



“N”

A musical in two acts

Book, Music & Lyrics by  
Timothy Williams Andrew Sabiston

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Reconceived  
from all drafts  
of  
"NAPOLEON"

under the Direction of  
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## AUTHORS' NOTES

In reading, it must be remembered that the action is wholly continuous. Talleyrand's addresses to the audience are not pauses between scenes, but should have the feel of musical accompaniment to the action or transitions that play during his monologues. Indeed, in many cases, these will also be underscored.

Being a story told through the eyes of another, and not set forth as a biography, scenic design can run the gamut of theatrical possibility - anything from a black box to something conceived on a considerably more elaborate scale. Renderings need not be at all literal, are in fact encouraged to be otherwise.

Any staging or location descriptions are purely for the aid of the reader. Where no specific change in location is required, but a mood shift necessary, this has been indicated with asterisks.

Save for the interval between the two acts, the whole piece should move without interruption, with the unflagging edge, energy and drive for which Napoleon, the man, was famed.

A.S. & T.W.

## CHARACTERS

TALLEYRAND	Senior statesman, master politician
NAPOLEON	Soldier, leader, Emperor of France
LUCIEN	Napoleon's brother
JOSEPHINE	Napoleon's first wife
THÉRÈSE	A wealthy friend of Josephine's
ANTON	A common soldier
MONTENOTTE	An aristocrat and officer
CLARICE	Montenotte's daughter
FOUCHÉ	Aide to Talleyrand
GARRAU	Aide to Talleyrand
BARRAS	Head of The Directory Government
MOULINS	2nd in The Directory Government
DUCOS	3rd The Directory Government
NIKE	Goddess of Victory
MARIE LOUISE	Napoleon's second wife
LADY IN WAITING	to Josephine
CHORUS	

Members of the CHORUS play the roles above from BARRAS down, as well as various GENERALS, MARSHALS, COMMON PEOPLE, SOLDIERS, their WIVES, members of the BOURGEOISIE, LAWYERS, members of the EUROPEAN ROYAL COURTS and GUARDS.

# MUSICAL NUMBERS

## Act One

1. Waterloo
2. The Day Is Won
3. A World We've Never Known
4. Marriage
5. Only In Fantasy
6. The Journey Begins
7. Coup d'Etat
8. On That First Night
9. Road To Austria
10. The Dream Within
11. Kyrie/Our Hands Are Tied
12. Circle of Hope
13. Republic Ball
14. I Am the Revolution
15. The Calm Before the Storm
16. Coronation
17. Sweet Victory Divine

## Act Two

1. Tennis In Paris
2. Saint Napoleon's Day
3. The Friend You Were To Me
4. The Code Napoleon
5. Power Has Its Price
6. Tennis In Paris 2
7. Throne Room
8. The Last Crusade
9. Tennis In Paris 3
10. Russia
11. Waiting And Hoping
12. Lucien's Return/Exile of The Heart
13. Waterloo Finale

Where "U/S" appears in the script,  
this refers to "underscore"

ACT I

WATERLOO

Darkness.

Noise. A cacophony of CANNON, men SHOUTING, and GUNS. Pandemonium. Now through the darkness, STROBES, flashes of LIGHT, SMOKE.

CHORUS

ET SALVE ME  
ET SALVE ME  
KYRIE ELEISON  
KYRIE ELEISON  
(continues)

Reveal a FIGURE, its back to us - that silhouette familiar to all: NAPOLEON in hat and great coat.

Two GENERALS stand on either side of him upstage, also with their backs to us, looking out over an unseen battlefield.

GENERAL 2

(panic)

When do we charge, Emperor?!

GENERAL 1

(urgent, seeing it through his telescope)

They're out-flanking us!

GENERAL 2

Emperor??!!

No reaction from N, stock still.

GENERAL 1

Hurry! They're being slaughtered!

GENERAL 2

Emperor, we *need* the order!...

(beat, nothing from N)

Sir - do you *hear* me?!

GENERAL 1

(through the telescope, horror)

Cry Heaven, they've out-flanked us!!!... If he doesn't give the order, we're finished!

N remains frozen.

GENERAL 1 (cont'd)  
What's wrong with him?!

GENERAL 2  
(panic)  
Emperor!!!

GENERAL 1  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?!!

An ECHO EFFECT on these last words and the action FREEZES. Lighting shifts, sounds of battle fade away as TALLEYRAND - senior, sardonic, a limp in his right foot, moving with the aid of a cane - comes forward through the smoke and approaches N. He addresses the audience, as he will throughout.

TALLEYRAND  
*What's wrong with him indeed? Loaded question, that... I can well imagine you - you who are posterity, you who are the future - this question echoing up through time to your ears. Perhaps the morays of your day would have you believe he's a tyrant. To you, there's a great deal wrong with him... Or maybe you inhabit that inevitably alternate time, when the pendulum swings to the favour of a man such as this... It makes no difference to me, for what is impossible to imagine one year can make complete commonsense the next...*

(his eyes fix on the unmoving figure, rising contempt)

Except *this* - this moment defied logic: how could this be the same man I made? Suddenly, inexplicably frozen by inaction. Crippled by *what* in God's name? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?! A titan of stone and iron all at once - gone!

He strikes at the figure with his cane, knocking the coat and hat to the floor, revealing there's no one underneath it.

Forgive me, Posterity. The shock of the evening paper sent me into the past...

He picks up a newspaper out of the heap of clothes.

By the time today's news reaches you my voice will be long out of the story - discarded as nothing but one old fool's opinion. But this "old fool" was there.

(MORE)

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

(comes forward)

I don't expect you to know who I am. I operated in the shadows and that's undoubtedly where history will deposit me. But listen carefully down Time's less travelled corridors and you will hear my name spoken... with respect!

FIGURES appear. Distant memories;

MAN (FOUCHÉ)

Minister Talleyrand, you are the master politician of the age!

TALLEYRAND

With gravity.

ANOTHER (GARRAU)

Minister Talleyrand, Bonaparte's right hand man. We all know you are the power behind the throne!

TALLEYRAND

And with love and admiration from the people.

ANOTHER (ANTON)

Talleyrand - Shit in silk stocking.

ANOTHER (MONTENOTTE)

The limping devil.

ANOTHER (LUCIEN)

Iago to Napoleon's Othello.

TALLEYRAND

(withering, then darker)

I resent the implication of blame. The *fault* was his. The *weakness* was his... You'll forgive me if I'm unable to speak his name. Those syllables now mix bitterly in my mouth. Had he been all I thought he was, it would never have come to this;

(opens the newspaper)

Not even on the front page! Here - stuffed at the bottom of Page Two. An embarrassed little mention. Barely a few inches...

The theme for THE DAY IS WON begins softly as he points to a tiny paragraph on the broadsheet.

An awkward little belch to tell of his death in ignominious exile and his burial in an unmarked grave. Denied even his N... N. N for "Nothing". N for "Nobody"...

Lighting is shifting, the theme building;

(MORE)

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

How different the headlines were the day we turned on the steam. I'd built the machine and by God we were ready! That day the story was decidedly *front page material*. That day he was a hero.

A scene is materializing as TALLEY transforms into a younger man;

THE GATES OF PARIS

"THE DAY IS WON"

MAN 1  
HAVE YOU READ THE NEWS?

WOMAN 1  
HIS NAME IS EVERYWHERE

MAN 2  
HE CAN'T BE STOPPED

WOMAN 2  
BORN TO NEVER LOSE

MAN 3  
EVERYDAY THE HEADLINES ARE THE SAME:  
ANOTHER VICTORY GAINED!

WOMAN 3  
IT'S INCREDIBLE

MAN 4  
IT'S ASTONISHING

WOMAN 4  
HIS CAREER DEFIES THE POSSIBLE

MAN 1  
HE HAS DONE WHAT NO ONE'S EVER DARED  
ALL YOU DOUBTERS, BEST START RUNNING SCARED!

Full lighting reveals a CROWD  
gathering to welcome home a hero.

CROWD  
(ad lib din of EXCITED CHATTER, under)

MAN 4  
MOVE YOUR HEAD

WOMAN 3  
I CAN'T SEE

MAN 5  
THIS PLACE IS RESERVED FOR ME

WOMAN 3  
WOULD YOU STOP PUSHING, SIR!?

SOLDIER 1  
SETTLE DOWN PLEASE!

MAN 4  
MOVE ASIDE

WOMAN 3  
LET ME THROUGH

SOLDIER 2  
THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL OF YOU

WOMAN 3  
BE KIND TO A LADY  
(then, behaving as anything but, stomps  
roughly on a MAN's foot)  
GIVE ME SOME ROOM  
Out of my way, go on move it!!

FOUCHÉ and GARRAU, enter and take  
in the scene.

FOUCHÉ  
WHAT A TERRIFIC DIN

GARRAU  
HE CERTAINLY CAN PULL THEM IN  
THEY'RE FLOCKING HERE FROM FAR AND WIDE

Enter LUCIEN, who FOU indicates.

FOUCHÉ  
HIS BROTHER CAN'T CONTAIN HIS JOY  
A HERO WORSHIP POSTER BOY

GARRAU  
SEEMS IT MIGHT BE JUSTIFIED!

LUCIEN  
(seeing FOU)  
GOOD DAY, GOOD SIR!

FOUCHÉ  
GOOD DAY TO YOU AS WELL, LUCIEN

LUCIEN  
THE BEST OF DAYS THAT'S EVER BEEN!  
IMAGINE HIS WONDER WHEN HE SEES THIS WELCOME HOME!

CHORUS  
VICTORY  
ONCE AGAIN THE TRUMPETS CALL  
CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL

THE DAY IS WON  
THE DAY IS WON

VICTORY  
EVERYONE COME RAISE THE CRY  
LET THE BANNERS CLAIM THE SKY  
THE DAY IS WON  
LONG LIVE NAPOLEON

TALLEY indicates LUCIEN  
appreciatively.

TALLEYRAND  
Yes, that's his younger brother, Lucien. Nice  
boy - A true idealist. Keep your eye on him.  
He's going to be... *useful!*

LUCIEN + SEVERAL  
HE FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM - THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE!

CHORUS  
VICTORY  
ONCE AGAIN THE TRUMPETS CALL  
CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL  
THE DAY IS WON  
THE DAY IS WON

VICTORY  
EVERYONE COME RAISE THE CRY  
LET THE BANNERS CLAIM THE SKY  
THE DAY IS WON  
LONG LIVE NAPOLEON

VICTORY  
ONCE AGAIN THE TRUMPETS CALL  
CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL  
THE DAY IS WON  
VICTORY  
EVERYONE COME RAISE THE CRY  
LET THE BANNERS CLAIM THE SKY  
LONG LIVE NAPOLEON!

LUCIEN: LORD  
OF VICTORY  
DEFENDER OF  
THE FREE  
LORD  
OF VICTORY  
DEFENDER OF  
THE FREE

Enter NAPOLEON, early 30's,  
charismatic - every bit the hero.

CHORUS (cont'd)  
(ad lib cheers, etc.)

TALLEYRAND  
Oh, and *please...* I don't want to hear a word  
about how *short* you think he was. This is *my*  
story - and in my eyes the man is a giant.

NAPOLEON  
TO RISE ON THE WINGS OF GLORY  
TO SEE ALL YOUR DREAMS UNFOLD

A VICTOR'S STORY LIES WITHIN YOU  
WAITING TO BE TOLD  
WE EACH HAVE A DREAM WITHIN US  
A WILL TO IMPROVE OUR LOT  
YOU WELL KNOW THAT YOU'RE DESERVING  
DON'T BE TOLD YOU'RE NOT  
DARE TO DREAM OF BETTER  
DARE TO REACH FOR MORE  
CARE AS ONLY YOU CAN CARE  
VICTORY IS YOURS  
VICTORY IS YOURS!

The CROWD erupts.

CHORUS

VICTORY  
EVERYONE COME RAISE THE CRY  
LET THE BANNERS CLAIM THE SKY  
THE DAY IS WON  
LONG LIVE --

VICTORY  
ONCE AGAIN THE TRUMPETS CALL  
CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL  
THE DAY IS WON  
VICTORY  
EVERYONE COME RAISE THE CRY  
LET THE BANNERS CLAIM THE SKY  
LONG LIVE NAPOLEON!  
VICTORY  
ONCE AGAIN THE TRUMPETS CALL  
CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL  
THE DAY IS WON  
VICTORY  
EVERYONE COME RAISE THE CRY  
LET THE BANNERS CLAIM THE SKY  
THE DAY IS WON  
LONG LIVE NAPOLEON!

OTHERS: THE HERALD  
OF FREEDOM  
HE LIVES FOR  
THE PEOPLE  
WE LOOK TO  
THE FUTURE  
A NEW AGE  
IS DAWNING (continues)  
LUCIEN: LORD  
OF VICTORY  
DEFENDER OF  
THE FREE  
LORD  
OF VICTORY  
DEFENDER OF  
THE FREE (continues)

All exit, leaving TALLEY.

TALLEYRAND

A lot of adulation for a soldier returning home  
from a job well done... But a score of  
victories goes so well with youth. It  
intoxicates people. You can imagine how worried  
this makes those who are *supposed* to be in  
charge...

U/S Coup. Three men (the  
DIRECTORS) storm on, led by  
BARRAS, furious.

BARRAS

Minister Talleyrand! *Who* told the newspapers?!  
They printed exactly where and when the General  
was expected and have created the Second Coming!!!

TALLEY taps his cane once on the  
floor and the action FREEZES - a  
device he'll use throughout.

TALLEYRAND

My employer, Paul Barras, head of our most  
corrupt and contemptible government. No one's  
singing "long live" to *them*! But you don't  
bankrupt a nation, defecate upon a Revolution  
and leave the people wondering why they went to  
the trouble of beheading their king, without it  
ending badly for you. If I stood by them until  
that happens, it would end badly for me too. No  
thank you.

(taps his cane, unfreezing the DIRS)

I have no idea who let such delicate  
information out. But you have my word that who  
ever did won't be working for you much longer!

The DIRS storm off, content that  
TALLEY is on top of the problem.

The surest way to survive a failing political  
machine is to build a better one of one's own.  
All that's needed is that inexhaustible supply  
of energy on which to make it run...

N enters and shares a look with  
TALLEY that says they know each  
other and are complicit. N goes  
into action with the company  
behind and all around TALLEY - a  
series of fluid vignettes:  
marching, saluting, bonding with  
Lucien, banners. U/S is DREAM  
WITHIN or LAST CRUSADE, under;

Such a man was wanted and such a man was born.  
A man of stone and iron... It's two years ago  
that I first spy him;

(a time shift, a nod to N.)

- this Corsican commoner rising through the  
ranks with lightning speed. He's come here to  
profit from our Revolutionary ideals. They suit  
him and his personal ambition. The officer  
classes hate him because *by merit alone* he now  
out-ranks most of them.

N's action has gelled into a scene  
with MONTENOTTE and CLARICE.

MONT is glaring at N - his hands  
over CLAR's ears;

MONTENOTTE

How dare you!? Using language like *that* in  
front of my daughter! A *proper* officer would  
know better.

NAPOLEON

Really? I'd say a *proper* officer would know  
better than to bring virgin ears into a mess  
hall!

N walks away. CLAR is giggling,  
further angering her father.

MONTENOTTE

In my day they didn't let his type come up  
through the ranks. I'm against it! Against it,  
I am!!

Back to N as we continue to follow  
him in vignette illustrative of;

TALLEYRAND

He brooks no fools and is a man not embarrassed  
by any scruples. Selfish, prudent, he  
sacrifices everything to his aim.

N is with a GENERAL.

NAPOLEON

We'll send in our chargers while the canon are  
pounding.

GENERAL 1

(horrified)

But we'll lose some of our men to our own fire!

NAPOLEON

That shocks you? Think how surprised the *enemy*  
will be!

TALLEYRAND

And what of his aim? Ah, that's the beauty:  
It's noble, hopeful, irresistible - a vision of  
a golden world he sees for man: a better future  
for all. Woe to that thing or person who stands  
in his way!

NAPOLEON

(shouting the order)

CHARGE!!!!

TALLEYRAND

Don't think him cruel, but only as one who knows no impediment - sparing of nothing - neither troops, nor money, nor himself. He is *purpose without conscience*: A super-human, flawless machine. No wonder I picked him: A *machine* to power *my* machine!

TALLEY exits - past action that has yielded to N and LUC together alone. We see that their relationship is close. LUC is hanging on every word of a story his older bother is telling him. (NB: something in the staging, or perhaps an article of clothing that N had on when he first entered and now is wearing once more, tells us were back in the time line of the day of his triumphant return).

LUCIEN

Then what did you do?

NAPOLEON

Stormed the bridge!

LUCIEN

But you said the soldiers were terrified. How did you convince them?

NAPOLEON

"On this side of the bridge," I told them, "Is the gutter. Over *there* is your way out... There's nothing wrong with being born in the dirt, men. But it's a sin to want to stay there."

(looks to LUC, laughs)

Victory!

LUCIEN

(speechless with hero worship)

NAPOLEON

(beat, growing darker)

The boundaries of human greatness are about to be tested.

LUCIEN

I don't follow...

NAPOLEON

Do you trust me, Lucien?

LUCIEN  
Of course, brother. With my life.

NAPOLEON  
Then you *will* follow... If you follow *me*.

"A WORLD WE'VE NEVER KNOWN"

NAPOLEON (cont'd)

OPEN YOUR MIND  
DON'T RESIST  
TRY TO IMAGINE  
THE VERY SCOPE OF THIS  
WHAT IF THE MULTITUDES THOUGHT YOU COULD DO NO WRONG?  
WHAT IF THEY HELD YOU HIGH AS THOUGH THE NEW MESSIAH?  
YOU'D HEAR THEIR CRIES FOR CHANGE  
YOU'D FEEL THEIR NEED  
YOU'D WANT TO MEND THE WORLD  
AND YOU'D BELIEVE

I CAN GIVE TO MAN A WORLD WE'VE NEVER KNOWN  
A NEW TOMORROW  
IT ALL DEPENDS ON ME  
A RISING SUN  
A VAST ETERNAL LAND  
A SHINING BASTION  
THAT WILL FOREVER STAND  
IT ALL DEPENDS ON ME

TALLEY, FOU and GAR are revealed  
having been watching from the  
shadows.

