

**CRISPIN, RIVAL OF
HIS MASTER; A
COMEDY IN ONE ACT**

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Crispin, Rival of His Master; A Comedy in One Act by Alain René Le Sage & Barrett H. Clark

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ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE & BARRETT H. CLARK

**CRISPIN, RIVAL OF
HIS MASTER; A
COMEDY IN ONE ACT**

THE WORLD'S BEST PLAYS
BY CELEBRATED EUROPEAN AUTHORS

BARRETT H. CLARK

GENERAL EDITOR

Crispin, Rival of His
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One Act: by Le Sage:
Translated by Barrett H.
Clark

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ALAIN-RENÉ LE SAGE.

Le Sage is one of the greatest figures in late seventeenth and early eighteenth century French literature. His novel, "Gil Blas", is celebrated.

In his few plays he shows a decidedly satirical bent; in "Turcaret" especially, which is one of the first realistic studies of society and the money-question.

"Crispin" is in a lighter vein, and is somewhat reminiscent of the adventures of Gil Blas.

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CRISPIN, RIVAL OF HIS MASTER

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MONSIEUR ORONTE.....	<i>A tradesman of Paris</i>
MADAME ORONTE.....	<i>His wife</i>
ANGÉLIQUE....	<i>Their daughter, engaged to Damis</i>
VALÈRE.....	<i>In love with ANGÉLIQUE</i>
MONSIEUR ORCON.....	<i>Damis's father</i>
LISSETTE.....	<i>ANGÉLIQUE's maid</i>
CRISPIN.....	<i>VALÈRE's valet</i>
LA BRANCHE.....	<i>Damis's valet</i>

TIME:—*Early eighteenth century.*

“Crispin Rival de son Maître” was first performed, at Paris, in 1707.

CRISPIN, RIVAL OF HIS MASTER

SCENE:—*A street in Paris; MONSIEUR ORONTE'S house at the back, with an entrance. Entrances also right and left. VALÈRE and CRISPIN are present.*

VALÈRE. Ha there, you are, rascal!

CRISPIN. Now, don't let's get angry.

VALÈRE. Idiot!

CRISPIN. Please let us try to avoid personalities. What have you to complain of?

VALÈRE. You ask me that? You asked for leave of absence for a week, and I have seen nothing of you for the past month! Is that the way for a valet to behave?

CRISPIN. But, Monsieur, I serve you when you pay me my wages. It seems therefore that I have as good reason as you to complain.

VALÈRE. Where have you been?

CRISPIN. Making my fortune. I was in Touraine, with a friend of mine—on a little trip.

VALÈRE. What trip?

CRISPIN. A business matter my friend had to attend to.

VALÈRE. Well, you come back in the nick of time. I have no money, and you must surely be able to lend me some?

CRISPIN. No, Monsieur, we were unlucky. The fish saw the bait, but it refused to nibble.

VALÈRE. You are a fine fellow indeed! Listen to me, Crispin: I am willing to forgive you for the past, as I have great need of you now.

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CRISPIN. How kind and forgiving of you!

VALÈRE. I'm in the devil of an embarrassing situation!

CRISPIN. Are your creditors getting impatient? Has that fat tradesman who sold you thirty pistoles' worth of goods for a note of nine hundred francs sued you yet?

VALÈRE. No.

CRISPIN. I see. That generous marquise who paid for your last suit of clothes has perhaps found out that you and I were in partnership with the tailor?

VALÈRE. No, Crispin, I have fallen in love.

CRISPIN. Ah ha! And with whom, please?

VALÈRE. With Angélique, the only daughter of Monsieur Oronte.

CRISPIN. I know her by sight. She's devilish good-looking. If I'm not mistaken, her father is a tradesman who lives just opposite here? And he's very rich, is he not?

VALÈRE. Yes, and he has three large houses in the best sections of Paris.

CRISPIN. What an adorable girl she is!

VALÈRE. He has plenty of ready money, too.

CRISPIN. I know how your passion burns! But how about the lady herself? Does she know you are in love with her?

VALÈRE. For the past week I have been allowed to visit the house, and I am convinced she has some liking for me. But yesterday, Lisette, her maid, told me a piece of news that casts me into the depths of despair.

CRISPIN. And what did Lisette tell you?

VALÈRE. I have a rival. Monsieur Oronte has promised her hand to some fellow from the provinces. He is expected here any day to marry Angélique.

CRISPIN. And who may the rival be?

VALÈRE. I have no idea—yet. Lisette was called