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# Queen Christina

By H.M. Harwood

Who are you?  
I was King of Sweden.  
The Lord, in his infinite wisdom...  
has seen fit to deprive us  
of our noble king...  
Gustavus Adolphus...  
while Sweden is in the midst  
of a grievous war.  
For 14 years our arms have served  
in the field...  
against our enemies.  
And in this dark hour, we still fight on...  
for the Protestant cause of our country.  
Our King is dead...  
but his spirit still lives in us...  
and in his child, Christina.  
Her father, our King...  
brought up this child as a boy...  
accustomed her ears  
to the sound of cannon fire...  
and sought to mold her spirit  
after his own.  
Let's see the child.  
Your Majesty...  
I swore to the King, your father,  
to place this crown upon your head.  
And now I swear by my life...  
to serve you as I served him.  
Men do not cry.  
Shall I make my speech now?  
Good Lords, and Swedish men...  
Queen Christina, by the grace of God...  
Queen of the Swedes, the Goths,  
and the Vandals, promise you...  
to be a good and just king...  
to protect you all...  
and to guard the kingdom  
as our father did...  
to rule wisely, and with God's help...  
to keep the standard  
as we received it from our fathers.  
Concerning this war,  
which we are bitterly waging...  
we promise...

To wage it with courage.  
We promise to win it!  
I bless you all.  
The King is dead, long live the King.  
Long live the King!  
Your Majesty.  
The arrival of Prince Charles forced me  
to summon Your Majesty.  
The Parliament is in session,  
waiting to act on his victories.  
After 30 years of war, Sweden now has  
the commanding place in Europe.  
Now is the time for new, definite actions.  
These I want to discuss with you.  
There will be enough discussion  
in the Parliament.  
You have reports for me to sign,  
my Lord Treasurer?  
I have them here, Your Majesty.  
Prince Charles' victory was crushing,  
was it not, Chancellor?  
Complete, Your Majesty.  
Now would be a happy moment...  
to announce your betrothal  
to Prince Charles.  
He returns a national hero.  
I look forward to Prince Charles' reception  
in the Parliament.  
He will love it.  
I have heard of the enemy's losses.  
What were ours?  
10,000 men, 4,000 horses, 200 cannon.  
A few more victories like this...  
and we will have to hire foreigners  
to fight our battles.  
In the end, the enemy will pay for it.  
In the meantime, it would be a good  
moment to vote fresh monies for the war.  
The Lord Treasurer will tell Your Majesty  
we need it.  
He doesn't have to tell me.  
These reports tell me.  
This war is expensive.  
The Parliament clamors for more war.

They clamor for a Swedish marriage  
for Your Majesty.  
They clamor for an heir of Swedish blood.  
In short, Chancellor, they clamor.  
Here are your reports. This one I keep.  
Thank you, My Lords.  
I shall see you in the Parliament.  
Your Majesty.  
Yes, Count Magnus.  
It's so long since I have seen you.  
- I saw you yesterday.  
- To me that's long since.  
I am not an idle woman, Magnus.  
I have a war on my hands.  
Are you going to marry the national hero?  
You are petulant, Magnus,  
and I have no time to soothe you.  
The Parliament is waiting.  
We are eager to greet  
our victorious cousin...  
Prince Palatine Charles Gustavus.  
Welcome, my cousin.  
For the great victory you have won,  
Sweden is grateful.  
We will not forget.  
For the fatherland, Your Majesty,  
and loyalty to you...  
and for glory, no sacrifice is too great!  
Our enemy is in retreat and our standards  
fly over the fields of their dead.  
Now, Your Majesty, would be a good  
time to send fresh armies...  
and crush these barbarians.  
We want to continue what we began  
in your father's reign...  
until every enemy soldier is disarmed!  
This is not an ordinary war  
for treasure or conquest.  
It is for our faith and for our God.  
God is being invoked in many lands  
these days, Your Grace.  
What about the enemy's God?  
When the enemy invokes God,  
that is blasphemy, Your Majesty.

I wish I had your confidence, Archbishop.  
We of the nobility are willing to back  
our noble commander Prince Charles...  
to the last man!  
I thank the noble Lord.  
For your glory, Your Majesty,  
I return to the wars with fresh courage.  
You have all spoken:  
You, my Nobles...  
you, my gallant General...  
you, my Archbishop...  
and you, my hero cousin.  
I have heard all your voices.  
But what of the peasants?  
You peasants have fought this war.  
What have you to say?  
Will you not speak, father?  
What is there for us to say, Your Majesty?  
Unbeknownst to us, the war is started  
and we are sent, and we go.  
You shall go no longer!  
There are other things  
to live for than wars!  
I have had enough of them.  
We have been fighting since I was  
in the cradle and many years before.  
It is enough.  
I shall ask the powers to meet  
for a speedy and honorable peace.  
There must be an end!  
What? Peace now? After such a victory?  
We have these heretics by the throat.  
Let us have them on their knees.  
Will you slaughter all of contrary faith,  
Archbishop?  
You are too ambitious.  
But, Your Majesty,  
if the enemy refuses to accept our terms?  
Offer them terms they will accept.  
Your father, the King, must be avenged!  
Not avenged, My Lord, justified!  
He must be justified!  
We must have compensation  
for our soldiers.