FOUCHÉ + GARRAU  
HE'S PERFECT!

TALLEYRAND  
WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

NAPOLEON  
YOU MUST BELIEVE  
IT CAN BE DONE  
ALL WOULD BE LOST  
BUT FOR THE WILL OF ONE  
THE POSSIBILITIES HAVE NO END  
UNTO OUR PARADISE WE SHALL ASCEND

TALLEY:	HE'LL MAKE US RICH!
F/G:	SO RICH!
T/F/G:	WE JUST REACH OUT
	AND THE PRIZE IS WON
G:	BY CASHING IN
	ON SUCH CACHE
	A CIVIL SERVANT'S LIFE
	CAN PAY
F:	HE'S GOING FAR!
G:	WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND
T:	HITCH TO THAT STAR
	OUR FORTUNES
	ARE ABOUT TO SOAR!

ABOVE THE RISING TIDES  
AND THROUGH THE STORM  
ACROSS THE SEA OF TIME  
TO HEAVEN'S DOORS

TALLY, FOU and GAR step forward into the action with N and LUC and we understand that L has now been brought into the plotting.

NAPOLEON (cont'd)

I WILL GIVE TO MAN	L/T/F/G: I WILL GIVE MY ALL TO YOU
A WORLD WE'VE NEVER KNOWN	
A NEW TOMORROW	T/F/G: WE'RE YOUR SERVANTS
	THROUGH AND THROUGH
IT ALL DEPENDS ON ME	L: I'LL FOLLOW YOU!
A RISING SUN	T: UNTO YOUR COMMAND
A VAST ETERNAL LAND	F: I VOW WITH YOU
A SHINING BASTION	G: I VOW WITH YOU
THAT WILL FOREVER STAND	L/T/F/G: WE WILL FOREVER STAND
AS LONG AS I	T: WE ARE PREPARED
HAVE STRENGTH TO GIVE	F/G: WE STAND AGREED
I WILL NOT REST	L: WE ARE PREPARED
UNTIL IT LIVES	T: TIME TO POWER THE MACHINE
BORN FROM THE RAGING FIRE	FIRE UP
	THE POLITICAL MACHINE
MY WORLD WILL RISE	L: I WILL FOLLOW WHERE YOU GO
	F/G: HE'S PERFECT!
	T: LET THE RICHES
	START TO FLOW
AND STAND	L: THE TIME TO ACT IS HERE
FOR ALL	G: IT'S HERE
	F: WE'RE HERE
OF TIME	L/T/F/G: IT'S TIME

The ending of the song is interrupted by the unexpected entrance of a woman - JOSEPHINE - who rushes to N amorously. She's visibly agitated, though trying to hide it.

JOSEPHINE

My angel, my love - I'm so sorry! I wanted to be the first to meet you on your way back the city but the driver took the wrong road!

TALLEY freezes the action, turns to us;

TALLEYRAND

(dryly)

Oh, her. I've left her out, haven't I?

(beat)

Her driver *did* take the wrong road - no word of a lie there. That great show of devotion?... Maybe not so truthful. You see, she's his wife - his Josephine - and she's had an affair.

(MORE)

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

That burning desire of hers to be the first to meet him was to find out if he *knows*. For my part, I hope he doesn't.

The action resumes with N exploding and pushing JOS away.

NAPOLEON

Get off me! It's over! I divorce you!! I'd gut you if you were a man - I swear I'd gut you!

N storms off - JOS chases after;

TALLEYRAND

Oh, bother. An unfortunate complication... This threatens to sabotage everything. You see, *she's part of the plan*. Eight months ago I put them together!

Eight months ago: Reveal BARRAS confiding to one of the other DIRECTORS. U/S is the COUP D'ETAT.

BARRAS

My mistress is costing me a fortune: Dresses, shoes, furniture, jewelry - the woman's bankrupting me!

Reveal simultaneously elsewhere JOS admiring a necklace around her neck in an unseen mirror. Another woman admires it over her shoulder, a character we'll come to know as THÉRÈSE.

THÉRÈSE

It's beautiful! Where did you get it?

JOSEPHINE

Where do you think?

(laughs)

Did you see the shoes? You'll love the shoes!

THÉRÈSE + JOSEPHINE

(shrieks of delight at the sight of the shoes)

BARRAS

(desperate)

How can I be rid of her?!

TALLEYRAND freezes both locations. N enters.

TALLEYRAND

(to audience)

I'd already spotted him. But he wasn't of high enough rank yet to be useful. *This* was a gift from God!

(turning to Barras)

Bonaparte's your answer.

BARRAS

Who? Never heard of him.

TALLEYRAND

An unmarried General. Probably won't amount to much - but so ambitious I'm sure he'd accept a wife, were she attached to a significant promotion.

BAR laughs approvingly and exits.  
N and JOS face each other.

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

Barras's Whore accepted it too: a General's salary would keep her in style.

TALLEY joins their hands steps back, beside THER: two witnesses at a wedding. U/S yields to ON THAT FIRST NIGHT (verse).

"WEDDING"

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

The marriage was witnessed by myself and this trollop here - the obscenely wealthy Thérèse Tallien. Her friendship with The Whore is deep, the two of them having been aristocrats imprisoned together during the Revolution. Thérèse credits her friend's courage for keeping her alive. Feels forever indebted. *Handy that...*

(re this point in the service)

Oh, shhh! Here come the wedding vows. They were beautiful - I wrote them myself!

NAPOLEON

I NEED YOU

I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT YOU

I SEE NOW MY WORLD WOULD END WITHOUT YOU

I NEED YOUR TOUCH, YOUR WARM CARESS

This is tongue-in-cheek, playful - N looks over to TALLEY, shaking his head - can't believe he's going through with this...

JOSEPHINE

HOLD ME  
HOLD ME CLOSE FOREVER  
TELL ME WE'LL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER  
EACH NIGHT WITHOUT YOU  
I NEED YOU MORE AND MORE

As the theme continues, they playfully take each other in their arms. A simple kiss grows into a passionate embrace during;

TALLEYRAND

Their first night of love-making got the neighbours talking: a consummate *sealing of the deal* that shook the cobbles loose in the rue de la Victoire... Soon after came the parting - such sweet sorrow - the Paragon playing it like a master.

We see an honesty in N's emotion that TALLY perhaps does not;

NAPOLEON

YOUR FAINTEST WHISPER WAKENS ME  
YOUR SOFTEST TOUCH BRINGS ME TO LIFE  
AND WHEN I FEEL YOUR BEATING HEART  
I KNOW I AM ALIVE  
WE WOULD JUST DESTROY OURSELVES  
IF OUR WORLDS WERE KEPT APART

N kisses her and goes.

TALLEYRAND

That's all it was: a dirty business bargain - this so-called love story for the ages! Ha! Just two selfish and ambitious souls, each getting what they wanted, match-made by a limping Cupid... Nothing more. Well, nothing more *intended*.

TALLEY exits leaving JOS briefly alone until a MAID enters with something for JOS. U/S out.

MAID

Another letter from the General, ma'am.

The MAID exits. JOS opens the letter eagerly.

JOSEPHINE

(off letter, moved)  
"Your faintest whisper wakens me  
Your softest touch brings me to life  
(MORE)

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

And when I feel your beating heart  
I know I am alive -- "

BARRAS has entered, speaks,  
shaking JOS from her reverie.

BARRAS

I hoped you'd be here. Are you alone?

JOS is facing out to us. We see  
she neither wishes to offend her  
former lover, nor wants him here.  
He approaches, puts his arms  
around her from behind, starts  
kissing her neck.

JOSEPHINE

(a lie)

I've made plans with Thérèse. She'll be coming  
soon, so --

BARRAS

I can be fast, if that's what it takes.

Lighting shift. BAR freezes and we  
enter JOS's thoughts. She steps  
forward, N's letter still in her  
hands...

JOSEPHINE

(off the letter)

"We would just destroy ourselves  
If our worlds were kept apart..."

(looking up from the letter, in her own  
thoughts now)

"ONLY IN FANTASY"

I ONCE BELIEVED IN FAIRY TALES  
SOUGHT OUT MY STORYBOOK ROMANCE  
I LOOKED FOR LOVE IN EACH EMBRACE  
EACH PASSIONATE ADVANCE

HOW WELL THEY KNEW THE THINGS TO SAY  
I'D ALWAYS FOUND MY PRINCE AT LAST  
BUT PAPER CASTLES BLOW AWAY  
AND MEN MOVE ON SO FAST  
NEVER IN THOSE FAIRY TALES  
DO THEY LET THE TRUTH BE KNOWN:  
YOU GIVE YOUR HEART, YOU'LL BEAR THE SCARS

ONLY IN FANTASY IS LOVE FOREVER LASTING  
IN FANTASY WHERE NOTHING CAN GO WRONG  
GUARD YOUR FOOLISH HEART AGAINST SURRENDER  
REALIZE THAT LIFE REWARDS THE STRONG  
LIVE EACH DAY FOR YOU AND FOR NO OTHER

DON'T GIVE IN, DON'T OFFER HIM YOUR TRUST  
I KNOW THAT THOSE IN SEARCH OF FAIRY TALES  
WILL SOON LEARN SUCH DREAMS TURN TO DUST

WHAT COULD BE SAFER THEN THAN THIS?  
THERE WAS NO MAGIC WHEN WE MET  
I SIMPLY MADE MY CALCULATIONS  
AND TOOK WHAT I COULD GET  
GIVEN HOW THE SCENE WAS SET  
I'M NOT MEANT TO FEEL LIKE THIS  
TO NEED HIS TOUCH, TO CRAVE HIS KISS

ONLY IN FANTASY IS LOVE FOREVER LASTING  
IN FANTASY WHERE NOTHING CAN GO WRONG  
GUARD YOUR FOOLISH HEART AGAINST SURRENDER  
REALIZE THAT LIFE REWARDS THE STRONG  
HE DOESN'T MEAN THE EARTH TO ME, HOW COULD HE?  
I ONLY THOUGHT TO TAKE WHAT I COULD GET  
SO TELL ME WHY THEN DOES HIS FAINTEST WHISPER MOVE ME  
TO GIVE HIM MY TRUST  
WHY WHEN I KNOW DREAMS OF HAPPY ENDINGS  
ALL TURN TO DUST

As lights shift, BARRAS unfreezes,  
takes her in his arms. She doesn't  
resist - a need to prove to herself  
that she's *not* in love with N, still  
in command of herself.

They fade into blackness as TALLEY  
reappears. As he speaks, we're delivered  
back to the tableau we left earlier - N  
having just exploded at JOS (LUC, BAR  
and GAR also present as before).

TALLEYRAND

(to audience)

Well of course he found out. Nothing's a secret  
in Paris for long.

NAPOLEON

(to JOS, identical place as before)

Get off me! It's over! I divorce  
you!! I'd gut you if you were a man -  
I swear I'd gut you!!

TALLEYRAND

*That* wouldn't help matters. There's a plan in  
place and he'll damn well stick to it. I don't  
give a tinkers's cuss about his wounded pride.

(rejoining the scene, blocking N's exit -  
taking him aside)

The public doesn't know anything about this. Do  
you want them to? A divorce would be the talk  
of the town.... She isn't the prize, remember?  
But we need her. *Keep fixed the prize...*

All split off into their various locations for the coming number. TALLEY leaves N D/S centre.

**MULTIPLE LOCATIONS AROUND PARIS**

**"THE JOURNEY BEGINS"**

NAPOLEON

AM I TO SWALLOW MY PRIDE?  
THIS WOMAN I LOVE WHO WILL NEVER LOVE ME  
SHE'S THE KEY TO THE FUTURE  
BUT WHAT IS PRIDE COMPARED TO THE PRIZE?  
I HUNGER FOR THIS  
THERE'S SO MUCH TO GAIN  
SO MUCH WORTH ACHIEVING

(to LUC)

IMAGINE A QUEST TO BUILD A NATION TRULY FREE  
A LAND THAT SETS NO LIMITS  
ON WHAT ANYONE CAN BE

(to JOS)

JOSEPHINE, WE CAN MAKE HISTORY  
THE GOVERNMENT, THE ARMY TOO - MINE FOR THE TAKING  
I NEED YOUR HELP, I NEED THÉRÈSE

JOSEPHINE

YOU WANT HER MONEY

NAPOLEON

DO THIS FOR ME  
DO THIS FOR US

(Beat, JOS's silence is her agreement)

I KNEW YOU'D AGREE

LUCIEN

WE'LL CLAIM BACK THE REVOLUTION

TALLEYRAND

(pleased as punch, to audience)

EVERYONE WINS!

NAPOLEON

THE COURSE IS NOW SET  
THE ODYSSEY PLOTTED  
THE JOURNEY BEGINS!

We move fluidly in rapid vignette through various locales around Paris as the plotting comes together.

N is with a handful of his generals:

NAPOLEON (cont'd)

MY FRIENDS, WE'RE STANDING AT THE THRESHOLD  
I BESEECH YOU, MARCH WITH ME TOWARD THE FUTURE!  
THE REVOLUTION LIES IN RUINS IN THE DUST  
COME TAKE UP THE SWORD  
YOU KNOW THAT IT'S RIGHT  
YOU KNOW THAT WE MUST

MONTENOTTE

BONAPARTE, I'LL HAVE NO HAND IN THIS  
THIS IS ABSURD, THESE ARE THE WORDS OF A DICTATOR!

NAPOLEON

MONTENOTTE, THE NATION CRIES  
YET YOU COULDN'T CARE!  
YOU HAVEN'T A CLUE  
MEANS NOTHING TO YOU  
THE DREAM THAT WE SHARE:  
LIBERTY! EQUALITY! FRATERNITY!  
MONTENOTTE, I'LL SEE YOU DEMOTED  
IF YOU'RE NOT WITH ME

LUC is with a GROUP that includes  
a character we'll come to know as  
ANTON. Fistfuls of pamphlets are  
being gathered to be taken to the  
streets. CLARICE is part of this  
group:

LUCIEN

(surprised)

YOU'RE THE DAUGHTER OF THAT GENERAL

CLARICE

MY NAME'S CLARICE  
DON'T LET MY FATHER KNOW I'M HELPING  
WHAT CAN I DO?

LUCIEN

GO WITH THIS GROUP AND SPREAD THESE PAMPHLETS  
TELL PARIS TO PREPARE FOR THE ATTACK!

JOS is with THÉR:

THÉRÈSE

IT'S SUCH A LOT OF MONEY

JOSEPHINE

YOU'RE MY ONLY HOPE THÉRÈSE

THÉRÈSE

I DON'T KNOW IF I TRUST HIM  
NO MATTER WHAT HE SAYS

JOSEPHINE  
IF YOU REFUSE TO HELP US  
I WON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO

THÉRÈSE  
ALRIGHT, MY DEAR, I'LL BACK HIM  
BUT I'M DOING THIS FOR YOU

To this vignette, add another: the  
pamphlet group led by ANTON and  
CLARICE.

JOS/ANT/CLAR  
THE CAUSE IS FOR THE GOOD

THÉR/MONT/OTHERS  
I HOPE YOU ARE RIGHT

JOS/ANT/CLAR  
VIRTUE GUARANTEED

THÉR/MONT/OTHERS  
I HOPE YOU ARE CERTAIN

JOS/ANT/CLAR  
GUARANTEED

BOTH GROUPS  
HE'S CERTAIN TO SUCCEED

TALLEY, FOU and GAR cross the  
action in urgent conversation;

TALLEYRAND  
FOUCHÉ DO THIS RIGHT AWAY  
GET IT IN THE PRESS TODAY  
EVERY HEADLINE HAS TO SHOUT  
"THE GENERAL'S IN, DIRECTORS OUT!"

FOUCHÉ  
IT'S BEEN DONE

GARRAU  
IT'S BEGUN

FOUCHÉ + GARRAU  
THERE'S NO TURNING BACK

ALL THREE  
WE'RE HEADING FOR THE HOUR OF THE ATTACK!

Three groups now: 1) TALLEY  
arrives at MONT and confronts him;  
2) JOS w/ LUC and THÉR; 3) ANT w/  
CLAR.

TALLEYRAND  
MONTENOTTE YOU HAVE NO CHOICE  
JOIN WITH US AND ADD YOUR VOICE  
WITH YOU OR WITHOUT YOU  
WE ARE GOING TO DO THIS, JUST AGREE

JOS/LUC/ANT/CLAR  
(simultaneous w/ TALLEY)  
IT'S BEGUN TO COME TOGETHER  
THE CHOICE IS MADE  
WE'LL THROW THEM OUT  
IT'S COMING TOGETHER

MONT/THÉR  
I'LL GO ALONG BUT THIS IS WRONG

TALLEY/JOS/LUC  
THERE'S NO TURNING BACK

ALL THREE GROUPS  
SOON IS THE HOUR OF THE ATTACK!

CLAR takes ANT's hand and pulls  
him along excitedly.

CLARICE  
THE PEOPLE HAVE BEGUN TO MARCH  
COME ON LET'S JOIN THE FRAY!

ANTON  
CLARICE, YOUR FATHER WOULDN'T APPROVE!

CLARICE  
HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY SAY!  
(*pointing excitedly out*)  
LOOK!

ANTON  
THEY'RE CONVERGING ON THE COUNCIL CHAMBER NOW!  
THERE MIGHT BE BLOOD

CLARICE  
COME ON, LET'S JOIN THE CROWD!!

They're swept up in the entering  
CROWD.

CROWD  
BONAPARTE CAN SAVE US  
THE CORRUPTION'S GONE TOO FAR!  
HE'LL TOPPLE THE DIRECTORS  
IN THE COMING COUP D'ÉTAT  
THERE IS NO ONE BETTER  
HE HAS EARNED THE NATION'S TRUST  
SUPPORT HIM NOW, HE MARCHES WITH THE JUST!

