

TOSCA

by Giacomo Puccini

Cast

FLORIA TOSCA, a celebrated singer (soprano)
MARIO CAVARADOSSI, a painter (tenor)
BARON SCARPIA, chief of police (baritone)
CESARE ANGELOTTI, former Consul of the Roman Republic (bass)
A SACRISTAN (baritone)
SPOLETTA, a police agent (tenor)
SCIARRONE, a gendarme (bass)
A JAILER (bass)
A SHEPHERD BOY (alto)
Soldiers, police agents, altar boys, noblemen and women, townsfolk, artisans

ACT ONE

The Church of Sant'Andrea della Valle

(To the right, the Attavanti chapel. To the left, a painter's scaffold with a large painting covered with a cloth. Painter's tools. A basket. Enter Angelotti in prisoner's clothes, dishevelled, tired, and shaking with fear, nearly running. He looks quickly about.)

ANGELOTTI

Ah! At last! In my stupid fear I thought I saw a policeman's jowl in every face. *(Stops to look around more attentively, calmer now that he recognizes the place. Sighs with relief as he notices the column with its basin of Holy Water and the Madonna.)*

The column...and the basin...

"At the base of the Madonna"
my sister wrote me...

(Goes up to the Madonna and searches about at the base. He gives a muffled shout of joy as he picks up the key.)

This is the key, and this is the chapel!
(With the utmost care, he puts the key in the lock of the Attavanti chapel, opens the gate, goes in, closes the gate and disappears within. Enter the sacristan from the rear, carrying a bunch of painter's brushes, and

muttering loudly as though he were addressing someone.)

SACRISTAN

Forever washing! And every brush is filthier than an urchin's collar.

Mister Painter...There!

(Looks toward the scaffold with its painting and is surprised on seeing nobody there)

No one...I would have sworn the Cavalier Cavaradossi had come back.

(Puts down the brushes, mounts the scaffold and examines the basket, remarking:)

No, I'm mistaken.

The basket has not been touched.

(The Angelus sounds. The sacristan kneels and prays in hushed voice.)

*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae,
et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.*

Ecce ancilla Domini;

*fiat mihi secundum Verbum tuum
et Verbum caro factum est
et habitavit in nobis...*

(Enter Cavaradossi from the side door. He sees the sacristan kneeling.)

CAVARADOSSI

What are you doing?

SACRISTAN (*rising*)

Reciting the Angelus.

(Cavaradossi mounts the scaffold and uncovers the painting: it is of a Mary Magdalene with great blue eyes and a cascade of golden hair. The painter stands in silence before it and studies it closely. The sacristan turns to speak to Cavaradossi and cries out in amazement as he sees the uncovered picture.)

Oh, holy vessels!

Her picture!

CAVARADOSSI

Whose?

SACRISTAN

That strange girl who has been coming here these past few days to pray.

Such devotion...such piety.

(He waves towards the Madonna from whose base Angelotti has taken the key.)

CAVARADOSSI

It is so. And she was so absorbed in fervent prayer that I could paint her lovely face unnoticed.

SACRISTAN (*to himself*)

Away, Satan, away!

CAVARADOSSI

Give me my paints.

(The sacristan does so. Cavaradossi paints rapidly, with frequent pauses to observe his work. The sacristan comes and goes; he carries a small basin in which he continues his job of washing the brushes. Suddenly Cavaradossi leaves his painting: from his pocket he takes a medallion with a portrait in miniature, and his eyes travel from the miniature to his own work.)

Oh hidden harmony

of contrasting beauties! Floria

is dark, my love and passion...

SACRISTAN (*to himself*)

Jest with knaves and neglect the saints...

CAVARADOSSI

And you, mysterious beauty...

crowned with blond locks.

Your eyes are blue

and Tosca's black!

SACRISTAN (*to himself*)

Jest with knaves and neglect the saints...

CAVARADOSSI

Dissimilar beauties are together blended by the mystery of art:

yet as I paint her portrait, Tosca,

my sole thought is of you.

SACRISTAN (*to himself*)

These various women

in rivalry with the Madonna

smell of the devil.

Jest with knaves and neglect the saints...

But we can have no truck

with these agnostic dogs.

Enemies of the Holy Government!

Jest with knaves and neglect the saints...

Yes, they are sinners, the whole pack of them!

Let us rather make the sign of the cross.

(to Cavaradossi)

Excellency, may I go?

CAVARADOSSI

As you wish.

(He resumes his painting.)

SACRISTAN

Your basket's full...

Are you fasting?

CAVARADOSSI

I'm not hungry.

SACRISTAN

(ironically rubbing his hands)

Oh! So sorry!

(He cannot contain a gleeful gesture as he glances avidly at the full basket. He picks it up and places it to one side.)

Be sure to close up when you leave.

CAVARADOSSI

Run along!

SACRISTAN

I'm going.

(Exit at the rear. Cavaradossi continues working, his back to the chapel. Angelotti appears at the gate there, and puts the key in the lock, believing the church is still deserted.)

CAVARADOSSI

(turns at the creaking of the lock)

Someone in there!

(Startled by the painter's movement, Angelotti stops as though to return to his hiding-place, but looks up and cries out in joy as he recognizes Cavaradossi. Smothering his cry, he stretches out his arms towards the painter as toward an unexpected friend in need.)

ANGELOTTI

You! Cavaradossi!

Heaven itself has sent you!

Don't you recognize me?

Has prison, then, wrought such a great change in me?

CAVARADOSSI

(He looks closely at Angelotti's face and finally remembers. Quickly drops his palette and brushes, and comes down from the scaffold. He looks about warily as he goes up to Angelotti.)

Angelotti! The Consul
of the lamented Roman Republic!

(He runs to close door at right.)

ANGELOTTI

I have just escaped from Castel
Sant'Angelo.

CAVARADOSSI

I am at your service.

TOSCA *(from without)*

Mario!

(At Tosca's call, Cavaradossi motions Angelotti to be quiet.)

CAVARADOSSI

Go and hide! It's a jealous woman!

Only a moment and I'll send her away.

TOSCA

Mario!

CAVARADOSSI

(in the direction of her voice)

Here I am.

ANGELOTTI

(Feeling suddenly weak, he leans against the scaffold.)

I'm faint with exhaustion. I can't stand up.

CAVARADOSSI

(He fetches the basket from the top of the scaffold and pushes Angelotti towards the chapel with words of encouragement.)

There's food and wine in this basket.

ANGELOTTI

Thanks!

CAVARADOSSI

Quick now!

(Angelotti enters the chapel.)

TOSCA

(still from without, calling angrily)

Mario! Mario! Mario!

CAVARADOSSI *(opening the gate)*

I am here...

TOSCA

(bursts in with a kind of violence, thrusting Cavaradossi aside as he tries to embrace her, and looks around suspiciously)

Why was it locked?

CAVARADOSSI

That was the sacristan's wish.

TOSCA

With whom were you talking?

CAVARADOSSI

With you!

TOSCA

You were whispering with someone else.
Where is she?...

CAVARADOSSI

Who?

TOSCA

She! That woman!
I heard her quick steps
and her dress rustling.

CAVARADOSSI

You're dreaming!

TOSCA

Do you deny it?

