

## #3 Valmont & ÉMILIE

**VALMONT.** I thought the Dutch were supposed to be famous for their capacity for alcohol.

**ÉMILIE.** Three bottles of burgundy and a bottle of cognac would finish anyone.

**VALMONT.** Did he drink that much?

**ÉMILIE.** You were pouring.

**VALMONT.** I hope you're not missing him.

**ÉMILIE.** 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.

**ÉMILIE.** This is his house.

**VALMONT.** Oh. I thought it was your house.

**ÉMILIE.** He owns it. I just live in it. And he's so rarely in France. Seems a shame. *(She grins broadly.)*

**VALMONT.** Oh, well, I'm sure my coachman will use his imagination.

**ÉMILIE.** 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?

**ÉMILIE.** Yes. *(Silence.)*

**VALMONT.** I must say, Émilie, 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. *(ÉMILIE hesitates, looking up at VALMONT for a moment. Then she breaks into a smile.)*

**ÉMILIE.** All right.