

# Things To Do

## One Little Wish

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Eighteenth Century Paraguay is a colonial backwater of little significance ruled by a Governor, Larrázabal, and two Alcaldes (magistrates) of the capital city, Asunción. The problem is that Paraguay is so provincial, so remote, so devastatingly dull that there is nothing for the governing body to do – except to dream of things to occupy their time.

LARRÁZABAL

(Singing.)  
SCHEDULES DESERTED...  
TOO MUCH TIME TO CHAT...  
TRAGEDIES AVERTED...  
WHAT'S THE FUN IN THAT?  
PLEASE, GOD, SEND A CAN SO WE CAN KICK IT.  
I CANNOT STAND TO HEAR ANOTHER CRICKET.

OH, IF ONLY WE HAD A WAR  
AND A CANNON OR TWO TO ROAR  
AND A MIGHTY ARMED FORCE  
AND AN ALPS-CROSSING COURSE  
AND A FIELD FIT TO FIGHT ON  
ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT ON  
WITH CROWDS TO CHEER "RIGHT ON! HOORAY!"  
YES, FRIENDS, IF WE HAD A WAR  
A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL WAR,  
OUR LIVES WOULD BE A GRAND HOLIDAY.

LARRÁZABAL, FONTES

(Singing.)  
WE'D HAVE THINGS TO DO.  
YES, YES, THINGS TO DO.

FONTES

(Singing.)  
SOME TARGETS TO BEAT...

LARRÁZABAL

(Singing.)  
SOME TASKS TO ACCRUE...

LARRÁZABAL, FONTES

(Singing.)  
HOW GAILY WE'D TEND A  
SEAM-BURSTING AGENDA  
OF THIS, THAT, AND OTHER THINGS, TOO  
FOR THEN WE'D HAVE THINGS  
YES, THEN WE'D HAVE THINGS  
MY FRIENDS, WE'D HAVE THINGS  
TO DO.

FONTES

(Singing.)  
OH, I TELL YOU, I'D SURELY BEG  
FOR THE LORD TO SEND US A PLAGUE  
THAT MAKES SKIN PURPLE-DYED  
AND BURSTS SCARS OPEN-WIDE  
AND MEANS EACH PLACE YOU'VE SAT IS  
OR EVEN LOOKED AT IS  
A PLACE WHERE A RAT IS OR WAS.  
YES, FRIENDS, IF WE HAD A PLAGUE,  
A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL PLAGUE,  
OUR LIVES WOULD BE LESS USELESS, BECAUSE...

LARRÁZABAL, FONTES

(Singing.)  
WE'D HAVE THINGS TO DO.  
YES, YES, THINGS TO DO.

FONTES

(Singing.)  
SOME DEADLINES TO MEET...

LARRÁZABAL

(Singing.)  
SOME PLANS TO PURSUE...

LARRÁZABAL, FONTES

(Singing.)  
JUST ONE JOB PROPOSAL  
AND OUR BANAL WOES'LL  
BE FINALLY FINISHED AND THROUGH  
FOR THEN WE'D HAVE THINGS  
YES, THEN WE'D HAVE THINGS

LARRÁZABAL, FONTES (CONT)

MY FRIENDS, WE'D HAVE THINGS  
TO DO.

The MUSIC stops. LARRÁZABAL and FONTES  
turn to BURIOS.

LARRÁZABAL

Well, now, Señor Burios?

FONTES

What is it you wish for?

BURIOS thinks... and thinks... and  
thinks. LARRÁZABAL and FONTES watch HIM  
intently. BURIOS opens his mouth to  
speak - then closes it. HE thinks some  
more and opens his mouth again - but no  
luck. More thinking. More thinking.

By this time, LARRÁZABAL and FONTES  
have given up and sit back down - but,  
just then, BURIOS suddenly slams HIS  
hands down on the table, scaring THEM  
out of their wits, and sings:

BURIOS

(Singing.)

I CONFESS WHAT WOULD TICKLE ME  
IS A NAT'RAL CATASTROPHE  
THAT WOULD KNOCK MOUNTAINS DOWN  
AND SUBMERGE EV'RY TOWN  
AND FORCE MEN TO ABANDON  
EACH SQUARE FOOT OF LAND IN  
SUCH FEAR YOU CAN'T STAND IN THEIR WAY.

LARRÁZABAL, FONTES, BURIOS

(Singing.)

LONG LIVE A CATASTROPHE,  
A WONDERFUL CATASTROPHE,  
SO WE WOULD THEN BE ABLE TO SAY...

WE'D HAVE THINGS TO DO.  
YES, YES, THINGS TO DO.

BURIOS

(Singing.)

MORE FOOD I COULD EAT.

LARRÁZABAL, FONTES

(Singing.)

MORE TASKS WE'D REVIEW.

LARRÁZABAL, FONTES, BURIOS

(Singing.)

WE BADLY NEED SOMETHING,  
A SMALL, LITTLE, CRUMB THING  
OR WE'LL HOLD OUR BREATHS TILL WE'RE BLUE  
UNTIL WE'D HAVE THINGS,  
UNTIL WE'D HAVE THINGS,  
UNTIL WE'D HAVE THINGS  
TO DO.  
PLEASE, GOD, GIVE US THINGS  
TO DO.