



Ueda Shinji, *The Rose of Versailles*, Takarazuka kagekidan, 2001.
(Courtesy of Takarazuka Revue Company)

THE ROSE OF VERSAILLES

A Takarazuka Grand Romantic Play

UEDA SHINJI

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The *Rose of Versailles* (*Berusaiyu no bara*) was first performed in 1974 and has remained the greatest hit in the whole history of the Takarazuka Revue Company, an all-female troupe that started to stage theatrical events in 1914. The most recent production of *The Rose of Versailles* was in 2013. (Takarazuka's productions usually are scheduled to run for no more than one month.) So far, more than 4 million people have seen this play.

The Rose of Versailles has more than a dozen variants, depending on the year of the production and the various performances staged by Takarazuka's five troupes. The translation here, of about half the play, is based on *The Rose of Versailles 2001: A Story of Fersen and Marie Antoinette*, which was the script used for the production of Takarazuka's Cosmos Troupe in 2001, directed by Ueda Shinji and Masazumi Tani and published in *A Collection of Takarazuka Grand Theater Performance Scripts* (*Takarazuka daigekijo kôen kyakuhonshû*, 2002).

The Rose of Versailles is an adaptation of a long series of *shojo manga* (girl comics) of the same title by Ikeda Riyoko, published in a weekly magazine of girl comics, *Weekly Margaret*, *How Appropriate!* in 1972 and 1973. The plot of *The Rose of Versailles* is based on the actual history of the French Revolution (1789–1799), although the main character, Oscar François de Jarjayes, the youngest daughter of General Jarjayes, is fictional. In the play, because the general has no son, he raised and educated his youngest daughter as a son, which allowed her to adopt the outlook of a man. Oscar

has served as the royal guard of Marie Antoinette ever since she was married, at the age of fourteen, to the crown prince of France, the future Louis XVI. When Marie Antoinette meets a Swedish noble, Hans Axel von Fersen, they instantly fall in love with each other.

The main story line of *The Rose of Versailles* follows Oscar's fateful life and the forbidden love of Fersen and Marie Antoinette in the stormy times before and during the French Revolution. The various Takarazuka versions are divided into plays about Fersen and Marie Antoinette and those about Oscar and André, who is a grandson of Oscar's nurse and has been secretly in love with her. The excerpt translated here is about Fersen and Marie Antoinette, as the subtitle suggests, although elements of Oscar and André's story also make up part of the plot.

Takarazuka's adaptations are not entirely faithful to Ikeda Riyoko's original *manga*. In this version, for instance, André's death, Oscar's demise, and Fersen's appearance in Marie Antoinette's prison cell are not found in the original work. In addition, some of the characters' names are intended to provide comic relief: Duchesse de Monzette sounds like the word *monzetsu* in Japanese, which means "to faint in agony," and Marquise de Sisina sounds like *shisshin*, which means "a fainting fit." André's grandmother, who serves as Oscar's nurse, is named Marron-Glacé, a reference to the well-known chestnut confection.

There are several reasons why *The Rose of Versailles* became Takarazuka's greatest success. First, Ikeda Riyoko's original comic broke all records in sales of *shojo manga*, thus attracting audiences new to Takarazuka. Second, an important film star, Hasegawa Kazuo, directed the first production, establishing a highly praised stage style with both a presence and a precise form, which was different from and superior to the usual Takarazuka productions. Third, the role of Oscar, a woman who looks like a man, is one of the best created for star performers who portray men in Takarazuka productions. Takarazuka's extravagant production is, of course, perfect for a story about the French court in the rococo period. Finally, the musical hit—from the play known as *Beru bara*, an abbreviation of *Berusaifu no bara*, the Japanese title of the work—has been regarded as a sort of national anthem for young women.



Characters

HANS AXEL VON FERSEN, a Swedish noble

MARIE ANTOINETTE, the queen of France

OSCAR FRANÇOIS DE JARJAYES (dressed as a man), the commandant of the Royal Guard

ANDRÉ, son of OSCAR's nurse, MARRON-GLACÉ

COMTE DE MERCY, an Austrian count, MARIE ANTOINETTE's guardian

MARIA THERESIA, the queen of the Austrian Empire, MARIE ANTOINETTE's mother

GIRODELLE, a major in the Royal Guard

BERNARD CHÂTELET, a journalist of the revolutionary party

ROSALIE, BERNARD's wife

LOUIS XVI, the king of France

PART I

SCENE 1. PROLOGUE A

With a flamboyant overture, the stage curtain opens. Low over the stage hangs a rococo frame of letters spelling the words "The Rose of Versailles." In front of it, pretty young boys and girls sing and dance.

CHORUS:

Behold, behold, the Rose of Versailles

Behold, behold, the Rose of Versailles

BOY ARISTOCRAT:

So now, let me tell you this tale

A tale of a man and a woman

Drawn together by mysterious ties

Come and listen to

The Rose of Versailles

The Rose of Versailles

The Rose of Versailles

The Rose of Versailles

(*The rococo frame rises.*)

SCENE 2. PROLOGUE B

On the stage is a rococo set with a frame in the center displaying MARIE ANTOINETTE's portrait. In front of this, FERSEN rises from below on a trapdoor lift, holding the doll Stephan in his arms. He recalls his memories of MARIE ANTOINETTE while he sings with great feeling.

FERSEN:

How could I, how could I
Possibly forget her
She was, she was
Like a rose
Her image still burns
Branding my heart
I still long for her
Wandering helplessly
My world changed
The moment I met her
Her eyes
Her voice
Her soul
My life was tied to hers
When I recall the wasteland that was my soul
I see the image of my love, smiling so sweetly
When I recall the wasteland that was my soul
I see the image of my love, smiling so sweetly

MARIE ANTOINETTE:

A seed born
On the banks of the blue Danube
The memory of a beautiful rose
Blooming on the banks of the Seine
Forever and ever
Unchanging

(The portrait closes. At the same time both sides of the rococo set transform into portraits of OSCAR and ANDRÉ. The two of them step out of their portraits and sing.)

OSCAR:

Love can be so sorrowful
Love can be so painful

ANDRÉ:

Love can be such a torture
Love can be ephemeral

TOGETHER:

Love, love, love
Because of love
There is joy in life
Because of love
The world is one
That is why people are so beautiful

(The two, still singing, sink into the floor on the trapdoor lift. The rococo frame rises.)