20 million thalers!  
30 million!  
I will take their last thaler!  
The world rings with the fame  
of our armies!  
And we shall win still greater glories  
for Sweden.  
Spoils! Glory!  
Flags and trumpets!  
What is behind  
these high-sounding words?  
Death and destruction!  
Triumphals of crippled men!  
Sweden victorious in a ravaged Europe.  
An island in a dead sea!  
I tell you, I want no more of it.  
I want for my people  
security and happiness.  
I want to cultivate the arts of peace.  
The arts of life!  
I want peace, and peace I will have.  
Your Majesty.  
Every morning I come to wake you...  
and every morning  
I find you already awake and reading.  
It's not right, Your Majesty,  
to rob your sleep.  
I have so little free time, Aage,  
that to spend it sleeping seems a waste.  
What a clever fellow is this, Aage.  
- Who?  
- Moliere.  
- What is he?  
- He writes plays.  
He makes fun here of pretentious ladies.  
"As for me, Uncle,  
all I can say is that I think...  
"marriage an altogether shocking thing.  
"How is it possible to endure the idea  
of sleeping...  
"with a man in the room?"  
Is that good, Your Majesty?  
Not bad, Aage.  
They say...

you are going to marry Prince Charles.  
Do they? What do you think of it?  
I think it's good for a queen  
to marry a hero.  
What else do they say?  
They say...  
you prefer the Lord Treasurer.  
And what do you think of him?  
I don't like him, Your Majesty.  
- Why not?  
- The right foot.  
He's too clever.  
Everybody can't be  
simple and heroic, Aage.  
Well...  
I don't like him!  
Ebba, come in.  
Now don't dally, Your Majesty.  
You have a busy day.  
Morning, Ebba.  
- What are you doing up so early?  
- I couldn't sleep.  
That means you are happy or unhappy.  
Which is it?  
- Happy.  
- I am glad.  
- And what makes you so happy?  
- No reason.  
How wonderful to be happy for no reason.  
Let's go for a sleigh ride.  
- I can't now.  
- Why not?  
- Ambassadors, treaties, councils.  
- How boring.  
- But we'll go afterward, Ebba.  
- You always say that.  
But at the end of the day,  
you are never free to go anywhere.  
You are surrounded by musty old papers  
and musty old men...  
and I can't get near you.  
Today, I will dispose of them by sundown,  
I promise you.  
And we will go away,

two or three days in the country.

- Wouldn't you like that?

- I'd love it.

The French Ambassador, Monsieur Chanut,  
is waiting in the council chamber.

There, they begin.

Countess, you're dismissed. Run along.

I have good news for you,  
Monsieur Chanut.

Your countryman, the philosopher  
Descartes, is coming here.

What happier destiny for a Frenchman  
than to come to you, Madame.

You are the only Ambassador,  
Monsieur Chanut...

who doesn't treat me like an institution.

I must confess, it's very agreeable.

That is charming of you, Madame.

But the arrival of the Spanish Ambassador  
makes it especially urgent...

that you sign the treaty with France now.

Do not fear, Monsieur Chanut.

The Spaniard's arrival cannot disturb  
the natural harmony...

between Sweden and France.

But the strained relations, Madame,  
between my government and Spain...

They can never affect ours,  
Monsieur Chanut.

Madame, you are my despair.

Why?

Because you rebuff me always  
with such charm...

that at the end of all our interviews

I find myself always in a veritable glow...  
of disappointment.

And I, of anticipation.

Your Majesty, our university at Uppsala  
is the oldest in Sweden...

one of the oldest in Europe.

To admit professors from Spain and Italy  
might corrupt the purity of our teaching.

The danger is not so much of corruption  
as of staleness.

We need new wine in the old bottles.  
Here is the new draft of the treaty  
with Cromwell, Your Majesty.  
There are several important changes in it,  
so if you read it, please...  
that I may know your opinion.  
I will do so, Chancellor.  
Your Majesty, I must again speak to you  
about your marriage with Prince Charles.  
This eternal talk about Charles.  
I cannot tell you how it wearies me.  
I do not see eye to eye with Charles  
about anything.  
- He is a hero.  
- There are varieties of heroes.  
He is a hero at fighting,  
and fighting bores me.  
- His only gift is with the sword.  
- The sword has made Sweden great.  
Yes, but do we not exalt that gift  
too much, Chancellor?  
You cannot remake the world,  
Your Majesty.  
Why not?  
Look, Chancellor, the philosophers  
remake it, the artists remake it...  
the scientists remake it.  
Why not we who wield the power?  
The people follow blindly the generals  
who lead them to destruction.  
Will they not follow us who lead them  
beyond themselves...  
where there is grace and beauty,  
gaiety and freedom?  
Europe is an armed camp, Your Majesty,  
not Utopia peopled with shepherds.  
But Chancellor...  
Snow again. Eternal snow.  
Your Majesty, it is for Sweden.  
It is your duty.  
Why is it my duty?  
My days and nights are given up  
to the service of the state.  
I am so cramped with duty

that to be able to read a book...  
I have to rise in the middle of the night.  
I serve the people with all my thoughts,  
with all my energy...  
with all my dreams, waking and sleeping.  
I do not wish to marry,  
and they cannot force me.  
You must give Sweden an heir.  
Not by Charles, Chancellor.  
You are Sweden's Queen.  
You are your father's daughter.  
Must we live for the dead?  
For the great dead?  
Yes, Your Majesty.  
Snow is like a wide sea.  
One could go out and be lost in it...  
and forget the world and oneself.  
There are rumors that Your Majesty  
is planning a foreign marriage.  
They are baseless.  
But, Your Majesty,  
you cannot die an old maid.  
I have no intention to, Chancellor.  
I shall die a bachelor.  
Of course, Magnus, you heard everything.  
No wonder you are so well-informed.  
I am rather disappointed  
you are not going to marry Charles.  
I'd much rather him than another.  
Charles spends all his time  
reviewing troops.  
It doesn't become you  
to make fun of Charles.  
He has risked his life for his country.  
He, at least, is no opportunist.  
You're serious today.  
- It isn't that, Magnus.  
- No? What then?  
I look at you and I look at a stranger.  
A stranger whom I do not altogether like.  
I grant you your preferences,  
if you will love me.  
Love you?  
I wonder now, Magnus,

if I have ever loved you.

