



CHARLOTTE/FRAT. "The Tribunal has reached a decision."

MARIE. YOU CAME IN HERE WITH A DECISION.

CHARLOTTE/FRAT. "Prisoner 280, Marie-Antoinette, otherwise known as the Former Queen of France and Navarre, otherwise known as the Bitch, Madame Deficit, the Widow Capet, and the Soon-To-Be-No-More.

You are condemned and sentenced to die by the guillotine. Now."

MARIE. (Summoning up her deepest, most regal power for this laser-like take-down of her enemy.) Then you, sirs, bear not the marks of men, but the instincts of animals. And with your mouth of hate and hands of hair, you rip not your enemies in half but your country, your country is gored on your watch—so you, Followers of Animal Order, will remove the squint from your eyes so that you may fully see with whom you are dealing. Do you see? Do you see this woman, this mother, this citizen queen, do you see. Me. Now?

You do. And now we are linked. And now, like a simple song played on and on, you will never forget me.

Proceed.

A quick shift to a guillotine.

Marie's wig is suddenly gone, her hair is short and messy.

Olympe finally shows up...terrified to be there, to witness.

OLYMPE. They cut her hair.

Marianne hears this, sees that Olympe is there.

She aged a decade in a moment. To her, she was still France. And today, France was losing its head in a dirty gown. But she doesn't betray herself. She doesn't weep. She acts every bit the royalty.

MARIANNE. Then the wind drops

OLYMPE. The world hums to a hush.

MARIANNE. And the world begins to never forget.

Marie looks to Marianne and Olympe

who nod and smile supportively.

MARIE. (Quick and quiet.) Marie enters. Is she late? Or lost? What were they talking about? Was it her? It's always her. Or is she being her again? It's a confusing time. Hello. Marie.

CHARLOTTE/FRAT. Does the condemned have any last words...

MARIE. Yes.

I...

She accidentally steps on Frat's foot.

(To him.) I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to—

A sound of the guillotine,

Marie reveals and drops one red ribbon.

Cheers and a blackout cut her off.

Immediately a bright white spot

on Marie suspended in whatever purgatory this is.

She sings, so softly, so simply...

Who are we, without our power?

What's a truth, none understand?

Fame's a force, building era from hour

and the beat of the beat, and the beat of the heart,

and heart in our hand.

Marie breathes, mourns, breathes, then looks right out at us before...

Blackout on Marie.

FIVE.

Olympe in her study.

After seeing Marie's execution she's disgusted, horrified, scared as hell.

Papers everywhere, scripts, pamphlets.

She hates hates HATES them all.

Olympe throws the papers, scatters them, hurls them.

OLYMPE. WHY DON'T YOU WORK?!

Air and ink and make believe and nothing is working and nothing is helping and nothing that I'm doing is real. An entire life of nothing that's real.

Marianne enters...

License # Adam Beard Order ID# DPS734365