SCENE 3. PROLOGUE C

The entire stage set is looks like a huge rococo chandelier. FERSEN and MARIE ANTOINETTE take turns appearing stage center. They sing the song "Ai areba koso" (Because of Love). Many beautiful girls dance while they sing. The stage rotates.

FERSEN:

Love can be so sweet
Love can be so strong

MARIE ANTOINETTE:

Love can be so precious
Love can be so sublime

TOGETHER:

Love, love, love

FERSEN AND MALE ENSEMBLE:

Because of love

FEMALE ENSEMBLE:

Ahh ahh ahh
There is joy in life
Because of love
The world is one
That is why people are so beautiful

SHADOW CHORUS:

Ahh ahh

SCENE 4. THE SCHÖNBRUNN PALACE

April 21, 1774. Vienna, Austria. The Hall of Mirrors at Schönbrunn Palace. The GRAND CHAMBERLAIN appears.

GRAND CHAMBERLAIN: Your Majesty Maria Theresia, the comte de Mercy is here to see you.

(Grand flowery music. MARIA THERESIA appears, followed by a lady in waiting. From the other side of the stage, the COMTE appears.)

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty, I have come to offer you my farewell greetings.

MARIA THERESIA: Comte de Mercy, serve me well. From this day forward, I put my daughter's life in your hands.

COMTE DE MERCY: I am grateful for your trust in me. I will do what I can to guard over Her Highness, the princess.

MARIA THERESIA: She is only fourteen. As a parent, it's unbearable for me to marry off a daughter of such tender age, but as the empress of Austria, I must turn a blind eye to those feelings.

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty, I realize this must be hard for you. However, this is the best strategy for ending the long conflict between our Austrian House of Hapsburg and the French House of Bourbon.

MARIA THERESIA: As the empress of Austria, I realize how important goodwill between Austria and France is. However, Marie Antoinette is only fourteen and doesn't adequately comprehend the meaning of this political marriage.

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty, just as you are the empress of Austria first and a mother second, Marie Antoinette is a princess of the House of Hapsburg first and a fourteen-year-old girl second.

MARIA THERESIA: This is the fate of one who reigns over her country. . . .
(*The CHIEF LADY-IN-WAITING appears.*)

CHIEF LADY-IN-WAITING: Your Majesty, the princess is ready to depart and has come to bid you farewell.

MARIA THERESIA: So the time for her departure has really come. There are some things left I must tell her before she leaves. Have her come here at once.

CHIEF LADY-IN-WAITING: Yes, Your Majesty.

(*Flowery music. The pretty princess MARIE ANTOINETTE enters the stage, embracing her doll Stephan.*)

MARIE ANTOINETTE (*Overjoyed*): Oh mother, look! Isn't this pretty? And it suits me, doesn't it? Oh, I've never worn clothes so beautiful.

MARIA THERESIA: . . . Comte de Mercy . . . look at her . . . such a child . . .

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty, Empress Maria Theresa!

MARIA THERESIA: Marie Antoinette, listen carefully. You're only fourteen years old. You probably have no idea what marriage is like. But I can assure you that it is not as sweet and kind as you expect it to be. From now on, you will be the French dauphine. From the moment you cross the Rhine, you will no longer be an Austrian: you will be French. Please do your best to be beloved by the people of the House of Bourbon and, even more, by all the people of France.

MARIE ANTOINETTE (*In high spirits*): Mother, please don't be worried. I have my doll Stephan. And the comte de Mercy will be with me and I am my mother's daughter. I will become an honorable queen beloved by her people. I will not do anything that would bring shame to the Austrian House of Hapsburg.

MARIA THERESIA: Oh Marie Antoinette. Please be happy.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Farewell, mother. Farewell, Vienna. Farewell, Austria!

(*Flowery and strong music. On stage, the palace becomes transparent, and a glass carriage pulled by white horses appears.*)

SCENE 5. THE DREAM CARRIAGE

MARIE ANTOINETTE *climbs into the glass carriage, accompanied by flowery music. The carriage starts to move.*

CHORUS:

La li la la lu la la,

La li la la lu la la, La li la la lu la la,

La li la la lu la la, La li la la lu la la,

La li la la lu la la, La li la la lu la la,

(*MARIE ANTOINETTE, overjoyed, starts to sing.*)

MARIE ANTOINETTE:

The light jingling of the tiny bells

My glass carriage glides through the clouds.

I am a bride doll in a dream

Going to France, the country I long to see

CHORUS

MARIE ANTOINETTE:

La la

In a big white palace

La la la

The prince of my dreams is waiting

La la la

La la la

I am a bride doll in a dream

Lu lu lu

Lu

La li la

La lu la la

La li la

La lu la la

(*The carriage rotates. The stage stops revolving. Many guards line up. Using the trapdoor lift, a thirty-two-year-old MARIE ANTOINETTE takes the place of her younger self. She sings.*)

MARIE ANTOINETTE:

A seed born

On the banks of the blue Danube

The memory of a beautiful rose

Blooming on the banks of the Seine

(*The stage set changes while MARIE ANTOINETTE sings.*)

SCENE 6. THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES

Spring, 1788. A drawing room at the Versailles palace. The COMTE DE MERCY appears. He gently calls out to MARIE ANTOINETTE.

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Oh, my dear Comte de Mercy, I didn't know you were here.

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty, is there something troubling you?

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Comte de Mercy, recently I have often been dreaming of the past, of the day I left my homeland Austria to come to France.

COMTE DE MERCY: I, too, remember that day and you, sweet and naive, as if it were yesterday.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I left the Schönbrunn Palace in Austria in April when the flowers were blooming, and in a small palace on the banks of the Rhine, everything I had brought from Vienna, the lace, the ribbons, my crucifix, my rings, even my underwear, everything I wore was replaced by things made in France. Even my doll, my one and only true friend, I had to relinquish to you because I was to be the wife of the dauphin of France.

COMTE DE MERCY: Oh yes, that doll. Didn't you call him Stephan? I have kept him all this time.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Have you really? Do you still have him? How mean of you. Please return him to me.

COMTE DE MERCY: I will, when the time is right.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: But it already has been eighteen years. What have I been doing during all this time?

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty . . .

(The DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE, the MARQUISE DE SISINA, the COMTESSE DE LAMBESQUE, and VISCOMTESSE CALONNE, all followers of MARIE ANTOINETTE, enter flamboyantly.)

