

OFF WITH HER HEAD

By

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The Salacious Pamphlets Against Marie Anoinette

WGA (West)

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OFF WITH HER HEAD

(Draft #3 - changes made. Two additional scenes added: Asylum, and Mass Grave))

Written & Directed by Camelia R. Finley.

The Salacious Pamphlets About Marie Antoinette.

An Absurdist comedy & tragedy in two acts.

Suddenly man is himself faced with a universe that is frightening and illogical - in a word 'absurd'. All assurance of hope, all explanations of ultimate meaning have suddenly been unmasked as nonsensical illusions, empty chatter, whistling in the dark. The whole world presents an obscure babble of voices in an un-understandable language. Everything seems to turn in nightmare and horror.

The Theatre of Absurd attacks the comfortable certainties of religious or political orthodox. It aims to shock its audience out of complacency, to bring it face to face with the hard facts of human situation as the writer sees. It is a challenge to accept the human condition as it is, in all its mystery and absurdity, and to bear it with dignity and responsibly, precisely because there are no easy solutions to the mystery of existence. The shedding of easy solutions, of comforting illusions may be painful but it leaves behind it a sense of freedom and relief. In the last resort, Theatre of Absurd does not provoke tears of despair but the laughter of liberation.

- Martin Esslin

In conjunction with the French theatre movement: The Grand Guignol.

The audacity to depict a milieu on stage, that of vagrants, street kids, prostitutes, criminals, street loafers, and con artists, moreover for allowing those characters to express themselves in their own language. Insanity is the Grand-Guignolesque theme par excellence.

Fear of 'the other' appears in the Grand-Guignol in countless variations: fear of the proletariat, fear of the unknown, fear of the foreign, fear of contagion, blood spilled, sperm ejaculated, and sweat dripped there.

What carries the Grand-Guignol to its highest level is where the boundaries and thresholds are crossed: the states of consciousness altered by drugs or hypnosis. Loss of consciousness, loss of control, panic: themes with which the theater's audience could easily identify. When Grand-Guignol's playwrights express an interest in the guillotine, what fascinates them most are the last convulsions played out on the decapitated face. What if the head continued to think without the body? The passage from one state to another is the crux of the genre.

The cleaning staff of past Grand Guignol plays would often find the seats stained with both excrement and ejaculation.

- Translated from the French by Deborah Treisman

Characters

WRITERS/THE GOD/MARIE ANTOINETTE: He is a willing participant in what we know as life. He represents the gossip of the modern world, which tends to rule our perceptions of each other, and can lead to injustice. As himself, a god, he is all knowing but stoic. Daring us as the audience, to consider the possibility that we are all a god. As Marie, she is clever, quick witted, enchanted by experience, somewhat innocent but unshakable. Demanding and capricious. She is unaware she has come to this moment from another dimension. As the writers, he encapsulates how we all participate in a social media situation, often times the gossip or rumor we spread can be devastating, and can be profit bearing or used against women, most violently.

MONSTER: He is dressed as a horrific creature, crazy hair, and a terrible smile. He wears a ripped trench coat, but handsome pants and shoes. No shirt. He holds a lantern, marking time across the stage. He is action, mystic, dangerous, brave. He can represent the madness of humanity, the madness of this reality, the terrible witness to mortality. He is the guardian and reflection of the power within us all. He wakes the sleep.

THE SCRIBE: He acts as the herald of new pamphlets. He is positioned to be of service to Marie and deliver to her information. He is dressed in the period of 1790's, with powdered wig and smart jacket. He always carries the rolled parchment.

ROSE BERTIN: Rose was the dress maker for Marie Antoinette. Creating fantastic dresses that rivaled all dresses in European nobility. Rose was the Valentino of the time. Here

she plays the dry lady of fabric. An artist and a slave. Her entire life revolves around the dresses, wigs, and accessories of Marie.

DONKEY, SHEEP, ROOSTER, JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, HUNTERS, THE WIGGEST, LESBIANS, LOVERS, PRIESTS, SABIAN, THE POPE, MOTHER, MYSTICAL ANIMALS: At least three. These actors/actresses, as individuals, and in groups, represent the masculine/fierce feminine nature of the pamphlets. Allowing themselves to create moments of machismo/feminismo, sexuality, bestiality, and raw nature. They will perform many pieces in the play, often changing quickly from unicorn to priest, from orgy domination to animal submission.

STRIPPER AS MARIE: She is Marie Antoinette in a reversed role, representing the molester mother in dance.

BLIND POVERTY: He is bereft. Skinny as a starved dog. His voice expresses the words and the body language of the most suppressed and repressed in "civilization." Dressed in rags, old, dirty, but educated by the falling shit from above, he teaches a most moral tale, mans inhumanity to man.

EXECUTIONER: French speaking, the voice of the 1790's French revolution, he comes dressed in a black butcher apron, gas mask, and gloves. He drags Marie to the guillotine. A grim reaper. He also speaks as Perseus, killer of Medusa.

BOXING GIRL: She announces each vignette, the same representative as in a boxing ring between fighters. The audience may experience her as the sickening change between each round of battle. She helps us understand the pamphlets as a sparing with contests for the winning belt. What's more she exposes how women's bodies are used as instruments, and yet the woman's sexuality is hers to use.

ACT ISCENE 1: The Writers

Curtain.

Downstage is lit with a sickening light, dusty and dirty in essence.

The upstage is only very slightly viewable, dressed with one simple single bed, a side table, and a wooden chair.

In a half circle behind the bed, 11 costumes sit on mannequin dress forms. Every dress a different color and shape. Wigs, hats and accessories sit atop or near the forms.

A boxing girl enters.

She is dressed in tiny black shorts, boxing boots, a half t-shirt, big hair, lots of make up. Big smile.

Holding a sign above her head which reads THE WRITERS, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The sound of a large audience jeering and cheering erupts and descends.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He carries in a baby backpack on his front with 13 pamphlets of parchment, in every color sticking out. He pulls out a beige parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

SCRIBE

In 1785 a notorious group of writers began printing pamphlets of rumor. Mostly French, but made up of some Germans and Englishmen, they worked out of printing shops on Grub Street in London, England. They would deliver the pamphlets by carriage and boat to Paris. Oftentimes these pamphlets were lucrative in nature as the royals would pay off the writers to discourage the publication. Rival members of court would, in fact, pay the writers to print the pamphlets. The work most prolific was politically pornographic. These writers became both rich and helped in the speedy death of the Queen. And yet, without them there might not have been the fall of the monarchy and the start of the peoples revolution. You be the judge.

The scribe bows to audience and exits.

We hear a funny sound first from backstage. It gets closer and closer to the stage side right. Finally a spotlight finds the beginning of grocery cart being pushed by a nearly naked man to center stage.

He slowly pushes the grocery cart, which has a broken wheel to the very front of the stage near the audience. The hideous sound of the grocery cart finally stops.

The front of the cart has a large sign on it that reads, GRUB STREET.

The cart is full of male faces. Masks of all sorts of men.

The driver of this cart, THE WRITER, is a white male, unkempt, dressed only in tighty whities, which hang stretched and grayed around his waist. He is barefoot.

He looks into the audience, and then reaches into the grocery cart pulling out a mask. He places it over his head.

INCEST WRITER

I am the writer of the pamphlet of Incest. I am from France. I did it for revenge.

THE WRITER reaches into the grocery cart pulling out a mask. He places it over the first.

BESTIALITY WRITER

I am the writer of the pamphlet Bestiality. I am from France. I did it for the cause.

THE WRITER reaches into the grocery cart pulling out another paper mask. He places it over the second.

LESBIANSIM WRITER

I am the writer of the pamphlet of the lesbian affair. I am from England. I did it for the pay off.

THE WRITER reaches into the grocery cart pulling out another paper mask. He places it over the third.

WIG WRITER

I am the writer of the wig pamphlet. I am from London.
I did it for a laugh.

THE WRITER reaches into the grocery cart pulling out another mask. He places it over the fourth.

His face of piled masks becoming distorted and ridiculous.

NECKLACE WRITER

I am the writer of the pamphlet of the diamond necklace. I am from France. I did it for the church.

THE WRITER reaches into the grocery cart pulling out another paper mask. He places it over the fifth.

POPE, MOTHER, EMBEZZLEMENT

I am the writer of the pamphlet depicting the Pope as the Queen's ruler, and her Mother as her Tormentor, with their requested embezzlement back to the church and Austria. I wrote it for Robespierre.

THE WRITER reaches into the grocery cart pulling out another paper mask, it has three faces. He places it over the last.

SHEPHERDESS WRITER

I am the writer of the pamphlet revealing the Queen as a sheep herder. I am from France. I did it to pay the rent.

THE WRITER reaches into the grocery cart pulling out another mask. He places it on the back of his head.

He turns away from the audience. His back to them, but his latest paper mask faces them. Never blinking.

ORGY WRITER

I am the writer of the pamphlet imagining the royal couple as an orgy loving gestation. I did it for the pornographic goodness of it.

THE WRITER walks sidewise to beside the grocery cart. His back still to the audience, revealing a face on the ass of his underwear.

He wiggles his butt.

CAKE WRITER

I am the writer who printed the false statement "Let them eat cake." I am from France. I did it because it was a great rumor.

THE WRITER turns and walks back to his grocery cart. He takes off each mask one by one placing them in the cart.

He gets back to his real face. He wipes it free of sweat.

He pauses and places a dollar sign over his face.

DEATH WRITER

I am the most successful writer. I wrote the pamphlet of Marie Antoinette's death by guillotine. It was my job and it was my pleasure.

THE WRITER turns his grocery cart and slowly pushes it off stage right. He pushes it, with the terrible sound until the audience can no longer hear it.

A tinkling sound begins.

SCENE 2: MONSTEROUS FUTURE

A boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads GOD DIES, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

A giant sculpture on wheels, a day of the dead head, is pushed out on stage by a monster, and our very man who represented all the writers, riding it, descends from the top.

He, who is those writers, a god, is also, our very Marie. A being of three perspectives.

