

## NAUGHTY MARIETTA ACT 1

### **Opening Chorus**

Nannette: How inattentive our suitors are this morning!

Fanchon: Haven't you heard? The casket girls are arriving from France today.

Felice: I hope they run aground in the Gulf.

Nannette: Felice, that's cruel! Much better to have them boarded by Bras Pique and his pirates.

Fanchon: You mean have the *ship* boarded, don't you, Nannette?

Nannette: No, I mean the girls. Afterwards, like grain gone bad, spoiled casket girls will be spurned and dumped into the harbor.

Felice: The first casket girl to make eyes at our boys will go home in a casket.

Rudolfo: [Laughing] Oh, my sweet flower maidens, how can you say such things about the alluring casket girls?

Nannette: Are *we* not alluring, Signor Rudolfo?

Rudolf: Of course you are, ladies! We all admire your shapely, slender stems, your delicate perfume, your rosy color...

Fanchon: [smacking him playfully] Don't forget the thorns! [the Town Crier enters from above and rings his bell]

Streetsweeper: Quiet, it's the Town Crier!

Town Crier: Hear ye, hear ye, and hear ye! Due to the disruption of trade and the general low opinion of local government the pirate Bras Pique is causing, the reward for his capture, dead or alive, dead or slightly wounded, dead or significantly roughed up, dead or beaten like a rented mule, is now four thousand francs. One entry per person, no purchase required. Winners give permission to use name and likeness for marketing of any kind. In the name of the King, signed: [drumroll] the Lieutenant Governor, Etienne Grandet. [departs]

Merchant: What did I tell you? The French government can't do anything right! This pirate has been preying on us for months! Even our Governor has gone missing!

Rudolfo: They're making us Italians look efficient, and that's saying something! Why a merchant friend of mine, from Venezia, can't even send me more parts for my marionettes for fear of his ship being plundered.

Merchant: I find it suspicious that Bras Pique always seems to know which ships are carrying the most valuable goods.

Felice: Indeed! A whole cargo of tulips from the Low Countries...vanished!

Hostess: He's made off with the finest beer from Germany! Forty kegs of it! I'm screwed for Mardi Gras!

Fanchon: But what are we to do? ["Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" is heard]

Streetsweeper: Wait, what's that sound?

Rudolfo: Why, it's a company of American militiamen marching this way!

Flower girls: Americans? *Real* Americans? Ooooh lala!

Nannette: So handsome!

Felice: So strong!

Fanchon: So stinky!

Rudolfo: Help arrives at last! These Americans are real capitalists: they hear the word "Reward!", and hey, presto!

Hostess: in that case, I'd better make sure I have enough whiskey in stock.

Streetsweeper: And I have a feeling there will be a lot of sweeping up to do.

Nannette: Who cares if the casket girls beguile our village idiots? [pointing at the arriving Americans] Look at them! Unshaven, unshowered, and unbelievable! Ah! [faints]

### **Tramp, Tramp, Tramp**

Dick: At ease, men! Simon!

Simon: [stepping up and saluting] Ready and willing for pirate-killing, sir!

Dick: Simon, the only things you'll be killing are fleas. Present these letters to the Governor of this city and request an audience.

Simon: I shall make a splendid impression, sir!

Dick: Just the letters, Simon. [Simon exits. Through this talk he is struggling with his sword, hoping that no one notices] Well, men, it's been a long march down to New Orleans from the colonies, and I'm sure you're all eager to sample the sights. But remember that our mission here, by contract of the government in France, is nothing less than the eradication of the notorious pirate Bras Pique and his crew. Since the local merchantmen and ports of supply are threatened by this buccaneer, they have offered a substantial reward for his capture, [cheers from his men] and I trust this royal commission should allay—CAN SOMEONE TELL ME WHO Poured MOLASSES DOWN MY SCABBARD?? [The men snicker behind his back, but Sir Harry actually laughs in his face]

Harry: Hahahaha! You've run afoul of our fair charge, Captain! I rather think she likes you!

Dick: Well, you may find it funny, you Irish sot, but I knew she was trouble the moment I laid eyes on her at Mozambique Point.

Harry: Trouble for you, sir, not for us. What red-blooded mountain man doesn't appreciate a spirited Italian lass?

Men: Three cheers for Marietta! One, two—"

Dick: Silence, you rotten, rowdy renegades! I tell you, Harry, the sooner we are rid of that vixen, the better. You left her with the harbor-master, didn't you? Someone responsible?

Harry: Yes, and little does he know what he's in for. I think he was bewitched by her dark eyes, like a certain Captain I know...

Dick: Enough! [to the men] Men, you are hereby dismissed, to return here promptly at noon. Sir Harry will distribute your wages.

Harry: [Harry crosses to the men, rummaging in his bag, but then cries:] Captain! Some of the money's missing!

Dick and Men: What?!

Harry: Here's a note...where did this come from? "Dear Sir Harry, when a woman is in need of a new dress after an ocean voyage, desperate measures are called for. Please add the missing sum to my bill, and my father will repay you. One day. Your very own, Marietta." But that can only mean she's—

Dick: Horrors!

Both: Shopping! [Chaos ensues and Dick, Harry, and their men tear across the stage and off]

Dick: "Find her!" Harry: "Stop her!" Others: "Fix bayonets "Search everywhere!" "No quarter!" etc. [once the men have left, Marietta enters in an expensive and fashionable new dress]

### **Naughty Marietta**

Dick: [Entering angrily] Signorina, I've been looking everywhere for you and I think you know why.

Marietta: Capitano, no matter how many times you ask me to marry you, though it break your heart, I must refuse!

Dick: Brazen hussy! I, propose to *you*? I'd sooner propose to a catfish!

Marietta: Capitano, you must stop with your affectionate teasing! Even your men know how furiously in love with me you are.

Dick: You're delirious! I'm a mountain man, independent, a confirmed bachelor. Marriage is for other, weaker men, not for me!

Marietta: So you would not even allow me my honor? You would sweep me over your shoulder and carry me back to your cabin in the woods, and—

Dick: Nothing of the sort! Once I have made the proper introductions, you will be placed in the tender care of the nuns of Saint Suplice!

Marietta: [with sudden seriousness] Not a convent, signor! I'd rather be buried alive! You cannot do that to me!

Dick: Holy orders will certainly cure your naughty little ways.

Marietta: But you love my naughty little ways!

Dick: Love them! You made our voyage here an odyssey! You almost sank the ship!

Marietta: Your life is too easy, you big bambino. You need me for entertainment.

Dick: I need you like I need hailstorms, pestilence and scurvy! But in a day you will be convent-bound, and I shall be free.

Marietta: You only fool yourself, Capitano: you will never be free of me!

Dick: You don't belong in a convent; you belong in a lunatic asylum!

Marietta: Your little jokes are so endearing. Very well, if you won't confess your eternal devotion, let us at least, for now, be friends.

Dick: Friends, just friends? Certainly! [they shake on it]

Marietta: Mind, I don't think you'll be able to do it. I'm sure I shall be fighting off your panting embraces all day and night. How you can even resist me in this chic new dress you bought me, I really cannot understand!

Dick: Signorina, I have endured scorching sun, snowstorms, fevers and frost. I can certainly endure you.

**It Never Can Be Love**