

MARIE. I mean... Sigh.

Transition...

TWO.

Charlotte...

*Standing beside a bright white claw-foot tub
full of water.*

*She holds the knife. She wears her red ribbon.
She recites her letter.*

CHARLOTTE. It is to you, the good people of France, that I must define these actions. I am doing this with the full knowledge that I will be soon in the quiet arms of Madame Guillotine, but... Jean-Paul Marat, by eight o'clock tonight, shall be dead.

Switch to Olympe...

*Olympe stands at a podium in a loud, cavernous room
full of angry men.*

She reads with verve:

OLYMPE. When will women ask ourselves... What has this Revolution given *us*? And if the answer is *nothing*? When will we take it for ourselves?

CHARLOTTE. Until Marat is silenced, you, my friends, will live in danger. So. I will avenge us all.

OLYMPE. So. I now present this Declaration of the Rights of Woman and the Female Citizen.

Article One: Woman is born free and lives equal to man.

*Male objection resounds! Olympe stands there, breathing in
the moment.*

CHARLOTTE. As the murderer Marat draws his final breath, there will at last be peace in France.

You're welcome.

Charlotte Corday.

With a swift strike Charlotte "kills" Marat

*and the water in the tub bloodies.
She stands there, bloody, breathing in the moment.
Switch to Marianne...*

Marianne reads a letter.

MARIANNE. My dear Vincent,
We fight for this better world *together* even if we are a world away.
I fight harder with you in my heart.
More news of the Paris revolution enclosed. Be safe and write soon.

*She stands there breathing in the paper and the memory of
her husband.*

*Blackout on Olympe.
Blackout on Charlotte.
Blackout on Marianne.
Switch to Marie...*

To no one...except maybe her ribbons.

MARIE. So here's what I don't get. Isn't the definition of a *revolution*
"the turning about of an object on a central axis thereby landing its
journeyman in the same exact spot whereon they started"? Because
that seems like a waste of *everyone's* time.

Which transitions to...

THREE.

Marie still waiting, playing with some ribbon.

Marianne runs in...

They had both hoped to not be alone with each other.

They make each other nervous...

MARIANNE. It's happening. It's all happening. *Olympe?*

MARIE. Nope. Lady writer left a while ago.

MARIANNE. So. It's just...me and Marie-Antoinette.