

The Bourgeois Gentleman

By Moliere (adapted from a translation by anonymous—Published by Dover Press)

ACT I

SCENE ONE

Servant: Please wait here for Monsieur Jourdain.

Music Master: (*Bowing*) After you, Dancing Master

Dancing Master: (*Bowing.*) No, after YOU!

Music Master: How's business?

Dancing Master: Now that we've found such a stupid man I'm in easy street.

Music Master: These men from the middle class think they can pass for someone with breeding.

Dancing Master: Monsieur Jourdain is so gullible; we can play him like a trout.

Music Master: He can't sing a note—

Dancing Master: He's as clumsy as a goat—

Music Master: Ah, if we only had a few more fools like him.

Dancing Master: The money's nice, but it's depressing trying to teach a dolt.

Music Master: Just keep telling yourself that *the money's good*. Cash is what we artists need now.

Dancing Master: I do enjoy applause, (*Sigh.*) but it's humiliating to have to please the stupid uncouth, recently rich, just to get paid what we're worth. I yearn for the praise of one who understands our art, can appreciate its beauty *and* can pay our fee.

Music Master: At least he pays his bill.

Dancing Master: True, but *you* care too much about your creature comforts.

Music Master: You seem to have no problem taking his money.

Dancing Master: Of course not! But I'm not happy about it. I wish he had some taste.

Music Master: Think of it this way, we are being paid to teach him that. At least his commissions give us great publicity.

Dance Master: Shhh. Our Monsieur Money-Bags is coming.

ACT I Scene Two (*Jourdain enters.*)

Jourdain: (*Rubbing his hands with glee.*) Well, well, well. What did you bring me? I can't wait to see the little thing you've made up.

Dancing Master: What little "thing"?

Jourdain: What do you call it? A prologue thing or a song and dance thing?

Dancing Master: (*Forcing a laugh.*) So witty!

Music Master: We are quite ready.

Dancing Master: Ditto!

Jourdain: I had you wait 'cause I'm getting a snazzy outfit like your high-class nobles wear. My hosier sent me a pair of small silk stockings; I thought I'd never get them on . . .

Music Master: We've been waiting for you. . .

Jourdain: And I want you to stay until my new outfit comes and I put it on.

Dancing Master: Of course.

Jourdain: You'll get to see me in my new threads—

Music Master: Certainly!

Jourdain: (*Showing off his robe.*) I had them make up this special design I invented.

Dancing Master: (*With a large fake smile.*) Niiiiiice.

Jourdain: My tailor said anybody who is anybody wears one—only mine's better.

Music Master: It's a perfect fit.

Jourdain: Hey, you. (*Pokes his servant.*)

Servant: Yes Sir?

Jourdain: (*To the two Masters:*) What do you think of her uniform?

Music Master: Ohhhh, ah, delightful.

Dancing Master: Ditto!

Jourdain: (*Opening his robe.*) Now this is sort of a morning exercise outfit.

Music Master: Mmmmm. I've never seen anything like it!

Jourdain: Servant! *[We will give the servant a name.]*

Servant: Sir?

Jourdain: Hold my robe. *(Twirls around showing off his outfit to the two Masters.)* Like it?

Dancing Master: I can't imagine anything more "interesting"!

Jourdain: Now, what about your little performance?

Music Master *(Trying to hide his irritation.):* A brand new serenade written especially for you. *(He begins to sing to the tune of "The Volga Boatmen" Russian song.)*

I mourn night and day
Nor sleeps my pain
Since those fair eyes
Imposed this heavy chain
But tell me my love
What dire fate attends
Your enemies
If thus you treat your friend?

(The Dancing Master applauds vociferously.)

Jourdain: It seems a little depressing and makes me sleepy. I think it should be peppier; maybe you could sing it faster?

Music Master: But the tempo of the music must fit the words-

Jourdain: Oh I know a great one about love. Now give me a moment; let me think. *(Pause.)* How does it go?

Dancing Master: I have no idea. *(The Music Master shrugs his shoulders—a gesture indicating he has no idea either.)*

Jourdain. There's a lamb in it. Baaa. Baaa, baaa. Baaaaaah--

Music Master: *(Overlapping Jourdain's "Baas.")* A lamb?

Jourdain: Yes—*(Suddenly remembering.)* Ho! *(Begins to sing to the tune of the alphabet song as he hops about.)*

I thought my dear Namby
As gentle and fair-o:
I thought my dear Namby
As mild as a lamb-y.
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear-i-o!
For now to my great sorrow

She's fiercer than a bear-o! *(He twirls and bows.)*

Now that's what I call a song! *(Looks at the Music Master.)*

Music Master: Very pretty!

Dancing Master: And you sing it so well too!

Jourdain: And I never even studied music neither!

Music Master: Well you ought to study it more studiously.

Dancing Master: Along with dancing. They are joined like—

Music Master: Beautiful Siamese Twins.

Jourdain: You mean the best blue-bloods study music?

Music Master: Of course, sir.

Dancing Master: And, of course, dance.

Jourdain: Alright, I'll learn some then, but I don't know when I'll have time. The Fencing Master teaches me and I've got a Philosophy Master who will be here any minute!

Dancing Master: Music and dancing, that's all that matters.

Music Master: All the disorder in the world, wars and such, only happen when people are ignorant of music!

Dancing Master: All the fatal misfortunes in history, the mistakes of great generals, all this because of not knowing how to dance.

Jourdain: What?

Music Master: Isn't war caused from a lack of harmony?

Jourdain: True . . .

Dancing Master: When a man is guilty of wrong-doing, in government, or commanding an army don't we always say that the man has made a false step?

Jourdain, Yes, we do!

Dancing Master: And isn't a false step caused by not knowing how to dance?

Jourdain: Yes, yes; you're both right!

Music Master: So you see the excellent advantages of dancing and music—

Jourdain: Yes!

Dancing Master: And to demonstrate, we will now show you the lovely entertainment—

Music Master: That we have created for your banquet—

Dancing Master: On the theme of love.

Music Master: As you requested.

Jourdain: I remember; I'm not stupid.

Dancing Master: Now imagine us dressed as shepherds. . .

Jourdain: Does it always have to be shepherds? Paintings of shepherds, little statues of china
Shepherds, songs about shepherds; shepherds smell like sheep poo.

Music Master: Singing has been appropriated to shepherds because it is in no way natural that
princes should sing out their passions.

Jourdain: Alright, alright! Let's see what you've brought. (*He stands on the lowest level to
watch them perform on the stage.*)

(*The Music Master's student sings while the Dance is performed.*)

Female singer:

The heart that must tyrannic love obey,
A thousand fears and cares oppress—
Sweet are those sighs and languishments, they say'
Say what they will, but as for me—
None are as sweet as sweetest li-ber-ty!

(*The singers/dancers dance together.*)

Jourdain: Is that it?

Music Master: It is but only—

Music and Dancing Masters: The introduction.

Jourdain: Does she love him in the end?

Dancing Master: Of course—

Music Master: After trials and tribulations. . .

Jourdain: But she loves him?

Music Master: Of course!

ACT II Scene One (*Arbitrary since a section was cut at the end of Act I.*)

Jourdain: As I told you, it is in honor of a lovely "Person" who will do my house the honor of
dining here.

Music Master: There will be three voices, a treble, a counter-tenor and a bass accompanied with a
bass-viol, a therbo-lute, and a harpsichord for the through-bass with two violins to play the
symphonic sounds.

Jourdain: And a tuba, or the bagpipes. I love the way they sound because they are so harmonious.

Dancing Master: Leave it all to us.

Jourdain: It has to be perfect—

Music Master: You'll love it.

Dancing master: She'll Love it! It has a tango [*minuet*] in it.

Jourdain: Now that's *my* dance! Watch me! (*He dances as the others sing the tune from the opera Carmen.*)

Dancing Master:

La La La La, (*etc.*)--Turn!—No, the *other* way! Now back again—

La, la, la la.—Try to step *to* the music—

La, la, lala, la, la la la—The other leg

(More la's)—Your arms are all out of kilter—Hold your head up! Keep your feet straight!

(*During more La-la's.*) No! Your body must stay erect!

(*The song and dance end.*)

Jourdain: (*As he stops.*) Pretty good, huh?

Music Master: Admirably performed.

Jourdain: (*To the Dancing Master.*) Now, teach me how to bow to a marchioness.

Dancing Master: A marchioness?

Jourdain: Named Dorimene. You show me and I'll remember.

Dancing Master: (*As he performs it.*) If you respect her a great deal, then you must first of all make a bow and then fall back, then advancing toward her, bow three times, the last bow down to her knees.

Jourdain: Got it!

ACT II Scene Two (*The Servant enters.*)

Servant: Sir, your fencing master is here.

Jourdain: Well let him in! (*To the other Masters.*) He's going to teach me a lesson. I'd like it if you'd stay and watch me.

ACT II Scene Three (*The Fencing Master enters followed by Jourdain's Servant who carries the "foils". The Fencing Master takes two "foils" and hands one to Jourdain.*)

Fencing Master: Come, come sir—your salute. Straighten the body.

(This next section is to be played at a fast tempo. Jourdain cannot keep up and keeps getting “touched” by the Fencing Master’s “sword”.)

Your legs are much too a-straddle. Your feet in-line; your wrist opposite your hip, your arm not so extended, your left hand level with your eye; hold your head up! Look bold, Advance! *(Jourdain advances.)* Keep your body steady, one, two, recover! Again with a firmer foot. One, two, --leap back! *(Stopping.)* When you make a pass, sir ‘tis necessary your sword should disengage first. One, two. Advance! Keep the muscles firm, advance. One, two, recover. Repeat—one. Two. Leap back! Parry sir; you must parry!

Jourdain: *(Collapsing.)* Agh--

Music Master: *(Clapping his hands.)* Bravo, sir—

Dancing Master: Ditto, sir!

Music Master: Bravo! Bravo!

Dancing Master: Ditto, Ditto!

Fencing Master: *(Who has meanwhile put Jourdain back into “fencing” stance.)* I have told you already—the whole secret of fencing only two things: giving and NOT receiving! It is impossible that you receive if you know how to turn your adversary’s sword from your body; it depends on only a small motion of your wrist, *(Demonstrating.)* inward or downward.

Jourdain: So a man without much courage will kill his, “adversary” and not get killed?

