

Mozart's Marriage of Figaro

music by W. A. Mozart

libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte

translation ©2002 by Dale Lyles

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NOTES FROM THE TRANSLATOR

My main goal in making this new translation was to recast Mozart's perfect opera as a form of popular, if not populist, entertainment. To that end, I have determinedly used modern colloquial English as American audiences are used to hearing it sung onstage, not some elevated "opera talk." As part of that decision, I put the show in some vaguely mid-20th century setting. Yes, it makes the *droit de seigneur* issue even more idiotic, and yes, there is no king of Spain at that period, but when it comes right down to it we're talking about a French play translated by an Italian for an Austrian composer. I don't know that a little postmodernism hurts anyone in this case.

The only time I deviated from my goal of using colloquial speech is when the original seems to call for it—e. g., the Sextet with its brilliant parody of outrageous opera plot reversals uses similarly sticky language as Marcellina warmly gathers her new-found family around her. Likewise, Cherubino's song reflects the peculiar kind of bad poetry a lovesick adolescent actually writes, and the Count in his more overwrought moments reverts to rather grand language. Otherwise, I hope it sounds like any other musical.

I have retained the brilliant wit of the original, but have nudged up the level of innuendo and wisecracking to make it funny to a modern audience, not merely quaint. I think I have managed to keep all the jokes of the original in their place, plus add quite a few of my own.

The characters have been provided with more specific characterization in their dialog and in their numbers, sharpening their personalities and their conflicts with each other. Where the original text used generalities to convey the overall emotional state of the characters, I have given them something specific to complain about. The use of modern idioms and speech patterns was a great help in this regard.

I have tried as much to keep da Ponte's original rhyme schemes, especially in the extended ensemble passages. However, I have not even tried to rhyme the recitatives—that feat would have been beyond both my skills and the English language's resources. When it seemed important, I have tried to tie off the recitatives with a rhyming couplet, a la Shakespeare. Finally, where a character's name is sung, I have been mostly successful in keeping it in the same place.

The order of Act III has been restored to the order which the research of Moverly and Raeburn have suggested was Mozart's original intent. In Act IV, the usual cuts of Marcellina's and Basilio's arias obtain, and the remainder of the act has been renumbered. I have enclosed the original numbers in brackets throughout. I have reinserted several measures usually cut from Susanna and Cherubino's panicky duet in Act II.

Perhaps the only really controversial thing about this translation is that I intended Cherubino to be sung by a teenage tenor. You may cast a mezzo if you wish, but in the spirit of updating the work for a modern audience, I thought it best to abandon an outdated conceit.

All in all, working on this piece has given me great joy, both in the translation and in the production. I would encourage you to approach it as if it were a brand new Broadway show—if you use the same techniques in production and performance as you would if you were doing *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, both you and your audiences will have a blast.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Dale".

DIRECTOR'S COMMENTS FROM THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

I always thought that someday I should like to direct opera. Perhaps one day I shall, but in the meantime, what we've done with *Mozart's Marriage of Figaro* will serve.

What have we done? We have taken the world's most perfect comic musical work and approached it as if it were a brand new script intended for our audiences. When I translated da Ponte's libretto, I kept an ear out for natural sounding English and made sure that the humor was ratcheted up to the level where it would be funny to a modern audience, not just quaintly amusing. Likewise in our staging, we've applied all our experience as musical theatre performers to the score and text, pointing up the jokes and playing out the sheer humanness of the characters.

For they are human, splendidly and foolishly so, as the title of Beaumarchais's original play suggests: *The Follies of a Day*. Everyone sings in the Act IV finale, "Day of fools and night of madness," and by that point, they all understand exactly what that means, about the others and about themselves as well. And through them, we see ourselves.

Who hasn't had to deal with the Count, convinced that everyone and everything is out to get him when he is the author of his own problems? Who hasn't *been* Cherubino, young and in love with love even as he is tormented by the sweet newness of it all? (And who hasn't written really bad love poetry, like Cherubino's Act II song, "Ladies, confide in me"?)

With any luck, we haven't had to suffer like the Countess does, but if we have, she shows us how to get the courage to take charge of our own life. Figaro and Susanna show us the value of humor in a relationship, even at the moments of highest stress in their lives.

And don't we all hope that forgiveness and completeness are possible? Don't we all wish that our problems would resolve themselves in a shower of fireworks and joy in a moonlit garden? There's the ache in this brilliant comedy: despite what we think might happen after the curtain comes down and the sun comes up the next morning, for one moment there is redemption, summed up in Mozart's perfect little world.

That's our goal tonight, to bring you safely through all the lunacies of these wonderful characters to the final haven of the garden, and to send you out into our own night with that perfect joy now a part of your life as it is a part of ours.

In the original production, the set was a series of simple soft drops, painted with stylized architectural features.

In Act I, these consisted of two doors, stage right and stage left, with a double panel up center. There is a cheval mirror stage left; an armchair stage right, with a blanket draped over it. In front of the up center wall is a shelf unit with all manner of stored flotsam and jetsam.

ACT I

Scene 1

No. 1: Duet

FIGARO

Three feet...
Six feet...
nine feet...
twelve feet...
twenty-three feet...
Okay, let's see...

FIGARO enters L, with shoes and polish. He puts them on the shelf unit, gets a yardstick, pulls a notepad from his pocket, and begins measuring the proscenium line from stage left. He makes it halfway and estimates the rest.

He stands, crosses L to start over.

SUSANNA

Look, I think I'm finally finished,
with this hat I made for me.

SUSANNA enters L with her veiled bonnet, admires herself in the mirror.

FIGARO

Three feet...

SUSANNA

Look at me, my darling Figaro.

FIGARO

Six feet...

SUSANNA

Look at me, my darling Figaro.

FIGARO

Nine feet...

SUSANNA

Look at me...

FIGARO

Twelve feet...

SUSANNA

Look at me,
don't you think my hat is fetching?

FIGARO

Twenty-three feet...

SUSANNA

Don't you think my hat is fetching?

FIGARO

Looks right to me.

SUSANNA

Look at me, my darling Figaro,
don't you think my hat is fetching?

She kicks him as he's measuring.

FIGARO

Ah, but look at the plans I am sketching,
plans I'm making just for you.

He crosses L. They sing each facing out.

SUSANNA

Look, I think I'm finally finished
with this hat I made for me.

FIGARO

Ah, but look at the plans I am making
just for you.

On the fermata, they turn to each other.

SUSANNA, FIGARO

On the dawning of the morning of our wedding,
And of all the joys we're bound to find upon it,
Here's the first of them, this fetching little bonnet,
Which Susanna has made for today!

They come together and sing over the bonnet.

Recitative

SUSANNA

Tell me, what were you measuring over there,
my little Figaro?

FIGARO

I'm seeing if the bed his lordship's giving to us,
whether it will look good here in our new chamber.

SUSANNA

You mean this chamber?

FIGARO

Sure thing — another present from our generous patron.

SUSANNA

I'll return it to you, then.

FIGARO

You have a reason?

SUSANNA

Oh, my reason's up here.

FIGARO

This reason, why can't you share it with me?

SUSANNA

'Cause I don't want to!
Are you my servant or not?

FIGARO

But I don't get it—I don't see your objections—
the best room in the palace, big and roomy...

SUSANNA

Because I am Susanna,
and you are loony!

FIGARO

Thank you! Leave off the smartmouth,
and you will see why this is perfect
for our situation.

No. 2: Duet

FIGARO

Some evening, our lady might feel a little hungry,
Ding ding! Ding ding!
Just two hops and you're there by her side.
And what if his lordship needs me to get the horses?
Dong dong! Dong dong!
In three bounces, I'm ready to ride!

He seats her in the chair, grabs a tray from the shelf and comes around the chair to the R.

Crosses L.

Does three gallops toward Susanna.

She stands and puts him in the chair.

SUSANNA

Imagine, some morning the Count is feeling horny.
Ding ding! Ding ding!
You're away on some errand or such.
Ding ding! Dong dong!
Dong dong, soon that bastard
comes running even faster,
And then with three bounces—

Repeats his three bounces.

FIGARO

Susanna, hush, hush!

He falls out of the chair and scoots backwards.

SUSANNA

You listening?

FIGARO

I'm listening.

SUSANNA

I'll tell you what's happening,
But calm your suspicions, and don't have a cow.

Crosses R.

FIGARO

So tell me what's happening,
But all my suspicions will bother me now.

Follows her.

Recitative

SUSANNA

All right then, shut up and listen!

FIGARO

Go on, tell me what's happening.

SUSANNA

Our Signor Count tires of going
hunting for new beauties
in the countryside here,
so he's thinking of trying
once again here in the castle.
And so is it his Countess—
though you'd think so—
who excites his new passion?

FIGARO

So who is it?

SUSANNA

That would be your Susanna!

FIGARO

Not you?

SUSANNA

Me, and no other. He's really hoping
that his charming little project
will be helped by our convenient proximity!

FIGARO

Bravo! Please, keep on going.

SUSANNA

His generosity, all his attentions,
are not for you, but your lovable Susanna.

FIGARO

One should beware such charitable manna!

SUSANNA

Wait, though—there's even better!
Don Basilio, my singing teacher
and part-time pander,
when he gives me my lesson,
sings the Count's unchanging love song,
every day.

FIGARO

Who, Basilio? Oh, that pervert!

SUSANNA

You really thought the Count donated my dowry
for your devoted service?

FIGARO

Could be I sort of thought so...

SUSANNA

He wants to trade me:
I get my dowry in exchange for a favor,
that the lord of the manor...

FIGARO

What the... those feudal rights
that the Count had abolished?

SUSANNA

Perhaps, but change is constant,
and he'll regain those rights,
starting with me.

FIGARO

Bravo, so be it,
my caring lord and master—
we are at your beck and call—
you may discover...

[The bell rings.]

FIGARO

Who's ringing? The Countess.

SUSANNA

Addio, addio, Fi- Fi- Figaro dearest!

FIGARO

Have courage, my beloved—

SUSANNA

And stay alert now!

[Susanna exits R]

Scene 2

FIGARO

Bravo, my noble patron—
I'm catching on now —
all the mystery lightens—
I see all of the charming details of your little project:
We're off to London...
you, the minister...
I, the courier...
And my Susanna...
your secret ambassadress?
Not a chance, not a chance—
Figaro has spoken!

No. 3: Cavatina

FIGARO

Dance with me, Count, and you'll learn a new tango,
Such a fandango you never have known, sir, you've
never known.

If you'll go dancing, you'll learn to trot, sir,

Not a gavotte, sir, one of my own!

Come on! But easy, easy, easy, easy!

But undercover, I might discover what's going on...

Soon you'll be dizzy, mad to distraction,

I'll keep you busy, endless reaction,

All of your plotting by me overthrown.

Dance with me, Count, etc.

Figaro exits L.

Scene 3

Marcellina and Bartolo enter.

Recitative

BARTOLO

You might have told me sooner...

instead of waiting till now —

it's the day of their wedding!

MARCELLINA

Ah, my dear doctor, I see no real impediment.

More marriages than one

have been canned later than this —

One needs only a good reason,

and I've got that here,

with my rock-solid contract...

and certain promises...

that my love...

Basta!

If we harass Susanna all day

and find a way to cause a disruption

between them and his Lordship —

in order to get vengeance

he will come down on my side,

and Figaro will find himself my husband.

BARTOLO

Excellent!

Give the contract to me —

I will peruse it —

and together we will win this!

(Nothing could give me more pleasure

than to marry my old servant

to the man who cheated me

out of marrying Rosina!)

No. 4: Aria

BARTOLO

Now, I've got him! Oh, how I've got him!
Wise men know how sweet is vengeance!
Fools without full comprehension
never taste it, and nor they should.
With attention, with invention,
With offenses, and expenses,
I can do it, I'll beat him senseless!
If I've been misunderstood,
Let me make it understood.
Digging through cases for clarification,
I'll cover our bases for alienation,
With all the red-taping, delib'rate misshaping,
There is no escaping, as if he could!
All of Seviglia knows Doctor Bartolo!
That loser Figaro, goes down for good!

Bartolo exits R.

Scene 4

Recitative

MARCELLINA

Nothing can stop me from winning!
My hopes are higher than ever.
Ah, Susanna is coming!
What should I do here?
I'll pretend I do not see her.
Ah, such a darling thing
he is taking for a wife!

Susanna enters L.

She speaks loudly.

SUSANNA

Talking about me!

MARCELLINA

It just seems to me that my Figaro
could have done better...
but money talks.

SUSANNA

What a demon!
Is she evil, or drunk, or simply stupid?

