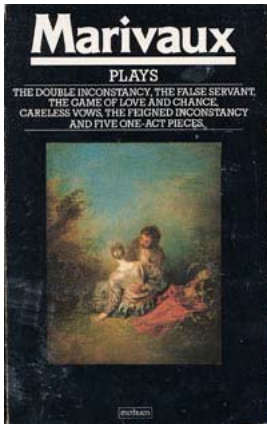


# *Slave Island* by Pierre Carlet de Marivaux



The ironically named *Slave Island* is a social Utopia where everybody is equal and no person is exploited by another. So enforced is this mentality that any outsiders who chance upon the island, and are victims of a social hierarchy, are forced to change their ways by rigorous training or are put to death. When Iphicrate, a young Athenian nobleman, and his slave Harlequin arrive on the island, along with the flighty Euphrosine and her slave Cleanthis, the islanders put them through a course of switching roles to realise the full horror of a tiered social system.

*Slave Island* was first performed in 1725 by the Comédie Italienne.

**'Marivaux's scepticism, irony and fascination with money and sex make him seem peculiarly modern' *Guardian***

<b>Genre:</b>	Social drama	<b>Fee:</b>	£30 plus VAT, per performance
<b>Cast:</b>	m3 f2 (plus islanders)	<b>Scripts:</b>	ISBN 9780413185600 £14.99
<b>Set:</b>	Slave Island	<b>Length:</b>	1 act
<b>Contact:</b>	<a href="mailto:amateur-rights@bloomsbury.com">amateur-rights@bloomsbury.com</a>		

## EXTRACT

**Cleanthis** Seigneur Iphicrate, may I enquire what is amusing you?

**Harlequin** I'm laughing at my Harlequin, who's just owned up to being a worthless oaf.

**Cleanthis** Has he? How surprising in one so sensible-looking. Perhaps you would look at *her*: that is the kind of witless flirt one finds in high society.

**Harlequin** (*looks at Euphrosine*) I don't see it. That's a pert little servant's face, and its natural habitat is a housemaid's cap. But now, madame, we have joy in our hearts and a sunny sky above us, how shall we entertain ourselves?

**Cleanthis** How else but in delightful conversation?

**Harlequin** Wouldn't that make you yawn? I'm yawning now. I've got it! How would it be if I fell in love with you?

**Cleanthis** Oh, very well, then. Utter a heart-felt sigh. Lay siege to my heart, make off with it, if you can; I won't resist. It isn't my role to do so; I shall observe your progress while you do the work. But one proviso: now we are masters, our affair must be a suitably grand one, frightfully courteous, just like fashionable lovers.

**Harlequin** Lovers? Good, we're off to a flying start.

**Cleanthis** One thing I'm certain of is that you cannot pour your gallant witticisms into my ear while we are standing. So, assuming we're to stay in the open air, we shall need two seats. Our servants must get them.

**Harlequin** Your wish is my command. (*To IPHICRATE*) Harlequin, quick, get me a stool and find a capacious armchair for madame.

**Iphicrate** Are you allowed to do this?

**Harlequin** It's required by the republic.

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- *Double Inconstancy* by Marivaux (m4 f3)
  - *The Lucky Ones* by Charlotte Eilenberg (m3 f4)
  - *Albert's Boy* by James Graham (m2)
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