Fencing Master: Certainly. Because of this great power one can see why those of us who possess such a skill are so admired and why the art of arms excels all other useless sciences such as dancing, music and—

Dancing Master: Now see here—

Music Master: Music and dance are far superior. . .

Fencing Master *(Interrupting loudly.)* You are both idiots to try and compare your arts with mine!

Music Master: Impertinence!

Dancing Master: The fancy fencer in his uuuugly outfit.

Fencing Master: Beware Dancing Master, I can make you dance. *(To the Music Master.)* And you , you silly scraper of strings, I can make you sing my song.

Dancing Master: Ha Monsieur “Tick—Tack” *(Making sword slashing movements.)* I will teach you to dance!

Jourdain: Are you crazy? He can kill a man just by demonstration!

Dancing Master: I laugh at his “demonstration”! (*Snaps his fingers.*)

Jourdain: Oh please—everyone just shut up.

Fencing Master: What was that?

Jourdain: I said, “Oh—please everyone just stop!”

Dancing Master: (*To the Fencing Master.*) You are nothing but a clumsy, clomping Clydesdale!

Jourdain: Just stop it. Everyone stop!

Fencing Master: A clumsy, clomping Clydesdale?

Jourdain: Be gentle—

Dancing Master: I will give you such a kick—

Jourdain: Oh for goodness sake!

Fencing Master: I will make you black and blue!

Jourdain: (*To the Dancing Master.*) No fighting in my house!

Music Master: (*To the Dancing Master.*) We’ll teach him how to move to a beat!

Jourdain: Oh, not you too--

ACT TWO Scene Four (*The Philosophy Master Enters.*)

Jourdain: Master Philosopher, thank goodness! Come, make them stop!

Philosophy Master: What is the meaning of this chaos?

Jourdain: Each one argues that his profession is the highest art, they started calling each other names and soon they might kill each other.

Philosophy Master: (*To the other three Masters.*) Gentlemen, it seems you have not read Seneca’s treatise on the follies of anger... If you had you would know that such passion makes a savage beast of man! Reason should be master of all emotion.

Dancing Master: But he’s (*Pointing to the Fencing Master.*) insulted us both. He despises dancing, my employment, and music which is his. (*Gesturing to the Music Master.*)

Philosophy Master: A wise person is above wrongful words; the right reply is moderation, patience and a return to the Golden Mean.

Fencing Master (*To the Music Master & the Fencing Master.*): Your professions are not equal to mine.

Music Master: Correct! Mine is better!

Fencing Master: The art and science of defense is the one most necessary for survival; and what is more important than staying alive!

Philosophy Master: You are all foolishly impertinent to call your professions art; yours is merely the trade of a gluttonous gladiator, a lowly ballad-singer and a drunken dancer at a county fair.

Fencing Master: Why you dog—

Music Master: Pompous pedant!

Dancing Master: Pitiful pedagogue!

Philosophy Master: (*Grabbing the “sword”.*) Dogs!

Jourdain: But Monsieur Philosopher!

Philosophy Master: Beasts!

Music Master: Impudence!

Jourdain: Gentlemen, please. . .

Dancing Master: Villain!

Philosophy Master: Vermin!

Music Master: You. . .you. . .Puppy!

Fencing Master: Egg-head!

Philosopher: Earth worms! Beetle-brains! Gnat’s scat!

(During the name calling the three Masters beat each other—a la Three Stooges/clowns—off the stage. The Music, Dancing and Fencing Masters run out.)

ACT II Scene Five

Jourdain: It’s your fight, not mine! (*To himself.*) I don’t want my beautiful new ensemble to get ruined. Besides, I could get hurt!

ACT II Scene Six (*The Philosophy Master returns.*)

Philosophy Master: (*Dusting off his hands and making sure his hat is in the right place.*) Now to our lesson. What do you wish to learn?

Jourdain: Everything. I want to be a learned man and it is so irritating not to know things.

Philosophy Master: A reasonable desire. Nam, sine doctrina vita est quasi mortis imago. You are familiar with Latin?

Jourdain: Of course. But pretend I'm not and tell me what you said.

Philosophy Master: I said, "Without learning, life is only an image of death."

Jourdain: You do know your Latin!

Philosophy Master: Where would you like to start? With logic?

Jourdain: What's it about?

Philosophy Master: The three operations of the mind.

Jourdain: What three?

Philosophy Master: The first, the second and the third. The first is to conceive well by means of universals. The second to judge well by means of categories. The third to draw the correct conclusions by means of figures

Jourdain: (*Interrupting.*) Too many long words. Let's learn something prettier.

Philosophy Master: Would you enjoy, Morality?

Jourdain: What's morality?

Philosophy Master: It has to do with happiness, teaches us men to moderate our passions and—

Jourdain: No, no, no! I can afford passion whenever I feel like it.

Philosophy Master: Would you like Physics?

Jourdain: What's physics?

Philosophy Master: Physics are what explains the principles of things natural, the properties of bodies which discourse on the nature of elements, metals, minerals, of stones, of paths and animals; what causes all the meteors, rainbows, comets, lightening, thunder, rain, snow, hail, winds and whirlwinds.

Jourdain: Too much.

Philosophy Master: What *would* you like me to teach you then?

Jourdain: Orthography.

Philosophy Master: Gladly.

Jourdain: After that you can teach me how to read the almanac so I will know when there's a full moon.

Philosophy Master: Of course. In philosophy we must begin with the exact order of things, with an exact knowledge of the nature of letters and the different manners of pronouncing them. Now listen, letters are either vowels or consonants. There are five vowels: A, E, I, O, U. (*Jourdain repeats each vowel after the P. Master.*)

Jourdain: Five vowels.

Philosophy Master: The vowel A is formed by opening the mouth very wide, A. (*He shows Jourdain who copies him. This happens throughout.*)

Jourdain: A-----.

Philosophy Master: The vowel E is formed by drawing the under-jaw a little nearer to the upper, A---E---.

Jourdain: A, E, A, E. Oh, how pretty it sounds.

Philosophy Master: And the vowel I, by bringing the jaws still nearer to one another and stretching the two corners of the mouth towards the ears. A, E, I.

Jourdain: A, E, I, I, I, I. (*Perhaps sounding like a monkey.*) Beautiful!

Philosophy Master: The vowel O is formed by re-opening the jaws and drawing the lips near each other at the two corners, the upper and the lower under, O.

Jourdain: O, O. That's all I do? A, E I, O, I, O. Wonderful, (*Sounding like a donkey.*) I, O, I, O.

Philosophy Master: The opening of the mouth makes exactly a little ring, which resembles an O.

Jourdain: O, O, O. You're right, O. What a fine thing to know!

Philosophy Master: The vowel U is formed by bringing the teeth near together without entirely joining them, and pouting out both your lips, bringing them also near together without absolutely joining them, U.

Jourdain: U. U. There's nothing more true, U. U.

Philosophy Master: Your two lips pout out, as if you were making faces. If you would do that to anybody and make a jest of him, you need say nothing to him but, U.

Jourdain: U—U--. It's true! Oh I wish I knew this sooner!

Philosophy Master: Tomorrow we shall examine the other letters, the consonants.

Jourdain: Are they as nice as vowels?

Philosophy Master: Of course! The consonant D, for example, is pronounced by clapping the tip of your tongue above the upper lip, DE.

Jourdain: DE, DE. Oh! Charming! Just Charming!

Philosophy Master: The F, in leaning the upper teeth upon the lower lip, EF

Jourdain: EF, EF. It's true!

Philosophy Master: And the R, in carrying the tip of the tongue up to the roof of your mouth; so that being grazed upon by the air which bursts out with such force, it yields to it, and returns always to the same part, making kind of a trill, R rrra.

Jourdain: R, r, rrra. Rrrra. What a clever man you are.

Philosophy Master: I will explain any mystery you like.

Jourdain: I need to tell you a secret.

Philosophy Master: And?

Jourdain: There is this person of great quality and I want you to help me to write a short love note which I can drop at her feet.

Philosophy Master: Fine. Do you wish to write to her in verse?

Jourdain: No, no poetry.

Philosophy Master: So you desire prose.

Jourdain: Oh, no! I don't want prose or poetry.

Philosophy Master: It must be one or the other.

Jourdain: Why?

Philosophy Master: Because there is no other way to express oneself but through prose or verse. Whatever is not prose, is poetry and whatever is not poetry is prose.

Jourdain: When I talk what's that then?

Philosophy Master: Prose.

Jourdain: When I say, Nicole! Bring me my slippers, is that prose.

Philosophy Master: Yes, sir.

Jourdain: So I have been speaking prose for years without even knowing it! What a Master you are. Now, the letter; I would like to put in the letter, "Beautiful marchioness, your fair eyes make me die with love," but I want it in a more gentle, gallant way.

Philosophy Master: Add that the fire in her eyes has reduced your heart to ashes. . .

Jourdain: No, no, I want just what I told you: Beautiful Marchioness, your fair eyes make me die with love.

Philosophy Master: It should be lengthened a little.

Jourdain: No—those are the only words I want, but made better—arranged so they are beautiful. Tell me the ways they could be put together.

Philosophy Master: One; the order in which you said them: Beautiful Marchioness, your fair eyes make me die for love. Or, “For love die me make, beautiful marchioness, your fair eyes. Or perhaps, “Your eyes fair, for love me make, beautiful marchioness, die. Or: Die your fair eyes, beautiful marchioness, for love me make.” Then there is, “Me make your eyes fair die, beautiful marchioness, for love.”

Jourdain: But which is best.

Philosophy Master: What you said, “Beautiful Marchioness, your fair eyes make me die for love.

Jourdain: I never studied and I still got it right the first time! Thank you, thank you! (*Shaking, or rather pumping up and down the hand of the Philosophy Master.*) Please come tomorrow!

Philosophy Master: I shall not fail you. Oh, my bill! (*Leaves the paper and exits.*)

ACT II Scene Seven

Jourdain: (*To his servant.*) Where is that tailor? Isn't he here yet?

Servant: No sir. (*Exits.*)

Jourdain: It is unreasonable for this damn tailor to make me wait. I'll go crazy in a minute; (*Paces.*) Damn that tailor! A Plague choke that tailor! If he were here I'd grab him by the neck and choke him till his face puffed up and his eyes bugged out and—

ACT II Scene Eight (*The Tailor enters with a suit of clothes carried by the servant.*)

Tailor: (*Bowing.*) Monsieur Jourdain—

Jourdain: There you are! (*Embraces him.*)

Tailor: We had twenty stitchers sewing your ensemble.

