLO: But, governor, I have found...

GOV: Never mind, Florenz, even the thought of it taxes me. I must sit down.

ETN: Well, then, we'll find the girl. Search that wagon. And what about the boy with the high voice? Let me get a better look at you...

DICK: Stop bothering these people, Grandet.

ETN: Officer, will you do nothing?

(Adah has been looking closely at Marietta, and as the music begins, she comes to Etienne)

New #10 FINALE (old #9)

ADAH: *'Tis she, the casket girl! 'Tis she!*

MAR: *No, no! No, no!
I am Rudolfo's figlio!*

ADAH: *'Tis she, the casket girl! 'Tis she!*

ETN: *She! A flower of Italy's high nobility.
To the palace come with me!*

MAR: *No, no! My friend.... (to Dick)*

DICK: *Protect your son, Rudolfo! Come, man, speak up!*

RUD: *Yes, yes, she is my son!*

MAR: *Oh, Padre...*

RUD: *Yes, yes, she is my son!*

ETN: *She his daughter! She his son!*

CHOR: *She says she is his son!
This girl his son, what fun!*

MAR: *Oh, padre, mio padre...*

GOV: *Dear me, more trouble! That's not fair!*

ADAH: *'Tis she, the casket girl, that's clear!*

MAR: *Oh, la! Papa!
'Tis a very pretty fix, comme ca!
Oh, la! Papa!
We will get away from them. Va! Va!
Stay near, my dear,
In your loving arms enfold me here.
Don't forsake me safely hide me
Don't forsake me, padre mio, my dear, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!*

MAR: *Stay beside me, padre dear. Don't forsake me, safely hide me, in your loving arms enfold me here.*

ADAH: *'Tis she, she's the casket girls, etc.*

DICK: *His son, what fun. Come protect your son. speak up, my man, etc.*

ETN: *Come, come with me, etc.*

RUD: *Si, si, si, si, mio figlio, mio figlio, dear, etc.*

GOV: *Dear me! Dear me! More trouble. That's not fair, etc.*

CHOR: *She! His son! What fun! The casket girl is she!*

ETN: *Come, sir, you are master here, to hold the maid you'll try.*

GOV: *Wait a while, let me think. Bye and bye!*

CHOR: *Bye and bye!*

ETN: *The King's commands be on your head.
His vengeance will be dire and dread!*

GOV: *Wait a while, let me think. Bye and bye!*

CHOR: *Bye and bye! Let him think!*

RUD: *Mio figlio...*

DICK: *Come, man. Speak up!*

MAR: *Padre mio...*

ITALIANS: *She's his figlio!
To take his son you will not dare! We'll fight to see fair play!*

CHOR: *No! To the castle! To the castle! Away, away!
To the castle! To the castle! Take her away!*

GOV: *The King of France is far away.
I scarcely know just what to say.*

ETN: *These ruffians here on ev'ry side,*

GOV: *To take his son you will not dare.
With Rudolfo let her bide.*

MAR: *Ah! etc.*

ADAH: *Ah! etc.*

DICK: *Come, man speak up, etc.*

ETN: *No! Come, sir, you're master here.
The King's commands be on your head.*

RUD: *Caro figlio mio, carissimo. etc.*

GOV: *Wait a while let me think.*

CHOR: *No! To the castle! To the castle! Away, away!
To the castle! To the castle! Take her away!*

End of Act 1

ACT II - Scene 1

The Marionette Theater of Rudolfo is shown, along with an area for an audience. As the curtain opens, Marietta is seated, as Rudolfo circles about scolding her.

New #11 PRELUDE (old #10)

RUD: *Mama mia! What have I done that God punishes me?
First my own figlio deserts me- chases the women- then
I get the contessa who act like the tiny bambino!
Corpo di Baccol*

MAR: *Do not be so angry with Marietta, Padre.*

RUD: *I am not your padre...*

MAR: *Si, you are just like my padre! He too was all the time strict with me. He also do not like Marietta to have the fun.*

RUD: *Dio! I do not tell you not to have the fun. But you have the fun all the time!*

MAR: *Oh, caro padre, I cannot help it. I try to be good, but then something happens inside my head and poof! Please let me try again.*

RUD: *Well, okay, we try again. Now, remember not to make the puppet jump around like his pants are on fire.*

MAR: *But that is very funny.*

RUD: I make you pants on fire if you do that again (*swats her on the rear*). You take this one. We start.