All the participants now unite as  
the plot comes together. The three  
GROUPS play simultaneously;

GROUP 1  
(JOS/THÉR/ANT/CLAR/LUC)

AND SO THE MOMENT IS UPON US  
THE ARMY'S IN, WE'RE GOING TO WIN  
THE ARMY SUPPORTS US  
A COUP D'ÉTAT, AN OVERTHROW, A STAB IN THE BACK  
THE SEIZING OF POWER  
THIS IS THE HOUR OF THE ATTACK!

GROUP 2  
(TALLEY/FOU/GAR)

AND SO WE'RE NEARING SUCCESS  
THE ARMY, THE GUARD AND THE PRESS  
ARE PAID NOW THEY WILL AID US IN THE COUP  
THE PLAN IS IN PLACE  
THE GOVERNMENT'S GETTING THE SACK  
THIS IS THE HOUR OF THE ATTACK!

GROUP 3  
(CROWD)

AND SO WE KNOW THE PLAN IS GOOD  
THE CAUSE IS FOR THE GREATER GOOD  
IT'S CORRUPTION'S LAST HURRAH  
ENDED WITH A COUP D'ÉTAT  
WE WILL SEE EACH OF THE DIRECTORS GET THE SACK  
THIS IS THE HOUR OF THE ATTACK!

Reveal N in the midst of a  
political speech.

NAPOLEON

A HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN HAVE DIED  
TO SEE A DREAM FULFILLED  
IN THE NAME OF REVOLUTION  
OUR BROTHERS HAVE BEEN KILLED  
I WILL NOT SEE THEIR SACRIFICE TRAMPLED IN THE MUD  
THE FUTURE IS DECIDED HERE IT'S WRITTEN IN THEIR BLOOD  
THEY HAVE NOT DIED IN VAIN  
THE SWORD IS PASSED TO US

ALL

ALL OF FRANCE IS CALLING YOU  
ALL OF FRANCE IS CALLING YOU  
LEAD US FROM THE DARKNESS TO THE DAWN  
YOU HAVE THE POWER TO LEAD US ON  
YOU HAVE THE POWER TO LEAD US ON  
YOU HAVE THE POWER TO LEAD US ON

**THE DIRECTORS' COUNCIL CHAMBER**

The interior of the Directors' council chamber has become visible, with the DIRECTORS (BAR/MOUL/DUC) and GUARDS frozen in position.

N turns and leads his followers into the chamber which comes to life explosively.

"THE COUP"

BAR/MOUL/DUC  
(ad lib panic)  
Traitors! Treason! (etc.)

ALL PLOTTERS  
THROW THEM OUT  
THROW THEM OUT  
THROW THEM OUT  
(continues)

NAPOLEON  
The time has come! This government must fall!

LUCIEN  
They've betrayed us! They've stolen from us all!

ANTON  
They grow rich as the people go without!

NAPOLEON  
(to the Guards)  
Join with us - it's time we threw them out!

BAR/MOUL/DUC  
Tyranny/Arrest the outlaw/Arrest him!

The GUARDS move in violently on N who is thrown to the floor before the DIRECTORS. The PLOTTERS are pushed back. It doesn't look good;

BARRAS  
WELL IT'S SAD TO SEE SUCH AN ENDING COME  
TO A PROMISING CAREER

MOULINS  
WE'VE BEEN GOOD TO YOU, GENERAL BONAPARTE  
BUT OUR CHARITY ENDS HERE

DUCOS  
THIS IS TREASON!

BARRAS  
GENERAL YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME

DUCOS  
YOU WILL ANSWER TO THE LAW FOR THIS CRIME

BAR/MOUL/DUC  
THE PUNISHMENT IS DEATH!

ALL PLOTTERS  
THROW THEM OUT  
THROW THEM OUT  
THROW THEM OUT

N fixes the GUARDS in his eyes: if  
he turns them, he can win the day.

NAPOLEON  
POINT YOUR GUNS AWAY  
TURN YOUR WRATH ON THEM  
THEY'RE THE ENEMY - NOT I!  
AS I FOUGHT FOR FRANCE  
THEY WERE RAPING HER  
THEY'RE THE GUILTY ONES - NOT I!

BAR/MOUL/DUC  
TYRANNY!  
CART HIM OFF  
TREACHERY  
HAVE HIM SHOT  
(continues)

MOULINS  
HURRY UP - THE MORE HE SAYS THE WORSE THE DANGER!

BARRAS  
GUARDS - REMOVE HIM FROM THE COUNCIL CHAMBER

BAR/MOUL/DUC  
THE PUNISHMENT IS DEATH!

ALL PLOTTERS  
THROW THEM OUT  
THROW THEM OUT  
THROW THEM OUT

LUC confronts the GUARDS.

LUCIEN  
WHAT OF THE REVOLUTION?  
THE FIGHT WE FOUGHT?

NAPOLEON  
WHAT OF THE REVOLUTION  
THE DREAMS WE SOUGHT?

The GUARDS are listening, much to  
the worry of the DIRECTORS.

DUCOS  
YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, GUARDS!!

BARRAS  
WHY DO YOU HESITATE?

PLOTTERS  
THROW THEM OUT  
THROW THEM OUT



LUCIEN (cont'd)  
IF HE SHOULD TURN ON US,  
THOUGH HE'S MY FLESH AND BLOOD  
BY MY OWN HAND - I SWEAR HE'D DIE!

The guns have been lowered. N  
knows the moment is his for the  
taking.

NAPOLEON  
Guards - Arrest the Directors.  
Arrest the Directors!!

They do so. The DIRECTORS are  
carted off.

Silence. Stillness, as all eyes  
fall on N.

LUCIEN  
VICTORY  
ONCE AGAIN THE TRUMPETS CALL  
CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL  
THE DAY IS WON  
THE DAY IS WON

JOS is brought fwd by TALLEY to  
join N and LUC.

LUC/NAPOLEON  
VICTORY  
EVERYONE COME RAISE THE CRY  
LET THE BANNERS CLAIM THE SKY

JOSEPHINE  
THE DAY IS WON  
THE DAY IS WON

A banners emblazoned with  
Napoleon's "N" rise as the  
celebrations build... first with  
CLARICE and ANTON in focus;

CLAR/ANT  
VICTORY  
ONCE AGAIN THE TRUMPETS CALL  
CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL  
THE DAY IS WON  
THE DAY IS WON

MONT, who sees her with the lowly  
ANT, disapproves, and leads her  
away as the council chamber  
recedes amidst everyone else's  
jubilation.

COMPANY

VICTORY!  
EVERYONE COME RAISE THE CRY  
LET THE BANNERS CLAIM THE SKY  
THE DAY IS WON  
LONG LIVE NAPOLEON!

VICTORY  
ONCE AGAIN THE TRUMPETS CALL  
CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL  
THE DAY IS WON  
THE DAY IS WON

VICTORY!  
EVERYONE COME RAISE THE CRY  
LET THE BANNERS CLAIM THE SKY  
THE DAY IS WON  
LONG LIVE NAPOLEON!

All exit, leaving TALLEY watching  
after the receding celebrations.  
U/S yields to DREAM WITHIN.

TALLEYRAND  
(to audience)

And so now the Paragon is in power. First  
Consul of France - thanks to all my planning.  
All the work and none of the glory! He's made  
me Grand Chamberlain. Grand sounding enough,  
but pretty light on the glory... Well I've got  
news for you: I wouldn't want the top job! I've  
got no stomach for the fall, you see - and  
every leader eventually takes a tumble, don't  
they? The lion basks in the fullness of  
sunshine. But the serpent knows it's safer in  
the shadows.

THE ROSE GARDEN AT MALMAISON

TALLEY exits. We've been delivered  
to a peaceful garden in the  
country. N and JOS enter, unspoken  
tension between them. U/S is ONLY  
IN FANTASY or YOUR FAINTEST  
WHISPER yielding to ON THAT FIRST  
NIGHT.

JOSEPHINE

Are you going to say nothing?

NAPOLEON

It's beautiful. A fine home. You bought well.

JOSEPHINE

No, are you going to say nothing about *us*?  
(he says nothing)  
Stay... The country air will do you good.

NAPOLEON

I'll want you at my side at state functions. To maintain protocol, you understand. Your life otherwise is to live as you like. With *whomever* you like --

JOSEPHINE

That's the way it was meant to be, isn't it?

NAPOLEON

-- And you won't ever want for money, I promise you that.

JOSEPHINE

Then why doesn't it feel right?

N turns to leave, but what she says stops him.

"ON THAT FIRST NIGHT"

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

IN THE DUSK I SEE  
THAT DISTANT NIGHT  
WHEN YOU FIRST CAME TO ME  
WE SHARED THE DYING DAY  
YOU DREW ME NEAR  
IN YOUR ARMS I LAY  
THERE, IN THE FADING LIGHT  
YOU WARMED THE COMING NIGHT  
AND ALL OF MY DEFENSES FELL AWAY

I NEED YOU - I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT YOU  
I SEE NOW MY WORLD WOULD END WITHOUT YOU  
I NEED YOUR TOUCH, YOUR WARM CARESS  
HOLD ME - HOLD ME CLOSE FOREVER  
TELL ME WE'LL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER  
EACH NIGHT WITHOUT YOU  
I NEED YOU MORE AND MORE  
I'VE BEEN AFRAID TO FACE THE TRUTH  
I'VE BEEN DENYING IT THOUGH ALL ALONG I KNEW  
IT HAPPENED THEN  
ON THAT FIRST NIGHT  
I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU

JOS reaches out to N, but his cold composure seems unbreakable, until;

NAPOLEON

THAT NIGHT, BENEATH THE STARS  
YOU BROKE THE WALLS

I'D BUILT AROUND MY HEART  
THERE, AGAINST MY PLAN  
YOUR HEATED KISS BEGAN TO TAKE COMMAND

BOTH  
YOU BREATHED YOUR FIRE INTO ME  
IT SLOWLY TOOK CONTROL  
A BURNING PASSION NOW CONSUMES MY SOUL  
AND NOW I KNOW THE FLAMES INSIDE  
WILL NEVER DIE

I NEED YOU I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT YOU  
I SEE NOW MY WORLD WOULD END WITHOUT YOU  
I NEED YOUR TOUCH, YOUR WARM CARESS

NAPOLEON  
HOLD ME, HOLD ME CLOSE FOREVER

JOSEPHINE  
TELL ME WE'LL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER

NAPOLEON  
EACH NIGHT WITHOUT YOU  
I NEED YOU MORE AND MORE

BOTH  
I'VE BEEN AFRAID TO FACE THE TRUTH  
I'VE BEEN DENYING IT THOUGH ALL ALONG I KNEW  
IT HAPPENED THEN, IT HAPPENED THERE  
ON THAT FIRST NIGHT  
I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU

They're locked in a passionate  
embrace, reconciled in the rose  
garden beneath a heaven of stars.

\* \* \* \*

A trumpet flourish (DAY IS WON  
theme) and TALLEY appears in a  
location that he will always  
assume as Grand Chamberlain -  
perhaps a shoulder sash added to  
his costume to denote his new  
position.

TALLEYRAND  
Citizens of France, your nation calls upon you!  
Effective immediately, military conscription is  
to be increased in answer to Austria's  
declaration of war against us!

(sudden aside to audience)

It seems our Royal neighbours don't like the  
notion of a commoner running the country. They  
know the Directors have left us a bankrupt  
army.

(MORE)

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

They think they'll capitalize on that weakness. What they *don't* know is the character of our new leader. Fatal error, that: not to know your enemy...

(back to speech)

First Consul Bonaparte has vowed to protect our Liberty at whatever cost. Sons of Freedom, our strength lies in *your* numbers!

We've become aware of a column of Soldiers - stylized marching toward us. This now animates in real-time and we're on the march with N and his army. LUC, ANT and MONT are included.

"ROAD TO AUSTRIA"

SOLDIERS

FOR FREEDOM  
FOR JUSTICE  
OUR CHILDREN  
OUR FUTURE  
FOR FREEDOM  
FOR JUSTICE  
OUR CHILDREN  
OUR FUTURE

SOLDIER 1

(watching N in awe)

ONE FULL DAY OF MARCHING  
HE'S NOT EVEN BROKEN A SWEAT

SOLDIER 2

OUR GUNS ARE OLD, OUR SWORDS ARE DULL  
HE KNOWS IT'S BAD BUT HE DOESN'T FRET

N is marching w/ LUC, and has just noticed ANTON down the line.

NAPOLEON

LUCIEN, WHO IS THAT SOLDIER?  
I RECOGNIZE HIS FACE

LUCIEN

HE IS REGISTERED AS A PRIVATE ANTON  
HELPED US TAKE THE GOVERNMENT  
WAS WITH US ON THE DAY

N calls down the line (for the benefit of all to hear) and marches closer to ANT.

NAPOLEON

PRIVATE ANTON, CAN IT BE YOU?  
WHEN I SEE POTENTIAL I NEVER FORGET



SOLDIERS 2/3/4  
THE AUSTRIANS OUTNUMBER US BY FAR

Perspective and lighting shift;

SOLDIERS  
FIVE FULL DAYS OF MARCHING

SOLDIER 1  
TEST YOUR LIMITS

NAPOLEON  
GIVE YOUR BEST

MONTENOTTE  
(not audible to N)  
WE'RE GOING TO LOSE  
WE'LL BE DEFEATED  
SENT TO OUR GRAVES BY A MAN POSSESSED  
IN MY DAY - THE COMMON RABBLE  
WE KEPT THEM DOWN  
THEY KNEW THEIR PLACE  
IN MY DAY THE OFFICERS  
SET A FAR KINDER PACE

MONT trips and falls under the  
weight of his pack.

LUCIEN  
Stop the march!

NAPOLEON  
(approaching)  
MONTENOTTE ARE YOU HURT?  
THE ROAD HAS GROWN LONG  
I KNOW YOU'RE TIRED BUT WE MUST PRESS ON  
GIVE ME YOUR PACK  
I'LL HELP SAVE YOUR STRENGTH  
I'D RATHER YOU KEPT IT FOR FRANCE'S DEFENCE  
(turning to the rest, who can't believe  
he's putting on MONT's pack)  
JUST A BIT FURTHER MEN,  
WE'LL STOP BEFORE DARK

LUCIEN  
Forward march!

A final shift in perspective, a  
few more beats of the gruelling  
march, MONT shamed by N's example.

Night is falling, momentum slows,  
the march stops. We're at camp.

SOLDIERS  
EIGHT DAYS OF EXHAUSTION  
HOW'S A BATTLE TO BE WON?

ANTON  
NOW THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BLOODSHED  
HAS FINALLY COME...

Elsewhere some of the soldiers are  
unloading the cart. MONT  
intervenes.

MONTENOTTE  
THAT WINE IS FOR THE OFFICERS  
YOU'LL LEAVE IT RIGHT THERE

N steps in, confronting MONT.

NAPOLEON  
WHAT EVERY MAN CARRIES  
EACH MAN WILL SHARE

He begins passing out the  
officers' wine to the common  
SOLDIERS, who can't believe it.  
Some laugh at MONT, sending him  
off fuming.

SOLDIERS  
(laughter)

Presently, N notices ANT, who's  
isolated himself, not partaking of  
the wine. N approaches;

NAPOLEON  
No wine, soldier?

ANTON  
(rising to attention w/ a start)  
General.  
(then realizing N can see he's afraid)  
Forgive me. What kind of a soldier shakes the  
night before a battle?

"THE DREAM WITHIN"

NAPOLEON  
BENEATH THIS VENEER OF COURAGE  
UNDER THIS BRAVE CHARADE  
I AM JUST THE SAME AS YOU ARE  
RESTLESS AND AFRAID  
I SHARE THE SAME EXISTENCE  
GOVERNED BY MORTAL FEAR  
EVEN THOUGH I FIGHT AGAINST IT  
DEATH IS ALWAYS NEAR

I AM NOT SO DIFFERENT  
TONIGHT, JUST LIKE YOU ALL  
I MUST FACE THAT QUESTION  
THE MOST HUMAN ONE OF ALL:  
IS TOMORROW'S BATTLE  
THE ONE IN WHICH I'LL FALL?

The others are listening.

NAPOLEON (cont'd)

WE HAVE A DREAM WITHIN US  
A WILL TO IMPROVE OUR LOT  
IN YOUR HEART YOU ARE A GENERAL  
DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE NOT  
LOOK AT THE WORLD WE LIVE IN  
MEN SUCH AS WE CAN RISE  
THOUGH WE ARE OF HUMBLE BACKGROUND  
WE CAN REACH THE SKIES

ANTON

THOSE WE FACE TOMORROW  
WOULD TAKE AWAY MY CHANCE

NAPOLEON

THEY'D ROB YOU OF AMBITION

ANTON

THEY WOULD NOT LET ME ADVANCE  
TOMORROW WHEN I FIGHT THEM  
I DON'T JUST FIGHT FOR FRANCE

NAPOLEON

TURN TO THE DREAM WITHIN YOU  
ALLOW IT TO LEAD THE WAY  
NO MATTER HOW THEY CHALLENGE US  
THEY CAN'T TAKE IT AWAY  
THOUGH WE MAY BE OUT-NUMBERED  
WE ARE A MIGHTY THROG  
THE CAUSE FOR WHICH WE FIGHT  
MAKES US  
A THOUSAND ARMIES STRONG  
EVERY MAN IS EQUAL  
EVERYMAN STANDS TALL  
OUR DREAMS AND OUR AMBITIONS  
HAVE NOW BECOME OUR CALL  
IN TOMORROW'S BATTLE  
WE WILL MAKE A DIFFERENCE  
EVEN IF I FALL

ANTON

I NEEDN'T BE AFRAID  
I KNOW THAT I BELIEVE  
THE DREAM  
THEY CAN'T TAKE IT AWAY  
ANYTHING CAN BE  
AND MEN LIKE  
YOU AND I  
CAN BE  
A THOUSAND ARMIES STRONG  
EVERY MAN STANDS TALL  
OUR DREAMS  
HAVE NOW BECOME OUR CALL  
IN TOMORROW'S BATTLE  
I WILL MAKE A DIFFERENCE  
EVEN IF I FALL

Dawn begins to break. ALL fall  
into position, marching into  
battle, N and ANT leading.