Jourdain: You sent me a pair of silk hose so tight I could barely get them on; there's two stitches already broke in 'em.

Tailor: The hose will stretch.

Jourdain: And the shoes pinch my toes.

Tailor: I don't think so, sir.

Jourdain: What!?

Tailor: They don't pinch your toes at all.

Jourdain: I say they do!

Tailor: It's all your imagination. But this—this is the handsomest suit at court and all the pieces fit together so well! It is a great creative challenge to make a suit that communicates your importance and is not a dark color. I suppose I am the only tailor in Paris able to succeed so perfectly.

Jourdain: But the flowers [*or whatever*] are upside-down! [*or inside out*]

Tailor: You didn't tell me you wanted them facing up.

Jourdain: Why would I need to tell you that?

Tailor: All the most important people wear them that way—I thought you wanted the newest style? But if you'd rather have them changed. . .

Jourdain: No, no. (*Holding up a piece of the new clothes.*) Will it fit?

Tailor: A painter couldn't paint you a better fit. They'll look like they're painted on.

Jourdain: (*Looking at the Tailor's jacket [or vest or other piece of clothing].*) Hey, this is the same fabric I bought for you to make my last suit from!

Tailor: It was so lovely I decided to cut out a pattern for myself.

Jourdain: But, but—you shouldn't have used my cloth!

Tailor: (*Holding out part of Jourdain's suit.*) If you please sir—

Jourdain: Here—(*Motioning for the Tailor to hand it to him.*)

Tailor: No-no. A gentleman's suit is put on with ceremony! (*Calling the servants and clapping his hands.*) Attention here!

ACT II Scene Nine (*Servants "enter" and Jourdain is dressed in his ugly new suit by the Tailor and servants while others "play" music and sing.*)

Tailor: (*To Jourdain.*) My dear Gentleman, it suits you perfectly.

Jourdain: Did you call me "gentleman"?

Tailor: Of course, my dear gentleman—

Jourdain: When I wore my “old” clothes they treated me like a commoner; now in this suit you call me a “gentleman”! *(Hands the Tailor coins in payment.)*

Tailor: Well, my lord, we are infinitely grateful to you. *(Bowling.)*

Jourdain: Well now, “my lord!” That deserves something. Here, my “lord” gives you that. *(Hands him more coins.)*

Tailor: *(Bowling.)* Your Grace, we shall drink your grace’s health!

Jourdain: “Your grace?” Oh! “Your grace!” Here’s for “my grace”. *(Hands him another coin.)*

Tailor: *(Bowling.)* Thank you, my—

Jourdain: “My lord” is quite enough! *(Shoving him towards the exit. To himself.)* Any more titles and he’d have taken everything! *(The Tailor is gone.)*

END OF ACT II

ACT III Scene One

Jourdain: *(To his Servant.)* I think I shall go out and show off my new clothes. Be careful to walk right behind me so people can see you are my servant.

Jourdain's Servant: Yes, sir.

Jourdain: Call Nicole, I have some work for her to do. *(Sees her entering.)* Never mind, here she comes.

ACT III Scene Two

Jourdain: *(To Nicole as she enters.)* Nicole?

Nicole: Yes, Master?

Jourdain: Listen carefully . . .

Nicole: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha—

Jourdain: What are you laughing at? *(Nicole keeps on laughing even more hysterically.)*
What—are you laughing at me?

Nicole: *(Laughing.)* I can't help it! *(Keeps laughing.)*

Jourdain: Stop it! Stop right this instant! *(She laughs.)* I order you!

Nicole: *(Gasping.)* I can't! *(Laughs.)* Oh my stomach! *(Holds her stomach, laughing.)*

Jourdain: Do you think I'm funny?

Nicole: *(Wiping her eyes and sniffing. Laughs again.)* You look like a circus clown. *(Bursts out laughing.)*

Jourdain: I'll slap you! *(He raises his hand to hit her.)*

Nicole: I can't help it. *(Laughs.)* You look like a fool! *(Laughs.)* Anyone would laugh!

Jourdain: If you laugh one more time, I promise you I'll...*(Acts as if he will hit her.)*

Nicole: *(Suddenly stops laughing.)* I'm done. *(Snickers. Jourdain raises his hand again; she stops.)*

Jourdain: I want you to— *(Nicole laughs.)* Ah! *(Raises his index finger at her. She stops.)* I want you to clean out the hall—*(She starts laughing again and falls on the floor in hysterics.)* I'll show you I mean business! *(As he bends over to slap her we hear the sound of his back pant's seam ripping out which sends Nicole into more gales of laughter.)*

Nicole: Sir, I'm sorry but, you look so funny! (*Laughs.*)

Jourdain: Get up and go clean the hall. Get the house ready because I've got "quality" company coming.

Nicole: Now, that's not funny. Your high-class snobs always leave such a mess it takes a week of scrubbing to—

Jourdain: (*Cutting her off.*) So, I should keep my doors shut just so you don't have to clean anything?

Nicole: I wish I could tell you who to keep out and who to let in!

ACT III Scene 2 (*Mme Jourdain enters.*)

Madame Jourdain: (*Seeing her husband's backside.*) What do you think you are doing? Is this some joke? Do you want everyone and their dog to laugh at you in that ridiculous outfit?

Jourdain: Only fools like you will laugh at me.

Madame Jourdain: That's a good joke—everyone who knows you has been laughing at you for years; now the rest of the world can laugh too.

Jourdain: Who is "everybody else"?

Madame Jourdain: Anybody who has more brains than you do. I don't know what's happening; you've turned our house into a circus. Every morning it's a new carnival—fiddlers, drummers, singers, poets, trumpeteers—our neighbors are furious!

Nicole: What she said! I can't get the place clean because of all the mud they track in, all the servants are exhausted from scrubbing--

Jourdain: You talk too much and too long and too loud!

Madame Jourdain: She speaks more sense than you do. What are you taking dancing lessons for at your age?

Nicole: And that fool of a fencing master who stomps around breaking things with his sword.

Jourdain: Both of you be quiet! You are ignorant and uncouth.

Madame Jourdain: You should be spending your time finalizing our daughter's marriage contract.

Jourdain: I'll do that when I find the right match for her. Right now I'm busy improving myself with learning.

Madame Jourdain: You should go to a school where fools are punished.

Jourdain: You can't understand anything!

Madame: I understand that none of these "teachers" teach you anything useful!

Nicole: Except how to bare his derriere.

Jourdain: You talk like ignorant, ah, alligators! (*To his wife.*) I bet you don't have any idea what you are speaking.

Madame Jourdain: I'm speaking the truth!

Jourdain: That's not what I meant; I bet you can't tell me the words you are now speaking.

Madame Jourdain: They're sensible ones!

Jourdain: No, not that either. I mean what I am saying to you this very moment as I am speaking now!

Madame Jourdain: Silly words.

Jourdain: No! The language we speak this very instant—

Madame Jourdain: What?

Jourdain: What is it called?

Madame Jourdain: You can call it whatever you like; I call it a waste of time.

Nicole: A big waste of time!

Jourdain: It is prose you ignoramus!

Madame Jourdain and Nicole: Prose?

Jourdain: Yes, prose. Whatever isn't prose is poetry and whatever isn't poetry is prose. (*The women look dumfounded.*) Ha! Now you understand what it means to be educated! (*Turning to Nicole.*) And you, do you know what you must do to say "U"?

Nicole: You?

Jourdain: That's what I said. What do you do when you say, "U"?

Madame Jourdain: What are *you* talking about?

Jourdain: (*To Nicole.*) Say, "U", just try—

Nicole: You want me to say "you"?

Jourdain: That's right! Now, what are you doing?

Nicole: I say, "you".

Jourdain: Yes, yes. But when you say, “U”, what is it that you do?

Nicole: I did what you told me to do!

Madame Jourdain: Of course she did.

Jourdain: You are both imbeciles. Look, you pout out your lips—*(To Nicole.)* Pout out your lips! *(She does.)* And bring your under-jaw to your upper. . .”U”, see how I did that? I make this mouth. *(Does so.)* “U.”

Nicole: Yes . . .

Madame Jourdain: Oh—

Jourdain: Yes, “O” as well! And there is “DE” and “EF...Fe”.

Madame Jourdain: “FFFFF”?

Nicole: What do we do with this “F, ff, fff ,f:?”

Jourdain: Obviously you don’t care to be educated!

Madame: Get rid of these ridiculous Masters of nothing!

Nicole: Especially that clumsy fencing master.

Jourdain: You don’t respect the Fencing Master?

Nicole: He can’t hold a feather duster!

Jourdain: I’ll show you! Hand me my foils. *(She does and he tosses one back to her; it is her duster.)* Now watch. When they do the carte it is like this and the tierce is thus. That is the way never to be killed; is that not clever? Now you try; I promise not to hurt you.

Nicole: Like this? And this? And this? *(She “scores” at each thrust making him laugh.)*

Jourdain: Stop that! Stop! You’re not doing it right!

Nicole: You told me to try.

Madame Jourdain: I heard you.

Jourdain: Yes, but you must do it right. You must wait until I parry!

Madame Jourdain: Once again you prove you are a fool—a foolish man who wants to act like a blue-blood snob.

Jourdain: That only shows I have better sense than you and your, “bourgeoisie”.

Madame Jourdain: Yes, yes—you are doing so well with that Count you follow around.

Jourdain: *(Angry.)* Be careful! You know he is a man of great importance who speaks to the king

just like I speak to you. It's a great honor to have such a man visit our house; he calls me his, "dear friend" and treats me as an equal, even when we're in public.

Madame Jourdain: Such a kindness to borrow money from you every day.

Jourdain: You don't understand the ways of the world, my dear. It is an honor for me to lend money to a nobleman; I can't do anything less for a man who calls me his "dear friend".

Madame Jourdain: What does this "great" lord do for you?

Jourdain: It's a secret.

Madame Jourdain: He won't pay you back.

Jourdain: He said he would.

Madame Jourdain: With gold?

Jourdain: *(Pause.)* He's doing me a favor.

Madame Jourdain: What favor?

