**Marguerite**

*(Marguerite is confessing all her secrets to who she thinks is the scarlet pimpernel she doesn’t realize it is her husband)*

In France, I lived as a… free woman. You understand? I met Chauvelin the day we stormed the Bastille. He became my lover. It was brief-it was .. mad. But it happened. This sprin, when Percy and I were about to be married, Chauvelin came to me: “How would you like your husband to know what sort of woman you are?”

*Percy: And.. would your husband have left you if he knew about… your past?*

I was so afraid he would. But if he knew now…. I doubt he’d care one way or the other…

*Percy: Go on*

Chauvelin promised silence if I found out where the English had hidden away the Marquis De St. Cyr. But Chauvelin lied. He promised not to kill St. Cyr. He’s killed so often now he won’t hesitate with Armand. Can you save my brother? If you cannot then somehow I will. Clearly, I’m beyond scruples.