SOLDIERS  
 TRUST IN THE DREAM WITHIN YOU  
 ALLOW IT TO LEAD THE WAY  
 NO MATTER HOW THEY CHALLENGE US  
 THEY CAN'T TAKE IT AWAY  
 THOUGH WE MAY BE OUT-NUMBERED  
 WE ARE A MIGHTY THRONG  
 THE CAUSE FOR WHICH WE FIGHT  
 MAKES US  
 A THOUSAND ARMIES STRONG

N/ANT  
 WE NEEDN'T BE AFRAID  
 AS LONG AS WE BELIEVE  
 THE DREAM  
 THEY CAN'T TAKE IT AWAY  
 ANYTHING CAN BE  
 AND MEN LIKE  
 YOU AND I  
 CAN BE  
 A THOUSAND ARMIES STRONG

NAPOLEON  
 AND SO TO GLORY WE WILL GO  
 A BETTER FUTURE WE WILL KNOW  
 WE KNOW WE'LL WIN

SOLDIERS  
 THOUGH WE MAY BE OUT-NUMBERED  
 ONWARD UNTIL WE WIN

ALL  
 WE KNOW WE'LL WIN  
 FOLLOWING THE DREAM WITHIN

The soldiers exit. N kneels.

\* \* \* \*

Mood shift. Intimate. The beautiful voice of a SOLO SOPRANO has carried us here, where N is at prayer.

Now she is revealed, upstage behind him - Nike, the goddess of Victory.

NIKE  
 KYRIE KYRIE  
 KYRIE ELEISON  
 (continues)

As she sings her ethereal melody she slowly comes forward, eyes fixed on him.

TALLEY watches from the shadows.

TALLEYRAND  
 (to audience)  
 Nothing succeeds like success. The divine breath of Victory is in him...  
 Never mind about an ill-equipped army:  
 Obstacles only feed him.  
 Is he bothered that it's costing  
 thousands of lives on each side of the war?

NIKE  
 (continuing)  
 KYRIE  
 ELEISON  
 KYRIE  
 ELEISON  
 ELEISON  
 (continues)

NIKE touches his shoulder...

NAPOLEON

(rising from prayer)

I spend ten thousand men a day, Talleyrand...  
Get me more conscripts!

NIKE backs away into the shadows.

TALLEYRAND

(to audience, wryly)

He's not bothered *one* bit... *Purpose without  
conscience. Pitiless. Unstoppable!* Our Royal  
neighbours have awoken a lion!!

**EUROPE'S ROYAL COURTS**

The SOVEREIGNS are revealed with  
their ADVISORS: AUSTRIA, PRUSSIA,  
ENGLAND and RUSSIA - denoted with  
projected flags/coats of arms. All  
are scrambling to sign treaties to  
save themselves.

**"OUR HANDS ARE TIED"**

AUSTRIAN EMPEROR

WHAT CAN WE DO?

AUST ADVISOR 1

OUR HANDS ARE TIED  
WE HAVE NO CHOICE

AUST ADVISOR 2

YOU MUST COMPLY

AUST ADVISOR 1

IF YOU REFUSE

AUSTRIAN EMPEROR

DON'T PRESSURE ME

AUST ADVISOR 1

HE WILL ADVANCE

AUST ADVISOR 2

WE HAVE NO CHANCE

ADVS 1&2

SIGN THE TREATY

AUSTRIAN EMPEROR

Never!

ADVS 1&2

WE HAVE NO CHOICE  
OUR HANDS ARE TIED

PRUSSIAN ADV 1

SIR, I FEAR WE ARE IN DANGER  
WHAT IF HE SHOULD TURN ON US  
I SUGGEST YOU MAKE YOUR PEACE  
BEFORE THE CHANCE HAS PASSED YOU BY  
OUR HANDS ARE TIED

BRITISH ADVISOR

(mirrors the PRUSSIAN lines above, though up  
the octave, and continues under;

RUSSIAN ADVISOR

THERE'S NO CHOICE  
SO SIGN WE MUST  
SIR, DO NOT REFUSE  
WE HAVE NO CHOICE  
WE'RE FORCED TO SIGN  
OUR HANDS ARE TIED

AUSTRIAN ADVS

EVERYTHING IS LOST  
UNLESS YOU SIGN WHILE YOU CAN  
I SUGGEST YOU MAKE YOUR PEACE  
BEFORE THE CHANCE HAS PASSED YOU BY  
OUR HANDS ARE TIED

(NB: see score for assignments of all  
remaining lines and counter-lines...)

Culminates as TALLEY makes the  
rounds, happily collecting  
fistfuls of signed treaties.

TALLEYRAND

SIGN THE TREATIES WHILE YOU CAN  
SIGN!  
SIGN!  
SIGN!

The ROYAL COURTS recede.

\* \* \* \*

N is revealed at work, happy,  
working tirelessly.

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

He sings at his work these days - drafting  
laws, improving cities, creating institutions  
to last millennia. He's laid down the sword and  
taken up the pen... And from that pen the  
beacon of enlightenment shines bright over all  
our new dominions. It's the dawn of a golden  
age. Why ---

He takes in a great, deep breath  
through his nostrils as the U/S  
for CIRCLE OF HOPE begins;

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

--- you can practically *smell* the springtime of  
possibility in the air. The flowers are  
budding. Enjoy it! Go on - dream like the rest  
of them!

TALLEY exits, giving focus to  
ANTON who's standing in a pool of  
light under a lone street lamp.

Presently CLARICE enters, stops at  
the pool's edge.

CLARICE

Hello, Anton. You got my letter.

ANTON

I did. And I'm here, but I don't know if we  
should be meeting like this. I don't want you  
to get into trouble, Clarice. I don't.

"CIRCLE OF HOPE"

CLARICE

ONCE IN A LIFE COMES A MOMENT  
WHEN ALL THAT HAS TRAPPED YOU CAN GO

ANTON

ONCE IN A LIFE, YOUR FATHER--

CLARICE

FROM NOW ON MY LIFE IS MY OWN  
IT'S A NEW WORLD, ANTON  
UNLIKE ANY YOU AND I EVER HAVE KNOWN

She steps forward into the pool of  
light and takes ANT's hand.

CLARICE (cont'd)

UNDER A STREET LAMP  
I'LL FIND MY FREEDOM  
I'LL CHOOSE WHAT'S WRONG AND WHAT'S RIGHT

ANTON

NO ONE TO STOP US

BOTH

FREE TO DISCOVER  
HERE IN OUR OWN POOL OF LIGHT

ANTON  
YOUR FATHER WOULD SAY I'M BENEATH YOU  
A NOBODY YOU SHOULD IGNORE

CLARICE  
YOU'RE A BOY WITH A DREAM  
THERE'S A MAGIC IN SOMEONE WHO'S STRIVING FOR MORE

ANTON  
I'M NOT AFRAID TO REACH HIGHER, NOT ME

CLARICE  
BE WHO YOU WANT TO BE

BOTH  
ALL THE DOUBTERS WILL SEE  
CIRCLE OF HOPE IN THE NIGHT  
OUT OF THE DARKNESS  
ALL THAT YOU'VE WANTED  
SUDDENLY COMES INTO SIGHT  
UNDER A STREET LAMP  
I'LL FIND MY FREEDOM  
I'LL CHOSE WHAT'S WRONG AND WHAT'S RIGHT  
NO ONE TO STOP US  
FREE TO DISCOVER  
HERE IN OUR OWN POOL OF LIGHT

ANTON  
I'LL SHOW THE WORLD WHAT'S IN ME  
I'LL MAKE YOUR FATHER PROUD

BOTH  
COME SHARE YOUR DREAMS WITH ME

They lock in an embrace at centre stage, as around them builds a scene of joy and celebration:

**A BALLROOM**

Waltzing couples, chandeliers - banners emblazoned with "N".  
TALLEY enters wearing his Chamberlain's sash. U/S yields to A WORLD WE'VE NEVER KNOWN main theme, testament to the dream realized;

**"REPUBLIC BALL"**

TALLEYRAND  
(to the crowd)  
Welcome, welcome one and all. The First Consul, presiding over France, Belgium, Luxembourg and the Rhine announces that your request of him to take on the burden of power for life... IS APPROVED!

CHORUS  
(cheers)

N and JOS enter, an ecstatic  
reception.

TALLEYRAND  
(sudden aside to audience)  
A little something I forced through... Job  
security, you know. The people were remarkably  
malleable.

(back to speech)  
This man is a visionary, creating for us  
nothing less than a paradise. We owe the  
general our gratitude!

CHORUS  
(ad lib cries of "Bonaparte", cheers, etc.)

As N and JOS mill through the  
crowd shaking hands, FOU and GAR  
watch from the sidelines;

FOUCHÉ  
I DARE SAY OUR FUTURE LOOKS AWFULLY BRIGHT  
WE'VE STRUCK IT RICH WITH THIS SOLDIER

GARRAU  
YES, QUITE!

FOUCHÉ  
OF COURSE, WE'RE NOT IN THIS FOR PROFIT

GARRAU  
NOT US!

FOUCHÉ  
BUT WHO COULD DENY THAT THE PERKS ARE A PLUS?

GARRAU  
HOW IS YOUR GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN BORDEAUX?

FOUCHÉ  
I QUIETLY SOLD IT AND BOUGHT A CHATEAU  
THE FLOORS ARE ALL MARBLE, THE CEILINGS ARE HIGH  
AMAZING WHAT INCOME TAX LEVIES CAN BUY!

CHORUS  
HERE'S TO THE CONSUL  
AND POWER FOR LIFE  
AND TO MAKING THE FUTURE LOOK  
BRIGHTER THAN BRIGHT  
SANTÉ TO THE WAR! MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR NEW BEGINNINGS

TALLEY/FOU/GAR  
AND WINNINGS UNHEARD OF BEFORE

+ CHORUS

EVERYONE'S JOINING THE CROWD NOWADAYS  
THE MAN NEVER CEASES TO PLEASE OR AMAZE!

MONT hasn't noticed CLAR with ANT.  
He now finds her, not seeing ANT  
beside her.

MONTENOTTE

CLARICE, THERE ARE MEN HERE I WANT YOU TO MEET  
THOSE OFFICERS THERE ARE AMONG THE ELITE

CLARICE

STRUTTING YOUNG PEACOCKS, NO BRAINS AND NO HEART  
PAPA I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU TELL THEM APART

MONTENOTTE

YOU NEED TO START THINKING OF MARRIAGE --

CLARICE

PAPA - THE MAN I'M IN LOVE WITH IS HERE IN THIS ROOM

MONTENOTTE

GOOD HEAVENS! I KNEW IT! WHAT'S *THIS* HAPPY NEWS?!  
A MAJOR? A GENERAL? WHOSE HAND IS IT, WHOSE?!

MONT excitedly scans the room as  
CLAR slips into the crowd.

CHORUS

HERE'S TO THE CONSUL  
AND POWER FOR LIFE  
ALL OF PARIS IS SPARKLING  
BRIGHTER THAN BRIGHT

CHORUS VARIOUS

NEW BRIDGES AND MONUMENTS  
HOSPITALS, GALLERIES  
BOULEVARDS, FOUNTAINS

TALLEY/FOU/GAR

AND MUCH HIGHER SALARIES

+ CHORUS

EVERYONE'S HIGH AS A CLOUD NOWADAYS  
THE MAN NEVER CEASES TO PLEASE OR AMAZE!

LUC is centre stage, his arm  
around his beloved brother N.

LUCIEN

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, A TOAST!  
TO A MAN WHO'S DONE ALL THAT HE PROMISED TO DO  
OUR STRUGGLE IS OVER, THE JOURNEY'S COMPLETE!  
WHERE OTHERS BETRAYED US, MY BROTHER'S BEEN TRUE

LET LIBERTY THRIVE!  
A PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC: THE DREAM IS ALIVE!

A SOLDIER we recognize steps  
forward.

SOLDIER 1  
WE EACH HAVE A DREAM WITHIN US  
THE GENERAL HAS TOLD ME THAT  
MY DREAM CAME TRUE THE DAY I KNEW  
THAT HOPE IS HERE TO STAY

THÉRÈSE steps fwd and curtseys low  
before N, almost as if to royalty.

NAPOLEON  
Thérèse?

THÉRÈSE  
SIR, IT WAS NOT A SECRET  
I DOUBTED YOU AT THE START  
MY DREAM IS YOU'LL FORGIVE ME

N raises her up.

NAPOLEON  
WITH ALL MY HEART

LUC couldn't be prouder, addresses  
everyone;

LUCIEN  
LET THE SCEPTICS BE CLEANSED  
HE'S A MAN OF HIS WORD  
YOU HAVE THE POWER TO SHAPE YOUR FUTURES!

ANTON steps forward.

ANTON  
I HAVE A DREAM WITHIN ME  
YES I HAVE A DREAM TO SHARE  
I DREAM I'LL MARRY...

VAROUS  
(ad lib: "Who, Anton? Who?" "C'mon, spit it  
out!", etc).

ANTON  
THAT WOMAN OVER THERE

He's indicating CLAR across the  
room. Joy from all until;

MONT steps between them, staring  
ANT down, immediately souring the  
mood.

MONTENOTTE  
MY DAUGHTER WILL MARRY AN OFFICER  
Come, Clarice. It's late.

He takes his daughter's hand, is about to leave, when N sees how to rescue the situation;

NAPOLEON  
ANTON WAS PROMOTED TO GENERAL LAST NIGHT  
I MEANT TO INFORM HIM, MY OVERSIGHT  
TALLEYRAND, DOESN'T IT COME WITH A HOUSE?

TALLEYRAND  
MORE APTLY DESCRIBED AS A MANSION THAN HOUSE

NAPOLEON  
THAT LIST OF PROMOTIONS NAMED MONTENOTTE TOO

TALLEYRAND  
INDEED - AS A FIELD MARSHAL

MONTENOTTE  
(stunned)  
Field marshal??

NAPOLEON  
CAN THE WEDDING GO THROUGH?

MONT, blindsided by the news of his own promotion, can't help but nod his agreement. ANT and CLAR embrace.

ALL  
(laugh, cheer, etc.)

COUPLES begin to dance - N and JOS centre among them.

TALLEY limps forward into a pool of light where FOU and GAR join him. They look out, as though watching the dancing. As FOU and GAR talk, the swirling couples around disperse, soon leaving just N and JOS waltzing together in silhouette. A gorgeous picture.

FOUCHÉ  
He's good at this statesman game.

GARRAU  
Brilliant command of public image.

FOUCHÉ

Such a pretty picture. So reassuring for the people to see domestic bliss in our highest office. Ah, well... to bed. G'night.

FOU and GAR wait a beat for TALLEY to respond, but he doesn't break his focus on N and JOS. They split off - yawning - exiting separate directions as TALLEY continues to watch, almost studying them.

TALLEYRAND

You'd think he was actually *in love* with Barras's Whore... No. If it came down to her standing in the way of something he wanted, do you think the dance would go on?

(studies them a bit more)

*She* knows the answer to *that* question. Surely she *must* by now... It's the quiet fear she lives with.

(beat)

Yes. It's going awfully well, isn't it? Paradise. Riches. Utopia... What could possibly go wrong?

S-F/X: a sudden loud BLAST and a blinding FLASH plunges the stage into darkness.

#### A GRAVE YARD

Gloom and fog, in which TALLEY is revealed standing over a fresh grave.

He looks terribly upset - makes the sign of the cross, dabs his eyes with a handkerchief. Looks up at us.

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

Oh, don't worry. It's not who you think it is. Handkerchief's just for effect. Quivering lips and watery eyes win points with the public on occasions such as these.

(dab, dab)

With their customary efficiency, the combined plotting might of the Royal Houses of Europe managed to successfully assassinate...

(indicates grave)

an apprentice under-footman. Still, it does rather expose a flaw in the machine, doesn't it?

N, JOS, LUC and THÉR are entering  
to pay their respects. FOU and GAR  
bring up the rear in whispered  
conversation;

"I AM THE REVOLUTION"

FOUCHÉ

WHAT IF HE'D BEEN KILLED, GARRAU?  
WE'D LOSE ALL WE HAVE

GARRAU

TALLEYRAND WILL HAVE A PLAN  
YOU CAN REST ASSURED

As N, JOS, LUC and THÉR stand  
graveside, TALLEY looks from them  
to us conspiratorially;

TALLEYRAND

One or two people aren't going to like my  
plan... *Someone else* [looking at N] is going to  
find it *irresistible*... Shame you can't please  
everyone.

TALLEY approaches N and takes him  
aside.

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

LAST NIGHT AS I LAY AWAKE  
A BOLD IDEA OCCURRED TO ME  
FIRST I BRUSHED IT OFF BECAUSE  
THE CONCEPT SEEMED ABSURD TO ME  
TRYING TO REST, I DID MY BEST TO LEAVE THIS THOUGHT BEHIND  
BUT STRANGELY, IT KEPT GROWING IN MY MIND...

HOW DOES ONE PROTECT A MAN  
WHO REPRESENTS THE NATION'S DREAMS?  
SO IMPORTANT IS THIS MAN  
IT'S WELL WORTH GOING TO EXTREMES  
OTHERWISE, IF HE DIES ALL THAT HE'S ACHIEVED  
WILL DIE WITH HIM AND NEVER BE RETRIEVED

SUCH A LOSS COULD BE AVOIDED VERY EASILY  
IF HIS POWER WERE ENSHRINED WITHIN A DYNASTY  
THROUGH HIS HEIRS HIS WORK WOULD LIVE FOREVER  
IF HE WERE - STRICTLY OUT OF DUTY -  
TO BECOME OUR EMPEROR

N drifts away from TALLEY, who  
watches, allowing the seduction of  
the idea to take hold.

NAPOLEON

(to self)

IT'S FAR TOO BOLD A STEP TO TAKE, THAT'S PLAIN TO SEE

THIS IDEA SHOULD BE REJECTED  
WHY DID HE EVER HAVE TO MENTION IT TO ME?