Jourdain: That's for me to know and you to find out.

Madame Jourdain: He'll disappoint you.

Jourdain: He promised to keep his word and he will.

Madame Jourdain: And I am sure he will not!

Nicole: Hey! Here he comes!

Jourdain: Don't you say another word!

Madame Jourdain: He's come to borrow more money.

Jourdain: Hush!

Madame Jourdain: You're just a big baboon.

ACT III Scene Four *(Enter Dorante.)*

Dorante: *(To Jourdain.)* Ah, my dear friend, Monsieur Jourdain, how do you do?

Jourdain: At your service, sir.

Dorante: *(To Madame Jourdain.)* And Madame Jourdain, how does she do?

Madame Jourdain: Madame Jourdain does as well as she can under the circumstances.

Dorante: Ahhh—Monsieur Jourdain, you are dressed in the most, ah, a most genteel manner.

Jourdain: (*Looking smugly at his wife.*) You think so?

Dorante: I have never seen even the noblest young man of fashion with such an ensemble!

Jourdain: (*To his wife.*) You see?

Madame Jourdain: (*To Nicole.*) He tells the fool just what he wants to hear.

Dorante: (*Turning Jourdain around slowly.*) Colorful and gallant both front and back.

Madame Jourdain: (*To Nicole.*) His behind is almost as ugly as the front.

Dorante: My dear Monsieur Jourdain, I have been eager to speak with you. I do admire you to such a degree. . . I was speaking of you again this morning at the king's levee.

Jourdain: (*To his wife.*) You hear—at the King's levee.

Dorante: Please my friend, put your hat back on.

Jourdain: I know my manners; society decrees that upon meeting and conversing with a man of high rank . . .

Dorante: Let's have no such ceremony between friends.

Jourdain: Sir—

Dorante: Come, come, put on your hat.

Jourdain: (*Beside himself.*) Put on my hat!

Dorante: You are my friend.

Jourdain: I am but your humble servant.

Dorante: Well, if you won't take off your hat, I'll take off mine.

Jourdain: In that case, I obey. (*Puts his hat back on.*)

Dorante: I am in your debt, as you know.

Madame Jourdain: (*To Nicole.*) What we don't know is for how much.

Dorante: You have lent me money on several occasions, and, with the utmost grace in the world.

Madame Jourdain: How many occasions, I wonder.

Jourdain: You're making a mountain out of a mole-hill.

Dorante: But I know how to repay what I owe and to show my gratitude for the favors you have done me.

Jourdain: I don't doubt it, sir.

Dorante: I have come to go over our account.

Jourdain: *(To his wife.)* You see?

Dorante: I am the sort of person who loves to be out of debt as soon as possible.

Jourdain: *(To his wife.)* I told you so.

Dorante: Let's see how little I owe you. *(Looking at his tiny piece of paper.)*

Jourdain: *(To his wife.)* You and your suspicions!

Dorante: I just want to confirm the amount.

Jourdain: *(Reading from his notebook.)* I've made a little memorandum. . . Let's see. The first time two hundred golden Louis—

Dorante: *(Checking his figures.)* True—

Jourdain: The next, sixty—

Dorante: Yes—

Jourdain: Then another hundred and forty—

Dorante: A hundred and forty—

Jourdain: Just these three make four hundred and sixty.

Dorante: That is correct.

Jourdain: One thousand eight hundred and thirty-two livres to your plume-maker—

Madame Jourdain: *(Aside.)* Plume-maker?

Dorante: Sounds right.

Jourdain: Two thousand seven hundred and eighty livres to your tailor—

Madame Jourdain: *(Aside.)* His tailor?

Dorante: True—

Jourdain: Four thousand three hundred and seventy-nine livres, twelve sols, and eight deniers to your tradesman—

Dorante: Four thousand three hundred and seventy-nine livres, twelve sols, and eight deniers—

Jourdain: And a thousand seven hundred and forty-eight livres, seven sols. Four deniers to your saddler.

Madame Jourdain: (*Aside.*) I'll saddle him!

Dorante: Ah, yes, the saddler. What does all that come to?

Jourdain: The sum of fifteen-thousand eight hundred livres.

Dorante: Exactly right! Fifteen thousand and eight hundred livres. To which add two hundred pistoles which you are going to lend me today, and that will make exactly eighteen thousand francs which I shall pay you at the first opportunity.

Madame Jourdain: (*To her husband.*) Didn't I say so?

Jourdain: Hush!

Dorante: Will the two hundred incommode you?

Jourdain: Oh no! Certainly not.

Madame Jourdain: (*To her husband.*) He's turned you into his private cash cow.

Jourdain: Be quiet!

Dorante: If it will incommode you I will go somewhere else.

Jourdain: No, no, no.

Madame Jourdain: (*To her husband.*) He'll keep at it till he milks you dry.

Jourdain: Shhh! (*He makes a zipping motion across his mouth.*)

Dorante: I've a good number of people who would be glad to lend it to me, but since you are my very good friend, I thought I should ask you first.

Jourdain: No, it's an honor. (*Looking at his wife.*) A great honor indeed. I'll just go fetch it.

Madame Jourdain: (*To her husband.*) You are going to lend him even more?

Jourdain: Do you want me to refuse a man of rank who mentioned me this morning before the king?

Madame Jourdain: (*To her husband.*) Go—ruin yourself; you're an idiot.

(Jourdain exits to get the money.)

ACT III Scene Five

Dorante: *(To Madame Jourdain.)* You seem rather sad, Madame Jourdain; is anything the matter?

Madame Jourdain: [----need a contemporary come-back here----]

Dorante: And where is Mademoiselle, your lovely daughter? I haven't seen her today. Is she well?

Madame Jourdain: Mademoiselle my daughter is pretty well where she is.

Dorante: And does she like to ride about the park on horseback?

Madame Jourdain: She gets along fine on her own two legs.

Dorante: You should come and bring her, one of these days, and see a ball and a comedy acted out at court.

Madame Jourdain: Oh yes, I do have such a great desire to laugh; I could laugh my lungs out *right now*. *(Pause.)*

Dorante: I am confident, Madame Jourdain, you had a great many lovers swooning at your feet in your younger years, being handsome and good natured back *then*.

Madame Jourdain: Oh, I didn't realize I had grown so decrepit and ancient. Does my head wobble already with palsy? Do I limp? Have I lost all my teeth?

Dorante: Oh, Madame Jourdain, I ask your pardon. My mind was thinking of other matters and, was not aware of your, youthful appearance.

ACT III Scene Six *(Enter Jourdain.)*

Jourdain: Here's your two hundred in gold. *(Hands him the bag of coins.)*

Dorante: I assure you, Monsieur Jourdain, I long to do you some service at court.

Jourdain: I am infinitely obliged to you!

Dorante: If Madame Jourdain inclines to see a royal diversion, I can get her the best places in the ballroom.

Madame Jourdain: Ohhh—Madame Jourdain kisses you hand.

Dorante: *(In an aside to Jourdain.)* As I mentioned in my letter, our pretty marchioness will be here in a little while to enjoy your entertainment and the delicious collation. After much cajoling I brought her, at last, to consent to the entertainment you have planned for her.

Jourdain: Let's get where my wife can't hear. *(They move.)*

Dorante: It has been eight days since I saw you and I haven't had a chance to tell you about the diamond you gave me to deliver to her. She did not want to take it; she has strong morals, and she kept returning it until this very morning.

Jourdain: How did she like it?

Dorante: She thinks it, stunning. I could be wrong, but I doubt it; I think it had an admirable effect on her heart.

Jourdain: Oh kind heaven, make it so!

Madame Jourdain: *(To Nicole.)* When those two get together they always look like they're plotting something—

Dorante: I made her aware, oh in a proper manner of course, of the richness of the gift and the strength of your passion.

Jourdain: You overwhelm me! I am so surprised that a person of your noble qualities would demean himself on my account.

Dorante: You jest! One does such favors for one's friends. I'm confident you would do the same for me if the occasion arose.

Jourdain: Of course! With all my heart and soul!

Madame Jourdain: Just looking at that moocher drives me crazy.

Nicole: It does look like they're up to something.

Dorante: You are going about it in the best way. Women, above all, love the expense we take on in their account. Your frequent serenades, your continual entertainments, such as the fireworks she saw on the water, the diamond ring and the repast you are now preparing—all these speak so much better for you than all the things you might have said to her yourself.

Jourdain: I'd spare no expense to open her, heart. A woman of high quality attracts me so much—I would spend all my fortune to enjoy her charms.

Madame Jourdain: What can they be going on about? See if you can hear what they're saying.

Dorante: Today you will be able to look into her lovely eyes as long as you like.

Jourdain: I have taken care of everything. My wife is dining with my sister and she'll be there all afternoon.

Dorante: You are very wise! Your wife would have, ah, "perplexed" us were she here. I have given the menu to the cook and everything else that is needed. I'm confident the entertainment will be—

Jourdain: *(Sees Nicole listening, boxes her on the ear.)* Hey, you sneak! *(To Dorante.)* Let's go somewhere else. *(The two men exit.)*

ACT III Scene Seven

Nicole: (*Rubbing her head.*) That cost me something but I overheard enough to know they're talking about some affair and they didn't want you to be at home.

Madame Jourdain: It wouldn't be the first time! Either I'm the biggest fool in the world or he is planning something with another woman. I want to catch him at it! But not yet; not until I can make things right for our daughter. You know Cleonte loves her; he's a good man and I like him. I want to help him marry Lucile if I possibly can.

Nicole: Oh Madame, it makes me happy to hear you say so because if you think the master is a good man, his servant is verrrry good to me. If Cleonte and Lucille get married, then his man Covielle and I could do the same that very day!

Madame Jourdain: Go—talk to Cleonte. Tell him I sent you and say I'd like him to come here as soon as he can and together we'll demand that her father give him Nicole as his wife. (*As she exits.*)

Nicole: (*Starts out.*) There's nothing I rather do! (*Stops and turns.*) And I know this will make both of them, and me, very happy.

ACT III Scene Eight (*Cleante and Covielle enter with Nicole still onstage.*)

Nicole: What luck! I have great news for you!

Cleonte: Don't touch me you lying slut and don't think your serpent-tongued speeches can entertain me.

Nicole: So, this how you say hello?

