

OLYMPE. Well. I guess I... think up interesting people with enormous backstories and lots to lose and force them into action—

*Marie enters, looking lovely and startled.*

MARIE. 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... (*Whispered like it's a bad word.*) Antoinette.

CHARLOTTE. *Holy crap you're Marie-Antoinette?*

MARIE. *Isn't it exciting I'mSoFamous.*

MARIANNE. Infamous.

MARIE. *Famous.*

MARIANNE. Infamous.

CHARLOTTE. Wait. *You're the real Marie-Antoinette?*

MARIE. *I am so real!* Sigh. Sometimes I say it instead of doing it. It *used* to be so good to be real. Or did they always hate her? Did she mention her general confusion about this? She has no idea what's coming next, except that one day she woke up in a palace and went to sleep in a prison—not exactly prison—it was one of their lesser bedrooms—*with gunmen outside and no dessert!* The fear in her children's fancy eyes, trying to explain it to the dogs. The pressure, the amount of sudden exposition. It's all too much for Marie!

MARIANNE. And everyone watching her.

OLYMPE. Is there anything I can do for you, Majesty?

MARIE. I'm not even a "Majesty" anymore, the jerks.

MARIANNE. You're all Citizens now.

MARIE. But who wants a Citizen for a queen? That's ridiculous. (*To Olympe.*) I'm here for a rewrite.

OLYMPE. Oh god.

MARIE. Yes girl I need some help. First step: Make me Majesty again!

CHARLOTTE. Marat's the one who wanted to toss the monarchy. It all goes back to him.

OLYMPE. Exactly. There can be real reform *without* torching centuries of history.

MARIE. *Thank you.*

MARIANNE. But, come on, the royals aren't ready to change.

MARIE. No thank you.

MARIANNE. You aren't. You're dancing while Rome burns.

MARIE. First: It's Paris. Second: I had people dance *for* me. Third: We used to like me, the whole country would celebrate my birthday. How did it all turn into this rudeness and...murder.

MARIANNE. There's your title.

MARIE. Title? Whose title? I have so many titles.

OLYMPE. Not that kind of title.

CHARLOTTE. A play title. For a play.

MARIE. A *play* play? Which play? I'll play!

MARIANNE. It's her play. She's writing it.

OLYMPE. Yes. Olympe de Gouges, Your Majesty. Young playwright, activist, you might have heard of my moving political dramas—

MARIE. That's cute, no, I've heard that you're the only lady playwright left in Paris.

MARIANNE. And you need to rewrite your history because it makes you look bad.

MARIE. Most of it *does* make me look bad! You're hilarious.

MARIANNE. Not on purpose.

MARIE. Which is still hilarious! (*To Charlotte.*) You're pretty. And young. That must be fun. What are you?

CHARLOTTE. An assassin. It is fun.

MARIE. And who is your funny friend?

MARIANNE. Marianne Angelle. Not funny, not your friend, and we need to talk about colonization in the Caribbean right now.

MARIE. Caribbean? Ohmygod I *love* you guys. Wait. Are you a...? Like a real live...? LikeASlave?

MARIANNE. *No.* I'm a free woman. My husband and I came to France to demand full and recognized civil and political equality. We want slavery abolished across the entire French Empire.

OLYMPE. *I am so for that.*

CHARLOTTE. Yes We Can!