MARCELLINA

Bravo, here's justice for you—
her eyes are so modest,
and such pious behavior,
and yet...

SUSANNA

I think I'll leave!

MARCELLINA

All the men crave her!

*She makes for the L door, meeting Susanna.
They feign delight at meeting each other.*

No. 5: Duet

MARCELLINA

Oh look, your new gown,
I'm surprised by its whiteness!

SUSANNA

Indeed, the whole town
would be stunned by your politeness!

MARCELLINA

You first through the doorway...

SUSANNA

No, no, after you!

MARCELLINA

You first through the doorway...

SUSANNA

No, no, after you!

MARCELLINA, SUSANNA

I know how things go,
Oh, and I know what good manners can do!

Both come downstage.

MARCELLINA

The maiden in waiting!

Crosses R.

SUSANNA

Respectable matron!

Crosses R; they stand back to back.

MARCELLINA

The Count's precious plaything!

SUSANNA

All Spain could be your patron!

MARCELLINA

Your figure, dear...

Turns to Susanna.

SUSANNA

Fashion-plate...

Turns to Marcellina.

MARCELLINA

Your "work" here...

SUSANNA

Your age!

MARCELLINA

By God, let me slap her now,
I'm blind, I'm blinded by rage!

SUSANNA

You foolish old woman, you'd be laughed off a stage!

MARCELLINA

But really, your gown,
how surprising its whiteness!

Throws gown on the floor.

SUSANNA

You know the whole town
won't believe your politeness!

MARCELLINA

The maiden in waiting!

They are now hurling their compliments like weapons, getting ready for a deathmatch.

SUSANNA

Respectable matron!

MARCELLINA

The Count's latest plaything!

SUSANNA

All Spain could be your patron!

MARCELLINA

Your figure, dear...

SUSANNA

Fashion-plate...

MARCELLINA

Your "work" here...

SUSANNA

Your age!

MARCELLINA

By God, let me slap her now,
I'm blind, I'm blinded by rage!

SUSANNA

Your age! Your age! Your age!
You foolish old woman, you'd be laughed off a stage!

MARCELLINA

(I can't wait to slap her face
I'm blinded by rage
I'm ready to slap her face,
I'm blinded by rage)

Marcellina exits L.

Scene 5

Recitative

SUSANNA

Go on, you old schoolmarm!
You ill-tempered old pedant!
Just because you've read two books
and tutored my mistress in her youth...

Hangs gown on shelf unit; gets Countess's ribbon.

CHERUBINO

Susannetta, that you?

Peeks around L door.

SUSANNA

Sure is, what are you doing here?

CHERUBINO

Ah, my heart— what a tragedy!

Staggers dramatically down R.

SUSANNA

Your heart? What has happened?

Amused.

CHERUBINO

Yesterday morning, the Count found me
alone with Barbarina,
so he's sending me into exile!
And if my beloved Countess,
the most lovely of women,
doesn't intercede for me,
I have to leave—
I'll see you ne'er again, dearest Susanna!

SUSANNA

Never more to see me?
Bravo! So you've given up on loving Madame,
without whose tenderness
you would cease from breathing?

CHERUBINO

Ah, the total respect inspired by Madame!
Oh lucky you, you see her whenever you want to,
you who dress her in the morning,
you undress her in the evening,
you pin up her hair,
tie on her lace...
Ah, to do what you do!
What's that there? Let me see it!

Sees ribbon.

SUSANNA

Oh, just a pretty little ribbon and the night cap...
of your beautiful Madame.

CHERUBINO

Oh, give it me, my sister,
give it for pity's sake!

Snatches ribbon.

SUSANNA

Hey, give it back!

CHERUBINO

O, dearest, O sweetest,
O most fortunate of ribbons!
I'll never give thee up,
unless I die first—

SUSANNA

Are you insane or stupid?

CHERUBINO

Please let me keep it!
If you let me keep it,
I will give you this little song I've written.

Pulls song from his pocket, gives it to her.

SUSANNA

And what is it about?

CHERUBINO

About my love for Madame,
my undying love for you,
my love for Barbarina, Marcellina,
I'm even in love with the other pages!

SUSANNA

Poor little Cherubino—
you are outrageous!

No. 6: Aria

CHERUBINO

I don't know where I am, what I'm doing,
And it feels like my head is unscrewing,
Every girl and every woman excite me,
Every woman makes my heart hit the floor.
O, my soul and its wayward reflections
Leads me off in unwanted directions.
Sinking in passion, my heart turns and bites me,
My desire grows somehow even more.
Not a moment my head isn't humming,
I don't know if I'm going or coming,
Every girl and every woman excite me,
Every woman makes my heart hit the floor.
I sing of love when waking,
I sing of love when sleeping,
To water, shadows, mountains,

To flowers, grass, and fountains,
To echoes, air, and breezes,
Until my singing eases
Love I have never known.
And if there's no one near me,
If no one's near to hear me,
I do it on my own, alone,
I do it all alone.

Scene 6

Recitative

CHERUBINO

Geez, I'm done for!

SUSANNA

Oh my God!

It's the Count, he's coming in here!

COUNT

Susanna, you seem upset—
is there anything the matter?

SUSANNA

Signor, I beg your pardon...
but... if someone...
saw you in here...
please leave me alone!

COUNT

Just a minute, then I'll leave you—
listen—

SUSANNA

No, I won't listen!

COUNT

Just two words, dear:
You know the king has made me
his ambassador to London,
and I'm thinking that Figaro should go with me.

SUSANNA

Signor, I beg you—

COUNT

Speak, oh speak to me, dearest,
and with the right you have assumed over me
for as long as you live, command me!
Demand!

*He grabs Susanna and twirls her around.
They go to the door and are about to leave,
but recoil in panic.*

*Cherubino hides in the chair; Susanna covers
him with the blanket just as the Count enters.*

*While neither is looking, Cherubino slips out
of the chair to hide behind it.*

Sits in the chair.

Crosses to Susanna, kneels, takes her hand.

SUSANNA

Leave me alone, Signor!
The right you speak of,
I don't claim it, nor intend to...
Oh, I'm so unhappy!

COUNT

Ah, no, Susanna,
I want to make you happy!
You know how much I love you —
Basilio has told you everything—
now listen: if you could come to the garden
for a few moments later on this evening—
Ah, what wouldn't I give for such a meeting!

BASILIO

I think he went in here...

From out in the hall.

COUNT

Who is that?

SUSANNA

Oh heavens!

COUNT

Quickly! Don't let him in here!

Crossing towards the chair.

SUSANNA

I can't leave you alone here!

BASILIO

With Madama, probably...
I'll ask Susanna.

COUNT

I'll hide behind this chair.

Susanna meets him behind the chair, holding the blanket up. Cherubino crawls around to the front of the chair again. The Count ducks down.

SUSANNA

You cannot hide there!

COUNT

Quiet!
And get rid of that idiot!

He pops up just as Cherubino is about to get up. Cherubino drops to the floor again.

SUSANNA

Oh geez! What are you doing?

Cherubino jumps into the chair. Susanna covers him with the blanket.

BASILIO

Susanna, heav'n be with you—
By any chance have you seen his Lordship?

Basilio enters L.

SUSANNA

And why on earth would I have seen his Lordship?
Just go away!

BASILIO

Just a minute—
Listen, your Figaro is looking for him.

SUSANNA

(Oh, heavens!)
He's looking for the man who hates him
more than you do.

COUNT

(Let's see how well he serves me.)

BASILIO

I've never heard of any moral law stating
he who loves the wife must therefore hate the husband.
Which means: his Lordship loves you...

SUSANNA

Get out of here, you pander!
Serving other people's garbage!
I want no part of your slimy moral system,
nor the Count, nor of his love!

BASILIO

Hey, no offense, man!
Different strokes for different folks—
I find it funny
you don't prefer a grown man as a lover—
just like the other women—
someone generous, and full of discretion—
to some young stripling, to a pageboy...

SUSANNA

Who, Cherubino?

BASILIO

Sure, Cherubino—our little cherub d'amore,
who, by the way, was sighted on his way
this very morning to your chamber.

SUSANNA

You're a liar! That's malicious gossip!

BASILIO

I'm a liar and a gossip
just because I've eyes in my head?
That charming song he's singing—
just between you and me, dear,
you can tell me, I can keep your little secret—
he sings for you? or for the Countess?

SUSANNA

(How did he know about that?)

BASILIO

Apropos, my dear student,
better teach him discretion:
at dinner he's staring, smitten, at Madama.
He's so brazen about it
that the Count begins to notice
and in these matters, as we all know,
he is a terror.

SUSANNA

Nasty reptile! How can you invent such
untrue and scandalous rumors?

BASILIO

I? Such injustice!
What I tell, I also hear—
it's only what they've been saying—
my story's solid as granite...

COUNT

So—
What are "they" saying?

Rises, infuriated, from behind the chair.

BASILIO

Oh, goodness!

SUSANNA

Oh, damn it!

No. 7: Trio

COUNT

What the hell now?
Go and find him, Cherubino, and kick him out.
Go, just go and kick the little bastard out!

BASILIO

Don't you know now, I should go now,
You can find me, oh, hereabout...

SUSANNA

Aggravation, botheration,
Oh, which I can do without!

She pretends to faint. The Count catches her—Basilio picks up her feet—they stagger about with her.

BASILIO & COUNT

Ah, this is too much excitement!
How could she keep from passing out?

BASILIO

Maybe we should give her brandy.

They finally get her over to the chair and lower her into it.

SUSANNA

Ah, where am I? Geez, unhand me!
If you don't, I'm going to shout!

She bolts stage L.

BASILIO

Please, my dear, do calm your anger,
Of your virtue, there is no doubt.

Follows her, stands on her L.

COUNT

Please, my dear, do calm your anger,
In your worship, I'm most devout.

Follows her, kneels to her R and takes her hand.

BASILIO

Sir, the page boy, that I mentioned...
It was gossip, though well-intentioned.

Count crosses to the chair, sits on the arm.

SUSANNA

You're insidious, and so perfidious!
don't believe this lying lout!

COUNT

Out he goes, I don't mean maybe!

SUSANNA & BASILIO

Oh, poor baby!

COUNT

Out he goes, I don't mean maybe!

SUSANNA & BASILIO

Oh, poor baby!

COUNT

Right, poor baby!
That poor baby is a libertine throughout!

SUSANNA & BASILIO

Really? How?

COUNT

Well, yesterday, then,
I go to your cousin's chamber.
I knock.
Barbarina is there, but seems more sheepish...
than usual.
This arouses my suspicions.
I search everywhere, but nothing!
Then as gently 's I am able,
Lift the cover of her dressing table...
There's that pageboy!
This is the limit!

He gets up and illustrates.

He lifts the blanket to demonstrate, does a classic double take.

SUSANNA

Ah, cruel heavens!

BASILIO

Ah, what an encore!

COUNT

Where's that virtue now, signora?

SUSANNA

My life worsens by the minute!

COUNT

I'll just test it, if I may.

SUSANNA

Will I make it through the day?

BASILIO

We are dealing with a woman;

There is nothing more to say.

Sir, this pageboy,

I just mentioned,

It was gossip,

Though well-intentioned.

[Material repeats.]

Recitative

COUNT

Basilio, make tracks and find our dear Figaro this instant.

I want him to see...

SUSANNA

Oh, I think he should! Go get him!

COUNT

Hold on there—what's your angle?

With all this evidence, what's the point of denying it?

SUSANNA

Don't you worry about what I'll say.

She indicates Cherubino.

COUNT

How long has he been here?

SUSANNA

He was already with me when you got here.

He came here begging, wanting me to ask the Countess to ask your forgiveness,

and when you entered, he went into a panic—

so he hid himself beneath the blanket.

COUNT

But I sat there myself as soon as I came in here.

CHERUBINO

Oh, at first I was hiding there behind it.

COUNT

And when I had... reason to be there?

CHERUBINO

I quickly slipped around, hiding in the first place.

COUNT

Great Caesar! This little weasel
heard everything I've been saying!

CHERUBINO

I tried my best to be inconspicuous.

COUNT

Good-for-nothing...!

He grabs the boy up by his shirt.

BASILIO

Control yourself—someone's coming.

COUNT

Well, as for you, don't move, little delinquent!

Scene 7

No. 8: Chorus

CHORUS

Come, sing, young maidens,
Scatter your flowers:
Thank this good lord of ours,
Our grand signor.
Kind, thrifty, reverent,
Clean, brave, and cheerful,
Loyal, obedient,
He's all these things and more,
Helpful and courteous,
All these and more.
Come, sing, young maidens,
Scatter your flowers:
Thank this good lord of ours,
Our grand signor,
Goodness galore,
Our grand signor!