Cleonte: Go—go to Lucile and tell her that nevermore, at least while she's alive, will she ever trick the poor, foolish and too trusting Cleonte.

Nicole: What are you going on about? (*To Covielle.*) Sweetheart, what is he talking about?

Covielle: Don't call me "sweetheart!" You, you mean hussy! Go!

Nicole: You too? It must be catching.

Covielle: Go away; I don't even want to look at you! And I refuse to talk to you. Even if it's life or death. I mean it.

Nicole: What's gotten into the two of them, I wonder. My mistress will have to sort it out. (*She exits.*)

ACT III Scene Nine

Cleonte: How can Lucille treat me like this? Me, who's never looked at another woman! Me, who tells her I love her a million times a day!

Covielle: They've treated us like dogs.

Cleonte: I love nothing but her; she's all I think about, my only desire, the sum total of all my love; I dream about her every night, I can only breathe when I think of her, my heart lives only for her and yet—this! This is how she treats me! It has been two days, two long, empty, horribly painful days without seeing her face and then, in the park, I see her by accident, my heart sings with joy, my face flushed with delight—I fly to her side in ecstasy and what does she do? She turns away her eyes and quickly brushes past me, acting as if she doesn't know me!

Covielle: Exactly the same thing happened to me.

Cleonte: Is there anything in the world, Covielle, equal to the ungrateful Lucille?

Covielle: Or, sir, of that heartbreaker Nicole?

Cleonte: And after so many sighs and so many times I have sworn how beautiful she is, how sweet she is, so—

Covielle: After so many times I have sneaked into the kitchen, eaten her cooking and washed her dishes!

Cleonte: Oh the millions of tears I cried kneeling before her. . .

Covielle: So many buckets of water I have hauled from the well for her. . .

Cleonte: I have loved her more than I love myself!

Covielle: How true—

Cleonte: And don't you try to make excuses for her!

Covielle: Who me? Never.

Cleonte: No matter how you defend her it won't help.

Covielle: I wouldn't think of it.

Cleonte: I will never speak to her again!

Covielle: Good!

Cleonte: I'm not going to let her be the one to leave me.

Covielle: Well said!

Cleonte: It is too difficult; I cannot do it alone, I need you to help me! Tell me of her faults.

Covielle: Her faults? Hmm. She's no prettier than anyone else and there are hundreds of other women who deserve you more than she does. And besides that, her eyes are too small.

Cleonte: They may be a little on the small side, but they are full of fire; they are the most sparking, most piercing, most captivating eyes in the whole world.

Covielle: Her mouth is too wide.

Cleonte: But the sight of it inspires my desire; oh, it is the most attractive, the most delicious most sensuous mouth in the whole world.

Covielle: And she's too short.

Cleonte: But she is easy to look at and quite well-shaped.

Covielle: And as to her sense of humor—

Cleonte: She has the gentlest, most refined wit.

Covielle: Her conversation—

Cleonte: ---Is charming.

Covielle: She changes her mind constantly—

Cleonte: Yes, but that doesn't bother me; it's nothing—When a woman is so beautiful, nothing else matters.

Covielle: Well it's clear you are determined to love her—

Cleonte: No! Now I am going to hate her as much as I ever loved her.

Covielle: How can you hate her if you think she is perfect?

ACT III Scene Ten (*Nicole and Lucile enter.*)

Nicole: (*To Cleonte.*) Are you ill?

Lucile: I'm sure that's what it is. (*To Cleonte.*) Are you alright?

Cleonte: (*To Covielle.*) I won't speak to her.

Covielle: (*To Cleonte.*) Then I won't speak to Nicole.

Lucile: Cleonte, what's the matter with you?

Nicole: (*To Covielle.*) Cat got your tongue?

Lucile: Has something happened?

Nicole: Why are you so cranky?

Lucile: Why won't you speak?

Nicole: Have you lost your voice?

Cleonte: Oh, the faithless creature!

Covielle: Oh, the ingrate!

Lucile: I see, your brain is atrophied!

Cleonte: *(To Covielle.)* Listen to her insults.

Nicole: *(To Covielle.)* Have you been drinking?

Covielle: *(To Cleonte.)* Listen to her lies.

Lucille: Why are you being so rude?

Cleonte: You, you perfidious person! You shall not triumph, unfaithful one, for I shall drop you before you can dump me! It will be difficult to overcome my raging passionate love for you; I'll suffer in misery and agony but—I'd rather stab myself through the heart while walking on live coals than come back to you.

Covielle: *(To Nicole.)* What he said.

Lucille: All this fuss about nothing; Cleonte, do you want to know why I had to avoid you this morning?

Cleonte: *(Trying to leave.)* I'm not listening.

Nicole: *(To Covielle.)* Now I'll tell you why we had to leave so quickly—

Covielle: I'm suddenly deaf!

Lucile: This morning—

Cleonte: *(With his fingers in his ears.)* No, No I can't hear you.

Nicole: If you'd only listen—

Covielle: La, la, la, la la!

Lucile: You stop and listen to me!

Cleonte: No!

Nicole: You stop that!

Lucille: Well, since you won't listen, think whatever you want and do whatever you please.

Nicole: What she said!

Cleonte: Alright, since you are so eager to talk, go ahead.

Lucile: Since you don't want to listen, why should I speak?

Covielle: Tell me; you know you want to.

Nicole: Why should I?

Cleonte: I'm listening—

Lucille: You're only pretending.

Covielle: *(To Nicole.)* Talk to me!

Nicole: No.

Cleonte: For heaven's sake!

Lucille: No.

Cleonte: Since you wish to keep me in pain, you ungrateful creature, you shall never see me again; I will go some place where you will never see me and die of a broken heart. *(Begins to exit.)*

Covielle: What he said. *(To Cleonte.)* Do I have to die too? *(Begins to exit.)*

Lucile: Cleonte!

Nicole: Covielle!

Cleonte: Yes?

Covielle: Did you call?

Lucile: Where are you going?

Cleonte: Somewhere I will try. . . to forget . . . my broken. . . heart.

Covielle: Somewhere to die, alone. . .

Lucile: You're planning to die too?

Cleonte: It seems *you* wish I would.

Lucile: Who, me?

Cleonte: Yes—you!

Lucile: Who told you that?

Cleonte: You—pretending you didn't even know me. . .

Lucile: That wasn't my fault! I tried to tell you, but you wouldn't listen, that I was with my old fashioned aunt who thinks if you look at a man you must be a whore! She says all men are devils to be greatly avoided.

Nicole: And that's the whole truth.

Cleonte: Don't deceive me Lucile!

Covielle: Are you making this up?

Lucile: I'm telling the truth!

Nicole: That's exactly what happened...

Covielle: (*To Cleonte.*) Shall we forgive them?

Cleonte: Oh, Lucile. . . I'm under your spell. It's impossible to stay angry at the women we love.

Covielle: How easily we are fooled by these beguiling creatures. . .

ACT III Scene Eleven (*Madame Jourdain enters.*)

Madame Jourdain: Ah, Cleonte! I am so glad to see you. My husband is just behind me, so stop him quickly, and ask him for his permission to marry Lucille.

Cleonte: Oh, Madame, you have answered my prayers—I have been dreaming of this day!

ACT III Scene Twelve (*Jourdain enters.*)

Cleonte: (*Bowing.*) Sir, I have come myself to make a request of you which I have long contemplated. (*Bows again.*) I beg you to allow me to become your son-in-law.

Jourdain: Son-in-law?

Madame Jourdain: He wants to marry Lucile.

Jourdain. (*Paces. Stops.*) Before I can decide, answer me this; are you a gentleman?

Cleonte: (*Pause.*) Sir, many people would lie to get what they want; they justify their wrong-doing by believing that it doesn't matter, it doesn't hurt anyone, but I am unable to commit this immoral act. I believe lies are unworthy of a moral man and that we are cowards to deny that we are as God made us. Both of my parents are honorable, I myself have served six years in the army and do well in the world, but I will not give myself a title I don't own. To answer your question, I am not a titled gentleman.

Jourdain: In that case, you may not marry my daughter.

Cleonte: What?

Jourdain: Because you are not a gentleman you will not marry my daughter.

Madame Jourdain: Why do you want your son-in-law to be a gentleman? We don't come from royal blood. It's ridiculous!

Jourdain: Hush!

Madame Jourdain: My father was a plain citizen; wasn't yours?

Jourdain: Whoever said that was lying.

Madame Jourdain: Your father was a tradesman just like mine.

Jourdain: (*He gasps.*) The devil will take you, liar! If your father was in trade, that's just too bad but anyone who says *my* father owned a business is just an idiot. All I have to say is that my son-in-law will be a gentleman!!

Madame Jourdain: She deserves an honest man who is rich and also healthy and handsome, not an old deformed beggar of a gentleman.

Lucile: That's true papa.

Jourdain: (*To his wife.*) Be quiet butt-in-ski. You're always talking when you should be quiet. I have plenty of money for my daughter; all she needs is a title. I am determined she shall end up a countess.

Madame Jourdain: A Countess?

Jourdain: That's what I said! A countess!

Madame Jourdain: Saints preserve us!

Jourdain: I've made up my mind.

Madame Jourdain: Well I won't allow it. It would be terrible to have a son-in-law who could ridicule her because of who her parents are. It would be worse if her children were ashamed to call me grandma! I want a son-in-law who respects us; someone we can sit down to dinner with, like family.

Jourdain: You have no ambition; you'd keep your daughter from being a Countess? If you make me any angrier I'll end up making her a Duchess! (*He exits angrily.*)

ACT III Scene Thirteen

Madame Jourdain: Cleonte, don't give up! (*To Lucile.*) Come with me and tell your father that if you can't marry Cleonte you won't marry anyone. (*She and Lucille exit in the same direction as Jourdain.*)

Lucille: (*As they exit.*) Papa!!!

ACT III Scene Fourteen

Covielle: (*To Cleonte.*) So you had to be honest! Why couldn't you lie?

Cleonte: I have scruples, that's why.

Covielle: It's a waste of time to try and reason with a fool; in this case telling him what he wants to hear isn't morally wrong; it's a white lie.

Cleonte: You're probably right, but it's demeaning to be treated like that. (*Covielle suddenly laughs.*) What are you laughing at?

Covielle: (*Laughing very hard.*) I've got a funny idea. (*Laughs again.*)

Cleonte: About what?

