

Marianne and Marie sit around. Olympe storms in from SR

OLYMPE. GoddammitGoddammitGoddammit. I'm gonna let you ladies guess how my little solo show at the National Assembly went?

MARIE. Um... Poorly!

OLYMPE. Poorly does not properly convey the reviews it received. They booed me. *Hundreds of men booed me as I spoke.*

MARIE. Well, what good is a declaration if everyone already agrees.

OLYMPE. Well they could agree *a little*. How can these men hate a declaration of women's *equality* when that's exactly what *Egalité* is!

MARIANNE. But *Fraternité* it is not.

OLYMPE. *Goddammit*. What the hell is this revolution about? Ugh. World changing should be easier.

MARIE. I mean, my wig choices have done it on numerable occasions, (*Talking about Vincent.*) but we were just talking and Marianne is worried about—

MARIANNE. (*Deliberately not talking about Vincent.*) Marie don't, just—

MARIE. What?

MARIANNE. There's no need to say anything—

OLYMPE. What's going on?

MARIE. Her husband.

OLYMPE. What about him?

MARIE. She's worried that something might have happened to him.

OLYMPE. Marianne, what's she talking about?

MARIANNE. I...I haven't heard from him in weeks. Something's not right. I don't know anything for sure but—

OLYMPE. Have you seen his last letter? The last letter he keeps for you?

MARIANNE. No, but—

OLYMPE. Then I'm sure he's fine. You'd know if he wasn't.

MARIANNE. Yes, but it's just strange that he hasn't—

OLYMPE. Don't worry before there's a problem. There's enough going on already. You should have seen the way those men at the Assembly glared at me. One guy threw a shoe. I mean it's so obvious

what I was asking for and they wouldn't even hear me out. Maybe I start killing people like Charlotte. That seems to make them listen.

MARIE. It's making people *talk*, not listen.

OLYMPE. I just can't believe she actually did it.

MARIE. I can. That girl. She has some—

OLYMPE. Conviction.

MARIE. Cheekbones.

MARIANNE. Upper body leverage.

OLYMPE. I wish I had her certainty.

MARIE. You mean cheekbones.

OLYMPE. (*To Marianne.*) Ladies, I can't help but think this revolution might not be for us anymore. But I want it to be, I want to have faith in justice.

MARIANNE. I do.

OLYMPE. In common sense.

MARIE. I do not.

OLYMPE. *In a good story.* But what are they doing for us at the moment? Not much. Makes me want to abandon everything

MARIANNE. No. Don't say that. You need to remind yourself what we're fighting for: conviction, sacrifice for the greater good. Come with me to see Charlotte.

MARIE. To a prison? Oh no. I'm afraid they'll never let me out.

MARIANNE. Olympe, come on. She needs us.

OLYMPE. She needs us to be implicated and die with her? I don't think so.

MARIANNE. She needs you to tell her story.

OLYMPE. I will. From here.

MARIANNE. You're really that scared.

OLYMPE. I'm not scared.

MARIE. You sound a little scared.

MARIANNE. And you cannot give up now, none of us can. Because it seems like it's going to get worse—

MARIE. A lot worse.