

START

6.

[TITLE: 10 Years Later]

*(Outdoors, practicing archery)**(MARIE is more modestly dressed than in previous scenes.)*

MARIE. I'm having a change of heart.

LAMBALLE. About what?

MARIE. I don't know, everything.

I think things are taking a turn for the better.

I'm still keeping those Records.

LAMBALLE. Which?

MARIE. My spending's way down //

LAMBALLE. You're keeping records?

MARIE. *I told you that.*LAMBALLE. *(flummoxed)* When?MARIE. I cut my spending in half. I keep my receipts,  
I have this little ledger and everything.

LAMBALLE. This is incredible!

MARIE. I don't know if the rest of

France thinks it's so great.

Your turn:

*(LAMBALLE's turn. A short pause as she deliberates whether to speak.)*LAMBALLE. *(forced nonchalance)* That uh. Woman... escaped prison.

MARIE. Who?

LAMBALLE. Lamotte.

MARIE. Ugh Enough with the *necklace* already!*(an uncomfortable pause)*LAMBALLE. *(demurring)* Uh. Yes well She's. She's telling everyone you're a lesbian and that you two had this... lesbian affair.

MARIE. She's been saying that for years //

LAMBALLE. But people are starting to believe // it

MARIE. How can I be both a lesbian and blowing the whole infantry at Versailles?! //

LAMBALLE. Or //

MARIE. Be *consistent*.LAMBALLE. *(Is there any more giandua?)*MARIE. *(I can get you more) - "Tilly?" //*LAMBALLE. *(No that's alright My // figure)*

MARIE. I mean I flirt but that's healthy Lots of women flirt.

*(beat)* It's in my personality.LAMBALLE. *(demurring)* Yes.

MARIE. You think it's too much?

LAMBALLE. *(beat; gingerly)* Maybe a little prudence isn't a bad thing.MARIE. *("fun")* I used a know a girl called prudence, British, she had *horrible* teeth -*(beat)*MARIE. *(somber)* Yes you're right.

You know me I just hate any kind of constriction.

LAMBALLE. I know //

MARIE. I feel so hemmed in //

LAMBALLE. But you are the queen.

MARIE. Yes I am that. *(beat)* You're right. I don't know why I'm feeling so defensive; I don't have anything to prove.

LAMBALLE. And then these scurrilous rumors'll be put to rout //

MARIE. Yes //

LAMBALLE. *(sanguine smile)* And the cartoons.*(MARIE eats a chocolate.)*

MARIE. Yes.

*(stops chewing)*

What cartoons.

LAMBALLE. (*trying to make it go away*) I've heard  
I haven't seen // them.

MARIE. Bullshit What are they of //

LAMBALLE. I haven't seen them Marie I // swear –

MARIE. Oh *bullshit!*

LAMBALLE. One hears things.

[STOP]

MARIE. (*panic*) What else?

LAMBALLE. (*playing dumb*) What do you mean?

MARIE. You're such a bad liar Stop it.

(*beat*)

LAMBALLE. Ok.

There's an autobiography circulating //

MARIE. By whom?

LAMBALLE. *You* supposedly and // you're

MARIE. *Me* //

LAMBALLE. Yeah and you're confessing all your "sins" //

MARIE. "Sins"?

LAMBALLE. From when you were a prostitute?

(*MARIE laughs. She stops. LAMBALLE's not joking. She holds her head, a migraine's coming on.*)

MARIE. (*quiet*)

Why didn't anyone give me a copy of this  
did you read it?

Text

LAMBALLE. No //

MARIE. But people have read it  
people believe // it

LAMBALLE. It strains credulity;  
most people I spoke to // about it

MARIE. (*panic*) Most? //

LAMBALLE. I //

MARIE. Who have you spoke to?

LAMBALLE. Hardly anyone –

(*pause*)

MARIE. (*no affect, distant*) Oh.

Ok.

Oh so that's why I haven't seen the  
Polignacs, yes I see.

END

(*pause*)

LAMBALLE. A tiny stain on one's // reputation –

MARIE. (*exasperated*) TINY?

(*shift to imperiousness*)

I'm a *queen* Therese not a whore.

I'll have them branded and  
imprisoned for life.

LAMBALLE. Is that a Good Idea do you // think

MARIE. (*temper*) No it's not a Good Idea It's an apotheosis.

LAMBALLE. Look what happened with the Necklace.

(*On the word "necklace", MARIE freezes.*)

LAMBALLE. Spare yourself a second humiliation.

(*Pause. Stumps. She's humbled yet again.*)

MARIE. I don't even know what apotheosis means.

LAMBALLE. It'll blow over;

be patient.

(*beat; she takes a breath, picks up a quiver.*)

MARIE. (*weakly optimistic*) I'm spending a lot less. That's  
something,

Right?

LAMBALLE. It'll blow over You'll see.

(*LAMBALLE shoots an arrow.*)

LAMBALLE. Crap My aim's getting worse.

MARIE. Actually, it's interesting: Louis held me the other  
night; He said "I'm proud of you". He's never said that  
to me.

LAMBALLE. You see?