New #12 DANCE OF THE MARIONETTES (Old #11)

RUD: Turna like dat-a Pierrot, just so.
Bow to the lady, Signor Pierrot.
Santa Maria, no, no! No, no!

MAR: Ah! How he is stupid, your friend Pierrot.

New #13 DANCE (Old #12)

(*Marietta makes a shambles of the show, and Rudolfo starts to chase her. Dick enters and Marietta runs behind him, laughing*)

DICK: Whoa, Rudolfo! Stop, man! I don't want to lose her this way!

RUD: Do Rudolfo the favor, Signore. Do not play the stork and bring me the children.
I am-a too old. (*exits*)

DICK: What have you done to the poor old guy?

MAR: Nothing. My new padre does not like the originality. Marietta is creative personality.
She invent new business.

DICK: Listen, you do as he says or you'll be back on a ship to Italy.

MAR: Okay, okay. Capitan Dick knows what is best for Marietta. I am very lucky that you are my friend. (*cozies up to him*)

DICK: (*embarrassed*) That's right. You keep thinkin' that way and you'll be all right.

MAR: Then maybe I get married, huh?

DICK: Maybe. I guess.

MAR: How come you ask Marietta to the ball, anyhow?

DICK: (*pulling away*) Say, you can forget about the ball, now. All New Orleans is looking for you, to get your father's reward.

MAR: But it is a masked ball! Nobody recognize me.

DICK: It's too dangerous.

MAR: I go anyway.

DICK: *(taking her by the shoulders)* And I'm tellin' you no!

MAR: Oh, the capitan is too strong for Marietta. She must do whatever he say...
(clings to him)

DICK: *(embarrassed again)* Somebody's comin! *(pulls away)*

HAR: Oh, excuse me, captain. *(smirking)*

DICK: That's all right, Harry. What is it?

HAR: Well... if you'll excuse me, miss... I've got some information that Bras. Pique is in New Orleans. It seems he's really a member of a wealthy family. And here's the thing... he's likely to be at the Quadroon Ball.

DICK: Good. How do we identify him?

HAR: He's got the sign of Bras. Pique tattooed on his left forearm. An arm and a pike.

DICK: I won't ask where you found that out.

HAR: So all we have to do is undress half the men at the ball. That oughta make us popular.

MAR: You are going to the ball?

DICK: I am, but you're not. You stay with Rudolfo. There'll be other dances.
(exits with Harry)

MAR: Oooh! Everybody thinks he is my padre!

(RUDOLFO enters, ushering in the Governor. Marietta goes up to the stage)

RUD: This way, signore. Rudolfo is very proud to have you come to his little show. You be comfortable, we start very soon. *(goes behind the stage)*

GOV: Florenz, you have done admirably. I've been feeling much better since that man of yours began. Why, this morning, he took \complete responsibility for the new tax I levied on the Guilds. And yesterday he accepted the glares of the ministers I dismissed. It was horrible. I don't know how he did it.

FLO: Yes, he seems very natural at it.

GOV: Natural? Why, the man's totally insensitive!

FLO: I've let it be known that he is the power behind the throne...

GOV: Excellent.

FLO: The word is spreading that he actually makes all your decisions and that you are afraid to defy him...

GOV: That may be just a bit strong...

FLO: Not only that, but that you're a spineless jellyfish of a man who can't even go to the bathroom unless he asks permission.

GOV: Now, I think that may be overdoing it somewhat, Florenz. I don't know. I'll let you know tomorrow. *(the crowd enters)*

FLO: *(as Silas enters with girls on both arms)* Here he is...

SILAS: What say, there, Gov? Flo? When's the show start?

GOV: For a whipping boy, Florenz, he bears the pain of the lash well.

LIZ: *(entering)* There you are, naughty boy!

SILAS: Oh, my god!

LIZ: Finally I find you. All over town everyone is always talking \about how famous and powerful is this new official of the Governor. And all the time I am wishing that my Silas can be like that, for then he would come and marry me, as he has promised. Then today I find that this official is Silas the American and I am so happy that I cannot wait for you to come to me, so I run all around town looking for my Silas and at last I have found you and... and... who are these?

SILAS: These? Oh, these... These are friends.

LIZ: You got enough friends in me. These ladies got places to go. *(starts shoving the girls away)*

SILAS: Now, don't do that!

