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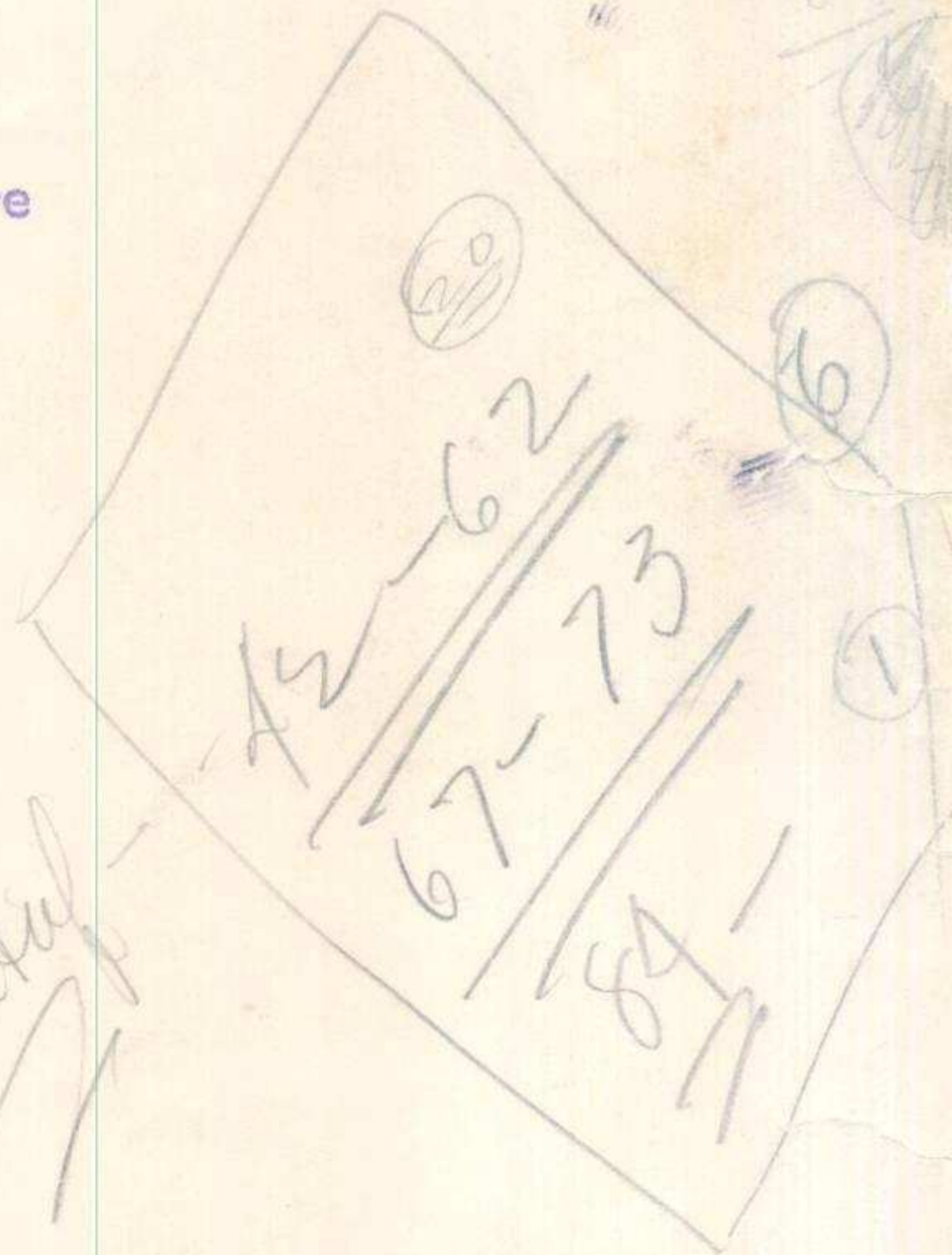
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Moliere's  
TARTUFFE

Freely adapted  
for the English-speaking theatre  
by  
MILES MALLESON

SEMINARIO MULTIDISCIPLINARI  
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Tartuffe





CHARACTERS

MONSIEUR ORGON, a rich merchant — OWEN

DAMIS, his son — Stoddard

MARIANE, his daughter — Nancy Schwan

MADAME PERNELLE, his mother — Miss Bowen

ELMIRE, his second wife; step-mother of his two children — John Telford

CLEANTE, Elmire's brother — (Cleante)

VALLRE, friend to Cleante; and betrothed to Mariane — (Vallre)

DORINE, maid to Mariane — Gally Sinsky

LOYALE, a bailiff — Couvreur

A POLICE-OFFICER — Rex Robins

TARTUFFE'S MAN — Hinant — + (Flippotte)

TARTUFFE — HARVEY

6 MEN — Chatfield, Beckman, Claude Offenbach,

The Play takes Place in Paris in 1663, in the house of Monsieur Orgon, a rich merchant. The play is in two acts. They can be set in one room or in different rooms. The sets can be simple; or elaborate. They must give the impression of wealth, comfort and good taste.

Carl,  
Bryor  
White,  
Hinant  
Bryor

Carl — Ballard

Bryor — Brown

White — Offenbacher

HINANT

2.

PRIMERA PARTE

ESCENA 1

~~Scene: A room in Monsieur Orgon's house.~~  
(~~Mrs. PERNELLE, FILIPOTE, ELMIRE, DORINE, DAMIS, MARIANA, CLEANTO~~)

As the curtain rises, old Madame Pernelle is making her way across the room towards the door. The old lady is in a towering passion.

MME. PERNELLE (who is Monsieur Orgon's mother - to her maid):  
Come along, come along, Filipote. . . stir yourself. . . don't stand there gaping. . . what a great gawk you are. . . did you hear me? Come along. Let's get out of this house. (To Elmire, who is her daughter-in-law, and who has hurried after her)  
No, no, thank you. No need for any ceremony! There's not the least need to show me out! Not the least! Quite unnecessary! I can do that for myself!

ELMIRE: But, Mother, why are you leaving us?

MME. PERNELLE: Why!

ELMIRE: Yes. And in such a hurry.

MME. PERNELLE: Need you ask?

ELMIRE: I am asking.

MME. PERNELLE: Because I'm displeased! Immensely displeased!

ELMIRE: But, Mother, who with?

MME. PERNELLE: Everybody.

ELMIRE: But what about?

MME. PERNELLE: Everything. Nobody in this house has any regard for my wishes; nobody cares, the least bit, what I think; and none of you show the slightest respect.

DORINE (who is Mariane's personal maid): But, Madame -

+

MME. PERNELLE (turning on her): And as for you, my girl, you're far too free with that tongue of yours; far too free for anyone in your position. The way you air your opinions! For ever chipping in to favour us with a piece of advice. Good heavens, mercy on us! Instead of being a Maid, you might be the Family Lawyer.

DAMIS (who is her grandson; and stepson of Elmire; he is a vigorous headstrong young man of about eighteen): Yes, but Grandmother -

MME. PERNELLE: And I don't want to hear anything from you! You're a fool! A fool, a fool. Three times a fool. A headstrong young fool. You always were - though it's your own grandmother saying it. The very first time I set eyes on you in your cradle, I said: "that child's a fool!"

MARIANE (who is her granddaughter; step-daughter of Elmire; sister of Damis; about twenty years old):  
Grannie! -

MME. PERNELLE: Don't you Grannie me! And you're no fool! Oh no! Quite the contrary! With that demure manner of yours. I never know what to make of it. There's always something going on underneath. You're sly!

ELMIRE: (who is her daughter-in-law; second wife of Monsieur Orgon; about thirty years old): Mother, that's not fair. . .

MME. PERNELLE: And let me tell you, my child, that the way you're behaving, your whole demeanour in our own household,

is utterly disgraceful. Your whole way of life is wrong. Wrong from beginning to end. You ought to be setting our stepchildren a good example; instead of which, Goodness Gracious Me, look at the example you're setting them! You're extravagant. Absurdly extravagant. You entertain far too much; too often and too lavishly. And look at this! (She indicates Elmire's beautiful dress) Just look at it! All decked out like any princess, that's what you are. Really, if I didn't know you better, I might think worse! . . . What's it for? . . . Who for? . . . All this get-up! . . . you're not courting now. . . If a woman has only her husband to please, she's <sup>in</sup> no need of such finery.

CLEANTE: (who is Elmire's brother; about thirty-five. A Doctor of Science and Law. A 'Progressive' of the time. The kind of man who never was young; apt to be a bit pompous; but there is comedy in his very earnestness, and he is not only a thoroughly good sort but very likeable): But, Madame, if you'll allow me to remark -

MME. PERNELLE: I will not allow you to remark. . . Monsieur Cleante, I've always regarded you as one of the family - and, of course, as my daughter-in-law's brother, you are. ~~family~~ ~~for you~~. I respect you. I admire you. Your Principles are beyond reproach. But if this was my house, I'd desire you never to darken my doors again. You're for ever laying down the law. Always telling people what they ought to do - quite

intolerable. (She makes her way to the door.)

DAMIS: Really, Grandmother! The way you scold us all! You're as bad as Monsieur Tartuffe!

MME. PERNELLE (stopping): Monsieur Tartuffe! (Returning into the room) I'm glad you mentioned him. I've very glad to have a word with all of you, about him before I go. And if you really want to know why I've lost all patience with the lot of you, it's because of the way you all treat him here. Dreadful to one as sensitive as myself, so humiliating. The way you all laugh at him; and not always behind his back; sneer at him; I watch it every time I come to this house. I've watched it today. And it's more than I can endure; for, if you only knew it - that man's a Saint.

[There is an immediate chorus of disapproval from the others.]

DAMIS: A saint! I like that!

DORINE: Him a Saint! That's a good one!

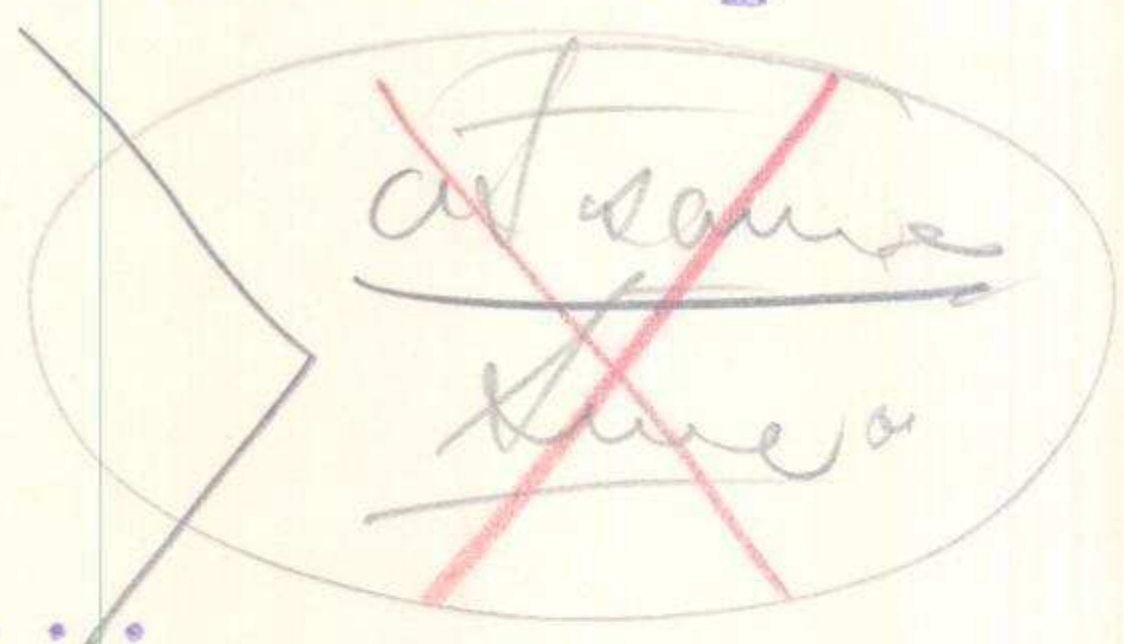
ELMIRE: Really, mother.