I am your destiny, Christina.

Are you?

- I long to escape my destiny.

- You will long to return to it.

- Where is Countess Ebba?

- In her chamber, Your Majesty.

The Queen is selfish. It is simple for her.

She orders and you obey.

How long are you going on this way?

Every time we meet,

you promise to tell her...

you love me and you want to marry me

and you never do.

The Queen is so dominating.

She's interested only in her own concerns.

She never asks me.

Your Majesty.

Leave us.

- Forgive me. Forgive him.

- It is you I cannot forgive, Ebba.

You needn't fear my domination

any longer.

Your Majesty, please.

You pretended to be interested

in me and my problems.

Your sympathy, your concern...

all pretense,

underneath which you resent me.

You do not understand, Your Majesty.

The difficulty is, Ebba, that I do.

Your Majesty.

What now?

I must warn you about the impending

visit of the Spanish envoy.

Sweden is the great Protestant stronghold

of Europe.

Therefore, with this Spaniard,

you must be polite but reserved.

Very well.

What is this?

The people know that Prince Charles

is visiting you here.

They are excited about it.

They want to see their Queen.  
Must I smile for the masses, Chancellor?  
That is not too much to do for the people.  
We want Prince Charles as our King!  
Christina, our Queen!  
Long live Charles Gustavus!  
Long live Prince Charles!  
- Sweden for the Swedes!  
- Prince Charles for our King!  
This is what comes, Chancellor,  
from feeding the people a false hope.  
- Aage.  
- Your Majesty?  
My riding coat. We go out in the snow.  
- To hunt, Your Majesty?  
- At least not be hunted.  
Foreigners.  
Spaniards.  
You find this amusing, do you?  
Where is that fool of a coachman?  
It's not his fault.  
The ditch is full of soft snow.  
- It often happens like that here.  
- What a country.  
Aage, get the robe, put it under the wheel.  
Tell the coachman to take off his robe  
and put it under the other wheel.  
Now, all together, with a big heave.  
Aage, hold the horses.  
Now all together, push!  
That's splendid.  
How far is it to the nearest inn?  
Two leagues.  
You can be there by nightfall.  
That is, unless you fall into another ditch.  
Give the boy a thaler, Pedro.  
Where is the landlord?  
- There he is.  
- Coming.  
What can I do for you, young man?  
Supper, room and bed.  
I have only one room vacant.  
That's the best one.  
That's for people of quality,

costs three thaler.  
Give him 10, Aage.  
Thank you, My Lord.  
This way, Your Lordship.  
Right up to the head of the stairs.  
The best room in the house, it is, too,  
My Lord.  
Right here, My Lord.  
I hope this place serves your purpose,  
My Lord.  
Looks adequate but Ionesome.  
That is soon remedied...  
a fine young man like Your Lordship.  
It is a cold night to be alone,  
that's certain.  
I can find Your Lordship some good  
company if you are in the mood.  
- A thorough host, aren't you?  
- Thank you, My Lord.  
Fascinating profession, to run an inn.  
- You sit still and the world comes to you.  
- Yes, My Lord.  
Will you sup here?  
I'll have a fire for you presently.  
- I will sup below.  
- Yes, My Lord.  
We must have your best room.  
My Lord is a great noble.  
In fact, you may never again  
have a guest of his quality.  
- You will be well-paid.  
- You shall have 15 thalers.  
- What does the gentleman want?  
- Accommodation for the night.  
Why, only now,  
this gentleman has taken our last room.  
The best one.  
Sir, I owe you an apology.  
I crave your forgiveness for my mistake.  
There is no need, sir.  
I took pleasure in earning that thaler.  
I keep it for good luck.  
I am really mortified.  
Of course, sir.

It was the fault of my old coat.  
I hope that you will permit me  
a less superficial acquaintance with you.  
Will you favor me with your company  
at supper?

Gladly.

- Lf I may be your host.

- No.

It must be my privilege to entertain you.  
Besides, you come from a country  
that is close to my heart.

- You know Spain?

- Somewhat.

I shall like news of your countrymen.

- My countrymen?

- Yes, I shall like news of Velzquez.

Has he painted any new works recently?

What of Caldern?

He writes plays so quickly,  
there must be new ones.

When were you last in Spain?

I have never been there,  
only in my thoughts.

How wonderful.

You are a find indeed.

Landlord, come here.

This gentleman will sup with me.

Do your best,

and bring something to drink at once.

Yes, right away, My Lord.

You don't know what this means to me.

Have you ever traveled?

Have you ever been far from home?

Have you ever been homesick?

I have never been out of Sweden.

Then you don't know

what it is to be homesick.

You don't know what it means

to feel that sense of loss.

The pain of nostalgia.

One can feel nostalgia for places  
one has never seen.

Yes, that's quite true.