His steps are awkward and distinct. A sort of permission for body movement. He wear the mask of a stag.

He crouches and waits for the birds overhead to land. Time without time.

Monster who had pushed the day of the dead head on stage with the master riding, begins to walk around him, holding a glowing lantern.

MONSTER

Sir, it is time for a little death. You will die here a super being and be reborn as another. Not knowing this station will invigorate you. Great horror and laughter will be your only friends. Upon this you will live and then will die again. The death of death! Fantastic this! To give oneself permission to enter the dream world. To enter an isolated place of wonder. To skew it and hone it and worship a chance at insanity. A portal has opened, a door to abandonment. Don't fear for it is like this for all, but I will be here, a lantern in the dark, watching and waiting for your exit. When all is done you will know nothingness and liberation. A god unknown.

Monster pauses and walks slowly to the god.

MONSTER

Enter a terrible party. A concoction of gossip and paranoia. This is Earth. And a woman shall be your body. Open your eyes to death.

He points to a strong light that is suddenly pointed on the god.

The god looks into the light terrified.

The god slowly sinks to the ground, closing his eyes.

Monster stands over him for a moment. He removes his stag mask. He then turns and pushes the day of the dead head to stage left downstage to sit for the rest of the play staring at the audience.

The lights descend.

The monster walks to stage left, far upstage, holding the lit lantern. Looking towards stage right, he begins a very slow walk across the stage. It will take him the whole play to get to the other side. Representing time, like a second self, he marks the process, watching, a witness to the soul.

Our dyeing god, makes his way to the bed, now lit. He crawls onto it and falls asleep.

SCENE: LESBIANSIM

The boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads LESBIAN, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He rings a small bell that hangs off of his frontpack.

He rummages through his stuffed pack and pulls out a yellow parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

Lights change to yellow.

SCRIBE

Your majesty.

The Scribe coughs, but Marie does not wake up.

The Scribe nearly yells.

SCRIBE

Your majesty!!!!

Marie sits straight up and looks at him like he is a madman.

He reads from the pamphlet.

SCRIBE

Your majesty. According to today's pamphlet you are a lesbian who has sex with your courtiers, your ladies in waiting, the kitchen staff, and wives of diplomats.

Marie is now awake and peppy. She looks around excited (but still dressed only in underwear.)

MARIE

But, what shall I wear for this fantastic occasion?

SCRIBE

Your dressmaker is waiting my lady.

MARIE

I have forgotten her name.

SCRIBE

Her name is Rose. Rose Bertin.

MARIE

Rose!!! Rose!!!! I need a lesbian dress.

Rose enters. She is hurried but one can tell she really hates these moments.

She arrives and curtsies.

The Scribe bows and leaves.

MARIE

Rose, I shall need something with no underwear.

ROSE

I have prepared a dress for you my lady.

Rose walks over to the first dress form. On it is a yellow and white, very skimpy, short, Marie Antoinette, slutty type dress from some place like Party City.

She removes the dress and yellow wig from the mannequin. The dress is removed from behind with a great ripping sound of velcro.

She walks back to Marie and helps her into it.

She attaches the velcro on the back and places the yellow wig on her head.

Coming around the front, she adjusts the boobs of the dress.

MARIE

Thank you Rose. Are you one of my lovers?

Marie teases.

Rose is aghast.

ROSE

Oh please.

Rose curtsies and exits.

Marie looks around. She waits. She looks around.

MARIE

Where are the lesbians? I'm ready!!

Music begins to play overhead, and three "lesbians" enter, dressed in the same outfit as Marie. Short slutty yellow "Marie Antoinette" dresses and wigs.

They get into formation and start a dance, with Marie, that is something similar to drill team.

As the song progresses it gets sexier.

Towards the end of the song, they are dancing and sitting on each others faces.

Illicit and ridiculous. Marie participates.

The song is I Can't Wait, by Nu Shooz

SONG BY NU SHOOZ: I CAN'T WAIT

My love, tell me what it's all about You've got something that I can't live without Happiness, is so hard to find Hey baby, tell me what is on your mind 'Cause I can't wait (baby I can't wait) till you call me on the telephone I can't wait (baby I can't wait) till we're all alone You know I love you even when you don't try I know that our love will never die Hey darling when you look into my eye Please tell me you'll never have to say goodbye 'Cause I can't wait (baby I can't wait) this is what I've been waiting for I can't wait (baby I can't wait) till my love walked in the door I can't wait (baby I can't wait) true love is so hard to find I found yours, you found mine I can't wait (baby I can't wait) tell me what is on your mind Got to let you know I can't wait (baby I can't wait) till you call me on the telephone I can't wait (baby I can't wait) till we're all alone Oh oh I can't wait (baby I can't wait) true love is so hard to find I found yours, you found mine I can't wait (baby I can't wait) tell me what is on your mind No, no, I can't wait (baby I can't wait) No, I can't wait (baby I can't wait) Say it one more time Oh I can't wait (baby I can't wait) this is what I've been waiting for Oh I can't wait (baby I can't wait) till my love walked in the door

They finish the song with a sexy flourish and then turn and exit in unison. Strutting and snapping as they leave.

Marie, who has had her face sat on by one of the dancers, is till laying on the floor.

SCENE: SHEPHERDESS - Little Bo Peep

The boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads SHEEP HERDING, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He rings his little bell. He rustles around in his front pack and pulls out a dark blue parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

Lights change to light blue.

SCRIBE

Madam, according to the next pamphlet, you like to dress up as a shepherdess and stroll around with sheep in your garden.

Rose sits up and yells.

MARIE

Rose!!!! I need a dress for sheep herding.

Turning back to the Scribe, Marie rises and stands.

MARIE

Sir, I believe I need a little inspiration for this one.

The Scribe coughs a bit and rummages in his pack for another scroll. He pulls out a light blue parchment, unrolls it, and begins reluctantly to read it.

In the meantime Rose enters.

SCRIBE

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep and doesn't know where to find them. Leave them alone and they'll come home, bringing their tails behind them. Little Bo peep fell fast asleep and dreamt she heard them bleating, but when she awoke, she found it a joke, for they were all still fleeting. Then up she took her little crook determined for to find them. She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed, for they left their tails behind them. It happened one day, as Bo Peep did stray into a meadow hard by. There she espied their tails side by side all hung on a tree to dry. She heaved a

SCRIBE

sigh, and wiped her eye, and over the hillocks went rambling, and tried what she could, as a shepherdess should, to tack again each to its lambkin.

Walking behind Marie, as the Scribe speaks, Rose rips the dress from the back of Marie, which interrupts the Scribe with a rather loud sound of Velcro coming apart, and then he continues. It takes all of her strength to undo it.

Rose puts away the Lesbian dress on the dress form and walks to the next dress form gathering a puffy childish blue dress and blue wig in her arms.

She puts the blue wig on Marie and helps her step into the blue dress. She then attaches it in the back with the Velcro.

Coming around to the front of Marie, Rose tucks her boobs in tight and arranges the lace around Marie's groin.

The Scribe has finished speaking. He bows and exits.

MARIE

Thank you Rose. Your are getting better.

Rose pushes a blue bean bag out from behind the bed.

Rose places a large straw hat on Marie's head and hands her a wooden crook, with three tails attached to it.

She bows to Marie and exits.

Marie plops down on the blue bean bag.

3 guys dressed in sheep heads and nearly naked come on stage and begin bleating like sheep.

Marie watches for a moment and then gets up and begins chasing the naked sheep around attempting to tack the tails onto them.

Laughing and playing.

One sheep begins humping another one as the bottom sheep bleats in argument.

MARIE

Wait! I need to relax and enjoy my garden.

Marie begins beating the sheep men with her stick, gathering them into a form in front of the bed.

They line up with their butts towards the audience, as Marie beats them a little.

She throws her stick aside and slowly tags each sheep with a tail.

She claps and applauds herself.

The sheep now get on all fours and begin lightly nibbling at the ground as if there is grass.

Marie turns to the audience.

MARIE

I am the good shepherd. I know my sheep and my sheep know me. John 10:14

She walks away and looks at her sheep. She turns back to the audience.

MARIE

Like a shepherd he will tend his flock. In his arms he will gather the lambs and carry them in his bosom. He will gently lead the nursing ewes. Isaiah 40:11. I love the bible!

She races over to the sheep, shooing them offstage.

MARIE

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Matthew 7:15

The sheep are gone. Marie adjusts her dress with pride and says.

MARIE

Throw me to the wolves and I will return leading the pack. Beyonce.

She nods her head with pride.

SCENE 3: INCEST

A boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads INCEST IS BEST, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He rings his little bell. He pulls out the brown parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

Lights change to brown.

SCRIBE

Madam, today, according to the pamphlet, you molested your young son. They say here: Marie Antoinette, ugly Viennese betrayer of France, sleeps nightly with her son in her arms. Beyond his knowing, the small boy child is enchanted and bespelled by her loving caresses.

MARIE

Isn't the mother every boys first. He has to learn somehow.

The Scribe is resolute and shows no sign of care.

Marie shrugs.

MARIE

Thank you Sir, you may go. Where do you go anyway?

The Scribe just leaves. He isn't a big communicator.

Marie turns and yells.

MARIE

Rose!!! I need to dress for the Oedipus complex!

Rose enters and begins taking the previous dress off of Marie.

Walking behind Marie, Rose rips the dress from the back with a rather loud sound of Velcro coming apart. It takes all of her strength to undo it.

Rose puts away the blue dress and blue wig on the dress form and walks to the next dress form gathering the Lederhosen in her arms.

She helps Marie step into the shirt and knickers. She then attaches it in the back with the Velcro.

Coming around to the front of Marie, Rose fixes his snaps

MARIE

Thank you Rose. I feel ready for my mother love, although this is not what I had in mind.

ROSE

I am not sure about your mind.

Rose bows and leaves.