MARIANE: Grannie, how can you?

CLEANTE: Madame Pernelle, I must protest. . .

MME. PERNELLE (topping the clamour): Goodness Gracious Me! What a hubbub of ignorance one word of truth stirs up. I tell you: as near a Saint as any of us are ever likely to meet this side of Heaven.

DAMIS (losing his temper, and shouting at his grandmother): No, Grandmother! That's too much!



MME. PERNELLE (shouting back at him): Don't you shout at me!  
DAMIS (controlling himself dutifully, but with a very great effort): I'm sorry, Grandmother, I beg your pardon. But, Grandmother, you must understand: you don't have to live in this house - we do! After all, it was only a very short while ago, father first introduced him into the house; then, for a while, he came here all day every day; and now he's moved in! Living here. And, if you please, ordering us all about; managing our whole lives for us. You can't expect us to like that. Or even to put up with it, why should we? Aren't we to have any lives of our own? Any amusement? Any friends even, unless this Tartuffe condescends to give his consent?

DORINE: It's quite right, Madame, what Master Damis says, if we were to listen to him, and believe him, we should think everything we did was wicked. He sees fault in everything.

MME. PERNELLE: If he sees fault in you, my girl, he hasn't got far to look. Yes. All of you. If he "sees fault" - as the girl puts it - he sees what's there. God is all-seeing. A man of God sees further than most of us, remember that. You're selfish, all of you, and worldly, and think only of yourselves. He's unselfish and spiritual and thinks only of others. Your father never did a wiser thing than to bring him into the house, and have him under the same roof as the rest of you. If only you could appreciate even a little of the truth that's in him.

DAMIS (his temper going again): Well, I hate him! I hate the sight of him! I hate him, I hate him, I hate him!

MME. PERNELLE: Damis!

DAMIS: And that's the truth that's in me, Grandmother! He makes me as furious as we seem to make you. And I can tell you what's going to happen: I and that Holy Man are going to have a most Unholy Row!

DORINE: And he's a beggar, Madame; really; that's all he is. When the master first brought him along, when I first set eyes on him, I noticed his feet on the carpet; and his great dirty toes poking out at the end of his boots. And his old clothes, filthy, stinking, in rags, hanging about him like an old tramp's. And now! Now! oh, what a change! Fine clothes. The best bedroom. Waited on hand and foot. And interfering in everything from morning till night Lording it over the whole household.

MME. PERNELLE: And you'll be the better for it, all of you.

DORINE: You may think he's a Saint, Madame; but, saving your presence, I think he's a disgusting old hypocrite.

MME. PERNELLE: May God forgive you, girl! What blindness! What ignorance!

DORINE: And another thing, Madame. I wouldn't like to trust myself alone with him. No. Nor with that man of his.

MME. PERNELLE: I don't pretend to be able to look into the heart of a servant. But I'd trust myself with his master. I'd trust him with anybody or anything. You all hate him



because he tells you unpleasant truths. Truths about yourself; that you don't want to hear. It's all quite plain to me. But everything he says and does is for your good. Aren't we all of us poor frail human sinners striving towards Heaven? Don't we sometimes need help? You ought to go down on your knees, and be grateful.

DORINE: But, surely to goodness, why can't he bear even a visitor to come to the place? Why, since he moved himself in, we haven't had ~~an At Home,~~ a dinner party, or <sup>a</sup> dance; and these last few days, not even a single caller. Is a friendly visitor so offensive to Heaven, that he has to make enough noise about it to split our ear-drums? Shall I tell you what I think? I think he's jealous of Madame here - (she indicates Elmire.)

ELMIRE (more amused than angry): Dorine!

DORINE: Yes. Of all the fine gentlemen that used to come a-visiting.

MME. PERNELLE: Elmire! How can you allow it! How can you tolerate it. Your daughter's maid for ever exchanging words with the family. And such words! Such insolence! If she were mine, she'd be out in the street before she knew where she was. And about these visitors; and At Homes and dances and dinner-parties. I've told you before you've entertained here on far too large a scale. And it isn't only I, and Monsieur Tartuffe, have noticed it. This house was becoming the talk of the neighborhood - the rows of carriages for ever lined up outside the

house; the crowds of lazy noisy servants, hanging about, waiting for their masters; and inside, all 'the fine gentlemen' - (indicating Dorine) - she's no fool, the baggage, for all her insolence, 'a-visiting' as she calls it - hanging around Elmire.

CLEANTE (in indignant protest): Really, Madame Pernelle, I must protest. You're speaking of my sister. Are you suggesting there's any harm in this?

MME. PERNELLE: Oh, no, no, no! Beyond the ridiculous extravagance and the unnecessary display, I'm quite willing to admit it's all quite innocent.

CLEANTE: I should hope so.

MME. PERNELLE: But people talk. And it's much better not to give them any cause.

CLEANTE: But, Madame, you can't stop people <sup>from</sup> talking. ~~It would be a sorry thing if we gave up our friends, because people might talk. And if we did, would that stop them talking?~~

No. A gossip is a gossip; whatever happens. And will always find matter for gossiping; even if most of it has to be invented. Oh yes. If we do or do not, if we have or have not, if we fare well or ill, to some people that's always more important than their own business. So the only thing is to get on with our own lives, as well-balanced as may be between work and play; and as full and happy and useful as we can make them, and leave the talkers - to talk.

MME. PERNELLE: Oh, very fine, very correct, very High-Minded, Mister Lay-Down-The-Law. But for all your fine sentiments, I

say it again: my son never did anything more far-seeing than to take this man of God into the bosom of his family. If only his family could learn some of the real virtues: Unselfishness and Love, and Gentleness and Kindness. (She catches sight of her maid, Filipote, who is staring at her open-mouthed) Don't stand gaping at me like that, you great gawk. Take that! (She slaps her in the face) Off with you! Get along. Quick See my carriage is ready for me.

[Filipote runs off; and Madame Pernelle sails after her.]

[Elmire, Mariane, and Damis follow. Cleante is left with

Dorine]. ESCENA 2 - (CLEANTE, DORINE, ELMIRA, DAMIS, ORGON)

CLEANTE: I'm afraid she'll have to climb into her carriage without my assistance. I don't feel very gallant towards that old lady. What a fuss about nothing! And what a blind infatuation for this man Tartuffe.

DORINE: And that's nothing to the way the master carries on about him. Nothing at all. Monsieur Cleante, if you could hear him! If you could see them together! It beats everything. You wouldn't believe! And Monsieur Orgon used to be such a sensible gentleman. Shrewd as a monkey, in business -take my word for it-and hard as nails; but for all that, very kind and considerate here in the house. But ever since he brought this Tartuffe home with him, well, if you ask me, he's gone clean out of his mind. Calls him "brother"; and pays far more attention to him than he does to his own family-to his own children, or to his wife; tells him all his private

affairs; asks his advice on every detail; is for ever loading him with presents. It's just as if he had a mistress. Only then, perhaps, he'd be a bit more discreet about it. As it is, he sits him at the head of the table, and gloats over him while he eats - and he stuffs down as much as the rest of 'em put together - gives him all the best bits, and when he chokes and hiccoughs and belches, pats him on the back and says - "God bless you"...To speak plain, Monsieur Cleante, the master is just a complete fool over this 'Monsieur Tartuffe'. Every word he utters is an Oracle, and everything he does a Miracle. And Tartuffe himself! Oh, He's a clever one - I'll say that for him. He doesn't miss much. He squeezes everything there is to be got out of it. Money! He's always touching the master for money. And with his hands full and his pockets bulging, turns on us and preaches at us!..

Elmire and Damis return.

ELMIRE: A final Oration from the steps of her carriage!

DAMIS: You were lucky to have missed it.

ELMIRE: As they drove out, they met my husband's carriage driving in.

CLEANTE: Oh, then I'll wait. I can't stay; but I should like to see him.

ELMIRE: So should I. Will you tell him, please, I'm in my room.

Elmire goes.

Damis + Cleante

DAMIS: And, Cleante, old man, you might sound him about my <sup>+ Dorine</sup> sister's marriage to Valere.

CLEANTE: What's this? Sound your father about Mariane's marriage to Valere? But I thought it was all arranged.

DAMIS: So it is. Or so it was. All arranged, <sup>like my marriage to Valere's</sup> Everything. <sup>Sister</sup>

And now he talks about putting it off.

CLEANTE: Your father -?

DAMIS: Yes.

CLEANTE: Talks about putting it off! What's he say?

DAMIS: I don't know. Nothing much; nothing definite; but he's suddenly so evasive about it.

CLEANTE: Evasive?

DAMIS: I can't help suspecting for some reason or other, Tartuffe is opposed to it.

CLEANTE: Tartuffe again! You can't mean that?

DAMIS: If you could only find out. Mariane loves Valere; and he loves her; and it would break both their hearts. <sup>and I love Valere's sister.</sup>

DORINE: Here he comes. . .

<sup>DAMIS - I don't want to see him</sup>  
[Damis runs off. Monsieur Orgon enters.]

Orgon + Cleante

ORGON: Cleante! But this is a happy surprise! I never expected to find you here.

CLEANTE: I was just going; but I stayed to welcome you home.

ORGON: Good Very good! . . . One moment. Dorine!

DORINE: Monsieur?

ORGON (to Cleante): You'll excuse me. I'm anxious to know how

things have been going while I've been away. (to Dorine)

Well, Dorine; everything all right, these last two days? What's been happening? How are they all?

DORINE: Well, Monsieur, the first day you were away - the day before yesterday, Madame wasn't at all well. She was feverish, very feverish; from morning till night; with a splitting headache.

ORGON: And Monsieur Tartuffe?

DORINE: Monsieur Tartuffe. Oh, he's in bursting health. Getting fatter and redder every day.

ORGON: Poor man! He was haggard enough when I first saw him.

DORINE: <sup>well</sup> ~~And~~ in the evening, Madame felt so poorly, and her head was so bad, that she simply couldn't touch anything at all at supper. *and what else?*

ORGON: And Monsieur Tartuffe?

DORINE: Oh, <sup>he</sup> managed supper all right. And most devoutly ate a couple of partridges and half-a-leg of mutton.

ORGON: Poor man! How he must have wanted it! *And then?*

DORINE: <sup>Madame</sup> ~~And she~~ never closed her eyes the whole night; sleepless with the fever; I had to sit up with her till morning.

ORGON: And Monsieur Tartuffe?

DORINE: After supper, he was filled with a divine drowsiness; and stumbled up to his bedroom; and fell into his well-warmed bed - where he slept the sleep of the blameless, till we woke him up, with a tray of hot chocolate.

ORGON: Poor man! Maybe, you should have let him sleep!

DORINE: At last, we persuaded her to be bled; and at once she was better.

ORGON: And Monsieur Tartuffe?

DORINE: In a wonderful Exercise of Sympathy, Monsieur, to make up for the blood Madame had lost, he drank two bottles of your best Burgundy at breakfast.

ORGON: Good, good, good! Nothing like Burgundy for breakfast! I only hope it was the best!

DORINE: So now I'll go and tell Madame how deeply concerned you were at her indisposition; and how overwhelmed you are with delight at her recovery.

[Dorine bows a curtsey and runs off.]

-ESCENA 3-

*(Orgon & Cleante)*

ORGON (looking after her): You know, I don't like that girl's manner. Curious! She used to be such a sensible girl; shrewd as they make 'em; but so willing and helpful; more of a friend than a servant. Very curious. She's changed.

CLEANTE: It's true she was laughing at you; she was being very impertinent.

ORGON: Impertinent! Laughing at me! So she was. But why? What can be the reason of it. Have you any idea?

CLEANTE: I have some idea.

ORGON: Tell me.

CLEANTE: You said she'd changed.

ORGON: Not a doubt of it.

CLEANTE: I wonder which of you has changed most.

ORGON: Excuse! Please explain yourself.

CLEANTE: I will. But to do so, I must be frank.