CAVARADOSSI (*trying to kiss her*)

I deny it and I love you!

TOSCA (*with gentle reproach*)

Oh no! Before the gentle Madonna,
no, Mario!
First let me pray and offer these flowers.
(*She approaches the Madonna, arranges
artfully about her the flowers she has
brought, and kneels to pray; then rises to
address Mario, who has resumed his work.*)
Now listen: tonight I am singing,
but the program will be brief.
Wait for me at the stage entrance,
and we two shall go alone together
to your villa.

CAVARADOSSI (*his thoughts still
elsewhere*)

Tonight?

TOSCA

It is the time of the full moon,
when the heart is drunk with the nightly
fragrance of the flowers. Are you not happy?

CAVARADOSSI

(*still somewhat distraught and thoughtful*)
So very happy!

TOSCA (*struck by his tone*)

Say it again!

CAVARADOSSI

So very happy!

TOSCA

How faintly you say it!
(*sits on the steps next to Cavaradossi*)
Do you not long for our little house
that is waiting for us, hidden in the grove?
Our refuge, sacred to us
and unseen by the world,
protected with love and mystery?
Oh, at your side to listen there
to the voices of the night
as they rise through the starlit,
shadowed silences:
from the woods and from the thickets
and the dry grass, from the depths
of shattered tombs
scented with thyme,
the night murmurs
its thousand loves
and false counsels
to soften and seduce the heart.
Oh wide fields, blossom! And sea winds
throb in the moon's radiance, ah,
rain down desire, you vaulted stars!
Tosca burns with a mad love!

CAVARADOSSI

Ah! Sorceress, I am bound in your toils...

TOSCA

Tosca's blood burns with a mad love!

CAVARADOSSI

Sorceress, I will come!

TOSCA

Oh, my love!

CAVARADOSSI

(looks towards where Angelotti went out)
But now you must let me work.

TOSCA

You dismiss me?

CAVARADOSSI

You know my work is pressing.

TOSCA

I am going!
(Glancing up she sees the painting.)
And who is that blond woman there?

CAVARADOSSI

Mary Magdalene. Do you like her?

TOSCA

She is too beautiful!

CAVARADOSSI *(laughing)*

Ah, rare praise!

TOSCA *(suspicious)*

You laugh?
I have seen those sky-blue eyes before.

CAVARADOSSI *(unconcerned)*

There are so many in the world!

TOSCA *(trying to remember)*

Wait... wait...
It's the Attavanti!

CAVARADOSSI

Brava!

TOSCA *(blindly jealous)*

Do you see her? She loves you! Do you love her?

CAVARADOSSI

By pure chance...

TOSCA

Those footsteps and whispers...
Ah... She was here just now...

CAVARADOSSI

Come here!

TOSCA

The shameless flirt! And to me!

CAVARADOSSI *(serious)*

By pure chance I saw her yesterday...
she came here to pray...
and I, unnoticed, painted her.

TOSCA

Swear!

CAVARADOSSI

I swear!

TOSCA *(her eyes still on the painting)*

How intently she stares at me!

CAVARADOSSI

Come away!

TOSCA

She taunts and mocks me.

CAVARADOSSI

What foolishness!
(holding her close and gazing at her)

TOSCA *(insisting)*

Ah, those eyes...

CAVARADOSSI

What eyes in the world can compare
with your black and glowing eyes?
It is in them that my whole being fastens,
eyes soft with love and rich with anger...
Where in the whole world are eyes
to compare with your black eyes?

TOSCA

(won over, resting her head on his shoulder)
Oh, how well you know the art
of capturing women's hearts!
(still persisting in her idea)
But let her eyes be black ones!

CAVARADOSSI
My jealous Tosca!

TOSCA
Yes, I feel it, I torment you
unceasingly.

CAVARADOSSI
My jealous Tosca!

TOSCA
I know you would forgive me
if you knew my grief.

CAVARADOSSI
You are my idol, Tosca.
All things in you delight me:
your storming anger
and your pulsing love!

TOSCA
I know you would forgive me
if you knew my grief.
Say again
those consoling words...
Say them again!

CAVARADOSSI
My life, my troubled one, beloved.
I shall always say: "I love you, Floria."
Set your uneasy heart at rest,
I shall always say: "I love you".

TOSCA
(disengaging, lest she be won completely)
Good heavens! What a sin!
You have undone my hair.

CAVARADOSSI
Now you must leave me!

TOSCA
You stay at your work until this evening.
And will you promise that, blond locks
or black, by chance or otherwise,
no woman shall come here to pray?

CAVARADOSSI
I swear it, beloved. Go now!

TOSCA
How you do hurry me along!

CAVARADOSSI
*(mildly reproving, as he sees her jealousy
return)*
Come, again?

TOSCA
(falling into his arms, with up-turned cheek)
No, forgive me!

CAVARADOSSI *(smiling)*
Before the Madonna?

TOSCA
She is so good!
But let her eyes be black ones!
*(A kiss, and Tosca hurries away.
Cavaradossi
listens to her withdrawing footsteps, then
carefully opens the door half-way and peers
out. Seeing that all is clear, he runs to the
chapel, and Angelotti at once appears from
behind the gate.)*

CAVARADOSSI
*(opening the gate for Angelotti, who has
naturally heard the foregoing dialogue)*
She is good, my Tosca, but, as she trusts
her confessor, she hides nothing.
So I must say nothing. It's wiser so.

ANGELOTTI
Are we alone?

CAVARADOSSI
Yes. What is your plan?

ANGELOTTI
As things stand now, either to flee the State
or stay in hiding in Rome. My sister...

CAVARADOSSI
The Attavanti?

ANGELOTTI
Yes, she hid some women's clothes
under the altar there,

a dress, a veil, a fan.
As soon as it gets dark
I'll put these garments on...

CAVARADOSSI
Now I understand!
That prudent behavior
and that fervent prayer
in so young and beautiful a woman
had made me suspect
some secret love!
Now I understand!
It was the love of a sister!

ANGELOTTI
She has dared all
to save me from that scoundrel Scarpia!

CAVARADOSSI
Scarpia? That licentious bigot who exploits
the uses of religion as refinements
for his libertine lust, and makes
both the confessor and the hangman
the servant of his wantonness!
I'll save you, should it cost my life!
But delaying until nightfall is not safe.

I fear the sunlight!

CAVARADOSSI
The chapel gives onto a vegetable garden:
beyond that is a cane field that winds along
through
meadows to my villa.

ANGELOTTI
Yes, I know.

CAVARADOSSI
Here is the key. Before evening
I shall join you there.
Take the woman's costume with you.

ANGELOTTI
*(bundling together the clothes from under
the altar)*
Should I put them on?

CAVARADOSSI
You needn't now, the path's deserted.

ANGELOTTI *(about to go)*
Good-bye!

CAVARADOSSI *(running towards him)*
If there's any sign of danger,
go to the garden well.
There's water at the bottom,
but half-way down, a little passage
leads to a dark room. It's a sure,
impenetrable hiding place!
*(The report of a cannon. The two men look
at each other in alarm.)*

The cannon of the castle!

CAVARADOSSI
They've discovered your escape!
Now Scarpia lets loose his pack of spies!

ANGELOTTI
Good-bye!

