

## CECILE & MARQUIS

Marquis: My dear, I really can't help you unless you tell me what's troubling you.

Cecile: I can't. I just can't.

Marquis: I thought we agreed not to keep any secrets from one another.

Cecile: I'm so unhappy. Everything's gone wrong since the day Maman found Danceney's letters.

Marquis: Yes, that was very stupid of you. How could you have let that happen?

Cecile: Someone must have told her. She went straight to my bureau and opened the drawer I was keeping them in.

Marquis: Who could have done such a thing?

Cecile: It must have been my chambermaid ...

Marquis: Or your confessor, perhaps?

Cecile: Oh, no, surely not.

Marquis: You can't always trust those people, my dear.

Cecile: That's terrible.

Marquis: Yes. But today, what's the matter today?

Cecile: You'll be angry with me.

Marquis: Are you sure you don't want me to be angry with you? Come along.

Cecile: I don't know how to speak the words.

Marquis: Mmm. Perhaps I am beginning to get angry. *(beat)*

Cecile: Last night ...

Marquis: Yes.

Cecile: So that we could exchange letters to and from Danceny without arousing suspicion, I gave Monsieur de Valmont the key to my bedroom ...

Marquis: Yes.

Cecile: And last night he used it. I thought he'd just come to bring me a letter, but he hadn't. And by the time I realized what he had come for, it was, well, it was too late to stop him.

Marquis: You mean to tell me you're upset because Monsieur de Valmont has taught you something you've undoubtedly been dying to learn?

Cecile: What?

Marquis: And am I to understand that what generally brings a girl to her senses has deprived you of yours?

Cecile: I thought you'd be horrified.

Marquis: Tell me: you resisted him, did you?

Cecile: Of course I did, as much as I could.

Marquis: But he forced you?

Cecile: It wasn't that exactly, but I found it almost impossible to defend myself.

Marquis: Why was that? Did he tie you up?

Cecile: No, no, but he has a way of putting things. You just can't think of an answer.

Marquis: Not even, no?

Cecile: I kept saying no all the time, but somehow that wasn't what I was doing. And in the end ...

Marquis: Yes?

Cecile: I told him he could come back tonight.

**END**