ORGON: As frank as you please.

CLEANTE: These last few days, while you've been away, I've spent a good deal of time here in your house. I've talked to my sister, and to your children.

ORGON: (dangerously): What about?

CLEANTE: About this man Tartuffe. . .

[The two men confront one another. There is a very pregnant little silence. Then:]

ORGON: (more dangerously) Continue, if you please.

CLEANTE: Monsieur Orgon, I must speak very frankly; I should feel I was failing in my duty if I did not. You must pardon me. . .

ORGON (breaking in): Never mind that. Never mind all that. . . I'm waiting to hear what you've been saying to my family and what you have to say now.

CLEANTE: Surely you've done enough for him. You've taken him into your home - of course, that's your affair -

ORGON: -It is-

CLEANTE: - But to neglect everything else for him! Everything, and everybody. Not only our dearest friends, but our own family -

ORGON (anger rising in him): That's enough! I'm sorry to cut short your 'frankness' and your very misplaced 'sense of duty', but I don't wish to hear any more. . . There's just one thing,



my dear Cleante, that makes everything you are saying - meaningless. You do not know the man of whom you speak.

CLEANTE: I know the kind of man he is.

ORGON (his anger mounting): "The kind of man." What a ridiculous answer. Really, Cleante, how feeble! "The kind of man." I said if you knew him. And if you did, as I know him, you wouldn't be speaking as you are. Oh no. On the contrary, you would be lost in wonder at him.

CLEANTE: Oh, but I am! Believe me, Monsieur Orgon, I am!

ORGON (slightly taken aback): Oh, you are. . .oh. . .then I, too, can speak freely. . .(a mood of exaltation comes upon him, which grows as he speaks) Tartuffe is a man. . .who. . . Ah!. . .How can I express myself!. . .A man. . .In short, a man. . .who lives up to his own teaching, and in so doing achieves peace. A detachment, Cleante. . .from all those purposeless activities with which we occupy ourselves; he looks down upon all the selfish busy-ness of our lives from another plane. . .and if one can follow his example, ~~however flattering-ly~~, and be guided by his precepts, ~~even a tithe of them~~, one begins to experience that same peace - which is beyond understanding. Yes, I am changed; since I met him. He has taught me how all my affections were fixed upon earthly things; he has loosed the ties of my heart that bound me to the vain things of this world. He has shown me how utterly worthless are even our dearest possessions in this our fleeting mortal

life. Why, now, I could see my own Mother, Wife and Children die - and not care that! (He snaps his fingers.)

CLEANTE: Beyond understanding indeed!

ORGON (the exaltation growing): If you could have seen him, as I first saw him. . . Every Sunday he would come to the Church and, with such humility, kneel down just in front of me. And by the very fervour of his praying, in some strange way, Cleante, would draw the attention of the whole congregation upon himself. And when I left the Church he would follow; and in the great porchway, as I went out into the open air, he would always be there, to offer me a few drops of the holy water. That's all he did. And although his whole manner was so humble, so self-effacing, yet it was impossible not to notice him, not to be impressed. And when I learned that he was a pauper-through his manservant-I began giving him a few trifling sums of money. And always- would you believe it - he wanted to give me back part of it. "It's too much," he would say, "too much; I don't deserve such generosity." Of course I refused to take it back; and then and there, before my very eyes, he'd distribute it among the poor.

CLEANTE: All of it?

ORGON: No, no, no. That would have been too insensitive - to give away all my gift. No. The part that I had refused to take back. I have no doubt at all, my friend, that I have been guided from above to take him into my house. Since when, not

only I, but my whole household, has been changed.

CLEANTE: So I gathered.

Orgon: He shows such a touching solicitude for our whole way of life. He's far more concerned about my honour than his own.

CLEANTE: Indeed? And in what way?

ORGON: Very gently he rebuked me for the number of visitors we had. He told me of all my wife's admirers - he's a thousand times more jealous of her than I am!

CLEANTE: I can't believe it! What impudence! What arrogance!

ORGON: Oh, no. No, no. How little you understand. There's no arrogance in him. Rather a great humility. He accuses himself of Sin over the merest trifle; a mere nothing is enough to shock him. Why, the other day, he accused himself of killing a flea with too much anger, when he caught it while saying his prayers.

CLEANTE: Really, Monsieur Orgon, you can't be serious. You're joking. You're laughing at me. You can't really pretend that all this tom-foolery -

ORGON: Tom-foolery!!! And, pray, what tom-foolery?

CLEANTE: All that You've been telling me. His turning up at Church; his kneeling down just in front of you; his fervent praying; his offering you the holy water -

ORGON: Cleante! Please! Your words savour too much of Free Thought. I fear you're tainted with it. I'm very much afraid

so. All this science of yours! I warn you! You'll bring down a dreadful punishment upon yourself.

CLEANTE (very angry himself now. The two men confront one another in fundamental conflict): Really, Monsieur Orgon, if you are so righteously indignant when I seem to speak slightly of fervent prayers and holy water, you must forgive me if I am not unmoved when you speak with such ignorant prejudice of Science.

ORGON: Ignorant prejudice!

CLEANTE: Always the same Intolerance! Always the same old arguments. You want us all to be as blind as you are; and if we try to see, we're Free Thinkers. And, incidentally, Monsieur Orgon, all thought is free, or it is nothing! If we are not over-awed by ridiculous shams and elaborate hypocrisies, then you say we've neither respect nor faith in the things that really are sacred. There is such a thing as False Piety, Monsieur Orgon, just as there is such a thing as Sham Courage. Those who can match themselves against any danger, any crisis when it comes to it, aren't for ever parading their bravery. The really great ones of this world, whose lives can be an inspiration to us all, never make such a to-do about their greatness. If they did, by so much would they be the smaller. But in the name of ordinary common-sense, can't you make distinction between hypocrisy and sincerity; appearance and reality, shadow and substance? . . . I speak as if that were

easy! . . . I ought to know better! . . . What strange creatures we all are! How little, and how seldom, do we appear to others as our real selves! What Make-Believe is in all of us! How infinitesimal a part Reason plays in what we do, and think, and are. And how often do we overact our parts, and spoil what is best in us, by over-doing it -

[He suddenly laughs at himself; his anger spent.]

Oh, but forgive me; I wander from the point; I digress. . .

ORGON (~~who is still very angry~~): Oh no, no, no. If you please, go on. Go on. I'm all attention. After all, I'm listening to a Doctor of Science, a man of great learning, to whom we all have to look up. All the knowledge of all the ages is in your head. Before such Enlightenment, the rest of us are in darkness.

CLEANTE: Oh, please, Monsieur Orgon, please. I've angered you. / I'm sorry. / I assure you all my 'great learning' amounts to is this: a very tentative knowledge of how to try and distinguish between the true and the false. Little enough, but upon it, all progress is founded. But enough of that. . . one last word about Tartuffe. . . Your truly devout man is to be respected, revered if you will. Of course. But I know of nothing more odious than the man who uses, for his own ends, all those things that we hold most sacred; indeed makes game of them; buying honour and position by a lifting of the eyes. Making a fortune in this world by way of the next. You have

(Orgon  
up to  
X's to  
Table-  
+ dummy  
speech  
break's  
papers  
into little  
pieces)

warned me, Monsieur Orgon; now let me warn you. Such a heavy cloak of Virtue is sometimes worn to conceal the Vices beneath it. Then such men can be very dangerous; faithless, deceitful, full of revenge. Yes; revenge: for it is not gratitude they feel towards their benefactors; no. But envy! And the more they receive, the more that envy twists itself into hatred. Then, they can blaspheme in deed, as in word; and when it suits them, when their hour comes, when they strike, their very weapons have been fashioned from those things that are nearest, dearest, most precious to their victim! Oh yes, Monsieur Orgon, when they stab, they stab with consecrated blades!

ORGON: And now have you said your last word, dear brother?

CLEANTE: I have.

ORGON: Then, if you'll pardon me. . .your humble servant. (He bows and turns to go.)

CLEANTE: Monsieur Orgon! Please! Let's drop this discussion... If I've offended you, I beg your forgiveness. There's quite another matter I have to mention. . . (~~Exit to C. door~~)

ORGON: Yes? (~~Exit~~)

CLEANTE: It concerns my friend Valere: he is to be your son-in-law.

ORGON: There was some such arrangement. (~~Start walking~~)

CLEANTE: But the arrangement was definite. I believe that is so.

ORGON: That is so. (~~stop - pause - then start walking~~)

CLEANTE: But these definite arrangements have been postponed?

Is that so?

*stop - pause -*  
 ORGON: For the time being. — ~~about walk~~

CLEANTE: On behalf of my friend Valere, may I ask why?

ORGON: That is a question which. . . which I cannot answer. ~~(returning)~~

CLEANTE: Have you other plans?

*stop - pause -*  
 ORGON: That's possible. ~~walks~~

CLEANTE: Monsieur Orgon, your solemn word, solemnly given. . .  
 Valere dines with me tonight; he knows that I have been here.  
 He is sure to ask me of his - marriage. . . what am I to tell  
 him?

ORGON: What you please.

CLEANTE: But I must tell him what you intend.

ORGON: By all means.

CLEANTE: But what do you intend? ✓

ORGON: The will of Heaven.

CLEANTE: And what is the will of Heaven?

ORGON: Heaven only knows!

*(Shows papers at time)*  
 [Monsieur Orgon bows once more, turns; and goes]

[Music starts softly.]

~~CLEANTE: (to the audience)~~

~~What shall I tell valere when I return?~~

~~His heart, his eyes, his lips with fever burn.~~

~~"This marriage rests with Heav'n"? Devout suggestion.~~

~~But what will Heav'n orgain? Well, that's the question.~~

~~[Lights fade.]~~

~~[Music swells.]~~

ESCENA 4(ORGON, MARIANA, DORINA)

[Lights up again.]

[Music fades gradually away, sinking into silence as the dialogue starts again.]

[Mariane appears through a door and hurries across the room to a door opposite. Just as she reaches it, Monsieur Orgon appears in the door by which she has entered.]

ORGON (calling): My dear! (Mariane stops) My dear!

MARIANE: Father! (She is very surprised.)

ORGON: Why so surprised?

MARIANE: I. . .er. . .(she breaks off with a little laugh). . .  
Oh. . .no matter.

ORGON: Please!

MARIANE: Well. . .you. . .you called me "my dear".

ORGON (he is all sweetness): And why not?

MARIANE: Well. . .you haven't. . .for some time.

ORGON: absurd! (he repeats) My dear, I. . .(he is not at his ease). . .I want a word with you.

MARIANE: Yes, father?

ORGON: I. . .er. . .

[He hesitates. . .then goes and opens the door through which he had come, peers out of it, shuts it, and returns into the room.]

MARIANE: Something is the matter? What is it? Are you  
looking for anybody?ORGON: No, my dear, no. Not exactly. Not exactly. . .I  
want to make quite certain we're not overheard. There are~~Dorina  
opens R. D. an.~~



some people in this house I don't trust - Eavesdroppers. . .  
Now, my dear -

MARIANE: Now, father! (she is playing up to his new affability.)

ORGON: Yes! . . . My dear daughter. . . I've . . . I've always found  
you very easy to deal with. . . such a charming child you were.  
So pretty. So gay. So eager to please. And yet, so obedient.  
Such a sweet nature - you've always been my favourite.

MARIANE: Thank you, father. I'm sure I'm very happy to hear  
you say that; very glad of your good opinion; very grateful.

ORGON: Grateful! Yes - that's a delightful trait, too.  
Unusual in children. . . but to deserve, and preserve "my good  
opinion" - indeed my affection, my love. . . I hope you'll show  
your gratitude. Always be ready to do what I ask -

MARIANE: But of course-

ORGON: It should be your dearest wish.

MARIANE: But it is. My dearest wish.

ORGON: That's well said; very well said. . . My dear - what  
do you think of our guest?

MARIANE: (She didn't expect this. She gets cautious) Our  
guest?