CAVARADOSSI *(with sudden resolve)*
I will come with you. We must be on guard!

ANGELOTTI
Someone's coming!

CAVARADOSSI
If we're attacked we fight!
*(They leave quickly by the chapel. Enter the
sacristan running, bustling and shouting.)*

SACRISTAN
Joyful news, Excellency!
*(He looks towards the scaffold, and is
surprised that once again the painter is not
there.)*
He's gone. I am disappointed.
He who aggrieves a misbeliever
earns an indulgence!
*(Priests, pupils and singers of the chapel
enter tumultuously from every direction.)*
The whole choir is here!
Hurry!
(Other pupils arrive tardily, and at length)

*all group
themselves together.)*

PUPILS (*in great confusion*)
Where?

SACRISTAN
(*pushing some of the priests along*)
In the sacristy.

SOME PUPILS
But what's happened?

SACRISTAN
You haven't heard?
Bonaparte...the scoundrel...
Bonaparte...

OTHERS
Well? What?

SACRISTAN
He was plucked and quartered
and thrown to Beelzebub!

CHORUS
Who says so? It's a dream! It's nonsense!

SACRISTAN
It's a true report.
The news just reached us.

CHORUS
Let's celebrate the victory!

SACRISTAN
And tonight
a mighty torch procession,
a gala evening at Farnese Palace,
and a new cantata for the great occasion
with Flora Tosca!
And in the churches,
hymns to the Lord!
Now get along and dress,
and no more shouting.
On with you to the sacristy!

CHORUS (*laughing and shouting gaily*)
Double pay...*Te Deum*...*Gloria*!

Long live the King! Let's celebrate the
victory! *etc.*
(*Their shouting is at its height when an
ironic voice cuts short the uproar of songs
and laughter. It is Scarpia. Behind him,
Spoletta and several policemen*)

SCARPIA
Such a hubbub in church!
A fine respect!

SACRISTAN (*stammering with fright*)
Excellency, the joyous news...

SCARPIA
Prepare for the *Te Deum*.
(*All depart crest-fallen; even the sacristan
hopes to slip away, but Scarpia brusquely
detains him.*)
You stay here!

SACRISTAN (*cowering*)
I shan't move!

SCARPIA (*to Spoletta*)
And you search every corner,
track down every clue.

SPOLETTA
Very well.

SCARPIA (*to other policemen*)
Keep watch at the doors,
without arousing suspicion!
(*to sacristan*)
Now, as for you...
weigh your answers well.
A prisoner of State
has just escaped from Castel Sant' Angelo.
He took refuge here.

SACRISTAN
Heaven help us!

SCARPIA
He may still be here.
Where is the chapel of the Attavanti?

SACRISTAN

That is it there.

(He goes to the gate and finds it half-open.)

It's open...Merciful Heaven!

And there's another key!

SCARPIA

A good sign. Let's go in.

(They enter the chapel and then return.

Scarpia, balked, has a fan in his hands which he shakes nervously.)

It was a bad mistake

to fire the cannon. The cheat

has flown the roost, but left behind

a precious clue, a fan.

Who was the accomplice

in his flight?

(He puzzles over the situation, then examines the fan; suddenly notices the coat of arms.)

The Marchesa Attavanti! It's her crest...

(looks around scrutinizing every corner of the church. His gaze rests on the scaffold, the painter's tools, the painting...and he recognizes the familiar features of the Attavanti in the face of the saint.)

Her portrait!

(to the sacristan)

Who painted that picture?

SACRISTAN

The Cavalier Cavaradossi.

SCARPIA

He!

(One of the policemen returns from the chapel bringing the basket which Cavaradossi gave to Angelotti.)

SACRISTAN

Heavens! The basket!

SCARPIA *(pursuing his own thoughts)*

He! Tosca's lover! A suspect character!

A revolutionary!

SACRISTAN

(peering into the basket)

Empty! Empty!

SCARPIA

What do you say?

(On seeing the policeman with the basket)

What's that?

SACRISTAN *(taking the basket)*

They found this basket

in the chapel.

SCARPIA

Have you seen it before?

SACRISTAN

Yes, indeed!

(hesitant and fearful)

It's the painter's basket...but...even so...

SCARPIA

Spit out what you know!

SACRISTAN

I left it for him filled
with excellent food...

The painter's meal!

SCARPIA

(attentive, seeking to discover more)

Then he must have eaten!

SACRISTAN

In the chapel? No. He had no key,
nor did he want to eat. He told me so
himself.

So I put the basket safely to one side.

Libera me domine!

(He shows where he put the basket, and leaves it there.)

SCARPIA *(to himself)*

It's all clear now...

The sacristan's food

became Angelotti's booty!

(He sees Tosca, who enters in haste.)

Tosca? She must not see me.

(He hides behind the column with the basin of Holy Water.)

Iago had a handkerchief, and I a fan
to drive a jealous lover to distraction!

TOSCA

(runs towards the scaffold sure of finding Cavaradossi, and is taken aback at not seeing him there)

Mario! Mario!

SACRISTAN *(at the foot of the scaffold)*

The painter Cavaradossi?

Who knows where the heretic is;
and with whom?

He's slipped away, evaporated
by his own witchcraft.

(He slips away.)

TOSCA

Deceived? No...

He could not betray me!

SCARPIA

(circling the column, he advances towards the astonished Tosca. Dips his finger in the basin, and offers her the Holy Water. Bells sound outside, summoning the faithful to the church.)

Divine Tosca,
my hand awaits

your delicate hand.

Not out of idle gallantry
but to offer Holy Water.

TOSCA

(touching Scarpia's hand and crossing herself)

Thank you, Sir!

(Slowly the central nave of the church fills with the faithful - people of every station, rich and poor, townsmen and peasants, soldiers and beggars. Then a cardinal, with the head of the convent, proceeds to the main altar. Before that altar, the crowd jams into the central nave.)

SCARPIA

It is a noble example that you give;
filled with holy zeal, you draw
from Heaven the mastery of art
to revive the faith of men.

TOSCA *(distraught and preoccupied)*

You are too kind.

SCARPIA

Pious women are so rare...

Your life's the stage...

(significantly)

yet you come to church to pray.

TOSCA *(surprised)*

What do you mean?

SCARPIA

And you are not

as other strumpets are

(points to the portrait)

who have the dress and face of Magdalene
and come to scheme in love.

TOSCA *(at once aroused)*

What? In love? Your proof?

SCARPIA *(showing her the fan)*

Is this a painter's tool?

TOSCA *(grabbing it)*

A fan! Where was it?

SCARPIA

There on the scaffold. Obviously
somebody surprised the lovers,
and she lost her feathers in her flight!

TOSCA *(studying the fan)*

The crown! The crest! It's the Attavanti's!

Oh, prophetic doubt!

SCARPIA *(to himself)*

I've hit the mark!

TOSCA

(forgetting both the place and Scarpia, tries to hold back her tears)

And I came sadly here to tell him
that in vain, tonight, the sky will darken:
for the lovesick Tosca is a prisoner...

SCARPIA *(to himself)*
The poison bites home already!

TOSCA
... a prisoner of the royal jubilee!

