

MARIANNE SIDE

MARIANNE:

How could you leave her, leave us all?

OLYMPE:

I will be with you in one minute but I think that Marie-Antoinette took my goddamn play. Which means *they* have it now, which means... suddenly I wish I'd written a romantic comedy.

MARIANNE:

No one cares about your stupid play. Fiction doesn't matter if you're only using it to hide from reality – our reality – this reality, the one where your friends need you and are dying alone and you're trying to get your lines right.

OLYMPE:

My... No. I'm trying to save our lives.

MARIANNE:

There's nothing to save if you don't stand for anything.

OLYMPE:

No, there's nothing to save if they kill us because they find my script in Marie Antoinette's pocket. Now.*(a decision)* Burn the pages. All my scripts, all the pamphlets. Anything left. We burn them, drown them, eat them, just get rid of them.

MARIANNE:

No.

OLYMPE:

Yes. We have to. And we leave tonight.

MARIANNE:

No. No more of this running and dodging.

OLYMPE:

If I don't, if they find any trace of my writing about any of us, they come for me, so start burning shit.

MARIANNE:

And if you destroy them you destroy Charlotte and Marie and me. You destroy me. Because no one writes me down. But I thought you were. Sisterhood of heroes. Bullshit.

OLYMPE:

Hey.

MARIANNE:

NO. *(Talking about Vincent now)* If you burn this story then everything we've fought for, everything that's happened, *every single person that has thrown their life into this will be as blank and mute as the paper you can't seem to fill.*

OLYMPE:

You seem upset, I get that, but I'm just saying what we know is true: this fight isn't winnable any more. It's unstoppable this violence and-

MARIANNE:

Isn't winnable?

OLYMPE:

It's not.

MARIANNE:

It is.

OLYMPE:

It's not.

MARIANNE:

(furious) They killed my husband and you tell me that "this isn't winnable?"

OLYMPE:

Wait – what?

MARIANNE:

(furious sarcasm) It's just a game and he lost? NO. No –

OLYMPE:

(she gets it) Marianne, wait -

MARIANNE:

It can be won, and it will be won, because people like him died for something real, unlike you and your goddamn stories that you abandon just when it's your time to stand for something.

OLYMPE:

I didn't – I'm sorry –

MARIANNE:

They killed him like he was theirs to throw away as they pleased, but he was mine. *He was mine first.*

OLYMPE:

Oh Marianne I'm –

MARIANNE:

THIS IS NOT YOUR LINE.

OLYMPE:

I'm sorry, I'm saying I'm sorry.

MARIANNE:

(Marianne is fucking furious)

You're always saying, saying, saying, and you never listen. *Because this is all about you. Because you cannot feel anything unless it's staged.* Other people are losing their families while you're trying to craft the perfect exit. Well I'm gonna blow your mind here and tell you that this might not be *your* story in the end. Yes – Holy shit, the lady who has the time to sit down and write her little skits *might not be the hero of the French Fucking Revolution.*

OLYMPE:

Ok just hold on a second. You didn't tell me about Vincent.

MARIANNE:

Maybe this is why. You've been pillaging and stealing and looting our stories to make yours matter but you seem to forget that *this is happening to real people.*

OLYMPE:

You came to me, you all came to me, and asked for my help -

MARIANNE:

And you are failing us because you're not writing what's real. Because you don't get that art and honor require sacrifice and selflessness or else they don't work. You don't get that art isn't shelter from the real world, it's the soul of it. The real world, the world you say you want to change, is too much to bear and you run. You run. You are allowed the privilege of telling stories, of naming yourself but here you tremble afraid of your own power. Maybe that's why your writing doesn't mean anything.

OLYMPE:

I am *not* – I am not scared of that – I went to the National Assembly myself and –

MARIANNE:

Told them what you thought they could handle. It didn't work. Now you're cowering in the shadows, abandoning your friends. Where is my declaration, huh? You wrote half a play for *Marie-Antoinette because she's easy to stage.* *Where are my words, Olympe?* Or am I one of those breathless puppets to which you so often resort.

OLYMPE:

You can't berate me and call me false and then beg me to help you.

MARIANNE:

I'm not begging for anything from you. I don't need you.

OLYMPE:

Finally! I've been waiting for you to declare *your damn self* and stop waiting for me.

MARIANNE:

And I'm waiting for you to realize that you can't write the world if you're not in it! You can't change it if you can't see it! And you can't be a hero if you're too scared to show up. Or is this all just another drama you'll never finish?