A sexy woman enters the stage. She is dressed as a Marie Antoinette stripper. She wears a typical stripper outfit, with multiple layers to take off, very high heels, a Marie Antoinette white wig, and a mask. Curvy, violent, modern.

A song begins overhead.

Song is Dick In The Air, by Peaches.

She begins to dance for little Louis Charles.

Louis sits on the ground center stage ready for the performance.

PEACHES SONG PLAYS: DICK IN THE AIR

Is it too much to ask?

Dick in the air, let me see you put your Put your dick in the air Dick, dick, dick Dick in the air, let me see you put your Put your dick in the air Dick, dick, dick

[Verse 1] We're sick of hands in the air And shake our asses like we don't care We've been shaking our tits for years So let's switch positions, no inhibitions, fears

Cracking your nuts pistachio Shaved a handlebar pusstachio Curly on top, Ralph Macchio Went down got milk moustache yayo

[Chorus] Dick in the air, let me see you put your Put your dick in the air Dick, dick, dick Dick in the air, let me see you put your Put your dick in the air Dick, dick, dick Dick in the air, let me see you put your Put your dick in the air Dick, dick, dick Dick in the air, let me see you put your Put your dick in the air Dick, dick, dick

[Verse 2] I know it's not subtle I know you think I'm trouble
But I see you standing there with a moose knuckle
Although it makes me chuckle Loosen your buckle,
on the double

Face down, dick up, that's my command Take it like a real woman
not Ayn Rand (trickle down) Drop, give me eight inches a pop
Stop, you've gone numb, you need a lift Use a thumb, or take a fist

Roll with it, Sisyphus No hissy fit, or sissy bit, a Gin Fizz
For every his, now get to bizz Whose jizz is this? Whose jizz is this?
Whose jizz is this? Whose jizz is this?

[Chorus] Dick in the air, let me see you put your- Put your dick
in the air Dick, dick, dick Dick in the air, let me see you put your
Put your dick in the air Dick, dick, dick

The stripper has been dancing through the whole song until finished with her legs open.

Rubbing his face in her boobs and so on.

She finishes and opens the corner of her panties. Louise puts a dollar bill there.

She begins leaving, and sends a kiss his way.

He catches the kiss in his hand and brings it to his lips.

MARIE

Bye mom!

SCENE 4: THE WIG

The boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads THE WIG, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He rings his little bell. He pulls out the green parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

Lights change to green.

SCRIBE

Madam, today, according to the pamphlet, you dress in a giant wig so erect and virile you block the hunters from the ducks. Your construction is so enormous you obstruct the sky herself.

MARIE

Thank you good sir. Let us begin the monument.

Marie turns and yells for her Wiggest (Sabian) and Rose, her dresser.

MARIE

Rose!!! Sabian!!!!!!

Marie sits upon a chair awaiting her dresser and Wiggest.

Rose enters and begins taking the Lederhosen off of Marie.

Walking behind Marie, Rose rips the Lederhosen from the back with a rather loud sound of Velcro coming apart.

Rose puts away the outfit on the dress form and walks to the next dress form gathering a green dress in her arms.

She helps Marie step into the green dress. She then attaches it in the back with the Velcro.

Coming around to the front of Marie, Rose tucks her boobs in tight and arranges a few things.

Rose bows to Marie.

MARIE

Thank you Rose. But your hands are cold.

Marie touches her breasts.

Rose leaves.

Sabian enters with panache. A very gay flaming tailor he is both patronizing in demeanor and delicate.

He drags a giant wig in a trash bag from offstage.

He is huffing from dragging it, as if it is heavy. (Bag is full of cinderblocks.)

He goes offstage again and comes back on with two ladders, struggling to handle them awkwardly. One taller than the other.

Marie waits patiently for the Wiggest to get the ladders set up. She picks up a mirror and begins looking at herself.

MARIE

I'm so happy to see you Sabian, you are just the machine I need. I'm going hunting today.

WIGGEST

Yes my lady. What is it you are hunting? A hungry unicorn?

MARIE

No! Ducks.

The Wiggest gets the wig out of the trash bag. It's a green wig made out of helium balloons. The wig rises up in the air as the Wiggest climbs the first small ladder to place it on top of her head. He lowers it down.

WIGGEST

Watch out below my lady! A large item is coming on your head.

MARIE

My favorite!

The Wiggest lowers it atop of her head.

WIGGEST

Please grab it my Queen.

MARIE

Grab the balls?

WIGGEST

Yes. Firmly.

He quickly descends from the ladder to make adjustments.

Marie looks in the mirror.

The Wiggest ties a bow under her chin to keep the wig from floating away. He stands back and takes a look.

MARIE

Is it big enough?

WIGGEST

It's an extra large. Any bigger and it wouldn't fit.

MARIE

Oh good! What have you named this wig?

WIGGEST

This one is called a Full Nelson.

MARIE

Wonderful. I would love to look at it full frontal.

WIGGEST

Almost done. Allow me to put the final piece on the top
my lady.

*The Wiggest climbs a very high ladder with some
golden tinsel in his hand.*

MARIE

Is it a ship as I requested?

WIGGEST

No, I didn't want to ruin the creation as today's
weather calls for golden showers.

*The Wiggest throws golden tinsel in the air over
her wig.*

MARIE

Oh no, not again. Oh well.

The Wiggest climbs down the big ladder and turns.

WIGGEST

The hunters are here.

*He walks over to the trash bag and pulls out a
stick with ducks on it.*

He hands it to Marie.

WIGGEST

Here. Hold these and crouch. They might shoot their
loads right away.

Marie stands up a little wobbly.

Three Hunters enter with their muskets.

HUNTER #1

Good afternoon my lady. We are here to go down on you!

MARIE

What?

HUNTER #1

Yes, we will be hunting in front of you so that you will not have to work for the kill.

MARIE

Oh that's very kind, but I do enjoy being on top. Top of my game. I shall be happy to do the honors. Let us begin.

They all descend downstage right, including the Wiggest.

Marie begins looking up and around.

MARIE

What a beautiful day! Oh look here fly the ducks!

She wiggles the ducks a little.

Hunter #1 takes aim at the ducks and shoots.

The Wiggest pops one of the balloons on Marie's head with a massive needle.

The Hunter misses.

HUNTER #1

Your wig is so large it is blocking the ducks my lady.

MARIE

Well, I am the Queen.

She wiggles the duck stick.

MARIE

Look they're back!

Hunter #2 takes aim with his musket as the ducks wiggle behind her wig. He shoots.

The Wiggest pops another balloon on Marie's head.

Marie squeals with delight this time, excited.

HUNTER #1

I believe we may have to change positions.

MARIE

From this thresh hole I think a missionary position would be appropriate. But only one come shot at a time, otherwise I get scared.

HUNTER #1

Yes, perhaps Ron Jeremy should try again.

MARIE

You have the biggest musket I see.

Marie wiggles the duck stick.

Hunter #2 takes aim at the ducks and shoots.

The Wiggest pops another balloon.

Marie gets scared.

MARIE

That was a big one. I got scared.

HUNTER #2

I am deeply sorry my Queef. My aim was off, but I have your back.

MARIE

That's alright dear, I just felt like I was almost clit.

Marie wiggles the ducks on a stick expressively.

Hunter #3 gets excited.

HUNTER #3

I'll get it. I'll get it!

Hunter #3 runs around on stage trying to take aim.

HUNTER #3

I have only shot a beaver and almost one camel toe in Egypt recently.

He shoots. The Wiggest pops another balloon with he giant needle.

HUNTER #3

I missed the glory hole milady, I am deeply sorry.

MARIE

I think that is enough hunting for today. I'm terribly exhausted from this threesome.

HUNTER #1

We thank you for the opportunity to perform with you today. Your hunting box was tight.

The Hunters bow to her and take their exit.

MARIE

Take this shag stick and this full Nelson off of me Sabian. I think we made our point.

WIGGEST

What was your point my lady?

MARIE

That mine is bigger then theirs, of course.

WIGGEST

Yes, I could see they were vibrating with jealousy.

MARIE

Indeed, the width and length of my wig hit their G spot perfectly, as I desired.

Marie sits as the Wiggest runs up the tallest ladder and removes the wig slowly from her head.

He lowers it to the ground.

MARIE

Oh what a relief. That strap on was tied too tight.

WIGGEST

I know the feeling.

The Wiggest puts the green balloons back in the trash bag and turns to leave. He bows.

WIGGEST

Goodbye my lady.

MARIE

Goodbye fanny. Next time bring the lubes, the head was too dry.

She points to her head.

The Wiggest bows again and leaves.

The Scribe enters and unrolls a parchment. He walks downstage to the audience.

SCRIBE

SABIAN: a huge dildo machine for girls to sit on.
 HUNGRY UNICORN: A gay sex position where one male puts a strap-on dildo on his head. He sticks it up the other males ass while licking/sucking his balls. FULL NELSON: A guy lying on his back. The girl is on top, on her back. The guy takes his arms and puts them under her arms and behind her neck. She's holding her legs back behind her head, and he's pushing her face down to the action, making her watch. GOLDEN SHOWER: where one person pees on the other. CLIT: Located at the point where the labia (lips of the vagina) is covered at the top of the vagina. It usually is hidden beneath what looks to be a large fleshy nub called a hood. When stimulated or by pushing the pelvic tissue upward, it can be seen. BEAVER: A term for a person who goes/has gone to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where the beaver is the school mascot. CAMEL TOE: When a chick crams herself into a pair of jeans and the crotch area has to displace the fat of her mound and the front of her pussy ends up looking like the actual toe of a camel. SHAGSTICK: A rustic dildo - like a massive garden twig, or a broom handle. JOHNSON: a lesbian name for a dildo. FANNY: British word for vagina.

Marie calls for her dresser.

MARIE

Rose!

Rose enters.

MARIE

Rose. I am so hot. Undress me!

ROSE

Oh god spare me.

SCENE: BESTIALITY

The boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads BESTIALITY, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe continues to stand in his place. He replaces the previous parchment and finds the next. He rings his little bell. He pulls out the purple parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

Lights change to purple.