ORGON: The guest in our house.

MARIANE: I don't know who you mean.

ORGON: My dear, aren't you being a little obtuse? We've only  
one guest in the house. I want your attention, please. I'm  
speaking of Monsieur Tartuffe.

MARIANE: Yes, father.

ORGON: Well?

MARIANE: Well, what, father?

ORGON: What d'you think of him?

MARIANE: I?

ORGON: Yes; that's what I asked. And I want you to be very careful, please, in your answer. Consider well before you say anything.

MARIANE: But, father, I'll say anything you like.

ORGON: That's very sensible, my child; very sensible indeed. . . say, then, that he's a man you respect and admire.

MARIANE: Yes, father.

ORGON: And that you love him. . .and that it would make you very happy, if I were to choose him for your husband. . .  
What's the matter?

MARIANE: I...I...I don't think I could have heard.

ORGON: I spoke plainly enough, if you were listening. Were you listening.

MARIANE: You want me to say that I love Monsieur Tartuffe, and would be pleased to have him for my husband.

ORGON: Exactly.

MARIANE: But, father, why should you wish me to tell such terrible lies?

ORGON: Lies! But I wish it to be the truth. . .I wish it. And as you have already told me it is your dearest wish to do as I wish -

[One of the doors bursts open; and Dorine stands in the doorway]

Dorine! What are you doing there? Eavesdropping! I thought so! (Dorine is still in the doorway) Were you listening?

DORINE: (coming into the room): Yes, but I couldn't hear properly. . . Oh, Monsieur Orgon, you didn't mean it -

ORGON: Mean it! Oh, yes I did:

DORINE: Oh, no, no, no.

ORGON: I assure you I did.

DORINE: Oh no, you didn't. You're joking.

ORGON: Joking! I most certainly am not.

DORINE: Oh, yes, you are. (to Mariane) Don't you believe him. He didn't mean it. He was joking.

ORGON: In a moment I shall get very angry.

DORINE: Oh, very well. You weren't joking. You meant it. And we'll believe you. And so much the worse for you.

ORGON (blowing up): God in Heaven! The liberties you take in this house! Insufferable! I won't stand it. . . I will not stand it.

DORINE: Now, please, let's discuss this without losing your tempers. If you're not joking, then we must take it seriously. And tell me this: What good's your daughter to a Holy man? He's got other fish to fry. And what good's a Holy man to you - as a son-in-law? He hasn't got a penny; except what you give him.

ORGON: Be quiet!!

DORINE: You tell me to be quiet, only because you can't think of an answer.

[With a most enormous effort, Monsieur Orgon controls himself; and manages to speak under great restraint, but not without dignity.]

ORGON: The answer, my girl, happens to be too simple for you to understand.

DORINE: I'll have a try.

ORGON: (after another spasm of self-control). . .:

He is poor. Yes. . .but there's a nobility in his poverty. And in the really valuable things of life, he's the richest man I've ever met. And I'll tell you something else, that you can understand. He lost all his own Worldly Possessions, because he cares so little for them. Oh yes. This 'beggar' as he seems to you, has Large Estates in his own part of the country. He's a gentleman.

DORINE: And who says so? He says so! And, anyhow, a Holy Man oughtn't to boast about having Estates, and being a gentleman-but never mind about that. Have you thought what's going to happen if you force this marriage? Don't you realise, a wife's virtue depends on her husband. There are some husbands it's very difficult to be faithful to; and with some it's impossible. And if a father gives his daughter to an impossible one, he's responsible to heaven for all her sins. So you'd better think! To what peril you're exposing your immortal soul.

ORGON: So, so, so! Now it's my Immortal Soul! (he turns to his daughter) First my most intimate private affairs, now my immortal soul - always I have to consult your maid!

DORINE: And you might do worse.

ORGON (swinging back on Dorine): That's enough. I've had enough of you. Enough, enough, enough! I've finished with you. (he turns back to his daughter; with a tremendous effort to control himself) Now, listen to me: I'm your father. And I'm older than you are -

DORINE: Fancy that.

ORGON: Ach!!! (he nearly blows up, but just manages not to; and continues to Mariane). . .and I know what's best for you. I admit I had betrothed you to Valere; but he's a friend of Cleante's. I hear he's a gambler, and I suspect him of being a Free Thinker.

DORINE: I suppose you'd like him to go to church, and make a proper exhibition of himself, like some I know.

ORGON: Will you be quiet? Didn't you hear what I said? I've finished with you. I'm not talking to you any more. Not another word. (To Mariane again) My dear daughter, this marriage will be crowned with a very child, and there's something very child-like about him. You will live together in such happiness, like two children. . . (he adds more shrewdly) And, after all, you're a woman; and as a wife, too, you can make what you like of him!

DORINE: She'll never make anything of him, but a fat old fool.

ORGON (swinging himself round on her again in utter exasperation): God in Heaven! Didn't you hear what I said? I've finished

with you.

DORINE: But I'm only speaking for your own good.

ORGON: Oh! I see! "Only for my own good!" That's very kind of you! Very considerate! (suddenly he yells at her) I said I'd finished with you. Finished, finished, finished, finished, finished!

DORINE: If only I wasn't so fond of you. . .

ORGON: I don't want you to be fond of me.

DORINE: But I am. And it's my place to take care of you - in spite of yourself -

ORGON: Aah!!

DORINE: And what other people think of you is very important to me. It's dreadful for me to see you make such a fool of yourself.

ORGON: (completely losing his temper) I can't bear it, I can't bear it. Will you keep your mouth shut? Oh, you wicked little she-devil, you!

DORINE: Oh, Monsieur Orgon! Come, come; dear, dear! A religious man, and giving way to such temper.

ORGON: If you say another word, one more word, I shall do you an injury. Or myself. Something in me will give way. I shall burst.

DORINE: Very well, I'll keep my mouth shut; I won't say another word to you. But I shall think all the more.

ORGON: Think what you like, as long as you don't talk. I warn you. (he turns to Mariane) Daughter, I want you to understand;

I've made up my mind. I intend to unite Tartuffe to my family, by this marriage. This is not a sudden decision. I've given it a great deal of thought, as a father should who puts the interests of his children first!

DORINE: I shall burst, if I have to keep quiet!

[He swings round on her. She shuts her mouth tight, and puts her hand over it. He turns back to Mariane.]

ORGON: Of course, to look at, he's . . . Well, he's not a Fop, or a Dandy.

DORINE: What a face!

[Orgon swings round on her again.]

(continuing, but staring straight in front of her) She's got a fine bargain, she has! If I was in her place, no man should marry me against my will, or if a husband I didn't want was forced on me I'd show him! That I would. After the wedding-night! A woman always has a way to get her own back.

ORGON: I warned you. I thought you said you wouldn't talk to me.

DORINE: I'm not, I'm talking to myself.

ORGON:(rolling back his cuffs, preparatory to giving Dorine a good beating) It's no good. It's got to be done; it's got to be done.

[But Dorine folds her arms and stands erect, facing him. Several times he raises his arm to give her a good slapping but just can't bring himself to do it. He turns back again on his daughter.]

I want this quite clear. I'm your father, and I have authority over you; and you have no choice at all, but to accept the husband I have chosen for you. (He almost whirls himself round again to Dorine) Well, aren't you going to talk to yourself?

DORINE: No.

ORGON: Why not?

DORINE: I haven't anything to say to myself -

ORGON: Incredible!

DORINE: -except this: Nothing and nobody would ever make me marry that pig of a man. And if she had any guts she'd say the same!

[Monsieur Orgon gives a great bellow of rage, and makes a great swipe at her; but she ducks, and he misses her.]

ORGON: You pestilential little beast! You hussy! She's going to marry him; and nothing either of you can say or do will stop it. Oh, you make me so mad! I can't be in the same room with you, without forgetting myself. Let me get out of it. . .out of here. . .a little fresh air. . .(he rampages away).

~~ESCENA 5 (DORINE, MARIANE, VALERIO)~~  
DORINE (turning immediately on Mariane): Well, and what have you got to say for yourself? Lost your tongue? A nice thing! Why should I have to do all the talking? You threatened with such a disaster - and never a word to say for yourself.

MARIANE: But what can I do?

DORINE: Anything. Anything to stop it.

MARIANE: But what?



DORINE: At least you can open your mouth. Tell him that a heart can't love at the bidding of another; that you marry to please yourself, and not him; that it's a matter that concerns you, and you alone. And if he's so much in love with his Tartuffe, he can marry him himself, and good luck to him.

MARIANE: But, Dorine, he's my father, not yours. And you heard what he said. He has authority over me. He can force me. That's true. He can do what he likes with me. It's all very well for you to talk like that; but if I did, I'd only make things worse.

DORINE: Listen. D'you love Valere; or don't you?

MARIANE: How can you ask! What a question! Haven't I confided in you; a hundred times. You know I love him. Desperately.

DORINE: And he loves you - desperately?

MARIANE: I...I think so.

DORINE: You only "think"! You don't know.

MARIANE: Oh, yes I do. I know. He loves me desperately.

DORINE: So you're both desperate to get married.

MARIANE: Of course.

DORINE: Very well, then. And now what are you going to do about this other one?

MARIANE: You mean if my father forces me?

DORINE: Yes.

MARIANE: Kill myself.

DORINE: Splendid! Marvellous! A wonderful idea! I hadn't

thought of it. You've only got to die, and be rid of all your troubles. . .Aaah. . .it makes me lose all patience, to hear such talk.

MARIANE: Dorine! Have you no sympathy?

DORINE: Not with such nonsense.

MARIANE: I'm afraid.

DORINE: Love demands Courage.

MARIANE: But I haven't wavered in my love. I haven't - but isn't it for him, for my lover, for Valere, to deal with my father?

DORINE: If your father sees fit to break his word, is your lover to blame?

MARIANE: Of course I could let everyone know how I loathe Tartuffe from the bottom of my heart; and how I love Valere with every fibre of my being.

DORINE: That's better! That 'ud be something!

MARIANE (hesitating): But, Dorine. . .there is such a thing as Modesty.

DORINE: Modesty!

MARIANE: Would you have me expose my deepest feelings to the whole world?

DORINE: Oh no, I wouldn't have you do anything. I see now you want Monsieur Tartuffe. After all, it's a very good match. Already he has a lovely Halo; and he can get as much money as he wants out of your father; and as for his looks - he has the most wonderful large red ears.

MARIANE: Oh, my God!

DORINE: Think of it! What rapture! Doesn't it make you thrill, from the soles of your feet to the top of your head. To be the bride of such a bridegroom!

MARIANE: Oh, stop, stop! I give in. I'll do anything.

DORINE: But what can you do? Didn't you hear what your father said? Don't you realise it's your duty to obey him?

Even if he wants you to marry an Ape. ~~X~~

MARIANE: Don't, don't, don't. Dorine! Please! I want your help, and advice.

DORINE: Advice! Me advise you! I'm only your maid. It's not my place.

MARIANE: For pity's sake!

DORINE: Very well, then. You must make up your mind to it. You must be Tartuffed!

MARIANE (going): All right. For all your sneering, there is one way out of my misery.

DORINE (running after her; and pulling her back):

Here! Come back, come back. I won't tease you any more.

We'll get you out of this. God knows how. But we will. Somehow - here comes your lover.

[Enter Valere, hurriedly.]

VALERE: I've just heard a nice thing!

MARIANE: What?

VALERE: You're going to marry Tartuffe.

MARIANE: Father's just told me.

VALERE: Oh, he has! Your father's just told you!

MARIANE: Yes.

VALERE: He's not serious?

MARIANE: He is.

VALERE: And what are you going to do about it?

MARIANE: I don't know.

VALERE: You don't know! Well, that's frank anyway!

MARIANE: What can I do? What ought I to do?

VALERE: You ask me!

MARIANE: Yes.

VALERE: You ask me what you ought to do?

MARIANE: Yes.

VALERE: But how can you! How can you ask me?!

MARIANE: But I do!