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE: Ah, Your Majesty, here you are.

MARQUISE DE SISINA: Oh Your Majesty, you look pale. Are you not feeling well?

MESDAMES: Your Majesty . . . ?

COMTE DE MERCY: Well, actually . . .

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE *(Bossily)*: Comte de Mercy, you're leaving? Well, then, we will be attending to Her Majesty.

COMTE DE MERCY: But . . .

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE: Don't you think it would be better if you left?

MARQUISE DE SISINA: Don't you worry about Her Majesty. We will look after her as usual. . . . There now, you may leave.

MESDAMES: There now, there now, good day.

COMTE DE MERCY: Well then. *(Fleeing from the place, although he would prefer to stay.)*

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Comte de Mercy . . .

COMTESSE DE LAMBESQUE *(Flatteringly)*: There now, Your Majesty. What shall we do today?

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE: Oh . . . Her Majesty has been enthusiastic about gambling these days. Isn't that true, Your Majesty . . . ?

VISCOMTESSE CALONNE: Well, Your Majesty, let us play cards as usual. I won't lose today. . . .

(Each tries to curry favor. Suddenly, we hear OSCAR's voice.)

OSCAR'S VOICE: Wait. The queen is not feeling well. Please leave, now!

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE: How rude! Who is it talking to us in such a fashion? Who's there? Show yourself!

(Lively flowery music. OSCAR appears.)

MESDAMES: Oscar!

OSCAR: Dear ladies, I am Oscar François de Jarjayes, at your service.

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE *(Cloyingly)*: Oscar, we were just . . .

OSCAR: My mission, as captain of the Royal Guard, is to protect Her Majesty the Queen. I won't take orders from anyone concerning Her Majesty, even from the wife of the duc de Monzette!

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE: My my, but you're just a woman!

OSCAR: No, I am not a woman.

MARQUISE DE SISINA: But you are . . .

OSCAR: From early childhood, I, Oscar, have been raised as a boy in order to protect Her Majesty the queen. When I wear the uniform of the Royal Guard, I am a man, both mentally and physically.

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE: Oscar!

OSCAR *(Looking at the duchess coolly)*: Yes. Is something the matter, Your Grace?

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE *(Fumblingly)*: No . . . I just feel so weak when you look at me that way. I don't know if you're a man or a woman . . . *(Trembling)* but somehow I feel like my body is on fire.

OSCAR: I'm honored, Your Grace.

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE *(Her body shaking)*: Oooh, I think I am going to faint. . . . Well then, Oscar. *(Conceitedly.)* Come mesdames, Let us take our leave . . .

MESDAMES: But . . .

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE: Oscar commands it. Come, come. . . . Well then, Oscar, I trust you will execute your duties responsibly.

(The ladies take their leave. Quiet music.)

OSCAR: Please, forgive me, Your Majesty, for being so forward . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Oscar . . .

OSCAR: I, Oscar François de Jarjayes, have come here today to give you a word of warning. I'm prepared for whatever punishment or reproaches you wish to mete out to me.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: What is it? Have you come to speak your mind again?

OSCAR: Your Majesty, you already know that all those nobles are preying on you and exploiting your court. The more luxurious your life is, the more impoverished the people of this country will become. What should go to the people disappears because it is used up by a handful of heartless aristocrats.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Oh, Oscar, thank you. I have finally come to realize that myself. Eighteen years ago, when I came to France to be married, the previous king took me under his wing, and I could do whatever I wanted, every day. I so enjoyed those days. Even though I have three children by Louis XVI, I have remained that fourteen-year-old girl up until now.

OSCAR: Your Majesty, I am glad you understand the situation so thoroughly. Now that I know this, I would like to make another request.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Why so formal? What is it?

OSCAR: Please send Fersen back to Sweden.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Oscar!

OSCAR: Your Majesty, your relationship with Fersen has become court gossip. The rumors have become even more and more outrageous, and the unscrupulous among the aristocracy have been using these rumors to agitate the malcontents. You are the queen of France. As the mother of the French Empire, I beg you to send Fersen back to Sweden.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Dear Oscar, you have been protecting me as a member of the Royal Guard since I was fourteen. And I believed that you, more than anyone else, understood my feelings as a woman. I trusted that you would understand because you yourself are a woman, but I see that at some point you lost touch with your feminine side.

OSCAR: Your Majesty . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I'm a person before I'm a queen! And I'm a woman with a beating heart! I'm a woman waiting and wanting to love and be loved just like anyone else. I was born to love him. He is the first man I ever wanted to love of my own free will. Oscar, all the blood in my body surges toward him, and even God can't stop this deep red flower from blooming!

OSCAR: Your Majesty . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I know I'm committing a sin. But still, I cannot send Fersen back to Sweden!

OSCAR: Your Majesty!

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Even if the sun rose from the west!

(Indignantly, MARIE ANTOINETTE leaves. A distressed OSCAR is left alone. MAJOR GIRODELLE of the Royal Guard appears quietly.)

GIRODELLE: Commandant . . . you were brave to speak your mind. . . .

OSCAR: Major Girodelle, Her Majesty spoke harsh words to me.

GIRODELLE: What you said was not without good reason. Ever since the queen came to France to be married, you have been at her side to serve her. That's why you may well give her such considerate advice.

OSCAR: I think I understand the queen's sorrow. It is quite palpable to me. However, even if the queen hates me, I must do my duty devotedly, for I am the commandant of the Royal Guard.

GIRODELLE: Commandant . . .

OSCAR: Major Girodelle, my trusted aide-de-camp, let us work together to guard the palace.

GIRODELLE: It's my honor. I'll do my best to help you.

OSCAR: Thank you, Girodelle.

GIRODELLE: Commandant . . .

(The two shake hands firmly.)

SCENE 7. A HALLWAY IN THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES

A hallway of the palace of Versailles with beautiful tapestries displayed. FERSEN appears, trying to be inconspicuous. He sings:

FERSEN:

Even though I know this love doesn't stand a chance
I'm worn out by love and in love with love
I want to believe you
I want love, eternal
Intense, intense love
Even though I know this love shall separate us one day
Even though I know this love shall separate us one day
(OSCAR approaches.)

OSCAR: Fersen . . .

FERSEN: Oscar . . .

OSCAR: What are you doing here, in the middle of the night? What would happen if people saw you here?