LIZ: Why not? *(kicks a girl in the seat)*

SILAS: Because... it's not done in my set. Besides, I need them

LIZ: You need them? *(holding two girls roughly by the collar)*
For what?

SILAS: *(pauses, then obviously changing the subject)* I might as well tell you the truth. You see, they're consolin' me since I lost you.

LIZ: I'm found! *(grabs him)*

SILAS: No, no! It's not that easy. Y'see, you are loved by another, and a better man.

LIZ: You are talking to Lizette?

SILAS: It's true.

LIZ: Oh, you mean Henri. No, no, Henri is no more. He have an accident. A dog chew him up.

SILAS: Poor old Henri. No, another... a rich and powerful man.

LIZ: I? Lizette?

SILAS: He is very eccentric. It is the man I work for. The Governor.

LIZ: The Governor? Ooh, la la!

SILAS: So you can see that if I marry you I lose everything. So I guess I'll just have to console myself with these little girls...

LIZ: Introduce me.

SILAS: What?

LIZ: Introduce me to the Governor.

SILAS: Well now, he hasn't come right out and said nothin', you realize...

LIZ: Come on.

SILAS: In fact, I doubt he'd admit it...

LIZ: Come on!

SILAS: All right, all right. Just give me a minute to prepare him for you. *(crosses to Governor)*
I gotta think fast now or I'll be historical. Uh... your Honor...

GOV: What is it, my boy?

SILAS: I...uh... found the Contessa D'Altena.

GOV: You have? Well, well, that's remarkable. My son has been looking all day. Well, we must deport her. That's always so unpleasant. Where is she?

SILAS: That's her.

GOV: That?

SILAS: Yes, sir.

GOV: Well, they said she was in disguise.,.

SILAS: Her father will be happy to get her back, sir.

LIZ: *(rushing over)* I am very happy, your Excellency.

GOV: Are you really? Well, I'm surprised, but glad to hear it.

LIZ: *(cozying up to him)* You don't have to be shy, you know. You can tell me what you want to tell me.

GOV. Why, thank you, my dear. You are taking this very well. If everyone took it the way you do, it wouldn't always be so difficult for me.

LIZ: Everyone? You do this a lot?

FLO: It is his Excellency's duty as Governor.

LIZ: *(incredulous)* No! Well, what the heck! It's okay by me. *(she embraces him)*

GOV: Yes, goodbye, my dear... This farewell is a bit fond, my dear... Florenz!
Take her to the constable.

FLO: Come on!

LIZ: What are you doing?

FLO: Just come with me. Don't make me hurt you, contessa.

LIZ: Contessa? *(she stops, easily jerking Florenz off his feet)*

SILAS: *(breaking her off)* I'll come along, Florenz. *(to Lizette)* Don't worry, the Governor is just eccentric. You know....

LIZ: Ooh. Okay, Excellency, sweetie. I'm going now. Bye-bye...
(she waves. He returns the wave, somewhat puzzled)

ETN: *(entering)* Ah, father. Am I in time for the performance?

GOV: No, Etienne. For once, you're too late. We just found the Contessa D'Altena.

ETN: Oh?

GOV: Yes, a rather drab sort of girl, but quite pleasant. Almost seemed happy to be sent back to her father. Florenz has just taken her away.

ETN: So the contessa is drab and pleasant, eh? Well, I must make a point of congratulating Florenz.

RUD: *(entering)* Attenzione, ladies and gentlemen! I welcome you to the theatre of Rudolfo. If you will kindly be seated, we begin.

#13 PUPPET DANCE

(the show is a success. The crowd disperses, but Etienne remains behind and accosts Marietta)

ETN: Well done, young master Marius.

MAR: Thank you, signore.

ETN: One would hardly suspect who you really are.

MAR: I must go, signore. My padre...

ETN: ...is in Italy, Contessa! *(he pulls off her cap as she goes by)* And he is very worried about you. He is afraid that the marriage contract he has signed for you will soon be void if you are not returned to him.

MAR: So-- you have found out all about Marietta. What will you do now, M'sieur?

ETN: That depends on you, mademoiselle. I would hardly turn my dancing partner over to the police... now, would I?

MAR: So that is it. Why you do this? You already have the beautiful Lady Adah.

ETN: Adah? Adah Bores me. After all, she is only a slave girl. She does not possess your nobility and carriage.

MAR: Me? Nobility? I am crazy.

ETN: But you are also a contessa. And I wish you to accompany me to the ball. Demand, if you like.

