

*Marianne grabs paper and pen and she follows Charlotte.*

MARIANNE. OK. I think this might be worth writing home about.

*(To Olympe.)* You, keep writing.

*(To Marie.)* You, keep quiet.

*Marianne exits after Charlotte.*

MARIE. Enjoy your exit.

*Marie picks up the book Charlotte left.*

Oh, the little murderer left her book. Plutarch. *Parallel Lives*. Hilarious.

*Olympe thinks and thinks...*

*Marie is expectant but still.*

So...

I generally just wait until someone comes to get me...

Or I hear trumpets. I usually have to go if I hear trumpets.

*She listens. No trumpets.*

I'm good.

OLYMPE. *(Distracted but polite.)* Uh-huh.

MARIE. Or maybe I'm not good at all. Is it hot in here or is that just...mortality. Or sudden lack of sugar. And coffee. And husband. Not a great king. But a man. He's at least a man, you know? You shouldn't need to be great to be spared.

OLYMPE. *(Distracted but polite.)* Uh-huh.

MARIE. When did it all turn so cruel? Did I do this? Be honest, you seem honest. Is all of this because of me?

OLYMPE. Not...exactly.

MARIE. But did I make it worse? I did, didn't I. Am I...too pretty?

*Olympe is on thin ice...*

OLYMPE. Definitely too pretty.

MARIE. I thought so. Maybe if I change my hair, or perhaps less bosom?

OLYMPE. That would be a public service.

MARIE. Ugh. God. It's always the women who have to do the changing, isn't it?

OLYMPE. What did you say?

MARIE. Oh you know. Change this, Change that,  
ChangeYourEntirePersonalityAndAllegiance.  
What about what *we* want? You know? I could tell you a few things  
I'd like to change and they are *not* my last name.  
Now for the play, would you write me with different hair? I'd like to  
do my part for the cause.

OLYMPE. I don't think...I'm going to write a play anymore.

MARIE. Oh. I thought this was scene one?

OLYMPE. It was. And then it wasn't, then it was, now it's not again.

MARIE. That makes sense.

OLYMPE. (*An idea is forming, a good one.*) It does actually. Because  
we don't write what we know, we write what we want. And you're  
right, we don't need to change, *they* need to change.

MARIE. I'm right?! Gasp! Sometimes I say it instead of doing it.

OLYMPE. Yes. I can't waste time on a play—Marianne's right—A  
Declaration! For the Rights of Women! I could just take Thomas  
Paine's declaration and switch the gender. Oh that's great. See? OK—

MARIE. I starting to think this might not be OK.

OLYMPE. I will not only *write* this Declaration, I will *declare* this  
Declaration!

MARIE. Wait—

OLYMPE. Theatre and politics coming together!

MARIE. You thought they were separate?

OLYMPE. I will go to the National Assembly myself, and stand up  
and—

MARIE. You're going to the Assembly? In person? On purpose? Girl.  
Hold up. They're awful, they're overrun by Jacobins, like frothy mean  
Extremists that killed my husband. They will not like this.

OLYMPE. What good is a declaration if everyone already agrees?

MARIE. Yeah I'm really not seeing this ending well.

OLYMPE. It never ends well unless you write the ending yourself.  
If I have the right to die by their hand, I have the right to speak my  
mind. And I will.

*Olympe starts to write...and write...*