A hastily assembled and largely incompetent group of servants enters, led by Figaro. They are bearing posterboard signs, which they place face down on the floor in front of them. They begin with cheesy showchoir choreography.

Here they begin holding up their signs with as each attribute is sung.

They repeat the cheesy choreography, which is difficult considering they are now holding signs.

On "-lore," the signs blossom into position again.

They wind up with some godawful white ballet pose.

Recitative

COUNT

What's up with the commedia?

FIGARO

(to Susanna)

How are we doing?
Just back me up here, darling.

SUSANNA

It's pretty hopeless!

FIGARO

Signor, don't reject
this declaration of appreciation,
so deserved by your lordship,
since you abolished that lordly right
so detested by all lovers.

COUNT

That "right" was hardly a right—
what's the commotion?

FIGARO

Here we stand to be symbols
of your liberality and your wisdom.
Our little wedding is prepared to do you justice—
all you have to do is give away this maiden,
who, untouched by lord or man,
will be dressed in gown of purity,
with its emblematic whiteness.

COUNT

(Diabolically clever! But I must play the game!)
It's gratifying to be so well thought of...
but I really don't deserve it—
neither praise nor tribute—
those "rights" you speak of
have been gone for generations
and I need hardly say were distasteful to me.

ALL

Eviva, eviva, eviva!

SUSANNA

Such virtue.

FIGARO

Such justice.

COUNT

And for your wedding, I'll give the bride away...
after a brief postponement.
I have to make sure all the arrangements
have been readied
for the most magnificent wedding ever.
(Marcellina, get your butt here!)
Till then, dear friends!

No. 8a: Chorus

CHORUS

Come, sing, young maidens,
Scatter your flowers:
Thank this good lord of ours,
Our grand signor.
Kind, thrifty, reverent,
Clean, brave, and cheerful,
Loyal, obedient,
He's all these things and more,
Helpful and courteous,
All these and more.
Come, sing, young maidens,
Scatter your flowers:
Thank this good lord of ours,
Our grand signor,
Goodness galore,
Our grand signor!

They line up to shake the Count's hand, giving him their signs as they go by him. He flirts appreciatively with Barbarina and then is blindsided by some moose of a girl.

When he has all the signs, he slaps them into the unsuspecting Basilio.

They make their exit. The Count sits.

Recitative

FIGARO

Eviva!

SUSANNA

Eviva!

BASILIO

Eviva!

FIGARO

And you are not rejoicing?

To Cherubino

SUSANNA

He's ever so heartbroken
because his lordship's banished him forever!

FIGARO

On such a happy occasion!

SUSANNA

On the day of our wedding!

FIGARO

Now, when everyone sings your praises!

CHERUBINO

Perdono, O signor!

COUNT

You don't deserve it.

SUSANNA

He's just a little boy!

COUNT

Not as much as you think.

CHERUBINO

It's true, I'm guilty,
but one more chance, I promise...

COUNT

Okay—I will forgive you.
And in fact, I'll do more.
There is a vacant officer's post in my regiment,
and you can have it, it's yours, take it.
And leave now.

Rises, crosses L toward the door.

SUSANNA, FIGARO

Ah, till tomorrow morning...

COUNT

No, he leaves pronto!

CHERUBINO

I am ready to obey you, my lordship.

COUNT

Go and hug for the last time your beloved Susanna.
(They weren't expecting this one!)

The Count and Basilio exit.

FIGARO

Ehi, capitano! Shake my hand like a man...
(I need to see you before you leave.)
Addio, our little Cherubino!
You've just crapped out with snake eyes
in Life's casino!

No. 9: Aria

FIGARO

Pack your bags, hit the road, go on, leave us!
Say goodbye to the girls and their flirting.
Though I know that your hurting is grievous,
March away anyway without fear!
Say goodbye to the trendiest fashions,
No more preadolescent vexations,
no indulging in musical passions,
Say hello to your brilliant career.
You, a soldier, drunk and swearing,
grow a mustache, prove your daring,
You, a captain, practice shooting
with your privates all saluting.
It's an honor—defend your nation,
but alas, no compensation!
Instead of dancing for enjoyment,
You'll be marching toward deployment!
All that marching, all that training,
When it's sunny, when it's raining,
On you go with your campaigning,
So you fill your time remaining
With your bitching and complaining,
Till you're silenced ever more!
Cherubino, on to glory,
on to glory of the war!
yes, to glory and to war,
win that glory and the war!

Figaro and Susanna costume a resisting Cherubino with bits and pieces lying around the room, until he is a fully encumbered infantry soldier.

End of ACT I

Original production set: a double drop stage L, representing the double doors leading to the hall. Upstage L, a single door drop (the door to the dressing room or to Susanna's room, depending on how you want to think about it). Upstage R, the closet door drop. Stage R, the window drop. The original production used a large sheet of drafting tissue to cover the window. Center, a daybed with a screen behind it and a small table to the R.

At rise, the Countess is reclining on the daybed, flipping listlessly through a magazine.

ACT II

Scene 1

No. 10: Cavatina

COUNTESS

God of love, restore him to me,
Ease my sorrow, my grieving sigh.
If he will not longer woo me,
O, in mercy let me die!

Scene 2

Recitative

COUNTESS

Come in, my dear ,
and finish this morning's story.

Susanna enters.

SUSANNA

That's all there is.

COUNTESS

So he tried to seduce you...

SUSANNA

Oh, his lordship...
he pays me the compliment
of pretending I'm attractive.
I'm sure I'm just a matter of pride to him.

COUNTESS

But it's clear he doesn't love me!

SUSANNA

Then why is he so jealous of you?

COUNTESS

That's how all modern husbands are these days:
systematically unfaithful, brilliant rationalizers,
and out of vanity insanely jealous.
But your Figaro loves you,
and if one man can...

Figaro enters R singing.

SUSANNA

Figaro, come here, sweetie,
Madama's been waiting.

FIGARO

What's to worry?
She should leave this alone—
since after all it's nothing—
his lordship takes a fancy to my fiancée,
and that's as good a reason as anyone needs to...
to restore his feudal options.
It's perfectly possible—
and even natural.

COUNTESS

Possible?

SUSANNA

Natural??

FIGARO

Oh, very natural.
And if Susanna says so, very possible.

SUSANNA

You'd better come to a point soon.

FIGARO

That is the point.
He's already appointed me as diplomat courier,
and our Susanna as the secret adviser to the embassy.
And since she keeps refusing the honor
clearly meant to be her destiny,
he thinks he might support old Marcellina,
and that's the deal in a nutshell.

SUSANNA

You have some nerve to joke about this!
It's no laughing matter!

FIGARO

Not a problem—
if I'm thinking while I'm laughing.
So here's our project:
Basilio has found a letter,
which I'm sure the Count will love,
says during the costume party,
there will be a nice meeting
between you and your lover!

COUNTESS

O heavens! What are you saying?
You know he's a jealous madman!

FIGARO

That's even better— we can embarrass him even faster,
keep him busy, keep him running,
just keep him totally rattled,
his mind full of suspicions,
forever checking closets and under beds,
never knowing what is going on all around him—
And then tonight we'll spring our little trap.
By then we'll already've gotten married—
And you will have him back again
right where you say you want him.

SUSANNA

Perhaps, but what about your fiancée Marcellina?

FIGARO

No, listen! What if he hears through the grapevine,
you are ready to meet him in the garden this evening?
Our little Cherubino, who hasn't left
because I told him not to,
we'll put him in your costume and send him
to the garden for this meeting.
And out of all this lunacy,
we'll find the Count surprised by Madama
and awakened to see his own folly.

COUNTESS

What do you think?

To Susanna.

SUSANNA

It could work...

COUNTESS

Our situation...

SUSANNA

And if he will fall for it...
But is there time?

FIGARO

He's gone hunting this morning;
that'll keep him busy for at least a couple of hours.
I'm going, and I'll send Cherubino straight over.
You can have fun making him a lady.

COUNTESS

And then?

FIGARO

And then...

Dance with me Count and you'll learn a new tango,
such a fandango you never have known!

He exits R.

Scene 3

Recitative

COUNTESS

How embarrassing, Susanna,
that this boy should have heard my husband
destroying his own reputation.

You can't imagine...

Why didn't he approach me
and request help for himself?

And what about this song?

SUSANNA

Here it is. Let's be mean and make him sing it for us.
Hold on—someone's here—it's him!
Report for duty, Signor Capitano!

She pulls the song from her pocket.

Cherubino enters.

CHERUBINO

Don't call me that!

It's not something I wanted.

And it reminds me I have to leave my patroness,
one who is famed for her goodness.

SUSANNA

And also beauty.

CHERUBINO

Oh, yes, for sure.

SUSANNA

"Oh, yes, for sure."

You little hypocrite! The poem you were reading,
just this morning, remember?

Madama wants you to sing it.

COUNTESS

But who's the author?

SUSANNA

Oh, look now, it seems his rosy cheeks
are turning even pinker!

What's the matter now, you little stinker?

CHERUBINO

This makes me really nervous.

But if Madama wants me...

SUSANNA

She does, sir, she does,
so sing your song now.

No. 11: Arietta

CHERUBINO

Ladies, confide in me, from where is love?
Is it inside me, is it above?
I do not understand, I'm so new at this:
Should I try holding hands, should I try to kiss?
Each new emotion spins me around,
Too much commotion, now not a sound.
Freezing, my soul burns, bursting into flame,
Fire, ice both take their turns, Love's shameful game
I seek Love's blessing—but from whom?
Love keeps me guessing—is Love in bloom?
I sigh and moan a lot—I don't know why—
I cry alone a lot—I want to die!
There is no peace for me, night time or day,
but Love's increase for me, for that I pray.
Ladies, confide in me, what shall I do?
Teach me to understand how Love is true..
I want to understand how Love is true.

Susanna fetches him a broom from behind the screen, which he uses as a stand mic. He sings it like a 1950s heartthrob. The poetry is his own and is awful.

Recitative

COUNTESS

Bravo! A lovely voice!
Who knew that you were such a good singer?

SUSANNA

Not only that, but everything he does,
he does well. And now, handsome soldier,
Figaro told you all?

CHERUBINO

I think I've got it.

SUSANNA

Let's see how this will work...
This should be okay...
we're about the same height here.
Let's get started.

or: "we can squeeze the dress on you," depending on the size of the Cherubino.

Susanna takes Cherubino's jacket off and hands it to the Countess.

COUNTESS

In here?

SUSANNA

No reason not to...

COUNTESS

But what if someone comes in?

SUSANNA

Let them! It's not an orgy.

For you, we'll lock the door.

Now, what are we going to do with his hair?

COUNTESS

One of my wigs from the dressing room will do.

Quickly!

What's this, a love note?

Susanna goes into the dressing room. The Countess finds Cherubino's commission sticking out of his jacket pocket.

CHERUBINO

My commission.

COUNTESS

Such efficiency! Unheard of!

CHERUBINO

Basilio brought it to me.

COUNTESS

In his hurry, my lord the Count forgot to sign it.

Handing it back to him.

SUSANNA

He forgot to sign what?

Susanna enters with the dress, wig, and makeup.

COUNTESS

This boy's commission.

SUSANNA

Good gracious, what a rush job!

Here is the wig.

COUNTESS

Let's hurry — while we have time.

It would be just my luck if the Count were to show up.

No. 12: Aria

SUSANNA

Come, kneel in this vicinity,
and stay there, do not move.

We'll plan your femininity —

Bravo! Yes, I approve!

Now let's begin our lavishing —

olá, a dress on loan, from me a dress on loan.

Turn this-a-way, turn that-a-way —

You're absolutely ravishing!

Madama's stunned as stone!

We'll hide your muscularity —

that husky baritone —

Cherubino kneels while Susanna applies makeup.

Cherubino stands.

forgive my familiarity—
Madama, did you groan?
Stay very still now, don't make it hard for me,
Now, look at me—Bravo!
That hemline should be higher
A girl could not be finer—
Your eyes—they should be shyer
A pity he's a minor,
We'll get him when he's grown.
Just look at his complexion,
Adonis's reflection—
Is anyone as sexy?
He'll give you apoplexy,
his waistline is so slender,
his glances are so tender,
his hair, his eyes, his shoulder,
it makes a woman bolder—
So when the girls get you alone,
they'll want you for their own.

She pulls his pants down.

(or: Let's tighten up this lacing—)

(or: Your eyes—more self-effacing—)

Recitative

COUNTESS

What a lot of nonsense!

