MARIE

You accuse me of so much.

I have never been allowed to speak on my own terms. I have

never been free to tell my truth.

They accuse me of affairs, of treason and malicious intent,

but who are they to think such things of me?

What else have I ever known? What else could I have become?

I lost my husband in January, and that hurt me. I lost my

home, years ago, when they sold me in marriage to him.

Fourteen years old, and a bride. Fourteen years old, and all

of a sudden, a queen. What would you have done? Who are any

of you, to accuse me?

All I wanted, in the end, was to protect my children. To

keep them safe and by my side. And you took them from me, in

the end.

Turned my own son against me, and had him spout

lies. Lies that brought me here.

*(MARIE turns to look at the*

*guillotine, and takes a deep*

*breath, steadying herself.)*