

~~BERTHA~~ ~~Don't mention it, Mlle. Don't mention it. (She does a physical reminder of Gloria's immanent arrival and goes out Door 3.)~~

~~ROBERT~~ ~~If it hadn't been for that sauerkraut, do you know I would have enjoyed myself very much tonight.~~

~~GRETCHEN~~ ~~Why?~~

~~ROBERT~~ ~~Well, Bernard wasn't here, and it was very nice—just the two of us.~~

~~GRETCHEN~~ ~~Oh please don't waste your efforts.~~

ROBERT Oh, don't get angry. Come on, give me a little smile. You know you're really very pretty for a...

GRETCHEN For a German girl? Is that it? Is that what you were going to say?

ROBERT No, no, not at all! You've misinterpreted me.

GRETCHEN Do you really think I can't see what you're up to? All through dinner you never stopped winking at me...and those bizarre and cryptic little smiles...

ROBERT Not at all!

GRETCHEN Don't deny it! You're wooing me scandalously! You're hanging round me like... a caveman round his fire...

ROBERT I can't help it if I like you so much.

GRETCHEN That's no reason. And even if you do like me so much, I don't like you... so goodnight.

ROBERT Wait! Wait...Let's be sensible. Let's be really grown up about this. I know what we should do.

GRETCHEN Oh, really? What?

ROBERT We should go out together.

GRETCHEN At this time?

ROBERT It's not late.

GRETCHEN It's dark. You can't see a thing.

ROBERT Who needs to see...It's just for a breather...Everything absolutely above board, of course...

GRETCHEN Of course!

ROBERT There's no risk. You're big enough. I mean, capable enough- to look after yourself, if you really think I'll make a pass at you.

GRETCHEN I forbid you to make a pass at me!

ROBERT But it's only a bit of fun...

GRETCHEN Yes, but I know all about French fun. It's a dangerous kind of fun.

ROBERT Dangerous? Not for you. You have Bernard.

GRETCHEN Right! I have Bernard. But even if it's not dangerous, in the first place it doesn't appeal to me, and in the second, I think it's dishonest.

ROBERT When you kissed me-

GRETCHEN By mistake!

ROBERT You kissed me twice.

GRETCHEN The first time by mistake and the second because of your despicable, insufferable, detestable, deplorable blackmail! But I won't be blackmailed anymore! (*ROBERT doubling up with pain*)

GRETCHEN Are you in some sort of grip of an obsession?

ROBERT No, I think it's that sauerkraut. But, yes yes, I am obsessed with you romantically obsessed.

GRETCHEN Romantic! I must say you look romantic- lying there all red and congested!

ROBERT That's just why I'd like to go out. To get some fresh air.

GRETCHEN I'm not stopping you

ROBERT But not without you...Oh go on. Be an angel.

GRETCHEN You won't make a pass?

ROBERT I promise. I swear. How could I with this wind? Word of honour.

GRETCHEN Alright, we'll just pop out for an hour then straight back.

ROBERT Oh! Thank you!...Thank you! (*he flings himself on her*)

GRETCHEN Put me down- word of honour indeed! My mother warned me about men like you!

ROBERT Please. I got carried away. Forgive me. I was just thrilled you agreed with me for once.

GRETCHEN Yes. When we were out in the country, in the dark, in your car, I suppose you'd get carried away again. You'd pounce on me.

ROBERT Pounce on you in my car? Impossible!

GRETCHEN I don't believe you anymore!

ROBERT I haven't got a car. We'll take a taxi and there will be a driver. I could say to him 'This lady's rather nervous so would you mind coming and sitting in the back with us.'

GRETCHEN I'm not going. I've had enough. You come in here like some dreadful-. Think up all sorts of devilish plots, try and get me away from my fiancé and up some pitch black country lane- well, you want me to go out!

ROBERT Yes.

GRETCHEN Right! I'll go fetch my jacket and go...On my own!

ROBERT Listen! *Liebchen!*

GRETCHEN Don't you *Liebchen* me.

ROBERT Let me *Liebchen* you.

GRETCHEN How dare you be so familiar!

ROBERT *Liebchen. Liebchen (sung)*
(*BERTHA enters*)

BERTHA Can I take the coffee away?

ROBERT Yes. Gretchen. Gretchen. Listen, listen to me.

GRETCHEN I will not listen to you. I shall never listen to you again- you vandal! (*She goes out, slamming the door and leaving her bag.*)

~~BERTHA A bit upset, is she?~~

~~ROBERT Yes, a bit. She's a lovely person, though.~~

~~BERTHA Oh yes...she is nice, I suppose. Is she going out or not?~~

~~ROBERT Yes.~~

~~BERTHA Oh, good. Are you going with her?~~

~~ROBERT No. She won't let me.~~

~~BERTHA Oh dear. My poor Monsieur. It looks like you'll have to deal with the American then.~~