

MARIE. Question. Are there snacks? I'm used to a lot of snacking. Treats? Sweets? Anything? Nothing?

CHARLOTTE. I have a mint.

*Charlotte takes out a plastic-wrapped mint.
Hands it to Marie.*

MARIE. A mint! How darling. *Merci, mademoiselle!* Now tell us of our play, Madame De Gouges.

OLYMPE. Oh. Well I haven't started writing anything just yet but—

MARIE. Let the synopsis begin!

OLYMPE. OK. Um. Well. Think of the power of a play that shows the entwined lives of real women—

*Marie starts to open the mint—the wrapper crackles.
Olympe stops, Marie stops.*

Women who, even through their differences—

Marie's mint wrapper crackles. Olympe stops. Marie stops.

join forces to protest the deep injustice of—

Marie crackles the hell out of that wrapper—

MARIANNE.	CHARLOTTE.	OLYMPE.
That is so loud.	OHMYGOD, STOP.	Can you figure that out, Your Majesty?

MARIE. *Sometimes good things make a lot of noise.*

OLYMPE. See? Musical.

MARIANNE.	CHARLOTTE.	MARIE.
No.	No.	Yay!

Marie frees the mint, pops it in her mouth, smiles.

OLYMPE. OK look. I don't know what I'm writing just yet, but I know that our voices deserve the stage. We deserve to be our own heroes, everyone's heroes. We're all of us more alike than we are different, and if this revolution is what I think it is? This is our time to be known, and heard, and—

CHARLOTTE. *(Checking her watch.)* Oh crap I have to go kill a guy.

OLYMPE. Come on, that speech was getting good.

MARIE. You're killing a guy? Which one?

MARIANNE. Marat in the bathtub with a steak knife.

MARIE. Oh kill him! I hate that man! He put my name on a list. *With other people.* Can you imagine? You know my husband, he always said Marat was a bloodlusty wacko. And then he chops my husband's head off. That shows how right he was.

OLYMPE. OK but—Charlotte. What if you miss? What if he gets you first?

CHARLOTTE. Steak knife pretty much always beats naked-guy-in-a-bath.

OLYMPE. And he deserves it, but you don't. We don't want to lose you. Don't do this.

CHARLOTTE. Then who will. The entire city is scared of him. Well I'm not.

MARIANNE. That's right, girl. I got your back.

OLYMPE. *Marianne.*

MARIE. Me too, me too! StabStabStab!

OLYMPE. Would you stop encouraging her. I'm trying to save her life, because there is no doubt that *she will die for this.*

CHARLOTTE. AND THAT DOES NOT SCARE ME.

Not for this.

I am not afraid to die for this.

Pause.

OLYMPE. What's that like?

Pause.

CHARLOTTE. Like knowing your lines.

Pause.

MARIE. Does she love someone who doesn't love her back?

CHARLOTTE.	OLYMPE.	MARIANNE.
WHY DOES THAT	Yes she does.	That's what I said.
MATTER? God, that		
has <i>nothing to do with</i> —		

MARIE. Is it your tutor? Is his name Jacques? I know these things.

OLYMPE. Just wait, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE. No. Jacques knows what he did.

OLYMPE. I'm talking about Marat. The little assassination you're about to attempt. Have you really thought this through? Have you thought about Madame Guillotine?

CHARLOTTE. Well yeah, who hasn't.

MARIE. I hate that bitch.

MARIANNE. It's the efficiency that most offends me.

MARIE. Too quick.

OLYMPE. Too easy.

MARIANNE. They say it's egalitarian.

MARIE. Bullshit, it's cheap.

OLYMPE. I mean take some care.

MARIANNE. We're not cattle.

CHARLOTTE. To them we are.

OLYMPE. Carting you through the city to your doom.

MARIANNE. In a wagon.

MARIE. No grandeur.

OLYMPE. Trash at you.

MARIANNE. They cut your hair.

CHARLOTTE. They cut my hair?

OLYMPE. Weren't you aware?

CHARLOTTE. No! That's not fair!

MARIANNE. Maybe it could be a musical.

OLYMPE. *(To Charlotte.)* Just think about this. If you die? They could vilify you, call you witch or make him a martyr. Then it's like Marat wins.

CHARLOTTE. Which is why you have to tell my story so they understand it.

And do *not* let them cut my hair.

OLYMPE. But. We didn't get you your last line. It might take a while. A long while.

CHARLOTTE. Then I'm gonna have to go with: "May God have no pity, you motherfuckers."

OLYMPE.
Lemme work on that.

MARIE.
Hilarious!

MARIANNE.
I mean...

MARIANNE. You could always sing. That's what I'd do. A song sticks.

CHARLOTTE. A song? That's not a bad idea.

OLYMPE. You said no musicals!

MARIE. What about the writer's last words? That must be a lot of pressure since that's kind of your thing.

OLYMPE. I don't need last words, I am of the theatre, we just go on and on. And on.

MARIE. But you must've thought about what you'd say if they—

OLYMPE. I DON'T KNOW.

I don't know.

Pause.

MARIE. Well. I do hope that my last words are sympathetic. I just don't want to sound silly because I AM STILL THE GODDAMN QUEEN OF FRANCE NO MATTER WHAT THOSE FUCKERS SAY.

And I. Will die. Royally.

Do you have another mint?

CHARLOTTE. No.

MARIE. *Shit.*

OLYMPE. Charlotte we can find another way to stop Marat—a protest, a scathing farce—

CHARLOTTE. Thank you, but...it's what you said. We're all in a play that someone else is writing.

OLYMPE. Did I say that?

CHARLOTTE. And I am certain that this is my cue.

MARIANNE. A word of advice, young assassin, aim high and strike deep.

OLYMPE. Wait. Charlotte—

MARIE. And tie back your hair. I know a little about stabbing.

Marie gives Charlotte a red ribbon like it's a secret weapon.

OLYMPE. *Charlotte.*

CHARLOTTE. Thank you, ladies. Gotta go make some...

Hi, story.

Olympe smiles—that was her line!—as Charlotte exits.