Covielle: To get you married to Lucile and make a laughing stock of Jourdain at the same time.

Cleonte: How?

Covielle: (*Laughs.*) It's too funny.

Cleonte: What is it!?

Covielle: It's sort of a masquerade—we don't have to do a great job with our parts because he's so gullible he'll do whatever we tell him to. My actor friends and I can pull it together quickly. It's like this. . . (*The exit together with Covielle whispering the plan to Cleonte.*)

ACT III Scene Fifteen (*Jourdain onstage alone for one speech.*)

Jourdain: Why are the women so upset? What do they have against great lords who are full of honor, who are fine example of civility. . . I'd cut off two fingers if that would make me a count.

ACT III Scene Sixteen (*Enter Servant.*)

Servant: The Count has arrived with a lady.

Jourdain: I'm not ready! Tell them I'll be there in a minute. (*Jourdain exits.*)

ACT III Scene Seventeen (*Enter Dorimene and Dorante*)

Servant: (*To the visitors.*) My master will be here in a minute. (*The Servant exits.*)

ACT III Scene Eighteen

Dorante: You see, Dorimene, it's going to be fine.

Dorimene: I should not let you escort me to a house where I know no one.

Dorante: Where else, Madame, would you have a man who loves you entertain you since you will not allow me to do so in your house or mine?

Dorimene: Every day I receive proofs of your passion; in vain do I refuse them. You weary me out of my resistance because you have a polite kind of obstinacy which makes me come gently into whatsoever you please. First came frequent visits, declarations of love came next, followed by serenades and entertainments and then gifts. I opposed all of these things, but you are not disheartened and step by step you became master of my resolutions. For my part, I can answer for nothing hereafter, and I believe in the end, you will bring me to matrimony, from which I stood so far aloof.

Dorante: Faith, Madame, you ought to have been there already. You are a widow, and depend upon nobody but yourself. I am my own master, and love you more than my life. What does it stick at, then, that you should not, from this day forward, complete my happiness?

Dorimene: Lack-a-day, Dorante, there must be a great many complimentary qualities on both sides, to make people live happily together; and two of the most reasonable persons in the world have often much ado to compose a union to both their satisfactions.

Dorante: You are in the wrong madame, the experience you have had concludes nothing for the rest of the world.

Dorimene: In short, I always abide by this. The expenses you put yourself to for me disturb me for two reasons; one is they engage me more than I could wish; and the other is, I'm sure, no offense to you, that you can't do this but you must incommode yourself, and I would not have you do that.

Dorante: Fie, madame, these are trifles, and 'tis not by that—

Dorimene: I know what I say; and, amongst other things, the diamond you forced me to take, is of such value—

Dorante: Nay, madame, pray do not enhance the value of a thing my love thinks unworthy of you: and permit—Ah—Here's the master of the house.

ACT III Scene Nineteen (*Jourdain enters.*)

(*JOURDAIN takes his two large bows and discovers he is too close to DORIMENE.*)

Jourdain: A little farther back, madame.

Dorimene: I beg your pardon?

Jourdain: One step, if you please.

Dorimene: What?

Jourdain: Step back a little for the third.

Dorante: Monsieur Jourdain, as you see madame, knows the world.

Jourdain: Madame, 'tis a very great honor that I'm fortunate enough to be so happy, but to have the felicity that you should have the goodness to grant me the favor, to do me the honor, to honor me with the favor of your presence; and had I also the merit to merit a merit like yours, and that Heaven—envious of my good—had granted me—the advantage of being worthy—of—

Dorante: Monsieur Jourdain, enough of this; my lady does not love great compliments, and she knows you are a man of great wit. (*Aside to DORIMENE.*) 'tis a downright bourgeois, ridiculous enough, as you see, in his entire behavior.

Dorimene: (*Aside to DORANTE.*) It is not very difficult to perceive!

Dorante: Madame, this is a very good friend of mine.

Jourdain: 'Tis too much an honor you do me.

Dorante: A very polite man.

Dorimene: I have great esteem for him.

Jourdain: I have done nothing yet, madame, to merit this favor.

Dorante: (*Aside to Jourdain.*) Take good care however not to speak to her of the diamond you gave her.

Jourdain: Might I ask her only how she likes it?

Dorante: (*Aside to JOURDAIN.*) No—take care you do not. Only the lower classes do such things; you should act like a gallant nobleman and act as if it were not you who gave the gift. (*Aloud.*) Monsieur Jourdain, madame, says that he is in raptures to see you at his house.

Dorimene: He does me the honor.

Jourdain: (*To Dorante.*) How I am obliged to you, sir, for speaking to her in that manner on my unworthy account.

Dorante: (*Aside to Jourdain.*) I have had a most terrible difficulty in getting her to come hither.

Jourdain: (*To DORANTE.*) I don't know how to thank you enough.

Dorante: He says, Madame, that he thinks you the most charming person in the world.

Dorimene: 'Tis such a great favor he does me.

Jourdain: Madame, it's you who do me the honorable favors, and –

Dorante: Let us consider eating dinner.

ACT III Scene Twenty (*A servant enters.*)

Servant: Everything is ready, sir.

Dorante: Come then, let us go in and hear the musicians.

(They exit.)

END ACT II

Ten minute intermission

ACT IV **Scene One** (*After Dinner is over.*)

Dorimene: (*Entering.*) Dorante, what an excellent repast!

Jourdain: You are pleased to banter, madame; I would it were a thousand times more worthy of your praise.

Dorante: Monsieur Jourdain, madame is in the right in what *he* says and he obliges me in paying you, after so handsome a manner, the honors of his house. I agree with him that the repast is not worthy of you. As it was myself who ordered it, and I am not so clearly sighted in these affairs as certain of our friends, you have here no very learned feast; and you will find incongruities of good cheer in it, some barbarisms of good taste. But, for my part, I confess to you my ignorance; and as Monsieur Jourdain has very well said, I wish the repast were more worthy of your praise.

Dorimene: I make no other answer to this compliment than that I partook of every dish.

Jourdain: What pretty hands are these!

Dorimene: The hands are only so, so, Monsieur Jourdain; but you mean to speak of the diamond which is very pretty.

Jourdain: I, madame? Heaven forbid I should speak of it; I shouldn't act like a gentleman of gallantry, and the diamond is a mere trifle.

Dorimene: You are wondrous nice.

Jourdain: And you have too much goodness.

Dorante: Come, give some wine to Monsieur Jourdain, and to those who will do us the favor to sing us song.

Dorimene: You give wondrous relish to the good cheer by mixing music with it; I am admirably regaled.

Jourdain: Madame, it is not ---

Dorante: Monsieur Jourdain, let us listen to them (*Gesturing to the singers.*); they'll all entertain us with something better than what we can say.

SINGERS (accompanied by "musicians")

(*Sung to "A Little Man Stands Silent" from Humperdinck's Hansel & Gretel.*)

My dear Phyllis, invert the bright glass;
Oh, what charms to crystal those fingers impart!
You and the wine combined, all resistance surpass,
And with passion redoubled ravished my heart.

At the touch of those lips how he sparkles so bright!
And the touch of his lips in return all night'

'Twi'x't him, you (*Refers to the wine.*), and me, my charmer and my fair,
Eternal affection let us swear.

When death has gotten us all in his grasp
Our drinking and our wooing all are past
We ne'er to lose time can afford
For drinking's not a trade that lasts
Some wine, boys, come and refill my glass.
Some wine, boys, come and refill my glass.

Dorimene: I don't think anything can be better sung!

Jourdain: (*Referring to DORIMENE.*) Ah, but I see something here though, Madame, that is much, much finer.

Dorimene: Oh my, Monsieur Jourdain is more gallant than I thought he was.

Dorante: What are you saying Madame? Who do you think Monsieur Jourdain is?

Jourdain: (*Flirting.*) I wish she would take me for that I could name.

Dorimene: (*Laughing lightly.*) Again?

Dorante: (*To DORIMENE.*) You do not really know him.

Jourdain: Ah, but she shall *know* me whenever she pleases.

Dorimene: (*Smiling.*) Oh, too much!

Dorante: He always has a witty repartee at hand. You did not see madame, that Monsieur ate all the pieces that you touched with your hand?

Dorimene: Monsieur Jourdain is a man that I am charmed with.

Jourdain: Ahhh, if I could but charm your heart, I should be—

ACT IV Scene Two (*Madame Jourdain enters.*)

Madame Jourdain: Why here's a nice little party going on! (*Looking especially hard at her husband.*) I see you did not expect me. . .so, it was for this pretty "affair", then, oh monsieur husband of mine, that you were in such a hurry to pack me off to my sister's for a skimpy kidney pie while here I find a dinner fit for a royal wedding. Thus it is that you spend your money, and thus you feast the ladies in my absence, present them with music and dancing!?

Dorante: What do you mean Madame Jourdain? Why do you take it into your head that your husband spends *his* money and it is *he* who entertains *my* lady? Know, pray, that 'tis I who do so; he only lends me his house. You ought to consider before you cast blame!

Jourdain: Yes, Madame Impertinence, 'tis the Count that presents the lady with all this, who is a person of quality. He does me the honor to borrow my house, and is pleased to let me be with him.

Madame Jourdain: Nonsense, I know what I know!

Dorante: Madame Jourdain, you should look with you very best spectacles to see what is right before your face.

Madame Jourdain: I have no need of glasses, sir. I see clearly enough. I figured it out awhile back; I'm no donkey's ass. It's wrong of you, a great lord, to help along, as you do, the follies of my foolish husband. *(To Dorimene.)* And you, Madame, who are a great lady, 'tis neither handsome nor honest in you to create disharmony in a family, and to allow my husband to be in love with you.

Dorimene: What do you mean? *(To Dorante.)* Dorante, 'tis wrong of you to expose me to the silly visions of this ridiculously raving woman. *(She is exiting.)*

Dorante: Wait! Madame, why are you....to where are you running? *(He exits running after her.)*

Jourdain: Madame! My lord, make my excuses to her and beg her to come back.

ACT IV Scene Three

Jourdain: *(To his wife.)* You, you, impertinent, busy-body of a creature that you are, so, you come to embarrass me and drive the good people of quality from my house.

Madame Jourdain: They don't seem like people of quality.

Jourdain: I don't know what stops me, you obnoxious hussy, from hitting you over the head!

