

MARGUERITE

Mes amis— Thank you for sharing with me my last performance at The Comedie Francaise. And thank you to Citizen Chauvelin, who has so graciously allowed our theatre to remain open this spring. But now, I share with you *my own* storybook ending. Six weeks ago I met a tall and handsome “*prince*,” and tonight he sweeps me away to England to be married. Sir Percival Blakeney! He is handsome, yes? Oh, I shall miss you all very much, but in my heart, how could I ever leave Paris?

(MARGUERITE resumes singing.)

MARGUERITE & CUPIDS:

ET SUR MON MANÈGE, L'AMOUR TOUJOURS EST CHANTANT.
DE MES RÊVES, C'EST LE COMMENCEMENT.
ET J'ESPÈRE UNE FIN HEUREUSE.
MAIS LA FIN DE L'HISTOIRE NE VIENT PAS TRÈS DOUCEMENT,
POUR L'HISTOIRE IL FAUT FAIRE SEMBLANT.
CERTES JE N'EMBRASSE QUE MES RÊVES, SEULS MES RÊVES!

No. 2aCHAUVELIN'S REVENGE

(orchestra)

*(CHAUVELIN enters with his aides, MERCIER and COUPEAU.
More soldiers enter as CHAUVELIN addresses the audience.)*

START

CHAUVELIN

Citizens! By order of The Revolutionary Tribunal, this theatre is now declared closed due to exhibition of sentiments recalling The Old regime and non-compliance with Republican ideals, closure effective as of this moment.

(The dancers exit slowly in confusion. MARGUERITE crosses to CHAUVELIN.)

SCENE TWO
Backstage Comedie Francaise

MARGUERITE

How could you *do* this?

CHAUVELIN

Order of Citizen Robespierre.

MARGUERITE

Before the end of a performance! And on my *last night*.

CHAUVELIN

Ah, well, you see, I did not know this was to be your last night, Marguerite. You failed to inform me of your impending...*nuptials*.

MARGUERITE

You knew perfectly well I planned to marry.

CHAUVELIN

But this *soon*, my dear? And, quite frankly, I never thought you'd be one to turn your back on your homeland. May I offer my congratulations and inquire if you indeed have approved papers to leave France?

MARGUERITE

Stop it, Chauvelin.

(MARIE enters, followed by ARMAND.)

CHAUVELIN

I believe you and I also have a piece of....unfinished business?

MARGUERITE

Marie-.. could you tell my brother I will be with him shortly?

CHAUVELIN

Wasn't there something you were going to deliver me, lest I throw a wrench into this sudden romance of yours?

MARGUERITE

Wait here.

(MARGUERITE exits.)

CUT TO NEXT PAGE

MERCIER
Citizen Chauvelin! Subversives in the alleyway!

(On a signal from CHAVUELIN, MERCIER, COUPEAU and the soldiers exit. ARMAND follows.)

PERCY
On with you then! Save that flag! Le jour de gloire and all that!

TUSSAUD
Kind, sir- I have the misfortune to love an outspoken woman in outlandish times.

PERCY
Then you and I have much in common. But I assure you, sir, there's no fire. You must leave quickly – before they return.

TUSSAUD
We thank you for your help. Come, Marie.

(MARIE and TUSSAUD exit, followed by PERCY as MARGUERITE enters carrying a sealed note.)

PICK UP HERE

MARGUERITE
Chauvelin- you promise me the Marquis and his family will only be *deported*? No harm will come to them?

CHAUVELIN
No.

(MARGUERITE hands the note to CHAUVELIN.)

MARGUERITE
I wish... never to see you again.

CHAUVELIN
Alas, I cannot return your sentiments, as I *do*... wish to see *you* again.

(ARMAND enters.)

ARMAND
Marguerite- Percy's hired us a lovely carriage and the bags are all packed.

(Percy enters.)

PERCY
Now perhaps you should change costumes, m'dear? Well, you *could* travel like that, but it might distract the horses.

MARGUERITE

Oh, Percy, this... is Citizen Chauvelin. My fiancé, Percival Blakeney. *(Music out.)*

PERCY

Another *citizen*. Yes, demme, you're all citizens these days, aren't you. Fascinating, what?

CHAUVELIN

Even more fascinating that you have so quickly managed to persuade Mademoiselle St. Just and her brother to forsake their homeland. No doubt it is painful for them to leave while cries for freedom still fill the French air.

PERCY

Even more painful to *stay* while *innocent* blood still fills the French gutters.

(PERCY, MARGUERITE, and ARMAND exit, leaving CHAUVELIN alone, as the scene changes around him.)

END

No. 3

MADAME GUILLOTINE (Chauvelin, St.Cyr & ensemble)

Chauv:

I KNOW THE GUTTER
AND I KNOW THE STINK OF THE STREET.
KICKED LIKE A DOG,
I HAVE SPAT OUT THE BILE OF DEFEAT.
ALL YOU BEAUTIES WHO TOWERED ABOVE ME,
YOU WHO GAVE ME THE SMACK OF YOUR ROD-
NOW I GIVE YOU THE GUTTER,
I GIVE YOU THE JUDGEMENT OF GOD!

(A guillotine is revealed.)