SCARPIA *(to himself)*
The poison bites home already!
(sweetly to Tosca)
Oh, gracious lady,
what avails you?
For I see
a rebel tear
mars your fair cheek
and moistens it.
Oh, gracious lady,
why are you grieving?

TOSCA
It is nothing!

SCARPIA *(insinuating)*
I would give my life
to wipe away those tears.

TOSCA *(unheeding)*
Here I am heartbroken, while he,
in another's arms, mocks at my anguish.

SCARPIA *(to himself)*
The poison bites deep.

TOSCA *(her anger rising)*
Where are they? Could I but catch
the traitors! Oh, dark suspicion!
Double loves now nest
inside this villa!
Oh, traitor!
(with immense grief)
Oh, my fair nest befouled with mud!
(with quick resolve)
I'll fall upon them unexpected!
(turns threateningly towards the portrait)
You shall not have him tonight, I swear!

SCARPIA
(with a scandalized air and tone of rebuke)
In church!

TOSCA
God will pardon me. He sees me weeping!
*(She leaves in great distress, Scarpia
accompanying her and pretending to
reassure her. As she leaves, he returns to the
column and makes a sign.)*

SCARPIA
*(to Spoletta, who emerges from behind the
column)*
Three men and a carriage...Quick, follow
wherever she goes! And take care!

SPOLETTA
Yes, Sir. And where do we meet?

SCARPIA
Farnese Palace!
(Spoletta hurries out with three policemen.)
Go, Tosca!
Now Scarpia digs a nest within your heart!
Go, Tosca! Scarpia now sets loose
the soaring falcon of your jealousy!
How great a promise in your quick
suspicions!
Now Scarpia digs a nest within your heart!
Go, Tosca!
*(Scarpia kneels and prays as the cardinal
passes.)*

CHORUS
*Adjutorum nostrum in nomine Domini
qui fecit coelum et terram.
Sit nomen Domini benedictum
et hoc nunc et usque in saeculum.*

SCARPIA
My will takes aim now at a double target,
nor is the rebel's head the bigger prize...
Ah, to see the flame of those imperious eyes
grow faint and languid with passion...
For him, the rope,
and for her, my arms...

CHORUS

*Te Deum laudamus:
Te Dominum confitemur!
(The sacred chant from the back of the church startles Scarpia, as though awakening him from a dream. He collects himself, makes the Sign of the Cross.)*

SCARPIA

Tosca, you make me forget God!
(*He kneels and prays devoutly.*)

CHORUS, SCARPIA

*Te aeternum
Patrem omnis terra veneratur!*

ACT TWO

*Scarpia's apartment on an upper floor
of the Farnese Palace*

(A table set for supper. A wide window opening on the palace courtyard. It is night. Scarpia is at the table taking his supper; every now and again he pauses to reflect. He looks at his watch; he is angry and preoccupied.)

SCARPIA

Tosca is a good falcon!
Surely by this time
my hounds have fallen on their double
prey!
And tomorrow's dawn will see
Angelotti on the scaffold
and the fine Mario hanging from a noose.
(*He rings a bell. Enter Sciarrone.*)
Is Tosca in the palace?

SCIARRONE

A chamberlain has just gone
to look for her.

SCARPIA (*points towards the window*)
Open the window. It is late.
(*The sound of an orchestra is heard from*

the lower floor, where Maria Carolina, the Queen of Naples, is giving a party in honour of Melas.)

The Diva's still missing from the concert.
And they strum gavottes.

(*to Sciarrone*)

Wait for Tosca at the entrance:
tell her I shall expect her
after the concert.

Or better...

(*rises and goes to write a note*)

Give her this note.

(*Exit Sciarrone. Scarpia resumes his seat at the table.*)

She will come for love of her Mario!

And for love of her Mario
she will yield to my pleasure.

Such is the profound misery
of profound love...

For myself the violent conquest
has stronger relish than the soft surrender.

I take no delight in sighs or vows
exchanged at misty lunar dawn.

I know not how to draw
harmony from guitars, or horoscopes
from flowers, nor am I apt at dalliance,
or cooing like the turtle dove. I crave,
I pursue the craved thing,
sate myself and cast it by,
and seek new bait.

God made diverse beauties
as he made diverse wines, and of these
God-like works I mean to taste my full.
(*He drinks. Enter Sciarrone.*)

SCIARRONE

Spoletta's here.

SCARPIA

Show him in. In good time, too.
(*Enter Spoletta. Scarpia questions him without looking up from his supper.*)
Well, my fine man, how did the hunt go?

SPOLETTA (*aside*)

Saint Ignatius help me!
(*to Scarpia*)
We kept on the lady's trail,

following her to a lonely villa
lost in the woods.
She entered there and soon came out alone.
At once with my dogs I vaulted over
the garden wall and
burst into the house.

SCARPIA
Well done, Spoletta!

SPOLETTA
I sniff... I scratch... I rummage

SCARPIA
*(sensing Spoletta's hesitation, rises
scowling and pale with anger)*
And Angelotti?

SPOLETTA
Nowhere to be found.

SCARPIA *(in a rage)*
Ah, dog! Traitor!
Snout of a snake.
To the gallows!

SPOLETTA
Jesus!
(trying to appease Scarpia's wrath)

The painter was there...

SCARPIA
Cavaradossi?

SPOLETTA
(nods and quickly adds)
And he knows where the other is.
He showed such taunting irony
in every word and gesture
that I arrested him.

SCARPIA *(with a sigh of satisfaction)*
Not bad, not bad.

SPOLETTA *(waving towards the
antechamber)*
He is there.
(Scarpia paces up and down, pondering.)

*He stops abruptly as he hears, through the
open window, the choral cantata being
sung in the Queen's apartment.)*

SCARPIA *(to Spoletta)*
Bring in the Cavalier.
(Exit Spoletta. To Sciarrone)
Fetch Roberti and the judge.
*(Exit Sciarrone. Scarpia sits down again.
Spoletta and four bailiffs bring in Mario
Cavaradossi; then enter Roberti the
executioner, the judge with a scribe, and
Sciarrone.)*

CAVARADOSSI *(with disdain)*
Such violence.

SCARPIA *(with studied courtesy)*
Cavalier, please be seated.

CAVARADOSSI
I want to know...

SCARPIA
*(indicating a chair at the other side of the
table)*
Be seated.

CAVARADOSSI *(declining)*
I'll stand.

SCARPIA
As you wish. Are you aware that a
prisoner...
(Tosca's voice is heard in the cantata.)

CAVARADOSSI
Her voice!

SCARPIA
(who has paused on hearing Tosca's voice)
You are aware that a prisoner
fled today from Sant' Angelo Castle?

CAVARADOSSI
I did not know it.

SCARPIA
And yet it's reported

that you sheltered him in Sant' Andrea,
gave him food and clothing...

CAVARADOSSI (*unflinching*)
Lies.

SCARPIA (*still quite calm*)
...and took him
to a suburban place of yours.

CAVARADOSSI
I deny that. What proof have you?

SCARPIA (*sweetly*)
A faithful servant...

CAVARADOSSI
The facts! Who's my accuser?
In vain your spies ransacked my villa.

SCARPIA
Proof that he is hidden well.

CAVARADOSSI
Suspicious of a spy!

SPOLETTA (*offended*)
He laughed at our questions...

CAVARADOSSI
And I laugh still!