Madame Jourdain: I can't stand this and I am going to defend myself! AND I will have all the wives on my side as well.

Jourdain: My advice to you is to get- out- of -my- sight!

(Madame Jourdain exits, furious.)

ACT IV Scene Four *(JOURDAIN'S two lines to himself.)*

Jourdain: If only the old bat hadn't shown up! I was just saying such clever things; I've never been that witty before and probably never will be again. *(Hears shouting in the hall.)* What's going on?

ACT IV Scene Five *(COVIELLE enters in disguise.)*

Covielle: Sir, I don't know whether I have the honor to be known to you.

Jourdain: No. sir.

Covielle: I have seen thou wenst thou wast not above this heightest.

Jourdain: Me?

Covielle: (*Shakes his head for "Yes."*) Yes. Thou werest one of the beautifulest small person child in the wide world and the great ladies took you up in their soft arms and kiss'ed thou.

Jourdain: They kiss'ed me?

Covielle: (*Shaking his head.*) Yes—I had been so many a yeareth agon an intimate bosom buddy-eth of that late, great gentleman, your esteem'ed father, the gentleman.

Jourdain: My father? A gentleman!

Covielle: Not one other such more honest-er—

Jourdain: What?

Covielle: He was an honest-eth man.

Jourdain: My father?

Covielle: YES! He was honestly; he didn't cheat others; a goodly man.

Jourdain: Did you know him well?

Covielle: (*Shaking his head.*) Certainly.

Jourdain: And you knew him to be a gentleman?

Covielle: There's no doubt about it.

Jourdain: Then there are many liars in the world.

Covielle: How so?

Jourdain: There are some stupid sort of people, like my wife, who say he was a man of trade.

Covielle: Him? A tradesman? Scandalous! (*Nods.*) Never sir; he was a greatly great obliging, officious, clever connoisseur of stuffs. He found them stuffs everywhere, carried those stuffs out of thoughtfulness to his homely home and was so gracious as to give those "stuffs" to his friends for mere trifling sums of money.

Jourdain: So glad to make your acquaintance that you, that thou, can bear witness to the world that my father was a *gentleman*.

Covielle: I will maintaineth this truthism obligingly, sir.

Jourdain: So—obligingly! Do you have business in the city?

Covielle: Since I last set my eyes on your esteem'ed pater, such an honestly gentleman as he was, I have traveled far and widely around the worldly globe.

Jourdain: Around the world?

Covielle: I have not been return'ed from my tedious traveling travel but for, only four days. Because of my deep affection for your papa-daddy, I have come to present you the bestest news in the globally world.

Jourdain: What is it?

Covielle: Of course you know that the son-eth of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo of the island nation Pooh-Loo-Baa-Foo is here in town.

Jourdain: Ah—No!

Covielle: I am shocked; all the world comes to meet and greet him; the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo of the island nation Pooh-Loo-Baa-Foo is received as a man of great importance.

Jourdain: In troth, I had no idea-eth.

Covielle: I have the greatest of news—he is in love with thine-y daughter!

Jourdain: The son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo?

Covielle: Oh most fortunate of men, he wants to become your son-in-law-law!

Jourdain: (*In awe.*) My son-in-law, er--, law, could be the son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo?

Covielle: Of the island nation Pooh-Loo-Baa-Foo! Yes, the son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo as your son-in-law-law. I was summoned to him because I know his father tongue and can translate his every magnificent thought. He said to me, “Acciam croc soler, onch alla moustaphee giddy-lum anaheim, varagated, Pariee, papini, sasini, bueno, oussere car-bu-late' usted. That means, “Have you seen the beauteous lovely personage who exists as the child of Monsieur Jourdain, a fine gentleman of Pariee?”

Jourdain: The son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo said I was a gentleman?

Covielle: Yes, and I informed him, that golden, illustrious one, that I knew you and had seen your most beauteous daughter. “Ah----“ he says to me, “Marababa-bonita-chikita!” That is to say, “How enamour'ed I am with she.”

Jourdain: “Marababa-bonita-chikita.!” That means, “How enamoure'd I am with her?”

Covielle: Yes, that is so. (*Shaking his head.*) But do you know the meaning of the word, Caca-ra-patzo-mow-uch-ennies?

Jourdain: (*In awe.*) Caca-ra-patzo-mow-uch-ennies--- No, is that bad?

Covielle: No, no—it is good; it is honorable: it translates as, “My dear, dearest soul.”

Jourdain: Caca-ra-patzo-mow-uch-ennies means “My dear, dearest soul”?

Covielle: Yes.

Jourdain: Wonderful, “My dearest soul”; I am confounded!

Covielle: My message is this, he cometh to demand your daughter in marriage, and, in order to have a father-in-law who is worthy of him, he plans to make you a Mam-ma-mu-chi, a dignified title of the greatest noble rank in his island nation Pooh-Loo-Baa-Foo.

Jourdain: Mam-ma-mu-chi?

Covielle: Yes, Mam-ma-mu-chi, that is to say in our language, a prince. A Prince! There is nothing more noble than this rank thus making you the grandest of the greatest lords of the island Pooh-Loo-Baa-Foo.

Jourdain: The Son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo does me grandiose honor; please lead me to him that I may thank him.

Covielle: He a-cometh hither momentarily.

Jourdain: Hither?

Covielle: And he bringeth all that is requir’ed for the dig-a-ni-ga-ty ceremony.

Jourdain: He must really be in love! [full of hot passion]

Covielle: So much so he standeth not for the, how you say, delays.

Jourdain: My only worry is that my stubborn, obstinate hussy of a daughter has decided she will marry no one but her dearie, a man called Cleonte.

Covielle: Do not make one grey hair over this. I know she will agree once she sets her eyes on the Son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo, partly because the Son of the Grand-

Jourdain: Pooh-Baa-Loo. . .

Covielle: Yes, closely resembles the young Cleonte—I have just seen this Cleonte—and her love may easily move from him to the Son of—

Jourdain: The Grand Pooh- (*Voices outside.*)

Covielle: Hark! I hear him coming. There is he!

ACT IV Scene Six (*Cleonte, in disguise, with servants, enters.*)

Cleonte: Ambush-ah-hima uff, borax, lorini, eggplant, loam.

Covielle: (*To Jourdain.*) He says, Monsieur Jourdain, “May your heart be all the year like a beauteous rose tree in gorgeous glowing bloom.

Jourdain: I am his Highness’s most humble of humble servants.

Covielle: Carigar, camboto, ooosta. Moraaaa-fa.

Cleonte: Carigar oosta yak backpack alack mojo.

Covielle: He says, “May heaven give you the strength of many lions with strong sharp teeth and the ponderous patience of sanguine serpents.

Jourdain: He does me too much honor and I wish him all prosperity.

Covielle: Ossa, bossa,tanta-lossa. Bindy, bandy, booby, cucaracha, anemone.

Cleonte: Bene, Bene, bueno.

Covielle: He says you should go quickly with him to prepare yourself for the ceremony, in order that you may, afterwards see your daughter and make arrangements for the wedding this day.

Jourdain: So much is said in only three words; astonishing!

Covielle: Yes, this language is expedient; it says much in few words. Go, quickly follow him.
(*JOURDAIN and CLEONTE exit.*)

ACT IV Scene Seven (*COVIELLE onstage alone for one line.*)

Covielle: (*Laughing loudly.*) This takes the cake; I’ve never seen such a stupid man so eager to make a fool of himself in public! If we had written his lines out for him he couldn’t have played his part any better! (*He continues to laugh as Dorante enters.*)

ACT IV Scene Eight (*DORANTE enters.*)

Covielle: I beg you sir, will you help us out with a problem we’re working on?

Dorante: Oh, it is you, Covielle. I would never have known you in that disguise. (*He laughs.*)

Covielle: Come, help us with this trick and it will give you many moments of mirth. We are putting into action a plan to make Monsieur Jourdain give his daughter over to my master.

Dorante: If you were the one to create the plan, it cannot fail.

Covielle: Thank you sir—

Dorante: Tell me what you need from me—

Covielle: We must go where no one can hear us. You will see part of the plan acted out and I’ll tell you the rest.

ACT IV Scene Nine: THE CEREMONY

“Dance” Movements To Be created by the ensemble.

ACT IV Scene Ten More participants enter: Words from the TEXT (may be changed.)

If thou understandest,
Answer;
If thou dost not understand, hold thy peace!
Hold thy peace, Hold thy peace!

We are Baa-Loo
Thou, who art . . .
I do not know
So hold thy peace. Hold thy peace.

ACT IV Scene Eleven (CEREMONY CONTINUES):

Say who is this
Who is this
Say, Who, who, who this is??
An Italian?
No! No!
A Sicilian?
Heaven’s no!
Are you Greek?
He’s not Greek!
He not a Geek!
Is he a Brit?
No, not a bit!
* * * * *
How is he called? What is his name?
Jourdain, Jourdain, That’s his name!
What’s he want? What’s his game?
To be a Lord of Pooh-Loo-Baa-Foo!

What is his name? It is Jourdain.

(The ceremony continues with chanting, singing and dance.)

Pooh Loo Ba Foo; Foo Ba Loo Pooh

Ha-ha-ha-hee; hee-hee-hee-who.

ACT IV Scene Twelve

More ceremony---ETC. Singing and dancing.

ACT IV Scene Thirteen

(The ritual of conferring the title on Jourdain. After some ritual movements.)

Officials: Thou wilt not be a knave?

Jourdain: Oh, no!

Officials: Not be a thief?

Jourdain: Oh, no, no.

Official: Then give him the hat!

All: The hat! The hat! *(They continue to repeat this phrase.)*

Official: And now the cane

All: The cane, the cane, the cane of shame!

(They dance with their assorted "canes" as they whack him on the rear.)

The cane of shame brings you pain—

Brings you pain, what a shame.

ETC.

(They lead Jourdain off in his outfit.)

Some music and capering till Jourdain returns. Then the others exit.

ACT V Scene One (*Madame Jourdain enters.*)

Madame Jourdain: What are you playing at? Are you acting a clown in a circus? Dressed to go a-mumming? Why are you masked? Speak! What has happened? Who did this to you? What does it mean?

Jourdain: How dare you, common woman, to speak that way to a magnificent Mam-moo-chi?

Madame Jourdain: A what?