SCRIBE

My lady, according to this next pamphlet you also are involved in bestiality, having sexual relations with various animals around Versailles. A donkey and a rooster were insinuated, as well as illicit cow milking.

MARIE

When did I find the time?

SCRIBE

I imagine in the morning.

MARIE

Oh sure. Okay well let me imagine what that might entail.

Marie begins to think.

MARIE

Thank you sir, you may go. Rose!!!!!!!!!!!!

Rose who is standing right there, moves closer. Irritated.

Marie sees her.

MARIE

There you are, like a fucking ghost. I need a suit.

ROSE

Yes my lady.

Rose walks over to one of the dress forms and takes down a full purple suit and pants.

Marie throws down her green wig, and attempts to undress herself. She manages to un-velcro the back with a ripping sound. She kicks away the green dress and holds her arms out for the suit.

Rose dresses Marie quickly in the suit and tie, glasses, and a no wig.

Marie takes some cue cards out of the inside pocket as Rose puts the green dress and wig on the dress form.

Rose walks back to Marie.

Marie hands the cue cards to Rose.

Rose accepts them but looks at them perplexed.

MARIE

Ok Rose those are for you. And I will need you to sit here on this chair.

Marie pulls the chair from near the bed to downstage center.

Marie, reading off his own cue cards, turns and yells to the audience.

MARIE

Because we are going to play the Dick Cheney donkey show!!!!!!!

Lights get very bright and celebratory.

The sound of the Dating Show comes on overhead.

Three animals come on stage left carrying chairs. They sit in a row just out of the site of Rose.

The first animal is a Donkey, the second a Cow, and the third is a Rooster.

MARIE

Hello everyone. It's time to get started and meet our three eligible bachelors.

The spotlight lands on the Donkey.

MARIE

Bachelor #1(James) is a 32 year old certified chef who loves to cook and drive fast cars. He describes himself as sensitive man who treats his dates with class. He is looking for a woman who wants to be pampered and after a long day at work, will sit back, relax and enjoy a delicious home-cooked sausage prepared by his loving hands. Welcome James!

The spotlight lands on the Cow.

MARIE

Bachelor #2 (Tim) is a 27 years old financial advisor who is not afraid to take risks. After completing college he immediately began to build his own business and is a well known success in the area. He enjoys fine dining and activities like walking in the park and star gazing. He is looking for a woman who enjoys ice-cream, the sound of rain, and slow days. He describes himself as funny, outgoing and intelligent. Welcome Tim!

The spotlight lands on the Rooster.

MARIE

Bachelor #3 (Paul) is a taxi driver! His talents are endless, and include music, sports, riding his motorcycle, flirting with beautiful women and enjoying everyday with a positive attitude. He is looking for a woman who likes the great outdoors, enjoys early mornings, and bird watching. Welcome Paul!

The spotlight moves to Rose.

MARIE

Now, let's welcome our Bachelorette. Marie is a 25 year old assistant administrator at the local palace. She describes herself as fun, sexy, athletic, and serious at times. She has an Associates degree in social science and enjoys working hard. She is one of the very few people in the country who was sold by their mother to another family at 13 years old! She is an advocate for yoga and pilates retreats, loves a bit of gambling, and adores fashion. In her personal life, she has dated many men but never found the right one just yet. She is looking for someone who is equally as driven as she is in her career but able to have fun during non working hours. Welcome Marie!

Rose is hating this. She sits on the chair pretending to be Marie with an awful face, holding the index cards.

MARIE

Now Marie lets get started with those questions. Good luck!

Marie nods to Rose. Rose sighs.

ROSE

Bachelor #1, If you could be any animal, what would you be and why?

DONKEY

Hello Marie. I would be a tiger, as I love to look dangerous but really be a kitty on the inside.

ROSE

Ok. Bachelor #2, same question.

COW

Good afternoon Marie! I would be an owl because I love to find the beauty in everything, especially at night. Hoot hoot!!!

Cow high fives the donkey.

ROSE

Bachelor #3, I love a man who can sing, can you sing me a song to let me know that I'm beautiful.

ROOSTER

I can do one better than that. I can play you a bit of a song I would more than sing to you. Listen to this.

He makes a sign and music starts.

Twenty seconds of Justin Timberlake - Rock Your Body plays.

Rooster starts dancing around his area and strutting in front of the donkey and cow.

JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE

Don't be so quick to walk away (Dance with me) I wanna rock your body, please stay (Dance with me) You don't have to admit you wanna play (Dance with me) Just let me rock you till the break of day (Dance with me) Got time, but I don't mind Just wanna rock you, girl I'll have whatever you have Come on let's give it a whirl.

Rooster sits down, very proud of himself.

ROSE

Bachelor #1, please address the audience, be as convincing as possible and tell the audience why I should select you for my date.

DONKEY

I am a hard worker, I never stop hauling, and I am hung like a porn star!!!

ROSE

Bachelor #2, same thing.

COW

I'm gentle, I produce milk, and I come when you call.

ROSE

Bachelor #3, same thing.

ROOSTER

My authority is never wrong, I have excellent discipline, and you would always be satisfied by my performance.

MARIE

Well Bachelorette, it is now time for you to make your selection. We know it is a hard decision and we want to make sure to help you in any way possible. Audience, let's help our bachelorette. By the showing of clapping, how many of you feel she should select Bachelor #1? Bachelor #2? Bachelor #3?

The real audience claps for each one. No matter how many clap for which, all three animals descend on Rose.

MARIE

I think we have a winner. Thank you for joining us for another evening of the Dick Cheney Donkey Show!!!! Good night.

The donkey gets his dick out and starts hitting Rose with it.

Marie, in his suit, sits on the floor and starts milking the cow udders.

And the Rooster struts around the stage and tries to peck and hump the donkey, the cow, and Marie.

Rose escapes and runs off the stage, the animals follow.

SCENE: ORGY

A boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads ORGY, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

Marie, in his suit, walks around the boxing girl and looks at the sign. He pumps his fist.

MARIE

Yes!!

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He stops on his mark and rings his bell. He pulls out the pink parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

Lights change to pink.

SCRIBE

Madam, today, according to the pamphlet, you are an adulteress, having orgies with your brother in law, a

SCRIBE

priest, the Cardinal, your boyfriend Hans Axel von Fersen, and even the French Navy. In fact, they contend that your children are not the Kings.

MARIE

Oh this one is going to be fun!

Marie turns and yells for Rose, her dresser.

MARIE

Rose!!! I need something with easy access!

Rose enters and helps Marie off with her purple suit.

She goes to the dress form and puts away the suit.

Then, she goes to the next dress form that holds a little pink tutu, pink bra, and pink stockings.

She comes back to Marie with the little outfit and pink wig.

Marie has had her arms over her near nakedness, wearing only her tighty whities.

Rose begins to get Marie into the bra and tutu.

While Rose dresses Marie as a priest enters.

PRIEST

I am the priest who has come to fuck you.

MARIE

Will you also take my confession? I haven't had time to get to church.

PRIEST

Yes of course. Before or after.

MARIE

Before, there will be less sins to atone for now.

Marie looks down at Rose who is attempting to get the pink thigh stockings up her legs..

MARIE

Thank you Rose. I will call you later so that you can clean up.

Rose finishes and leaves.

Marie gets on her knees, on the floor, facing away from the priest.

MARIE

Bless me father for I have sinned. My last confession was seven days ago.

The priest gets down behind her and starts pumping.

PRIEST

One Hail Mary. One Our Father. Two Acts Of Contrition.

Marie interrupts him.

MARIE

But wait, I haven't even told you my sins yet!

The priest finishes with a good cum face and gets up.

PRIEST

No time. God forgives. In the name of the father the son and the holy spirit.

Marie crosses herself and looks up.

MARIE

Next!!!

Marie gets up and moves to the bed.

CARDINAL

I am the Cardinal come to fuck you.

MARIE

Oh Va-Ti-Can! Come over here and give momma some more holy love.

The Cardinal meets her at the bed. He turns her over onto her stomach. He takes off his hat and puts it over his groin.

CARDINAL

If only you were a boy.

He lays atop Marie and looking over her head into nowhere performs his pumping in a dry hump.

MARIE

Oh Peter Paul and Mary!!!

The Cardinal finishes and rises. He walks immediately off the stage.

MARIE

I guess I am a little too old for him. Next!!

Marie sits up on the edge of the bed and awaits her next lover.

A handsome blonde man enters wearing the costume of a 1790's soldier carrying a rapier.

He puts his hand into the air with great panache, exclaiming happily.

HANS AXEL VON FERSEN

I am the Swedish soldier Hans Axel von Fersen, your boyfriend!

Marie jumps up on the bed pumping her arms in the air.

MARIE

And I'm Tom Cruise!!!!!!! I am so in love!!! I tell you!! I am so love in love!

She jumps up and down on the bed.

Hans slowly walks over with a giant erection in his pants. He pumps it a little bit as he swaggers.

MARIE

Yes! Yes!

Hans finally arrives at the bed. He stares at Marie, and she slowly sinks down on the bed with her legs spread for him.

HANS AXEL VON FERSEN

You are going to get so pregnant right now.

Hans gets on the bed and starts throwing Marie around turning her and pushing and all sorts of crazy funny moves. Eventually she ends up on top riding him like a horse.

Meanwhile the priest and the Cardinal come onstage. The priest is holding a giant vagina and the Cardinal is holding a giant penis.

They start chasing each other around the stage and then sticking the giant penis and vagina in Hans and Marie's faces. Total chaos.

Hans finishes with a smile. He lays on the bed next to Marie.

Marie turns, sits on the edge, spreads her legs, and three baby dolls land, one by one, on the floor.

The priest with vagina and the cardinal with penis, run off stage.

Hans gets up and turns as he walks away.

HANS AXEL VON FERSEN
See you tomorrow!

Marie plops backwards on the bed in exhaustion.

The Scribe enters.

Marie quickly kicks the three babies under the bed.

MARIE
Oh no I am so tired.