Young man, that is the second time

I have underestimated you.  
My Lords.  
The foreigner,  
he promised 15 thalers for a bed.  
When did I ever let slip 15 thalers?  
To the kitchen!  
Imagine, in this icecap,  
finding someone who knows Spain.  
You understand I admire your country.  
It's rugged and strong and impressive.  
It has all the virile qualities.  
And from all your northern fastness here,  
the Viking spirit has dominated Europe.  
But what do the Vikings talk about  
in the evenings...  
when they come home  
from war and hunting?  
Do they know the arts of living?  
- You find us uncouth?  
- Look at these people.  
This is my lager.  
I'll say this for them,  
they know how to enjoy themselves.  
At home, our people are less hearty,  
but more graceful.  
It's all a question of climate.  
You can't serenade a woman  
in a snowstorm.  
All the graces in the arts of love...  
the elaborate approaches that  
would make the game of love amusing...  
can only be practiced in those countries  
that quiver in the heat of the sun...  
in the still, languorous nights,  
where every breeze caresses with amour...  
Love, as we understand it, is a technique  
that must be developed in hot countries.  
- Sounds glamorous and yet...  
- What?  
Somewhat mechanical.  
Evidently you Spaniards make  
too much fuss about...  
a simple, elemental thing like love.  
We Swedes are more direct.

But that's civilization.  
Disguise the elemental  
with the glamorous.  
A great love has to be nourished,  
has to be...  
Great love?  
Don't you believe in its possibility?  
In its possibility, yes,  
but not in its existence.  
A great love, perfect love, is an illusion.  
It is the golden fable  
of which we all dream.  
But in ordinary life, it does not happen.  
In ordinary life,  
one must be content with less.  
So young and yet so disillusioned.  
Young man, you are cynical.  
Not at all. Merely realistic.  
Here you are, My Lords.  
- Six!  
- Nine!  
- It's the truth.  
- I say you are a liar.  
I am in the Queen's army,  
I know what I am talking about.  
- Six!  
- Nine!  
Yonder are two gentlemen,  
we will ask them.  
A tankard of ale that I am right, agreed?  
Agreed!  
- Six!  
- Six is right.  
Nine!  
Sir, do you know the court in Stockholm?  
Yes, I have been there.  
Then you can settle our wager for us.  
This drunken pig, who is my friend...  
maintains that the Queen, God bless her...  
has had six lovers this last year.  
I claim that's a disloyal,  
libelous statement.  
And what do you say?  
I say there were nine. Six, indeed!

- Why, this is a very loyal fellow.  
- Wait a minute.  
I'd like to know first  
what the gentleman's opinion is worth.  
Do you know anything about the matter?  
Yes, I know something, but...  
I am not at liberty to speak.  
Not at liberty? I give you liberty!  
- Let's have the truth!  
- Yeah, the truth!  
That it is six.  
If you know anything, you know it's nine.  
Gentlemen, this is unfair.  
You can't bully him.  
- You're a liar.  
- Who's a liar?  
Stop fighting.  
I'll tell you the truth.  
Gentlemen, I have the painful duty  
of telling you that you are both wrong...  
the sixes and the nines.  
The truth is that the Queen  
has had 12 lovers this past year...  
a round dozen.  
Long live the Queen!  
Any lie will find believers  
as long as you tell it with force enough.  
That was a gallant fight.  
Tell me, is there any truth  
to all these rumors?  
In Spain, we hear  
that the Queen is a bluestocking...  
who cares more for learning than for love.  
What do they say of her in Rome,  
I wonder?  
In Constantinople, in Algeria?  
Probably the farther from home,  
the nearer the truth.  
I think you gentlemen are  
in good sympathy.  
If I am not too bold,  
I could suggest a way by which...  
this gentleman may be accommodated.  
It would be very welcome.

Your room, sir, is the best in the house.  
If Your Lordship would agree to share it...  
I am loath to force myself upon you, sir,  
but I'll tell you of Toledo...  
and Cdiz, and the bullfights at Madrid,  
the dancing of Seville...  
The bed, as you know, is large.  
You might both lie on it  
and never know that you were not alone.  
I feel that we have much  
to say to each other.  
We've but broached the talk of men  
and countries, of love and manners.  
It is true that I find talking to you  
very pleasant...  
What do you say, sir?  
I'm prepared to talk, I'm prepared  
to be quiet, whichever you prefer.  
My sleeping manners are  
beyond reproach.  
You would be doing a great service.  
It's more I ask for than a bed  
for the night, it's a chance to talk of home.  
I will give up my room for you, gladly.  
Give up? I wouldn't hear of it.  
The truth is...  
please forgive me, sir,  
but since I was a little child...  
I've always disliked sharing my room  
with anyone.  
You take the room and I'll go elsewhere.  
I wouldn't hear of it,  
there isn't another free bed in the inn.  
Well, I'll sit before the fire.  
Am I so unpresentable?  
Do my manners disgust you?  
Does my speech bore you?  
If you find me so unbearable, forgive me  
for having imposed myself on you.  
- Good night, sir.  
- Please, sir.  
Say no more about it,  
I shall sit before the fire all night.  
No, you couldn't, I wouldn't...

