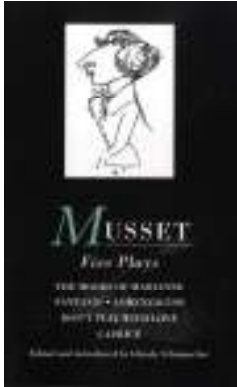


The Moods of Marianne by Alfred de Musset



Coelio is young, inexperienced, naïve – and madly in love. The object of his love is the beautiful Marianne, cousin to Octave and wife to Claudio, a ridiculous, old and pompous magistrate. Octave is close friends with Coelio, despite their differences. Octave is swaggering, worldly wise, and cynical, and because Coelio is too shy to woo Marianne, Octave takes it upon himself to act as the go-between. What results is a total revelation in Marianne's character from angelic to passionate as Octave starts on his course of seduction and Marianne falls victim to a gross misunderstanding . . .

This version of *The Moods of Marianne* was first performed by students of the Drama Department of Manchester University in January 1972.

Genre:	Romantic drama	Fee:	£40 plus VAT, per performance
Cast:	m4 f4	Scripts:	ISBN 9780413692405 £14.99
Set:	Naples	Length:	2 acts
Contact:	La_Uhri_f!fj@lq4_Vcca_gVi_fmcom		

EXTRACT

Coelio He waits below, you say? Let him come up. Why not tell him to come at once?

Enter Octave.

Coelio Well, friend, what news?

Octave Bind this token round your right arm, Coelio. Take up your guitar and your sword. Marianne is yours.

Coelio In Heaven's name, don't mock me.

Octave It will be a beautiful night. The moon will soon rise over the horizon. Marianne is alone and her door is ajar. You are a lucky lad, Coelio.

Coelio Is it true? . . . Really true? . . . Either you restore me to life, Octave, or you have no pity.

Octave Not gone yet? I tell you it is all agreed. One song beneath her window. Just pull your cloak round your face,

so her husband's spies don't know you. Be fearless, that others may fear you. And prove to her, if she demurs, that it's rather too late in the day.

Coelio Oh, God! My strength fails me.

Octavio Mine too. For I have only half eaten today. – To reward me for my pains, ask them as you go out to bring me up some food. (He sits down.) Have you any Turkish tobacco? You will probably find I'm still here tomorrow morning. Come on, my friend, off you go! You can embrace me when you return. Off with you now! Night falls apace. *Exit Coelio*

Octave (*alone*) Write on your tablets, God of justice, that in your Paradise this night shall be counted in my favour. Is it then true you have a Paradise? That woman was beautiful, I swear, and her fit of anger well became her! What can have caused it? Of that I know nothing. – What matters how the ivory fall falls upon the number we have chosen? To filch a mistress from a friend is too common a trick for me.

If you enjoyed this, you might like:

- *The Game of Love and Chance* by Marivaux (m4 f2)
- *Lorenzaccio* by Musset (m29 f6)
- *Careless Vows* by Marivaux (m5 f3)