

**CHARLOTTE CALLBACK**

*(KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the door. Olympe and Marianne freeze. Oh no. Then...Knockknockknockknockknock – like a hummingbird knocking, fast and fluttery. Marianne gets on one side of the door with a book held as a weapon if needed, through the door...)*

OLYMPE:  
Who's there?

CHARLOTTE:  
Who's... *there*?

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?

*(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 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:  
This woman is an artist, she doesn't do spin. So whatever slogan you're looking for?

You're wasting your time. Also you're very loud and immediately unsettling, so why don't we set up a coffee for later -

CHARLOTTE:

*I don't have time for later.* 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 – well – thank you for your enthusiasm....but I'm not writing plays at the moment.

CHARLOTTE:

WHY THE HELL NOT? 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.

CHARLOTTE:

*Then help me.*

OLYMPE:

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

MARIANNE:

You know *I* could use a declaration too. Write one for me.

CHARLOTTE:

What if I need a declaration? Would you help me then? Please. It's so 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 declare it. Loudly. (*loudly*) REALLY REALLY LOUDLY.

OLYMPE:

And *what* exactly do you need declared? What's at the heart of your - ?

CHARLOTTE:

I'm going to kill Jean-Paul Marat. By stabbing. Because he's awful.

MARIANNE:

The journalist Marat?

Yeah. Because he's awful.

CHARLOTTE:

And by stabbing?!

OLYMPE:

Yeah. Because he's awful.

CHARLOTTE:

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

OLYMPE: