

*and the water in the tub bloodies.
She stands there, bloody, breathing in the moment.
Switch to Marianne...*

Marianne reads a letter.

MARIANNE. My dear Vincent,
We fight for this better world *together* even if we are a world away.
I fight harder with you in my heart.
More news of the Paris revolution enclosed. Be safe and write soon.

*She stands there breathing in the paper and the memory of
her husband.*

Blackout on Olympe.

Blackout on Charlotte.

Blackout on Marianne.

Switch to Marie...

To no one...except maybe her ribbons.

MARIE. So here's what I don't get. Isn't the definition of *a revolution*
"the turning about of an object on a central axis thereby landing its
journeyman in the same exact spot whereon they started"? Because
that seems like a waste of *everyone's* time.

Which transitions to...

THREE.

Marie still waiting, playing with some ribbon.

Marianne runs in...

They had both hoped to not be alone with each other.

They make each other nervous...

START

MARIANNE. It's happening. It's all happening. *Olympe?*

MARIE. Nope. Lady writer left a while ago.

MARIANNE. So. It's just...me and Marie-Antoinette.

MARIE. Is it ever *just* Marie-Antoinette. Ribbon?

MARIANNE. Why don't you keep it.

MARIE. Oh, I was going to.

MARIANNE. Excuse me, I have to go do something useful.—

MARIE. *Please Don't Leave Me I'm Scared.*

Marianne stops.

It's so...lively out there.

Unless you're Marat.

MARIANNE. Touché, Citizen.

MARIE. I made a touché?! I've always wanted to do that.

Wait. That means she did it? She killed him? Did you see it? Was it awesome? She is such a badass. Or a crazy person. I mean, the chutzpah of that girl. And such good hair. Tell me everything.

MARIANNE. I mean... OK, she walks right in, front door, I'm watching from the street, it's quiet for a few minutes, and then I hear her yell "FOR FRANCE!," then this scream and splash, and the white curtains spackle red. Commotion in the house, the housekeeper wails, the authorities rush in, then they take a perfectly collected Charlotte Corday to prison in a cart. She was amazing. Perfect form, flawless execution.

MARIE. Touché too!

MARIANNE. Touché too.

They smile. They don't mean to become friends but perhaps they are.

Marie is oddly profound...

MARIE. I fear we shall not know the rightness of our revolutions nor the heroes of our stories for generations to come.

Marianne registers this profundity with surprised respect. Pause.

MARIANNE. Uh. Yeah. Exactly. That was—

MARIE. Unexpectedly profound. It happens sometimes.

Marie might play with her ribbons like a kitten...

And...you're, like, *not* a queen?

MARIANNE. No. Revolutionary. And a mom.

MARIE. A mom, me too! I forget about that sometimes, but I am. How old are your kids?

MARIANNE. Well Annabelle is ten.

MARIE. Awww. Lots of bows?

MARIANNE. She loves bows. On everything—the cat, the teacups.

MARIE. Me too! Teacup bows are the best!

MARIANNE. And Vincent is eight. He's named after his dad.

MARIE. So are mine. Isn't it funny when they start talking alike—father and son? I just think it's so funny. They sneeze the same. They say "spoon" the same. Hilarious. And now sad.

MARIANNE. The world found it just despicable. No nation, no matter how revolutionary, should kill a king that way.

MARIE. Aw, thanks. I mean. He was a lumpy man, but he had good moments. I didn't dislike him. In fact I liked him, when he would just stand there looking serious. He was best when he was just...standing.

MARIANNE. How did you meet?

MARIE. On our wedding day. I wasn't supposed to marry him, you know. But all the rest of my sisters had smallpox so it fell to me. Which was fine. I mean the finery was exquisite. Everything else was a bit strained. You know we didn't consummate the damn thing for *three goddamned years*? Can you imagine? *The tension*? And the whole country blames me! And I'm like "nuh uh! I'm totally down! He's the one who—" Turns out? He had to have an operation on his Little Prince before he could—Yeah. So that was anti-hilarious. Then finally little Marie-Thérèse came along, then little Louis-Joseph, then little Louis-Charles, then little Sophie poor dear. Then they killed him. In the square that used to be named after his grandfather. The rest is... I talk too much. What about your husband?

MARIANNE. Oh. We don't have to...

MARIE. No please tell me. It's so nice to pretend nothing is wrong in the world. Is yours a love story? I love love stories.

MARIANNE. It is a love story.

MARIE. Brava, then. *Allons-y*.

MARIANNE. Well. Vincent is a catch. He's strong, and tall, with these eyes that just make you tell him every little thing.

MARIE. Ooh.

MARIANNE. And he doesn't walk. Oh no. Vincent *strides*. Long legs and swinging arms, you know.

MARIE. (*Getting a little too excited.*) Uh-huh.

MARIANNE. And when that man wears a suit? Just give up, just don't even try to look away. But when he takes it *off*?

MARIE. TELL ME EVERYTHING.

MARIANNE. He courted me for months, but the truth is I thought he was too handsome.

MARIE. Too handsome is not a thing.

MARIANNE. Well, you don't want them *that* dashing, it'd make me worry.

MARIE. Not me—Dash Dash! OK, Vincent is a dream, he swings his arms, when is le smooch?

MARIANNE. Well I kept thinking "yes, he's very nice" and "yes he's from a good family." But I just wasn't sure I *really knew* him. Until. He let loose this *laugh*. We were talking about—I don't know—and out comes this rumbly, and loud, and big-old-stupid laugh.

Might we hear this laugh?

And that's when I agreed to marry him.

MARIE. That is literally hilarious!

MARIANNE. They're perfect when they're just a little flawed. You know?

MARIE. I do *not* know, but that sounds so fun!

MARIANNE. I miss him. And our kids, they're with my mom. Revolutions aren't for children.

MARIE. Work-life balance, I get it.

MARIANNE. It's hard. When Vincent went back to Saint-Domingue last month I...I knew it was the right thing. But even when we're apart for a day. I miss him.

MARIE. What's that like?

MARIANNE. Like. Sending a letter to your best friend that keeps getting returned.

*Marianne's expression darkens. Something's wrong.
Marie awkwardly pats Marianne's hand.*

MARIE. I don't usually comfort other people, am I doing it right?

MARIANNE. You're doing fine.

MARIE. Love letters lost...that is the saddest thing in the world. You know you could use one of my ships to find him? I think I still have some ships. I used to wear them in my hair, little ones with sails and everything, which does seem a bit excessive in retrospect. Anyway, we'll find out what happened—

MARIANNE. I think... I think he might be dead.

MARIE. *What?*

MARIANNE. I think they might have killed him.

MARIE. Oh my god.

MARIANNE. I don't know if they did but I swear I can tell that something is wrong, is profoundly and terribly...gone. And I don't know what to do. What do I do? Do I leave? Do I stay? What do I do?

Marie hugs her like a best friend. A perfect comfort.

MARIE. I understand this feeling. Don't go.

Marianne is surprised by the relief she feels telling someone.

MARIANNE. We each carry a final letter to the other in case something happens to one of us. So we know.

Marianne takes out a red-ribboned letter—hers to Vincent.

MARIE. This is his?

MARIANNE. No. Mine to him. I haven't seen his yet—

MARIE. Well there you go. Hope. Because we will not give up on him, we will find him.

And I will help you with everything I have left, Citizen Marianne.

She hands her some ribbons. Marianne actually means this...

MARIANNE. Thank you, Citizen Majesty.

Marie is stunned and appreciative.

Olympe enters with—

END