SCENE: LA TOILETTE

The Scribe rings his little bell and pulls a roll of toilet paper out of his bag. He begins reads the paper.

SCRIBE
According to this roll, your majesty, it is time for your toilette'. We shall continue after this break.

He turns to the audience and firmly states.

SCRIBE
A break of only ten minutes!!!!

Marie gets up off the bed in her tutu and pulls a bowl out from underneath it.

She crouches over it as if she is going to have a shit.

Curtain closes.

Intermission.

As intermission ends, the Scribe walks around the lobby ringing his little bell.

ACT 2SCENE: FEELINGS

Curtain opens.

A boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads FEELINGS, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He rings his bell. He pulls out the white parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

SCRIBE

Madam, today, according to the pamphlet, you keep a very personal journal, which the whole city of Paris would like to read. Wonder abounds of the secrets you keep and your inner feelings.

Marie's personality changes to the character Mary Katherine Gallagher from the tv show Saturday Night Live, who plays an awkward teenage girl.

MARIE

Well, my feelings would be best expressed in a song, from the English electronic band Depeche Mode. Little Soul. From the album: Sounds of the Universe. Released in 2009. And in this song, I will be playing the vulnerable, yet strong, Martin Gore.

The Scribe bows and leaves.

A rock star type guy comes on stage pushing an electronic piano out in front of him.

MARIE

I will be accompanied by Ruben.

Marie walks over to the next dress form and pulls off a black leather jacket and grabs the stand up microphone.

She walks over and places it downstage right.

Marie who is still wearing the pink tutu, bra, and pink wig, takes off the pink wig and holds it in her hand as the piano starts playing.

Single spotlight on Marie..

Marie sings the song for real, even if her voice is bad.

SONG SUNG BY MARIE: DEPECHE MODE: MY LITTLE SOUL

My little light Is going to shine Shine out so bright
 And illuminate your mind My little soul Will leave a
 footprint This little voice Is going to sing I have no
 choice It will infinitely ring My little soul Will
 leave a footprint I'm channeling the universe It's
 focusing its love inside of me A Singularity My little
 words Are going to sting Haven't you heard The pain and
 joy they bring My little soul Will leave a footprint
 I'm channeling the universe It's focusing its love
 inside of me A singularity Your little eyes They're
 going to see I can't disguise The beauty inside me My
 little soul Will leave a footprint

*(Another option, instead, is A Change Is Gonna
 Come, by Sam Cooke)*

*(I was born by a river, oh man, in this little old
 tent, oh Just like this river, I've been running
 ever since It's been a long, long time coming But
 I know, but I know, a change is gotta come Ooo yes
 it is Oh my, oh my, oh my, oh my It's been too
 hard living, oh my And I'm afraid to die I don't
 know what's up there Beyond the clouds It's been a
 long, long time coming But I know, but I know a
 change is gotta come Oh yes it is Oh my, oh my, oh
 my There's a time I would go to my brother, oh my
 I asked my brother, "Will you help me please?", oh
 my oh my He turned me down and then I ask my dear
 mother, oh I said "Mother!" I said "Mother! I'm
 down on my knees" It's been a time that I thought
 Lord this couldn't last for very long, oh now But
 somehow I thought I was still able to try to carry
 on It's been a long, long time coming But I know a
 change is gonna come Oh, yes it is Just like I
 said, I went to my little bitty brother, oh my
 little brother now I asked my brother "Brother
 help me please?", oh now He turned me down and
 then I go to my little mother, my dear mother, oh
 my I said "Mother!" I said "Mother! I'm down on my
 knees" But there was a time that I thought Lord
 this couldn't last for very long, oh my Somehow I
 thought I was still able to try to carry on It's
 been a long, long time coming But I know, but I
 know a change is gotta come, ooo It's been so
 long, it's been so long, a little too long A
 change has gotta come So tired, so tired of
 standing by myself And standing up alone A change
 has gotta come You know and I know, and you know
 that I know I know that you know, honey That a
 change is gonna come oh yeah oh, I gotta)*

Marie finishes.

The electronic piano player pushes it offstage.

Marie walks over to the dress form and takes off the leather jacket, placing it there, with the stand up microphone.

She walks back in front of the bed and puts her pink wig back on.

(Audience applause.)

SCENE: ASYLUM

A boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads ASYLUM, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He is wearing the white jacket of a doctor. He rings his bell. He pulls out the clipboard. He reads.

Lights change.

SCRIBE

Mr. Smith. I see that you are having delusions of being a woman name Marie. We are happy to have you here at the Sandia Ranch Sanatorium. Welcome to our facility. Today we will be placing you under our safety and security. With us you will be recovering and eventually, after receiving our treatment, entering normal society again.

Scribe/Doctor looks off stage.

SCRIBE

This is Rose, who will be your nurse. She will help you off with your cloths and into our garments. She will be helping you assimilate into our community.

Rose enters wearing a nurse uniform.

She helps Marie off with the leather jacket and pink tutu into a white asylum jacket and pants.

MARIE

Rose?

ROSE

Yes?

MARIE

Where are my servants? I would like to dress for my next vignette.

ROSE

For now, Mr. Smith you should settle down.

MARIE

I would rather not.

ROSE

You should understand that everything is not in your power here. You are under the rule of others.

MARIE

That is what I know without a doubt from the beginning of my life.

ROSE

Then this shall be easy for you.

MARIE

May I ask you for something that is dear to me?

ROSE

Perhaps.

MARIE

Can I have the necklace I came here with. A friend gave it to me.

ROSE

Yes. Of course. Let me ask the doctor if I can get it for you. First take this.

MARIE

What is it?

ROSE

It is a medicine that will help you with your bad dreams.

MARIE

Am I having bad dreams?

ROSE

Apparently so.

MARIE

Will you get my necklace?

ROSE

Of course milady. I will be right back.

Marie lays down on the bed.

Rose exits.

SCENE: THE NECKLACE

A boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads NECKLACE, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He rings his bell. He pulls out the silver parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

Lights change to silver.

SCRIBE

Madam, today, according to the pamphlet, because of an incident named the Affair of the Diamond Necklace, many people in France believe you as a manipulative spendthrift, more interested in vanity than in the welfare of France.

MARIE

What am I supposed to do with that? I bet I didn't know anything about this supposed necklace.

SCRIBE

That is correct.

MARIE

I am not sure how to proceed with this one.

SCRIBE

Allow me. One moment.

MARIE

Rose!!!!!!! I need a dress for confusion!

Rose enters. She is wearing her usual dress of the 1790's but with a nurse hat. She walks directly to the next dress form in line. There she finds a white robe and a foot bath.

She covers Marie in a white robe, sits her on the chair, places a towel on her head, and puts her feet in the foot bath.

MARIE

Rose. Darling. You are after my own heart. Everyday I love you more.

ROSE

You need to relax now.

Rose exits.

The Scribe passes her as he enters holding as many human size cardboard cutouts as he can hold.

He stands them in a line along the stage.

He walks quickly back offstage to get more.

He returns, and places them next to the others. In total there are eleven.

Each cutout has a large name plate on it.

Jewelers. Two cardboard cutouts attached as one.

King Sr.

Madame du Barry.

King Jr.

Marie

Cardinal Rohan

La Motte

La Mottes Boyfriend

La Mottes Husband

Prostitute

SCRIBE

Allow me to begin this tale. Here you find the jewelers. They built a necklace worth 100 million dollars today, for King senior here. He was going to give it to his mistress, but he died.

Scribe walks deliberately, like Sherlock Holmes.

SCRIBE

King Jr offers it to you. You tell him not to buy it, and instead fund the navy, which he does. Here is the Cardinal Rohan. You hate him. Your mother hates him. He is a fool.

Scribe thinks.

SCRIBE

Now the Cardinal would like your positive attention so that he can move up in life. He begins an affair with this woman he believes is in your court. La Motte.

Scribe walks deliberately, like Sherlock Holmes.

SCRIBE

La Motte is married. Has a boyfriend. And now an affair with the Cardinal. She convinces him you would really like that necklace.

Scribe occasionally pauses.

SCRIBE

She sends the Cardinal fake letters from you. Eventually he wants to meet in your garden for a small conversation about the necklace. La Motte sends a prostitute dressed as you, in the night. It works.

Scribe walks.

SCRIBE

The cardinal asks the jewelers for the necklace and that they would be paid later. The jewelers agree and hand over the diamonds to who they believe is your valet. That valet is La Motte's husband.

Scribe paces.

SCRIBE

The husband promptly buggers off to London, breaks up the diamonds and sells them individually, making a fortune.

Scribe turns.

SCRIBE

Now the jewelers who have waited for payment become concerned and approach you themselves, asking for payment. You, of course, reject this and have Cardinal Rohan arrested and thrown in prison.

Scribe stops midpace.

SCRIBE

Now here is where it all goes tits up. The Cardinal is very connected in Italy and is found not guilty in trial. The prostitute, the boyfriend, and La Motte are tortured and placed in prison.

He turns to Marie.

SCRIBE

But, La Motte escapes. She rushes to London and prints an expose on how you used her to get the diamonds and for revenge on the Cardinal. This causes the fire of hatred for you to burn brighter in the people. You are cast down and can never recover your reputation.

Marie gets up and takes off her towel throwing it to the ground. She steps out of her foot bath.

She walks to the cardboard cut outs and begins pushing them violently over, one by one.

MARIE

Every. Single. One. Of. These. People. Is. A. Backstabber. Fuck. You.

The only one that remains standing is the cardboard cut out of herself.

She grabs the Marie cardboard cut out and puts it under her arm. She begins to channel an old movie named The Jerk, starring Steve Martin.

MARIE

I will keep this one, thank you very much, that's all I need. And this comforter. This cutout and this comforter is all I need. And this chamber pot. This cutout, this comforter, and this chamber pot is all I need. And that's all I need too. And this chair.

The Scribe has gathered the other cutouts and exited.

Marie begins to venture upstage left wobbling with all her stuff. Yelling over shoulder at nobody.