FERSEN: Oscar, laugh at me, this man who's blinded by love. I just wanted to see the queen, even if it is from afar.

OSCAR: Don't be a fool! You're a Swedish aristocrat. Don't forget your social standing!

FERSEN: Oscar . . .

OSCAR: You know what a turbulent state this country is in. And you're one of the reasons for it.

FERSEN: Now wait a minute. However blinded by love I might be, I am discreet and can tell right from wrong. Ah, the hardships I have endured . . .

OSCAR: Fersen . . . despite the hardships, your efforts were not enough. You might not have realized it, but even the king has started to notice.

FERSEN: What? The king?

OSCAR: The king is deeply considerate and mild. He says nothing in public, but the rumors have reached his ears.

FERSEN: Oscar . . .

(Sad music.)

OSCAR: Fersen, she is the queen of France. You know very well that she can't just give up her throne and come running into your arms!

FERSEN: Oscar . . .

OSCAR: Please go back to your own country! Return to Sweden immediately! It will be for the sake of her happiness.

FERSEN: I won't let you give me any orders!

OSCAR: Fersen . . .

FERSEN *(Laughing coldly)*: To try to explain this agony to you, a woman who has relinquished her femininity, would be a waste of time. . . .

OSCAR: Fersen!

FERSEN: If you knew the agony of being in love, you wouldn't be able to say such cruel things to me!

(FERSEN is angry and leaves.)

OSCAR: Fersen . . . to be rebuked by you is worse than being rebuked by anyone else. Fersen . . . Fersen . . . I also am in love. . . . it is an unrequited love . . . for you. From the moment we met, at the masquerade ball at the Opera House. . . . But . . . you had eyes only for the queen, even though you didn't know who she was. And I have loyally protected the queen as a Royal Guard from the time she was fourteen. Oh dear God, why did you bring together the three of us, born in different countries, here in France?

(OSCAR sings sadly as she crosses the silver bridge.)

OSCAR:

I'm on a pilgrimage of love

I'm on a pilgrimage of love

I'm alone, on unfamiliar terrain

I long for love, wandering aimlessly again today

Farther and farther

Through endless countries

Where is the love I long for?

What is that love I long for?

Looks may be deceiving but

Who can understand this woman's heart of mine

SCENE 8. THE GARDENS

A waterway in the gardens of the Palace of Versailles. A beautiful moon is reflected in the water, and the overpowering scent of trees in early summer envelopes the area. Seductive music. In a pretty little dreamlike boat, MARIE ANTOINETTE and FERSEN embrace.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Oh . . . I live only in the shadows of the night. Fersen, at night, I come to life. During the day, I slumber through court rituals and ceremonies. But when the night comes, at last I awaken. When the sun goes down on the horizon beyond the forest, my heart starts to beat faster and my blood starts to course. This is proof positive that I am alive in this world. . . .

FERSEN: My queen, at the masquerade ball at the Opera House, when everyone ignored me and I didn't know what to do, it was you who so kindly spoke to me. That kindness . . . it made me feel so . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I discovered something of myself in you.

FERSEN: My dear queen.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I am still Austrian. Even though eighteen years have passed, I have not yet been able to become a French woman. Even those subjects who are seemingly obedient think of me as an Austrian woman. So this heart, which I had to protect from such hostility, was moved by . . .

FERSEN: So you had not a moment of peace . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I came to France at the age of fourteen, forced into a political marriage. I believed the prince of my dreams would be waiting for me. However, I was used only to dispel the discord between the House of Hapsburg and the House of Bourbon. And they also wanted my dowry. . . . Can you imagine how miserable I was when I realized this? . . . I wasn't a human being; I was just a tool.

FERSEN: How sad . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: It was you who comforted my lonely heart. . . . Fersen . . . Don't leave me . . .

FERSEN: I won't leave you, whatever may happen! Even if we burn in hell as immoral sinners . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Oh Fersen . . .

(They sing passionately.)

FERSEN:

Love can be so sorrowful

MARIE ANTOINETTE:

Love can be so painful

TOGETHER:

Love can be such a torture

Love can be ephemeral

Love, love, love,

(While the two sing their painfully sad song, their boat silently floats through the waterway.)

[In scene 9, the orphan ROSALIE, who has been raised in OSCAR's mansion, marries the revolutionary journalist BERNARD. OSCAR and ANDRÉ gradually start to sympathize with the republican ideology of the revolutionaries, so OSCAR requests a transfer from the Royal Guard, which protects the royal family, to the French Guard, which works with the people. In scene 10, the COMTE DE MERCY, troubled by trends in public opinion, tells FERSEN to go home.]

SCENE 11. CURTAIN

In front of the curtain, the MARQUISE DE SISINA, the COMTESSE DE LAMBESQUE, and VISCOMTESSE CALONNE appear, consoling the DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE, who is upset and in tears.

MESDAMES: Madame Monzette.

(The DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE weeps.)

MARQUISE DE SISINA: Calm down . . . calm down . . .

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE: How can I possibly be calm?! Oscar has been transferred from the Royal Guard to the French Guard! The French Guard is different from the Royal Guard, which protects this palace. The French Guard is in charge of keeping the peace in France . . . to transfer to such dangerous post right now . . .

COMTESSE DE LAMBESQUE: So you say, but it's by Oscar's own wish.

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE: Is that what you think, too?

VISCOMTESSE CALONNE: That's right, indeed. It is not our place to object to her decision.

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE: And you?

MARQUISE DE SISINA: Madame la Duchesse, our brilliant Oscar must have had her reasons.

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE: Then, are you saying that Oscar has abandoned us?!

MARQUISE DE SISINA: Oh, don't say that . . .

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE: But it's true! Her resignation from the Royal Guard means that she abandoned us, the aristocracy!

COMTESSE DE LAMBESQUE: You need to worry, Madame la Duchesse. The French Guard is composed of rough commoners, different from the Royal Guard. Even our capable Oscar will find them uncontrollable, and she'll come back . . .

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE (Hysterically): You! You all say that we should wait till then?! Should we just watch with folded arms our dear, dear Oscar in danger and do nothing at all?! I won't. My Oscar . . . oh, Oscar, Oscar, wherefore art thou Oscar?

MESDAMES: Madame Monzette . . .

DUCHESSE DE MONZETTE: Oh, I'm going to faint away in such agony because I am so, sooooo worried.

