

MARIANNE CALLBACK #1:

MARIE:

... 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*.

MARIANNE:

Well. Vincent is a catch. He's strong, and tall, with these eyes that just make you tell him every little thing.

MARIE:

Ooh.

MARIANNE:

And he doesn't walk. Oh no. Vincent *strides*. Long legs and swinging arms, you know.

MARIE:

(getting a little too excited) Uh huh.

MARIANNE:

And when that man wears a suit? Just give up, just don't even try to look away. But when he takes it *off*?

MARIE:

TELL ME EVERYTHING.

MARIANNE:

He courted me for months, but the truth is I thought he was too handsome.

MARIE:

Too handsome is not a thing.

MARIANNE:

Well, you don't want them *that* dashing, it'd make me worry.

MARIE:

Not me – Dash Dash! OK, Vincent is a dream, he swings his arms, when is le smooch?

MARIANNE:

Well I kept thinking “yes, he's very nice” and “yes he could support me”. But I just wasn't sure I *really knew* him. Until. He let loose this *laugh*. We were talking about – I don't know –and out comes this rumbly, and loud, and big-old-stupid laugh. And that's when I agreed to marry him.

MARIE:

That is literally hilarious!

MARIANNE:

They're perfect when they're just a little flawed. You know?

MARIE:

I do *not* know, but that sounds so fun!

MARIANNE:

I miss him. And our kids, they're with my mom. Revolutions aren't for children.

MARIE:

Work-life balance, I get it.

MARIANNE:

It's hard. When Vincent went back to Saint-Domingue last month I... I knew it was the right thing. But even when we're apart for a day. I miss him.

MARIE:

What's that like?

MARIANNE:

Like. Sending a letter to your best friend that keeps getting returned.
(*Marianne's expression darkens. Something's wrong. Marie awkwardly pats Marianne's hand*)

MARIE:

I don't usually comfort other people, am I doing it right?

MARIANNE:

You're doing fine.

MARIE:

Love letters lost... that is the saddest thing in the world. You know you could use one of my ships to find him? I think I still have some ships. I used to wear them in my hair, little ones with sails and everything, which does seem a bit excessive in retrospect. Anyway, we'll find out what happened –

MARIANNE:

I think... I think he might be dead.

MARIE:

What?

MARIANNE:

I think they might have killed him.

MARIE:

Oh my god.

MARIE

I don't know if they did but I swear I can tell that something is wrong, is profoundly and terribly... gone. And I don't know what to do. What do I do? Do I leave? Do I stay? What do I do?

(Marie hugs her like a best friend. A perfect comfort.)

MARIE:

I understand this feeling. Don't go.

(Marianne is surprised by the relief she feels telling someone.)

MARIANNE:

We each carry a final letter to the other in case something happens to one of us. So we know.

(Marianne takes out a red-ribboned letter – hers to Vincent)

MARIE:

This is his?

MARIANNE:

No. Mine to him. I haven't seen his yet -

MARIE:

Well there you go. Hope. Because we will not give up on him, we will find him.
And I will help you with everything I have left, Citizen Marianne.
(She hands her some ribbons. Marianne actually means this...)

MARIANNE:

Thank you. Citizen Majesty.