TALLEYRAND  
YOUR ENEMIES ARE EVIL MEN  
THEY TRIED IT ONCE, THEY'LL TRY AGAIN  
WHAT IF THEY SHOULD KILL YOU NEXT TIME?  
WHERE WOULD FRANCE BE THEN?  
ALL THAT YOU'VE ACHIEVED WOULD VANISH IF THEY CUT YOU DOWN;  
YOU WOULD BE PROTECTING FRANCE IF YOU TOOK THE CROWN

LUC steps fwd, outraged at what  
he's hearing. JOS and THÉR watch.

LUCIEN  
TELL HIM, BROTHER, TELL HIM WHAT I KNOW IS IN YOUR MIND  
TELL HIM OUR REPUBLIC WILL NOT BE UNDERMINED  
MY BROTHER IS NO CAESAR ---

TALLEYRAND  
(ignoring LUC)  
YOU MUST MAKE THE NATION STRONG  
A DYNASTY'S THE BEST DEFENSE

LUCIEN  
IT COULDN'T BE MORE WRONG!

TALLEYRAND  
BOY, THESE ARE AFFAIRS OF STATE  
YOU DO NOT COMPREHEND THESE MATTERS

LUCIEN  
WE WILL NOT BETRAY THE REVOLUTION THAT WE FOUGHT!

NAPOLEON  
(snapping)  
IT WAS I WHO DID THE FIGHTING  
LUCIEN, YOU DID NOT!  
I AM THE REVOLUTION  
IT'S ALL I'VE EVER KNOWN  
ITS TRIUMPH IS A COMMON MAN DESERVING OF THE THRONE!

The outburst sends LUC reeling. He  
draws his sword.

LUCIEN  
I VOWED UPON MY LIFE  
IF YOU BETRAYED OUR LIBERTY  
I SWORE I'D KILL YOU  
DO NOT DOUBT ME!

GUARDS have rushed on to N's aid.  
He waves them off, defiantly  
stares his brother down, pressing  
his chest to the sword's point.

NAPOLEON

Go on then!! What's stopping you?!!

LUC struggles, but can't bring himself to do it. He drops the sword to the ground.

NAPOLEON (cont'd)

Guards - arrest him!

The GUARDS roughly seize him.

LUCIEN

Napoleon! No!

LUC is dragged off. JOS and THÉR, watch horrified, but know to remain silent. FOU and GAR step out of the shadows behind TALLEY.

TALLEY/FOU/GAR

MAY WE BE THE FIRST TO SAY  
LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR...

All save JOS exit. We follow her to;

### A PRISON CELL

LUC is chained and shirtless, bruised and beaten. We're in the scene mid-action;

JOSEPHINE

Look at you, Lucien! Look at you! Apologize to him. What's the point?!

LUCIEN

(silence)

JOSEPHINE

Your anger won't stop him. He does what he wants. You *know* him.

LUCIEN

I don't. I don't know him any more.

A GUARD steps out of the gloom.

PRISON GUARD

Ma'am. I could die for letting you in here. That's enough time. You have to go.

JOSEPHINE

Beg forgiveness, Lucien. You have to. Please.

JOS and the GUARD exit.

LUC is alone, framed in the light  
of a setting sun streaming through  
an unseen barred window.

"THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM"

LUCIEN

A BLOOD-RED SUN  
HANGS IN A LIFELESS SKY  
BEFORE MY EYES  
I WITNESSED VIRTUE DIE  
DOES NO ONE SEE DOES NO ONE KNOW?  
THIS IS THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

SOON THE CLOUDS  
WILL CHOKER THE LIGHT  
CHANGE THE DAY  
INTO THE BLACKEST NIGHT  
AND THE WIND WILL DRIVE THE RAIN  
THERE'LL BE NO SHELTER, NO ESCAPE

I REMEMBER WHEN BOTH OF US WERE YOUNG  
YOU WERE EVERYTHING TO ME  
THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE IN YOU  
AND NOW, THE BROTHER THAT I KNEW  
SOMEHOW IS NOT THE MAN I SEE  
WHAT FORCE HAS CLAIMED YOU?  
WHAT SPIRIT GUIDES YOU?  
WHAT IS THIS DEVIL THAT HAS TAKEN YOU FROM ME?

IN THE DISTANCE THERE IS THUNDER  
WILL NO ONE HEAR MY DESPERATE WARNING?  
THIS IS THE CALM  
THIS IS THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

LUC falls to his knees as N is  
revealed, also bare chested, at  
prayer for his coronation.

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL

We hear the SOLO SOPRANO, voice of  
NIKE.

"TIMOR MORTIS"

NIKE  
TIMOR MORTIS CONTURBAT ME  
QUIA IN INFERNO  
NULLA EST REDEMPTIO  
TIMOR MORTIS CONTURBAT ME  
MISERERE MEI, DEUS  
ET SLAVA ME  
(all under the action)

TRANSLATION  
*THE FEAR OF DEATH TROUBLES ME  
FOR IN HELL  
THERE IS NO REDEMPTION  
THE FEAR OF DEATH TROUBLES ME  
LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME  
AND SAVE ME*

TALLEY enters and drops a filthy, ragged shirt at LUC's feet, crosses to N, to whom he hands a flowing, pure white one.

He watches N admiringly as the brothers dress simultaneously in contrast;

TALLEYRAND

Not a spark of guilt or scruple to hinder him... His own brother was the obstacle, yet look - his gaze is fixed only on what's to be attained. Oh, what a test! And how admirably passed!

The COMPANY begins to enter as the coronation scene builds around N, pushing LUC out. NIKE holds a golden crown of laurels.

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

The weak one's been sentenced to wander the earth dispossessed. A life in exile - never again to know the love of home or family.

(approaching N, whispering serpent-like in his ear)

But you and I, we're going far together. *Brothers... Brothers in purpose without conscience.* Here's to a shining future!

CHORUS

(now taking over completely)

KYRIE ELEISON  
KYRIE ELEISON  
KYRIE ELEISON  
ET SALVA ME!  
ET SALVA ME!

NIKE raises the laurel crown above N and the action suddenly freezes, dreamlike all around him...

"SWEET VICTORY DIVINE"

NAPOLEON

I SEE THE WORLD SPIN AWAY BENEATH ME  
AS IF I'M BORNE UP HIGH INTO THE AIR  
RAISED BEYOND THE REACH OF FAILURE  
AT LAST I AM DELIVERED THERE  
UNTO MY GODDESS  
UNTO MY PROTECTOR'S CARE

THERE IS A VOICE  
THAT I ALONE CAN HEAR  
A SIREN'S LOVE SONG

ETHEREAL AND CLEAR  
THOUGH THERE IS DANGER  
HER BEAUTY LEADS ME ON  
SHE BIDS ME CLOSER  
AND FEARLESSLY I'M DRAWN  
I'M IN HER POWER  
SHE'S CLAIMED MY SOUL  
OVER MY DESTINY SHE HAS CONTROL

AMID THE FLAMES OF WAR  
I HAVE SEEN HER FACE  
THE SMOKE OF BATTLE IS HER EMBRACE  
THE MORE I WANT HER  
THE STRONGER SHE BECOMES  
BY MY OWN HAND HER WILL IS DONE  
WHEN LEGIONS CLASH  
WHEN CANNONS ROAR  
WHEN HELL UNLEASHES ITS DEADLY STORM  
SHE COMES AT LAST TO ME

SWEET VICTORY DIVINE  
TELL ME YOU ARE MINE  
NONE IS MORE WILLING TO FULFILL YOUR GRAND DESIGN  
YOUR BURNING TOUCH  
COMMANDS MY HEART  
IF YOU DEMANDED IT I'D TEAR THE WORLD APART

I KNOW THAT I CAN'T LEAVE YOUR FIRE  
NOW THAT I'VE KISSED THE VERY FLAMES OF TRUE DESIRE  
DRAW ME CLOSER  
HOLD ME FOR ALL TIME  
SWEET VICTORY  
BE MINE!

N takes the crown out of NIKE's hands and places the laurels on his own head.

The CHORUS grows deafening as he raises his hands heavenward in selfish triumph...

CHORUS

ET SALVA ME!  
ET SALVA ME!  
ET SALVA ME!

END OF ACT 1

## ACT 2

DAY IS WON main theme developed to an imperial fanfare. TALLEY is revealed in his Grand Chamberlain position, wearing his sash.

TALLEYRAND

Citizens and Subjects! His August Imperial Majesty, Napoleon The First, Emperor of the French and ruler over fifty territories --

(sudden aside to audience)

Our man of stone and iron's been busy... Found he missed the feel of the sword in his hand. These days it's sword and pen in equal measure - with stupendous results, I might add...

(back to speech)

-- vows to continue the liberation of the European people from the yolk of the evil Monarchies. Prussia is to be absorbed with all due haste. God speed the Emperor!

### A TENNIS COURT

Bourgeois SPECTATORS are courtside on a beautiful, sunny day. All very genteel and proper.

GENTLEMAN 1

TENNIS IN PARIS AND LIFE OF LEISURE  
THEY GO SO HAND IN HAND

LADY 1 / LADY 2

TENNIS IN PARIS AND IDYL PLEASURE  
HOW OH-SO SIMPLY GRAND

GENTLEMAN 3

DO YOU KNOW WHO IS PLAYING?

LADY 1

I HOPE IT'S MONSIEUR ALORKER

LADY 2

HE WAS SPLENDID AT LAST WEEK'S MATCH

GENTLEMAN 3

YOU REALLY MISSED A CORKER!

LADY 3

HERE COME THE PLAYERS NOW  
OH, DON'T THEY LOOK FINE!

GENTS

AREN'T THEY A SIGHT!

LADIES  
SO WELL TURNED OUT IN THEIR TENNIS WHITES!

UNSEEN ANNOUNCER  
First game, Monsieur Alorker to serve.

As with the ANNOUNCER, the players  
are unseen. The SPECTATORS' heads  
bob back and forth in perfect sync  
with an imagined ball. Presently  
the heads register a ball catching  
in the net.

UNSEEN ANNOUNCER (cont'd)  
Fifteen love.

SPECTATORS  
(muffled applause)

More spectating, more head bobs  
until they follow a humorous  
flubbed shot.

UNSEEN ANNOUNCER  
Thirty love.

SPECTATORS  
(muffled applause)

Play resumes. Head bobs and  
snatches of idyl conversation;

GENTLEMAN 1  
TENNIS IN PARIS AND GARDENS AND PARKS,  
THE CAPITAL'S REALLY ON TOP!

LADY 1  
TENNIS IN PARIS AND ART AT THE LOUVRE  
ENOUGH TO MAKE OCULARS POP!

GENTLEMAN 3  
THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES  
RESTORING THE HOTEL DE VILLE  
I'M ADDING IT UP IN MY HEAD AND I FEAR  
EVEN MIDAS WOULD SHIT AT THE BILL

LADY 2  
TRY TO KEEP UP WITH THE GAME DEAR  
WHEN SOMEONE'S DEFEATED  
THE VICTOR IS TREATED  
THOSE ARE THE RULES OF PLAY

All heads follow a fumbled ball.

UNSEEN ANNOUNCER  
Thirty - fifteen.

SPECTATORS  
(muffled applause)

Play resumes, as does the chat.

LADY 3  
TENNIS IN PARIS AND HOLIDAY PLANS  
WILL YOU BE GOING AWAY?

LADY 1  
TENNIS IN PARIS THE BACK AND THE FORTH  
IT'S JUST A BIT EARLY TO SAY

GENTLEMAN 1  
WE'RE HOPING TO TOUR AROUND ITALY SOON  
MIGHT SNATCH UP A HOME IN THE SUN

LADY 1  
WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE COUNTRY COMPLETELY MAPPED OUT  
JUST WAITING FOR IT TO BE WON

LADY 3  
THOSE ARE THE RULES OF THE GAME DEAR  
WHEN SOMEONE'S DEFEATED  
THEY HAVE TO BE CHEATED  
OF ALL THEIR POSSESSIONS, SUCH FUN!

All heads follow a fumbled ball.

SPECTATORS  
(muffled applause)

UNSEEN ANNOUNCER  
Forty - fifteen. This will be game point,  
ladies and gentlemen. Silence please.

Play resumes. Heads bob back and  
forth. Final comic head business  
as the winning ball goes way out  
of bounds.

SPECTATORS  
(rapturous applause)

GENTLEMAN 3  
Well done, Alorker! Well done!

GENTLEMAN 2  
Splendid!

UNSEEN ANNOUNCER  
First game to Monsieur Alorker. Gentlemen,  
change sides please.

As the SPECTATORS wait for the  
players to change;

GENTLEMAN 2  
WHAT OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE  
IS SHE WITH CHILD YET?

LADY 2  
THE PAPERS HAVE GROWN AWFULLY QUIET ON THAT

LADY 3  
I BET YOU SHE'S STARTING TO SWEAT

TALLEY has come forward on hearing  
this. He speaks over the  
SPECTATORS as they recede...

GENTLEMAN 1  
WHAT WILL THEY DO?

GENTLEMAN 3  
II HAVEN'T A CLUE

TALLEYRAND  
Oh, dear. I've been putting  
the dealing of that one off.  
Isn't going to be pretty.  
The people like her. But  
Barras's Whore and her  
withered womb have become  
an obstacle...  
And we all know what happens  
to obstacles, don't we?

SPECTATORS  
(fading)  
SORT IT ALL OUT  
I SUPPOSE  
WHO WAS TO KNOW?  
A SHOCK AND BLOW  
THE BLOOM IS  
OFF THE ROSE...

We've gone to a single spot on  
TALLEY, transitioning us to;

### A ROOM IN THE TUILERIES PALACE

MONT, ANT, CLAR (now pregnant),  
some MARSHALS and their WIVES are  
entering, gathering in a room in  
the palace.

TALLEYRAND  
It's the Emperor's birthday - "Saint Napoleon's  
Day" I've dubbed it. My patron saint of cold  
purpose. A national holiday with a very *public*  
parade... an ideal occasion for indicating to  
the nation a *shift* in internal politics.

An exterior balcony, let out onto  
from this room, is now visible far  
up stage. A banner with a bold  
imperial "N" encircled with  
laurels is a visible feature. We  
hear the CHORUS (off) in the  
street outside.

"SAINT NAPOLEON'S DAY"

CHORUS (OFF)

VICTORY  
CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL  
THE DAY IS WON

JOS enters with a LADY IN WAITING  
and nervously adjusts her hair,  
her dress - visibly uncomfortable.

LADY IN WAITING

DON'T WORRY MA'AM  
YOU LOOK DIVINE  
JUST AS HE LIKES

ANTON bows to her across the room.

ANTON

A joyous Saint Napoleon's Day, Empress.

JOSEPHINE

(to her Lady)

I SAID I'M FINE  
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG

LADY IN WAITING

(gently)

THEN YOU SHOULD SMILE

JOS smiles in the direction of  
ANTON. Some of the MARSHALS and  
WIVES nod back, then return to  
whispered conversation.

JOSEPHINE

LOOK HOW THEY STARE  
LOOK HOW THEY TALK  
WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?  
"SHE'S FAILED HER DUTY TO THE CROWN"  
THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE SAYING  
FIVE YEARS OF PRYING EYES AND RUMORS  
WELL I SWEAR THEY WON'T BREAK ME

CHORUS (OFF)

VICTORY!  
ONCE AGAIN THE TRUMPETS CALL  
CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL  
THE DAY IS WON

Enter TALLEY, leading N, FOU and  
GAR.

TALLEYRAND

ARE WE PREPARED?  
ARE WE SECURE?

FOUCHÉ

THE STAGE IS SET

TALLEYRAND

THEN LET'S BEGIN

LET'S GIVE THEM WHAT THEY'VE COME TO SEE

TALLEY acknowledges JOS as N goes to her.

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

(sunny)

Good day, Empress.

(privately, to Fouché and Garrau)

THE MARSHALS FIRST, HIS HIGHNESS NEXT

AND AFTER THAT I'LL GAUGE THE CROWDS

LEAVE IT TO ME TO CHOSE WHO'S NEXT

N and JOS are very warm with each other.

NAPOLEON

DEAR JOSEPHINE, YOU CATCH THE LIGHT

JUST LIKE A DIAMOND

JOSEPHINE

YOUR COAT'S NOT STRAIGHT...

She gently adjusts it then turns to TALLEY.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

WE'RE READY NOW

She takes N's hand to go out onto the balcony. TALLEY blocks her.

TALLEYRAND

THE MARSHALS FIRST, HIS HIGHNESS NEXT

THE REST WILL WAIT

The MARSHALS and N are led by TALLEY out into public view on the balcony. NB: we're always able to see the backs of those on the balcony waiving to the crowds. FOU and GAR block the entrance to the balcony.

CHORUS (OFF)

VICTORY!

ONCE AGAIN THE TRUMPETS CALL

CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL

THE DAY IS WON!

THE DAY IS WON!

VICTORY!  
EVERYONE COME RAISE THE CRY  
LET THE BANNERS CLAIM THE SKY  
THE DAY IS --  
VICTORY  
VICTORY  
VICTORY

JOSEPHINE  
MONSIEUR FOUCHÉ, PLEASE STAND ASIDE  
I'LL JOIN MY HUSBAND NOW

FOUCHÉ  
I'M SORRY  
YOU ARE TO WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE CALLED  
YOU HEARD THE MINISTER

JOSEPHINE  
HOW WILL IT APPEAR  
IF I AM NOT SEEN AT MY HUSBAND'S SIDE?

FOUCHÉ  
IN THIS CASE  
HOW IT APPEARS  
WILL BE DETERMINED BY THE MINISTER

TALLEY steps back into the room  
from the balcony.

TALLEYRAND  
NOW TO PAINT A HAPPY PICTURE  
ONE BY ONE WE ADD THE COLOURS  
FIRST SOME YOUTH - A HOPEFUL FUTURE  
YOU, CLARICE - A PREGNANT MOTHER!  
COME OUT HERE

He waves CLAR and ANT out onto the  
balcony with him. The young couple  
waves to the crowd at N's side  
under;

JOSEPHINE  
I BELONG OUT THERE  
BEFORE THAT GIRL  
NOW LET ME THROUGH

FOUCHÉ  
DON'T TRY MY PATIENCE, WOMAN  
WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE CALLED

JOSEPHINE  
HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT?

