

**A MARRIAGE OF
CONVENIENCE.
PERIOD: LOUIS XV. A
COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS**

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A marriage of convenience. Period: Louis XV. A comedy in four acts by Alexandre Dumas & Sydney Grundy

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS & SYDNEY GRUNDY

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CONVENIENCE.
PERIOD: LOUIS XV. A
COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS**

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

*First produced at the Haymarket Theatre,
London, 5th June, 1897.*

PR
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CHARACTERS.

Comte de Candale	MR. WILLIAM TERRISS
Chevalier de Valclos	MR. CYRIL MAUDE
The General	MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE
Jasmin	MR. HOLMAN CLARK
An Officer	MR. CLARENCE BLAKISTON
A Suisse	MR. H. H. WELCH
A Footman... ..	MR. SUTTON BARNES
Comtesse de Candale	MISS WINIFRED EMERY
Marton... ..	MISS ADRIENNE DAIROLLES

The scene is laid in Paris, about A.D. 1750.

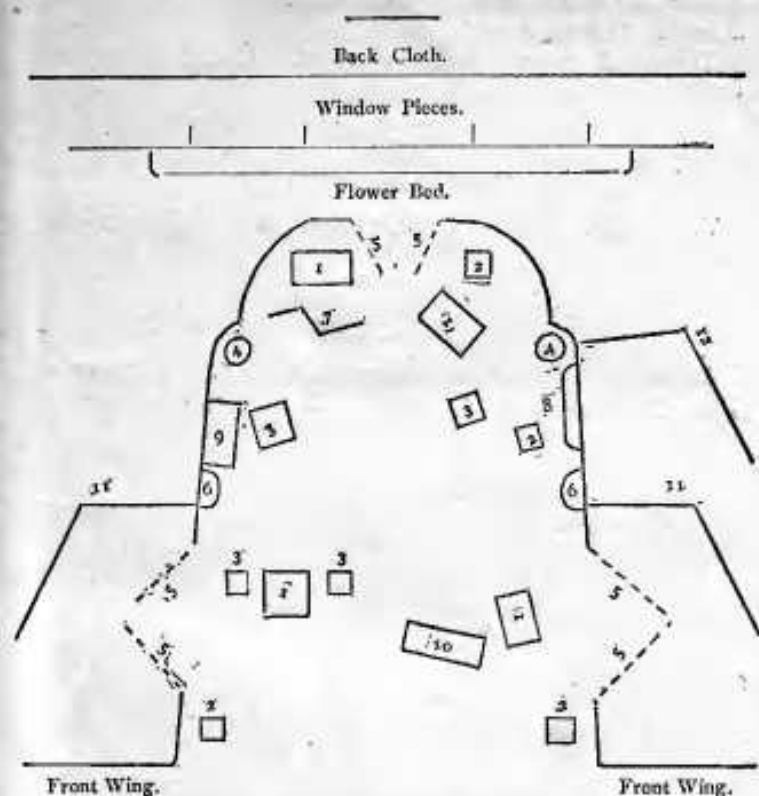
PROPERTIES.

Furniture Louis XV.

Down L.—Large table, 1 small table (marble top). Down R.—One oak table, behind screen, 1 small table (glass top). Up L.—Four chairs, 4 armchairs, screen, sofa, 2 console tables, footstool, (on in Act 4 only).

Clock on mantelpiece. Two candelabras on mantelpiece. Two vases filled with flowers on mantelpiece. Vases filled with flowers on console table R. Bouquet on console table F. Mirror on console table L. Two bouquets on console table L. Large vase on stand below screen R. Large vase on stand above window L. Basket of flowers on each chair down R. and L. Basket of flowers on ground by each chair down R. and L. Silver inkstand on table down L. Pens, ink, and papers on ditto. Silver hand bell on table down L. Silver hand mirror on table

STAGE SETTING.



Ceiling; Tessellated floor; Auberon carpet. Furniture, Louis XV.

KEY TO DIAGRAM:—1. Tables; 2. Chairs; 3. Armchairs; 4. Flower pots on stands; 5. Double doors; 6. Console tables; 7. Screen; 8. Window; 9. Fireplace; 10. Sofa; 11. Interior backing; 12. Street backing.

4 A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

down L. Silver pounce-box on table down L. Silver hand bell on table down R. Basket of flowers and bouquet under table down L. Basket of flowers on chair before window. Basket of flowers on chair by console table L. Four sconces on scene—one above door R. and L., one each side of c. doors. Plants in flower bed at back. The fire is alight.

Tesselated floor. Amberon carpet. Chandelier (electric candles).

HAND PROPERTIES.

Two letters. Bouquet for CONTESSA. Stick for SUISSE.

LIGHTING.

All full up. Almond and salmon limes. O. P. and P. S. shelves. Through window. On back cloth. Two open limes on back.

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

ACT I.

PROPS.

Letter for JASMIN.

Letter for VAL.

Baskets of flowers and bouquets everywhere on stage.

Late afternoon. Opening music.

SCENE :—A boudoir in the mansion of the COMTE DE CANDALE. Doors R., L. and C. A window L. of flat. A screen R.

MARTON discovered with three bouquets in her arms. She puts one on table L., crosses and puts another on table R., goes to fire and puts the other on chair before the fire. She then hums gaily the opening music, as JASMIN enters C. He gaily joins in with her singing, they take hands, he being L. of her, gives his R. hand, and trips down the stage a few steps, humming the tune of the minuet (opening music). They laugh and break away. Music stops.

The CHEVALIER VALCLOS is hidden behind the screen.

MARTON. (*eagerly*) Well, is it over? How has it gone off? (R. C.)

