

Olympe and Marianne are in the room when there is a loud knocking. There is no actual door so they are just talking to the air. Charlotte enters from one of the wings.

OLYMPE. Well. *You're* the one at the door, who are you?

CHARLOTTE. You're obviously at the door too, and I'm here for a writer.

MARIANNE. Did she say a writer?

OLYMPE. I think that's what she said.

*Charlotte bursts in with a book.*

CHARLOTTE. YES IT'S WHAT I SAID, I SAID A WRITER, I NEED A WRITER, WHO IS THE WRITER AND WHAT'S MY LINE? Are you a writer? If not— (*Turning to Marianne.*) are *you* a writer? This isn't a complicated question. *Where do they keep the writers, I need a line.*

OLYMPE. I'm sorry, you need a *line*?

CHARLOTTE. That's what I said, but I don't care what *I'd* say, I wanna know what *you'd* say. Isn't that how this works? I need that to be how this works.

MARIANNE. And I need you to back the France off. What do you want? Who sent you?

CHARLOTTE. *I* sent me and, I want some dialogue. That's what you do right? You're that real live lady writer guy? You write plays and stuff.

MARIANNE. And pamphlets about the rights of Caribbean slaves, which means she's very busy and we have no idea who you are or whose side you're on, also you're very loud and immediately unsettling, so why don't we do this another time and/or never.

CHARLOTTE. *I don't have time for another time and/or never.* I have a guy to murder, which will land me on the scaffold, which is why I came to you, which is why, as I yelled upon arrival, I NEED A LINE. My actions will be talked about for centuries and I don't want to sound like a dingbat. I need something that will sink into their memories for all time, something with a lot of "fuck you" in it. So. Playwright. Write.

OLYMPE. I mean...thank you for your enthusiasm but this isn't really my thing—

CHARLOTTE. COME ON. How many feminist playwrights do you think there are in Paris. *One. You.*

OLYMPE. And trust me that turning down an opportunity to tell

someone what to say is *really* hard for me but I'm already juggling a lot now.

CHARLOTTE. Aren't we all: life, revolution, impossible beauty standards. *Help me.*

OLYMPE. I'm trying to help a lot of people...without leaving my office.

CHARLOTTE. Please. It's rare to be in the company of like minds in like corsets, and I know you're a "writery" kind of writer. So. If you write it? I'll say it, I'll shout it, I'll sing it.

OLYMPE. Sing it?

MARIANNE. NO.

CHARLOTTE. YES.

OLYMPE. Can you just gimme some context here. *What* exactly do you need written?

CHARLOTTE. Last words.

MARIANNE. Last words?

OLYMPE. Like...for a toast? Are you going to a wedding?

CHARLOTTE. No. I'm going to kill Jean-Paul Marat.

By stabbing.

Because he's awful.

MARIANNE. You're going to kill the journalist Marat?

CHARLOTTE. Yeah. Because he's awful.

OLYMPE. And by stabbing?!

CHARLOTTE. Yeah. Because he's awful.

OLYMPE. OK. Well. Now I *have* to write a play about her.

MARIANNE. *What about my pamphlets?*

OLYMPE. What about a torrid romance between a gorgeous assassin and a narcoleptic judge!

MARIANNE. No.

CHARLOTTE. What? No. I need *one* line, not a whole (and obviously terrible) play.

OLYMPE. (*Making a note.*) No I'm really seeing this. A woman willing to risk it all for vigilante justice. Yes!