SCARPIA (*harshly*)
Beware! This is a place for tears!
Enough now. Answer me!
(*He rises and angrily shuts the window to
be undisturbed by the singing from the
floor below, then turns imperiously to
Cavaradossi.*)

Where is Angelotti?

CAVARADOSSI
I don't know.

SCARPIA
You deny you gave him food?

CAVARADOSSI
I deny it.

SCARPIA
And clothes?

CAVARADOSSI
I deny it.

SCARPIA
And refuge in your villa?
And that he's hidden there?

CAVARADOSSI (*vehemently*)
I deny it! I deny it!

SCARPIA (*craftily, becoming calm*)
Come, Cavalier, you must reflect.
This stubbornness of yours is not prudent.
A prompt confession saves enormous pain.
Take my advice and tell me:
where is Angelotti?

CAVARADOSSI
I don't know.

SCARPIA
Be careful. For the last time, where is he?

CAVARADOSSI
I don't know.

SPOLETTA (*to himself*)
Oh, for a good whipping!
(*Enter Tosca breathless.*)

SCARPIA (*to himself*)
Here she is!

TOSCA
(*sees Cavaradossi and runs to embrace
him*)
Mario, you here?

CAVARADOSSI (*speaking low*)
Of what you saw there, say nothing.
Or you will kill me!
(*Tosca indicates she understands.*)

SCARPIA (*solemnly*)

Mario Cavaradossi,
the judge awaits your testimony.

(*to Roberti*)

First, the usual formalities.

And then... as I shall order.

(*Sciarrone opens the door to the torture chamber. The judge goes in and the others follow. Spoletta stations himself at the door at the back of the room. Tosca and Scarpia are now alone together.*)

SCARPIA

And now let's talk together like good friends.

Come now, don't look so frightened.

TOSCA (*with studied calm*)

I am not afraid.

SCARPIA

What about the fan?

(*Passes behind the sofa where Tosca is sitting and leans upon it. He still adopts a gallant air.*)

TOSCA (*with feigned indifference*)

That was foolish jealousy.

SCARPIA

So, the Attavanti was not at the villa?

TOSCA

No, he was alone.

SCARPIA

Alone? Are you quite sure?

TOSCA

Nothing escapes a jealous eye. Alone.
Alone.

SCARPIA

(*Taking a chair he places it in front of Tosca, sits down, and studies her face.*)

Indeed!

TOSCA (*annoyed*)

Yes. Alone!

SCARPIA

You protest too much! Perhaps you fear you may betray yourself.

(*to Sciarrone*)

Sciarrone, what does the Cavalier have to say?

SCIARRONE (*appearing*)

He denies everything.

SCARPIA

(*raising his voice, towards the open door*)

Keep pressing him!

(*Sciarrone goes out and shuts the door.*)

TOSCA (*laughing*)

You know it's quite useless.

SCARPIA (*serious, pacing back and forth*)

We shall see, Madam.

TOSCA

It seems that one must lie to please you?

SCARPIA

No, but the truth might shorten an extremely painful hour for him...

TOSCA (*surprised*)

A painful hour? What do you mean?

What are you doing in that room?

SCARPIA

The law must be enforced.

TOSCA

Oh, God! What's happening? What is happening?

SCARPIA

Your lover's bound hand and foot.

A ring of hooked iron at his temples, so that they spurt blood at each denial.

TOSCA (*bounds to her feet*)

It isn't true! It isn't true!

Oh, leering devil!

(*a prolonged groan from Cavaradossi*)

He groans! Oh, pity! Pity!

SCARPIA

It is up to you to save him.

TOSCA

Good, good! But stop it! Stop it!

SCARPIA (*shouting*)

Stop, Sciarrone!

SCIARRONE (*appearing*)

Stop everything?

SCARPIA

Everything.

(*Sciarrone returns to the torture chamber, shutting the door.*)

And now the truth!

TOSCA

Let me see him.

SCARPIA

No!

TOSCA (*managing to get near the door*)

Mario!

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE

Tosca!

TOSCA

Are they still torturing you?

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE

No. Courage... and be silent. I despise pain!

SCARPIA

Come on, Tosca, speak!

TOSCA (*strengthened by Mario's words*)

I know nothing.

SCARPIA

Wasn't that enough for you?

Roberti, start again...

TOSCA

(*throwing herself in front of the door, to*

keep him from giving the order)

No! Stop!

SCARPIA

Will you speak?

TOSCA

No, no! Ah, monster!

Murderer... you're killing him!

SCARPIA

It's your silence
that's killing him.

TOSCA

Monster, do you laugh
at this ghastly torment?

SCARPIA (*with fierce irony*)

Tosca on the stage
was never more tragic!

(*to Spoletta*)

Open the door so she
can hear his groans better.

(*Spoletta opens the door and stands stiffly
on the threshold.*)

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE

I defy you.

SCARPIA

Harder! Harder!

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE

I defy you all!

SCARPIA (*to Tosca*)

Speak now...

TOSCA

What can I say?

SCARPIA

Come, speak...

TOSCA

Oh, I know nothing!

Must I lie to you?

SCARPIA

Where's Angelotti?

TOSCA

No, no!

SCARPIA

Speak up, come, quickly.

Where's he hiding?

TOSCA

I can stand no more. Oh, horror!

Stop this torture...

It's more than I can bear...

I can stand no more... no more...

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE

Ah!

TOSCA

(Turns imploringly to Scarpia, who signals to Spoletta to let her come near; she goes to the open door and is overwhelmed by the horrible scene within. She cries out in anguish to Cavaradossi.)

Mario, will you let me speak?

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE

No.

TOSCA *(pleading)*

Listen, I can bear no more...

CAVARADOSSI'S VOICE

Fool! What do you know and what can you say?

SCARPIA

(enraged at this, shouts furiously at Spoletta)

Shut him up!

(Spoletta goes into the torture chamber, returning after a moment. Tosca, overcome with emotion, has fallen prostrate on the sofa. Sobbing, she appeals to Scarpia. He stands silent and impassive. Spoletta, meanwhile, mumbles a prayer under his breath: Judex ergo cum sedebit quidquid latet apparebit nil inultum remanebit.)

TOSCA

What have I done to you in my life?

It is I you torture so.

It is my spirit...

(Bursts into convulsive sobs)

Yes, my spirit you are torturing.

SPOLETTA *(continues to pray)*

Nil inultum remanebit!

(Scarpia, profiting from Tosca's breakdown goes towards the torture chamber and orders the resumption of the torment. There is a piercing cry, Tosca leaps up, and in a choking voice says rapidly to Scarpia:)

TOSCA

In the well, in the garden...

SCARPIA

Angelotti is there?

TOSCA

Yes.

SCARPIA

(loudly, towards the torture chamber)

Enough, Roberti!

SCIARRONE *(re-opening the door)*

He has fainted!

TOSCA *(to Scarpia)*

Murderer!

I want to see him.

SCARPIA

Bring him in here.

(Sciarrone re-enters and then Cavaradossi, in a faint, carried by the policemen, who lay him on the sofa. Tosca runs up, but on seeing her lover splattered with blood, covers her face in fright and horror. Then, ashamed of her show of weakness, she kneels beside Cavaradossi, kissing him and weeping. Sciarrone, Roberti, the judge and the scribe go out at the rear. At a sign from Scarpia, Spoletta and the policemen stay behind.)