MAR: Very well, M'sieur, I will go with you.

ETN: My man will call for you at eight. A suitable gown has already been delivered to a room for you in my villa. I will have someone show you the way. *(claps his hands and a fellow comes up to them)* Show this lady to my villa. Until eight, then... *(he kisses her hand, she exits with the servant)*

Well, Grandet, you have your way today. And hopefully tonight as well. Ha, ha! I wonder if I should marry her? That title would bring me even greater power. But marriage...

New # 14 MARRY A MARIONETTE (old # 12)

ETN: 1.
*Now why should a man who has courage to face Fate,
 Man and the Devil, all three
 Give in to a bundle of satin and lace?
 The answer's as simple's can be.*

*For we men are but puppets, are toys after all,
 As we laugh or we sigh or we sing.
 If we walk or we crawl*

*If we stand or we fall,
Sure, a woman is pulling the string.*

*Oh, a man is a man
Do what he can,
Whatever his breed or birth.
And a maid is a maid
And she isn't afraid
Of the manliest man on earth.*

*So if you're a fool
And you're hoping to rule
The woman you're planning to get
Then by the old Harry
Be sure, when you marry,
You marry a marionette, my lad,
You marry a marionette.*

*2,
Now why should a man who has strength to resist death
And force men to fall to the knee.
Surrender his will to a smile and a kiss?
The answer's as simple's can be.*

*Tho' we fondly believe we are pulling the rope
When the wedding bells merrily ring.
Ere the honeymoon's through,
We discover it's true,
That a woman is pulling the string.*

Oh, a man is a man, etc.

END OF SCENE I

INTERMEZZO #15 with "Ah Sweet Mystery" a capella insert

Marietta is seen sitting at a dressing table, combing her hair, the rest of the stage dark. Soon the lights come up on two dancers, one obviously her and the other Captain Dick (portrayed by dancers in costumes identical to the singers). She sings the Dream Melody. At Grandioso, the ballet sequence concludes and the lights fade.

ACT II, Scene 2:

A festive ballroom, with French doors at the back and perhaps a balcony. Several gambling tables are set out. The governor's box is set apart. An archway leads offstage to the bar room.

New #16 JEUNESSE DOREE (old #15)

(Etienne is discovered gambling at a front table with some cronies. Adah stands behind him. Other women float around the tables, attending various men)

MEN: *Gambling gambling, recing, dicing,
Life's a sort of gamble if you look at it that way.
Ev'ry fellow must be jolly
Votaries of folly! Gay jeunesse doree!*

1st SOLO: *I'll take you.*

2nd SOLO: *I'll double!*

ETN: *I'll see you!*

2nd SOLO: *You've won!*

MEN: *Look up! Buck up! Pay! Pay! Pay!
Come, pay!*

JEAN-PIERRE: *Damn! Lost again!*

ANTOINE: *You win again, Grandet. This must be your night.*

ETN: *I'm sure you are right, Antoine.*

JP: *(Looking at Adah) You will once again dance with the most beautiful woman at the ball!*

ETN: *Yes, my friend. She will be here very soon. (Adah stiffens)*

JP: *Oh, but I thought...*

ETN: *What did you think?*

JP: Nothing, nothing...

FLO: M'sieurs et Mesdames, his honor the Governor asks me to announce that the ball will commence in ten minutes.

ETN: Come, my friends, let us make one more trip to the bar before the dance.
(exits with friends)

ADAH: *(Watching him leave, she follows to the proscenium as the lights dim, freezing the background in darkness as her song begins)*

Why do I follow him? Why do I care when he insults me? I should just walk away. But I can't. How many times have I tried? My love is so strong that it has made my soul weak.

Every day brings new humiliation to me, and I can no longer look my people in the face. But before my pride can save me, I think: He still loves me. He is my man. It can still be as it was.