VALERE: Well, if you ask me. . . I think you ought to marry Tartuffe.

MARIANE: You mean that?

VALERE: I do.

MARIANE: If that's your advice, I'll take it.

VALERE: It doesn't seem very difficult for you to accept that advice.

MARIANE: Not more difficult than for you to give it.

VALERE: I gave it to please you.

MARIANE: And I shall follow it to please you.

\* VALERE: So much for your love!

MARIANE: Love! You told me quite plainly that I ought to accept the husband my father has chosen for me. . . And I've told you, I intend to do so - since that's how you feel.

VALERE: Never mind my feelings. You'd already made up your mind.

MARIANE: -If that's what you think -

VALERE: Never mind what I think. And don't you worry your head about me.

MARIANE: Why should I?

VALERE: Why should you indeed? I know someone who'll be glad enough to take your place! And the sooner the better. A man only looks a fool, nursing a hopeless love, when he's been thrown over.

MARIANE: I'm sure you'll find consolation soon enough. And, as you say, the sooner the better.

VALERE: Then I'll go; as you're so eager to get rid of me.

MARIANE: I'm not stopping you.

[He starts to go, but keeps coming back.]

VALERE: You realise it is you who are driving me away?

[Mariane maintains a silence. He makes as if to go, but stops and returns.]

Everything shall be as you wish.

[Still, Mariane is silent.]

We shall never see one another again.

[This time it does look as if he were really going. . . but when he is almost out of the door, he stops, hesitates, and

turns towards her.]

I beg your pardon? . . . I . . . er . . . I thought you said something.

MARIANE: I said nothing.

VALERE: Nothing?

MARIANE: Nothing.

VALERE: d'you mean you said: "Nothing", or, you didn't say anything?

MARIANE: I said nothing - I mean I didn't say anything.

VALERE: I see . . . I thought I heard you.

MARIANE: No.

VALERE: Then I must have been mistaken.

MARIANE: Yes.

VALERE: Then, I'll go . . . goodbye, Mariane.

MARIANE: Goodbye, Valere.

[This time he goes . . . but Dorine runs after him.]

DORINE (dragging him back into the room): You couple of fools!  
 I let you go on just to see how far you would go. <sup>① (Insert on pag 38)</sup>

[Valere is making a great show of resisting.]

VALERE: Dorine, how dare you! Let me go! You heard what she said. If she wants me to go, then let me go.

MARIANE: You see! He can't even bear to be in the same room with me . . . if he won't go, I will.

[And she starts towards the other door. Dorine lets go of Valere, and runs across to catch hold of Mariane.]

DORINE: No, you don't! You stop here!

[Mariane makes a great show of resistance.]

MARIANE: Dorine! Leave me alone! Take your hands off me.

[Dorine pulls her back into the middle of the stage; and without letting go of her, gets hold of Valere and pulls him, too, into the middle of the stage.]

DORINE (between them, and without letting either of them go):

Now listen to me: You two love one another even more than you think.

MARIANE: Then why did he tell me to marry Tartuffe?

VALERE: Why did she ask me whether she should?

DORINE: Oh, have done! The two of you! The only thing now is to prevent it. It's not going to be easy; because over Tartuffe, your father's gone off his chump. And he's within his rights, so we've just got to humour him for a while. And, above all, and whatever happens, keep putting it off. If he fixes the day, then you've got to have a sudden illness. And when you've had enough sudden illnesses - what then? . . . You might have a run of Evil Omens: - Meet a corpse, or break a mirror, or dream of muddy water. And, meantime, it's best you two shouldn't be seen together. It'll put him off the scent. (To Valere) So off you go! And get to work on all your friends. They must all keep on at her father that it's absolutely outrageous of him to break his word. . . And we'll do the same with the family here. . . Now, away you get!

VALERE: Au revoir, Mariane. . . you were very cruel to me.

MARIANE: Not as cruel as you were to me!

VALERE: But I love you!

MARIANE: And I love you!

DORINE: Oh! For pity's sake! Give over! Away with you.  
Both of you. ~~Against~~ together. . . you that way.

[She pushes Valere off in one direction.]

You that way.

[She pushes Mariane off in the other.]

[Music starts.]

(to the audience)

I never saw such fools in all my life!

He'd rather die than see her Tartuffe's wife,  
Yet here they scratch and spit like dog and cat!  
Talk sense to lovers? I've more sense than that!

[Lights fade.]

[Music swells up.]

## ESCENA 6

[Lights come up again.] (DAMIS, DORINE, TARTUFFO, Lorenzo)

[Music fades during first few lines of dialogue.]

[The youngster Damis is striding about the room in a terrible rage. Dorine is watching him.]

DAMIS (explosively): My God, I'll break every bone in his  
body! Every bone! That's what I'm going to do. D'you hear  
that, Dorine? Every bone! ~~XR~~ And if I don't let all my friends,  
and everydoby who knows me, everybody, call me a weak miserable  
wretched coward. And I should be. Every bone! You wait till  
I get my hands on him. ~~XL~~

DORINE: ~~Oh, Master Damis,~~ And what good's that going to do?

DAMIS: It isn't going to do him any good, I can tell you that.

~~XR~~



DORINE: That temper of yours! After all, it's only talk so far. I'm only telling you what your father said. People don't always do what they say.

DAMIS: It's got to be stopped. ~~XL~~

DORINE: Of course it has. But don't you realise, Master Damis, your father can do as he pleases. We've got to go carefully -

DAMIS: Carefully be damned! ~~XR~~

DORINE: Master Damis, we're all agreed: we've got to stop it - if we can - X

DAMIS: If, if, if! If we can! I can! I'm going to stop it. I'm going to put an end to the whole thing, by putting an end to him! X

DORINE: No, no, no! Lost tempers and broken bones aren't going to help. They'll make things worse. <sup>See,</sup> if you lost your temper and do anything silly, we shall be in a worse hole. Please, Master Damis, listen! I know you're imagining yourself thrashing him to death, and enjoying it no end! But I can't help that - you've got to stop and listen - (she grabs hold of him - and holds him by his coat, with both hands, in front of her) Now - are you listening? ~~Have you stopped beating him?~~ Now, please; keep quiet ~~one half-minute~~, and I'll tell you what we've planned: The first thing is to let your stepmother try and manage Tartuffe. She may be able to. She has some sort of influence over him. He always agrees with everything she says, or pretends to. . . sometimes I think he's got a soft spot in

his heart for her. . .if he only had!

DAMIS: If he had, I'd. . .

DORINE: Yes, I know. You'd break every bone in his body; twice over. . .now, hold on. ~~Keep quiet just one most moment.~~ Your stepmother has asked Tartuffe to come down and see her, here in the room. She's going to question him about this marriage of his to Mariane -

DAMIS (crying aloud at the very mention of it): Aaah!

DORINE (shaking him into silence): Sssssh-and she's going to try and find out what he really feels about it himself. And, what's more, she's going to tell him what opposition, what bad feeling, and, in general, what the devil of a commotion he'd stir up, if he tried to take advantage of your father's suggestion. . .When I went up to his room, with the message from your stepmother, he was at his prayers and couldn't be disturbed; but he'd be down in a few minutes. And that's any moment now, so you'd better make yourself scarce. I'll wait for him.

DAMIS: I want to be here, when my stepmother sees him.

DORINE: No, no, no. Certainly not. The whole point is they must be alone.

DAMIS: I wouldn't say anything. I'd keep as quiet as a mouse.

DORINE: Oh, would you? I thought you were going to break every bone in his body.

DAMIS: No, I'll give him a chance. I'll see what he has to say to Elmire. I'll just stand here and listen. I won't lose my temper.

DORINE: Of course you'd lose your temper. And we should lose everything else! Here he comes! Off with you. (As she shoos him off) Go and break every bone in his body in the next room-so much safer for everybody -

[Damis is pushed through one door - from the other, Tartuffe appears with his man. . .he sees Dorine, but feigns not to.]

TARTUFFE (to his man, but so that Dorine can hear):  
Come here. . .take these. . .my hair shirt! (he gives it to his man). . .my scourge. . .(he gives it to his man) Put them away carefully. I shall want them tomorrow morning. . .And, in the meantime, if anyone should desire to see me, within the next hour, I have gone to the Prison-House, to distribute money to the unfortunate inmates.

DORINE: (to herself; but so that Tartuffe can hear)  
Somebody else's money!

TARTUFFE (turning to her): Your pardon? You spoke, I think? You said something? Can I do anything for you?

[Tartuffe approaches her; his man has withdrawn.]

DORINE (with a little bob of a curtsey-her manner to him is elaborately deferential): I have a message for you, Monsieur Tartuffe. . .

TARTUFFE: A message? Yes? Oh, one moment, please. A moment, if you please! Before you say another word, one more word, take this kerchief!

[He hands her a large handkerchief.]

DORINE (taking it, with another bob of a curtsey):

I thank you. (She stands holding it) But what am I to do with it?

TARTUFFE (indicating the lowness of her dress): Clothe yourself, my girl, clothe yourself. Cover that nakedness! Your bosom! Such a sight is an offence! A temptation of the flesh! A source of impure thoughts.

DORINE (promptly dropping all deference): My goodness, it doesn't take much to set you off, does it? You are susceptible, aren't you? Fancy getting excited as easily as that! I don't. Oh, no. Come to think of it, I could see you without a stitch on, and never turn a hair!

TARTUFFE: Oh!!!! More modesty. . .more modesty, if you please. Or I shall be forced to leave you. (He starts to go) And at once.

DORINE: (after him: ) No. *Please, Monsieur Tartuffe, . . .* ~~You stop here. I'm leaving. But~~ ~~first~~ I have to give you the message.

TARTUFFE: No need, no need. I have no time for any messages. Many unfortunate souls await me. (starts to go again)

DORINE: From Madame.

TARTUFFE (stopping): From Madame? . . .From Madame Orgon?

DORINE: Yes.

TARTUFFE: A message from Madame Orgon? . . .What message?

DORINE (all soft-soap again): Madame is coming down here, from her room, Monsieur Tartuffe, and desires the favour - the very great favour - of a few moment's private conversation with you.

TARTUFFE: Indeed! Most willingly!

DORINE: What about the unfortunate souls?

TARTUFFE: For a Soul, Time is of no account. . .When did you say Madame desires this private conversation?

DORINE: Why now. Now, at once.

TARTUFFE: Nothing could be more convenient.

DORINE: I think I hear her.

[Elmire enters.]

Madame - Monsieur Tartuffe.

[She bows two curtseys and runs off.]

**ESCENA 7**

[Tartuffe and Elmire are left alone together. There is the slightest pause. Each is uncertain of the other. Then:]

(TARTUFFE y  
ELMIRA)

TARTUFFE: Madame, this is indeed a pleasure. And all the greater because unexpected. And, indeed, more than a pleasure-an honour!

ELMIRE: Monsieur Tartuffe!

[But he interrupts her, glancing upward and, as it were, speaking a Grace before the conversation, begins:]

TARTUFFE: May Heaven enrich your life out of its infinite store of Goodness, even more abundantly than the most humble of your admirers dare wish for you!

ELMIRE (her manner against his is very down-to-earth and matter-of-fact): Thank you very much. I'm much obliged to you.

Let's sit, shall we? And be more comfortable. And more at our ease.

[They sit.]

TARTUFFE: And you have completely recovered from your recent indisposition?

ELMIRE: Oh, yes, thank you. Completely. The fever didn't last long. It passed very suddenly. Quite miraculously.

TARTUFFE: Miraculously! Yes, Of course, I know only too well, that any poor prayers of mine, are, in themselves, unworthy to call down such a 'miracle'; but, I do assure you, I have not ceased, day or night, to pray for such a swift and complete recovery.

ELMIRE: That's very kind of you. But really, you mustn't waste too many of your prayers on me.

TARTUFFE: That would be impossible. Impossible. Believe me, I would gladly have sacrificed my own health for yours.

ELMIRE: Oh, Monsieur Tartuffe! Isn't that carrying Christian charity a little too far? Especially as I'm sure I don't deserve it.

