

## CHARLOTTE SIDE #1

(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 rapey-ness of it that bugged be – 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 in to 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. *Egalite* 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 in to 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 see 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 quote Olympe at me?

CHARLOTTE:

Am I? Oh god. Never tell her this.

MARIANNE:

I would never.  
(*they share a smile*)  
And I'll be at the trial. You're an example for us all to keep fighting, do what we have to, even if it means being very... literal.

(*Charlotte cries – for him, for herself.*)

CHARLOTTE:

Would you. Please fight for me too. I don't think I finished the job.

MARIANNE:

I don't know if we'll ever finish it.

CHARLOTTE:

But I don't even know if I helped. *Like at all.* What if I just made it worse? Oh god, am I crazy? Did I do the right thing? I mean I know technically murder is wrong most of the time but – oh god this is not – oh god –

MARIANNE:

As a wise and weird woman once said: we may not know the rightness of our revolutions nor the heroes of our stories for generations to come.  
But I think you're one of them. And I will carry you into every fray I can find.  
(*The sound of approaching men unblocking steel doors. They're coming for her.*)

CHARLOTTE:

Ok tell people – tell them – I don't know. I'm not great with words. Tell Olympe to find the words.

MARIANNE:

She found these.

*(Marianne hands her a slip of paper.)*

CHARLOTTE:

For me? Really? Oh thank you, *thank you*.

MARIANNE:

Don't thank me. Or her. It was literally the least she could do.

CHARLOTTE:

No it's not. It's everything. Absolutely everything.

MARIANNE:

*(re: her new line)*

Now when you say that... Look up, find your light, and say it loud.

CHARLOTTE:

OK. Um. I'm really scared.

MARIANNE:

Of course you are. And that's ok.

CHARLOTTE:

I'm so scared.

MARIANNE:

I know. But don't let anyone else know it. You're brave, and ready, and not alone. Good work, young assassin.

CHARLOTTE:

Thank you. Thank you.

*(Marianne hugs her and runs off just in time.)*

*Beat. The ending builds out of Charlotte's preparing for death.)*

CHARLOTTE:

Ok.

Ok.