SCENE 12. THE AUDIENCE ROOM

The audience room at Versailles. There is a distant view of the extensive palace gardens through the window.

FRANÇOISE: Your Majesty. Comte de Mercy has arrived.

(The KING appears with the COMTE DE PROVENCE. The COMTE DE MERCY and FERSEN appear.)

KING LOUIS XVI: Comte de Mercy. What is it?

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty. Comte de Fersen has come to greet you before his return home.

KING LOUIS XVI: What . . . ? His return?

COMTE DE MERCY: Yes, Your Majesty. Because preparations for his engagement to be married are now completed in Sweden, he has been requested to make his way back home immediately.

COMTE DE PROVENCE: What? An engagement? (Ironically.) Ha, ha, ha . . . what amusing news I hear. You're still a bachelor?

KING LOUIS XVI: You can't.

COMTE DE MERCY: Pardon?

KING LOUIS XVI: You really can't.

COMTE DE PROVENCE: My dear brother . . .

KING LOUIS XVI: Fersen, can't you possibly postpone your departure?

FERSEN: Your Majesty . . .

KING LOUIS XVI: The queen will be so sad. She is solely dependent on you. It would not be a problem if the country were at peace, but there is much turmoil now. Would you please give your support to her?

COMTE DE PROVENCE: My dear brother, you know this man and my sister-in-law are . . .

KING LOUIS XVI: What do you say? Is it not possible?

FERSEN: Your Majesty . . . Forgive me . . .

KING LOUIS XVI: Then it really isn't possible, is it?

FERSEN: It is an order from the king of Sweden . . .

KING LOUIS XVI: Yes . . . but we will miss you . . .

FERSEN: Your Majesty . . .

KING LOUIS XVI: May you be happy . . .

FERSEN: I wish Your Majesty the best of health . . . Farewell. (Leaves.)

COMTE DE PROVENCE: Brother, how can you be so friendly to him. Why did you speak to such a man? He is . . .

KING LOUIS XVI: I know.

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty . . .

KING LOUIS XVI: Don't embarrass me. Fersen is an agreeable man. Any woman would be attracted to him. . . .

CONTE DE PROVENCE: You knew and still . . . ? You and my sister-in-law are married with three children. And even though your wife is . . .

KING LOUIS XVI (*Interrupting his brother*): Oh, I've just remembered. The door of my room has been creaking since the other day. Let me fix it now. . . .

CONTE DE PROVENCE: Oh brother . . . (*Follows him.*)

(*Calm music.*)

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty . . .

(*MARIE ANTOINETTE appears.*)

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty. Did you hear what His Majesty said . . . ?

MARIE ANTOINETTE: How deeply have I sinned. . . . My king, please forgive me. . . .

Not knowing how magnanimous your heart was, I have been . . . I am . . .

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty . . .

(*LE DAUPHIN and LA DAUPHINE appear cheerfully.*)

LE DAUPHIN and LA DAUPHINE: Maman!

LE DAUPHIN: Maman, I heard that Oscar is going to Paris. She said she'll let me ride on her horse before she says good-bye. I can go, can't I?

LA DAUPHINE: I want to go with him.

(*MARIE ANTOINETTE holds her two children tightly.*)

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Comte de Mercy. From today, I will sever my ties to the past and protect this Bourbon dynasty. For the king, and for our children . . .

(*Music. Rising.*)

[*In scene 13, ANDRÉ sees FERSEN off. FERSEN lectures ANDRÉ—who is suffering from unrequited love for his lord's daughter OSCAR, who is of a higher class than he—on the nobleness of love.*]

SCENE 14. OSCAR'S SITTING ROOM

OSCAR's sitting room. OSCAR is sitting in front of a mirror and having her hair combed by her nurse.

OSCAR: You know what, nanny?

MARRON-GLACÉ: What is it?

OSCAR: They say that nowadays, it is more honorable among commoners to be called *citoyen* and *citoyenne* than to be called *monsieur* and *madame*. *Citoyen* and *citoyenne*. Those do not sound bad.

MARRON-GLACÉ: It's none of our concern, what new words are popular with commoners . . .

OSCAR: You are right. I am an aristocrat after all . . .

MARRON-GLACÉ: Yes, indeed. I brought you up as a French aristocrat, a young lady of the House of Jarjaves.

OSCAR: A lady . . .

MARRON-GLACÉ: Yes. It's already late. Good night, Lady Oscar.

(*MARRON-GLACÉ goes out of the room.*)

OSCAR: Oh Nanny, that mirror and comb I leave to you . . . if I go to Paris . . . something may happen that will force me to shed my aristocracy . . .

OSCAR: André . . . André . . . (*Shouts.*)

(*ANDRÉ comes in.*)

ANDRÉ: What's wrong at this time of night . . . ?

(*OSCAR walks toward the window.*)

OSCAR: Oh André. How beautiful these stars are. They are shining as if they are unaware of human despair and the sorrows of this world. Our earthly problems are tiny when seen from the vastness of the universe.

ANDRÉ: When you were a child, you used to say that a glass carriage filled with happiness would come to fetch you from the Milky Way. . . .

OSCAR: What was my happiness . . . ?

ANDRÉ: Oscar . . .

OSCAR: André, I didn't make wrong choices in life, did I?

ANDRÉ: This is not like you. Something is wrong with you tonight . . .

OSCAR: André, I must thank you.

ANDRÉ: Why do you act so formal all of a sudden?

OSCAR: It's not as if I didn't know how you felt about me.

ANDRÉ (*In amazement*): Oscar.

OSCAR: . . . Do you like me?

ANDRÉ (*Camouflaging*): Why are you going into this now? . . .

OSCAR: Be honest with me.

ANDRÉ: . . . I like you . . .

OSCAR: Do you love me?

ANDRÉ: Yes, I love you.

OSCAR: My existence is next to nothing compared with the giant wheels of history. See, I let myself get away with such emotional dependence.

ANDRÉ: Oscar . . .

OSCAR: Yet . . . do you still love me? Will you vow to love me for as long as you live?

ANDRÉ: Do you want me to swear a thousand times, ten thousand times? Do you dare make me utter these words and stake my life on them? I love you! Of course I love you . . .

OSCAR: André, hold me!

ANDRÉ: Oscar . . .

OSCAR: Just this one night I want to be the wife of André Grandier . . .

ANDRÉ: Oscar . . .

OSCAR: I want to be called the wife of André Grandier, to be the wife of the one who carried a torch for me for more than a decade . . .