TARTUFFE: Oh, but you do, you do. You deserve much more. So much more. So much.

[Elmire cocks an eye at him. She doesn't quite know what to make of him. And although she continues in her matter-of-fact manner, she is obviously feeling her way.]

ELMIRE: . . .Er. . .yes. . .I. . .er. . .I wanted to have a few words with you; alone -

TARTUFFE: Yes, dear lady!

ELMIRE: I. . .I thought it best to send you a message to ask that you would come and see me here. . .I'm very glad, and

grateful, that you've given me this opportunity.

TARTUFFE: Not so grateful as I am. Another of my constant prayers - if I may be quite open with you - was to find myself alone with you. But, until now, it has not been granted.

ELMIRE: This seems to be a lucky day for your prayers! . . . No, forgive me. I mustn't be flippant. I didn't mean to be. I've no wish to be. Indeed, quite the contrary. . . And, Monsieur Tartuffe, I want you to speak quite openly with me, if you will. . . I want to feel sure that you are answering the question I'm going to ask you, without any reservations; without concealing anything from me.

TARTUFFE (with a kind of vehement fervour): Dear lady, I will conceal nothing. I will throw all reserve to the four winds, I will lay bare my very soul to you.

ELMIRE: Well - hardly that! I only want you to be so good as to tell me the truth.

TARTUFFE: The truth! How could I do otherwise?

ELMIRE: How indeed!

TARTUFFE: How could you suppose I would do otherwise?

ELMIRE: How indeed! . . . Well, of course, I didn't. . . not really. . . I only wanted to make certain. . . Now, Monsieur Tartuffe -

TARTUFFE (with another burst of fervour): But first, dear lady, I beg you, let me say this to you -

ELMIRE: (more than ever puzzled by his manner)

Anything you wish!

TARTUFFE: I swear to you, that any objections I may have raised to so many visitors coming to this house, so many admirers eager to pay court to your charms, was from no spirit of malice; but out of my devotion -

ELMIRE (cutting him short): Oh I know, I know. I appreciate that. I know how concerned you are on my behalf.

TARTUFFE: Concerned! Dear lady, so much more than concerned. Zealous! Passionately zealous!

[He seizes hold of her hand.]

ELMIRE: Oh! Please! You're hurting! . . . My hand! . . .

Monsieur Tartuffe, my hand!!

[He places his hand on her knee.]

. . . Monsieur Tartuffe, your hand!

TARTUFFE (stroking her leg): How soft and lovely. . . soft and lovely!

ELMIRE (in amazement): Monsieur!

TARTUFFE: The material of your gown!

ELMIRE: Oh! The material! . . . Yes. That's good enough - to look at!

[She moves her chair a little away from him. . . he moves his after her.]

TARTUFFE (feigning that he is examining the material): Exquisite! What workmanship! What skill in the doing of it! (But he starts pawing her again) Can one imagine anything more perfect! More divinely shaped!

ELMIRE: Oh, please, Monsieur Tartuffe - please - I'm very



sensitive.

TARTUFFE: Sensitive! But, of course, of course.

ELMIRE: Well, ~~as a matter of fact~~, I meant ticklish. . . And anyhow, I told you I wanted to talk to you. At least to ask you a question. . . You know, of course, that my stepdaughter Mariane has been betrothed, for some time, to Monsieur Valere. My husband gave his consent; quite definitely; and the actual wedding-day was fixed. Now I'm told that my husband has changed his mind; that, to put it plainly, he is going to break his word-and that you are to marry Mariane. . . Is this true?

TARTUFFE: He did just mention it!

ELMIRE: And when he mentioned it, what were your feelings? Please be frank with me.

TARTUFFE: I will, dear lady, I will. You shall have the truth. And the truth is. . . that all my feelings - my thoughts, my desires, my dreams, my longings, my hopes. . . my torturing hopes - are all. . . directed elsewhere.

ELMIRE: Of course, I know -

TARTUFFE: You know!

ELMIRE: - are all directed - Heavenwards.

TARTUFFE: . . . Er . . . yes. . . true enough. True enough. . . but my heart is not of flint.

ELMIRE: Flint! Oh dear, no, Monsieur Tartuffe. A heart full of Goodness and Purity! You've made that abundantly clear to all of us: That all your concern is for Spiritual, not for Earthy things.

TARTUFFE: ✓ Why, yes, of course. Yes. Yes. Yes. . . but our devotion, our love for the beauty that is eternal, need not stifle our love for beauty which is more fleeting. . . On the contrary, worshipping beauty that is Immortal, it is our duty to adore beauty that is mortal. For the one is but a reflection of the other-the Mortal is but an aspect of the Immortal. And, in you, it shines forth, undisguised and blinding in its complete loveliness. I cannot look on you without worshipping the Creator of all things; without adoring the divine portrait which He Himself has painted.

ELMIRE: Really! Monsieur Tartuffe! -

[But his words flow over her.]

TARTUFFE: At first, I thought this might be a subtle temptation of the Devil. I prayed; I fasted; I did many penances. And the greatest penance of all: I made up my mind to avoid you, fearing that you, even you, might be a stumbling block to salvation. Then, on my knees, I learned that this love was not Evil, but Good. And, in that knowledge, with what joy I have let it grow within me and flourish, till it fills my being. Oh, I know, what presumption it is to speak like this. Presumption, Presumption, Presumption! But I dare so much, hoping everything from your kindness, nothing, nothing at all from my own unworthiness. . . You can raise me to a shining pinnacle of happiness; you can cast me down into the black depths of misery. The choice is yours. I am at your mercy.

ELMIRE: Well, well, well!!! A very gallant declaration. But, certainly, a little surprising! I think you ought to have guarded that heart of yours a little more carefully. Really, Monsieur Tartuffe! A man with your reputation for piety!

TARTUFFE: But why should you be surprised? Tell me that! Why, why, why? I am no Angel. I've never claimed that. I am no Disembodied Spirit. I am a man of flesh and blood. And Piety, True Piety, makes a man stronger, more effective, more of a man, in everything he is, and does. . . And if you would condemn the man for being so fatally attracted, condemn the woman for the fatalness of her attractions. . . Attractions that smote me with the swiftness of an arrow. Yes. The first moment I set eyes on you, my heart was pierced. Oh, the exquisite pain of that wound that only you, who dealt it, can heal! . . . Dear lady, if you would but have compassion, I would reward you with a devotion beyond imagining. . . (then his eyes narrow; and he becomes shrewd) And consider this. Consider it well: Your reputation would be safe.

ELMIRE: Indeed! And, how so?

TARTUFFE: ~~Other men, men of the world, brag and boast. They receive no favours which they do not recount, here there and everywhere - to their own renown.~~ Our secret would be ours. My reputation - the reputation for piety, that you so scorned - would be your shield.

ELMIRE: So! . . . Very persuasive, as well as gallant. Calculating, as well as eloquent! But, surely, Monsieur, a little rash! . . . Aren't you afraid? . . . Hasn't it occurred to you that I might tell my husband? And that when he knows, his faith, his trust, his admiration, his friendship for you - which surely are of some value to you - might be. . . a little shaken!

TARTUFFE: It has occurred to me. And I am not afraid. . . You are too gracious; too understanding. . . If I need forgiveness

for loving you, for being the helpless victim of your beauty, you have only to look into your mirror-and you will forgive.

ELMIRE: Well, I don't know about that. I'm sure! Most women would tell their husbands, and tell everybody else! After all, a conquest is a conquest! Surely, Monsieur, you know enough about women to realise that! Something not so easily kept to oneself! And I'll tell you something more: the righteous indignation of a husband on one's behalf, when one is innocent, is not altogether unpleasing. . . Yet, you're right, Monsieur. I shall not tell my husband. . . on one condition. You hear, Monsieur Tartuffe? "On one condition"; that you refuse, absolutely, and finally, any proposal that my husband has made, or may make, that you should marry Mariane -

**ESCENA 8**

[They are looking straight at one another when Damis dashes on to the Stage. He is in a state of terrific excitement.]

(TARTUFFE,  
ELMIRA,  
DAMIS, &  
ORGON)

DAMIS: No, no, no, Mother! NO! You're not going to keep this to yourself. You mustn't. You can't. This is going to be shouted from the house-tops! From the house-tops! This is the end of Monsieur Tartuffe!

ELMIRE: Damis!

DAMIS: Mother, it's no good! I don't care what you say! We're going to be rid of him. Think of it! Rid of him!

ELMIRE: Damis! Please!

DAMIS: Think of it! When my father hears of this! . . . Him! That man! - suggesting you should be his mistress; and his reputation, his reputation for piety, would be your shield!

ELMIRE: Damis, there's no need to shout like that.

DAMIS: Why shouldn't I shout? I'm going on shouting.

ELMIRE: Do try and control yourself.

DAMIS: I don't want to control myself! Why should I? I heard -

ELMIRE: Well, be quiet for a moment! Listen! if you heard, did you hear me give him my word I'd keep this to myself?

DAMIS; Yes.

ELMIRE: Did you hear the condition that I made: that he should refuse to marry Mariane?

DAMIS: Yes.

ELMIRE: And isn't that what we all want?

DAMIS: Yes.

ELMIRE: Well, what is there to shout about?

DAMIS (beginning quietly, but getting louder every word):  
Because I didn't hear him answer! Because he didn't answer!  
Because he didn't give his word to keep the condition. And  
if he did, or if he does, what's his word worth?

[And, by this time, he is shouting at the top of his voice  
again.]

ELMIRE: Damis!!!

[He stops; and she continues with great earnestness.]

You say you'll shout this from the house-tops. You'd shout what  
you heard. I've no doubt. But, within a few minutes of your  
shouting, it would be a different story. A very different  
story, and I should be in it. I don't want that.

DAMIS: But the things he said to you!

ELMIRE: My dear boy, you want to tell your father. . . Your  
father is my husband. Husbands are difficult enough to manage,  
without upsetting them with things like this.

DAMIS: But I want to upset him. And, as for you, mother,  
everybody knows you. There'd be no scandal about you.

ELMIRE: You don't know scandal.

DAMIS: No. It would be madness not to take this heaven-sent  
opportunity - heaven-sent, Monsieur Tartuffe, heaven-sent -  
to get him thrown out. Thrown out! It's almost too good to  
be true! No more of his insolence! No more of his insuffer-  
able interference. Why, since he came, I've not been able  
even to see Valere's sister!

ELMIRE: Oh, if you're doing it for your own sake -

DAMIS: For all our sakes. And it's no good trying to stop  
me. I've never been so pleased about anything in my life.  
I've never looked forward so much to anything, as to telling  
father! . . . And God be praised, here he is. . . Now for it!

[Monsieur Orgon appears.]

Father!

ORGON (he is in a very affable mood): Yes, my son?

DAMIS: I have something to say to you -

ORGON: Yes, my son?

DAMIS: Something to tell you -

ORGON: Yes, my son?

DAMIS: About Monsieur Tartuffe.

ORGON (his tone hardening): About Monsieur Tartuffe!

DAMIS: Yes!

ORGON: Be careful! . . . Be very careful! You can make me very angry, as you know, when you speak about Monsieur Tartuffe.

DAMIS: But I'm going to make you very angry! I want to make you very angry!

ORGON: What's this?

DAMIS:(controlling himself with difficulty): Father. . . just now. . . only a few moments ago. . . I heard Tartuffe. . .

ELMIRE: Damis!

DAMIS: No, Mother! . . . I heard Tartuffe -

ORGON: Monsieur Tartuffe, if you please -

DAMIS: I heard him. . . talking to mother. . .

He makes a slight hesitation, battling for his control; as he wants his story connectedly and convincingly.

ORGON: Yes? . . . Talking to your mother. . . go on. . . yes? . . . and what then?

DAMIS: I heard him tell her. . . that he loved her.

ORGON (after a little moment of utter silence): Monsieur Tartuffe loves us all.

