

SCENE 7**CHURCH**

PRIEST enters, now very drunk. Takes a swig from a bottle or flask. Sings a cappella and very sadly.

PRIEST

WHO LED MY SOUL BACK FROM THE DEAD,
LIKE DANTE’S BEATRICE? [PRONOUNCED: BAY-A-TREE-CHEE]
AND NOW I FIND HE’S OUT OF HIS HEAD.
IS FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE.

Takes another swig as GOVERNOR enters.

GOVERNOR

Easy, Father. That’s enough libation.
Perhaps you should curtail your celebration
Till after all the wedding vows conclude.

PRIEST

Just getting in the proper, festive mood.

GOVERNOR

Shall I give the signal to begin?

PRIEST

Begin what? Oh yes, send the victim in.
Let the good ship honeymoon set sail.

Takes another swig, puts away flask, picks up Book of Common Prayer. Meanwhile GOVERNOR signals offstage. Music— a wedding march version of “It’s a Beautiful Day” starts up. SHERIFF enters with SUSANNA.

SUSANNA

Wait a moment!

Music stops.

I forgot my veil.

She exits. A veiled BRIDE enters, takes the SHERIFF’s arm. Music starts up again. They march up to GOVERNOR and PRIEST. Music stops. Priest opens book.

PRIEST

“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. In sure and certain hope of the resurrection...”

SHERIFF clears his throat.

What?

SHERIFF points at book. PRIEST smiles sheepishly at governor, mouths “Sorry,” flips back a few pages.

“Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today under the eyes of God...” Hah! “To join these two in holy wedlock...”

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Holy wedlock? Holy like Swiss cheese!

SHERIFF

Excuse us. Could we speak a moment, please?

Pulls PRIEST aside.

You've been drinkin'.

PRIEST

Sheriff, how astute.

And who's to blame for this, my latest toot?

You are!

SHERIFF

Whatcha mean?

PRIEST

You lied to me

About this letter.

Thrusts it at SHERIFF.

It's a forgery.

The actual Friedrich Nietzsche, it appears,

Is in a loony bin, has been for years.

SHERIFF

Really?

PRIEST

And completely off his tree.

The governor, you see's, from Germany.

SHERIFF

All right, I wrote this letter. To help you.

PRIEST

Some help, Sheriff. Now what do I do?

SHERIFF

Look, maybe there's no God, who knows for sure?

But we should play our cards as if there were.

How's that famous line from Shakespeare go,

That Hamlet warrants to Horatio?

PRIEST

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

SHERIFF

A clever man that Shakespeare, mighty clever.

PRIEST

(stirred)

All right. Back to the funeral.

SHERIFF

Wedding.

PRIEST

Whatever.

Opens book and mumbles through previous part quickly trying to find his place.

Dearlybelovedwearegatheredheretoday... blah, blah, blah, blah...

Finds place.

Ahh! If anyone here has an objection...

JOHNNY enters holding a gun, possibly wearing a sombrero.

JOHNNY

Hold it right there. I object, you betcha.

BELLA

Johnny!

JOHNNY

You can't wed her. I won't letcha.

GOVERNOR

Why not?

JOHNNY

Because I'm crazy for her, mister.

GOVERNOR

You're saying you're in love with your own sister?

JOHNNY

That ain't my sister.

GOVERNOR

What's that?

Lifts up veil.

BELLA

(embarrassed)

Why, hello!

SHERIFF

Hell, Johnny. You should be in Mexico.

JOHNNY

I tried to, Sheriff. Couldn't stay away.

GOVERNOR

You tricked me.

SHERIFF

That I did, afraid to say.

DESPERATE MEASURES

Piano/Conductor

God Moves in a Mysterious Way

(Priest)

01B

Music by David Friedman
Lyrics by Peter Kellogg

a cappella - Slow 5 (♩ = c. 55)

PRIEST:

God moves in a mys - ter - i - ous way His won - ders to per - form He
plants his foot - step in the sea and rides up - on the storm

57 58 59 60 ALL:

8
rant till I'm blue a-bout what I will do But the truth is I real-ly don't know

C F/C C F/C Am G/B C

61 A cappella

62 63 64

think you know what's com-ing and then you re-al-ize in

BAND TACET

65 66 67 68 69 rit.

ways you nev-er fa-thomed Life

Am7

p +Bass, Vln