CAVARADOSSI (*as he comes to*)
Floria!

TOSCA (*covering him with kisses*)
Beloved...

CAVARADOSSI
It is you?

TOSCA
How you have suffered.
Oh, my soul! But this just
God will punish him!

CAVARADOSSI
Did you speak?

TOSCA
No, beloved...

CAVARADOSSI
Truly not?

TOSCA
No!

SCARPIA (*loudly to Spoletta*)
In the well...
in the garden.
Get him, Spoletta.
(*Exit Spoletta. Cavaradossi has heard; he rises threateningly towards Tosca, but his strength fails him and he falls back on the sofa, bitterly reproachful as he exclaims:*)

CAVARADOSSI
Ah, you have betrayed me!

TOSCA (*beseeking*)
Mario!

CAVARADOSSI
(*Rejecting her embrace and thrusting her from him*)
Accursed woman!

TOSCA (*beseeking*)
Mario!

SCIARRONE (*bursting in, very perturbed*)
Excellency! Bad news!

SCARPIA (*taken aback*)
What are you looking so worried about?

SCIARRONE
It is news of defeat!

SCARPIA
How? Where? What defeat?

SCIARRONE
At Marengo.

SCARPIA (*impatient*)
Blockhead!

SCIARRONE
Bonaparte has won!

SCARPIA
And Melas?

SCIARRONE
No. Melas has fled!
(*Cavaradossi, having listened to Sciarrone with anxious expectation, now, in sheer enthusiasm, finds the strength to rise threateningly towards Scarpia.*)

CAVARADOSSI
Victory! Victory!
The avenging dawn now rises
to make the wicked tremble!
And liberty returns,
the scourge of tyrants!

TOSCA (*trying desperately to calm him*)
Mario, be still! Have pity on me!

CAVARADOSSI
You see me now rejoice
in my own suffering...
And now your blood runs cold,
hangman, Scarpia!
(*Tosca clutches Cavaradossi and with a rush of broken words tries to calm him,*

while Scarpia answers with a sardonic smile.)

SCARPIA

Go, shout your boasts! Pour out
the last dregs of your vile soul!
Go, for you die,
the hangman's noose awaits you.
(shouts to the policemen)
Take him away!
*(Sciarrone and the policemen seize
Cavaradossi and drag him towards the
door. Tosca makes a supreme effort to hold
on to him, but they thrust her brutally
aside.)*

TOSCA

Mario, with you...

SCARPIA

Not you!
*(The door closes and Scarpia and Tosca
remain alone.)*

TOSCA *(moaning)*

Save him!

SCARPIA

I?... You rather!
*(He goes to the table, notes his supper
interrupted midway, and again is calm and
smiling.)*

My poor supper was interrupted.
*(Sees Tosca, dejected and motionless, still
at the door)*

So downhearted? Come, my fair lady.
Sit down here. Shall we try to find
together a way to save him?
*(Tosca bestirs herself and looks at him.
Scarpia, still smiling, sits down and
motions to her to do the same.)*

Well then, sit down, and we shall talk.
And first, a sip of wine.
It comes from Spain.
(He refills the glass and offers it to Tosca.)
A sip to hearten you.

TOSCA

*(still staring at Scarpia, she advances
towards the table. She sits resolutely facing
him, then asks in a tone of the deepest
contempt:)*
How much?

SCARPIA *(imperturbable, as she pours his
drink)*

How much?
(He laughs.)

TOSCA

What is your price?

SCARPIA

Yes, they say that I am venal,
but it is not for money
that I will sell myself
to beautiful women.
I want other recompense
if I am to betray my oath of office.

I have waited for this hour!
Already in the past I burned
with passion for the Diva.
But tonight I have beheld you
in a new role I had not seen before.
Those tears of yours were lava
to my senses and that fierce hatred
which your eyes shot at me only fanned
the fire in my blood.
Supple as a leopard
you enwrapped your lover.
In that instant
I vowed you would be mine!
Mine! Yes. I will have you...
*(He rises and stretches out his arms
towards Tosca. She has listened motionless
to his wanton tirade. Now she leaps up and
takes refuge behind the sofa.)*

TOSCA *(running towards the window)*

Ah!
I'll jump out first!

SCARPIA *(coldly)*

I hold your Mario in pawn!

TOSCA

Oh, wretch...

Oh, ghastly bargain...

(It suddenly occurs to her to appeal to the Queen, and she runs to the door.)

SCARPIA *(ironically)*

I do you no violence. Go. You are free.

But your hope is vain: the Queen would merely grant pardon to a corpse!

(Tosca draws back in fright, her eyes fixed on Scarpia. She drops on the sofa. She then looks away from him with a gesture of supreme contempt.)

How you detest me!

TOSCA

Ah! God!

SCARPIA *(approaching)*

Even so, even so I want you!

TOSCA *(with loathing)*

Don't touch me, devil! I hate you, hate you!

Fiend, base villain!

(She flees from him in horror.)

SCARPIA

What does it matter?

Spasms of wrath or spasms of passion...

TOSCA

Foul villain!

SCARPIA

You are mine!

(trying to seize her)

TOSCA

Wretch!

(retreats behind the table)

SCARPIA *(pursuing her)*

Mine!

TOSCA

Help! Help!

(A distant roll of drums draws slowly near, then fades again into the distance.)

SCARPIA

Do you hear?

It is the drum that leads the way for the last march

of the condemned. Time passes!

(Tosca listens in terrible dread, and then comes back from the window to lean exhausted on the sofa.)

Are you aware of what dark work is done down there?

They raise a gallows. By your wish, your Mario has but one more hour to live. *(He coldly leans on a corner of the sofa and stares at Tosca.)*

TOSCA

I lived for art, I lived for love:

never did I harm a living creature!

Whatever misfortunes I encountered

I sought with secret hand to succor.

Ever in pure faith,

my prayers rose

in the holy chapels.

Ever in pure faith,

I brought flowers to the altars.

In this hour of pain, why,

why, oh Lord, why

dost Thou repay me thus?

Jewels I brought

for the Madonna's mantle,

and songs for the stars in heaven

that they shone forth with greater radiance.

In this hour of distress, why,

why, oh Lord,

why dost Thou repay me thus?

(kneeling before Scarpia)

TOSCA

Look at me, oh, behold!

With clasped hands I beseech you!

And, vanquished, I implore

the help of your word...

SCARPIA

Tosca, you are too beautiful and too loving.

I yield to you. And at a paltry price;

you ask me for a life. I ask of you an

instant.

TOSCA (*rising, with great contempt*)
Go, go, you fill me with loathing!
(*A knock at the door*)

SCARPIA
Who's there?

SPOLETTA (*entering breathless*)
Excellency, Angelotti
killed himself when we arrived.

SCARPIA
Well, then, have him hanged
dead from the gibbet. The other prisoner?

SPOLETTA
The Cavalier Cavaradossi?
Everything is ready, Excellency.

TOSCA (*to herself*)
God help me!

SCARPIA (*to Spoletta*)
Wait.
(*to Tosca*)
Well?
(*Tosca nods assent She weeps with shame
and hides her face. To Spoletta*)
Listen...

