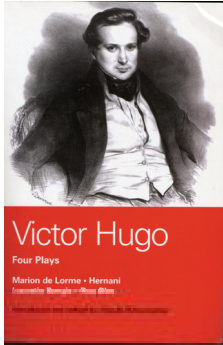


## Ruy Blas by Victor Hugo



A veiled social critique at the time, Hugo's play tells of a poor man who deigned to love a queen. The play is set during the reign of Charles II and focuses on Don Sallustio's revengeful practical joke on the queen. When he discovers that Ruy Blas, a mere poet with no money, secretly loves the queen, he disguises Blas as a nobleman and takes him to court. Owing to Blas's newfound popularity and political flair, he is elected Prime Minister and conquers the queen's heart. In a fit of jealous rage, Sallustio cruelly humiliates Ruy Blas by exposing his social status, which precipitates the play's tragic finale.

*Ruy Blas* was first performed in November 1838 as part of the opening of the Théâtre de la Renaissance.

**'An interesting and affecting play, strong in motive, clear and rapid in exposition, and natural in treatment' *New York Times***

<b>Genre:</b>	Romantic/political melodrama	<b>Fee:</b>	£40 plus VAT, per performance
<b>Cast:</b>	m19 f34 (plus chorus)	<b>Scripts:</b>	ISBN 9780413772695 £14.99
<b>Set:</b>	Madrid	<b>Length:</b>	5 acts
<b>Contact:</b>	<a href="mailto:amateur-rights@bloomsbury.com">amateur-rights@bloomsbury.com</a>		

### EXTRACT

**The Queen** Goodness! What a cry of fright! Cesarō

**Ruy Blas** Who told you to come here?

**The Queen** You did.

**Ruy Blas** Me? How?

**The Queen** I received from you . . .

**Ruy Blas** (*breathless*) Tel me, quickly!

**The Queen** A note.

**Ruy Blas** From me?

**The Queen** In your own hand.

**Ruy Blas** This is to dash one's head against the wall! But I have not written anything, I swear! Of that I'm very sure!

**The Queen** (*drawing from her bosom a letter which she gives him*) Read it then.

**Ruy Blas** *takes the letter eagerly and bends towards the lamp to read it.*

**Ruy Blas** (*reading*) A terrible danger looms over me. Only my Queen can control the storm . . . q He looks at the letter as if in a stupor and is unable to read further.

**The Queen** (*continuing, and pointing with her finger to the lines as she reads*) . . . and must come to my aid in my house tonight. If not, all is lost. q

**Ruy Blas** (*in a stifled voice*) Huh! What treason! That letter!

**The Queen** (*continuing to read*) You can enter at night without being recognised through the door at the end of the avenue. A man you can trust will let you in. q

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#### If you enjoyed this, you might like:

- *Marion de Lorme* by Victor Hugo (m28 f2 plus townsfolk)
  - *Hernani* by Victor Hugo (m22 f2 plus chorus)
  - *Lucretia Borgia* by Victor Hugo (m11 f3 plus chorus)
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