JASMIN. (L. C.) Oh, unexceptionally. Nothing could have been in better taste than M. le Care's address—the bride was on the point of fainting—everybody wept—

MARTON. You wept? (*laughs*)

JASMIN. At any rate, I had a lump in my throat. (*sits on settee L., sighs heavily*) Marton, the marriage ceremony is an affecting function.

MARTON. I wonder how it will turn out.

JASMIN. The marriage? (*shrugs his shoulders*)
Well, of course—

MARTON. (*nodding*) Yes, I'm afraid so. (*moves
R. a step*)

JASMIN. Whatever the end is, nothing could be more auspicious than the beginning. Everything well considered—nothing wanting.

MARTON. (*gets over R.*) Except love. (*sits in chair
R. of table R.*)

JASMIN. (*drawing his gloves off*) Love! I was talking about marriage; and from whatever point of view it is regarded no match could be more suitable. It resuscitates a noble family, which was on the point of extinction; it re-unites the Candales and the Torignys; it is approved by His Majesty the King, and the General settles six hundred thousand—six hundred thousand, Marton—on the eldest son of the union.

MARTON. And suppose there is no son?

JASMIN. (*dryly*) When six hundred thousand depend on it, there is *always* a son.

MARTON. (*tolling in her chair*) Well, for my part, I shouldn't care to have my husband bequeathed to me. Just fancy marrying a man you've never set eyes on!

JASMIN. What does it matter? You see him often afterwards. I consider it very thoughtful of M. le Marechal de Candale to arrange the marriage of his son and niece in his last will and testament. Young people are not to be trusted. Who knows whether but for this precaution, Mademoiselle de Torigny might not have thrown herself away—

MARTON. (*breaking in quickly on him*) On the chevalier?

JASMIN. (*rises; very surprised*) There is a chevalier?

MARTON. Isn't there *always* a chevalier?

JASMIN. In Paris. But she comes from the provinces—from a convent. (*going to C., and speaking in an undertone*) Is it possible that there was a chevalier in the convent?

MARTON. A convent isn't a prison; and when a young lady is at school there, surely her brother may visit her sometimes.

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE. 7

JASMIN. (*going back to settee*) But madame la comtesse has no brother ; and if she had—

MARTON. *Other girls have brothers, haven't they ?*

JASMIN. (*a light breaking in on him*) Oh, ho, and one of those brothers was a chevalier ?

MARTON. (*sighs heavily*) Poor madame la comtesse !

JASMIN. (*sitting*) And have we made no sacrifices ? We have nearly broken the heart of the smartest little marquise. (*raising his voice on "marquise"*)

MARTON. (*rises*) There is a marquise ? (*saying "marquise" in a squeaky voice*)

JASMIN. Isn't there always a marquise ? (*imitating her tone on "marquise"*)

MARTON. Oh, ho ! (*moving C.*) And you call this an auspicious marriage ?

JASMIN. (*rising and moving L. C. to her*) I said, that nothing was wanting—(*puts his hands behind his back, and bends forward to her, mockingly*) not even the marquise.

MARTON. (*imitating his attitude*) And the chevalier !

Enter SUISSE, C., from R., cane in hand.

SUISSE. (*at door*) Monsieur Jasmin ?

JASMIN. (*turning to him and moving L. a little.*)
MARTON moves R. a step) What is it ?

SUISSE. A lady is below, in a closed carriage, and she wants to speak to you confidentially)

JASMIN. (*going up to him*) Is that how you keep her confidence ? How dare you leave the door ?

SUISSE. But she gave me ten louis—

MARTON. (*moving up to him on his R. and taking a piece*) Five for me—

JASMIN. And five for me. (*taking the other*) That's quite another matter. Ask her to drive round to our private door. (*going down to door L. Exit SUISSE, C., looking round in a disgusted manner*)

MARTON. (*coming, L. C., to JASMIN*) The marquise ?

JASMIN. I expect so.

MARTON. What a time to call !

JASMIN. I must get rid of her, before they're back from the reception. (*Exit L.*)

8 A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

VALCLOS. (*whose head appears round the screen*)
Hist!

MARTON. (L. C.) Ah! (*screams. Turns and sees VALCLOS*)

MARTON. M. le chevalier! How did you get there?

VAL. (*coming down c.*) I found a door open; I walked in. I came into this room. It was empty. Hearing footsteps, I slipped behind the screen. It was you, Marton, and I was just about to emerge when Jasmin appeared. I waited till he went and here I am.

MARTON. (*at back of settee*) Yes, here you are; but what do you want here?

VAL. (*up c.*) To see her once more—to tell her that I love her.

MARTON. (L. C.) But you've told her so.

VAL. (*coming down c. a step*) To tell her that her marriage makes no difference, that she is my wife in the eyes of heaven—

MARTON. And in the ears of her husband.

VAL. What's her husband to do with it? (*moving R. to chair R. of table*)

MARTON. This is his house. And they may come at any moment.

VAL. (*puts his hat on table*) I will wait for her. (*sits in chair R. of table, R.*)

MARTON. (*getting c.*) Are you mad, M. le chevalier?

VAL. Ah, Marton! (*with his head in his hands*) to marry! to forget me! it is too cruel!

MARTON. (c.) Nonsense! You knew, six months ago, that she was to be married. It was all arranged, before ever you proposed to her. As for forgetting you, she's not forgotten you. She thinks of nothing else.

VAL. (*looking up and smiling gladly*) Does she remember her promise?

MARTON. What promise?

VAL. To be faithful to me in her heart—and to regard her husband only as a brother.

MARTON. (*laughing*) Madame la comtesse remembers it perfectly. She was telling me of it only this morning.

VAL. And what did you say, Marton?