Jourdain: You must show me the proper respect now that I am made a great Mam-moo-chi. A double curtsey would be appropriate, I think.

Madame Jourdain: What do you mean you are a Mammooochi?

Jourdain: A magnifico Mam-moo-chi. Don't you listen? I'm a Mam-moo-chi, noble lord of the island kingdom of Pooh-Loo-Baa-Foo.

Madame Jourdain: What sort of beast is a Mammooochi?

Jourdain: Ignoramus; it's a noble title I have just now received in the great ceremony of ceremonies.

Madame Jourdain: What ceremony?

Jourdain: The Mam-moo-chi ceremony.

Madame Jourdain: Whose "chee"?

Jourdain: (*He dances as he sings.*) The son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo of the island nation called Pooh-Loo-Baa-Foo. (*Ending with his rear-end up in the air.*)

Madame Jourdain: Oh catastrophe! My foolish husband has gone mad.

Jourdain: Quiet!! Everyone must show respect to Monsieur Mamamouchi! (*Exiting.*)

Madame: How could he lose his senses? I must stop him from running out into the street. (*She sees Dorimene and Dorante entering.*) So, I see the other fools are on their way; I am surrounded by idiots. (*She exits.*)

ACT V Scene Two (*DORANTE and DORIMENE enter.*)

Dorante: You see, Madame, you can travel the whole world and never find such a fool. And Madame, we must endeavor to promote Cleonte's amour through this masquerade. He is a nice fellow and deserves our assistance.

Dorimene: As you say, as a lover he deserves good fortune.

Dorante: Besides, we have here, Madame, an entertainment that will suit us; I must, by all means, see whether my creation will succeed.

Dorimene: I saw the magnificent preparations, and these are expenses, Dorante, that I can no longer suffer. I am resolved to put a stop, at last, to your prolific spendthrift ways on my account and have determined to marry you as soon as possible. All such expenses will end with our marriage.

Dorante: Ah! Madame! Is it possible you should finally form such a resolution in my favor?

Dorimene: It is only in order to prevent you from ruining yourself; if you keep on, soon you won't be worth a copper coin.

Dorante: How I am obliged to you, madame, for the care you take to preserve my estate. 'Tis all at your service, as well as my heart and you may use them both in any manner you choose.

Dorimene: I shall make a proper use of both. But here comes your fool in his new attire.

ACT V Scene Three (*Jourdain enters.*)

Dorante: Sir, my lady and I are come to pay homage to your new dignity and to rejoice with you at the marriage you are concluding betwixt your daughter and the Son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo.

Jourdain: Sir, I wish you the force of gorillas and the wise wisdom of terrapins.

Dorimene: I was exceedingly glad to be one of the first, sir, to come and congratulate you upon the high degree of glory to which you are raised.

Jourdain: Madame, I wish your tulip-tree may flower in multiple shades of blue all the year around; I am infinitely obliged forever to you for your interest in the honor you have paid me and I am greatly rejoiced to see you returned hither here that I might make my most humble excuses for the impertinence of my foolish wife.

Dorimene: That's nothing at all. I can excuse a commotion of this kind; your heart ought to be precious to her, and 'tis not at all strange that the possession of such a man as you are, should give her some alarms.

Jourdain: The possession of my heart is a thing that you, madame have entirely gained.

Dorante: You see Madame, that Monsieur Jourdain is none of these people whom prosperity blinds, and that he knows, in all his grandeur, how to treat his friends.

Dorimene: 'Tis the mark of a truly generous soul.

Dorante: Where is the Son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo? We should be glad, as your friends, to pay our respects to him.

Jourdain: There he comes! I have sent for my daughter to join hands with him.

ACT V Scene Four (*Cleonte enters in his costume.*)

Dorante: *(To Cleonte.)* Sir, we come to compliment Your Highness, as friends of the gentleman, your soon to be father-in-law, and, to assure you, with great respect, of our most humble services.

Jourdain: Where's the interpreter to tell him who you are; he speaks the language marvelously. *(To a servant.)* Find him. *(The servant exits.) (To Cleonte.)* This gentleman is a, ah grande signorei, gran signor, gradee, grandoh. . .

ACT V Scene Five *(Covielle enters, still in costume.)*

Jourdain: Where did you run off to? Inform him *(Gesturing to Cleonte.)* that the gentleman and the lady are persons of great quality who come to pay their compliments and to assure him of their services. *(To Dorimene and Dorante.)* You will see how he answers.

Covielle: Alabala cro crociam acci, boram, alabamen.

Cleonte: Catamaran tuban odoolee alabala.

Jourdain: *(To Dorimene and Dorante.)* Do you see?

Covielle: He says that the rainy rains of prosperity waters, at all seasons, your gardeneth.

Jourdain: I told you he could interpret everything.

ACT V Scene Six *(Enter Lucille.)*

Jourdain: Ah, my daughter, come here and give your hand to this prince who does you the honor of demanding you in marriage.

Lucille: Father! What's wrong? Are you performing in some comedy? What are you wearing?

Jourdain: It is no comedy; this is a serious affair and the greatest honor any young woman could ever wish for-- *(Pointing to Cleonte.)* This great man is to be your husband.

Lucille: My husband?

Jourdain: Yes, that's what I said, your husband. Now take him by the hand and thank heaven for your blessing.

Lucille: No. I won't marry him.

Jourdain: I'm your father and you'll do what I say!

Lucille: No, I won't! *(Stamps her foot.)*

Jourdain: Come here and give me your hand!

Lucille: No! I've told you no power on earth can make me marry anyone other than Cleonte; I will throw myself into the deepest, darkest well rather than marry—*(She sees it is Cleonte in disguise.)* Oh— 'Tis true, you are my father and I owe you absolute obedience; you may do what you will.

Jourdain: Good! I'm delighted to see you do your duty. *(To Cleonte.)* You can see what an obedient daughter she is; she'll be a good wife.

ACT V Scene Seven *(Madame Jourdain enters.)*

Madame Jourdain: What are you doing! Stop this! Stop at once!

Jourdain: Are you mad?

Madame Jourdain: They told me you're going to marry our daughter to an actor!

Jourdain: That's ridiculous; you've no common sense; you're always mixing everything together.

Madame Jourdain: Ha! You're the one with the empty head; you go from one silly idea to the next. *(Looking around.)* So what idiotic plan have you concocted with this flock of fools?

Jourdain: I will marry my daughter to the Son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo.

Madame Jourdain: To the son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo?

Jourdain: Pay your respects through the interpreter there.

Madame Jourdain: I will do nothing of the sort *(To Covielle.)* and I shall tell him *(Cleonte)* he shall not have my daughter!

Jourdain: Will you hold your tongue?

Dorante: Madame Jourdain, do you oppose such a grand honor as this—to have the Son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo as your son-in-law?

Madame Jourdain: I thank you, sir, to pay attention to your own affairs instead of meddling in mine!

Dorimene: 'Tis a great honor and should not be rejected.

Madame Jourdain: Madame, please do not trouble yourself about that which does not concern you!

Dorante: It is but the friendship we have for you that makes us interested in *your* happiness.

Madame Jourdain: If we be not friends then you'll no longer take an interest in us?

Dorante: But your daughter consents to this marriage—

Madame Jourdain: My daughter consents?

Dorimene: Certainly.

Madame Jourdain: Can she so easily forget Cleonte?

Dorante: She can love him as she loved Cleonte.

Madame Jourdain: I will strangle her with my own hands if she goes ahead with this marriage.

Jourdain: And I tell you I shall strangle her if she doesn't marry him.

Jourdain: I tell you, it shan't happen.

Lucille: Oh, Mother! You don't understand!

Madame Jourdain: Go, you are not my daughter!

Jourdain: Don't you scold her for obeying me—

Madame Jourdain: She belongs to me as much as to you.

Covielle: (*Trying to get Madame Jourdain's attention.*) Madame. . .

Madame Jourdain: You think you can speak to me, do you?

Covielle: (*He kneels.*) I humbly beg one word with you.

Madame Jourdain: I haven't one word for you.

Covielle: (*To Jourdain.*) Sir, if she would just listeneth to me in private I promise to make her consent to this marriage.

Madame Jourdain: I will do no such thing!

Covielle: Please. . .

Madame Jourdain: I refuse.

Jourdain: (*To Madame Jourdain.*) Listen and he will tell you—

Madame Jourdain: He shan't tell me nothing.

Covielle: Only hearth me; you may do what you pleaseth afterwards.

Madame: (*Moving to the side.*) Well then, what do you have to say?

Covielle: (*Aside to Madame Jourdain.*) We have tried to make signs to you ever since you came in. Don't you see that what we're doing is to create an illusion to match your husband's visions? We are in disguise; it is Cleonte himself who is the Son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo.

Madame Jourdain: Oh. (*Looks more closely at Covielle.*) Ohhhh!

Covielle: And it is me, Covielle, who am the interpreter.

Madame Jourdain: In that case, I am overjoyed.

Covielle: Pretend you don't notice what we are doing.

Madame Jourdain: (*Loudly.*) Alright! Alright! I consent!

Jourdain: It is clear—all the world submits to reason. (*To Madame Jourdain.*) You said you wouldn't hear him but I knew he could convince you to my way of thinking.

Madame Jourdain: He explained everything and I'm satisfied. Have you sent for the notary?

Dorante: Well said, Madame Jourdain, and you may set your mind at rest regarding any jealousy you may have entertained of the gentleman, your husband, -- my lady and myself shall also have work for the notary; he shall marry us today as well.

Madame Jourdain: I certainly consent to that.

Jourdain: (*To Dorante.*) You are saying that to put her off the track?

Dorante: We must keep up this pretense.

Jourdain: Good! Good! A fine job of acting. (*Aloud.*) Let someone fetch the notary!

Dorante: Meanwhile till he comes, let us entertain ourselves.

Jourdain: Good idea; take your places!

Madame Jourdain: And Nicole, what becomes of her?

Jourdain: I have given her to the interpreter to marry. (*Aside.*) And I'd give my wife to whoever will take her!

Covielle: Sir, I thank you for my lovely bride. (*Aside.*) If one can find a greater fool than he, I'll go cry it in the street!

(*They all dance.*)

THE END.

The Island Kingdom of Pooh-Loo-Baa-Foo

Mam-ma-mu-chi

Son of the Grand Pooh-Baa-Loo