

**Audition Sides****The Revolutionists by Lauren Gunderson**

Marianne Pg 1 | Charlotte Pg 2 | Olympe Pg 3 | Marie Antoinette Pg 4

**Marianne Angelle** (F, plays 30s, black, age flexible): *badass black woman in Paris. She is from the Caribbean, a free woman, a spy working with her husband, Vincent. Tough, classy, vigilant, the sanest one of them all.*

**MARIANNE:** You're all Citizens now. But, come on, the royals aren't ready to change. You aren't. You're dancing while Rome burns. I'm Marianne Angelle. Not funny, not your friend, and we need to talk about colonization in the Caribbean right now. I'm a free woman. My husband and I came to France to demand full and recognized civil and political equality. We want slavery abolished across the entire French Empire...  
I AM A FREE WOMAN OF MEANS LIKE YOU AND YOU AND YOU. I AM NO ONE'S SERVANT, I'M JUST STANDING NEARBY.

(*To Marie.*) And you, Citizen, should know right now that the men and women of Saint-Domingue, who are dying in the sticky heat of your greed and oppression, the slaves who have suffered under your lash, have started a revolution of their own. It's not two revolutions...It's the same revolution, the same rights, the same freedoms, just applied to your slaves instead of your peasants. We know you need us. You people love our sugar, and coffee, and indigo. So we have leverage. A country of our own and you get your coffee. *All cake comes with sugar and all sugar comes from families dying in the drowning heat a world away.* Figurehead or actual head it's *yours* that should roll, not ours. You are everything wrong with a class of people so vacant-hearted that they can't see the horror of their own luxury. She's not worthy, Olympe. She doesn't belong with us. She is not a revolutionist.

**Charlotte Corday** (F, plays 25, age and ethnicity flexible): *badass country girl and assassin. Very serious, hardened by righteousness. Never been kissed. Has a pocket watch she keeps checking. Also plays FRATERNITE in a mask.*

**#1 CHARLOTTE:** I'm here for a Writer. 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.* 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. I want some dialogue. That's what you do right? You're that real live lady writer guy? You write plays and stuff. *I don't have time for another time and/or never.* I have a guy to murder, which will land me on the scaffold, which is why I came to you, which 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.

**#2 CHARLOTTE:** And after all the shoving and the yelling, they get me to 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 intimate violation of it that bugged me – 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've been fucked into it." I mean Jesus Christ a girl can't even assassinate someone without judgment. I'm joining Olympe's group.

**Olympe De Gouges** (F, plays 38, age and ethnicity flexible): *badass activist playwright and feminist. Theatre nerd, excitable, passionate, a showman. Widowed and never married to ensure her personal freedom.*

**OLYMPE:** Ok, yeah, this is going to start moving really fast now. Marat's death has made things very bad, very quickly. The revolution has turned violent, anything done or said against the Republic is now treason and treason is punished by death. There are mobs in the streets, Marat's a martyr, Charlotte's on trial, and I've finally found something to write about - !

Well the declaration was a bust and you're really interesting. So, back to plays. Fiction I can fix. Reality is way too hard to write. At least drama has some structure. We're headed somewhere clear. And I have to admit that this play might be good. Like actually good. Actually, it's a very serious epic historical political drama with a few songs that will be a vindication for generations! Because it will last five hours. The title has to be sweeping and profound. Something like... "*France Preserved*"! (*A better title.*) Ok maybe... "*France Saved*" (*The extended title.*) "*France Saved; or, A Tyrant Dethroned*". There we go, that's it. I want a country that owns itself and I don't think we can do that with a monarchy so this play, the story tells itself. Setting: The queen's private chamber in the palace on the eve of the fall of the monarchy. You're desperate. You're plotting any way to uphold the crumbling royal institution while the revolutionary forces are at your door. Then a woman comes to you, to convince you to let go of the old ways and embrace the new, to compromise. Her name is Olympe. I call it "Meta Theatre." The point is to be a little confusing. (beat) *The play could save us both.* By showing you learning a goddamn lesson for starters. By showing people that revolutions needn't be so bloody, That they can be kind and creative. I'm telling you, Your Majesty, This play. Will be. Important. Now, the first act ends with Olympe convincing the queen to work with the revolutionaries to create a Constitutional Monarchy that truly embraces Libert ,  galit . The country is saved by its women. A play that doesn't end. If I'm writing what I really want? That'd be it.

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**Marie Antoinette** (F, plays 38, age and ethnicity flexible): *less badass but fascinating former queen of France. Bubbly, graceful, opinionated, totally unaware, unintentionally rude, and oddly prescient. Never had a real friend. Also plays FRATERNITE in a mask.*

**MARIE:** Marie enters! Is she late? Or lost? What were they talking about? Was it her? It's always her. Or is she being her again? It's a confusing time. Hello.

Marie...*(Whispered like it's a bad word.)* Antoinette. *Isn't it exciting I'm So Famous. I am so real!* Sigh. Sometimes I say it instead of doing it. It used to be so good to be real. Or did they always hate her? Did she mention her general confusion about this? She has no idea what's coming next, except that one day she woke up in a palace and went to sleep in a prison – not exactly prison – it was one of their lesser bedrooms – *with gunmen outside and no dessert!* The fear in her children's fancy eyes, trying to explain it to the dogs. The pressure, the amount of sudden exposition. It's all too much for Marie! I'm not even a "Majesty" anymore, the jerks. But who wants a Citizen for a queen? That's ridiculous. *(To Olympe)* I'm here for a rewrite. Yes girl I need some help. First step: Make me Majesty again! *(Sincere)* I know what most people think of me. It's not very nice. And I deserve...some of it. And I have a feeling I might die sooner than later, but I would very much like later to know that I was a real person. Who bled and gave birth in a closed room with two hundred people watching so give a little credit here. I just...I care. I care so much about my people and my country. I just need better press. You can do that for me Madame De Gouges. I was hoping that you would. I would be honored to be in your play. *(To Marianne.)* And try to earn your respect. Via meaningful connection...and minor revisionism.