

LOUIS. SHHH //  
 MARIE. Well you did!  
 LOUIS. Maybe it'll just resolve itself!  
 MARIE. Its been seven *years*. There's a lot of animus towards me They're saying I'm barren.  
 LOUIS. I don't *want* to get an operation.  
 MARIE. Its very minor.  
 LOUIS. (*tiny, sad*) It's my penis.  
 MARIE. Will you stop acting like a baby // I'm  
 LOUIS. *You* get an operation See how you like it //  
 MARIE. (*to herself, exiting*) Oh my god Forget it.  
 LOUIS. I'M ORDERING YOU NOT TO SWEAR  
 (*She exits.*)  
 LOUIS. (*hurt, deflated*) Where are you going?

END

START

3.

MARIE—FERSEN

(*Late night promenade, Bois de Boulogne*)

(*We hear fireworks in the distance, and see, sporadically, the glare.*)

FERSEN. (*takes her fan*) What's this?

MARIE. (*takes it back*) Fragonard.

(*She flicks it open.*)

FERSEN. Ooh la la very fancy.

MARIE. Well they do call me *the butterfly queen*.

(*She fans herself, does a little spin, "flutters", trips, laughs at herself, FERSEN catches her. It's suddenly tense.*)

FERSEN. Watch out little butterfly or I'll catch you in my nets.

MARIE. What'll you do.

FERSEN. Pin you to the wall;

MARIE. Then I'll scream -

FERSEN. Butterflies can't scream They just beat their little impaled wings //

MARIE. And then they get pressed in a book and forgotten That's a sad end.

FERSEN. That's life.

MARIE. (*disentangling herself from him*) Nice epaulets.

FERSEN. How're things at home?

MARIE. Louis thinks you're ignoring him.

FERSEN. Doesn't he know we're having an affair.

MARIE. We're not.

(*pause*)

FERSEN. Aren't we?

(*beat*)

MARIE. No.

FERSEN. Seems a waste.

[STOP]

MARIE. Look I'm attracted to // you:

FERSEN. And it's // mutual

MARIE. But I'm married and people talk //

FERSEN. Not that you care a whit.

MARIE. (*posture straightening*) Don't I.

(*pause*)

FERSEN. That's

that's not the impression I get.

(*beat*)

MARIE. (*regal, distant*) Your impressions are mistakenly formed.

(*beat*)

FERSEN. Are you happy?

(*pause*)

MARIE. (*resisting him*) You're forgetting your station.

(*FERSEN retracts, embarrassed; looks up at the fireworks; awkward silence.*)

END

FERSEN. Look.

All the colors.

(*Fireworks; more silence*)

MARIE. The night Louis and I were married there was a violent thunderstorm and they had to cancel the fireworks and it's been like that ever since.

(*She looks at him; beat*)

FERSEN. What are you going to do?

(*pause; MARIE transfixed gaze on fireworks; she's desperate to stay composed.*)

MARIE. I'm a little bit trapped I'm afraid.

(*pause*)

FERSEN. It's a lovely night.

(*silence; pace slackens*)

MARIE. (*a part of her that's untouched*) Ten years from now how will you remember me.

FERSEN. Like this:

MARIE. How.

FERSEN. A butterfly with opalescent wings.

(*MARIE says nothing; we hear the fireworks.*)

FERSEN. Is that bad?

MARIE. No.

FERSEN. What's the matter?

MARIE. (*gazing absently at the glare in the sky*) Nothing. (*pause*) Sometimes I feel like a game that other people play but without me. It's kind of lonely actually.

(*pause*)

FERSEN. You feel used?

MARIE. Is that what I mean?

FERSEN. Don't you know?

MARIE. (*being truthful*) No.

MARIE. (*after a beat*) I'm tired.

(*She rises.*)

Three feet of hair is a workout I must say, I get neckaches.

(*She kisses him on the cheek.*)

MARIE. I'll have to speak to Leonard about it //

FERSEN. Who //

MARIE. My hairdresser; maybe I'll chop it all off.

(*The sounds of a horse carriage.*)

MARIE. Call me.

(*She disappears in the carriage.*)