ANDRÉ (*Hugs OSCAR tightly*): I am . . . I'm so glad to have lived to see this day . . .
(*They hug each other tightly and sing an anthem to love.*)

ANDRÉ:
Love can be so sweet

OSCAR:
Love can be so strong

TOGETHER:
Love can be so precious
Love can be so sublime
Love, Love, Love
(*Music. Rising.*)

SCENE 15. CURTAIN

Music. Uneasy and apprehensive. BERNARD appears in a state of nervous excitement.

BERNARD (*Shouts*): Rosalie . . . Rosalie . . .

ROSALIE (*Appears*): Yes, my dear . . .

BERNARD: Go to Versailles immediately.

ROSALIE: To Versailles?

BERNARD: You must tell Oscar not to come to Paris.

ROSALIE: Lady Oscar is coming to Paris?

BERNARD: Yes. It seems that Oscar had requested a transfer from the Royal Guard to the French Guard and has been appointed their commander.

ROSALIE: Oh no . . . the Royal Guard guards the palace, but the French Guard is different because they are the peacekeeping troops of France. What was she thinking to transfer at such a time?

BERNARD: Well at last, the French Guard has received its marching orders but there's going to be trouble. Fed up with troops trying to oppress us with brute force, the citizens are arming themselves and gathering to take a stand. This can't possibly end in peace. So the French Guard led by Oscar will be the first line of attack. Oscar's life is at risk. You must go and stop Oscar.

ROSALIE: But . . . but . . . I can't!

BERNARD: Do you want to let her die?!

ROSALIE: No! But given who and what she is, how she must have suffered and agonized over this. . . .

BERNARD: Rosalie . . .

ROSALIE: Darling, if there was ever an end worthy of her extraordinary life, I think there's no other way than to let her do what she believes. Please, darling, let her go where her heart leads her.

BERNARD: Rosalie . . .

ROSALIE: This is . . . this is for her sake . . .

(*Suddenly, gunshots resound in the distance.*)

BERNARD: Oh, those gunshots can only mean . . .

ROSALIE: Darling . . .

BERNARD: Dash it . . . too late . . . Rosalie . . . we must go . . .

ROSALIE: Yes!

(*They leave in a hurry. Music, rising with apprehension and uneasiness.*)

SCENE 16. THE CITY CENTER OF PARIS

A bridge in the city center. ANDRÉ is pushing back many soldiers of the FRENCH GUARD.

ANDRÉ: Everyone, wait! We must not act recklessly without an order from our commandant! Didn't we promise? The French Guard in disarray will sow seeds of trouble for the future. A little more patience. Don't move until our commandant comes back!

(*A gunshot nearby.*)

GENERAL DE BOUILLE: You troops! What are you all doing here?! Start the attack now!

ANDRÉ: General de Bouille! We are waiting for the order from our commandant!

GENERAL DE BOUILLE: No need to wait for orders from the likes of Oscar! The battle has begun! I am in charge of the French Guard! I will give the orders!

(*OSCAR appears.*)

OSCAR: Please wait! General de Bouille!

THE GUARDS: Commandant.

OSCAR: Even if you would give the order, General, I, Oscar, am the commandant of the French Guard, and I will not make my soldiers attack!

GENERAL DE BOUILLE: Silence! This is no time to argue with you, a mere woman!

OSCAR: Women have the right to live and the right to make themselves heard!

GENERAL DE BOUILLE: Such impertinence. Do as you please, then! There are plenty of soldiers even without your guards! You'll be sorry for this later . . .

OSCAR (*Taking out her sword and pointing it at GENERAL DE BOUILLE*): My fellow soldiers! Just as the United States of America won independence from England with its own hands, now we, the people of France, under the banner of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, have bravely arisen. Don't move! From this moment, I renounce my title of comtesse and forfeit all that comes with it!

THE GUARDS: Commandant!

GENERAL DE BOUILLE: You, how dare you . . .

OSCAR: Silence! If you want to live, close your mouth and listen quietly! Well, my fellow soldiers, make your choice. Will you remain pawns of the king and the aristocrats and point your guns at your own people? Or will you, as free citizens, join the people in this glorious struggle?

THE GUARDS: Commandant . . . we will follow you! Our commandant!

GENERAL DE BOUILLE: You . . . You'll pay for this . . . Come. (*Leaves.*)

(*The sound of gunshots.*)

OSCAR: My brave soldiers. Let us join the people and fight for our homeland. May the exploits of the French Guard live on in history, passed down from generation to generation, for as long as men live!

THE GUARDS: Hurrah!

OSCAR: Load your guns!

THE GUARDS: Yes, sir!

THE PEOPLE: Let us join for the fight! Rahh!

(*THE GUARDS leave in high spirits.*)

OSCAR: André.

ANDRÉ: You were very brave to make up your mind . . .

OSCAR: André! When this battle is over, it will be time for our wedding . . .

ANDRÉ: Oscar . . .

OSCAR: For France . . . let us fight splendidly.

(*Gunshots resound nearby. ANDRÉ leaves.*)

OSCAR: Please forgive me, my queen. Oscar has finally betrayed you, despite the profound confidence you had in me. . . . Father, please forgive Oscar's disobedience . . . but someone needs to protect the weak citizens. . . . Farewell to all these yokes of the past . . . Farewell to my youth, never to return . . .

(*BERNARD and ROSALIE hasten in.*)

BERNARD: Oscar . . .

ROSALIE: Mademoiselle Oscar!

OSCAR: Bernard, things are as you have heard . . .

BERNARD: Thank you. How . . . how . . .

OSCAR: We shall unite to restore France to its former glory!

ROSALIE: Mademoiselle Oscar. I cannot tell how much the citizens were encouraged by you. . . .

OSCAR: Rosalie. The army is tough! Are you ready . . . ?

ROSALIE: Yes, I am.

(*Suddenly. A bullet hits the bridge girder. OSCAR and others lie down. ANDRÉ returns.*)

ANDRÉ: Oscar . . . Oscar . . .

(*The sound of gunshots nearby. The citizens run about trying to escape.*)

OSCAR: André . . .

ANDRÉ: Don't come, stay away. The enemy is near. (*A bullet strikes him.*)

OSCAR: André . . .

ANDRÉ: Oscar . . . you must live . . .

OSCAR: André!

