



DIALOGUE 4. All dressed up for a date with David

([d] die)

DONALD: And what's my darling daughter doing all dressed up?

DEIRDRE: I've got a date with David, Daddy. We're going to a dance at Dudley Head, with Dan and Ada Dodd.

DONALD: David? Not that dreary lad who came to dinner on Friday and trod on the dog? Deirdre, he's dreadful!

DEIRDRE: Oh Daddy! He's *divine*! I adore him!

DONALD: I found him dreadfully dull, I'm afraid. You know, that dress doesn't do anything for you, my dear. Dark red! Darling, it's so deadening, so dreadfully drab!

DEIRDRE: Oh Daddy! Why is everything I do dreadful these days? (*The front door-bell rings.*) Oh, there's David! I must dash.

DONALD: Is he driving? Don't let him drink. And don't forget, you said you'd be in my bed by midnight.

DEIRDRE: Oh Daddy!