TOSCA (*suddenly interrupting*)
But I demand that he be freed this instant...

SCARPIA (*to Tosca*)
We must dissemble. I cannot openly
grant pardon to him. All must believe
the Cavalier is dead.
(*Points to Spoletta*)
This trusted man of mine will see to it.

TOSCA
How can I be sure?

SCARPIA
By the orders I give him in your presence.
(*to Spoletta*)
Spoletta, shut the door.
(*Spoletta shuts the door and comes back to
Scarpia.*)

I have changed my mind.
The prisoner shall be shot...
(*Tosca starts with terror.*)
Wait a moment...
(*He fixes on Spoletta a hard, significant
glance and Spoletta nods in reply that he
has guessed his meaning.*)
As we did with Count Palmieri.

SPOLETTA
An execution...

SCARPIA (*significantly stressing his
words*)
...A sham one! As we did
with Palmieri! You understand?

SPOLETTA
I understand.

SCARPIA
Go.

TOSCA
I want to explain to him myself.

SCARPIA
As you wish.
(*to Spoletta*)
You will let her pass...
And remember, at four o'clock.

SPOLETTA
Yes. Like Palmieri.
(*Exit Spoletta. Scarpia, near the door,
listens to his retreating footsteps, and then
his whole behavior changing, advances
towards Tosca flushed with passion.*)

SCARPIA
I have kept my promise.

TOSCA (*stopping him*)
Not yet.
I want a safe conduct, so that he and I
can flee the State together.

SCARPIA (*gallantly*)
You want to leave?

TOSCA

Yes, forever.

SCARPIA

Your wish shall be granted.

(He goes to the desk and begins writing. He stops to ask:)

And which road do you prefer?

TOSCA

The shortest!

SCARPIA

Civitavecchia?

TOSCA

Yes.

(As he writes, Tosca goes up to the table to take, with shaking hand, the glass of wine that Scarpia has poured, but as she lifts it to her lips, her eye falls on a sharply pointed knife that is lying on the table. She sees that Scarpia at this moment is absorbed in writing, and so, with infinite caution, still answering his questions, and never taking her eye from him, she reaches out for the knife. Finally, she is able to grasp the knife. Still watching Scarpia, she hides it behind her as she leans against the table. He has now finished making out the pass. He puts his seal upon it and folds the paper, and then, opening his arms, advances towards Tosca to embrace her.)

SCARPIA

Tosca, now you are mine at last!

(But his shout of lust ends in a cry of anguish: Tosca has struck him full in the breast.)

Accursed one!

TOSCA

This is the kiss of Tosca!

(Scarpia stretches out an arm towards her, swaying and lurching as he advances, seeking her aid. She eludes him, but is suddenly caught between him and the table, and seeing that he is about to touch

her, she thrusts him back in horror. Scarpia crashes to the floor, shrieking in a voice nearly stifled with blood.)

SCARPIA

Help! I am dying! Help! I die!

TOSCA

(Watches him as he struggles helplessly on the floor and clutches at the sofa, trying to pull himself up)

Is your blood choking you?

And killed by a woman!

Did you torment me enough?

Can you still hear me? Speak!

Look at me! I am Tosca! Oh, Scarpia!

SCARPIA *(after a last effort he falls back)*

Help! Help!

TOSCA *(bending over him)*

Is your blood choking you?

Die accursed! Die! Die! Die!

(seeing him motionless)

He is dead!

And now I pardon him!

All Rome trembled before him!

(Her eyes still fixed on the body, Tosca goes to the table, puts down the knife, takes a bottle of water, wets a napkin and washes her fingers. She then goes to the mirror to arrange her hair. Then she hunts for the safe-conduct pass on the desk, and not finding it there she turns and sees the paper in the clenched hand of the dead man. She takes it with a shudder and hides it in her bosom. She puts out the candle on the table and is about to leave when a scruple detains her. She returns to the desk and takes the candle there, using it to relight the other, and then places one to the right and the other to the left of Scarpia's head. She rises and looks about her and notices a crucifix on the wall. She removes it with reverent care, and returning to the dead man, kneels at his side and places it on his breast. She

rises, approaches the door cautiously, goes out and closes it.)

ACT THREE

The platform of Castel Sant'Angelo

(At left, a casemate: there is a lamp, large registry book with writing materials, a bench and a chair. A crucifix hangs on one of the casemate walls with a lamp in front. To the right, the door to a small stairway leading up to the platform. In the distance, the Vatican and the Basilica of St Peter's. It is still night, but gradually darkness is dispelled by the grey, uncertain light of the hour before dawn. Church bells toll for matins. The voice of a shepherd passing with his flock can be heard.)

(Orchestra)

VOICE OF SHEPHERD

I give you sighs,
there are as many
as there are leaves
driven by the wind.
You may scorn me, and my heart is sick.
Oh lamp of gold, I die for you.

(Orchestra)

(A jailer with a lantern mounts the stairs from below. He goes to the casemate and lights the light in front of the crucifix, and then the one or the table. He sits down and waits, half drowsing. Soon a picket of guards, led by a sergeant, emerges from the stairway with Cavaradossi. The picket halts as the sergeant leads Cavaradossi to the casemate and hands a note to the jailer. The latter examines it, opens the registry book and writes, as he questions the prisoner.) (Orchestra)

JAILER

Mario Cavaradossi?

(Cavaradossi bows his head in acknowledgement. The jailer hands the pen to the sergeant.)

For you.

(to Cavaradossi)

You have one hour.

A priest awaits your call.

CAVARADOSSI

No... but I have a last favor to ask of you.

JAILER

If I can...

CAVARADOSSI

One very dear person
I leave behind me. Permit me
to write her a few lines.
(taking a ring from his finger)
This ring is all that remains
of my possessions.
If you will promise to give her
my last farewell,
then it is yours.

JAILER

(hesitates a little, then accepts. He motions Cavaradossi to the chair at the table, and sits down on the bench.)
Write.

CAVARADOSSI

(begins to write, but after a few lines a flood of memories invades him)
And the stars shone and the earth was
perfumed.
The gate to the garden creaked and a
footstep
rustled the sand to the path...
Fragrant, she entered
and fell into my arms...
Oh, soft kisses, oh, sweet abandon,
as I trembling
unloosed her veils and disclosed her beauty.
Oh, vanished forever is that dream of love,
fled is that hour...
and desperately I die.
And never before have I loved life so much!
(He bursts into sobs, Spoletta appears at the stair head, the sergeant at his side and Tosca following. Spoletta indicates where

Cavaradossi is and then calls the jailer. He warns the guard at the rear to keep careful watch on the prisoner, and then leaves with the sergeant and the jailer. Tosca sees Cavaradossi weeping, his head in his arms. She lifts his head, and he jumps to his feet in astonishment. Tosca shows him a note but is far too overcome with emotion to speak.)

(Orchestra)

CAVARADOSSI

(reading)

Ah! A safe-conduct for Floria Tosca...
...and for the Cavalier accompanying her.

TOSCA

(reading with him in a hoarse and shaken voice) ... and for the Cavalier accompanying her.

(to Cavaradossi with an exultant cry)

You are free!

CAVARADOSSI

(studies the pass and sees the signature)

Scarpia!

