

## FOUR.

*Charlotte in a prison cell.  
Marianne is visiting her.*

CHARLOTTE. And after all the shoving and the yelling, they get me to the prison. And I'm exhausted right? And then they had to check my *virginity*, of course. And they were like "She's a virgin!" And I was like "not after you checked, I'm not." And it wasn't the intimate violation of it that bugged me—though I swear to god some guy hit on me *on the way to prison*—It was that they were *sure* there was a man involved. "She wouldn't have avenged her people on her own, she must have been fucked into it." I mean Jesus Christ a girl can't even assassinate someone without judgment. I'm joining Olympe's group.

MARIANNE. What's Olympe's group?

CHARLOTTE. I heard that she declared something at the Assembly. Some big women's group? For girls to go scouting or something?

MARIANNE. I don't think that's what she was—

CHARLOTTE. Oh yeah, that's what they were saying in my virginity check.

MARIANNE. No, it was a Declaration for all Women. *Egalité* means equality for everyone, that's her point.

CHARLOTTE. Exactly what I'm saying! Who checks the boys' virginity when they go to prison for murder, huh? *No one*. That'd be equality, that'd be...something...good.

MARIANNE. You OK?

CHARLOTTE. Me? Fine. Good. I mean... I did the deed. Stabbity-Stab, he's dead, what I wanted. So...yeah.

MARIANNE. You know, they're calling you the Angel of Assassins.

CHARLOTTE. Oooh. Really? That's not bad.

MARIANNE. Yeah, kind of a girl-next-door-meets-Joan-of-Arc vibe.

CHARLOTTE. Nice. Wait. They think I'm crazy?

MARIANNE. No.

CHARLOTTE. Because Joan of Arc was kinda crazy. I'm not crazy, I'm fed up, I *had* to kill him, it was a civic duty...that felt fucking awesome. I mean the *feel* of it? Of righteous vengeance is just...floral, like a blooming of power and rightness and—goddammit it's what sex must feel like.

MARIANNE. I mean...

CHARLOTTE. The way that man looked at me with my knife in his chest. I was this close to him, his breath on my lips, leaning into him, and I said—I actually said this—"You. Die. Now." But that's not crazy that's...just very literal.

MARIANNE. I mean...

CHARLOTTE. Did I tell you some guy's painting my portrait? That's kinda cool. Wait till Jacques sees that. Fucker. And people are reading my letter? The last line might have been a bit much but I didn't have Olympe's help.

MARIANNE. Yes it's circulating in a pamphlet. Widely. But...

CHARLOTTE. What.

MARIANNE. There's also some...celebration...of Marat.

CHARLOTTE. *Wait what?*

MARIANNE. Now this was bound to happen, but some idiots are trying to turn him into a martyr.

CHARLOTTE. Some? I mean...not *many*, not *some*. A faction. A small but vocal faction? Right?

MARIANNE. ...right.

*Hard pause.*

CHARLOTTE. Well. Sometimes history judges slowly. My trial is tomorrow. It'd be nice to see a familiar face. I am preparing my Steely Look of Unwavering Calm, but I may need a high-five before I go onstage.

MARIANNE. You mean on trial.

CHARLOTTE. Same thing. All the world's an audience.

MARIANNE. Are you quoting Olympe at me?

CHARLOTTE. Am I? Oh god. Never tell her this.