

# The Buccaneer by Maxwell Anderson

M/F UA

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DONNA LISA.

You dared, you dared, to make me a laughingstock to my whole household! Oh! Oh! And I believed you. Oh! [ *With a cry of hatred* , DONNA LISA *rushes at him and begins to beat him savagely in the face with both fists, not so much a woman's blows as a man's* .] You scoundrel, you liar, you cheap knave! Liar! Liar!

MORGAN [ *laughing under the blows* ].

Now I know you love me.

DONNA LISA [ *renewing the attack* ].

You, coming to me with your sighs of eternal love! Your free life! Liar and knave! Debaucher, thief, with the morals of a dog-pound.

... I'll kill you! I'll fix your lying face so no other woman will ever believe you ... so all other women will find my scars there, and know that they were made by a woman who did not believe your lying.

MORGAN.

Ho! Ho! [ *Only half warding off her blows and laughing uproariously* .] Who would have thought the woman had so much fire in her? What a pair we'll make together, you and I! Hit me again, my little one. 'Tis sweet, your fury. Hit me again!

DONNA LISA [ *still beating* ].

What a pair we shall make! You tap-room seducer. You raping cutpurse catchpenny of a tin-soldier! Do you think I'd go with you farther than I could find pretense to kill you? Do you think we shall ever pair together? That I shall mate with such a vulture as you? You twisted, lying old goat-face of a brothel master!

MORGAN [ *catching her hands* ].

With none other. Only your pride is hurt now.

DONNA LISA [ *struggling* ].

Let me go. Let me go, and I'll kill you.

MORGAN.

Enough, my pretty one. Enough. Don't struggle so. I let you go, after all this sweet fury? Why, I shall carry you off to the ends of the world now!

DONNA LISA [ *furiously, almost breaking away* ].

You coward and bully! You clown who thinks himself a lover!

MORGAN [ *picking her up and starting for a door at the right* ].

I shall carry you off now, precious dove. No more ruffling your feathers.

DONNA LISA [ *breaking away* ].

And you'll be carried into the flames of hell. [ *Running to the window and giving a signal* .] Morgan's here! Morgan's here! [ *Turning on him* .] I've given you over to the commodore and he'll hang you up by your ugly neck until your lecherous eyes start from your lying face, you coward and bully and upstart of a tavern romance!