DAMIS (beginning to lose control): Oh, yes, yes. I'm telling you how he loves you! How grateful he is to you! How marvellously grateful! With what abundance he seeks to repay all that you've done for him. It's the truth, the solemn truth I'm telling you.

ORGON: My dear boy, you've told me nothing!

DAMIS: No, but I'll tell you. I'll tell you! I heard him tell her, that though he was pious. . .oh yes. . .yet he was a man of flesh and blood; and that his piety made him more of a man -

ORGON: How true!

DAMIS: And how beautiful she was - how 'soft and lovely' -

ORGON: What's this?!

DAMIS: - and how that mortal body of hers was. . .an aspect of immortality. . .

ORGON: Of what!?

DAMIS: Yes, 'an aspect of immortality'. . .and how he desired her. . .and how he had learned, on his knees, that it was his duty to possess her. I heard him beg her to become his mistress, and their secret would be safe from the whole world; and his reputation for piety would be their shield. . .their shield . . .under your very nose. . .Now you can be angry. Now you can be very angry.

[For a long moment, Monsieur Orgon stands dead still. . .then slowly and heavily, turns his head to look at Tartuffe. Tartuffe is standing apart, his head bowed. . .Monsieur Orgon turns to look at his wife. . .he moves towards her. . .her head is raised to his. . .they look full at one another. It is she who speaks.]

ELMIRE (quietly): Yes. . .what Damis says is true. . .but I'd made up my mind to say nothing about it, to you, or to anyone. . .it was very unexpected; but rather ridiculous. . . there seemed no need to worry you about it. Indeed I begged Damis not to tell you; and if I'd had any influence over him, you would never have known. . .(she moves with a quiet dignity to the door; there she turns). . .After all, my dear, your honour - or mine, for that matter - is not touched by what other men say to me; but by the way I respond. . .It's a pity that Damis is too young to realise that. . .I should have been left to deal with this in my own way. . .

[She passes through the doorway. Monsieur Orgon looks after her. . .then turns and crosses to Tartuffe.]

ORGON: Is this true?. . .Can it be possible?

TARTUFFE: Yes, brother. . .It is possible. Because I am a wicked, miserable, guilty sinner, full of iniquity - the greatest wretch who ever lived. . .

ORGON: Have you no more to say? Nothing more? No answer to this accusation? No word in your own defence?

TARTUFFE: Brother, you know me very little, if you can suppose that! But if you can believe this story, of your son's imagining, and which your wife did not see fit to deny, then I would have you believe them. I am-as we all are- a Sinner. Every day we bow our heads in prayer and confess as much. And what I confess daily to my Maker, I am not ashamed to say to you. But if, beyond that, your faith in me is so fragile, then it is not for me to indulge in the empty satisfaction, the vain pride of vindicating myself. . .It may be that I am wrong in that. Indeed, I am bewildered. It isn't given me to see why this injustice should be inflicted upon me. Possibly, the humiliation, the abasement that must follow will serve to lighten the sins that I have committed. So, let your anger have full swing. Drive me, like a criminal, from your home. In the eyes of the world, you will be acting as an honourable man and in the eyes of Heaven my account will be the lighter.

ORGON: . . .A story of my son's <sup>1</sup>imagining? (He turns to Damis) What have you to say to that?

DAMIS (losing his temper): Me!!! Say to that!!! Good God, father! After what I've told you - and you heard Elmire tell you it was all true - it can't be - you're going to believe him, before me! His word against mine! To believe him before your own family, your own flesh and blood!!

[Poor Monsieur Orgon is puzzled. . .he looks from one to the other - from the excited, angry boy to the cool, quiet, almost still, figure of Tartuffe. . .and into this puzzled silence insinuates the voice of Tartuffe.]

TARTUFFE: A half-truth is so much more wounding than a lie! Damis told you that I spoke of your wife as - forgive me, I can hardly bring my tongue to form the sounds - as . . ."soft and lovely". . .it is true. I did use those words.

ORGON: You did?

TARTUFFE: But of the material of her garment.

ORGON (to Damis): Did you hear that?

DAMIS: Yes, I heard! And I heard him say it to her.

Orgon: Well?

DAMIS: It was an excuse.

ORGON: An excuse! What for? . . . Who for? . . . I'm beginning to understand. . . "A story of my son's imagining!". . . I'm beginning to see!

DAMIS: Father!!! You're not going to believe him. That false fawning monster of hypocrisy!!!

ORGON: Silence!

TARTUFFE: No, no, no! Please, let him speak. Let him have his say. And why shouldn't you believe him? After all, you've known him all his life! And how long have you known me? Why should you trust me? True, the world accounts me trustworthy. But I know myself so much better than the world does. I know how little of real truth there is in me. . . (To Damis) So, my dear boy, say what you will. Accuse me of treachery, theft, murder, and anything else that strikes you! I don't deny it, I promise you. I will deny nothing!

ORGON (deeply moved): Oh, brother, brother -(he suddenly rounds on his son) Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

DAMIS: Ashamed! Ashamed of myself? What have I got to be ashamed of? Father, I swear to you -

TARTUFFE: My boy, my boy, add not perjury to lying! I must pray for you. (He drops to his knees). . . And for strength to bear this cross of injustice.

ORGON: Oh, this is too much, too much! Brother, dear brother -(he helps him to his feet - then to Damis) Have you no shame? No pity?

DAMIS: Pity! - For such shamelessness -

ORGON: Will you be quiet!

DAMIS: Are you blind? It's the truth I've told you! The truth! All right, I'm a liar! A liar! That's what I am! You're accusing your own son of being a liar.

ORGON: Son or no son; my own or anybody else's - another word, and I'll break every bone in your body!

TARTUFFE: No, no. Far better that I, a stranger, should suffer than you should do your own child an injury!

DAMIS: Oh, the hypocritical toad!

ORGON: Damis, how dare you? Such insolence -

DAMIS: Father, how can you? Such madness -



TARTUFFE: Such strife! Between father and son! And on my account! Forgive him, brother: he's young and thoughtless -

ORGON (to Damis): Did you hear that? If you've no shame, nor pity - at least you have ears! . . . ~~Oh, you shall rue this. The lot of you.~~ I see it all now! Even my wife against me. . . Very well!! My daughter's marriage shall be hastened! It shall take place as soon as possible.

DAMIS: You don't mean that! She can't! To force Mariane to marry a man she loathes -

ORGON: Tonight! To spite you all! This very night! I'll show you who's master here. So, now - ask his forgiveness!

DAMIS: Ask his forgiveness!! Ask anything of him - that treacherous, lewd, loose lump of lechery!!!

ORGON: A stick! A stick! Give me a stick!

[He seizes a stick.]

Tartuffe (trying to intervene): Brother!-

ORGON: No. Don't stay me! Don't hinder me! I'll not be hindered...not even by you...(He confronts his son) Now. You ...out of my sight! Out of my house!

DAMIS: I'm going, I'm going. And while that man's in it, good riddance to it!

ORGON: And never set foot in it again. Never! You're disinherited! D'you understand? I've disinherited you. Cut you off with a shilling! No, by God, why should I waste a shilling, you...Get out! Get out!

[Damis goes. Monsieur Orgon turns to Tartuffe.]

...That you should be so insulted...in my house...in such a way.

TARTUFFE: May God forgive him the pain he causes me!

[Monsieur Orgon is distressed.]

If you only knew what anguish I suffer!

[Monsieur Orgon is more distressed.]

TARTUFFE:...These pitiless attempts to blacken me in your eyes -

ORGON (almost in tears): What can I say?

TARTUFFE: There's no more to be said. My own heart is too full for words. But I fear that son of yours has dealt me a blow from which there's no recovery.

ORGON (running to the door through which he had driven Damis, and shaking his stock after him): The young devil, why was I so gentle with him? (He turns to Tartuffe)...Brother, don't grieve; forget it; put it out of your mind; it's over, finished; done with.

TARTUFFE: Yes. Finished. That, at least, is plain. These distressing quarrels: anger and violence; rifts in the family circle - the circle that should be sacred and indestructible. It's wrong. So wrong - and I, the unhappy, innocent cause. Yes - it's plain enough what I must do. I must go away; I must leave you.

ORGON: Go away! Leave me! You can't! You mustn't!

TARTUFFE: It's over, finished, done with-you said so yourself.

ORGON: But I didn't mean it - not in that way.

TARTUFFE: And they hate me. That you said, too. And that you meant. They'll never cease in their attempts to rouse your suspicions against me.

ORGON: And what's that matter? D'you suppose I'll pay the slightest attention to any of 'em? To anything any of 'em say?

TARTUFFE: Not today, perhaps; nor tomorrow. But the same story day after day, day after day, week after week - and other stories, cunningly told; and every member of your family, and your whole household, each and all of them, so carefully agreeing together, and supporting one another-forgive me, if I seem to see further than you do. You may not believe them now-but one day.

ORGON: Never, I swear it. Never. Never.

TARTUFFE: How subtly a wife can influence a husband -

ORGON: No, no, no.

TARTUFFE: But it's right that she should. You are one flesh. You have exchanged vows. I beseech you to let me go. What am I, but a stumbling block between you...I beseech you!

ORGON: Brother, it is not for you to beseech me; but for me to beseech you: to stay. How can I persuade you? My life -

here and hereafter-is at stake.

TARTUFFE: You disturb me. Can it be that, despite my great desire to go, and the immense spiritual release that I should gain by going, yet, notwithstanding, it is my duty to remain?

ORGON: Yes, yes, your duty! When have you ever turned your back upon your duty?

TARTUFFE: Very well, I'll face it! So be it -

ORGON: -Brother-

TARTUFFE: -But on one condition -

ORGON: -Let me hear it-

TARTUFFE: -If I am to remain in your house -

ORGON: -Yes, yes-

TARTUFFE: Your honour, brother, and our friendship are all important. There must be no gossip about your wife; nor the slightest excuse for it...in future, I shall avoid her, shun her on all occasions -

ORGON: Because of their lies! A concession to their malevolence. No, no. Never! Never! On the contrary, you shall be seen with her, on all occasions, and at all hours -

TARTUFFE: If that is your wish - again, so be it!...Oh, the sacrifices you demand from me!...To confront the hatred of your family! And this dreadful sense of insecurity.

ORGON: Insecurity! No, no, no.

TARTUFFE: Yes, yes, yes, Insecurity!...Brother, can't you understand? My only right here is your trust in me? And against those that are close and dear to you, how long will that last?

ORGON: Brother, can't you understand, that one who has revealed to me the real, true, deep, purpose and meaning of my life, is closer and dearer than anyone else in the world. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you...this 'sense of Insecurity'...how can I banish it! What can I do?

TARTUFFE: Nothing! It's here...(he thumps his heart) And here it must remain...As things are...there's nothing you can do.

ORGON: True, true... "As things are"... nothing I can do; as things are... but things can be changed!... Let me think... Wait, wait... let me think:... "Your only right here my Trust in you" ... I have it. That must not be your only right here... I'll make you my heir!... Yes. That's it. That's the answer... the answer to them - to everything!... You shall not only have the right of my trust - that you mistrust - but a legal right. The right of possession!

TARTUFFE: No; this is too much!

ORGON: Too much! (He is in a state of exalted excitement) You disappoint me! You go back on your own teaching! Never let it be said! What are 'possessions' - against true knowledge? The one you have given me; the other I shall give you. The gain is mine. Your own valuation! You can't say no to that.

TARTUFFE (a cry from his heart): One sacrifice after another! That I should now be burdened with 'possessions' -

ORGON: Oh, how selfish I am!... You humble me.

TARTUFFE:... Yet!...

[He bows his head; covering his eyes with his hand. Then, as his wont, gives a momentary glance upwards. When he speaks, it is low, and with a deep sigh of resignation.]

...if it is the will of Heaven...

ORGON: But it is, it is! I've no doubt of it! You have given me the Courage and Decision of True Faith. The Strength to live as I believe - without compromise! Corrupting Compromise!... Come with me... a lawyer shall put my resolution into worldly legal forms.