SUSANNA

I'm even jealous of him now myself.
Hey, little serpent, who told you
you're allowed to be so pretty?

COUNTESS

Let's finish this insanity!
We need to raise that sleeve up
towards his shoulder—
That way, the dress should fit more smoothly
and help with his movement.

SUSANNA

How's this?

COUNTESS

Up closer—like that.
Is that my ribbon?

SUSANNA

He stole it just this morning.

COUNTESS

And what's this bloodstain?

CHERUBINO

That bloodstain...
I don't know how... but I slipped in the hall
on a slick spot... I scratched myself on a corner.
So I bound the abrasion with this ribbon.

SUSANNA

Let me see... It's okay —
but look here—his arm is smoother than mine is,
perfectly lovely!

COUNTESS

I've told you, stop this playing!
Go to my dressing room
and get me that bottle of mercurochrome.
As for the ribbon... I'd hate to lose it.
It's one... one of my favorites —
one of my favorite colors...

Susanna exits.

SUSANNA

Here's the bottle...
How will we hide his booboo?

She reenters.

COUNTESS

Go get a bandaid—That will do just as well.

Susanna exits.

CHERUBINO

Ah, the ribbon would have healed me faster.

COUNTESS

Howso? Why not a bandaid?

CHERUBINO

Because the ribbon...
it's tied the hair...
or touched the skin of one...
of one who...

COUNTESS

So it has miraculous healing powers?
Who'd have guessed it?
It's full of magic I had not suspected!

CHERUBINO

Madama's laughing...
and I must leave her presence!

COUNTESS

Poor boy, how unhappy!

CHERUBINO

I'm miserable!

COUNTESS

You're crying?

CHERUBINO

Oh God, why can't I quickly perish?
Then, as the breath departed my body,
these lips would get the courage...

COUNTESS

Are you crazy?
Have you lost your senses?
Who's knocking at my door?

She's caught up in the moment.

There is knocking at the door.

Still caught up in the moment.

COUNT

Why's this door locked?

COUNTESS

Ah, my husband!
Oh heavens! I'm finished!
And you without your pants on!
Don't take the dress off!
He got that note from Figaro!
There's no telling what he'll do now!

*Now she panics, frantically collecting all of
Cherubino's clothing.*

But he does.

COUNT

What's taking so long?

COUNTESS

No, I'm alone!
I mean... I'm alone, yes!

She freezes.

COUNT

Who are you talking to?

COUNTESS

To you, dear, that's all, just to you!

CHERUBINO

Oh my God, this is awful!
I've got to hide here!
Protect me from my master!

He hides in the closet.

COUNTESS

How will we survive this incredible disaster?

*She locks the closet, throws Cherubino's
clothes out the window, then lets the Count in.*

Scene 5

COUNT

Well, this is new—since when do you lock
all the doors to your chambers?

COUNTESS

That's right... but I was...
I just thought I'd try on some...

COUNT

You'd try on some...?

COUNTESS

Some recent ballgowns!
And Susanna was here helping,
but she went into her own room.

COUNT

At any rate, you don't seem altogether peaceful.
Here, look at this and read it.

He gives her the letter.

COUNTESS

(Heavens! It's Figaro's misbegotten letter!)

Cherubino promptly knocks something over in the closet.

COUNT

Wait! Did you hear that racket in there?
It sounded like something fell in your closet!

COUNTESS

I didn't hear a thing!

COUNT

You must have something distracting your attention.

COUNTESS

Like what?

Perhaps there is another crash here.

COUNT

Someone is in there!

COUNTESS

Who on earth could it be, then?

COUNT

Oh, you tell me—I only just arrived here.

COUNTESS

Of course, Susanna, she's in there.

COUNT

Didn't you just say she went into her "own room"?

COUNTESS

Into her own room... or in there...
I didn't notice.

COUNT

Susanna...
so why would you be upset about this matter?

COUNTESS

You mean my own maid?

Forcing a laugh.

COUNT

I'm sure I don't know,
but you're upset about something.

COUNTESS

I think this girl has upset you
far more than she ever has me!

COUNT

You think I'm upset?
Want to see upset?
Just watch me!

He snatches the letter back from her.

Scene 6

No. 13: Trio

*Susanna enters unseen from the dressing room
and hides behind the screen.*

COUNT

Susanna, you come out now—
I expect you to obey!

COUNTESS

She cannot come... right out, now,
there'll be a small delay.

SUSANNA

Why do they yell and shout now?
The pageboy's run away?

COUNT

Who's there? Don't keep me guessing!

COUNTESS

It's just that... it's just her... modesty!
That's it: she's in there dressing,
as any fool can see.

COUNT

It's clear that she's confessing,
her lover's tucked away.

COUNTESS

This can't get more distressing,
my brain's in disarray.

SUSANNA

My laughter I'm suppressing,
let's watch this little play.

COUNT

Susanna!

COUNTESS

She cannot come!

COUNT

You're coming out now!

COUNTESS

Stay in there!

COUNT

Come out now!

COUNTESS

She cannot come!

COUNT

You must obey!

COUNTESS

I think she'd better stay!

COUNT

Well, why is she so quiet?
Susanna, answer me now.

COUNTESS

No, no, no, no, no, never!
I order you, be silent!
Be silent! Be silent!

COUNT

My dearest wife, consider,
a scandal's immorality
can be avoided here.

SUSANNA

Oh, geez, he's going to hit her!
A scandalous brutality
seems definitely near!

COUNTESS

My husband dear, consider,
a scandal's immorality
can be avoided here.

COUNT

Think carefully!

COUNTESS

Think carefully!

SUSANNA

Oh, heavens, it's getting hairy,
a scandalous brutality
that cannot be ignored.

COUNT

My dearest wife, think carefully,
a scandal's immorality
is what we're heading toward.

COUNTESS

My husband, dear, think carefully,
a scandal's immorality
is what we're heading toward.

Recitative

COUNT

So, you won't unlock this closet?

COUNTESS

And why should I submit myself to such indignity?

COUNT

Well, then, no problem—
we'll just use force to open it.
Hey, people!

COUNTESS

Stop it!
You're willing to expose your folly
to all our household?

COUNT

You're right there. I panicked.
I can certainly solve this
without dragging the servants into it,
which would be a pity.
I'll go and get a crowbar.
You can wait for me here—
on second thought,
maybe you should come and go with me.
And to make sure, we'll just lock these doors behind us.

He locks the dressing room door; Susanna slips to the other end of the daybed.

COUNTESS

This is a nightmare!

COUNT

Now, if you don't mind, madame,
let's go and look for our crowbar—
so take my arm and we'll go—together.

COUNTESS

Together...

COUNT

Susanna, don't go away now: we'll come and get you.

They exit, locking the door.

Scene 7

No. 14: Duet

SUSANNA

Come out of Madame's closet,
come out, it's just Susanna,
Get out now, get out now,
get while the going's good!

Susanna runs to the closet door.

CHERUBINO

Oh God, what a predicament,
this isn't looking good!

SUSANNA, CHERUBINO

The door cannot be opened,
He's locked the door, we're going to die.

Susanna runs to the double door, followed by Cherubino. On the repetition of the phrase, they both cross down C.

CHERUBINO

I'll go back to the closet!

He crosses up R toward the closet.

SUSANNA

He'll kill you if he finds you!

She follows him.

CHERUBINO

He'll kill me if he finds me!
Hey, what about this window?
It opens on the garden!

He keeps circling back to C.

He crosses to the window.

SUSANNA,

Don't do it, Cherubino!
Don't do it, for my sake!

CHERUBINO

A vase or two of flowers,
that's all that I could break...

SUSANNA

It's much too high to jump here,
don't do it, for my sake!

CHERUBINO

I can't hide in the closet,
he'll kill me if he finds me...

SUSANNA

It's much too high to jump here,
don't do it, for my sake!

CHERUBINO

Let me go!
I would run through fire
to save her sacred honor—
Oh, take my kisses to her!

Addio! And here I go!

SUSANNA

He'll kill himself for certain!
He'll kill himself, I know!

He goes L, executes a cartoon run at the window and dives through it.

Recitative

SUSANNA

Look at the little devil—
he's already halfway over the horizon!
Let me get in the closet—no time for hesitating.
When that bully returns, I'll be there waiting.

She hides in the closet.

Scene 8

Recitative

COUNT

It's all just as we left it—
so will you open it yourself, or shall I...
shall I force it?

The Count and Countess reenter. He is carrying a crowbar.

COUNTESS

Ah, no, hold on!
Listen to me just a moment—
Do you really think I could...
lose my honor like that?

COUNT

Say whatever you like,
I'm going in that closet
to see who's hiding there.

COUNTESS

Sure, yes, you will see, then,
but listen to me calmly...

COUNT

So it's not your Susanna?

He's slamming the crowbar into his hand.

COUNTESS

No—there's no easy way to tell you
how this all happened—
your suspicions are so rank!
See, for this evening,
just an innocent prank—
you'll see, you'll just die laughing—
I swear it's nothing!
On my honor! As you see!

She stops the crowbar, gently taking it from him.

She tries to make light of it.

He steps toward her and she loses her composure.

COUNT

Who is it?? Tell me!!
And then I'll kill him!

COUNTESS

Just listen— Ah, I can't speak!

COUNT

No, tell me!

COUNTESS

Just a boy...

COUNT

Just a boy?

COUNTESS

Yes... Cherubino...

COUNT

Why is it my destiny
to be confronted by that boy everywhere?
Hello! Hasn't he left yet?
Little bastard!
Oh, I see your conspiracy all against me—
He's your young lover!
Now the letter's convinced me!

No. 15: Finale

COUNT

Now, you sneaky little bastard,
make it fast or pay the price!

COUNTESS

Ah, such fury— Are you sure he—
For my sake you should think twice.

COUNT

You're still trying to finesse it?
You're still trying to finesse it!

COUNTESS

No, just listen—

COUNT

Just confess it!

COUNTESS

No, just listen—

COUNT

Just confess it!

COUNTESS

Heaven help me with its best care!
How you'll find him, I can't express it—
in his boxers, and his chest bare...

COUNT

In his boxers?? And his chest bare??
And I'm excessive??

COUNTESS

We're disguising him discreetly!

COUNT

Oh, I understand completely!
You're the blot upon my life!

COUNTESS

Your behavior is an outrage
to the honor of your wife!

COUNT

Hand it over!

COUNTESS

That boy is blameless!
And you know it!

COUNT

I know one thing:
Go, and leave my sight this instant,
you unholy, faithless woman,
you're an absolute disgrace.

He seizes the crowbar from her.

COUNTESS

I'll go... yes... but...

COUNT

I'm not listening!

COUNTESS

But...

COUNT

I'm not listening!

COUNTESS

I'm not guilty!

COUNT

Your face betrays you!
First, I'll kill him, and with pleasure,
little bastard's going to die!

COUNTESS

Jealous rages without measure,
they will blow us all sky-high!

Scene 9

COUNT

Susanna!

He throws open the closet door, sees Susanna, closes it. [Original production: He pulls back the drop, emits a squeak as Susanna waves at him, lets the curtain fall.]

COUNTESS

Susanna!

SUSANNA

My lord, sir?
What's this drooping sword, sir?
You'll need a firm grip, sir,
if you're going to rip, sir,
the pageboy before you,
the one in the chair.

Susanna emerges from the closet. The Count retreats before her, holding the crowbar limply in front of him. She mockingly raises it to an "upright" position.

COUNT

My head spins before me,
it's all in midair.

COUNTESS

This can't be the story,
Susanna was there!

SUSANNA

They don't know the story,
they're all unaware.

COUNT

It's empty?

SUSANNA

Go figure, if no one was there.

COUNT

We'll see then, if someone is there.

The Count exits into the closet.

COUNTESS

Susanna, where is he?
I'm dying from worry!

SUSANNA

He left in a hurry,
he's safe now, I swear.

COUNT

Mistakes have been made here.
It's all so bizarre.
If I've been offensive,
forgive me, my darling,
but never play a joke on me,
or catch me unaware!

He reenters.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Behavior like yours
would be punished anywhere!

COUNT

I love you!

COUNTESS

Don't say it!

COUNT

I swear it!

COUNTESS

You're lying!
I'm faithless, unholy,
I live to disgrace you!

COUNT

Please help me, Susanna,
to make her forget.

SUSANNA

Suspicious like yours
bring unending regret.

COUNTESS

The way that you treat me,
to tell me you love me,
and now try to cheat me
to pay off your debt!

COUNT

Please help me, Susanna,
to make her forget.

