Horner, Harcourt, Sparkish and Dorilant

Harcourt: What, my dear friend! A rogue that is fond of me, only I think for abusing him.

Dorilant: No, he can no more think the men laugh at him than that women jilt him, his opinion of himself is so good.

Harcourt: One that, by being in the company of men of sense, would pass for one.

Dorilant: And to pass for a wit in town, shows himself a fool every night to us, that are guilty of the plot.

Horner: Such wits as he are, to a company of reasonable men, like rooks to the gamesters, who only fill a room at the table , but are so far from contributing to the play that they only serve to spoil the fancy of those that do. For your noisy , pert rogue of a wit is the greatest fop, dullest ass, and worst company, as you shall see. For here he comes.

(Enter Sparkish)

Sparkish: How is it, Sparks, how is it? Well faith, Harry, I must railly thee a little, ha, ha, ha! Upon the report in Town of thee, ha, ha, ha! I can't hold in Faith. Shall I speak?

Horner: Yes, but you'll be so bitter then.

Sparkish: Honest Dick and Frank here shall answer for me, I will not be extreme bitter, by the Universe.

Harcourt: We will be bound in ten thousand pound bond, he shall not be bitter at all.

Dorilant: Nor sharp nor sweet.

Horner: What, not downright insipid?

Sparkish: Nay then, since you are so brisk and provoke me, take what follows. You must know I was discoursing and rallying with some ladies yesterday, and they happened to talk of the fine new signs in town.

Horner: Very fine ladies, I believe.

Sparkish: Said I, 'I know where the best new sign is'. 'Where?' says one of the Ladies. 'In Covent-Garden', I replied. Said another, 'In what street? 'In Russell Street', answered I. 'Lord', says another, 'I'm sure there was ne'er a fine new sign there yesterday'. 'Yes, but there was', said I again, 'and it came out of France, and has been there a fortnight."

Dorilant: A Pox! I can hear no more, prithee.