FOUCHÉ  
YOU HEARD THE MINISTER

JOSEPHINE

YOU WILL ANSWER FOR YOUR INSOLENCÉ, MONSIEUR FOUCHÉ  
I SWEAR MY HUSBAND WILL BE TOLD

FOUCHÉ

GARRAU, PLEASE COME  
THIS YAPPING DOG IS ON MY NERVES  
MOVE HER AWAY

As GAR moves JOS away from the door, TALLEY re-emerges from the balcony. Indicates to the WIVES who remain in the room;

TALLEYRAND

NOW TO ADD THE OTHER COLOURS  
YOU AND YOU INTO THE PICTURE  
WEALTH AND RICHES - GRACE AND BEAUTY  
SHOW THE CROWDS A PROSPEROUS IMAGE - COME!

The WIVES file past JOS and out onto the balcony. JOS is the sole remaining woman in the room. She storms FOU and GAR.

CHORUS O/S

VICTORY  
VICTORY  
VICTORY

JOSEPHINE

YOU GET ME TALLEYRAND RIGHT NOW!  
GO GET ME TALLEYRAND RIGHT NOW!

FOU goes out onto the balcony and interrupts TALLEY. He comes in, perturbed.

TALLEYRAND

HOW CAN I HELP?

JOSEPHINE

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SHUTTING ME IN HERE?  
I AM THE EMPRESS  
YOU WILL PLACE ME AT MY HUSBAND'S SIDE

TALLEYRAND

PRAY TELL ME WHY?  
HOW WOULD YOUR PRESENCE HELP MY PICTURE?  
MY HAPPY PICTURE  
WHAT COULD YOU ADD?  
A HEALTHY BOY HELD IN YOUR ARMS  
WOULD MAKE A LOVELY TOUCH;  
AN AGING EMPRESS EMPTY-HANDED  
OFFERS HALF AS MUCH

The sound of the CROWDS outside  
falls into a surreal eeriness.

JOSEPHINE (to self)	CHORUS O/S
DON'T LET THIS MONSTER	VICTORY
KNOW YOU'RE SHAKING	VICTORY
DON'T LET HIM SEE YOU	VICTORY
SLOWLY BREAKING	

She musters her courage and tries  
to push past him onto the balcony.  
TALLEY hotly grabs her arm.

TALLEYRAND  
YOU KNOW MY WISH  
I'VE MADE IT CLEAR  
BE ON YOUR WAY!

JOSEPHINE  
UNGRATEFUL WRETCH  
YOU'RE ONLY HERE BECAUSE OF ME

TALLEYRAND  
AND HOW IS THAT?

JOSEPHINE  
YOU USED MY FRIENDS

TALLEYRAND  
THEY'VE BEEN PAID BACK  
AND FOR THAT MATTER SO HAVE YOU  
HAVE YOU NOT DIAMONDS?  
COUNTRY HOMES?  
THREE THOUSAND DRESSES?  
THE NATION'S PAID THE BILLS FOR YEARS  
FOR ALL YOUR MOUNTAINS OF EXCESSES

JOSEPHINE  
GET MY HUSBAND NOW  
I WANT HIM BROUGHT TO ME THIS INSTANT

TALLEYRAND  
CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S OCCUPIED?  
YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST THING ON HIS MIND  
HE HONOURS DUTY, AS SHOULD YOU

He moves in for the kill, raising  
his walking stick, pressing its  
tip into JOS's flat stomach.

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)  
YOU CAN'T GIVE THE NATION WHAT IT NEEDS  
AND SO YOUR DUTY IS TO GO  
MOVE ON, MAKE ROOM FOR ONE WHO CAN  
MOVE ON, RELEASE THE MAN AND GO

HAVE YOU NO DIGNITY?  
STOP CAUSING SCENES AND GO  
DO THE ONE THING YOU CAN  
RELEASE THE MAN AND GO

TALLEY turns his back on her and  
rejoins the party on the balcony.  
FOU and GAR accompany - the effect  
being all backs now turned on her,  
waving happily to the unseen  
crowds.

Inside, alone, JOS breaks down  
completely.

CHORUS (OFF)

VICTORY!  
ONCE AGAIN THE TRUMPETS CALL  
CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL  
THE DAY IS WON!  
THE DAY IS WON!  
VICTORY!  
EVERYONE COME RAISE THE CRY  
LET THE BANNERS CLAIM THE SKY  
THE DAY IS WON  
VICTORY!  
ONCE AGAIN THE TRUMPETS CALL  
CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL  
THE DAY IS WON!  
THE DAY IS WON!  
VICTORY!  
EVERYONE COME RAISE THE CRY  
LET THE BANNERS CLAIM THE SKY  
THE DAY IS WON

\* \* \* \*

The sound of BIRDS, the country...

THÉRESE is revealed in a pool of  
light, waiting. Presently JOS's  
LADY IN WAITING comes to her. U/S  
ONLY IN FANTASY.

LADY IN WAITING

The Empress is seeing no one. She's come to the  
country for privacy.

THÉRESE

You go back and tell her that if she didn't  
want me here, she should never have saved my  
life. Now she's stuck with me. I'm here for her  
- please tell her that.

LADY IN WAITING

Ma'am, I'm sorry but --

THÉRÈSE

I'm not taking no for an answer.

The LADY IN WAITING exits.

Presently, JOS appears as lighting delivers us to;

THE ROSE GARDEN AT MALMAISON

A mimed U/S'd beat - JOS welcoming a concerned THÉR, telling her she's fine, not to worry - all of it forced, as though JOS is trying to be stronger than she is. She doesn't need her, don't worry, she can go... JOS turns to retreat. THÉR sees right through it;

"THE FRIEND YOU WERE TO ME"

THÉRÈSE

IS THIS ALL AN ACT?  
JUST SOME POINT OF PRIDE  
OR HAVE YOU DECIDED  
TO KEEP ME SHUT OUTSIDE?  
I'VE HEARD THAT THINGS ARE BAD  
RUMORS, SECOND-HAND  
YOU WON'T LET ME CLOSE TO YOU  
I DON'T UNDERSTAND

YOU'RE TRYING HARD TO TELL ME  
YOU'LL FACE THIS ON YOUR OWN  
BUT THERE ARE SOMETIMES TROUBLES  
WE CANNOT FACE ALONE

I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW  
IF YOU WISHED IT SO  
I WOULD GLADLY BE  
THE FRIEND YOU WERE TO ME

YOU WERE ALWAYS THERE  
YOU WERE ALWAYS STRONG  
READY WITH THE ANSWERS  
NO MATTER WHAT WENT WRONG  
NO FEAR HOW ROUGH THE STORM  
OR HOW SEVERE THE PAIN  
YOU'D BE THERE TO WALK WITH ME  
LAUGHING AT THE RAIN

YOU COULD MAKE IT EASY  
BY SIMPLY BEING YOU  
KNOWING YOU WOULD LISTEN  
THAT'S WHAT SAW ME THROUGH...

KEEP SILENT IF YOU MUST

WE'LL LEAVE IT UNDISCUSSED  
BUT I WOULD GLADLY BE  
THE FRIEND YOU WERE TO ME

JOS can't hide it;

JOSEPHINE  
THERE ARE SOMETIMES TROUBLES  
WE CANNOT FACE ALONE...

Her fragile composure crumbles.  
THÉR takes her in her arms.

THERESE  
I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW  
IF YOU WISHED IT SO  
I WOULD GLADLY BE  
THE FRIEND YOU WERE TO ME  
I ONLY WANT TO BE  
THE FRIEND YOU WERE TO ME

JOSEPHINE  
I CAN'T FACE THIS ALONE  
PLEASE DON'T LET ME GO  
I WON'T FORGET  
THE FRIEND YOU WERE TO ME  
I WON'T FORGET  
THE FRIEND YOU WERE TO ME

\* \* \* \*

That familiar FANFARE brings us to  
TALLEY as Grand Chamberlain.

TALLEYRAND  
Citizens and Subjects! His August Imperial  
Majesty, Napoleon The First, Emperor of the  
French, and Ruler of over 100 territories  
announces a new set of laws to benefit any  
country or district wishing to join the  
beneficent French Empire.

(sudden aside to audience)

Oh, don't think for a moment that Barras' Whore  
is in the clear. But the business of  
acquisition doesn't stand still for anything...

(back to speech)

These laws, designed to protect the rights and  
interest of every citizen are to be enacted  
immediately and shall be known as the Code  
Napoleon!

A group of LAWYERS has entered -  
vaudeville meets the Upper Bench.  
All carry identical copies of a  
large legal tome.

"THE CODE NAPOLEON"

LAWYERS  
THE EMPEROR'S ASSEMBLED A GROUP OF LEGAL MINDS  
TO ADDRESS A SITUATION THAT HAS NEVER BEEN DEFINED  
THERE'S NO SYSTEM OF PROCEDURE FOR DEALING WITH THE LAW  
THE EMPEROR'S INTENTION IS TO RECTIFY THIS FLAW  
  
FOR EVERY LAW IN THE LAND MUST PROTECT THE CITIZEN

FROM THE LOWEST COMMON MAN TO THE RICHEST DENIZEN  
FROM THE BUTCHER TO THE BANKER  
TO THE FARMER GROWING WHEAT  
FROM A KING TO A QUEEN  
TO THE BEGGARS AT THEIR FEET  
FROM A CHRISTIAN TO A JEW  
TO A MAN WHO DOESN'T CARE  
FROM A VIRGIN TO A PROSTITUTE  
TO THOSE WHO WOULDN'T DARE

IT'S A MODEL OF SIMPLICITY - DECISIVE, CLEAR AND BOLD  
THE LAWS WE STATE IMPLICITLY ARE HERE WITHIN THE CODE  
FOR IT IS WRITTEN IN THE CODE  
THAT EVERY MAN SHALL HAVE HIS RIGHTS

IT'S IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IT IS WRITTEN IN THE CODE NAPOLEON

IT'S IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IT IS WRITTEN IN THE CODE NAPOLEON

FOR EVERY LAW THAT WE WRITE IN OUR LEGAL BROTHERHOOD  
WE MUST ASK OURSELVES, "HAVE WE THOUGHT OF ALL WE SHOULD?"  
IS IT JUST?  
IS IT USEFUL?  
DOES IT SERVE THE COMMON GOOD?  
WOULD THE PEOPLE KNOW IT'S MEANING?  
WE MUST MAKE IT UNDERSTOOD

FOR EVERY LAW IN THE LAND MUST PROTECT THE CITIZEN  
FROM THE LOWEST COMMON MAN TO THE RICHEST DENIZEN  
FROM THE STUDENT TO THE SCHOLAR  
TO THE LOU T WHO DOESN'T THINK  
FROM THE PAINTER TO THE PRINTER  
TO THE WRITER ON THE BRINK  
FROM THE BLACK TO THE WHITE  
TO THE SOCIALLY PROGRESSIVE  
FROM THE PATRON TO THE CRITIC  
WHO MIGHT FIND THIS SONG EXCESSIVE

IT'S A MODEL OF SIMPLICITY DECISIVE, CLEAR AND BOLD  
THE LAWS WE STATE IMPLICITLY ARE HERE WITHIN THE CODE  
FOR IT IS WRITTEN IN THE CODE  
THAT EVERY MAN SHALL HAVE HIS RIGHTS

IT'S IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IT IS WRITTEN IN THE CODE NAPOLEON

IT'S IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IT IS WRITTEN IN THE CODE NAPOLEON

IT'S THE APOGEE, EPITOME, THE PINNACLE OF REASON  
THE GOT-TO-READ-CAN'T-DO-WITHOUT SENSATION OF THE SEASON  
CIVIL RIGHTS, FAMILY LAW, PROPERTY AND DEEDS  
GUARANTEED TO EASE THE LEGALESE IN ALL YOUR NEEDS

IT'S A MODEL OF SIMPLICITY DECISIVE, CLEAR AND BOLD  
THE LAWS WE STATE IMPLICITLY ARE HERE WITHIN THE CODE  
FOR IT IS WRITTEN IN THE CODE  
THAT EVERY MAN SHALL HAVE HIS RIGHTS

IT'S IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IT IS WRITTEN IN THE CODE NAPOLEON

IT'S IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IT IS WRITTEN IN THE CODE NAPOLEON

IT'S IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IT IS WRITTEN IN THE CODE NAPOLEON

The LAWYERS dance off. TALLEY  
steps forward, opens his mouth to  
speak to us when;

LAWYERS (cont'd)  
(re entering, vaudeville style)

IT'S IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IT IS WRITTEN IN THE CODE NAPOLEON

IT'S IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE  
IN THE CODE / JUST SEE THE CODE  
IT IS WRITTEN IN THE CODE NAPOLEON

The LAWYERS have danced off. Again  
TALLEY is about to speak, when, a  
LAWYER pokes his head back on from  
the wings;

LAWYER

IT'S IN THE CODE!

And back they all come for a big  
finish, flanking TALLEY!

IN THE CODE

IN THE CODE

IN THE CODE

IT IS WRITTEN IN THE CODE NAPOLEON

IT'S IN THE CODE!

One of the LAWYERS has ended on  
one knee before TALLEY, presenting  
the book, open. TALLEY's eyes are  
on the page. He smiles evilly;

TALLEYRAND

It certainly IS... decisive, clear and bold:  
Part One, Article Four - *Divorce*.

FOU and GAR are escorting N. The  
lawyers remain in place for the  
moment.

"POWER HAS ITS PRICE"

FOUCHÉ/GARRAU

WE ALL MUST MAKE OUR SACRIFICES

WE ALL MUST MAKE OUR SACRIFICES

TALLEYRAND

EMPEROR, THIS PROBLEM OF SUCCESSION ISN'T NEW

YOU CAN'T GO ON AVOIDING IT

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MUST DO

FOUCHÉ/GARRAU

WE ALL MUST MAKE OUR SACRIFICES

POWER HAS ITS PRICE

TALLEYRAND

FACE IT, ACCEPT IT, THE ANSWER IS DIVORCE

NAPOLEON

TALLEYRAND, SHE NEEDS MORE TIME

TALLEYRAND

TIME HAS RUN ITS COURSE

(calling off)

Send them in!

FOUCHÉ/GARRAU  
WE ALL MUST MAKE OUR SACRIFICES

The LAWYERS split, revealing a  
line of SIX PRINCESSES now  
entering - china doll,  
expressionless automatons.

FOUCHÉ/GARRAU/PRINCESSES  
POWER HAS ITS PRICE  
POWER HAS ITS PRICE

TALLEYRAND  
THE NATION NEEDS A MOTHER  
YOU'LL BE THANKFUL I WAS STRONG  
EACH ONE IS A PRINCESS I'M JUST HELPING YOU ALONG  
COUNTRY, DUTY - PAINFUL I ADMIT  
BUT YOU KNOW THERE'S NO OTHER CHOICE  
SO LET'S GET ON WITH IT

TALLEY has positioned N, his back  
to us, facing the upstage line of  
frozen PRINCESSES. He now starts  
down the line, FOU and GAR  
answering his questions.

HOW OLD?                   TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

FIFTEEN                   FOUCHÉ

TOO YOUNG               TALLEYRAND  
HER?                   (on to the next)

FORTY                   GARRAU

HEAVENS!               TALLEYRAND

SORRY, SIR!           GARRAU

THIS ONE?               TALLEYRAND  
                         (on to the next)

EIGHTEEN               FOUCHÉ

RUMORED CRASS       GARRAU

STORY? TALLEYRAND

BRITISH FOUCHÉ

BRITISH?! TALLEYRAND  
(outraged)

SORRY FOUCHÉ

PASS!! TALLEYRAND  
(on to the next)

BAD HAIR  
BAD TEETH  
BAD CHOICE  
NEXT? (on to the next)

SWEDISH GARRAU

LOVELY! FOUCHÉ/GARRAU

OVER-SEXED TALLEYRAND  
(now at the last one, young and fresh)

THIS ONE? GARRAU

FLAWLESS! TALLEYRAND

QUITE THE CATCH TALLEY/FOU/GAR

RIGHT HEIGHT  
RIGHT LOOK  
PERFECT MATCH!

TALLEY leads the chosen MARIE  
LOUISE to N, who still has his  
back to us. FOU and GAR escort the  
other PRINCESSES out.

FOUCHÉ/GARRAU/PRINCESSES  
WE ALL MUST MAKE OUR SACRIFICES  
POWER HAS ITS PRICE  
(continues, fades)

TALLEYRAND

Emperor, I present you Princess Marie Louise of Austria.

MARIE LOUISE

Es ehrt und freut mich Sie kennen zu lernen.  
(TRANSLATION: "I am honoured and pleased to make your acquaintance.")

TALLEYRAND

Congratulations on a fine choice. When shall I announce the divorce?

NAPOLEON

(silence - he can't even look at the girl)

TALLEYRAND

I'll leave that to you, Majesty.

And we've immediately jumped time:  
JOS suddenly here, confronting N.

JOSEPHINE

I'LL HEAR THE WORDS BUT THEY WILL HAVE TO COME FROM YOU  
TELL ME DIRECTLY - WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO?

TALLEY leads ML away. N and JOS are alone.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

IF THIS IS TRULY WHAT YOU WANT  
JUST SAY THE WORDS AND I'LL BE GONE  
I WON'T PRETEND IT DOESN'T HURT  
BUT SOMEHOW I'LL BE STRONG  
I'LL NOT FIGHT  
THE CHOICE IS YOURS  
BUT GOD HAVE MERCY, TELL ME PLEASE  
THIS IS NOT WHAT YOU DESIRE

YOUR FAINTEST WHISPER WAKENS ME  
YOUR SOFTEST TOUCH BRINGS ME TO LIFE  
AND WHEN I FEEL YOUR BEATING HEART  
I KNOW I AM ALIVE  
WE WOULD JUST DESTROY OURSELVES  
IF OUR WORLDS WERE TORN APART  
WHAT FOOLS WOULD TEAR THEIR WORLDS APART?