- You shall share my room with me.  
- Thank you very much, I'll be delighted.  
If you are ever in Spain,  
I'll return the hospitality.  
Would Your Lordships like to retire now?  
I think so, we are both tired.  
Good night, Aage.  
Pushing through these snowdrifts  
is not like...  
strolling under the orange trees at home.  
It takes muscle.  
I wish you both good night, My Lords.  
I know you will be comfortable,  
I've always had good reports on this room.  
The room is well-behaved, is it?  
I mean, My Lord,  
I've never had any complaints.  
Shall I help you off with your boots, sir?  
No, thank you.  
- What's your name?  
- Elsa.  
You're very pretty, Elsa.  
Are you also good?  
When I do not like a man, yes.  
That's true virtue.  
The basis of all morality in a sentence.  
- Can I get you anything, sir?  
- No, thank you.  
The master says you are to have  
everything you need.  
If you need anything,  
my room is at the end of the passage.  
She prefers you.  
You have the better chance.  
I give her up gladly, if you are interested.  
No, I am not.  
Don't you think, since we are  
going to share the same bed...  
we should be introduced?  
I am Don Antonio Jos Miguel de Prado,  
Count Pimentel...  
Knight of the Holy Roman Empire,  
Envoy Extraordinary...  
from His Majesty Philip, King of Spain,

Aragon and Castile.  
I am Count Dohna.  
You must visit Spain.  
I hope to.  
You shall stay with me.  
As a matter of fact, you may find  
our way of life very artificial.  
We make a fine art of leisure.  
Although we are ambitious as you are  
to dominate Europe...  
we are not so intense about it.  
We like to...  
We mix our ambitions with other things.  
Which side do you sleep on,  
your right or your left?  
I don't know, I never thought of it.  
They say that a man should always sleep  
on his left side.  
Keep his sword arm free.  
It's hereditary. It's instinct.  
Aren't you going to undress?  
Yes.  
Of course, it had to be.  
I felt it.  
A presence.  
Life is so gloriously improbable.  
My Lord?  
- What is it?  
- It is still snowing, My Lord.  
Good.  
They say we may not be able to move  
for three days.  
At what hour will Your Lordship get up?  
I shall not get up.  
Very good, My Lord.  
Will you take chocolate?  
Yes, at once.  
Will the other gentleman take chocolate?  
Yes.  
Very good, My Lord, two chocolates.  
They warmed and ripened  
in the Spanish sun.  
My hacienda is overrun with them.  
In the season of the grape harvest...

the air smells purple.  
Purple grapes.  
What are you doing?  
I've been memorizing this room.  
In the future...  
in my memory...  
I shall live a great deal in this room.  
You wait.  
I'll show you the whole living world.  
I have imagined happiness...  
but happiness you cannot imagine...  
happiness you must feel...  
joy you must feel.  
And this great joy I feel now...  
- Antonio?  
- What?  
This is how the Lord must have felt...  
when he first beheld a finished world...  
with all his creatures breathing, living.  
And to think...  
a few snowdrifts  
might have separated us forever.  
We might have been born  
in different centuries.  
No, I never would have permitted that.  
We're inevitable. Don't you feel it?  
I feel it.  
But you, how can you be so sure?  
You know me so little.  
That's true. There's a mystery in you.  
Is there not in every human being?  
Yes.  
Tell me, you said you would...  
why did you come to this inn  
dressed as a man?  
In my home, I'm very constrained.  
Everything is arranged very formally.  
A conventional household.  
Very.  
I like to get away from it sometimes...  
to be free.  
I can understand that.  
You're going to court.  
What if the Queen keeps you there?

Let her try.  
If half of the Queen's reputation  
is well-founded...  
After you, she'll be tiresome!  
To have found anyone in this wilderness  
would have been miracle enough.  
But to have found you...  
this is too improbable.  
I don't believe in you.  
You're an illusion.  
You'll vanish before my eyes.  
Goodbye.  
I shall live for our meeting.  
I, too.  
If you could travel  
with me to Stockholm...  
Is it impossible?  
Yes, I must go alone.  
I loathe this separation.  
As soon as I am quit of this court  
business, it won't be long.  
We meet again,  
and then we do not separate.  
You promise  
we'll meet again in Stockholm?  
I promise.  
What if I never see you again?  
What if I curse myself  
for having let you go?  
I promise you that we shall meet again.  
- Goodbye.  
- Bye.  
Ebba.  
Your Majesty sent for me.  
How are you, Ebba? You look so pale.  
Your Majesty, since I lost your favor,  
I have not slept.  
I was hurt by you, Ebba,  
and I lost my temper. Forgive me.  
You shall marry Count Jacob.  
You make me so happy, Your Majesty.  
Your Majesty looks wonderful tonight.  
The Spanish envoy will be dazzled.  
The last one was a shriveled old man.

I hear this one's young and handsome.  
Where did you hear that?  
My maid met the Ambassador's valet.  
And she said that he said  
that the Spanish envoy...  
The Lord Treasurer attends Your Majesty.  
Is all in waiting?  
We have time enough.  
I wouldn't like to keep the court waiting.  
You kept them waiting for five days.  
Where have you been?  
The whole court has been in an uproar.  
- Did you go to Sala?  
- Perhaps.  
You did not go there,  
we sent messengers.  
- Then I am glad I did not go.  
- Why did you leave?  
- To get away.  
- From me?  
From all of you.  
Why did you refuse  
to see me this afternoon?  
Why? So many questions.  
There would be fewer questions  
if there were more answers.  
What's happened to you?  
You've never looked so lovely  
as you do now.  
His Excellency, Don Antonio de Prado,  
Count Pimentel...  
Knight of the Holy Roman Empire...  
Envoy Extraordinary from His  
Most Gracious Majesty, Philip IV...  
King of Spain, Aragon and Castile.  
Welcome, Your Excellency.  
Your Majesty, I have come on a special...  
Your Excellency will convey  
to the King of Spain...  
our high appreciation  
of the honor he does us...  
in sending to our court  
a person of your quality.  
Your Excellency has the King's letter?

