

Marianne: 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. *PleaseDon'tLeaveMeI'mScared.*

*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*.