ANDRÉ: Just take good care of your life. (*Three shots, and he falls down.*)

OSCAR (*Screams*): André.

(*BERNARD stops OSCAR from running to ANDRÉ.*)

ANDRÉ: Oscar . . . Oscar! Where are you?

OSCAR: André!

ANDRÉ: Oscar . . . waving blonde hair . . . blue eyes . . . and looking like the wings of Pegasus . . . makes my heart flutter.

(*ANDRÉ dies in a flood of bullets, his body riddled with holes like honeycomb.*)

OSCAR: Let me go! Let me go! André!

ANDRÉ: Os . . . car.

OSCAR (*Shaking off BERNARD*): André . . .

(*Music. Strongly. Blackout, except for OSCAR.*)

OSCAR (*Forsaking her grief, stands up resolutely*): *Citoyens!* We must not let his death be in vain! We will fight till the end. For Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity . . .

Citoyens! Let us attack the Bastille first and show our force! *Citoyens!* Forward! (*Almost shrieking.*)

SCENE 17. THE BASTILLE

The set is arranged with the famous painting, The Taking of the Bastille. The French Guard. A dance number representing the attack by the people. A merciless bullet hits OSCAR.

ROSALIE: Lady Oscar!

OSCAR: André . . . lend me your hands. The suffering you've borne, I will try to bear it too . . . André . . . André . . . Are you no longer here?

(*A white flag rises in the backstage set.*)

ROSALIE: Mademoiselle Oscar!

BERNARD: Oscar . . . a white flag flies over the Bastille.

OSCAR: Has it fallen at last . . . France . . . Vive la France.

ROSALIE: Noooooooh! Mademoiselle Oscar! (*Cries.*)

(*People are rejoicing at a distance: The Bastille has been taken! In hearing that, OSCAR breathes her last. Music. Rising.*)

[*In scene 18, FERSEN, who is confined in Sweden, receives word of the French Revolution and learns of OSCAR's and ANDRÉ's deaths from GIRODELLE. In scene 19, those who consider FERSEN's attempt to rescue the French royal family to be against Sweden's national interest work against him. In scene 20, FERSEN pleads to his king for permission to leave the country because he is willing to risk his life for love. He is granted permission.*]

PART II

[Scene 1 is the prologue. In scene 2, the courtiers abandon the royal family. In scene 3, MARIE ANTOINETTE declares to the people that she will take responsibility as the queen of France. She leaves the palace of Versailles. In scene 4, FERSEN asks Austria, MARIE ANTOINETTE's homeland, for help but is refused. From scene 5 onward, MARIE ANTOINETTE discovers that she does have ties to her family, but then LOUIS XVI is called to stand trial. MARIE ANTOINETTE's aria is featured in scene 6. (Scene 7 is missing in the book.) In scenes 8 and 9, FERSEN crosses borders as he makes his way to France.]

SCENE 10. PRISON

In the prison of the gloomy *concergerie*. The bells of Notre Dame toll desolately nearby. Alone in the prison, MARIE ANTOINETTE combs her hair. The door opens with a heavy sound and ROSALIE comes in.

ROSALIE: Your Majesty . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Rosalie . . .

ROSALIE: I brought your dinner . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Oh, it's already night . . . It's hard to tell morning from evening in this dimly lit prison . . .

(ROSALIE cries.)

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Please don't cry.

ROSALIE: Your Majesty . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Rosalie. You will be punished if you say "Your Majesty." Call me female convict 280 or Widow Capet.

ROSALIE: No, I won't. To me, you will always be my queen.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: But that puts you in a difficult situation. And think of how it may affect your husband . . . it's already hard for you to tend to me like this . . .

ROSALIE: Your Majesty . . . this is my husband, Bernard.

(BERNARD appears.)

BERNARD: Widow Capet.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Rosalie has been very kind to me.

BERNARD: Not at all. She does what she must do as the warden of this prison.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: . . . Bernard . . . my turn has come, has it not?

BERNARD: Widow Capet.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Be frank. I know it well. I hear Death's footsteps close by.

BERNARD: Please forgive me. I am powerless. . . . At least, will you please accept your end with the royal dignity . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I understand. I left Versailles with that resolution.

ROSALIE: Please. Partake of some food . . .

(MARIE ANTOINETTE shakes her head.)

ROSALIE: You must. You did not eat yesterday, and neither did you eat the day before yesterday. Your body will . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I will be summoned by God soon. At this stage, why should I make an effort to live?

BERNARD: Your Majesty . . . please at least try the soup. Rosalie made it for you with all her heart.

ROSALIE: Your Majesty . . . at least a sip.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Thank you, Rosalie . . .

BERNARD: Please, Your Majesty.

MARIE ANTOINETTE (Takes a sip): Thank you. I can tell this soup was prepared with the warmth of your heart. I am truly blessed till the very end . . .

BERNARD: . . . Widow Capet. The last visitor is here . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Who is it? Who could possibly want to meet a prisoner condemned to die?

(The COMTE DE MERCY comes in when BERNARD and ROSALIE go out.)

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Comte de Mercy. You shouldn't be here. . . . If you are seen here, you will be punished.

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I want you, at least, to stay alive . . .

COMTE DE MERCY: I came to return this to you. (Takes out the doll Stephan.)

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Stephan . . . (Hugs it dearly.)

COMTE DE MERCY: When you came for your marriage from Vienna to Versailles, I took this doll away from you in hopes that you would become an adult as soon as possible . . . but because you grew up . . . Your Majesty . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: This doll was me. . . . And I was just a doll myself, my whole life.

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I was scolded by you often. Such a naughty girl I was. . . .

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty . . . please take good care of Stephan from now on . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Thank you. I will talk to this doll as I used to in the past . . . but for how long will that be?

COMTE DE MERCY: Your Majesty . . . (Tries to kiss the hem of her dress.)

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Comte de Mercy (Avoiding him), it is time to say good-bye. I am glad I was able to see you in the end . . . please take good care of yourself . . .

COMTE DE MERCY (Unbearably): Your Majesty . . . (Leaves.)

(Music. Calm.)

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Everything is over. . . . This is . . . this is all . . . well, my last bit of work is to die with dignity . . .

(FERSEN appears, enveloped in a black mantle.)

FERSEN: My Queen . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Fersen . . . Fersen . . . Why? . . . Who let you in here . . . ?

FERSEN: I cannot tell you, for the person will be endangered by doing so . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Am I . . . am I dreaming . . . ?