Your Majesty...  
I have come on a special mission  
from His Majesty of Spain...  
on a matter of great public importance.  
Will Your Majesty hear it now?  
We will hear it presently,  
in private audience.  
In the meantime, be assured of our  
warm consideration to your sovereign...  
and to you, his envoy.  
I humbly thank Your Majesty.  
We admire greatly  
the powers of your country.  
Not only your skill in statecraft,  
but in the sciences and in the arts.  
Your Majesty is most gracious.  
The repute you have for learning  
is known to all Europe.  
We look forward  
to our further meeting with you.  
We would like news  
of your men of genius...  
of Velzquez and Caldern.  
We will hear willingly of your cities...  
Toledo and Cdiz...  
Madrid and Seville.  
My country could have no greater tribute  
than Your Majesty's curiosity.  
In honoring your great men,  
we elevate ourselves.  
The Lord Treasurer is waiting,  
Your Majesty.  
I can't see him.  
He says it's very urgent.  
- Tell him I don't want to see him.  
- Yes, Your Majesty.  
Well, Countess?  
The Queen can't see you, Your Excellency.  
You mean she won't.  
She won't, Your Excellency.  
I trust you are well, My Lord.  
I am beholden to Your Lordship.  
I apologize for the rigors of our winter.  
I believe the snow delayed you

on your way here.  
A few days. It was nothing.  
I hope you found suitable shelter.  
Our country inns are rough.  
I did very well. Thank you, Your Lordship.  
The climate here, My Lord, is fit only  
for those who are used to it.  
It's not suited to foreigners.  
I advise you to protect yourself against it.  
You must be very careful.  
Is this a threat, My Lord?  
It's a warning.  
A friendly warning.  
The Queen will see Your Excellency.  
Antonio.  
Your Majesty.  
You are angry.  
I'm not angry.  
I appreciate a jest. A royal jest.  
However, the diversion being over...  
may I conclude my mission  
to your unusual country?  
My master, the King of Spain,  
has commanded me to...  
Must we talk about the King of Spain?  
Antonio, I feel just the same.  
I don't.  
I feel unlucky being the thirteenth.  
No, but I was lying terribly.  
And now you don't love me anymore?  
Don't despair, Your Majesty.  
My master, the King of Spain, has the  
honor of asking your hand in marriage.  
It isn't pleasant  
to have betrayed one's king...  
to have dishonored him in a far country.  
Nevertheless, unworthy as I am,  
permit me to present...  
His Majesty Phillip...  
King of Spain, Aragon and Castile...  
your royal, humble suitor.  
I meant no dishonor to him or to you.  
Does he look like that?  
I suppose he does.

I have quite a collection of royal portraits.  
My suitors usually come in oil.  
And I've kept them,  
because I love a good painting.  
Why did you go out of your way  
to make me ridiculous?  
All that idiotic talk of love and beauty.  
It made my heart beat.  
It made me dream like a fool  
and talk like one.  
I thought you'd understand, when you  
saw me again, what had happened.  
That it had been so enchanting  
to be a woman.  
Not a queen,  
just a woman in a man's arms.  
Yes, if you'd left my heart alone.  
But I fell in love with you.  
I love you, Antonio.  
Look, the coin you gave me  
for helping you.  
I've slept with it in my hand each night.  
Forgive me for being a queen.  
What do you want of me?  
What do I want?  
What?  
I want back that room in the inn...  
the snow that fell...  
the warm fire and the sweet hours...  
beloved one.  
Christina.  
Just as you say, My Lord.  
Go out into the streets.  
Talk to your fellow citizens.  
Explain it to them.  
We will, Your Lordship.  
This is for the good of Sweden.  
Yes, My Lord.  
You understand, then, our purpose?  
And our motive?  
Yes, Your Lordship.  
We are happy to be of service to Sweden.  
I tell you, Sweden is facing the greatest  
danger in her history.

Greater than war.  
And it's a danger that hides  
in the highest councils of the nation...  
in the palace itself.  
In the very chamber of the Queen.  
Nay, I do not charge  
the queen with disloyalty.  
But she is under a spell.  
The spell of Spanish witchcraft.  
The Spaniard is here  
with a proposal from Philip of Spain.  
Why doesn't she send him away?  
Do you want a Spanish sovereign?  
No!  
Do you want to give up  
the palace and faith...  
for which our fathers fought and died,  
to go to Rome?  
No!  
You're the most popular man  
in the kingdom.  
You've only to appear in public  
and the mob starts shouting.  
You're the only one who can demand  
of the Queen to send the Spaniard home.  
You're the only one who can  
save Sweden from this calamity.  
The Council awaits Her Majesty.  
Her Majesty drives abroad  
with the Spaniard.  
The business of the state may wait.  
Whatever the Queen does,  
Sweden will not suffer.  
Send that Spaniard back home!  
Send him away!  
Down with the Spaniard!  
Evidently, my people,  
who are said to love me...  
do not wish me to be happy.  
Our Prince Charles,  
who has fought for us...  
is kept apart and scorned!  
The Queen disports herself  
with a Spaniard!

