

## VALMONT & MARQUIS SIDE 1

Marquis: Do you know why I summoned you here this evening?

Valmont: I hoped it might be for the pleasure of my company.

Marquis: I need you; to carry out a heroic enterprise. Something for your memoirs.

Valmont: I don't know when I shall ever find the time to write my memoirs.

Marquis: Then I'll write them. You remember when Gercourt left me?

Valmont: Yes.

Marquis: And went off with that fat mistress of yours, whose name escapes me?

Valmont: Yes, yes.

Marquis: No one has ever done that to me before. Or to you, I imagine.

Valmont: I was quite relieved to be rid of her, frankly.

Marquis: No, you weren't. *(beat)* One of Gercourt's more crass and boring topics of conversation was what exactly he would look for in a wife, what qualities, when the moment came for him, as he put it, to settle down.

Valmont: Yes.

Marquis: He had a ludicrous theory that blondes were inherently more modest and respectable than any other species of girl and he was unshakeably prejudiced in favor of convent education. And now he's found the ideal candidate.

Valmont: Cecile Volanges?

Marquis: Very good.

Valmont: And her sixty thousand a year, that must have played some part in his calculations.

Marquis: I tell you if she were an uncloistered brunette, she could be worth twice that, and he wouldn't go near her. His priority, you see, is a guaranteed virtue.

Valmont: I wonder if I'm beginning to guess what it is you're intending to propose.

Marquis: Gercourt is with his regiment in Corsica until October. That should give you plenty of time.

Valmont: You mean to ...?

Marquis: She's a rosebud.

Valmont: You think so?

Marquis: And he'd get back from his honeymoon to find himself the laughing stock of Paris.

Valmont: Well ...

Marquis: Yes. Love and revenge: two of your favorites.

Valmont: No, I can't.

Marquis: What? Why not?

Valmont: You know how difficult I find it to disobey your orders. But really, I can't. It's too easy. What is she, sixteen? She's seen nothing, she knows nothing, she's bound to be curious, she'd be on her back before you'd unwrapped the first bunch of flowers. Any one of a dozen men could manage it. I have my reputation to think of.

Marquis: I think you really are going to refuse me.

Valmont: I hate to disappoint you.

Marquis: You are, aren't you?

Valmont: I can see I'm going to have to tell you everything.

Marquis: Of course you are.

**END**