FERSEN: No. This is not a dream. I have come to save you, Your Majesty . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Fersen . . .

FERSEN: Your Majesty. Everything has been arranged. I, Fersen, promise to guide you outside the country.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Thank you, Fersen . . . even at the risk of your own life.

FERSEN: Your Majesty . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I am touched, really, to know that there was still a person who cared about me so deeply . . .

FERSEN: Please. Your Majesty . . . the sooner the better.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Now . . . now I can die in peace . . .

FERSEN: Your Majesty . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Please forgive me . . . since I will not obey you . . . Fersen . . . I am the queen of France. My mother has once told me to not be Austrian but to become a splendid Frenchwoman . . . I want to honor her words until my last moment. Fersen . . . I am the queen of France, the widow of the king, and a mother of the little dauphin. My dauphin and dauphine, where are they, and how are they doing? . . . I cannot possibly abandon my poor children and escape. I am the queen, but at the same time I am a mother, a very ordinary mother. How can I possibly escape and leave them . . . ?

FERSEN: You are . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Fersen. Please. Let me die, at least on the soil of France where my children are . . .

FERSEN: No! I cannot forsake the person for whom I risked my life!

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Fersen. We have endured so much until this day, have we not . . . ?

FERSEN: Your Majesty . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I beg you. If you still love me, then please let me end my life with dignity as the queen of France. That will be the last proof of your love for me . . .

FERSEN: My queen . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE (*Strongly embrace each other*): Fersen . . . Thank you . . . thank you . . . (*Puts the doll in his hands.*)

(*Heavy sound of the door opening.*)

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Oh no . . . someone is coming . . . (*They separate.*)

(*FERSEN hides. BERNARD appears with a surveillance soldier.*)

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Bernard . . . thank you for your trouble . . .

BERNARD: Widow Capet . . .

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I know. Don't say anything more . . . now . . . Shall we go? . . .

BERNARD: Let me accompany you . . .

(*MARIE ANTOINETTE is about to leave. FERSEN loses his self-restraint and steps out.*)

MARIE ANTOINETTE (*Speaking to BERNARD, even though her words of farewell seem to be directed to FERSEN*): Bernard! I am deeply grateful for your kindness because till the very end I will be able to be as dignified as the queen of France ought to be, just like a red rose blooming in Versailles.

BERNARD: Widow Capet!

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Yes . . .

(*MARIE ANTOINETTE leaves for the execution ground.*)

FERSEN: Your Majesty . . . (*Tries to run after her.*)

ROSALIE (*Appears and stops him*): No, you mustn't! I beg you . . .

FERSEN: Let me go! Rosalie . . .

ROSALIE: Please let Her Majesty go. Please do not cast a shadow on her smile. For that is the end of the queen of France . . .

(*The people's cheers in the distance. ROSALIE bursts into tears and leaves.*)

FERSEN: My queen . . .

(*As if he wishes to have MARIE ANTOINETTE hear his song, FERSEN sings while weeping.*)

FERSEN:

Love can be so sorrowful,

Love can be so painful,

Love can be so torturous,

Love can be ephemeral

(*The silk gauze in the prison becomes transparent.*)

FERSEN and MARIE ANTOINETTE:

Love, Love, Love

(*MARIE ANTOINETTE slowly climbs up the steps to the guillotine.*)

SCENE 11. THE GUILLOTINE

The guillotine makes use of the grand staircase.

FERSEN: My queen . . . you will live in my heart forever. Forever like the red roses that bloom in Versailles . . .

(*Ascending, MARIE ANTOINETTE pauses midway and turns around.*)

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Adieu, Versailles . . . Adieu, Paris . . . Adieu . . . France . . .

(*MARIE ANTOINETTE disappears as she ascends the staircase. Shouts of joy from the crowd.*)

FERSEN: My queen!

(*With this desperate cry, FERSEN sinks below the floor on the trapdoor lift. Music rising.*)

BACKSTAGE CHORUS:

Love can be sorrowful

Love can be painful

Love can be tortuous
Love can be ephemeral
Ahhh ... Ahhh ...
Ahhh ... Ahhh ...
Ahhh ...

(In an instant, the grand staircase turns into the stage of the spectacular finale.)

[It is customary in Takarazuka musicals to have variously costumed and choreographed dance finales that are not necessarily connected with the story of the play. At the very last comes the Grand Finale, in which main characters in the play appear and sing in gorgeously decorated costumes.]

Scene 12. Finale A (Rockets)

Scene 13. Finale B (Tango of Roses)

Scene 14. Finale C (Bolero)

Scene 15. Finale D]

SCENE 16. GRAND FINALE

MARIE ANTOINETTE:

A seed born
On the banks of the blue Danube
The memory of a beautiful rose
Blooming on the banks of the Seine
Forever and ever
Unchanging
Like humans who are mortal
Even flowers will die some day
Like humans who must say farewell
Even flowers will die some day

LE DAUPHIN and LA DAUPHINE

Showing loose wisps of hair
waving in the morning wind,
The valiant figure vanishes in the distance
Hiding the shadows of a hidden sorrow

DOUBLE TRIO CHORUS:

Ahh ...
Ahh ...
Ahh ...
Ahh ...

ROSALIE and SOFIA:

To love and care for someone unforgettable
The beautiful white vision
Oscar, Oscar
Are you the white rose of our hearts

Ahh ...
Ahh ...
Ahh ...
Ahh ...

OSCAR:

Where is the love I long for
What is the love I want
Looks may be deceiving but
Who can understand
this woman's heart of mine

Ahh ...
Ahh ...
Ahh ...
Ahh ...
Ahh ...

ANDRÉ:

Streaming blonde hair
The figure with the blue eyes
Looking like the wings of Pegasus
Makes my heart flutter
Ahh, unforgettable you
I call to the heavens and you answer me not

FERSEN:

How could I, how could I
Possibly forget her
She was, she was
Like a rose

ALL

Love can be so sweet.
Love can be so strong,
Love can be precious,
Love can be sublime,
Love, Love, Love
Ah, because of love,
There is joy in life,
Ah, because of love,
The world is one,
That is why people are so beautiful

DOUBLE TRIO CHORUS:

Sweet
Strong
Ahhh ... precious
Ahhh ... grand

Ahhh ...
Ahhh ...
Ahhh ...
Ahhh ...
Ahhh ...

CURTAIN