New # 17 'NEATH THE SOUTHERN MOON (Old # 7)

ADAH: *Tell me, Fortune, kindly tell me,
If my love shall ever faithful be.
Tell me truly if my ever-growing passion
Is returned or lost, forever lost to me.*

*Queen of Hearts, you rule, you rule forever,
Queen of Hearts, whose pow'r shall ever grow.
No, no, no, I'll look, I'll seek no further!
For if 'tis lost, I cannot, dare not know.*

*'Neath the southern moon
I long for love so tender,
By the southern sea, oh love so warm and free.
'Neath the spreading shade
Of palms in sweet surrender
There the breezes, perfume laden, drift from sea.*

*In the Southland, where the scent of broad magnolias
Steeps the soul in dreams
Of passion's ecstasy;*

*Where the tropic blooms so rare
Breathe their languor on the air,
Let me dream and love and live
For thee! For thee!*

(Adah exits after song. The lights come up as the Governor and entourage enter, along with Dick and the rangers, who look somewhat out of place)

FLO: Ladies and Gentlemen! The Governor of the City of New Orleans welcomes you to the Quadroon Ball.

SILAS: *(decked out in coat more extravagant than the Governor)* And?

FLO: I beg you pardon?

SILAS: And ... as First Assistant Governor, I would like to extend my personal greeting to all you folks, as well, and don't be afraid to come on up and shake my hand, as I am personally responsible for all the fun you're havin'.

FLO: Yes, and to open the ball, he... they present to you the Ladies of New Orleans!

New #18 LOVES OF OLD NEW ORLEANS (old #16)

QUADROONS:

*We're the loves of old New Orleans
With its languor and its gay attire.
And we wear the badge of the red, red rose
With its fragrance of desire.*

*We're the loves of old New Orleans
We're the flow'r of glorious summer nights
For we drive the cares of the day away
In our gardens of delight.*

MAN 1: *Angelique!*

MAN 2: *Felice!*

MAN 3: *Veronique!*

MAN 4: *Annice!*

QUAD: *Bon soir, bon soir, bon soir!
We're the loves of old New Orleans
With its languor and its fragrance of desire.*

SPANISH GIRLS:

*Oh, hola! We dance the Cachuca
With castanets raising the din
The bright eyes of each senorita
Will draw ev'ry gentleman in!*

*Oh, hola! With starry eyes glancing
We sing and we dance wild and free
To music inspiring, entrancing
Seductive young ladies are we!*

(DANCE)

SAN DOMINGO GIRLS:

*Belles from San Domingo
Island far away
Lovely San Domingo
Island far away.*

(DANCE)

FRENCH GIRLS:

*Attendez! Attendez!
You'll plainly see
We're from Patee.
We have ze style, ah ha! et regardez!
And we know a thing or two, we do,
We know a thing or two,
La belle Marie! Annette! Frou-frou!*

(DANCE)

MEN: *Brava! Brava! How chic their dancing.
An. come, come all.
With wild delight, wake, wake the night.*

ALL: *We're (They're) the loves of old New Orleans
With its languor and its gay attire.
And we wear the badge of the red, red rose*

45.

With its fragrance of desire.

*We're (They're) the loves of old New Orleans
With its languor and its fragrance of desire.*

(DANCE)

(At conclusion, the ball breaks into general festivities. Silas has a girl on each arm. Some of the dancers gather around him as well)

SILAS: Now, girls, one at a time. There's plenty of me to go round.

BRIGITTE: Isn't he just the cutest thing? He's so droll.

MARIA: He is such an important man. That's what I like.

CLAIRE: I like him because he is so silly.

MARIA: But he is so important...

CLAIRE: And so silly.

BRI: Yes, he is important and silly at the same time.

SILAS: Now, as much as I like all of you girls, a man of my importance has to have one wife. It's less clumsy. So, I tell you what I'm gonna do... I'm gonna pick one of you for my wife tonight. Dependent. of course, on some rigorous testin'. May the best girl win! Can't say fairer than that, now, can I? *(the girls fawn over him)* We'll do the testin' upstairs. *(he and the girls leave)*

GOV: *(watching the proceedings)* Florenz, this has gone too far. The job is going to that man's head. You see how he acts. And earlier today he made a decision! I'm supposed to make the decisions, Florenz, and he is to suffer for them. Otherwise what's the point? All week I've made the worst decisions I could imagine just to see what would happen to him. And what has happened? His popularity has doubled!

FLO: Yes, he is popular...

GOV: I was never popular!

FLO: There is talk of a statue...

GOV: Which has led me to the inescapable conclusion, Florenz, that bad, shortsighted decisions are invariably regarded as wise, while good decisions are invariably

reviled. The truth of this maxim has not escaped me, Florenz, but what troubles me is why you did not point it out to me.

FLO: I... I am not of noble birth, sir.