MARIE

This cutout, this comforter, this chamber pot, and this chair. That's all I need.

When she arrives as far as she can go in the corner, she throws it all down, depressed.

SCENE: MOTHER POPE

A boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads MOTHER POPE, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He rings his bell. He pulls out the black and white striped parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

Marie stands in the corner still pissed off.

SCRIBE

Madam, today, according to the pamphlet, you tried to embezzle money back to Austria, and later to the Church, for your personal gain.

Marie stomps over to dress form and grabs a wig off the top. It is a wig of two ponytails (Called pigtails).

She puts the wig on her head as she walks to the Scribe.

She grabs his parchment out of his hand.

The Scribe reacts petrified.

SCRIBE

No. No your majesty that is precious. It's an antique.

MARIE

Get out. I have to write a letter.

The Scribe leaves reluctantly, without his parchment.

Marie walks to her bed and pulls out a letter writing kit from underneath. She sits on the bed with the little table and a feather pen, in her lap.

A desk is pushed on the stage by an actor dressed as a rich old woman. Mother Dearest.

Spotlight on rich old woman.

Spotlight on Marie.

Marie writes.

MARIE

Dear mother. How are you?

MOTHER DEAREST

Marie. Stop your whining. Do your duty and send the money home.

MARIE

But I can't. That would be bad.

MOTHER DEAREST

Austria needs the funds. You are being the stupid, ugly, uneducated, child I kicked out of the house long ago.

MARIE

I think I'm going to go now. Talk later mother dearest. Thanks.

Mother Dearest now puts on a giant pope hat and takes a slightly different male tone.

The Pope begins to write.

POPE

Dear Marie. Send the money to 00120 Via del Pellegrino, Vatican City, Rome. We do not accept Western Union.

MARIE

Your holiness. I am unable to send money at this time.

POPE

The Church needs the funds. You are being the savage, unsightly, illiterate, offspring of barbarians, I desired to excommunicate long ago.

MARIE

I think I'm going to go now. Talk later Mr. Pope. Thanks.

The Pope gets up and throws his pope hat offstage.

He pushes the desk offstage.

Marie opens a twinkie and begins to eat it, very happy.

SCENE: LET THEM EAT CAKE

A boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads CAKE, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He rings his little bell. He pulls out the orange parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

SCRIBE

Madam, today, according to the rumor, you said "Let them eat cake."

Behind the Scribe a very dapper man appears, and startles the Scribe.

Jean is wearing his famous hat of fur and long jacket, fur lined.

He is casually condescending. He pushes the Scribe out of the way.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

Good evening. I am the writer Jean Jacques Rousseau. In my memoir the Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau, I remarked that I was a proper gentlemen who never entered a bakery. It was below me. Always send your servant. But I cannot read without bread, and so I took a walk to the baker. It reminded me so much of how you had said a very callous thing about the poor people of Paris. I believe it was, let them eat pastry. Which made me laugh. You were only eleven years old at the time. And, although I did not hear it from your lips, I spread this rumor.

Jean bows as if he has done something extraordinary.

A woman enters in a dramatic way, as if irritated. She wears a dress of the time period, with wig.

LADY IN WAITING

No. I spread this rumor. I am a lady in waiting at the royal house and despise this bitch the Queen. I told someone who told someone. It was a great revenge.

She crosses her arms in a bratty fashion. Stomping her foot.

Jean Karr enters the stage. He is dressed from the time period of the 1840's, in a long coat and top hat.

JEAN-BAPTISTE ALPHONSE KARR

No, I am Alphonse Karr, and I said in 1843 in an article, that I, and only I, had found a journal from 1760 with the quote inside, proving it could not have been Marie that said it.

Marie puts aside her twinkie and letter writing kits, and stands up very determined, hands on her hips.

MARIE

Well, I for one think everyone should eat cake. Rose!!!!!! My apron and basket!

Rose enters holding a large basket in her hand and an orange bakers hat with orange apron.

She puts the basket down, places the apron over Marie's head, and puts the bakers hat on her head directly.

Marie turns to Rose, The Scribe, Jean, Lady, and Alphonse, gesturing them to the basket.

MARIE

It's their birthday. They need sugar!

All of them pick up twinkies and ding dongs from the basket and throw them into the audience, with glee.

ALL OF THEM

Let them eat twinkies! Let them eat Ding Dongs!

Finally, all the twinkies and ding dongs are gone and the group skips off the stage together hand in hand.

Marie leans down and picks up some paper towels out of the basket.

She begins launching them into the crowd.

She yells.

MARIE

Soft towels. Very good towels. Its tremendous. You're welcome.

Once finished she slowly and carefully kicks the basket off the front of the stage.

She is happy and walks back to her bed.

SCENE: BLIND POVERTY

A boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads POVERTY, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He rings the bell. He pulls out the black parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

SCRIBE

Madam, today, according to the pamphlet, the people are starving. France's debt, aggravated by French involvement in the American Revolution, has led to new taxes on the people. The deregulation of the grain market, is resulting in an increase in bread prices. And finally a period of bad harvest, caused by a volcanic eruption in Iceland, covering Europe in ash, has made it so there is virtually no wheat crop.

MARIE

I cannot relate to these hardships. I am concerned but do not know what to do. How do I begin to understand this hunger and poverty?

SCRIBE

Your majesty, you must open your eyes.

The Scribe bows and opens his arm to the man representing poverty.

Poverty enters. He or she is dressed in rags, old, skinny, but wise.

The Scribe exits.

Marie is paralyzed and rooted in one place as she watches him move across the stage.

He arrives center down stage and begins.

POVERTY

I do not speak to the poverty of the imagination, nor to the poverty of the spirit, simply I whisper and yell the meaning of poverty and all its perversity. The difficulty with famine and its monstrous daily return is the sequence of trips one stumbles into. A trip to the basket. There on the floor by your feet, it lies

POVERTY

empty. The trip to the street where your begging hands disappoint and embarrass you. A trip to the soup house where your bile helps the watered down beans taste so much like urine. A substantial darkness descends on you by the way of a near collapse. You wake from the faint, to find yourself alone again. Vapid of nutrient. Looking upon a cold night sky you see not the stars but the lanterns of a thousand persons in their houses, and Kings and Queens with bright brocade dresses you cannot eat. If only one dress could be given to me. I would hold it as a baby, caress it and delight in it's color, and then proudly sell her to the local tailor for a few coins. This exchange can change an entire day. Your melancholy gone, your hope in humanity returned. Exalted you walk more proudly and the numbing sensation in your fingers disappear. An apple, a bag of cherries, the dripping still on your lips. Hours slip by and the demon returns. Begone sick desire! Why why do we have to eat? If only to walk amongst each other without this yearning black pain, that would be a gift. I do not yearn for the terror of the guillotine, it does not help me when the head is cut from the body. I cannot drink the blood of the dead. Our cannibal nature long suppressed by nature. No! I remain the same in a revolt as in an empire of wealth. I am trampled nevertheless. But there is no stopping a crowd in a hunger mob. Their stomachs cease to growl and instead they turn into the howl of a pack. Please, give me your pantry dear Queen and then look away if you must, from my joy. All will be well if the bread returns. All will be well if the bread returns.

Poverty crawls off stage.

Marie remains standing. In shock.

SCENE: GUILLOTINE

A boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads GUILLOTINE, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He rings the bell. He pulls out the red parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

SCRIBE

Madam, today, according to the pamphlet, you die.

MARIE

That sucks.

Marie pauses and crosses her arms.

MARIE

Do you have more details? You always have details. Come on, spit it out.

The Scribe moves downstage center.

Lights change to a spotlight on him, as herald.

(Actual words of her trial.)

SCRIBE

Marie Antoinette, widow of Louis, has, since her abode in France, been the scourge and blood sucker of the French: that even before the happy revolution which gave the French people their sovereignty, she had political correspondence with the king of Bohemia and Hungary: Accused of having squandered the finances of France, the fruit of the sweat of the people in a dreadful manner, to satisfy inordinate pleasures, and to pay the agents of her criminal intrigues. Funding the American revolution while the French people starve. Giving monies to Ben Franklin and George Washington from our coffers. That the widow has had criminal intelligence and correspondence with foreign powers, having union between the guards, the officers, and soldiers of the regiment of Flanders, contrived a meeting between these corps which degenerated into an absolute orgy, as she desired. That in order to carry on her counter-revolutionary designs with more efficacy, she, by means of agents, caused in Paris, a famine. That it is the widow who caused perverse ministers to be nominated, and placed her creatures in the armies and public offices, men who were known by the whole nation to be conspirators against liberty. That at all times, the widow, by the influence she had acquired over the king, insinuated into him that perfidious and dangerous art of dissimulation; and that they both in their midnight councils plotted the ruin of emancipation. That through her agents, she formed conspiracies and plots against the interior and exterior safety of France, and to that effect created a civil war between provinces of the republic; armed one citizen against another, and by these means spilled the blood of an incalculable number of citizens. That finally, the widow, in every respect immoral, and a new Agrippina, is so dissolute and so familiar with all crimes, that forgetting her quality of mother, and the limits prescribed by the law of nature, has not

SCRIBE

hesitated to prostitute herself with her son. According to the confession of her son, she has committed indecencies with him, the very idea and name of which, strike the soul with horror.

The Scribe takes a couple of seconds, and then continues.

SCRIBE

After a few days of determination the judges deemed her as guilty of treason and sentenced her to death by guillotine. The morning of the 16th of October, this unhappy victim of democratic fury was shaved of her hair, stripped of her dress, left only in her undergarments, and ignominiously carried to the place of her death. The whole population of Paris was on foot from the prison walking to the palace of the Revolution. The streets were lined by rows of armed citizens. The queen was composed with her arms tied behind her. As she passed along, the people cried out, bravo! At the place of execution, she looked firmly round her on all sides. She was accompanied by the priest, and on the scaffold preserved her natural dignity of mind. After her separated head was held high for all to see, three citizens dipped their handkerchiefs in her blood. The people cheered.