VENGEANCE VICTORIOUS!
THESE ARE THE GLORIOUS DAYS!
WOMEN OF PARIS,
COME GATHER YOUR BLOODY BOUQUETS.
NOW GAZE ON OUR GODDESS OF JUSTICE
WITH HER SHIMMERING, GLIMMERING BLADE.
AS SHE KISSES THESE TRAITORS,
SHE SINGS THEM A LAST SERENADE!

(Prisoners are revealed being led from the prison through the mob.)

MARGUERITE

Blackmail again, Chauvelin? Go ahead. Tell my husband about our "*liaison*."
Believe me, what he feels for me today will never change, no matter what you do!

(PERCY enters.)

PERCY

Marguerite? It seems that tomorrow Marie will be leaving us...
(seeing CHAUVELIN)
but lovely to see that.. others.. join us.

START

MARGUERITE

Percy, you remember Citizen Chauvelin- from Paris?

PERCY

How do. Indeed- the *Citizen*! Oh, but that *name*. Citizen Sh- uh-.. Shew-.. Forgive me- Have a bit of trouble with the French language, I do. Spell the name for me, will you?

CHAUVELIN

C-H-A-U-

PERCY

C-H-U- yes- Chew- Ah-choo! Yes?

CHAUVELIN

No, no- Show- Show- A-U-V-

PERCY

Ah, Sho-Sho! Like a little dog name! Got it, yes- and V-?

CHAUVELIN

Yes, V- E - No- only *one* Show- just *one*- Show! V-E-L-

PERCY

One-Sho-Sho- yes, then V-

CHAUVELIN

One Show! Then V! E! L!

PERCY

Ah, Vel! So - Chew-One-Sho-Sho-Vel!

CHAUVELIN

What?!

PERCY

What?!

MARGUERITE

Honestly, Percy. *Chauvelin*. C-H-A-U-V-E-L-I-N.

PERCY

Ah yes- *Shove-Lynn*! That's a stunning name! Won't you come in and have a sip of tea with us then, Monsieur Shovelynn? Bit sticky out here, isn't it?

MARGUERITE

He was just leaving.

END

PERCY

Oh, blast. And me yearning to discuss a bit of Paris fashion. Tell me, is it true you're no longer wearing lace on your jabots?

CHAUVELIN

We have little time or use for lace in Paris these days, Sir Percival.

PERCY

Sink me! Makes a man fear for the future- Oh, it do, don't it? No lace at all? Oh good God!

CHAUVELIN

How reassuring, Marguerite, to see you've married a man of such discerning values. And now I'll take my leave of you.

(As CHAUVELIN kisses Marguerite's hand, PERCY crosses in behind him.)

PERCY

But you'll be staying on in England, I do so hope. Small *holiday* for you, is it?

MARGUERITE

I'm sure Citizen Chauvelin returns to France immediately. He has *no* reason to remain here.

CHAUVELIN

Actually-

(CHAUVELIN turns, almost colliding with PERCY.)

PERCY

Oh! Give *warning* before you heave about - You *frightened* me. It's.... all that black so close up. You wear black rather incessantly, do you? No, no, I *love* black. Just not on *me*. But you were saying?

CHAUVELIN

I'll be in England one week, Sir Percy. Actually, I've been invited to attend a royal ball. The-

61 62 63 [To 75]

Chauvelin: "Follow them all! Find out who is the Scarlet Pimpernel!!"

(Marching men)

cresc. (Hns) p cresc. molto

(+Cl/Ob/Fl 8va)

poco rit.

(+Sn. Dr)

START

75 A tempo [Grappin exits.] 76

These are the days. Yes! Days of glo-ry! days of rage! and the dream... And the dream of Par-is

(Tpt1-2/Hns) (+Snare Dr) (Tpt1-2) (Hns)

(Ob/Cl) (Fl 8va)

(Str)

(Vcl/Bs) (Tbns)

77 78

preys on my bones, Gnaw-ing night and day Claw-ing through my brain, and

(Tpt1-2/Hns) (Snare Drum)

79

80 81

No! Nev-er yield! Nev-er bend! Rend him to bits! Bite! Now the beau-ty of the fight! Go! I am not a man to

(+Snare Dr) (Brs) (+Fl 8va)

(Str) (+Ob/Cl)

(Vc/Bs/Timp)

82

83

Hun-ger for blood, but the spir-it can cry To be young-er and fierc-er and fly, Pierc-ing in - to the

(Tpt1-2) (+Fl)

(+Sus Cym)

rit. molto rall.

84

Tempo I°

85 86

sky, and high-er! And the strong will thrive! Yes, the weak will cow-er, While the

(Fl Tpt)

ff (Vns/Vla Sob)

(Ob/Cl Sob)

f

87 *3* *3* *3* 88 89 *3*

fit-test. will sur-vive. If we wait for the dark - est hour,— 'Til we spring a-live, Then with

(Ob/Cl 8vb)

90 *3* 91

claws of fire,— We de - vour— like a fal - con in the

rit. *fp*

(Timp)

92 93 94

dive!

(Ob/Cl 8vb)
(+Chinese Cymbal)

(Fl)

(Ch. cym)

END

(Tpt1-2) *fp* (Hns/Tpts)

(Str) *tr*

mp

fp (Cl/Ob 8va) *ff*

(Vcl/Bs/Timp)
(Tbns)

Applause Segue