GOV: Ah, yes, that does explain it. Forgive me, Florenz, if I sometimes expect too much of you. In any case, I do not need this Silas any more, Florenz. I am fully capable of making bad decisions myself now. Get rid of him for me. Fly!

FLO: *(aside, while leaving)* How can I do this? He is too popular to remove. There will be riots. Wait a moment! The casquette girl... The one Etienne told me is not the Contessa... She said she was engaged to Silas. If I can find her... *(exits)*

(Dick passes by Etienne's table)

ETN: Well, well, if it isn't the American captain... and don't you look chic tonight? Doesn't he look chic, gentlemen? You surprise me, M'sieur, Are you here to win the heart of one of our ladies?

DICK: I'm here to enjoy myself. So, if you'll excuse me...

ETN: Ah, you are angry with me. But tonight is the night for friendship, m sieur. Please be my guest at the bar. And your men, too. *(the rangers rush off)*
You see, your men accept my apology.

DICK: All right. I don't mind.

ETN: Good, good. Oh, excuse me, will you? Someone has just arrived for me.
(goes to entrance to greet a masked Marietta, who has appeared)

HAR: *(coming up to Dick with a drink)* That fella sure is good with the girls, ain't he?
Look at that one, will you?

DICK: Quite a number, all right. *(Marietta laughs at something Etienne says)*
That's Marietta!

HAR: The one with the dandy?

DICK: I'd know that laugh anywhere. Well, what the hell? It's her life. Drink up, Harry!
(goes out to bar)

#19 PRELUDE

Etienne and Marietta waltz along with other couples.

FLO: *(entering with Lizette)* Come here, girl! You still wish to marry Silas?

LIZ: Oui, M'sieur, but you tell me he has all the pretty girls now. What chance has Lizette? He is now the big man in town. He will break his promise...

FLO: Not if you do as I say. We will publicly disgrace him and he will be forced to marry you and resign his position. Now he is going to announce a bride later tonight. I will have him stand... there. Here is what you must do... *(they exit)*

ADAH: *(entering, she sees Etienne showing Marietta off to the governor et al. She crosses to them)*

Etienne! I wish to speak to you.

ETN: Not now, Adah. I'll see you later.

ADAH: You will see me now, Etienne! Or would you like me to speak in front of all your friends?

ETN: Very well, My dear. *(to others)* If you will excuse me for a moment... *(he takes her downstage)* How dare you create such a spectacle? You have embarrassed me in front of all my friends.

ADAH: Etienne, you long ago promised this ball to me. Now you flirt with this new girl and ignore me. I won't stand for it.

ETN: Oh, you won't? And just who are you? An ignorant slave girl whom I have generously favored with a house and the finest clothes.

ADAH: I am not a slave!

ETN: No? Your father was a gentleman, but he owned your mother as I own you.

ADAH: You're lying!

ETN: Oh, no, it's true. As long as you were entertaining, my dear, I had no reason to mention it. But now you have become simply tiresome. So you leave me no choice. *(addressing the crowd)* Ladies and Gentlemen! I have decided to sell my slave, the beautiful Adah Le Clerc to the highest bidder as a feature of the evening. We shall begin at 500 francs. Who shall open?

(there is much commotion and interest among the crowd. Dick and Harry return to the ballroom in time to witness the proceedings.)

ETN: Come, come, gentlemen, don't be shy. Surely all of you have desired Adah. Well, now I'm graciously offering to stand aside... to the highest bidder. Ah, this gentleman will bid, I'm sure.

ANT: 500 francs.

ADAH: How can you do this?

ETN: Since I can do whatever I wish, I is not difficult.

JP: 600!

MAN 1:750!

ANT: 800! *(the bidding continues)*

DICK: I can't let that swine sell her like that! How much money you got?

HAR: About 500...

DICK: Good! 1000 francs!

HAR: Are you crazy?

(Marietta, who has been seated by the governor, gets up and starts toward Dick. The movement causes the governor to rise as well)

GOV: *(caught up in the frenzy)* 1100! Oh, my heavens! What have I done?

DICK: 1200! *(the governor collapses in relief)*

MAR: You would buy her?

DICK: Sure, why not? We can all do as we want.

ETN: I have 1200 Francs once...

MAR: If you buy her, I never speak to you again.

DICK: Didn't expect you to anyway. You obviously have a new friend.

ETN: I have 1200 Francs twice...Sold! To the captain!