SUSANNA

Suspicious like yours
bring unending regret.
Signora!

She kneels.

COUNT

Rosina!

He kneels on the other side.

COUNTESS

You heartless—
That girl lives no longer!
I'm now just a "Countess,"
no longer "Rosina,"
abandoned, and cherished
no more than a pet.

COUNT, SUSANNA

Confused and repentant,
already tormented,
have pity, forbear!

COUNTESS

You're heartless!
To be so resented,
my soul cannot bear!

COUNT

The boy in the closet?

COUNTESS

Was just our provoking!

COUNT

The trembling, the nervousness?

COUNTESS

Was our little joking!

COUNT

This note from anonymous??

SUSANNA, COUNT

That's Figaro's letter,
delivered by Basilio!

COUNT

Son of a bitch! He'd better...

SUSANNA, COUNT

You won't be forgiven
unless you forgive!

COUNT

Well, then, I'll forgive him,
and we'll call it even—
Rosina is my goddess
who for love hears my prayer.

COUNTESS

My goodness, Susanna
we're far too softhearted—

if wives can't stay angry,
why should husbands care?

SUSANNA

With husbands, signora,
we tremble, we flutter,
we still get our way
and they're still unaware.

COUNT

Please look at me!

COUNTESS

Ungrateful!

COUNT

Please look at me!

COUNTESS

Ungrateful!

COUNT

Please look at me!!!
I'm sorry, I'm repenting—

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT

There's nothing preventing
complete understanding
and love everywhere.

*Situated between them, he is able to smile
enticingly at both his wife and at Susanna.*

Scene 10

Figaro enters.

FIGARO

My lordship, we're waiting
to start celebrating.
The dance band is tuning,
the singers are crooning,
and all of your peasants
are bringing their presents
correctly expecting the bride to appear.

COUNT

Hold on, keep it steady.

FIGARO

The bridesmaids are ready!

COUNT

Hold on, now,
I need you to give me some info
as long as you're here, as long as you're here.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

I'm thinking we're sinking,
disaster is near.

COUNT

Acutely, astutely,
I must persevere.
Can you tell me, Signor Figaro,
what this letter's all about?

FIGARO

I know nothing, I know nothing.

SUSANNA

You know nothing?

FIGARO

No.

COUNTESS

You know nothing?

FIGARO

No.

COUNT

You know nothing?

FIGARO

No.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT

You know nothing?

FIGARO

No, no, no!

SUSANNA

Didn't you give it to Basilio?

COUNTESS

To deliver?

COUNT

You remember?

FIGARO

No, I don't, no, I don't.

SUSANNA

You remember, handsome lover...

COUNTESS

...secret meeting in the garden?

COUNT

Get the picture?

FIGARO

No, I don't, and I won't!

COUNT

Cease your lame, inane excuses!
Your own face itself accuses,
absolutely insincere.

FIGARO

My face lies, 'cause I'm not lying.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

You had just as well admit it,
this time you have been outwitted,
we have made our secrets clear.

COUNT

What's your answer?

FIGARO

Nothing, nothing.

COUNT

Aren't you guilty?

FIGARO

Don't admit it.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

It's all over now, you idiot,
no more comic atmosphere!

FIGARO

If the comedy is over,
it's the ending we're forgetting:
it's time to have the wedding,
just like *Twelfth Night* by Shakespeare.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

Come, Signor, it's customary,
you extraordinary peer.

COUNT

Marcellina, Marcellina,
why the hell are you not here?

Scene 11

ANTONIO

Ah, Signor, Signor!

*Antonio enters L, drunk, with a smashed pot
of geraniums.*

COUNT

What's the matter?

ANTONIO

Look at this, who would do this, ah, who?

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT, FIGARO

Oh my god, tell us all, what has happened?

ANTONIO

Listen to me!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT, FIGARO

We're listening to you!

ANTONIO

From the balcony over the garden,
People throw all their trash without thinking,
But now while I was standing there drinking,
Someone threw a whole man into view!

COUNT

From this window??

ANTONIO

Just look at these geraniums!

COUNT

In the garden?

ANTONIO

Si!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Figaro, think now!

COUNT

What the hell now?

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

He may cause a stink now—
Why allow such a hullabaloo?

COUNT

So this man—I can't think—this is stunning!

ANTONIO

Down he jumped, then the bastard was running,
He ran faster than I could pursue.

SUSANNA

Cherubino...

FIGARO

I know, I was watching,

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

COUNT

What's with you?

ANTONIO

Why're you laughing?

FIGARO

You're as drunk as a skunk in a stew!

COUNT

Let's get back to our interview...
A man from the window?

ANTONIO

From the window.

COUNT

In the garden?

ANTONIO

Yes, I think so.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

But, Signor, you can smell him, he's stinko!

COUNT

Keep on talking, keep on talking!
'D you see what he looked like?

ANTONIO

No, I didn't.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Olá! Figaro, listen!

COUNT

No?

ANTONIO

Sure didn't.

FIGARO

You big crybaby, now pay attention,
Over nothing you're causing a riot—
Since it obviously can't be kept quiet,
It was I who jumped into view!

COUNT, ANTONIO

What, you did it?

FIGARO

Yes, it's true.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

The man's such a genius!

COUNT

The thing doesn't figure...

ANTONIO

How did you get to be so much bigger?
No, you looked not so big, sort of small.

FIGARO

Ah, that's how people look when they fall.

ANTONIO

Yeah, who says so?

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Why is he such a killjoy?

COUNT

Wait, go back there!

ANTONIO

He looked more like the pageboy...

COUNT

Cherubin!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Curse and damn you! Curse and damn you!

FIGARO

I don't think so, I don't think so,
Cherubino is safely on horseback,
On his way to Seviglia, of course.

ANTONIO

Don't be stupid, I think I'd have noticed
If he jumped out of here on a horse.

COUNT

Give me patience!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Oh, my god!

COUNT

Surrounded by fruitcakes!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Will this day never end?

COUNT

So, then you...

FIGARO

Jumped on through...

COUNT

Ah, but why?

FIGARO

Utter fear.

COUNT

Utter fear?

FIGARO

It's amusing—

I came in for Susanna, to get her,

Then the sounds of impending intrusion—

You were shouting—I thought of the letter—

So I jumped out of fear and confusion...

And I pulled all the... things... in my... knee...

He limps unconvincingly about.

ANTONIO

So this paper I found in the garden,

Did you lose it?

COUNT

Olá! Give that to me!

He grabs it as Figaro dives for it.

FIGARO

What a predicament, what a predicament!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Figaro, think fast, Figaro, think fast!

COUNT

Well, look here! What's this paper we see?

FIGARO

Just a minute, I'm thinking, there're so many...

ANTONIO

It's a list of the money you owe people!

FIGARO

No, a list of your taverns!

COUNT

Keep talking, and you leave us now.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

Leave us now, get going!

ANTONIO

I will leave, but you'd better not cross me!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT

Out of here!

FIGARO

Then you'd better stay out of my way!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT

Out of here!

ANTONIO

Oh yeah, what will you do to me, toss me?

FIGARO

I will open your brains for display!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT

Out of here, get going!

Antonio exits L.

COUNT

Well, then...

COUNTESS

That's right, it's the page's commission!

She whispers to Susanna.

SUSANNA

Cherubino's commission!

She whispers to Figaro.

COUNT

Have courage!

FIGARO

Ah, such memory!

That there's the commission,

That the boy left with me on his way.

COUNT

Ah, but why, sir?

FIGARO

It needed...

COUNT

It needed?

COUNTESS

Him to sign it!

She mimes to Susanna.

SUSANNA

Him to sign it!

She whispers to Figaro.

COUNT

Your answer?

FIGARO

It's the custom...

Smugly stalling.

COUNT

Are you wetting your pants, sir?

FIGARO

It's the custom for you, sir, to sign it!

He triumphantly produces a pen.

COUNT

This is maddening, but who is behind it?
They are hiding the whole thing from me.

He crumples the commission in fury.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

If I make it through turbulent weather,
Maybe it's a safe landing for me.

FIGARO

Poor man's now reached the end of his tether,
He is more in the dark now than me.

Scene 12

MARCELLINA, BASILIO, BARTOLO

Good Signor, we come for justice!
Say our legal case you'll hear!

Marcellina, Basilio, and Bartolo barge in. In the original production they flung the double door drop up above their heads.

COUNT

This new plot twist is much more clever,
I just know it will bring me cheer!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Ah, despite our best endeavor,
They have come to interfere!

FIGARO

Would you look at these three stooges?
Have they come to entertain?

COUNT

Now without your subterfuges,
We'll let everyone explain.

MARCELLINA

See the contract that he's signed here,
It's designed to be unbroken
With his promises unspoken,
And I want to make it clear!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

You are joking!

COUNT

Olá! Silenzio, silenzio, silenzio!
We'll have justice, have no fear!

BARTOLO

As her lawyer, I'll defend her
And intend to publicize it
So the world will recognize him
As a scheming profiteer!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

He's a liar, he's a liar!

COUNT

Olá! Silenzio, silenzio, silenzio!
We'll have justice, have no fear!

BASILIO

As a man who's known for living
Well, I'm giving testimony
That he promised matrimony
If he couldn't pay the dear!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

This is awful, can't you see that they're all crazy?

COUNT

Olá! If you all still want to pursue it,
Give the contract me to me, I'll review it.
I'll be fair, if it takes all year.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

Now, confusion, agitation,
leads to our annihilation!
Surely Satan and his demons
Came from hell and brought them here!

MARCELLINA, BASILIO, COUNT, BARTOLO

See how truth itself exposes
Triumph right before our noses!
Some divine, angelic power
Safe from heaven brought us/them here!

[Original production: at m. 878, Marcellina, Bartolo, Basilio, and the Count do a simpering softshoe.]

End of ACT II

Stage R, a bar; up R, a door to the hall; up C, a double door drop; stage L, a wall panel with stereo or other piece of furniture. On the R, two chairs with a small table between them.

At rise, the Count is seated, flipping absentmindedly through a magazine.

ACT III

Scene 1

Recitative

COUNT

An impossible predicament: anonymous letters,
conspiring chambermaids popping out of closets,
my wife clearly nonplussed,
a man who leaps from windows down to the garden,
then other men claiming to have been the jumper!
I don't know what to think.
It could quite possibly be one of the servants—
those people sometimes forget what their place is.
But my Contessa? She's above all suspicion.
She has too much respect for herself,
and for my honor... my honor...
Where the hell have the idiots around me forced it?

Scene 2

*The Countess and Susanna enter at rear R,
unseen by the Count.*

COUNTESS

Go, have courage—tell him—
that you'll meet him in the garden.

COUNT

I must know if Cherubino arrived in Seviglia,
so I've sent that numbskull Basilio.

SUSANNA

Oh, heavens—and Figaro?

COUNTESS

Don't tell him what we're up to.
I promise I will let him know before this evening.

COUNT

Before this evening he'll be back with the truth.

SUSANNA

Oh mercy, don't make me!

COUNTESS

No, wait—in your hands resides my future.

She gives Susanna a check, then leaves.

COUNT

And Susanna? Who knows, there is the chance
she's blabbed about our encounter.
Oh, if she's tattled, he'll marry that old woman!

SUSANNA

Marcellina!
Signor...

She enters the room.

COUNT

What do you want here?

SUSANNA

You look like you are angry...

COUNT

Perhaps you have a point?

He crosses to the bar.

SUSANNA

Signor... the poor Contessa is having
one of her migraines,
and she wants you to send her the Bufferin.

COUNT

Here, take it.

He gets it from the drawer and tosses it to her.

SUSANNA

I'll bring it right back.

COUNT

Oh, no, just keep the bottle all for yourself.

SUSANNA

For me? Servants don't have time
to get maladies like migraines.

COUNT

Even if... she loses her beloved the day of her wedding?

SUSANNA

By paying Marcellina with the money,
with the dowry that you promised...

COUNT

I promised you a dowry?

SUSANNA

I understood you meant to...

COUNT

Yes, if your understanding dovetailed with my meaning.

He turns back to the bar.

SUSANNA

Well, now I'm ready to see your Lordship's point,
if you want to show me.

*She comes up behind him, puts the Bufferin on
the table, and slips her arms around him.*

No. 16: Duet

COUNT

So cold, you left me freezing —
Why such a cruel response?
So why so cold?
Why such a cruel response?

SUSANNA

Signor, a woman's teasing's
hers for whenever she wants.

COUNT

So then tonight, you'll meet me?

SUSANNA

If that's your will, I will.

COUNT

This time, you will not cheat me?