JOSEPHINE

YES, TELL ME ALL I LONG TO HEAR

I HAD TO ASK YOU, NOW I KNOW

I KNOW I AM ALIVE

WE WOULD JUST DESTROY OURSELVES  
IF OUR WORLDS WERE TORN APART

NAPOLEON

YOUR FAINTEST WHISPER WAKENS ME

YOUR SOFTEST TOUCH BRINGS ME TO LIFE

AND WHEN I FEEL YOUR BEATING HEART

I KNOW I AM ALIVE

JOS is in his arms, believing it's solved, when he gently says;

NAPOLEON  
AFFAIRS OF STATE OUTWEIGH THE HEART

JOSEPHINE  
(disbelievingly)  
No... No, you can't --

NAPOLEON  
AFFAIRS OF STATE TEAR US APART

The COMPANY is entering, forming a semi-circle around N and JOS, changing the scene from one of intimacy to something very public.

TALLEY thrusts a document into JOS's hand. All eyes are on her as she musters her dignity and begins to read the document aloud;

JOSEPHINE  
With the permission of my beloved husband, I proudly offer the greatest proof of attachment and devotion ever given a man on this earth. I consent to the dissolution of a marriage...  
(struggles)  
... of a marriage ---

She's unable to read on. BEAT. A painfully awkward moment. N takes the document from his wife's trembling hand and completes the reading himself. Cold, purposeful - at least trying to be...

NAPOLEON  
... the dissolution of a marriage which deprives France of the happiness of being governed by the descendant of the man whom Victory raised up to remedy the evils of a troubled time... We both...  
(starting to break himself, but maintaining)  
...he and I... stand glorified by the sacrifice we make on the altar of the national good.

The COMPANY begins to recede as TALLEY places MARIE LOUISE on N's arm and leads them off - all deserting JOS.

JOSEPHINE

GUARD YOUR FOOLISH HEART AGAINST SURRENDER  
REALIZE THAT LIFE REWARDS THE STRONG  
HE DOESN'T MEAN THE EARTH TO ME, HOW COULD HE?  
I ONLY THOUGHT TO TAKE WHAT I COULD GET  
SO TELL ME WHY DID I ALLOW THE MAN TO MOVE ME  
TO GIVE HIM MY TRUST  
WHY, WHEN I KNEW DREAMS OF HAPPY ENDINGS  
ALL TURN TO DUST

**A TENNIS COURT**

Our SPECTATORS are mid-match,  
cheerfully watching that unseen  
ball bounce back and forth;

"TENNIS IN PARIS 2"

The action heats up, heads go  
faster... The ball goes flying and  
the SPECTATORS go giddy with  
delight.

SPECTATORS

(ad lib "oo's" "ah's", cheers and applause)

GENTLEMAN 1

Well done Alorker, well done!!

LADY 2

Splendid!

UNSEEN ANNOUNCER

Once again, Monsieur Alorker is European  
Champion - fifth year running!

GENTLEMAN 1

TENNIS IN PARIS AND LIVING THE LIFE  
THE JOY THAT WINNING BRINGS

LADY 1

TENNIS IN PARIS - THE SLICE AND THE SLAM

GENTLEMAN 2

THOSE DEVASTATING SWINGS

GENTLEMAN 3

HOW WAS YOUR TRIP TO ITALY?  
DID YOU SEE FLORENCE AND ROME?

GENTLEMAN 1

GOT TO KNOW EVERY INCH OF THE PLACE  
IT STARTED TO FEEL LIKE HOME

LADY 1

BUT THIS YEAR WE'LL HAVE A SPECIAL TREAT  
THE EMPEROR'S SET HIS HEART ON SPAIN

ALL

Spain?!

LADY 1

SO IT SHOULDN'T BE LONG 'TIL WE'RE OFF AGAIN

GENTLEMEN

TENNIS IN PARIS AND CHAMPION MATCHES

LADIES

MORE OF THE WORLD TO EXPLORE

GENTLEMEN

TENNIS IN PARIS AND TROPHIES IN BATCHES

LADIES

THAT GLORIOUS FEELING OF MORE

LADY 3

WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED IT BUT WINNING'S INSPIRED  
A HOLIDAY TRAVELLING SPREE

GENTLEMAN 1

PARISIAN SOCIETY'S DAILY ACQUIRED  
A HOST OF NEW PLACES TO SEE

LADIES

WE'RE PACKING OUR TRUNKS FOR ADVENTURE

GENTLEMAN 2

WE'RE OFF TO THE HAGUE

GENTLEMAN 3

I HERE IT'S DIVINE

LADY 2

MY HUSBAND AND I WILL BE CRUISING THE RHINE

GENTLEMAN 1

TAKING IN POLAND IS TOP OF MY LIST

GENTLEMAN 3

PRUSSIA FOR ME'S UPPERMOST

LADY 1

PORTUGAL'S NEXT DEAR

LADY 2

THEY SAY COMING NEXT YEAR IS ENGLAND'S ENTIRE SOUTH COAST

ALL

THE WORLD IS SUCH A LARGE PLACE  
WE FEEL SO UNCONFINED  
HE'S TAKING THE WORLD  
HE'S TAKING THE WORLD  
HE'S TAKING THE WORLD

HE'S TAKING THE WORLD  
HE'S TAKING THE WORLD WITH US IN MIND

Fanfare.

Bringing us to;

**THE IMPERIAL THRONE ROOM**

TALLEY as Grand Chamberlain;

TALLEYRAND

Citizens and Subjects! His August Imperial Majesty, Napoleon The First, Emperor of the French, and ruler over 380 territories... announces the birth of his son and heir!

(he starts clapping, to audience)

Please - a little enthusiasm!

(back to speech)

The baby, healthy and perfect in every way has brought a joy to the Imperial Home utterly and indescribably beyond measure. Long live the Emperor!

During the above, stern-faced MARSHALS including ANT have been gathering, their dark expressions in stark contrast to the tone of TALLEY's propagandist bulletin.

MONT enters last.

**"THE THRONE ROOM"**

MARSHAL 1

SO MONTENOTTE'S RECALLED AS WELL  
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

MARSHAL 2

EVERY MARSHAL'S BEEN RECALLED  
NO WORD OF EXPLANATION WHY  
NO DOUBT THOUGH SOON WE'LL SEE

MONTENOTTE

THIS NEW CONSCRIPTION PLAN...

MARSHAL 1

I'VE SEEN IT, MONTENOTTE

MONTENOTTE

THE BURDEN'S BECOMING TOO GREAT  
IT MAKES ME SICK, I SAY  
I'M GOING TO CHALLENGE HIM

ANTON

(hotly stepping fwd)

HIS ORDERS AREN'T UP FOR DEBATE

MONTENOTTE

I SEE THAT ONCE AGAIN  
HE'S CALLED UP YOUNGER MEN  
THE AGE FALLS AS FAST AS THEY DIE  
IT SIMPLY ISN'T RIGHT  
THIRTEEN'S TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT  
IN MY DAY IT WAS DIFFERENT  
THERE WERE THINGS WE'D NOT ALLOW  
IN MY DAY ---

ANTON

WE'RE NOT IN *YOUR* DAY -- IT'S A NEW DAY WE'RE IN NOW!

MARIE LOUISE enters with her  
LADIES pushing an ornate wheeled  
bassinet. TALLEY is at her side.  
The MARSHALS bow.

MARSHALS

(ad lib "Empress", "Your Highness", etc.)

She smiles and speaks up.

MARIE LOUISE

Kommen Sie - sehen Sie meine schönes Kind.

No one understands her. Awkward  
pause.

MONTENOTTE

What did she say?

TALLEYRAND

The Empress Marie Louise invites you to view  
the heir to the throne.

MARSHALS

(polite "Ah's", big smiles and nodding)

The MARSHALS approach the crib and  
peer in. Then;

MARSHAL 1

(loudly)

It's a sickly looking thing, if you ask me.

MARIE LOUISE

Danke schön, Sie sind sehr nett.

MARSHAL 1

What did she say?

TALLEYRAND

The Empress thanked you for your compliment.

MARSHAL 2

A dim-witted wife who can't speak the language  
and an unhealthy son.

(sarcastically)

Happy days!

N enters. The room comes to  
attention, except ML.

MARIE LOUISE

(to N)

Wann begint die Oper heut' abend?

NAPOLEON

What did she say?

TALLEYRAND

The Empress asks what time the opera is tonight.

NAPOLEON

Tell her I don't know. Tell her she'll be going  
alone.

TALLEYRAND

(to ML)

Sie gehen allein...

N waves them off and TALLEY ushers  
ML and her party from the room.  
There's clearly no love in this  
marriage.

Once they're gone, N turns to his  
MARSHALS.

"THE LAST CRUSADE"

NAPOLEON

DEAR OLD FRIENDS, I BID YOU WELCOME  
THE REASON I'VE RECALLED YOU ALL WILL SOON BE CLEAR  
THOUGH YOU DON'T KNOW IT YOU'VE BEEN CHOSEN TO ASSIST ME  
BY THE HAND OF A POWER DIVINE  
YOU ARE MORE THAN YOU'VE IMAGINED  
YOU'RE SOON TO BE THE FOUNDERS OF A NEW FRONTIER  
I'VE WAITED YEARS AND NOW, MY FRIENDS, AT LAST IT'S TIME  
IT'S TIME YOU KNEW MY GRAND DESIGN!

He signals to two SOLDIERS  
standing upstage right and left  
who cut ropes - unfurling a huge  
map of the world that fills the  
rear.

NAPOLEON (cont'd)

RUSSIA JUST BROKE HER TREATY  
AND SO THE CHOICE TO GO TO WAR HAS NOW BEEN MADE  
BUT RUSSIA IS JUST THE START

FOR SOMETHING BIGGER WILL BEGIN ONCE WE INVADE  
RUSSIA'S THE KEY  
THE GATEWAY TO WORLD  
THE LAND FROM WHERE I'LL LAUNCH THE LAST CRUSADE!

IMAGINE A QUEST TO BUILD AN EDEN FOR MANKIND  
A VAST ETERNAL PARADISE  
THE HUMAN SPIRIT UNCONFINED  
OUR BANNER SHALL ADVANCE AS THE LIGHT OF FRANCE  
ILLUMINATES THE DARK OPPRESSIVE NIGHT  
UNTO THE WORLD WE SHALL BRING THE LIGHT

RUSSIA  
INDIA  
PERSIA  
ASIA  
ARABIA  
EGYPT  
ALGERIA  
THE SUDAN  
TUNISIA  
THE EAST INDIES  
THE WEST INDIES  
THE ORIENT  
THE AMERICAS!

BEHOLD MY GRAND DESIGN - HUMAN DESTINY  
THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF MAN DEPENDS ON ME  
HISTORY WILL CALL THIS MY GREATEST VICTORY

Everyone in the room is uneasy.

MONTENOTTE  
HISTORY I DOUBT WILL BE THAT KIND

NAPOLEON  
MONTENOTTE, WHAT DID YOU SAY?  
SPEAK YOUR MIND

MONTENOTTE  
SOME MAY TAKE A DIFFERENT VIEW  
I FEAR THAT HISTORY MAY WELL BE HARD ON YOU

NAPOLEON  
AH, I SEE... WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'LL SAY?  
(awkward silence from MONT)  
Speak up!!!!  
(challenging the others)  
Anyone!!!!!!!!!!

N's challenge becomes one aimed  
directly to the audience as we  
enter N's thoughts and lose the  
MARSHALS in silhouette;

WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'LL SAY?

WILL THEY CALL ME A TYRANT?  
WILL THEY CALL ME DESPOT?  
NO DOUBT THAT SOME MAY CHOSE TO SEE ME IN THIS LIGHT  
WAS I A DICTATOR?  
WAS I AN OPPRESSOR?  
WERE ALL MY MOTIVES IN THE WRONG AND NOT THE RIGHT?

I REWROTE THE LAWS OF FRANCE  
SO EVERYONE WOULD HAVE THE CHANCE  
TO RISE ABOVE THEIR STATION  
I BROUGHT EMANCIPATION  
EQUALITY FOR ALL - THAT'S NOT OPPRESSION!

WILL THEY SAY I LOVED BATTLE?  
WAS WAR AN OBSESSION?  
I'M SURE THAT SOME WILL SAY THAT'S WHERE MY FOLLY LAY  
I'D SAY TO THEM CLEARLY  
I'D ANSWER THEM PLAINLY  
THAT IN THE AGE I LIVED THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY

TO ACHIEVE THE REVOLUTION  
THERE WAS ONLY ONE SOLUTION  
WE SHED OUR BLOOD FOR LIBERTY  
IT WAS THE COST OF BEING FREE  
TO USE THE MEANS AT HAND - IS NOT OBSESSION!

AH...  
BUT WHAT OF AMBITION?  
MY BLINDING AMBITION?  
THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE IN HISTORY WITH MORE  
I FREELY ADMIT IT  
I CANNOT DENY IT  
BUT I WOULD ASK THEM, "WHAT WAS MY AMBITION FOR?"

EVERY CRITIC WOULD HAVE TO CONFESS  
IT WASN'T ALL FOR SELFISHNESS  
I FOUGHT TO SEE THE BIRTH OF AN ELYSIUM ON EARTH  
A KINGDOM OF REASON  
WHERE MAN COULD BE HIS BEST  
OH, YES...  
I HAD AMBITION

SO LET THEM CRITICIZE ME  
CONDEMN ME AND DESPISE ME  
THEIR WORDS WILL NOT ERASE THE GOOD I'VE DONE  
I'VE SERVED THE HUMAN RACE  
FAR MORE THAN ANYONE!

We lose the scene to;

S-F/X: CANNON FIRE... which  
becomes THUNDER... which becomes  
RAIN...

**A TENNIS COURT**

Our SPECTATORS are in the stands on a cold, gray day. No head bobbing, no smiles this time. The three GENTLEMEN hold black umbrellas under which all huddle against the inclement weather.

"TENNIS IN PARIS 3"

SPECTATORS  
TENNIS IN PARIS JUST ISN'T THE SAME  
WITHOUT THE PLAYERS  
IT PUTS SUCH A TERRIBLE PALL ON THE GAME  
TO HAVE NO PLAYERS

LADY 1  
POOR DEAR MONSIEUR ALORKER  
DRAGGED OFF AGAINST HIS WILL

GENTLEMAN 1  
HE SAID HE'S NOT MUCH OF A FIGHTER  
AND YET THEY WANTED HIM STILL

All watch grimly as a coffin is carried on by PALLBEARERS.

SPECTATORS  
(sniffles, hankies)

LADY 2  
OH WHAT A DEAR HE WAS

GENTLEMAN 2  
SO MUCH TALENT WASTED IN WAR  
WHAT'S THE PURPOSE? WHAT'S IT ALL FOR?

One of the PALLBEARERS raises his head: TALLEYRAND. He addresses us as the coffin crosses right to left.

TALLEYRAND  
Nasty rumors belching themselves up:

PALLBEARERS 1/2/3  
Moscow's been burned to the ground" / "Winter's come early" / "He *regrets* going in..."

TALLEYRAND  
Our man of stone and iron doesn't know regret... Regret is a stopper of action - A human frailty.

SPECTATORS  
(some audible sobs that register w/ TALLEY)

TALLEYRAND

Still, ignoring popular opinion is a politician's funeral. From here on I'll be publicly against him... But privately I believe completely in him now. He's won me. He's never failed before - why would he now? It's impossible!

(barks at the SPECTATORS, who don't register him at all)

Have faith! You *know* obstacles nourish him! Nothing can stop him!!

(straight out)

Spend your men with impunity, Emperor! Remember what you are: *purpose without conscience!*

The coffin has passed through and off.

LADY 3

THEY'VE CANCELED OUR COMING SAINT PETERSBURG CRUISE

GENTLEMAN 3

WINTER'S COME EARLY

GENTLEMEN

SEEMS WE MAY LOSE

LADY 1

WE'D SO HOPED TO TRAVEL TO MOSCOW THIS YEAR  
IT SEEMS NOW WE'LL HOLIDAY HERE

ALL

WHO STAYS IN PARIS AT THIS TIME OF YEAR?

Building around our SPECTATORS is a scene of freezing SOLDIERS on retreat from Russia.

### A WINTER WASTELAND

S-F/X: WIND. We soon lose sight the SPECTATORS and are here completely, in this barren, forbidding place.

"RUSSIA"

SOLDIERS

IT'S EIGHTY DAYS  
EIGHTY DAYS TO PARIS  
SAVE US, LORD, SAVE US FROM THE WINTER  
IT'S EIGHTY DAYS  
EIGHTY DAYS TO PARIS

The slow progress of the SOLDIERS through an icy wind is being hindered all the more by ANTON and the WOUNDED MAN he is supporting (burned and bandaged). Behind them are two SOLDIERS talking between themselves.

SOLDIER 1

THAT MAN THERE, THE MAN THAT ANTON'S HELPING  
HE'S SO BADLY BURNED HE SHOULD BE LEFT TO DIE

ANTON

(to the wounded man he's helping walk)

DON'T YOU GIVE UP NOW  
YOU CAN'T GIVE IN - IT'S NOT A CHOICE  
DON'T THINK ABOUT THE PAIN  
JUST KEEP YOUR MIND SET ON MY VOICE  
COME ON NOW, YOU HAVE TO TRY  
TOGETHER WE'LL GET THROUGH

I WON'T FORGET, YOU SAVED MY LIFE AS MOSCOW BURNED  
I THOUGHT I'D DIE - I ONLY SAW A WALL OF FLAME  
AND YOU WERE THERE - WHERE I WAS TRAPPED  
YOU CAME FROM NOWHERE AND PULLED ME FREE  
YOU SAVED ME - YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO  
YOU TOOK THE FLAMES INSTEAD OF ME

The MAN collapses and ANT kneels beside him, giving up his own blanket for warmth.

The two SOLDIERS close in.

SOLDIER 1

WHY SHOULD WE WAIT FOR HIM TO DIE?  
I NEED HIS COAT

SOLDIER 2

I NEED HIS BOOTS

SOLDIER 1

WHY SHOULD WE WAIT?

SOLDIER 2

WE MIGHT SURVIVE  
WE HAVE OUR STRENGTH

SOLDIER 1

WE HAVE A CHANCE - THAT MAN DOES NOT

SOLDIER 2

WHY SHOULD WE FREEZE?