MAR: (irritated) OOH! (*stomps off behind Etienne, who comes to settle the deal*) Here she is, Captain. And a real bargain. The money, please. Thank you sir. It's a pleasure. (*he rejoins Marietta and the governor*)

ADAH: I am, yours, sir. What do you wish me to do?

DICK: Take this.

ADAH: My deed? But you have paid 1200 francs for that.

DICK: Americans are all too generous. It's our national failing. Now you better go before I change my mind...

ADAH: M'sieur, you are a wonderful man. I only wish you were mine. (*kisses him*)

MAR: (*seeing this*) M'sieurs et Mesdames. I have an announcement. My name is Marietta D'Altena (*removes mask*) Contessa di Farnese. And I wish to announce my engagement to M'sieur Grandet!

ETN: (*surprised*) Marietta!

MAR: You still want me, no?

ETN: Of course. But before...

MAR: I change my mind. That is how I am. Today this, tomorrow that!

New #20 QUARTET: LIVE FOR TODAY (old #19)

MAR: *Would you say to the rose when it buds to life,
"Take care you must joyless be?"
Close your heart, close your lips to the sun so bright
And the breezes' caress wild and free..*

*Ah! Youth is a flower enchanting
Tho' at evening the petals fall
Ah let me be young while I may today
Or I may never know joy at all!
Ne'er at all.*

ETN: *Ah! Youth is a flower that's enchanting
Let's be young while we may today
I may never know joy at all!
Ne'er at all.*

ADAH: *Would you say to the rose when it buds to life,
"Take care you must joyless be?"
Close your heart, close your lips to the sun so bright
And the breezes' caress wild and free.*

DICK: *Ah, youth is the flow'r
That will live an hour
On the breezes' caress wild and free.*

ETN: *Ah, youth is the flow'r
That will live an hour
On the breezes' caress wild and free.*

MAR: *Ah let me be young ...*

ALL: *I may never know joy at all!
Ne'er at all.*

*Ah, life is sweet when love is young
Thrilling, enchanting, like wine.
When burning glances
Start all romances
Rapture, almost divine!
Love is sweet, at joy complete
Care seeming banished for aye.*

*Come, then, surrender
To love so tender
Live for today, today!*

DICK: *I would say to the rose when it buds to life,
Be guarded or love may die.
Yield not your heart to each suitor bold
Who careless, passes by.
Youth is so sweet,
Its day is so fleet,*

*But joy's not the end of all;
 You dance in the sun,
 But day turns gray
 And at night time the petals fall.*

ADAH: *But logic can't mend her
 Whose love will rend her.*

ETN: *I live for today
 As long as I may!*

ALL *We (They) live for today, for today.
 with*

CHOR: *Ah, life is sweet when love is young
 Thrilling, enchanting, like wine.
 When burning glances
 Start all romances
 Rapture, almost divine!*

*Love is sweet, at joy complete
 Care seeming banished for aye.
 Come, then, surrender
 To love so tender
 Live for today, today! etc.*

(Marietta and Etienne leave, watched by Adah and Dick)

ADAH: It is over. From today I must begin again.

DICK: What will you do?

ADAH: I don't know. And you?

DICK: Well, I'm supposed to capture Bras. Pique and then I guess I'll go back to Virginia.
 But I been spendin' more time lollygaggin' after that girl than I have workin'

ADAH: The contessa?

DICK: Yeah, ain't that a rip?

ADAH: You are in love with her?

DICK: Love? I don't know what it is. I wish I could tell you.

New #21 FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE (old #20)

DICK: 1.

*I've a very strange feeling I ne'er felt before.
It's a kind of a grind of depression.
My heart's acting strangely, it feels rather sore.
At least, it give me that impression.*

*My pulses leap madly without any cause,
Believe me, I'm telling you truly,
I'm glad without cause
Then sad without pause
My spirits are truly unruly.*

*For I'm falling in love with someone, some one girl.
I'm falling in love with someone, head a-whirl.
Yes, I'm falling in love with someone plain to see
I'm sure I could love some one madly,
If someone would only love me.*

2.

*Now I don't mind confessing that I used to scoff
At this sort of a sport of flirtation.
I used to believe that I'd never be caught
In this foolish but fond complication.*

*I'm losing all relish for things that were dear
I'm looking for trouble and know it
When we are apart
There's pain in my heart
But I heartily hope I don't show it.*

For I'm falling in love etc.

ADAH: Captain, you have given me my freedom. Something I could not do for myself.
Now I want to give something to you. The love you seek.