SUSANNA

No, I can't wait until!

COUNT

You'll meet me?

SUSANNA

Sì!

COUNT

You will not cheat me?

SUSANNA

No!

COUNT

You will not cheat me?

SUSANNA

Can't wait until!
No, I can't wait until!

COUNT

My sighing turns into flying,
buoyed by the joy in my heart!

SUSANNA

Forgive me if I'm lying,
to play a lover's part.

COUNT

So then tonight you'll meet me?

SUSANNA

If that's your will, I will.

COUNT

This time you will not cheat me?

SUSANNA

No, I can't wait until.

COUNT

You'll meet me?

SUSANNA

Sì!

COUNT

You will not cheat me?

SUSANNA

No!

COUNT

And so you'll meet me?

SUSANNA

No!

COUNT

No??

SUSANNA

Sì!

If that's your will, I will!

COUNT

You will not cheat me?

SUSANNA

No!

COUNT

So then you'll meet me?

SUSANNA

Sì!

COUNT

And never cheat me?

SUSANNA

Sì!

COUNT

Sì??

SUSANNA

No!

I can't wait until!

COUNT

My sighing turns into flying,
buoyed by the joy in my heart,
buoyed by my joyful heart!

SUSANNA

Forgive me if I'm lying,
to play a lover's part,
I play a lover's part.

Recitative

COUNT

And so why were you such a little tease
with me this morning?

SUSANNA

Because the page was with us.

COUNT

But with Basilio, you would never deal with him.

SUSANNA

Why would we need such a fool as Basilio?

COUNT

So true, so true...
So I have your promise...
if you don't come, I'll perish.
But the Contessa, she's waiting for her Bufferin.

He crosses to the bar.

SUSANNA

Oh, that was nothing, I made that up
so I could come to meet you.

COUNT

My dearest!

SUSANNA

Be careful!

COUNT

(And so I've got her!

SUSANNA

(That fool—he's way too easy!
Good thing I'm honest!)

*He crosses to her and begins to embrace her,
but Figaro enters. He goes back to the bar.*

Scene 3

Figaro enters from up C.

FIGARO

Hey, Susanna, what's up?

SUSANNA

Quiet! Without a lawyer, we have won our verdict!

FIGARO

What's the deal here?

They exit. The Count, who has overheard, is stunned.

Scene 4

No. 17: Recitative and Aria

COUNT

They have won without a lawyer?

What the hell now?

What kind of fool have I been here?

Perfidy!

I'm going to...

I'm going to punish them... in a way that...

...way that will be so...

Just you wait and see!

But then again, if he pays Marcellina?

How can he? With empty pockets?

Then there's Antonio:

I know he's not impressed enough by Figaro
to give his niece away in matrimony!

I can keep him on my side with no more than a bottle.

It's all going my way now! I'll win this battle!

He crosses back to the bar and begins to mix his martini.

Why should I stand here calmly

and allow my own disgraces,

while he enjoys embraces

I never will attain?

And why should my Susanna

so deeply, truly love him

when I, so far above him,

rouse feelings of disdain,

get nothing but disdain?

Why so?

Well, here's my wedding present:

a life not worth possessing —

you were not born, you peasant,

to love without my blessing,

to laugh and scorn my misery,

the love I love in vain.

So fate decrees my sentence:

life without hope of loving —

He pours his martini and strides to C.

I'll turn my life to vengeance,
and make my joy your pain!

The Count exits up C, flinging the drop aside.

Scene 5 [Scene 7]

Barbarina enters with Cherubino from L.

BARBARINA

Come on, come on, pretty pageboy!
We're going to my cottage and get together
with all the prettiest ladies in the village.
And you will be the cutest girl of all.

CHERUBINO

Ah, if the Count should discover me one more time!
You know he thinks I've already left for Seviglia.

BARBARINA

And so what if he finds you?
It's not as if that would be a big shocker.
Listen—we'll dress you like one of us as bridesmaids—
then we'll all go and pick some flowers
to present to our Madama.
Have faith, O Cherubin, in Barbarina!

They exit up C.

Scene 6 [Scene 8]

The Countess enters L.

No. 18 [No. 19]: Recitative and Aria

COUNTESS

And Susanna's not here!
I'm so nervous—to know whether he fell for
our dubious proposal.
I can't believe this, that we'd try such a scheme!
And with a husband who's so angry and so jealous!
And what of that?
It's just me in a costume that he thinks is Susanna,
and her in my clothes...
and with night as a cover...
Oh heavens! What madness am I reduced to?
It's all because of that unfeeling, cruel man!
Look what he's done to me with all his unheard-of
infidelity, jealousy, disdain—
first he loved me, then abused me, and last betrays me.
Now I have nothing but help from a servant...

How did love go,
moments of sweetness,
times of bright days and cloudless nights?
Now his promises
change from completeness
to his "maybe"s and his "might"s.

How unfair that when my sun changed,
and I walked in cloudy tears,
that my memory was left unchanged
of my lovely summer years.
But, if then my love's unchanging,
though he's driven us apart,
I will find a way of rearranging
his ungrateful, cheating heart!

She exits L.

Scene 7 [Scene 5]

*Don Curzio, Marcellina, Figaro, Bartolo, and
the Count enter up C.*

Recitative

DON CURZIO

My decision is final:
either pay her or marry her.
Now keep your mouth shut!

He stutters.

MARCELLINA

I can breathe now.

FIGARO

I'm a dead man.

MARCELLINA

At last the man I love will be my husband!

FIGARO

But my lord, I must protest this!

COUNT

A masterful verdict:
either payment or marriage—Bravo, Don Curzio!

*He finishes writing a check and slips it to Don
Curzio.*

DON CURZIO

Why thank you, Excellency.

BARTOLO

What a perfect sentence!

FIGARO

Who says it's perfect?

BARTOLO

We have at last our vengeance!

FIGARO

I'm not marrying that harpy!

BARTOLO

I'll bet you are.

DON CURZIO

Either pay her or marry her!

MARCELLINA

I loaned you money because I thought you loved me!

FIGARO

I am a nobleman, and only my parents of course
can give their permission...

COUNT

Ha, these parents, where are they?

FIGARO

You see if you can find them.
I myself have searched for them for a decade!

BARTOLO

You were a foundling bastard?

FIGARO

No, "lost" would be more like it, or better, "stolen."

COUNT

Yeah, right.

MARCELLINA

What's that?

BARTOLO

Your proof, then?

DON CURZIO

You have some evidence?

FIGARO

Gold, and some jewelry,
and rich, embroidered clothing—
all these were found on my person
at such a young and tender age,
I think anyone can see it clearly:
I was born as a noble,
and further proof is here on my shoulder,
I have a little birthmark.

MARCELLINA

It's a spatula on your lefthand shoulder!

FIGARO

Hey, who told you that?

MARCELLINA

Oh God... it's you then!

FIGARO

Of course it's me then...

DON CURZIO

Who?

COUNT

Who?

BARTOLO

Who?

MARCELLINA

Rafaello!

BARTOLO

And robbers left you where?

FIGARO

Right near a castle.

BARTOLO

Behold your mother!

FIGARO

My nanny?

BARTOLO

No—your mother!

DON CURZIO, COUNT

His mother??

FIGARO

What the hell now?

MARCELLINA

And there's your father!

No. 19 [No. 18]: Sextet

MARCELLINA

Come and hug your loving mother,
you're my child from days of yore.

FIGARO

And to you, my doting father,
I your loving son restore.

BARTOLO

No resistance, for my conscience
I no longer can ignore.

DON CURZIO

He's his father? She's his mother?
Wedding's off, forevermore!

COUNT

Well, confound it, I'm astounded,
I should head on out that door.

MARCELLINA, BARTOLO

Son beloved!

FIGARO

Beloved parents!

SUSANNA

Just a minute there, your Lordship,
here's the ransom for his hardship.
It's a thousand crowns for Figaro,
it's to set him at liberty.

*The Count and Don Curzio start to leave up C
but are stopped by Susanna.*

DON CURZIO, COUNT

I'm not sure that's a good omen
over there, you look and see.

SUSANNA

Has he made up with that woman?
So much for fidelity!
You're an asshole!

*Figaro crosses to Susanna and attempts to
keep her from leaving.*

FIGARO

Such a martyr!
Listen, my precious, listen...

SUSANNA

Listen harder!

She slaps him.

MARCELLINA, BARTOLO, FIGARO

Aw, how darling, her abusing
looks/feels like true love there to me.

DON CURZIO, COUNT

I'm/He's so mad my/his brain is fusing,
I've/He's been screwed by destiny.

MARCELLINA

Now don't let this bug you,
it's not what it looks like,
his mother will hug you,
his mother—that's me!

She crosses to Susanna.

SUSANNA

His mother?

BARTOLO

His mother!

SUSANNA

His mother?

COUNT

His mother!

SUSANNA

His mother?

DON CURZIO

His mother!

SUSANNA

His mother?

MARCELLINA

His mother!

SUSANNA

His mother?

MARCELLINA, DON CURZIO, COUNT, BARTOLO

His mother! His mother!

SUSANNA

Your mother?

FIGARO

And this is my father,
even he will agree.

SUSANNA

His father?

BARTOLO

His father!

SUSANNA

His father?

COUNT

His father!

SUSANNA

His father?

DON CURZIO

His father!

SUSANNA

His father?

MARCELLINA

His father!

MARCELLINA, DON CURZIO, COUNT, BARTOLO

His father, his father!

She is increasingly amused by this turn of events.

[Original production: we were fortunate that both Figaro and Bartolo were bald. Bartolo wore a bad toupee and pulled it off at this line.]

SUSANNA
Your father?

FIGARO
So these are my parents,
we all can agree,
my mother—we all can agree,
my father—we all can agree.

SUSANNA, MARCELLINA, BARTOLO, FIGARO
The joy is returning
to my heart's true yearning,
I can't stop this moment
from bursting in me.

DON CURZIO, COUNT
The anger is burning
in my heart's wild churning,
I can't stop this moment
from bursting in me.

The Count and Don Curzio exit up C.

Scene 8 [Scene 6]

Recitative

MARCELLINA
See, my dear friend, before us,
the sweetest fruit of our former indiscretions.

BARTOLO
Why dwell on follies too foolish to remember—
he is my son now, and you are my wife.
We'll be married whenever you decide.

MARCELLINA
Today—a double ceremony!
Take this—it's the contract
for the money you owed me—
and your dowry.

SUSANNA
Don't forget this trifle!

She gives him the check.

BARTOLO
And here's another!

*Tossing him a purse. [Original production:
Bartolo gave Figaro his toupee.]*

FIGARO
Bravo! Keep throwing them and I'll keep catching!

SUSANNA
I've got to go and tell them what has happened—
Madama and my uncle!
Who knows why I'm so happy?

FIGARO

I do!

BARTOLO

I do!

MARCELLINA

I do!

SUSANNA, MARCELLINA, BARTOLO, FIGARO

As long as I am happy —
the Count can go to hell!

They exit up C.

Scene 9

The Count enters L, followed by Antonio.

Recitative

ANTONIO

I am telling you, Signor, that Cherubino
is still inside the castle,
and if you needed proof, then here's his hat!

COUNT

I don't see how that's possible,
since he left for Seviglia hours ago.

ANTONIO

Excuse me, I guess Seviglia is at my house now,
since he dressed as a woman, and look —
he left all his underwear behind.

*He pulls out Cherubino's boxers and waves
them in the Count's face.*

COUNT

Perfidy!

ANTONIO

Come on, I'll show you where to find him.

They exit L.

Scene 10

The Countess and Susanna enter up C.

COUNTESS

I don't believe it — and what was his answer?

SUSANNA

You could see the anger and his awful frustration!

COUNTESS

Well, then — he'll fall more easily in our trap.
This evening's assignation,
where did he say he'd meet you?

SUSANNA

In the garden.

COUNTESS

Let's be more specific.
Write him!

She gets paper and pen from the drawer.

SUSANNA

Me, write him? But Signora!

COUNTESS

Come, take dictation.
I'll take responsibility.
Start it off with, "My darling..."

Susanna sits at the table to write.

No. 20: Duet

SUSANNA

"My darling..."

COUNTESS

"Now all through the night
soft breezes bear..."

SUSANNA

"...night soft breezes bear..."

COUNTESS

"... my sweet scent of love to you..."

SUSANNA

"...my sweet scent of love to you..."

COUNTESS

"...By the gazebo, meet me there..."

SUSANNA

The gazebo?

COUNTESS

"...By the gazebo, meet me there..."

SUSANNA

"...the gazebo..."

