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Submitted to: Dr. Tuğba Karabulut

ELIT362 British Drama from the Restoration to the Modern

[A theatre in London. DORIMANT is waiting for the play to start. Enter LADY WOODWIL]

LADY WOODWIL: Pardon me, young gentleman, may I sit by you?

DORIMANT: *[aside]* Lady Woodwil! *[to her:]* Of course, madam.

LADY WOODWIL: Thank you, my dear. *[she sits and speaks aside]* What a fine boy he is. Neither have I seen Dorimant nor this gentleman before, but my senses are strong, this gentleman is a better match to Harriet than that filthy Dorimant. *[to him:]* Young gentleman, it is a habit of mine knowing who I will be watching the play with. Do you mind introducing yourself? I am Lady Woodwil.

DORIMANT: I am Mr. Courtage, madam.

LADY WOODWIL: *[aside]* I would prefer a fancier name to my Harriet; however, I can ignore it. *[to him:]* How great will it be to watch the play with a man of culture like you Mr. Courtage. Unlike that punk called Dorimant, you prefer coming to the theatre rather than pursuing women. I am certain he has more women in his life than this play has actors. I never liked such rakish men but my emotions towards him aren't dislike, it's hate! I hate that devil for having a relationship with my girl. Never would I believe such a thing but Belinda, that poor victim of Dorimant, informed me about the manner. She is an innocent, harmless girl and one of the few I can trust; therefore, I do not doubt what she said. *[she takes deep breaths to calm down and apologize]* I am very sorry for involving you in my private matters Mr. Courtage, but I couldn't resist myself

when I saw a quality gentleman like you and remember that the man my girl has a relationship is nothing like you. *[she remains silent for a few seconds and asks him:]* Have you met this infamous Dorimant?

DORIMANT: I have, Lady Woodwil.

LADY WOODWIL: *[surprised]* Good heavens! You are telling me you know Dorimant?

DORIMANT: I know him quite well, but I sometimes have trouble recognizing him after a couple of spirits. I wash my face to sober up, and before splashing water to my face, I look into the mirror and see him staring at me but only after washing my face do I realize that he was Dorimant all along.

LADY WOODWIL: Well, how did you meet him?

DORIMANT: I don't quite remember, Lady Woodwil. All I know is that I have known him since gaining my consciousness after my birth.

LADY WOODWIL: You may have known him for a long time, but fortunately, you sure are nothing like him.

[the play begins and ends. DORIMANT and LADY WOODWIL are heading to the exit]

LADY WOODWIL: Such a wonderful time did I spend with you Mr. Courtage. I am hoping we will meet again; I would love to introduce a real gentleman like you to my daughter.

DORIMANT: Have no doubt about that, Lady Woodwil. We will meet again.

LADY WOODWIL: *[aside]* Hold on my girl, I found a boy who will save you from that flea.

[DORIMANT and LADY WOODWIL exit]