LIZETTE: I could have stayed home if I wanted to marry a poor man.
(Two CASQUETTE MAIDS walk by, followed by two MEN.)
MAN 1: But m'sell. If you would only allow a little peek into your casket box.
MAN 2: We want to know if we are worthy of your love!
MAN 1: Just a peeky!
(The two CASQUETTE WOMEN and two MEN exit.)
LIZETTE: All they care about is whether a woman is pretty and has some money.
SIMON: You think that's bad?
LIZETTE: They're les cochons - pigs.
SIMON: And you would never judge a man by his looks or his means.
LIZETTE: Stop confusing the issue.
SIMON: With facts? (pause) I may seem like a poor man but I have prospects.
LIZETTE: What kind of prospects?
SIMON: The kind that lead to money.
LIZETTE: What kind of money?
SIMON: The kind a man can spend on his wife.
LIZETTE: Oh?
SIMON: I'm a pirate in training.
LIZETTE: (laughing) A pirate? You?
SIMON: (He rolls up his sleeve.) Here is a tattoo with the name Bras Pique.
LIZETTE: (crosses herself) Mon Dieu! You are Bras Pique? You are disguising yourself as a simpleton?
SIMON: No, I am a simpleton. I'm also a pirate in training.
(SIMON approaches the Lt. Gov.)

SIMON: Governor, I no longer wish to be your whipping boy.

LT. GOV.: What? Have you not been kept in luxury?

SIMON: Oh yes, Your Excellency. Many meals. Many baths.

LT. GOV.: Then why would you want to return to your old life?

SIMON: I have heard rumors, Excellency.

LT. GOV.: What kind of rumors?

SIMON: Rumors that say a Casquette Maid is missing with the King's gold. And you are responsible.

LT. GOV.: I am very concerned for your welfare. Pass that decanter, if you would be so kind.

SIMON: But losing the King's gold - your secretary has told me the penalty.

LT. GOV.: I am not afraid. Why should you be? Have you tried the -

SIMON: Because I am your whipping boy and it is my hand they will cut off!

LT. GOV.: You have another.

SIMON: I like them both.

LT. GOV.: Don't be greedy man. You can feed and bathe yourself with one hand. The second one is superfluous.

SIMON: Not to me!

LT. GOV.: We have a contract.

SIMON: Well, I'm breaking it.

LT. GOV.: That would not be wise.

SIMON: Everyone avoids me. They cross the street when they see me coming.

LT. GOV.: Certainly you are used to that by now.

SIMON: And they won't allow me near the convent to speak with the Casquette Maids.

LT. GOV.: Haven't you married that little wench yet?

SIMON: How can I marry her when I can't even speak with her?

LT. GOV.: You are rich now. You can have your choice of women.

SIMON: I've made my choice, but I have to convince her that I'm her choice. And I can't do that if I can't speak with her. And I wouldn't be a very fit husband without my hand. (beat) I quit!

LT. GOV.: I recommend you forget this conversation.

SIMON exits. LT. GOV signals to FLORENZE.

FLORENZE approaches.

LT. GOV.: That man - that simpleton -

FLORENZE: Your whipping boy, Excellency?

LT. GOV.: Yes. He's going to cause trouble. Do something about it.

FLORENZE: Yes, Excellency.

FLORENZE exits. HARRY approaches ADA.

HARRY: Miss Ada, may I have the honor of the dance?

ADA: But there is no music, Monsieur.

HARRY: Isn't there? But there will be.

ADA: You Americans. So gallant and so difficile to understand.

HARRY exits. FLORENZE approaches ADA.

FLORENZE: Yes, Excellency.

FLORENZE exits. HARRY approaches ADA.

HARRY: Miss Ada, may I have the honor of the dance?

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HARRY: Miss Ada, may I have the honor of the dance?
SIMON: Miss Lizette!

LIZETTE: Ah, Mr. Simon. How fine you look. Aren't you afraid to be seen with a common Casquette Maid?

SIMON: Miss Lizette, I have wanted to speak with you -

LIZETTE: Stop. You'll just embarrass us both.

SIMON: We had come to an understanding.

LIZETTE: Things have changed. A rich man has no use for a poor woman.

SIMON: Not true! You have many uses for me.

LIZETTE: Impudent! (She slaps him and starts to walk off.)

SIMON: No, no! Miss Lizette! You misunderstand -- The minute I saw you I desired to know you.

LIZETTE: Me and my casquette. Which you no longer need.

SIMON: It was not your dowry.

LIZETTE: I'm so very beautiful. Ha!

SIMON: I hadn't even seen your face. I heard your laugh and saw you rushing to aid your friend when she fell. I said, that lady has kindness and fun in her heart. A pretty face gets boring on long nights, but patience and humor are worth coming home to.

LIZETTE: Sweet by and by!

SIMON: I hope you don't mind being married to a humble trapper.

LIZETTE: I don't care if you're a trapper or King Solomon. As long as you're mine.

SIMON: King Solomon had a soft life.

LIZETTE: They say he had a hundred wives.

SIMON: Well, it's pretty soft for Simon, too.
#6 If I Were Anybody Else But Me

Simon and Lizette

Tempo giusto

Simon

must have been changed in my cradle, By my nurse or something like,

For I

Lizette

I have’nt turned out what I ought to be, And nothing seems to be right.

Mon
Dieu! Par-bleu, mon cher! That is the sad affair!

sometimes I get to dreaming. As a fellow will, you see,

kind of a sort of a "me" I'd be, if I wasn't the me that's me.

Dieu! Par-bleu, mon cher! Ah ça c'est tres tragique.
dream that I am a pirate bold that knows no fear, A rav-in', swear-in_ 

tear-in' son of a sea-sick buccaneer! I car-ry a-round a 

hun-dred pound of i-ron in my sash! And shake my fist as I
give a twist to my bristling black moustache! On a coral reef I
eat raw beef which I carve with my cutlass true; And I pick my teeth with a

gleaming dirk When my bloody meal is through! Mon Dieu! Par-
bleu! Bon, bon! You are the brave gar
58 #6 If I Were Anybody Else But Me (5)a

Lizette

Simon

Oh!

long pause

moltó meno

moltó meno

colla voce

Moderato

a tempo

self.

I wish I was any body else but me,
Anybody else would do.
It's awful discouraging.  

Being me, When I ought to be you, or you! I

Try to smile, but what's the use? It hits me with a slam! When I

Get to thinking of who I would be, If I wasn't who I am!