COUNTESS

"...For the rest, you will know what to do..."

SUSANNA

Yes, I think he will know what to do.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Yes, I am sure he will know what to do.

COUNTESS

He will love this: "My darling..."
etc.

Recitative

SUSANNA

I've got it folded.
What should I use to seal it?

COUNTESS

I know, use this straight pin.
You can seal it with that.
No, hold on, write this on the back of the letter:
"Please return this seal to me."

SUSANNA

A bit more clever than all this business so far.

COUNTESS

Quickly, conceal it—I hear someone approaching.

Scene 11

No. 21: Chorus

Chorus of girls enter up C; Cherubino disguised among them.

CHORUS:

Lovely Madame, see these roses,
gathered on our morning stroll:
just like you their beauty discloses
how true love should be our goal.
It is true that we're nothing but peasants,
and we've little to give you as presents,
but the little that we live with,
we will give with all our soul.

Recitative

BARBARINA

These are, gracious Madama,
just some girls from around here,
and though they're poor, decided that they wanted
to bring you flowers that they grew in their gardens.

COUNTESS

How lovely! I thank you.

SUSANNA

They are really quite pretty.

COUNTESS

Tell me, dears, who is that one?
She's as precious as a kitten,
so quiet and so modest!

BARBARINA

That's just my country cousin—
she just arrived for the wedding this morning.

COUNTESS

I'd like to honor this shy, retiring maiden—
come over here, and give me your flowers.
Look at her blushing! Susanna, what do you think...
she reminds me of someone.

SUSANNA

It's damned amazing.

Scene 12

ANTONIO

Eh, lookee here, sir, see, there's your stinkin' officer!

COUNTESS

Oh, heavens!

SUSANNA

(What an asshole!)

COUNT

Well, then, Madama?

COUNTESS

I am, my honored husband,
as amazed and irritated as you yourself are.

COUNT

But this morning...

COUNTESS

This morning... we had planned to dress him
just like you see him here, just like a bridesmaid,
but this is his own doing.

COUNT

So why haven't you left yet?

CHERUBINO

Signor!

COUNT

I'm going to punish your flagrant disobedience!

BARBARINA

Excellency! Excellency!
You remember, you said, every time you hugged
and kissed me, when we were smooching:
"Barbarina, if you'll love me,
I will give you anything you ask for"?

*Antonio and the Count enter up C. Antonio
marches straight over to Cherubino and pulls
off his wig.*

COUNT

I said that?

BARBARINA

Yes, sir, so if you give me Cherubino to be my husband,
then I assure you, I'll love you like my kitten.

COUNTESS

Well, my dear, sounds like a bargain.

COUNT

I'd love to know what forces...
divine or... mere human
are determined to drive me crazy!)

Scene 13

Figaro enters up C.

FIGARO

Signor, if you detain these lovely girls any longer,
then goodbye to feasting and dancing.

COUNT

Hold on, is it safe to dance on such a twisted ankle?

FIGARO

It feels a whole lot better...
Come on, you lovely ladies.

COUNT

And weren't you lucky,
those flowerpots were terra cotta!

FIGARO

Oh, yeah, lucky...
Let's get a move on— Come on now...

ANTONIO

And in the meantime, Cherubino galloped
all the way to Seviglia.

FIGARO

Maybe galloped, maybe trotted, Bon Voyage!
Let's go, let's start this party!

COUNT

And his commission, he left behind in your pocket?

FIGARO

Sure, whatever.
(Such repetitious questions!)

ANTONIO

He doesn't understand you, so you can stop that.
And here's the man who knows that my
nephew-in-law-to-be is a liar!

To Susanna, who has been gesturing to Figaro.

He drags Cherubino forward.

FIGARO

Cherubino?

ANTONIO

Now you know.

FIGARO

What are they up to?

To the Count.

COUNT

Well, here's a clue:
he's saying that Cherubino jumped onto the geraniums.

FIGARO

You don't say!
Oh well, once I showed them how,
it was perfectly easy for a copycat to follow.

COUNT

Presposterous!

FIGARO

Eh, whyso?
I never claim to know things I don't know!

No. 22: Finale

FIGARO

There's our procession—let's go now—
get to your places, you bridesmaids to your places...
The bride herself goes in...

Music begins. The Count vainly tries to stop everyone from leaving.

SUSANNA

Here we go!

Takes Figaro's arm.

They exit up C after the bridesmaids.

COUNT

God, I hate them!

COUNTESS

My soul is frozen!

COUNT

Contessa...

COUNTESS

Don't even speak now!
Here come two happy couples
whom we must greet in joy.

Try to remember—
she is still my attendant.
Be seated.

COUNT

Be seated.
(And meditate on vengeance!)

March

BARBARINA, WEDDING SONG LADY

True Love soars above us
like doves on the wing;
Love's beauty, Love's duty,
Oh now let us sing.
This ring you're possessing,
your love you're professing,
so here is our blessing
on your we-edding.

CHORUS

Three cheers for our couples
and our grand Signor!

Fandango

COUNT

Eh, how typical of women—
a pin where it can stick you—
so muddle-headed...
Ah, ha! Ah, now I get it!

FIGARO

Look at that, someone's given him a note,
probably some assignation...
She sealed it with a pin to pique his interest
and he's hurt his little finger.
That Narcissus has lost it—what a blind man!

COUNT

Now, friends and neighbors,
let's finish off these weddings
with every kind of wild celebration,
with a big costume party!

She turns sharply to him.

Servers bring in champagne. The Chorus enters as the bridal party. Susanna and Figaro enter; she goes to the Count and kneels. He kisses her on both cheeks. She goes to the Countess, while the Count gives Figaro an envelope. Repeat with Marcellina and Bartolo, although Marcellina snatches the envelope from Bartolo's hands. The Count presents the two couples, then signals for champagne to be served. Barbarina and the Wedding Song Lady step forward.

General dancing. After dancing with Figaro, Susanna goes over to dance with the Count and slips him the note. He goes to one side to open it and sticks his finger on the pin, which he tosses aside.

He begins to look for the pin.

He has seen the Count, comments to Susanna.

The dancing ends. The Count finally finds the pin and holds it up in triumph just as he realizes the entire dance floor is looking at him. He toasts.

And so let's party our cares away till morning
with dancing, and fireworks,
and a banquet, and more dancing!
You all shall witness how I treat those whom I love,
and those who love me!

CHORUS

True Love soars above us
like doves on the wing;
The wedding's over,
so let's have a fling.
It's no use concealing
the champagne we're feeling,
so here's to love, it's really
an excellent thing!
Three cheers for our couples
and our grand Signor!

*The Count toasts Susanna, who returns his
toast, but when he turns away, she and the
Countess toast each other.*

End of ACT III

A moonlit garden—ground rows with topiary, 3 on the L, 2 on the R—a large belvedere in the back, known locally apparently as “the gazebo.”

Barbarina emerges from up L. She is wearing a Playboy Bunny outfit.

ACT IV

Scene 1

No. 23: Cavatina

BARBARINA

I have lost it, I'm in trouble,
Ah, who knows where it could be?
I can't find it, no one's seen it,
I have lost it, what a lamebrain,
such an ending to such a day!
I've looked everywhere,
and it's not anywhere,
what a lamebrain, what a numbskull,
such an ending to such a day!
And my dear cousin, and the Count,
what will they say?

Scene 2

Recitative

Figaro, dressed as an 18th-century shepherd, enters R, with Marcellina, who is dressed as a flamenco dancer/bull.

FIGARO

Barbarina, what's up here?

BARBARINA

Ah, I've lost it, dear cousin.

FIGARO

Lost it?

MARCELLINA

Lost it?

BARBARINA

The straight pin that I got from his Lordship
to return to Susanna.

FIGARO

To Susanna? The straight pin?

BARBARINA

I don't get it. Why are you yelling?

FIGARO

Oh, I only was joking.
Hey, look here, here is the straight pin
that the Count has given you to return to Susanna—
she used it to seal a little letter.
See—I know all about it.

He pulls a pin from his costume.

BARBARINA

So why ask if you already know about it?

FIGARO

I was checking to see what his Lordship
assigned you as your mission.

BARBARINA

It was really funny:
“Hey, girly-girl, you take this straight pin straight back
to the lovely Susanna, and tell her,
I’ll meet her at the gazebo.”

FIGARO

Ah, the gazebo!

BARBARINA

And then he said this to me:
“Don’t let anyone else see you.”
So you won’t blab about this?

FIGARO

Oh, you can trust me.

BARBARINA

Because it’s really not your business.

FIGARO

Of course not—I’m cool.

BARBARINA

Addio, my kissing cousin.
Now to Susanna, and then my Cherubino!

*Barbarina exits, or as it says in the original,
swear to goodness, “hüpft ab,” or “hops off.”*

Scene 3

FIGARO

Mother!

MARCELLINA

My son!

FIGARO

I’m finished!

MARCELLINA

Just stay calm here, my poor baby.

FIGARO

I'm telling you, I'm finished!

MARCELLINA

Temper, temper, little lambkin—
I know it's serious, and requires consideration,
but hold your horses before you act—
you don't know who's the joke here.

FIGARO

Ah, but that straight pin, oh Mother,
is how the Count will give me prick after prick!

MARCELLINA

Perhaps, but we don't know for sure what's happening.
You can be cautious and keep your eyes wide open,
but I think it would be a mistake to...

FIGARO

Well, then, I'm on guard: at least I know the place,
and I'll be here waiting.

He begins to exit.

MARCELLINA

Where on earth are you going?

FIGARO

To avenge all hapless husbands! Addio!

He exits L.

Scene 4

MARCELLINA

I'm going to Susanna. I believe she is innocent,
and whatever is going on around here,
I'll bet she's got it under control,
and leave it to the menfolk to create a disaster!

She exits R.

Scene 5 [Scene 6]

BARBARINA

Inside the gazebo, that's what he told me, and I'm here.
Where is he? What if he stands me up?
Oh, dang it!

Barbarina enters up R.

She hears Figaro coming.

She exits into the gazebo.

FIGARO

Ah, Barbarina...
Who is that?

Figaro enters R.

Hears Basilio, Bartolo, and Antonio coming.

BASILIO

You told us to meet you out here.

*Bartolo as bullfighter, Basilio as a bumblebee,
and Antonio as Elvis. In the original produc-
tion, it was a real Larry, Daryl and Daryl
moment.*

BARTOLO

What frowns and faces! You look like a conspirator.
So tell us what the hell is going on around here?

FIGARO

You will soon see exactly.
Here in this lovely garden, we will celebrate
the union of my honorable wife
and our beloved Count.

BASILIO

(Ah, how delightful—I think I understand—
without me, they have reached a compromise.)

FIGARO

Spread out, remain inconspicuous,
and stay within earshot.
And when I call you, I want you to come running.

*(Original production: They take a step away
from each other, assume a nonchalant pose,
then scuttle toward the wings, hiding in a
particularly ineffective manner.)*

All but Figaro exit.

Scene 6 [Scene 8]

No. 24 [No. 26]: Recitative and Aria

FIGARO

Everything's ready...
It must be getting close to time now...
I hear them coming! She's with him!
No, it's nothing.
Night of my wedding, and I'm already out here,
rehearsing for my role as the cuckolded husband!
That woman!
At the moment of our wedding ceremony—
he was having her in writing—and seeing him, I...
I was mocking myself without knowing!
Oh, Susanna, Susanna,
how much pain have you caused me?
Your honest, pure expression,
and your eyes so innocent,
how could they cause such sadness?
But trusting in a woman—a woman!—
that way lies madness!

Hey, sleepy heads, yes, you sirs—
Husbands are all such losers!
Wake up, and smell the womenfolk—
see what they really are,
smell what they really, really are!
You call them queen and goddess,
but you have lost your senses—
you worship false pretenses,
your souls have sunk so far.
They're witches who cling to you
and bind you in pain.
They're sirens who sing to you

and drive you insane.
They're hawks who will hunt you down
and tear your heart to nothing.
They're tarts who affront the town
while laughing at your suffering.
They're roses but they're thorny.
They're foxes when they're horny.
They're death with warm embraces.
They're doves with double faces,
deliberate confusion and massive delusion,
replying with lying,
but no love or feeling of pity from those,
no, no, no, no:
The rest, the rest is unspoken,
it's what everyone already knows.

Scene 7 [Scene 9]

Recitative

SUSANNA

Signora, Marcellina told me that Figaro would be here...

MARCELLINA

And there he is—let's be a bit more quiet.

SUSANNA

So, one is hiding,
the other comes to find his true lover—
so let's begin!