I ask you, Swedes,  
will you tolerate this infamy?  
No!  
Then do something about it!  
The Queen!  
See? She rides openly with him!  
Down with the Spaniard!  
Come on!  
And I charge you, Magnus...  
with having deliberately aroused  
the masses against the Queen.  
No, the facts speak  
for themselves, Chancellor.  
The Church will never  
permit such a marriage.  
The Queen does not contemplate  
such a marriage.  
Then why doesn't she  
send the Spaniard home?  
I have been driving in the streets  
and I have seen disgraceful things.  
How is it that we are not better policed?  
In insulting our guests, they insult us.  
Why is this not made clear to them?  
The people resent this man, Your Majesty.  
Not in his own person...  
but as interfering with our hopes  
of your marriage to Prince Charles.  
You have fed them this hope...  
when you have known all the time  
that I have no wish to gratify it.  
I hold you responsible. All of you.  
Your Majesty is not considering  
to accept King Philip's offer?  
No.  
In that case, the presence here  
of the Spanish envoy is superfluous.  
He could go home.  
Why?  
Do I peer into the lives of my subjects...  
and dictate to them  
whom they shall love?  
Will I serve them less if I am happy?  
What strangely foolish title is it

that calls me ruler...  
if in what concerns me most nearly,  
I'm to have no voice?  
It is intolerable.  
There is a freedom which is mine...  
and which the state cannot take away.  
To the unreasonable tyranny of the mob...  
and to the malicious tyranny  
of palace intrigue...  
I shall not submit.  
Know this, all of you.  
General?  
Your Majesty,  
the crowd demands to see you.  
They demand entrance to the palace.  
Are you pleased, Count Magnus?  
There's no cause for alarm.  
I'm not alarmed, General.  
The guards are ready and waiting.  
Their guns are primed.  
Shall I order them to fire?  
No, General.  
- Shall I arrest the ringleaders?  
- No.  
Then what shall I do, Your Majesty?  
Let them in, General.  
Your Majesty, you cannot do that.  
But, Your Majesty...  
Let them in.  
- Let no one follow me.  
- Your Majesty, you must not go alone.  
I am not afraid of my subjects.  
Dismiss the guards.  
Right face. Forward march.  
Open the doors.  
Your Majesty...  
Well, my subjects...  
is it a friendly visit?  
Will not one of you speak?  
No petition? No speech?  
You come, then, just for a glimpse of me?  
Send the Spaniard home!  
You, my good man, come here.  
What do you do?

I am a blacksmith, Your Majesty.  
Are you a good blacksmith?  
I should be.  
My father was a blacksmith before me,  
and his father was before him.  
What if I came to your smithy...  
and told you  
I didn't like your blacksmithing?  
You'd think it unreasonable,  
and rightly so.  
My business is governing.  
And I have the knack of it,  
as you have yours for your trade...  
by inheritance.  
My father was a king,  
and his father before him.  
My father died for Sweden,  
and I live for her.  
Now, my good people...  
go home to your work...  
and leave me to mine.  
My blessing on all of you.  
Long live the Queen!  
Too bad, Count Magnus.  
Here comes that Spaniard all alone!  
Kill the Spaniard!  
Fortunate coincidence.  
Can I be of help to Your Excellency?  
You might call off your hirelings  
and let me proceed to the embassy.  
I don't understand  
Your Excellency's insinuations...  
but I can take no chances of complicating  
our splendid relations with Spain.  
Therefore, I must insist on giving you  
my personal protection and escort.  
A horse.  
The protection offered a prisoner,  
Your Excellency?  
For your own safety.  
You go to the embassy, Pedro.  
You hate him.  
You have incited this riot against him.  
He is safe, Your Majesty,

which but for my intervention...  
he might not have been.  
I ask you to bring him here to me at once.  
I should do so gladly,  
could I assume the risk.  
Feeling is running high in the city.  
There is only one safe course  
for Seor Antonio...  
that you sign the passport for his return.  
You are a jealous upstart, Magnus.  
You cannot endure that I love him.  
If I am an upstart, Your Majesty...  
I glory in it,  
for I owe my rise to your favors.  
And to be jealous of Antonio  
is a high form of patriotism.  
This is dangerous for you, Magnus.  
Do you realize how dangerous?  
Put me to death.  
If I die, he dies.  
My orders are in good hands.  
It is inevitable, Your Majesty.  
He or I.  
Prepare the passport  
for the Spanish envoy.  
My Lord Ambassador...  
this passport will assure  
your safe journey to the border.  
Count de la Gardie...  
you are responsible  
for His Excellency's safety.  
Permit me.  
Your Excellency...  
you will tell your master we're deeply  
sensible of the honor he has done to me.  
The ship Amaranta...  
awaits you at the harbor of Helsingborg.  
I wish you...  
a safe journey, My Lord.  
Can I be of service to Your Excellency?  
I have no recourse  
against you here, My Lord.  
I am an ambassador on foreign soil.  
But if you could do me the courtesy

to meet me on neutral ground...  
That can be arranged, Your Excellency.  
I shall provide convoy  
for you to the frontier.  
Beyond the frontier,  
I shall be at your service...  
to give you my personal escort.  
Thank you, My Lord.  
Your Excellency...  
from Her Majesty, the Queen.  
Who's there?  
It is I, Queen Christina.  
I, Axel Oxenstierna.  
What drives you here?  
I could not go to sleep.  
I, too, could not sleep.  
I remember when you led me...  
a child, up the steps of this throne.  
Your father and yourself...  
you two have been my life.  
And if now you fail me, I fail.  
That is too great a burden you put on me.  
I have grown up in a great man's shadow.  
All my life, I've been a symbol.  
A symbol is eternal, changeless...  
an abstraction.  
A human being is mortal and changeable...  
with desires and impulses...  
hopes and despairs.  
I'm tired of being a symbol, Chancellor.  
I long to be a human being.  
This longing I cannot suppress.  
And yet, you must.  
You will.  
His hand is upon you. The King's.  
I have always listened to you  
with awe, Oxenstierna.  
I respect no one in the kingdom  
as much as you.  
Yet, something in me cries out  
that this cannot be true...  
that one must live for oneself.  
After all, Chancellor...  
one's own life is all one has.

