

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

INT. MADAME'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vicomte enters abruptly. He is a mess.

MADAME

This is not your appointed night.

VICOMTE

That story you told me, how did it end?

MADAME

I am not sure I know what you mean.

VICOMTE

Once this friend of yours had taken the advice of his lady-friend... did she take him back?

MADAME

Am I to understand?

VICOMTE

The day after our last meeting, I broke with Madame de Tourvel...on the grounds that it was "beyond my control."

MADAME

You didn't!

VICOMTE

I most certainly did.

MADAME

But how wonderful of you.

VICOMTE

You kept telling me my reputation was in danger, but I think this may well turn out to be my most famous exploit. I believe that it sets a new standard. Only one thing could possibly bring me greater glory.

MADAME

What is that?

VICOMTE

To win her back.

MADAME

You think you could?

VICOMTE

I do not see why not.

MADAME

I'll tell you why not. Because when one woman strikes at the heart of another, she seldom misses...and the wound is invariably fatal.

VICOMTE

Is that so?

MADAME

-Oh, yes. I am also inclined to see this as one of my greatest triumphs.

VICOMTE

There is nothing a woman enjoys so much as victory over another woman.

MADAME

Except you see, Vicomte, my victory wasn't over her.

VICOMTE

Of course it was, what do you mean?

MADAME

It was over you. You loved that woman, Vicomte. What's more, you still do. Quite desperately. If you had not been so ashamed of it...how could you have treated her so viciously? You could not bear even the vague possibility of being laughed at. And this has proved something I have always suspected. That vanity and happiness are incompatible.

VICOMTE

(trying to hold in anger)
Whatever may or may not be the truth of these philosophical speculations...the fact remains, it is now your turn to make a sacrifice.

MADAME

Is that so?

VICOMTE

-Danceney must go!!!

MADAME

(mocking)

-Where??

VICOMTE

I have been more than patient with this little whim of yours. Enough is enough!!!

MADAME

One of the reasons that I never remarried...despite a quite bewildering range of offers...was the determination never again to be ordered around!!!

(calming herself down)

I must therefore ask you to adopt a less "marital" tone of voice.

VICOMTE

She is ill, you know. I have made her ill for your sake. So the least you can do is get rid of that colourless youth!

MADAME

Haven't you had enough of bullying women for the time being?

VICOMTE

I see I shall have to make myself very plain. I have come to spend the night. I shall not take at all kindly to being turned away.

MADAME

I am sorry. I have made other arrangements.

VICOMTE

Yes, I knew there was something.

MADAME

What?

VICOMTE

Danceney isn't coming. Not tonight.

MADAME

What do you mean. How do you know?

VICOMTE

I know, because I have arranged for him to spend the night with Cécile. Come to think of it, he mentioned he was expected here. But, when I put it to him that he would really have to make a choice...I must say, he did not hesitate. He is coming to see you tomorrow, to explain. And to offer you...-Do I have this right? Yes, I think I do- his eternal friendship. As you said, he is entirely devoted to you.

MADAME

That is enough, Vicomte.

VICOMTE

You are absolutely right. Shall we go up?

MADAME

Shall we, what?

VICOMTE

"Go. up". Unless you prefer this, if memory serves, rather purgatorial sofa.

MADAME

I think it is time you were leaving.

VICOMTE

-No, I do not think so. We made an arrangement. I really don't think I can allow myself to be taken advantage of for a moment longer.

MADAME

Remember, I am better at this than you are.

VICOMTE

Perhaps. But it is always the best swimmers who drown. Now, yes or no? It is up to you, of course. I will merely confine myself to remarking that a "no" will be regarded as a declaration of war. A single word is all that is required.

MADAME

All right.

Thinking that she's accepting, he offers his hand to her --

War!