MARCELLINA

I'll go and hide in here.

He hides down R as Susanna, Marcellina, and the Countess enter. Susanna is dressed as an 18th-century countess, the Countess as an 18th-century shepherdess.

She hides in the gazebo.

Scene 8 [Scene 10]

SUSANNA

Madama, are you trembling? Perhaps you're cold...

COUNTESS

The night seems very humid—I'll come back later.

FIGARO

Here we are at the moment of decision!

SUSANNA

I think I'll stay outside here;
if Madama doesn't need me,
I will get some fresh air for half an hour.

FIGARO

Some fresh air! Half hour!

COUNTESS

Stay as long as you like.

SUSANNA

That idiot is watching;
I couldn't ask for better conditions
to repay him for his vile suspicions!

No. 25 [No. 27]: Recitative and Aria

SUSANNA

Soon, the moment approaches
when I'll feel him possess me,
one flame from both our bodies!
I'm calm and happy, and nothing will prevent me
from surrendering all my soul to passion.
Oh, how this all—the beauty of this garden—
the stars above in heaven— respond to my affection.
Come, night, surround me,
give me your dark protection.

*Susanna positions the Countess downstage
where Figaro can see her.*

Come quickly, do not wait, my beautiful lover,
come to my side concealed by night's warm cover.
The moon is gone, she hides as if forbidden;
all is dark, and the nightingale is hidden.
Hear how the brook pours soothing murmurs streaming,
and the breezes still whisper, "You are dreaming:
your love comes slipping through the opening flow-
ers—
there he waits for you, lying in fragrant bowers."
Come now, my soul—dark night our love encloses.
Come now, and let me fold you into my arms with
roses.

*She hides down L. The Countess sits on the
bench.*

Scene 9 [Scene 11]

Recitative

FIGARO

Betrayer! Your practiced lying has my head spinning—
Am I awake or sleeping?

CHERUBINO

La la la...

*Cherubino enters, singing "Ladies, confide in
me."*

COUNTESS

That's Cherubino!

CHERUBINO

I hear someone, so I'll go find my Barbarina.
Hey, that looks like a woman!

COUNTESS

Ah, what a nightmare!

CHERUBINO

Whoa, stupid—
look at the costume, it's a shepherdess,
so it has to be my Susannie!

COUNTESS

If the Count shows up now, I'll lose my fanny!

No. 26 [No. 28]: Finale

CHERUBINO

Come, let's put the world behind us—
Kiss me quick, let's fool around!

COUNTESS

God, what if the Count should find us?
We would end up underground!

CHERUBINO

Susanetta...
You're not speaking?
Through your hands I see you peeking!
I will tease you, really tease away your frown.

COUNTESS

Aggravation! Irritation!
Go away without a sound!

CHERUBINO

You won't admit
you're a hypocrite!
I know why you hang around!

*(or: "You liar, liar,
with your pants on fire!")*

Scene 10 [Scene 12]

COUNT

Where's my girl, my pretty shepherd?

SUSANNA, FIGARO

Here's the wolf, and hear him bleating.

CHERUBINO

Don't you treat me like a leper!

SUSANNA, COUNT, FIGARO

I can hear my heart a-beating...
Someone else is with her now?

COUNTESS

If you don't leave now, I'm calling!

The Count enters up L, dressed an 18th-century version of himself.

CHERUBINO

Come on, kiss me, and quit your stalling.

SUSANNA, COUNT, FIGARO

Sounds exactly like the pageboy...

COUNTESS

You can kiss my — You're outrageous!

CHERUBINO

I should grab you just like the Count does.

SUSANNA, COUNT, FIGARO

That's outrageous!

CHERUBINO

Don't you think that's more than fair?

SUSANNA, COUNT, FIGARO

That's disgusting!

COUNTESS

That's outrageous!

CHERUBINO

Oh, quit your acting!

COUNTESS

That's disgusting!

CHERUBINO

Oh, quit your acting!

SUSANNA

That's disgusting!

COUNTESS

That's outrageous!

CHERUBINO

Oh, quit your acting!

COUNT, FIGARO

That's outrageous and disgusting!

CHERUBINO

I heard lots behind that chair!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT, FIGARO

If that boulder hangs around here,
All my plans won't have a prayer.

CHERUBINO

Kiss me quick, babe...

*The Count steps forward between them and
Cherubino kisses him.*

COUNTESS

Good God, my husband!

CHERUBINO

I kissed his lordship!

Cherubino runs into the gazebo as the Count flails about trying to find him.

FIGARO

I can't see what's happening there...

He crawls out to where the Count is standing.

COUNT

I can stop this kissing quicker if I kick your derriere!

The Count kicks Figaro's butt.

FIGARO

Ha, this feeling's unappealing,
's what I get for going there.

COUNT

Ha, my dealing sent him reeling,
that will teach him to beware.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Ha, his kneeling's quite revealing,
how he's bungled this affair.

Figaro crawls off L.

COUNT

At last that fool's departed,
so now, my dear, come closer.

COUNTESS

Oh, sir, you're so kind-hearted,
I will not hesitate.

FIGARO

What a splendid piece of womanhood,
What a fine, obedient mate!

COUNT

Give me your hand, we're already there—

COUNTESS

Yes, take me there!

COUNT

My teddy-bear...

FIGARO

His teddy-bear!

COUNT

Such dainty little fingers,
your skin's aroma lingers,
I'm tenderly surrendering
to this new passion's flame!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

He's blinded by his senses
and leaves himself defenseless
and plunges straight to shame!

COUNT

Now, for your dowry, darling,
let's add this little nothing,
a token of my loving,
and yours, of course, the same.

He gives her a ring.

COUNTESS

Sweet lord, I am your debtor,
my lord in more than name...

SUSANNA, COUNT, FIGARO

Oh, this is getting better,
and more's left in the game!

COUNTESS

I think someone has seen us here,
perhaps we need to leave...

He leads her toward the gazebo.

COUNT

So follow me, my Venus, dear,
and let me take the lead...

SUSANNA, FIGARO

Watch this, you foolish husbands,
the lesson that you need.

COUNTESS

It's dark in there, my lordship

COUNT

And just the way I like it—
It's not as if we'll need a light,
we're not in there to read!

FIGARO

The bitch is flat out giving me
the evidence I need!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

The whole thing's going swimmingly,
our plan can now proceed.

Figaro makes noise as if approaching.

COUNT

Who's out there?

Disguising his voice.

FIGARO

You can bite me!

COUNTESS

It's Figaro! I'm gone!

The Countess runs off R.

COUNT

I'll catch you later, when he is gone...

The Count runs off L.

Scene 11 [Scene 13]

FIGARO

A picture of tranquility —
our lovely Venus waiting here,
with Mars to start embracing here,
but I, Vulcan, come to trap them here:
I'll have them by the throat!

SUSANNA

Hey, Figaro! You hush there!

She emerges from hiding, disguising her voice as the Countess.

FIGARO

Ah, here's the poor Contessa!
You don't know whom you're shushing —
I'm blushing to confess it,
your husband and my Susanna,
you force me to be candid:
one hand could touch them both.

SUSANNA

Do not attract attention!
I'll help you with your vengeance,
I swear to you my oath.

Forgetting to disguise her voice.

FIGARO

(Susanna!)
You want vengeance?

SUSANNA

Sì!

FIGARO

How then? You have my full attention.

SUSANNA

The villain thinks he's trapping me,
but I will trap him first.

FIGARO

I know she thinks she's trapping me,
her scheme will be reversed.
Think, Madame, how they serve us!

He kneels before her.

SUSANNA

Get up, you make me nervous!

FIGARO

Ah, Madama!

SUSANNA

Get up, you make me nervous!

FIGARO

See how I kneel before you,
my passion has me sweating,
and you can't be forgetting
your husband's new supplier!

SUSANNA

This jerk is getting slappable!

FIGARO

It's hard to stay unflappable!

(or: "This situation's laughable!")

SUSANNA

Such madness, I'm on fire!

FIGARO

Such madness I admire!

SUSANNA

But what if there's no affection?

FIGARO

I'll settle for respect, hon,
but otherwise just screw it!
Give me your hand, let's do it—
give me your hand—

SUSANNA

Oh, here's my hand, signor!

She slaps him, and keeps slapping him.

FIGARO

You hit me!

SUSANNA

"You hit me!"
How's this sir?
Here, have another!
Another! It's worth repeating!

FIGARO

Okay, enough of beating!

SUSANNA

My treat, you filthy scumbag!
No, come back—
I'm sure you need one more!

FIGARO

Oh, blows bestowed so lovingly
from one whom I adore!

SUSANNA

You go and try to cheat on me,
I'll settle up the score!

FIGARO

Sorry, darling, for acting so rudely,
and I know you were trying to fool me,
but your lovely voice gave you away.

SUSANNA

Didn't fool you?

FIGARO

You were clueless, and truly...

SUSANNA, FIGARO

Sorry, darling for acting so rudely,
sorry, more than mere words can convey,
sorry, only my love can convey.

Scene 12 [Scene 14]

COUNT

Where the hell is she? I've been all over...

He enters up L.

SUSANNA, FIGARO

Once again, here's our wandering lover...

COUNT

Hey, Susanna!
You speechless... and deaf now?

He wanders off R.

SUSANNA

Good—he still doesn't know whom he left now!

FIGARO

Who?

SUSANNA

Madama!

FIGARO

Madama?

SUSANNA

Madama!

SUSANNA, FIGARO

While we still have some self-respect left here,
let's conclude the last act of our play,
come, let's finish what's left of our play.

FIGARO

Ah, Madama, your ass is the cutest...

Figaro kneels before her, exaggeratedly, as the Count enters up R and sees them.

COUNT

That's the Countess!
And I've nothing to shoot with!

FIGARO

Will you let me on you kisses lavish?

SUSANNA

Here I am, I am yours now to ravish!

COUNT

It's a scandal! Appalling!

SUSANNA, FIGARO

Come, beloved, the darkness is calling,
let's enjoy all the pleasures of love.

They begin to move up to the gazebo.

Scene 13 [Last scene]

COUNT

Hey, you idiots, come help me!

He grabs Figaro and pushes him down C, while Susanna runs off into the gazebo.

FIGARO

Ah, my master!

COUNT

Get the lead out, move your asses!

FIGARO

Ah, disaster!

BASILIO, DON CURZIO, ANTONIO, BARTOLO

What's the matter? What's the matter?

Entering from various parts of the garden.

COUNT

He's a seducer, liar too, sir,
I'll shame you, sir,
and in front of everyone!

BASILIO, DON CURZIO, ANTONIO, BARTOLO

How amazing, eyebrow-raising,
thank the Lord he has no gun!

FIGARO

They're amazed now, eyebrows raised now,
What a scene, and oh, what fun!

COUNT

In vain you resist me—
They'll know now, Madama,
whom else you have kissed, be
no longer concealed!

He goes to the gazebo, reaches in, and tugs.

| | |
|---|--|
| The pageboy! | <i>He pulls out Cherubino.</i> |
| ANTONIO My daughter! | <i>He pulls out Barbarina.</i> |
| FIGARO My mama! | <i>The Count pulls out Marcellina.</i> |
| BASILIO, DON CURZIO, ANTONIO, BARTOLO, FIGARO Madama! | <i>The Count pulls out Susanna.</i> |
| COUNT Oh, spare us the drama, your shame is revealed! | |
| SUSANNA Perdono, perdono! | <i>She kneels.</i> |
| COUNT No, no, I will never! | |
| FIGARO Perdono, perdono! | <i>He kneels.</i> |
| COUNT No, no, whatsoever! | |
| ALL Perdono! | <i>All kneel.</i> |
| COUNT No! | |
| ALL Perdono! | |
| COUNT No! | |
| ALL Perdono! | |
| COUNT No! No, no, no, no, no! | |
| COUNTESS Perhaps one more voice will convince you, though. | <i>She appears behind the others.</i> |
| BASILIO, DON CURZIO, COUNT, ANTONIO, BARTOLO It can't be! My senses have left me defenseless! The truth of it all, I don't know! | <i>The Countess comes slowly through the group, who stand as she passes by them.</i> |

COUNT

Rosina, perdono! Perdono, perdono!

He kneels before her.

COUNTESS

Now it's you asking pardon,
but I won't say no.

ALL

Now all are contented
because you say so.
What a day, with all tormented!
Day of fools and night of madness!
In a world of sin and sadness,
only love can set us straight!
All right now, let's party all night without slowing,
so let's get those fireworks going!
Take my hand, my friends and lovers,
all together celebrate!
(Fireworks & finis.)