

(LIZETTE and SIMON embrace. GUARDS enter.)

GUARD 1: There he is!

GUARD 2: Grab him!

(The GUARDS capture SIMON.)

GUARD 1: *(to SIMON)* We've got you now!

SIMON: Hey! Let me go!

LIZETTE: What are you doing?

GUARD 1: Orders from the Governor. Signed by his secretary.

GUARD 2: *(Ripping SIMON'S shirt sleeve and revealing his tattoo.)* We have captured the notorious Bras Pique.

GUARD 1: *Mon dieu!*

SIMON: No! Wait!

(The GUARDS drag SIMON off stage.)

LIZETTE: *(Running after them)* You're making a mistake!

(NANETTE, FELICE, FANCHON, and FLORENZE enter.)

FANCHON: After everyone left the ball I thought it would finally be quiet enough to sleep. And then I heard that voice -- echoing all through the square - La, la, la.... *(sings a snippet of the mysterious melody)* I can't believe you didn't hear it.

NANETTE: There are no singing ghosts.

FANCHON: The ghost sounded so sad, I almost cried. Do you think ghosts have feeling? Because this one sounded like she did.

FELICE: It was just the wind.

FANCHON: No! The wind doesn't sing a song. *(to FLORENZE)* Monsieur, what do you think?

FLORENZE: I think I better get back to the palace.

(ADA enters followed by HARRY)

FELICE: Wait! *(indicating ADA and HARRY)* This might be interesting.

FLORENZE: He's on a mission.

FANCHON: Should I ask them if they heard the ghost?

NANETTE: Sh-h-h!

HARRY: Miss Ada!

ADA: Sir?

HARRY: Please forgive the intrusion.

ADA: Not at all.

HARRY: I'm not sure you know, but I have a plantation up north. It's beautiful and very profitable.

ADA: Congratulations.

HARRY: *(pause)* Miss Ada, your father has been gone for some time now and - forgive me - I believe there was some understanding between you and the Lt. Governnor's son - pardon me - I don't wish to be indelicate - but, Miss Ada, I think you are the most beautiful, most charming, most adorable - I could provide you with a home - protection - Miss Ada, please be my wife.

ADA: We hardly know each other.

HARRY: I know everything I need to know.

ADA: You find me attractive?

HARRY: Very!

ADA: And?

HARRY: And?

ADA: So I thought. A woman is more than an ornament for your parlor or your arm.

HARRY: Of course. But I'm sure you would grow to love the north.

ADA: I am honored, sir, but New Orleans is my home.

(ADA exits. After a few moments a dejected HARRY exits in the opposite direction.)

FELICE: She told him.

FANCHON: Poor Mr. Harry. *(to Florenze)* Have you ever thought to get married, Mr Florenze?

FLORENZE: Heaven forbid! What would I do with a wife? *(He exits.)*

(MARIETTA, humming her tune, and DICK enter, but not together.)

NANETTE: Sh-h-h! I think there is more romance this morning.

MARIETTA: *(to DICK)* I thought I'd see you here with Miss Ada. The beautiful Ada.

DICK: And trustworthy.

MARIETTA: What do you mean?

DICK: *(bowing)* No idea, Contesse Marie D'Altena.

MARIETTA: Oh Dick. I wanted to tell you -

DICK: You must think I'm an idiot.

MARIETTA: No, no. I didn't know how to say it.

DICK: How about, "I'm an Italian Countessa." Simple. To the point.

MARIETTA: Could you ever forgive me?

DICK: I don't seem to have any control over how I feel.