



## The Will by Pierre Carlet de Marivaux

Marivaux's most frequently revived comedy, *The Will* tells of the Marquis and the Countess who are in love and who admit their feelings for each other. The only hitch is that the Marquis has been bequeathed 600,000 francs providing he marries Hortense. If he doesn't, however, he loses 200,000. Frankly, nobody wants him to marry Hortense - not even Hortense - and the other characters work to persuade the Marquis that finding true love is worth the loss of 200,000 francs. For a man though who holds material value in such high regard and is more uncomfortable with feelings of the heart, which will he go for – the missus or the money?

*The Will* was first performed in 1736 by the Comédie Française.

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

<b>Genre:</b>	Romantic drama	<b>Fee:</b>	£30 plus VAT, per performance
<b>Cast:</b>	m3 f3	<b>Scripts:</b>	ISBN 9780413185600 £14.99
<b>Set:</b>	Countess's country house	<b>Length:</b>	25 scenes
<b>Contact:</b>	<a href="mailto:amateur-rights@bloomsbury.com">amateur-rights@bloomsbury.com</a>		

### EXTRACT

**Countess** Why all the fuss, Marquis? You're very ceremonious all of a sudden.

**Marquis** You are most gracious to accord me this . . . There are a few . . . indeed many things I'd like to . . .

**Countess** You seem a little dreamy, even preoccupied.

**Marquis** Doubtless. Lots of things . . . buzzing around. [He makes a buzzing sound]. I've come to see you because I need . . . advice . . . a sympathetic shoulder . . . ear.

**Countess** Then you've come to the right person. Because you need all you've just said, you need even less than I need to be pleasant to you.

**Marquis** Pleasant! By all means. You can be more than that, if you like. It's up to you . . . I mean . . .

**Countess** What do you mean? Are you lacking in confidence, Marquis? Come, come. No beating around the bush. You can ask what you will of me, Marquis, I assure you.

**Marquis** Can I? Heavens. Aha. I'm . . . sorely tempted . . . to abuse your kindness . . .

**Countess** My only worry is that you might resist the temptation. Take the plunge. That's what friends are for. You are too reserved.

**Marquis** I am . . . yes . . . a shade . . . inhibited.

**Countess** And I'm trying to cure you of your shyness, aren't I?

**Marquis** You are . . . aware of the . . . fix I find myself in with Hortense. I'm supposed to marry her. If I don't I have to give her 200,000 francs.

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  - *Careless Vows* by Marivaux (m5 f3)
  - *Albert's Boy* by James Graham (m2)
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