SOLDIER 1  
HE'S NEARLY DEAD, MARSHAL ANTON  
SOME OF HIS CLOTHES SHOULD GO TO THOSE  
WHO STILL HAVE A CHANCE

SOLDIER 2  
Now leave him to us!

The SOLDIERS try to push ANT out  
of the way - grabbing at the MAN's  
blanket. ANT produces a pistol.

ANTON  
I STILL HAVE A GUN, AND I WILL USE IT ON ONE OF YOU!

SOLDIER 1  
COME ON SIR - HE'S GOING TO DIE  
YOU'VE DONE EVERYTHING THAT YOU CAN DO

ANTON  
I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU COME NEAR HIM!  
I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T GO!

The two SOLDIERS relent and exit.  
The OTHERS in the group settle  
down in the snow, exhausted. ANT  
takes the WOUNDED MAN in his arms  
and loosens the scarf that has  
been obscuring his face...

ANTON (cont'd)  
Montenotte...  
I'M RIGHT HERE BESIDE YOU, MONTENOTTE  
I'LL KEEP YOU WARM

MONTENOTTE  
NOW IT'S NOT SO COLD  
PROMISE ME YOU'LL CARE FOR OUR CLARICE, ANTON

ANTON  
TRY TO REST NOW

Presently, MONT's motions cease.  
ANT cradles him...

ANTON (cont'd)  
I'LL TELL CLARICE YOU GAVE YOUR LIFE FOR ME  
WHEN I GET HOME

Maintaining this scene in the  
foreground, CLARICE is revealed  
back in Paris, holding her new-  
born baby through the night.

"WAITING AND HOPING"

CLARICE

HE'S GETTING CLOSE I CAN FEEL IT  
I KNOW THAT HE'LL ARRIVE  
HE'LL BE ALONG HE'LL BE SMILING  
PEOPLE LIKE HIM SURVIVE  
I'M TELLING MYSELF, "DON'T YOU WORRY  
SOMEWHERE OUT THERE HE'S ALIVE"

WAITING AND HOPING  
EVERYDAY PRAYING  
SEEING HIS FACE IN MY MIND  
NO SENSE IN GRIEVING  
FIRMLY BELIEVING HE'D NEVER LEAVE ME BEHIND

SOME WON'T COME HOME, I KNOW  
SOME WOMEN WILL HAVE TO MAKE DO  
MINE WILL BE BACK  
YES, I'M SURE, HE'LL BE ONE OF THOSE LUCKY FEW

Dream-like, other WIVES who share  
CLAR's plight are added. Each  
enters and stands near her own man  
asleep in the snow.

CLARICE (cont'd)

EVERYDAY PRAYING  
NEVER ONCE SAYING  
I MIGHT HAVE TO FACE LIFE ALONE  
NO USE IN CRYING

CLARICE/WIVES

FIRMLY DENYING  
THAT HE MAY NEVER COME HOME

WAITING AND HOPING  
EVERYDAY PRAYING  
SEEING HIS FACE IN MY MIND  
NO SENSE IN GRIEVING  
FIRMLY BELIEVING HE'D NEVER LEAVE ME BEHIND

CLARICE

HE HAS A DAUGHTER  
HE HAS A FAMILY  
HE KNOWS IT'S HARD FOR US HERE ON OUR OWN  
SOMEHOW HE'LL MAKE IT  
SOMEHOW HE HAS TO  
HE WOULDN'T WANT ME TO RAISE HER ALONE

CLARICE/WIVES

NO USE IN CRYING  
FIRMLY DENYING  
HE MAY NEVER  
HE MAY NEVER COME HOME  
FIRMLY DENYING  
HE MAY NEVER COME HOME

As the WIVES fade away, a light bathes ANT, who weakly reaches out before him.

ANTON

LOOK THERE, CLARICE  
LOOK BY THE FIRE  
OUR DAUGHTER IS SLEEPING  
LEARNING TO DREAM  
PROMISE YOU'LL ALWAYS  
TREASURE HER DREAMS

He dies.

The blanket he's huddled in is taken by a passing SOLDIER.

Presently TALLEY walks forward, taking in the bleak scene of frozen bodies around him;

TALLEYRAND

And suddenly it's over. Man's greatest season of possibility, ended by an early winter...

\* \* \* \*

He's soon standing in pool of light - all around him lost in blackness.

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

This can't be the ending... it doesn't fit...  
(beat, thinks)

Send him into exile. Give him space and time to chew it over, regain his energies. There's greatness in him yet. Compact, instant, selfish, prudent. He'll be back. Unimpeded as ever by human frailty.

He exits past a line of TRAVELERS that has appeared - points to a MAN at the front of the line who's having his papers checked by a GUARD.

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

(pointing to the man)

Speaking of which...

The MAN is LUCIEN.

"LUCIEN'S RETURN"

LUCIEN  
I'M SIMPLY PASSING THROUGH THE CITY  
I'M ON MY WAY TOWARDS A HOUSE  
OUT IN THE COUNTRY

CITY GUARD 1  
(to another)  
WELL LOOK AT THIS  
LOOK WHO'S RETURNED  
YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED HERE  
(thrusting his papers back at him)  
LUCIEN BONAPARTE

LUCIEN  
MY PAPERS ARE IN ORDER  
THE SENTENCE PASSED ON ME NO LONGER APPLIES  
PLEASE DON'T DETAIN ME IT'S URGENT I GET THROUGH  
A FAMILY MEMBER ISN'T WELL  
I MUST GET BY

CITY GUARD 2  
LET HIM PASS UNHINDERED  
WHAT THE MAN SAYS IS CORRECT  
ORDERS FROM THE EMPEROR NO LONGER HAVE EFFECT  
(to Lucien)  
YOUR BROTHER WAS INSPIRING, SIR  
IF I MAY TELL YOU SO

LUCIEN  
HE WAS TO ME AS WELL ONCE  
BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO

The GUARD hands LUC back his papers. We follow him through the city.

LUCIEN (cont'd)  
HOW I IMAGINED THE WOUND WOULD CLOSE  
WERE I TO ONE DAY BREATHE THIS AIR  
WELL HERE I AM AGAIN AND YET MY HATRED ONLY GROWS  
YOUR MEMORY LINGERS EVERYWHERE  
OUR GOLDEN YESTERDAYS  
THE SEEDS OF HOPE WE SOWED  
IS THIS THE HARVEST YOU WANTED US TO REAP?

**THE ROSE GARDEN AT MALMAISON**

A frail JOS is seated on a bench, where LUC joins her. The roses in the once beautiful garden are dying.

I REMEMBER WHEN BOTH OF US WERE YOUNG  
HE WAS EVERYTHING TO ME  
I TELL YOU, JOSEPHINE, I SWEAR I WISH I'D CUT HIM DOWN  
BUT HE WAS EVERYTHING TO ME

WITH EVERY TRICK HE PLAYED BEFORE HIGH HEAVEN'S EYES  
DID HE NOT NOTICE HOW HE MADE THE ANGELS WEEP?

"EXILE OF THE HEART"

JOSEPHINE  
ANGER ALSO LEAVES THE ANGELS WEEPING  
SO MUCH EFFORT GOES INTO ITS KEEPING...

TRY TO LET GO, LUCIEN  
LOOK WHAT ITS DONE TO YOU  
YOU CAN BEGIN THE HEALING RIGHT HERE AND NOW

LUCIEN  
IT'S TOO COLD FOR US OUTSIDE

JOSEPHINE  
WINTER IS HERE

LUCIEN  
LOOK AT THE TWO OF US - WE'RE OUTCASTS ALONE  
HE'S CAST US OUT INTO THE COLD

JOSEPHINE  
FORGIVE HIM, LUCIEN

LUCIEN  
WHO CAN FORGIVE A MAN WHO'S SENTENCED US TO SUFFER  
AN EXILE OF THE HEART

JOSEPHINE  
AN EXILE OF THE HEART...  
WHEN IT WAS OVER I HELD TO MY PAIN  
ANGER CONSUMED ME, I WASTED AWAY  
TRY TO FORGIVE HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE  
YOU'RE YOUNGER THAN I AM - DON'T MAKE MY MISTAKE

LUCIEN  
TRY TO FORGIVE HIM?  
IN GOD'S NAME WHAT FOR?

JOSEPHINE  
BECAUSE HE'S YOUR BROTHER - FOR NO REASON MORE

LUCIEN  
BUT HERE WE ARE - YOU AND I

BOTH  
SENTENCED BOTH TO SUFFER  
AN EXILE OF THE HEART

JOSEPHINE  
AND WINTER IS HERE

BOTH  
I WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU  
WE'LL SHUT OUT THE COLD  
THOUGH CRUEL WINDS MAY BLOW

LUCIEN  
HERE ON OUR OWN

JOSEPHINE  
JUST YOU AND I  
THE ONLY TWO WHO TRULY LOVE HIM  
OPEN YOUR HEART AND SAY YOU LOVE HIM  
COME IN FROM THE WINTER  
YOUR EXILE OF THE HEART

TALLEY enters - looks at them  
holding each other, then to us;

TALLEYRAND  
Well, she dies, doesn't she? Broken heart.  
Human frailty. But I'll spare you that maudlin  
spectacle.

He walks forward. JOS and LUC fall  
into blackness.

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)  
It's the proper ending I'm after... The Great  
Man returning and overcoming all obstacle.  
Unapologetic in his certainty.

N has entered and now stands at  
centre stage facing us. He's  
wearing a loose shirt and  
britches. Doesn't register TALLEY,  
stands stock still.

U/S: DREAM WITHIN slowly building.

The two GENERALS from the top of  
the show enter on either side -  
one carries his hat, the other his  
coat. They put them on N,  
recreating the image we saw at the  
start - only now facing forward,  
all this during;

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)  
He's escaped from exile and wants back what is  
his. I knew he would! The troops are sent to  
stop him. Permitted to kill if necessary... But  
this is no obstacle. He wins back their  
loyalty. Soon the entire country is with him.  
Proving me *right* to have backed him - this  
paragon of God's creation... How... How can I  
not... but be awed by him... but love him?

(MORE)

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)  
(beat)

And in a heartbeat - we're here...

N suddenly animates, turns to his  
GENERALS;

"WATERLOO"

CHORUS  
KYRIE ELEISON  
(continues under)

NAPOLEON  
You will advance at eight hundred hours. You'll  
position your division to the west of that  
village.

GENERAL 1  
To the west of Waterloo, yes sir.

NAPOLEON  
(then, reconsidering)  
No, the east... perhaps the east is better.

GENERAL 2  
It's been raining all night, sir. The mud to  
the east is --

NAPOLEON  
I want them to the east!

GENERAL 2  
Yes, sir. In position by eight hundred.

NAPOLEON  
Await my order before you charge.

GENERAL 1  
If we delay too long, sir --

NAPOLEON  
*You'll await my order!!*

GENERAL 2  
Yes, sir!

S-F/X: GUNS, SHOUTING, CRIES as  
the CHORUS continues. N stares  
straight out, confident,  
overlooking the field;

NAPOLEON  
THERE IS A VOICE THAT I ALONE CAN HEAR

VOICES (OFF)  
They're advancing!

A SIREN'S LOVE SONG  
ETHEREAL AND CLEAR

I'M IN HER POWER  
SHE'S CLAIMED MY SOUL  
OVER MY DESTINY  
SHE HAS CONTROL

AMID THE FLAMES OF WAR  
I WILL SEE HER FACE

GENERAL 2  
Cannons... Fire!

NAPOLEON  
MY SWEET REWARD  
APPEAR TO ME  
YOU WHO I CHERISH MOST  
APPEAR TO ME

SWEET VICTORY DIVINE!

When do we charge?  
Await the Emperor's order!

Hold for the order!

VOICES (OFF)  
Fire!  
Fire!  
Fire!

S-F/X: BOOM  
S-F/X: BOOM  
S-F/X: BOOM

GENERAL 1  
Their centre - Strike their centre!

But it is JOS that appears to him  
as the reality of the battle turns  
dreamlike - robbing him of his  
focus. The GENERALS freeze.

JOSEPHINE  
YOUR FAINTEST WHISPER WAKENS ME

NAPOLEON  
(reeling)  
A TRICK OF LIGHT

JOSEPHINE  
YOUR SOFTEST TOUCH BRINGS ME TO LIFE

NAPOLEON  
A TRICK OF LIGHT AND NOTHING MORE!

JOSEPHINE  
AND WHEN I FEEL YOUR BEATING HEART  
I KNOW I AM ALIVE

He reaches out to her. She  
vanishes.

Elsewhere, a vision of LUC  
appears.

LUCIEN

A TOAST!

TO A MAN WHO'S DONE ALL THAT HE PROMISED TO DO  
OUR STRUGGLE IS OVER - THE JOURNEY'S COMPLETE  
WHERE OTHERS BETRAYED US MY BROTHER'S BEEN TRUE

The vision of the brother he  
betrayed immobilizes N.

NAPOLEON

LUCIEN, YOU KNOW I HAD TO  
I HAD TO TAKE THE CROWN

LUCIEN

MY BROTHER IS NO CAESAR

N reaches to LUC, who vanishes.

NAPOLEON

Lucien!!!!

The GENERALS unfreeze. They're not  
aware of what N is experiencing as  
they watch forward;

GENERAL 1

The English are breaking though!

GENERAL 2

(panic)

When do we charge, Emperor?!

GENERAL 1

(urgent, seeing it through his telescope)

They're out-flanking us!!

GENERAL 2

Emperor??!!

But N doesn't hear them. They re-  
freeze. His focus is on another  
image: CLARICE holding her baby.  
ANTON stands behind her,  
expressionless, dead, a ghost.

CLARICE

HE HAS A DAUGHTER

HE HAS A FAMILY

HE KNOWS IT'S HARD FOR US HERE ON OUR OWN

NAPOLEON  
(pleading)  
I FOUGHT TO SEE THE BIRTH OF AN ELYSIUM ON EARTH  
A KINGDOM OF REASON --

CLARICE/WIVES  
HE WOULDN'T WANT ME TO RAISE HER ALONE

VOICES (OFF)  
They're advancing!  
Where are the chargers??

The GENERALS unfreeze - urgent,  
panic:

GENERAL 1  
Hurry! They're being slaughtered!

GENERAL 2  
Emperor, we need the order!  
(beat, nothing from N)  
Sir - do you hear me?

GENERAL 1  
(through the telescope, horror)  
Cry Heaven, they've out flanked us!!!... If he  
doesn't give the order, we're finished!

GENERAL 1 (cont'd)  
What's wrong with him??!

GENERALS Freeze.

N sees JOS, LUC, ANT/CLAR in their  
separate locations around him...  
And WOMEN coming forward... women  
who have lost their loved ones.

NAPOLEON  
AMID THE FLAMES OF WAR  
YOU ARE THERE  
  
THE SMOKE BEGINS TO CLEAR NOW  
YOU ALL ARE THERE  
ALL OF YOU  
EACH ONE OF YOU  
AMID THE FLAMES

CHORUS  
(ET SALVA ME,  
continues...)

GENERALS unfreeze, stylized slow  
motion, dreamlike in the B/G.

JOSEPHINE  
DON'T BE AFRAID  
TO FACE THE TRUTH  
YOU'VE BEEN DENYING IT  
THOUGH ALL ALONG YOU KNEW

	NAPOLEON	
	(to ANT/CLAR)	
I NEED YOU		GENERAL 2
	(to LUC)	Emperor!!!
I NEED YOU		GENERAL 1
	(to JOS)	WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM!??
I NEED YOU		

An ECHO EFFECT on GENERAL 1's last words...

A burning white light on N. Then scalding white.

N is stock still, staring out. Shattered. Alone.

The sounds of battle fade away as ALL back away from N into the surrounding smoke/darkness, from which...

TALLEY comes forward through the gloom. The newspaper he had at the start in his hand.

He regards N with contempt as TWO ATTENDANTS gently help N, taking his hat and coat, easing this broken man onto a trunk at centre stage, during;

TALLEYRAND

Everything he was, in an instant - gone...  
From here I deliver him into the hands of his enemies. I take pleasure in writing the treaty that will see him live out the rest of his days as their prisoner.

On his deathbed it is the name of his wife that is on his lips as he draws his final breath.

LUCIEN and JOSEPHINE enter. With forgiveness and compassion, LUC drapes a blanket carefully over N's shoulders.

U/S begins softly: THE DAY IS WON.

It is to be an unmarked grave, the newspaper says - his captors thinking it best to deny him even a simple N. I beg to differ and would, with my own fingernails, scratch the letter on that unspeaking stone.

(MORE)

TALLEYRAND (cont'd)

Not for his name, but for that human weakness that in the end trumped everything. *Need*. The need to care for, to love and share one's life with others...

LUCIEN

VICTORY...

(continues under as;)

JOSEPHINE takes N's hand.

TALLEYRAND

Bollocks. The only relationship he needed in his life was the one that handed him greatness. The one he had with me.

LUCIEN

THE DAY IS DONE...

N's eyes are only on JOS. He stands, finding strength in her touch.

TALLEYRAND

In the end he's not a paragon at all. In the end he's nothing but a man.

LUCIEN

LONG LIVE NAPOLEON...

TALLEYRAND

(bitter) This is no triumph. And yet in time triumphant is what he will be.

CHORUS

(slowly adding under)

CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL

THE DAY IS WON

(continues)

They'll dig up that nameless grave and give him a hero's welcome home greater than any he knew in his lifetime. With Victory's eternal laurels they will crown him themselves, as though to say *"Talleyrand, you had him wrong - this is the man he was."*

N comes forward, flanked by JOS and LUC, the company falling in behind them.

Thank God I won't be alive to see that circus!

TALLEY exits.

CHORUS (cont'd)  
(continuing)

VICTORY

ONCE AGAIN THE TRUMPETS CALL  
CALLING OUT TO ONE AND ALL  
THE DAY IS WON  
THE DAY IS WON

VICTORY

EVERYONE COME RAISE THE CRY  
LET THE BANNERS CLAIM THE SKY  
THE DAY IS WON  
LONG LIVE NAPOLEON

CURTAIN