Marie stands, resolute.

MARIE

Well then. Rose!!!! I need a dress to die in!

Rose enters.

ROSE

Yes milady.

Rose goes over to one of the dress forms and takes down a dirty white dress. On the front of it is a giant red letter A. References the Scarlet Letter.

Rose dresses Marie in her death outfit and steps away to take her bakers apron, robe, hat, and pig tail wig to the dress form.

Two men enter and place a bench and a basket at downstage left, near the giant day of the dead head.

The two remain standing on both side of the bench holding up a guillotine blade. (Plastic)

Marie turns to the Scribe.

MARIE

Goodbye Sir. Thank you for all the information. Hey what is your name anyway?

SCRIBE

Larry. My name is Larry.

The Scribe bows slowly to her and leaves.

Marie turns to Rose.

MARIE

Thank you Rose for dressing me everyday. I am sure you will miss me.

ROSE

No, I won't. I will be right back with your diazepam.

Rose curtsies to Marie and then gives her hug. She rushes off.

Marie walks to upstage right, where the Monster has almost completed his walk across the stage, marking time with his lantern. She does not see him.

She yells to offstage.

MARIE

Executioner!!! Henri! Let's get on with it!!

Lights change to a grim red setting.

We hear first the sound of scraping.

An Executioner enters in front of Marie, passing her without looking at her.

He is shirtless with muscles. His skin glistens under the lights. He wears a black shiny butcher apron, black elbow length shiny butcher gloves, a gas mask, and for a cape, the French flag. He drags behind him giant ship chains on the floor.

He walks so slowly towards the makeshift guillotine. The chains scraping upon the floor.

Marie follows, hands behind her back.

The Executioner arrives at the guillotine and Marie finally next to him. He drops the chains on the floor.

He turns to Marie and begins to bring her closer to the bench. Marie walks on his foot.

She apologizes.

MARIE

Pardon me Sir, I did not mean to do it.

The Executioner lays her face down on the plank.

Marie pushes a fake head through the space in front of her. (I am not sure how to do this yet.)

The Executioner pauses and looks at the audience.

He pulls the guillotine blade with a rope.

The two men act as the guillotine mechanism and drop the blade upon the fake head.

The fake head drops into a basket of fake blood.

The Executioner takes off his gas mask, leaving it around his neck.

He walks around to the basket and pulls out of it the bloody head of Medusa, covered in plastic snakes.

He holds it high for the audience to see.

Spotlight on him.

EXECUTIONER

Medusa, the wicked Gorgon, killer of men, monster, whore, demeanor of the gods, has been slashed by mine own hands, Perseus, before you now. Do not look into the eyes of this vicious woman for she will destroy you. Long live the revolution! Join or die! Liberty or death!! Méduse, la méchante Gorgone, tueur d'hommes, monstre, putain, comportement des dieux, a été coupée par mes propres mains, Persée, devant vous maintenant. Ne regarde pas dans les yeux de cette femme vicieuse car elle te détruira. Vive la révolution! Rejoignez nous ou mourez! La liberté ou la mort!!

He throws her head in the basket and walks off the stage.

Everything is silent and still. One could hear a pin drop, as Marie remains lifeless on the guillotine plank.

The guillotine guards remain perfectly still.

Lights blink erratically on stage, as if they are going to go out.

SCENE: MASS GRAVE

A bright light floods the stage.

The guillotine guards take off the blade, the plank with Marie's body on it, the basket of two heads, and roll the entire kit off with the body.

The stage is quiet for a moment.

A boxing girl enters.

Holding a sign above her head which reads MASS GRAVE, she walks back and forth downstage in front of the audience.

The Boxing Girl turns and exits.

The Scribe enters. He is dressed as the Plague Doctor. He rings the bell. He pulls out the gray parchment. Unrolling it, he reads.

SCRIBE

Ladies and Gentlemen, according to the pamphlet, Marie Antoinettes headless body was stripped naked and thrown in a mass grave with twenty five other beheaded criminals outside of Paris.

The Plague Doctor turns and leaves.

An unknown person begins to throw twenty five headless naked plastic bodies onto stage.

Further, into another pile, he throws the bloody heads onto stage.

The Gravedigger, comes onstage dressed in a disposable face mask and white HAZAMAT garment.

He first takes his large warehouse size sweeper and pushes the headless bodies off of the stage onto the floor in front of the audience seats.

He goes backs to the bloody heads pile and begins sweeping them off the stage onto the floor in front of the audience.

A few heads are left. He randomly throws them over the stage onto the floor. Watching them fall.

He exits.

SCENE: MONSTER AWAKENS

The monster, friend to the god, turns from his walking pace.

He has made it from one side of the stage to the other, but only an inch at a time.

A dangerous growl is heard.

Monster leaves his post and makes his way to the front of the stage. He places his lantern downstage center.

MONSTER

Where are you? Where are you?

Monster shakes nothing in the air.

MONSTER

Wake up! Wake up!! It's over!!

Monster is angry.

He turns and looks over at all the dress forms standing in a half circle around the bed.

On the hunt, he has found the prey.

He races over to them and begins violently throwing them to the floor.

MONSTER

You must wake up from that life! You mustn't despair it!!! Come back out of the darkness!!

He destroys and destroys.

MONSTER

They are all phantoms! Horrors of the past!

He beats each dress violently.

MONSTER

I have it for you. Your original self. God of empty nothingness. Release yourself from the madness.

The dead god enters. Nearly naked, but wearing a golden cape.

Monster sees him, and gently approaches him, as if he will spook.

The dead god turns to Monster.

DEAD GOD

I have made it back. The death of death.

MONSTER

Yes. It was a horror and a joy, as I told you. You have returned from that madness. It is within you, never far, but you can override it.

Monster touches the Dead God on the shoulders.

MONSTER

You see?

DEAD GOD

I see. Where is Rose. I need a dress.

Boxing girl comes on stage carrying a sign that reads YOU. She is wearing a duplicate monster mask and golden cape.

She doesn't exit this time. She stands beside Monster.

One by one all the actors enter the stage wearing a duplicate monster mask and golden cape.

They form a triangle behind the dead god, who is the front point of it.

Monster puts the Monster mask over his head.

MONSTER

It is here. Your inner self. It is here.

DEAD GOD

I recognize this. It is that tv show I like so much.

A song begins to play overhead.

The triangle begins to rock back and forth in unison.

Smoke comes on stage from smoke machines. Lights low, with a light, like a bonfire.

SCENE: MADNESS

The song that plays is Spirit in The Sky, by Norman Greenbaum.

The team performs a small dance of snapping and footsteps, illuminating their monster heads and golden capes. Kings of nothing.

SONG BY NORMAN GREENBAUM: SPIRIT IN THE SKY

When I die and they lay me to rest Gonna go to the place that's the best When I lay me down to die Goin' up to the spirit in the sky Goin' up to the spirit in the sky That's where I'm gonna go when I die When I die and they lay me to rest Gonna go to the place that's the best Prepare yourself you know it's a must Gotta have a friend in Jesus So you know that when you die He's gonna recommend you To the spirit in the sky Gonna recommend you To the spirit in the sky That's where you're gonna go when you die When you die and they lay you to rest You're gonna go to the place that's the best Never been a sinner I never sinned I got a friend in Jesus So you know that when I die He's gonna set me up with The spirit in the sky Oh set me up with the spirit in the sky That's where I'm gonna go when I die When I die and they lay me to rest I'm gonna go to the place that's the best Go to the place that's the best

Song fades and the lights go down.

The End.

Curtain.

Curtain comes back up for bows.

The song Off With Her Head, by the Yeah Yeah Yeahs plays through the bows.

AFTER PARTY

Parisian ball in the lobby.

DJ.

French finger foods.

Bar.

Posters of every pamphlet represented, framed, and on easels.

Performers on stage and around for more absurdist entertainment.

FOOTNOTES/RESEARCHGENERAL RESEARCH

Marie Antoinette, The Journey by Antonia Fraser

RESEARCH ON THE WRITERS OF THE PAMPHLETS OF GRUB STREET

The Literary Underground of the Old Regime by Robert Darnton

Robert Darnton introduces us to the shadowy world of pirate publishers, garret scribblers, under-the-cloak book peddlers, smugglers, and police spies that composed the literary underground of the Enlightenment.

Here are the ambitious writers who crowded into Paris seeking fame and fortune within the Republic of Letters, but who instead sank into the miserable world of Grub Street-victims of a closed world of protection and privilege. Venting their frustrations in an illicit literature of vitriolic pamphlets, libelles, and chroniques scandaleuses, these "Rousseaus of the gutter" desecrated everything sacred in the social order of the Old Regime. Here too are the workers who printed their writings and the clandestine booksellers who distributed them.

While censorship, a monopolistic guild, and the police contained the visible publishing industry within the limits of official orthodoxies, a prolific literary underworld disseminated a vast illegal literature that conveyed a seditious ideology to readers everywhere in France. Covering their traces in order to survive, the creators of this eighteenth-century counterculture have virtually disappeared from history. By drawing on an ingenious selection of previously hidden sources, such as police ledgers and publishers' records, Robert Darnton reveals for the first time the fascinating story of that forgotten underworld.

The activities of the underground bear on a broad range of issues in history and literature, and they directly concern the problem of uncovering the ideological origins of the French Revolution.

RESEARCH ON THE BODY OF MARIE VILLIANIZED

The Body Politic by Antoine de Baecque

First, the metaphysical representation of the body as an anthropomorphic symbol of the political system, the transition of sovereignty from the body of the king to the great citizen body; second, the metaphorical representation of the body as a tool of discourse for persuasion, the embodied tale of the revolutionary epic; and third, the

representation of the body in public ceremonies, street carnivals and funerals. The introductory chapter studies the symbolic defeat of the king's body and the transfer of virility to the Republican body. Later chapters examine the new patriotic body as described in medical terms; paintings by David that show the revolutionary hero as "political body"; the Revolutionary subject conceived in terms of regeneration; its opposite, the aristocratic body, conceived as monstrous; and the bestial images projected onto Marie Antoinette.