DICK: Is that what you think...

ADAH: Not my love, Captain. Your contessa...

DICK: Marietta? Not likely. She's off to be married...

ADAH: Listen. On the left forearm of Etienne Grandet is a tattoo.

DICK: A tattoo? What is that... What kind of tattoo?

ADAH: I have said enough. That is my gift to you. It is up to you to use it.

DICK: Bras. Pique! *(kisses her and runs off)*

(Marietta has come on in time to see this, and is about to leave again when Adah sees her)

ADAH: Contessa! Wait!

MAR: I did not mean to interrupt. I will bother you no more.

ADAH: You love the captain, don't you?

MAR: Me? Marietta D'Altena does not throw herself at soldiers.

ADAH: So you love Etienne?

MAR: I will marry him...

ADAH: You are a proud fool, Marietta. Take my advice. You have a true love which I have never known. But you also have too much pride. You find your love, Marietta... let me find my pride. *(Adah leaves as Etienne re-enters with the Governor. Their eyes meet)*

ETN: *(taking Marietta by the arm)* You mustn't run away like that, Marietta. You worry me. Father, Marietta and I must be married tonight.

GOV: Don't you think that is rushing it a bit, my boy? Do as I would do and think about it for a while.

ETN: No, it must be now. Will you send for a priest?

GOV: If you wish. Are you prepared, my dear?

MAR: Marietta is ready...

SILAS: *(coming in with one of the girls)* Hey, everybody! I have an announcement to make. I have chosen a bride!

ETN: *(suddenly cordial)* Then we will both be married tonight, friend. Who is the lucky girl?

SILAS: It's...

(Dick's voice is heard singing the dream melody)

MAR: Who is that?

ETN: Nobody. Come away.

MAR: Wait!

#22. FINALE

DICK: *(Offstage)*

Ah, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found you.

Ah, at last I know the meaning of it all.

All the seeking, striving, waiting, longing, yearning

The burning hopes, the joy and idle tears that fall.

MAR: *Ah, at last I've found you! Found you! At last!*

For 'tis love, 'tis love! 'tis love!

DICK: *For 'tis love and love alone the world is seeking*

And 'tis love and love alone that can repay.

BOTH: *"Tis the answer, 'tis the end and all of living*

For it is love alone that rules for aye!

ETN: *What's this? My bride!*

MAR: *Ah, no, monsieur, he has sung my song.*

And I know at last the ending: It is love, love, it's love!

(Dick enters and embraces Marietta. Etienne tries to pull her away, but she resists. The rangers enter and place themselves strategically.)

DICK: *(over tremolo)* I hereby arrest you in the name of the United States of America--
(rolls up Etienne's sleeve) Bras. Pique!

(the crowd is stunned. In that moment, Etienne seizes Marietta, pulls pistol, and moves to the French door in back.)

ETN: Stay where you are! If anyone moves, she dies! *(yelling offstage)* My horse! I win again, Captain! *(He moves to the position Florenz marked out to Lizette earlier)*

LIZ: *(leaping on him from outside the door)* We're going to have a baby!

(they fall. The rangers rush up and seize Etienne. Marietta rushes to Dick. Lizette is separated from Etienne, sees Silas and grabs him)

(There is a break in the music)

ETN: *(grudgingly)* I congratulate you, Captain.

DICK: And I congratulate Silas on his choice of a bride.

SILAS: But I didn't... How could she be?

DICK: We'll still have a double wedding! And since you and the Governor work so well together, you will be appointed Lieutenant Governor, so that it will not be necessary to reveal to the Emperor what he knew of Bras. Pique...

GOV: Why, certainly... Nothing could please me more. Oh, Florenz... *(chases him offstage)*

MAR: Are you sure you want to marry me?

FINALE CONCLUDES

DICK: *Oh my love, oh, my love!*
You're all I want in this wide world!

ALL: *For 'tis love and love alone the world is seeking*
And 'tis love and love alone that can repay.
"Tis the answer, 'tis the end and all of living
For it is love alone that rules for aye!

Zing, zing, ziggy ziggy zing zing boom, boom aye!
Zing, zing, ziggy ziggy zing zing mandolinas gay!
Zing, zing, ziggy ziggy zing zing boom, boom aye,
La, la, la! Ha, ha, ha! Zing boom, boom aye,
La, la, la, la! Ha, ha, ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!