

# 5. Gabrielle - Raoul

GABRIELLE (CONT.)

Bastille. And then the gates were open for me, and I ascended the stairs, and my father's cell was unlocked, and I spoke to him, and held his hand, and promised him his hour of freedom was near!

RAOUL

That is very incredible. I also had a dream.

GABRIELLE

Yes, Raoul?

RAOUL

My dream was that I was standing in a street next to a palace. A very similar palace to this one. And at eleven o'clock at night, a window opened, and a hand appeared, and dropped a note. And this dream felt so real, my oh-so-very-soon-wife-to-be, that I have found that very note upon my own self when I woke! Oh! Look! I got it here! Isn't this such nice paper? Isn't this remarkably like the paper in this letter writing kit on the desk here!?

GABRIELLE

You looked through her highness's papers??

RAOUL

They were right on top of the desk!

GABRIELLE

So?!

RAOUL

And open!

GABRIELLE

So?!!

RAOUL

And blank!

GABRIELLE

Proper gentlemen do not look at ladies' blank papers!

RAOUL

I waited for you for eight hours! I was bored!

GABRIELLE

And what does the note say?

RAOUL

It says, "M'sieu, I noticed you lurking in the street and wanted to inform you at the earliest possible moment that I'm about to win our" – and, uh, oh, um, well, it's, it's unimportant what it says.

GABRIELLE

No, chevalier, it was just getting interesting, I beg you proceed!

RAOUL

I'm, I, I'm, I, I, I believe I was mistaken after all, and I just dreamt about this note.

GABRIELLE

You are holding it!

RAOUL

It was not addressed to me. Maybe someone else was supposed to, to, to dream about it.

GABRIELLE

Is it signed?

RAOUL

No! He didn't sign it!

GABRIELLE

He?

RAOUL

The Duke!!

GABRIELLE

Chevalier, I envy your penetration!

RAOUL

My what?

GABRIELLE

You dream about a note that is neither signed nor addressed, and you know exactly who wrote it!  
Give it to me!

*Gabrielle grabs the note.*

"...win our bet. I'd be delighted to offers explicit details on request." What bet?

*Pause.*

What. Bet. What.

*Pause.*

GABRIELLE (CONT.)

Oh my so-very-soon-husband-to-be, I beg of you, explain to this innocent female, what kind of a bet might involve the Duke of Richelieu sneaking into my room at eleven o'clock at night?!

*Pause. Raoul opens his mouth. Pause. He closes it.*

And why, of all people, my somewhat-possibly-at-some-point-husband-to-be is the one who is notified about this bet? Maybe – correct if I'm wrong, my darling, my dearest, but could it be because my husband was the one who made that bet?!

RAOUL

It was for a lot of money!!!

GABRIELLE

Well that makes is fine!

RAOUL

You know how much one could buy for two thousand louis?!

GABRIELLE

Clearly, me!

RAOUL

No! No! I wasn't buying you!

GABRIELLE

No, of course not, you were not doing anything so repugnant, you were not buying me, you were selling me!

RAOUL

I was not selling you! If I were selling you, I would've gotten paid!

GABRIELLE

You sold me and didn't even get paid?!

RAOUL

I! am!! sorry!!!

GABRIELLE

For what???

RAOUL

For everything!!!

*Pause.*