RESEARCH ON THE "SCRIBE"

Memoirs of the Court of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, Being the Historic Memoirs of Madam Campan, First Lady in Waiting to the Queen, Create Space Independent Publishing Platform (April 3, 2013)

Whether the Queen breakfasted in bed or up, those entitled to the petites entrees were equally admitted; this privilege belonged of right to her chief physician, chief surgeon, physician in ordinary, reader, closet secretary, the King's four first valets de chambre and their reversioners, and the King's chief physicians and surgeons. There were frequently from ten to twelve persons at this first entree.

RESEARCH ON THE DRESSES & DRESSMAKER (MILLINER)

Memoirs of the Court of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, Being the Historic Memoirs of Madam Campan, First Lady in Waiting to the Queen, Create Space Independent Publishing Platform (April 3, 2013)

It was also on this first journey to Marly that the Duchesse de Chartres, afterwards Duchesse d'Orleans, introduced into the Queen's household Mademoiselle Rose Bertin, a milliner who became celebrated at that time for the total change she effected in the dress of the French ladies.

It may be said that the mere admission of a milliner into the house of the Queen was followed by evil consequences to her Majesty. The skill of the milliner, who was received into the household, in spite of the custom which kept persons of her description out of it, afforded her the opportunity of introducing some new fashion every day. Up to this time the Queen had shown very plain taste in dress; she now began to make it a principal occupation; and she was of course imitated by other women.

All wished instantly to have the same dress as the Queen, and to wear the feathers and flowers to which her beauty, then in its brilliancy, lent an indescribable charm. The expenditure of the younger ladies was necessarily much

increased; mothers and husbands murmured at it; some few giddy women contracted debts; unpleasant domestic scenes occurred; in many families coldness or quarrels arose; and the general report was, -that the Queen would be the ruin of all the French ladies.

Fashion continued its fluctuating progress; and head-dresses, with their superstructures of gauze, flowers, and feathers, became so lofty that the women could not find carriages high enough to admit them; and they were often seen either stooping, or holding their heads out of the windows. Others knelt down in order to manage these elevated objects of ridicule with less danger.

*

As soon as the Queen rose, the wardrobe woman was admitted to take away the pillows and prepare the bed to be made by some of the valets de chambre.

RESEARCH ON LET THEM EAT CAKE

The Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau In 12 books

Privately Printed for the Members of the Aldus Society,
London, 1903

The expression comes from Jean-Jacques Rousseau's "Confessions," a treatise penned in the late 18th century. "Qu'ils mangent de la brioche." Let them eat an egg-based bread. The type of bread to which the speaker referred is a more luxe loaf than the typical flour-and-water bread of the Parisian pauper. A French law mandated that bakers sell their brioche at the same price as their inexpensive bread if this supply ran out. Later on, the law would be the downfall of the hungry lower classes when bakers responded by baking very short supplies of bread to save themselves from economic ruin.

He says. "I could never drink without eating; the difficulty lay therefore, in procuring bread. It was impossible to make a reserve of this article, and to have it brought by the footman was discovering myself, and insulting the master of the house; I could not bear to purchase it myself; how could a fine gentleman, with a sword at his side, enter a baker's shop to buy a small loaf of bread? it was utterly impossible. At length I recollected the thoughtless saying of a great princess, who, on being informed that the country people had no bread, replied, "Then let them eat pastry!" Yet even this resource was attended with a difficulty. I sometimes went out alone for this very purpose, running over the whole city, and passing thirty pastry cook's shops, without daring to enter any one of them. In the first place, it was necessary there should be only one person in the

shop, and that person's physiognomy must be so encouraging as to give me confidence to pass the threshold; but when once the dear little cake was procured, and I shut up in my chamber with that and a bottle of wine, taken cautiously from the bottom of a cupboard, how much did I enjoy drinking my wine, and reading a few pages of a novel; for when I have no company I always wish to read while eating; it seems a substitute for society, and I dispatch alternately a page and a morsel; 'tis indeed, as if my book dined with me.

Les Guêpes, Jean-Baptiste Alphonse Karr, 1843.

In an 1843 issue of the journal *Les Guêpes*, the French writer Jean-Baptiste Alphonse Karr reported having found the quote in a "book dated 1760," which he said proved that the rumor about Marie-Antoinette was false. Rumor? Like so many of us, he was probably just repeating something he had heard.

RESEARCH ON THE NECKLACE

Marie Antoinette, The Journey by Antonia Fraser

A Current Affair, NY Time Article, Op Ed, by Herbert Muschamp

Jewelers Böhmer and Bassenge nearly went broke creating a necklace that they presumed King Louis XV would buy for his mistress Madame du Barry. Weighing in at 2,800 carats, the jewelers thought they'd fetch 1.6 million livres for the stunner, that's roughly equivalent to 100 million U.S. dollars in today's market. Unfortunately for Böhmer and Bassenge (and Madame du Barry), the king died before he could purchase it. They hoped that the new king, Louis XVI, might agree to buy the necklace for Marie Antoinette. Whatever frivolous reputation she may have acquired later in her reign, Marie Antoinette made a patriotic, sentient decision to discourage Louis from purchasing the necklace. She reasoned that he'd be better off putting the money toward France's navy.

Memoirs of the Court of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, Being the Historic Memoirs of Madam Campan, First Lady in Waiting to the Queen, Create Space Independent Publishing Platform (April 3, 2013)

A con woman who called herself Jeanne de Valois-Saint-Rémy, also known as Jeanne de la Motte, conceived a plan to use the necklace to gain wealth and possibly power and royal patronage. Jeanne became the mistress of the Cardinal de Rohan. At this time, the Cardinal was trying to regain the Queen's favour to become one of the King's ministers. Jeanne de la Motte, having entered court by means of a lover named

Rétaux de Villette, persuaded Rohan that she had been received by the Queen and enjoyed her favour. On hearing of this, Rohan resolved to use Jeanne to regain the Queen's goodwill. Thus began an alleged correspondence between Rohan and the Queen. Jeanne de la Motte returned the replies to Rohan's notes, which she affirmed came from the Queen. He begged Jeanne to arrange a secret night-time interview with the Queen on his behalf. the Cardinal met with a woman he believed to be the Queen. In fact, the woman was a prostitute, Nicole Leguay, who Jeanne had hired because of her resemblance to the Queen. Jeanne, pretending to be the Queen, sent several letters to the cardinal, including an order to buy the necklace. Rohan negotiated the purchase of the necklace for 2,000,000 livres, to be paid in installments. He claimed to have the Queen's authorization for the purchase and showed the jewelers the conditions of the bargain in the Queen's handwriting. Rohan took the necklace to Jeanne's house, where a man, whom Rohan believed to be a valet of the Queen, came to fetch it. Jeanne de la Motte's husband secretly took the necklace to London, where it was broken up to sell the large individual diamonds separately. When time came to pay the Queen, unknowing of the entire affair, responded she had never ordered the necklace. Rohan was arrested and taken to the Bastille. The police arrested the prostitute Nicole Leguay and Rétaux de Villette, who confessed that he had written the letters given to Rohan in the queen's name, and had imitated her signature. A sensational trial resulted, with sentences for all. Despite findings to the contrary, many people in France persisted in the belief that the Queen used the La Mottes as an instrument to satisfy her hatred of the Cardinal de Rohan. These factors led to a huge decline in the Queen's popularity and encouraged an image of her among the masses as a manipulative spendthrift, more interested in vanity than in the welfare of France and the French, eventually leading to her downfall, and execution.

RESEARCH ON THE EXECUTIONER

Memoirs of the Sansons: from private notes and documents (1688-1847) by Henry Sanson. London : reprinted by Chatto and Windus, 1876

He was the lineal descendant of a race of headsman through whose hands every State victim, as well as every common criminal, had passed during two centuries. They had exercised their functions for nearly two hundred years. They had hung, beheaded, quartered, and tortured from father to son without interruption, and the social position of the first of the race, previous to the assumption of the executioner's office, had placed his descendants on a somewhat higher level than the men belonging to the bloody profession.

"The Great Sanson" was the fourth of six generations of Sansons to serve as executioners in their native France. He was by no means the first, but by far the most notable. Born in Paris on February 15, 1739, Charles-Henri Sanson was apprenticed to his father, Jean-Baptiste, before being made "Royal Executioner of France" on December 26, 1778. By the end of his career, he was known as the "High Executioner of the First French Republic" and had executed nearly 3,000 people.

Charles-Henri attended the execution of Marie Antoinette, but the distinction of actually executing her fell to his son Henri, fifth in this deadly dynasty.

Charles-Henri argued that the guillotine was more efficient than sword or axe. It was more precise, and a tired executioner was less likely to make terrible blunders, especially during multiple executions. He tested it on straw bales, then on live sheep and finally on human corpses before pronouncing it an absolute success.

Despite his aptitude, Charles-Henri reportedly had a lifelong aversion to performing executions. Unfortunately, executioners were such reviled figures that being born into a family of them meant being shunned by the rest of society.

The public knew families like the Sansons as Les Bourreaux--"The Executioners." Schools refused to admit their children, and they were often forced to live outside of city limits. Bakers kept the executioners' bread separate, so other customers wouldn't feel their food had been tainted. The church usually refused to marry people from Bourreaux families, except to members of other Bourreaux families. Bourreaux were so ostracized, that by the time the practice was abolished in 1981, all active French executioners could trace their lineage to a handful of people.

RESEARCH ON THE TRIAL OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

The trial of Louis XVI. late King of France, and Marie Antoinette, his Queen. Embellished with copper-plate engravings. Louis XVI, King of France, 1754-1793., Marie Antoinette, Queen, consort of Louis XVI, King of France, 1755-1793., Reed, Abner, 1771-1866, engraver.

- 37 pages long. Too many to place here, but the text the Scribe reads from in the play is a nearly exact replica of the words of the trial. Some changes were made to make it more readable.