

~~BERNARD~~ ~~The front door. I've just realised, darling. I've never seen inside this little room.~~

*(He pushes her ahead of him into the room and shuts the door behind them at the moment that GABRIELLA bursts onto the stage.)*

GABRIELLA Where is he?

ROBERT Who?

GABRIELLA Where is Bernard?

ROBERT I thought he was with you. At Saint-Germain.

GABRIELLA What is it with this countryside craze? All through the journey, all through the meal, all Bernard would do was babble about fresh air and chestnut trees. He went on and on just as if he was trying to hide something.

ROBERT Really? What could he have to hide, do you think?

GABRIELLA That's just it! I know he has nothing to hide. I know him...But this insistence is infuriating. The more people tell me to do something the less I want to do it. That's how I am. It's my nature!

ROBERT Yes, of course. *(She wanders towards Door 1.)* That's my room.

GABRIELLA What?

ROBERT My room.

GABRIELLA Oh, of course, I'm sorry. I don't know where I am anymore. I'm so annoyed.

ROBERT Now, you musn't be...

GABRIELLA He got on my nerves so much, I didn't even finish dinner! I went out for some air and when I went back into the restaurant he'd gone! Don't you think that's outrageous?

ROBERT Yes, yes, absolutely! Well, perhaps he fancied some air too. And perhaps after you left he went back. Perhaps he's upset too. He loves you...

GABRIELLA But I love him too! Anyway, we wouldn't have these problems if we were together all the time. I know he's here, all alone, when I'm at the other end of the world...I wonder what he's doing, I worry...

ROBERT But he worries too. I'm sure that's why...why he was so keen to take you off to the country, to sort out all the worrying!

GABRIELLA It would all be so simple if only he'd marry me!

ROBERT Simple, yes, absolutely!

GABRIELLA I mean it's really too stupid to spend all that time apart.

ROBERT Stupid.

GABRIELLA Never mind, when we're married it'll all change. Right, well, goodnight, little Robert... *(She finds the Lufthansa handbag.)*  
What's that Lufthansa bag doing there?

ROBERT It's mine. It's MINE. *(clutching bag)*

GABRIELLA Yours?

ROBERT Yes, I use it to keep my little things for the night in- my pyjamas, socks- spare pair of toothbrushes-

GABRIELLA How weird!

ROBERT It's not illegal, is it?

GABRIELLA No, no, of course not, but it's a woman's bag; so seeing you holding it like that, it looks funny! Look. I hope you don't mind but I'm going to bed.

ROBERT Off you go.

GABRIELLA And when Bernard gets here, tell him to come and say sorry...and tell him he's made me very unhappy.

ROBERT I'll tell him...if I see him.

GABRIELLA Thanks...goodnight, little Robert. *(she exits)*

~~ROBERT Goodnight. *(Hearing GLORIA coming back he puts GRETCHEN'S bag back in the stage right bedroom. GLORIA, coming out of the bedroom with BERNARD. She's in a flimsy robe with her shower cap in her hand)*~~