INTERVIEWER: Excuse moi? Queen Marie Antoinette? Could I have a word?

*[MARIE is sitting at a table, drinking tea]*

MARIE: Well, I daresay I am rather busy… How did you get in? Guards, take this woman away! Guards! Guards? Where are they?

[Muskets sound in distance]

MARIE: Ah! Peasants! With guns! Get away from me!

[Arm pulls Marie off chair]

*[Transition to next scene]*

*[MARIE is sitting under the house, dim lighting]*

MARIE: Eek! My dress!

INTERVIEWER: Marie Antoinette

MARIE: \*sniffles\* Yes?

INTERVIEWER: Is that you?

MARIE: \*dabs face with handkerchief\* \*nods\*

INTERVIEWER: I’d like to ask a few questions. Is that okay?

MARIE: I suppose.

INTERVIEWER: So I understand that you are trapped in the la Conciergerie, awaiting your execution. Do you understand why?

MARIE: I- I don’t know, really. I think that the peasants were a bit upset over something.

INTERVIEWER: Let’s start from the start, shall we? So, what’s your name, where you were born, things like that.

MARIE: Well… I am mummy and daddy’s 15th child. Mumsie’s the Empress of Austria and Daddy’s the Holy Roman Emperor Francis the first. But Mumsie calls him Francie. My name’s Marie Antoinette. I was born in Austria, Vienna, 1755.

INTERVIEWER: How did you become queen?

MARIE: I was sixteen, him fifteen. Young love. I married the lovely King Louis XVI. \*sighs\* It was love at first sight. Well, more like marriage at first sight. \*frowns\* We didn’t really get a choice either. I was married off to cement some alliance between Austria and France. But that’s not important.

INTERVIEWER: Of course. What did you do as queen?

MARIE: Well… nothing really. I had very few royal duties. So I had so much free time to myself. And money. We were so rich. I bet no other countries were as rich as the royals from France!

INTERVIEWER: Well… Rich? We you unaware of the financial situation?

MARIE: \*frowns\* Well, Louis was sometimes talking about a ‘debt’. Like… we were overspending or something? Now I think about it... I do remember my husband worrying about something to do with money. But anyway, I assume that we were rich. I had so many parties!

INTERVIEWER: How do you feel about the pamphlets about you?

MARIE: \*scrunches face\* Oh. Those. They said such horrible things about me. Some things that a lady shouldn’t say. \*fans face\* Oh! I don’t know where they got the idea from!

INTERVIEWER: Moving on. Have you ever had to pay tax?

MARIE: Tax! Oh, no! That’s something for commoners and peasants! \*fans face\* The very thought!

INTERVIEWER: How was it, Marie Antoinette, that you ended up in here? In the la Conciergerie, about to be executed?

MARIE: \*tears up\* \*sobs into handkerchief\*

INTERVIEWER: Oh, so sorry. Perhaps a different question. Where is he now?

MARIE: He was executed January this year, 1793

INTERVIEWER: Ah. In that case... where is your best friend? The Princess le Lamballe?

MARIE: \*sniffles\*. They dismembered here and paraded her body parts around the street. \*cries\*

INTERVIEWER: It wasn’t really your fault, was it?

MARIE: \*sniffles\* I suppose not. With all my spending, everyone started blaming things on me. Apparently I was ‘a symbol of everything the French hated’. But I don’t get why! \*sniffles\* I never even said anything about cake.

INTERVIEWER: What do you mean?

MARIE: It was written by a man named Jean-Jacques Roussea. \*sniffles\*.Everyone blames things on me that aren’t true! It’s not fair! I didn’t do anything!

*[Door creaks open]*

EXECUTIONER: Morning, prisoners. Today is… let’s see… October the 16th. Madame Manon Jeanne Roland?

MANON: Here!

EXECUTIONER: Off you go, ma’am. Just down the hall. That’s the girl. Take a left.

*[Chopping sound]*

EXECUTIONER: Marie Antoinette?

MARIE: I suppose I better… ‘Head off’, now.

*[FIN]*