Scarpia yields?

This is his first act of clemency...

TOSCA

And his last!

CAVARADOSSI

What?

TOSCA

Either your blood or my love,
he demanded.

My entreaties and my tears were useless.

Wild with horror, I appealed in vain
to the Madonna and the Saints.

The damnable monster told me
that already the gallows

stretched their arms skyward!

The drums rolled and

he laughed, the evil monster, laughed,
ready to spring and carry off his prey!

Is it yes? He asked, and yes, I promised
myself to his lust. But there at hand

a sharp blade glittered:

he wrote out the liberating pass,
and came to claim the horrible embrace...

That pointed blade I planted in his heart.

CAVARADOSSI

You, with your own hand you killed him?

You tender, you gentle - and for me!

TOSCA

My hands were reeking with his blood!

CAVARADOSSI

(lovingly taking her hands in his)

Oh, sweet hands pure and gentle.

Oh, hands meant for the fair works of piety,
caressing children, gathering roses,
for prayers when others meet misfortune...

Then it was in you, made strong by love,
that justice placed her sacred weapons?

You dealt out death, victorious hands,
oh, sweet hands pure and gentle.

TOSCA *(disengaging her hands from his)*

Listen, the hour is near. I have already
collected my gold and jewels. A carriage is
waiting...

But first...Oh, laugh at this, my love...

First you will be shot,

in play and pretense,

with unloaded arms...

mock punishment.

Fall down at the shot,

the soldiers leave, and we are safe!

And then to Civitavecchia, and there a ship,
and we're away by sea!

CAVARADOSSI

Free!

TOSCA

Free!

CAVARADOSSI

Away by sea!

TOSCA

Where now have pain and sorrow fled?

Do you smell the aroma of the roses?

Do you feel that all things on the earth
await the sun enamored?

CAVARADOSSI

(with tender exaltation)

Only for you did death taste bitter for me,
and only you invest this life with splendor.
All joy and all desire, for my being,
are held in you as heat within flame.
I now shall see through your transfiguring
eyes,
the heavens blaze and the heavens darken;
and the beauty of all things remarkable
from you alone will have their voice and
color.

TOSCA

The love that found the way to save your life
shall be our guide on earth, our pilot on the
waters,
and make the wide world lovely to our eyes;
until together we shall fade away
beyond the sphere of earth, as light clouds
fade,
at sundown, high above the sea.
*(They are stirred and silent. Then Tosca,
recalled to reality, looks about uneasily.)*
They still! don't come...
*(turning to Cavaradossi with affectionate
concern)*
And be careful!
When you hear the shot
you must fall down at once...

CAVARADOSSI *(reassuring her)*

Have no fear,
I'll fall on the instant, and quite naturally.

TOSCA *(insisting)*

But be careful not to hurt yourself.
With my experience in the theatre
I'd know how to manage it.

CAVARADOSSI *(interrupting and drawing
her to him)*

Speak to me again as you spoke before.
So sweet is the sound of your voice.

TOSCA *(carried away with rapture)*

Together in exile
we shall bear our love through the world.
Harmonies of color...

TOSCA and CAVARADOSSI

And harmonies of song!

(ecstatically)

Triumphant,
the soul trembles
with new hope
in heavenly
increasing ardour.
And in harmonious flight
the spirit soars
to the ecstasy of love.

TOSCA

With a thousand kisses I shall seal your
eyes,
and call you by a thousand names of love.
*(Meanwhile a squad of soldiers has entered
from the stairway. The officer in command
ranges them to the rear. Enter Spoletta, the
sergeant and the jailer, Spoletta giving the
necessary orders. The sky lightens; dawn
appears; a bell strikes four. The jailer goes
to Cavaradossi, removes his cap and nods
towards the officer.)*

JAILER

It is time.

CAVARADOSSI

I am ready.
*(The jailer takes the registry of the
condemned and leaves by the stairway.)*

TOSCA

*(to Cavaradossi, speaking low and laughing
secretly)*
Remember: at the first shot, down...

CAVARADOSSI

(in a low voice. also laughing)
Down.

TOSCA

And don't get up before I call you...

CAVARADOSSI

No, beloved!

TOSCA

And fall down properly...

CAVARADOSSI

Like Tosca on the stage...

TOSCA

You mustn't laugh...

CAVARADOSSI

So?

TOSCA

So.

(Their farewells over, Cavaradossi follows the officer. Tosca takes her place on the left side of the casemate, in position, however, to observe what is happening on the platform. She sees the officer and the sergeant lead Cavaradossi towards the wall directly facing her. The sergeant wishes to blindfold Cavaradossi who declines with a smile. The grim preparations begin to strain Tosca's patience.)

TOSCA

How long is this waiting!

Why are they still delaying? The sun already rises.

Why are they still delaying? It is only a comedy,

I know, but this anguish seems to last forever!

(The officer and the sergeant marshal the squad of soldiers before the wall and impart their instructions.)

There! They are taking aim!

How handsome my Mario is!

(The officer lowers his sabre, the platoon fires and Cavaradossi falls.)

There! Die! Ah, what an actor!

(The sergeant goes up to examine the fallen man. Spoletta also approaches to prevent the sergeant from delivering the coup de grace, and he covers Cavaradossi with a

cloak. The officer realigns the soldiers. The sergeant withdraws the sentinel from his post at the rear and Spoletta leads the group off by the stairway. Tosca follows this scene with the utmost agitation, fearing that Cavaradossi may lose patience and move or speak before the proper moment. In a hushed voice she warns him:)

Oh Mario, do not move...

They're going now. Be still.

They are going down...

(Seeing the platform deserted, she goes to listen at the stair head. She stands there for a moment in fear and trepidation as she thinks she hears the soldiers returning.

Again in a low voice she warns

Cavaradossi:)

Not yet, you mustn't move...

(She listens: they have all gone. She runs towards

Cavaradossi.)

Quickly! Up, Mario! Mario!

Up! Quickly. Come.

Up! Up!

(She kneels and quickly removes the cloak and leaps to her feet, pale and terrified.)

Mario! Mario! Dead! Dead!

(sobbing, she throws herself on Cavaradossi's body)

Oh Mario, dead? You? Like this?

Dead like this? *etc.*

(From the courtyard below the parapet and from the narrow stairway come the confused voices of Spoletta, Sciarrone and the soldiers. They draw nearer.)

CONFUSED VOICES

Scarpia stabbed?

SCIARRONE

Yes, stabbed, I tell you!

CONFUSED VOICES

The woman is Tosca!

Don't let her escape.

Keep an eye on the way out via the stairs!

(Spoletta rushes in from the stairway, and

behind him Sciarrone shouting and waving at Tosca.)

SCIARRONE

There she is!

SPOLETTA (*charging towards Tosca*)

Ah, Tosca, you will pay
for his life most dearly!

(Tosca springs to her feet, pushing Spoletta violently, answering:)

TOSCA

With my own!

(Spoletta falls back from the sudden thrust. Tosca escapes and runs to the parapet, she leaps onto it and hurls herself over the ledge, crying:)

Oh, Scarpia! Before God!

(Sciarrone and soldiers rush in confusion to the parapet and look down. Spoletta stands stunned and pale.)

Curtain