

EMILIE & VALMONT 1

Valmont: I thought the Dutch were supposed to be famous for their capacity for alcohol.

Emilie: Three bottles of burgundy and a bottle of cognac would finish anybody.

Valmont: Did he drink that much?

Emilie: You were pouring.

Valmont: I hope you're not missing him.

Emilie: Don't be silly. I just don't think it was necessary to bundle him into your carriage.

Valmont: Man in that condition, I thought it best to send him back to his house.

Emilie: This is his house.

Valmont: Oh. I thought it was your house.

Emilie: He owns it. I just live in it. And he's so rarely in France. Seems a shame.

Valmont: Oh, well, I'm sure my coachman will use his imagination.

Emilie: I'm sure, since you're perfectly aware of the position and have no doubt given him explicit instructions, he won't have to.

Valmont: Explicit instructions?

Emilie: Yes. *(beat)*

Valmont: I must say, Emilie, I do think it's the height of bad manners to talk about some foreigner when you're in bed with me. I think some appropriate punishment is called for. Turn over.

Emilie: All right.

Valmont: Now, do you have a pen, ink and writing paper?

Emilie: In the bureau. Why?

(getting a pen, ink and paper out of the bureau, he attempts to use Emilie's back as a desk)

Valmont: Now, don't move. "My dear Madame de Tourvel ... I have just come ... to my desk" ... don't move I said ... "in the middle of a stormy night during which I have been tossed from exaltation to exhaustion and back again. The position in which I find myself as I write has made me more than ever aware of the power of love. I can scarcely control myself sufficiently to put my thoughts in order, but despite these torments, I guarantee that, at the moment, I am far happier than you. I hope one day you may feel the kind of disturbance afflicting me now; meanwhile please excuse me while I take steps to calm what I can only describe as a mounting excitement."

We'll finish it later, shall we?

END