

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

Yes?

DOMINIQUE

I came for the Marquis's order...twelve loaves of bread.

GENEVIEVE

Twelve loaves.

DOMINIQUE

Yes.

*(SHE begins to fill the order, putting bread in the sack he is carrying.)*

DOMINIQUE

I met the baker in the café . He seems like a nice man, your father.

GENEVIEVE

He's not my father, he's my husband.

DOMINIQUE

Oh. I'm sorry. I thought because you're so young ... I'm sorry.

GENEVIEVE

That's all right.

*(Introduces a neutral subject)*

Tell me, what kind of work do you do for the Marquis?

DOMINIQUE

Anything. Drive his car ... take care of his horses ... whatever he needs, mademoiselle.

GENEVIEVE

Madame.

DOMINIQUE

Oh, yes, excuse me, I'm sorry.

GENEVIEVE

That's all right.

DOMINIQUE

Have you been married long?

GENEVIEVE

Why do you ask?

DOMINIQUE

I don't know. I just asked.

*(Coming to stand closer to her)*

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

I lost count. Is that five?

GENEVIEVE

Six.

DOMINIQUE

It's just that you're so young to be married to ...

GENEVIEVE

*(Cuts him off)*

You've just said that.

DOMINIQUE

I'm sorry .

GENEVIEVE

Why do you keep apologizing?

DOMINIQUE

I don't know. I'm sorry ...

*(SHE laughs. HE joins in, more sure of himself.)*

So -- Are you busy all afternoon?

GENEVIEVE

Why?

DOMINIQUE

Well, I have the Marquis' car, and since you're new here, I thought I could show you --

GENEVIEVE

I'm busy.

DOMINIQUE

There's a beautiful waterfall not far from here ...

GENEVIEVE

You keep forgetting, I'm a married woman.

DOMINIQUE

I understand.

GENEVIEVE

Good.

DOMINIQUE

How about tomorrow afternoon?

*(SHE gives him a look. SHE is not amused.)*

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

What harm is there in a nice little drive? Oh – Unless you think your husband would be jealous ...

GENEVIEVE

Jealous? Why should he be jealous?

DOMINIQUE

Because someone like you ... if you were mine, I wouldn't leave you alone for a second.

*(SHE doesn't answer)*

DOMINIQUE

Do you know what I think?

GENEVIEVE

Never mind.

DOMINIQUE

I'll tell you.

GENEVIEVE

I said never mind! ... Listen. You came for bread. That's what you get. That's all you get!

*(Beat)*

Now you've made me lose count.

DOMINIQUE

Eleven.

GENEVIEVE

*(Puts last loaf in)*

Twelve.

AIMABLE