Yes, Your Majesty...  
that is all one has.  
Therefore, you must give it up  
to your duty.  
Greatness demands all.  
Am I great, Chancellor?  
I feel so little and helpless...  
and futile.  
Yes, Your Majesty, when you are alone.  
But tomorrow...  
when this great hall is filled  
with the pride of your realm...  
you will meet the occasion.  
You will do your duty.  
You will marry Prince Charles.  
Duty.  
My heritage, Your Majesty...  
and yours.  
Her Majesty, the Queen.  
My Lords...  
we are to hear from Her Majesty's  
own lips today...  
her decision on a matter...  
that is near to all our hearts.  
Your Majesty...  
I have served your family  
for three generations.  
My course is almost run.  
Today fulfills my work.  
In your great wisdom, you have put aside  
all thought of a foreign alliance...  
however brilliant.  
We are happy that the wishes  
of your people...  
are your wishes.  
Only those of Swedish blood...  
should sit on the throne of Sweden.  
The question of the succession  
has long been...  
the subject of my earnest consideration.  
I am come here today...  
to tell you my decision.  
There is among us one...  
who has served the state faithfully

in war and peace...  
one who is also related to me by blood.  
I speak of the Prince Palatine,  
Charles Gustavus.  
I believe I shall be in agreement with you...  
in saying that above all others...  
he is the man best fitted  
for the government of this kingdom.  
The Prince has done me the honor  
of asking my hand in marriage.  
The Prince has my answer.  
I have given him the reasons  
why I cannot accept this offer.  
In the absence of an heir of my blood...  
our constitution gives me the right  
to nominate for your approval...  
my successor.  
I believe that no one would  
gratify your wishes better...  
than Prince Charles Gustavus.  
I am resolved, therefore...  
here and now...  
to place in your hands...  
my abdication from the throne of Sweden.  
Abdication?  
No, Your Majesty, no!  
Lord God, Madam.  
What do you mean to do?  
It troubles us to hear you speak...  
of forsaking those that love you as we do.  
Can you be better than you are?  
You're Queen of all these countries.  
And if you leave this large kingdom,  
where will you find another?  
Continue, good Madam,  
as long as you live.  
And we'll do all we can  
to help you bear the burden.  
Yes!  
I am grateful for your loyalty.  
But there is a voice...  
in our souls...  
which tells us what to do.  
And we obey.

I have no choice.  
Here are the emblems of power...  
which herewith, I present to you  
before God and mankind.  
My Lord...  
will you take the crown from my head?  
No, Your Majesty, I will not do it.  
I swore to your father always  
to keep that crown upon your head.  
I'll have no part in this.  
And nor I think is there any here that will.  
Colonel.  
And now, farewell.  
I thank Almighty God...  
who caused me to be born  
of a royal stock...  
and raised me to be a queen  
of so large and mighty a kingdom.  
I thank, too, those nobles...  
who defended the state  
when I was a child.  
And all of you...  
for the fidelity and attachment  
you've shown me.  
Let me look at you once more.  
And so, let me remember you...  
with love and loyalty...  
till memory is no more.  
God bless you.  
Farewell.  
She'll be on the boat.  
If the tide is full  
and the wind is with us, we'll sail.  
- And she'll go with us?  
- Yes.  
- Where to?  
- The islands of the moon.  
Where's that?  
A place I've never been.  
I hope it's warmer there.  
Enchanting.  
- What's the population?  
- Two.  
But first, we have a little stop to make.

- Right across the border.

- To change horses.

To rid the world

of an extremely annoying person.

- Count Magnus?

- Yes.

I'll leave Sweden

a much more amiable country.

You wait here, Pedro.

Right over there, behind that clump

of woods, Your Excellency.

At your pleasure, My Lord.

Goodbye, Sweden.

Aage.

Aage, where is the carriage?

Bad news, Your Majesty,

there's been an accident.

The relief horses are lamed.

Impossible to get new ones

till the morning.

Do we have to spend the night here?

Yes, Your Majesty.

It will do Your Majesty good

to have a night's rest.

Rest.

Are you ready to sail?

Yes, Your Majesty, the boat is right here.

- Captain.

- Your Majesty.

I humbly greet you.

Antonio.

What has happened?

It was a duel, Your Majesty.

- Count Magnus?

- Yes.

Why do you stand here like this?

- Christina.

- Are you in pain?

No. Not now.

Have you said goodbye to your country?

Yes, to everything but you.

How sweet your eyes are.

You mustn't talk.

When the wind is with us, we sail.

Yes.

Spain.

My home is on a white cliff  
overlooking the sea.

- You'll never leave me, will you?

- No, never.

Your Majesty.

You must rest.

Rest.

Antonio?

Do you still want to sail, Your Majesty?

The house on the cliff.

Yes, Aage, we will sail.

I'll tell the Captain.

The tide is full and the wind is with us.

The wind is with us.

All hands on deck.

Let the gangway fall.

English