[Music starts.]

ORGON (to the audience):

Poor man! My wife, my children must be blind!  
I'll never rest till all is sealed and signed.  
Let them go hand, I'll give them legal proof  
Who has more right to live beneath my roof.  
Though Tartuffe gently chides me when I plead,  
He surely won't refuse a title deed.  
Let faith and trust by deeds, not words, be shown  
He'll never leave my house - when it's his own!!

[Music swells up.]

[Monsieur Orgon seizes Tartuffe, and hurries him from the stage.]

[CURTAIN]

~~ACT TWO~~  
SEGUNDA PARTE

~~ACT TWO~~

ESCENA 9

(CLEANTE Y TARTUFO)

Scene: Monsieur Orgon's house in Paris. The same or another, room.

Cleante is talking to Tartuffe.

Cleante:...And let me tell you, Monsieur, everybody is talking; not just the 'talkers'; everybody...the well-nigh incredible story spreads like fire in a cornfield; like ripples on a pond, in ever-widening circles...and in a way that does not redound to your credit. Oh no! This is going to do your Reputation no good, Monsieur, no good at all...But I'm glad I've met you...though, in all conscience, I never expected to say such a thing...but I am. Because now I can tell you-and without mincing my words-what I think of you. (He is very angry; but making a great effort to control his anger) But for the sake of Common Sense, and for all our sakes, I'll... I'll try to be reasonable!

[He makes a slight pause, as a barrister might, marshalling his case. Tartuffe listens, with hardly a movement; but his whole bearing and his expression is slightly contemptuous.]

...First, then, because I never believe in overstating a case, let me admit that young Damis may have behaved with very little self-control; may have lost his temper; may have been very rude - but he's little more than a boy, and a headstrong one at that...He may even have accused you wrongfully - of that I can't judge...But, even if he did, doesn't it become a Christian - and a man professing Christianity with such fervour as yourself - to forgive? To forgive! (He is now in the full flood of his indictment) Quite apart from forgiving, is it conceivable that any man, Monsieur, with any shred of decency left in him, should proceed to such a revenge? A boy is rude to you - you allow him to be driven, penniless, from his home! I repeat, Monsieur Tartuffe, is it conceivable?

[Tartuffe, who has been listening without looking at Cleante, turns and looks at him, but does not speak.]

CLEANTE (after waiting a long moment):...You have no answer! Nothing to say! - I'm not surprised! Silence is now your only refuge...but things can't be left like this. Your remaining refuge must be broken down!...But how?...What can I say?...I'm afraid Religion - at least, as you interpret it - isn't...how shall I say?...isn't much in my line. And I hesitate to advise a religious man. But I will:...Monsieur Tartuffe! Make a burnt offering of all your resentments, sacrifice them on the altar of Humanity, scatter their ashes to the four winds, and restore the young man where he belongs - to his father's heart and home.

TARTUFFE: But, my dear Monsieur Cleante, nothing is nearer to

my desires! I bear this young man no ill-will. None at all. I forgive him. Everything - Resentments! I have none. More than that: I would help him, with every means in my power; with every means.

CLEANTE (rather taken aback, and relaxing a little):...I'm very glad to hear this!

TARTUFFE: But, unhappily, I am not the only one concerned.

CLEANTE: (stiffening again) Oh!...Who else?

TARTUFFE: There is One above...

CLEANTE: My dear Tartuffe!-

TARTUFFE: I repeat, Monsieur Cleante, One Above...who guides us...or rather, those of us who seek to do His will. And despite my own personal wishes in this matter, that mightier Will decrees otherwise...

CLEANTE: Well-really!

TARTUFFE: Please! Permit me...you have had your say...The young man was rude to me. That was nothing; nothing at all; what do I matter? And rudeness is pardonable...he was untruthful...I would pardon that...yes...but again, what do I matter? Untruthfulness is a Sin.

CLEANTE: My dear Man!-

TARTUFFE: That is not a judgement of mine, Monsieur. It is not even a religious dogma. But a Moral Law - at least, for all men with any shred of decency left in them!...Sin must bear its own Consequences...You say he is young-is that right? Is it even in their own interests?...You know, as well as I do, that it is not.

CLEANTE: And tell me this, Monsieur Tartuffe - is Heaven powerless to punish Sinners without your assistance?

TARTUFFE (after the tiniest pause...he obviously tries to think of a quick one in reply, but can't - so answers indirectly):...You speak of "Talk"...After the foul accusations that this boy hurled at me - if he were to return...what would the talk be then? That I consented because I was afraid of him, and his accusations; that, like any hypocritical rogue, I was attempting to buy his silence.

CLEANTE: For a man guided as you are, surely it's a little mean of mind, and small of spirit to refrain from doing what is so obviously right, because of "talk".

TARTUFFE: What is right and what is wrong, Monsieur Cleante, is not always so obvious.

CLEANTE: And is it obviously right for you to take this boy's Inheritance...with the wealth, the property, the All of the whole family; to which you can have no conceivable right, of any kind, whatsoever...Answer me that.

TARTUFFE: No one, whose outlook - if I may say so - were not so entirely worldly, could even ask such a question! Riches mean nothing to me - I know you don't believe that; it's beyond your understanding - my eyes are not dazzled by the glitter of gold. I accepted Monsieur Orgon's gift, against my will. Yes. Unwillingly. Most unwillingly. You doubt it. Of course you do...Then ask Monsieur Orgon. He was well-nigh distraught in his entreaties. I gave way because in other hands this money might be ill-spent.

CLEANTE: Ill-spent!

TARTUFFE: Squandered. In vain extravagance. In ceaseless entertainment for those who are in little need of such entertainment. Again, Monsieur Cleante, not my judgement...or at least, not mine alone...Whereas my only use for it would be to spend it on those who really are in need, the poor, the hungry, the stricken...and so, to the glory of God.

CLEANTE: And hasn't it occurred to you that it might be better for the family to spend their own money as they think fit, rather than you should defraud them of it! Oh, please, Monsieur - help my lack of understanding! Is shameless fraud a part of piety? Is bare-faced theft a sign of holiness?

TARTUFFE (consulting his watch): My daily hour for Meditation - you'll excuse me...(he moves to door)

CLEANTE (unable to contain himself): God give me patience.

TARTUFFE (at the door; turning): Amen! (EXIT)

ESCENA 10  
/And he is gone. Enter, at the other door, Dorine, running, followed by Elmire and Mariane./

DORINE: Oh, Monsieur Cleante! Heaven be praised, you're here! You'll help us! You will help us, won't you? But how can you help us? You can't help us!...She's distraught! She's to be married tonight! She's to marry that slug tonight... see, she's distraught! -Well, wouldn't you be! Her father, Merciful Heavens, here he comes!...Oh, Monsieur Cleante, all of us together, somehow, in some way, surely we can do something. ~~But what can we do? We can't!...We can't do anything!~~

(CLEANTE,  
DORINE,  
MARIANA,  
ORGON,  
ELMIRA)

[Enter Monsieur Orgon.]

ORGON: Ah, my dear wife, and daughter! Together! Splendid! And Cleante! You here, too. Glad to see you. ~~Most~~ It's most suitable you should be here. Most suitable. For this is an Occasion. A Family Occasion!...My dear - (he turns to Mariane) - I have something here that will interest you - all the necessary deeds and documents for tonight!

MARIANE (throwing herself on her knees before him): Oh, father, father...my dear, dear father!...What can I say to you? What words can I use to touch your heart? I know you can compel me to do this; I know you have this authority over me; I know I must obey...but I beg you, I beseech you, I implore you - have mercy! If I may not marry the man I love, don't force me to marry a man I abhor...you gave me life. You even forced it upon me. I didn't ask to come into this world. It was your pleasure that I should! Can you, now, fill the life you gave me, thus unasked, with suffering that is not to be endured, and from which there is no escape!

ORGON (to himself): If I'm not careful, I shall be weak.

MARIANE: I'm not complaining that you yourself love him. Never again will I say a word against him. Never. Give him all your love. Give him all your money. Give him all mine. With all my heart, gladly, I give him everything I have - except myself...Rather than that, I'll go into a Convent; and live all the rest of my life alone, unmarried, as a Nun.

ORGON (again to himself): No weakness, no weakness! Heaven give me strength! (He does an imitation of Tartuffe - casting his eyes upward for a moment; and seems to profit by it) That's better!... (He turns again to his daughter; and speaks with a brusque but not very convincing sternness) My dear child, don't be ridiculous! Get up, get up, get up! (He raises her from her knees) A convent, indeed! All young women want to go into convents when they're crossed in love! But if you'd only listen to your father's advice, instead of your own desires, you'd realise that the more you dislike this offer, the more merit there is in accepting it.

DORINE: Well! Of all the...

ORGON: And don't you start again!

Cleante: If I may be permitted to say a word -

ORGON: Yes?

CLEANTE: Even proffer a little advice -

MUSIC  
FADE  
in  
and  
stay  
back  
grand  
FADE



ORGON: My dear Cleante, your advice is always eminently sensible, transparently honest, and impeccably highminded; but you must permit me - not take it.

ELMIRE: Husband, may I say something?

ORGON: My dear! But, of course -

ELMIRE: Just this. (She speaks strongly, but with a great tolerance and affection) I am amazed, utterly amazed at your blindness. The man must have laid a spell on you. Where, my dear husband, is all your old affection and kindness? And Faith? - Not only in me, but in your children. How can you possibly refuse to believe your own family?

ORGON (in protest): No, no, please, my dear, please, please, please! (He turns fiercely on the rest of them) And as for the rest of you - I'll hear no more of those vile stories, from any of you! Understand that! Not another word!

ELMIRE (beginning to show her anger): Really!...You are exasperating, to breaking point! Have you lost all sense of judgment?

ORGON: Lost my sense of judgment! Indeed, no. That's exactly what I haven't done. - because I judge by what I see. Yes. By what I see. And I see how you all hate him. I see you all in league against him. I've seen, when the boy was rude to him - which he constantly was - how you invariably took the boy's part. I saw how you refused to disown that vile pack of lies that my son spewed up against him -

ELMIRE: Lies? What pack of lies?

ORGON: You know well enough!

ELMIRE: Remind me!

ORGON: That Tartuffe had been making love to you! Do you expect me to believe that? No, my dear! You took it much too calmly! If it were true, you should have been much more disturbed!

ELMIRE: And why? The thing was ridiculous. Why should I give it any importance by making a scene about it? Good Heavens, my dear man! If a woman wants to preserve her virtue, she can do it without calling upon Heaven, or raising Hell!

ORGON: And a very fine Sentiment too! Very fine! But Words. Words, words, words...words are heard; not seen.

Elmire: Very well, then. You judge by what you see. If I make

you see we were telling you the truth -

ORGON: See?

ELMIRE: Yes.

ORGON: Impossible.

~~ELMIRE: That's as may be.~~

~~ORGON: I tell you...~~

ELMIRE: I'm not asking you, any more, to believe. But if you saw that we were telling you the truth...what would you say then?

ORGON: I should say - well, nothing; nothing to be said. The whole thing's inconceivable.

ELMIRE: (internally she is in a blazing rage; but she controls it: Very well, ve-ry well, my good man! You shall see! We've all of us, suffered beyond any further bearing, from your absurd delusions, your insufferable credulity...By the way, I presume, you are quite certain of yourself?

ORGON: Certain of myself?

ELMIRE: That you're right; and your Monsieur Tartuffe everything you think he is.

ORGON: Of course.

ELMIRE: Absolutely?

ORGON: Ab-so-lutely.

ELMIRE: Then you can have no objection to my making this last attempt to prove you're wrong.

ORGON: Why should I have?

ELMIRE: Why indeed?...But I should like it to be definite... Answer, my dear! Have the courage of your own beliefs. You have no objection?

ORGON: No.

ELMIRE: You mean that?

ORGON: I do.

ELMIRE (to Dorine): Ask Monsieur Tartuffe to come here.

DORINE: He's as crafty as a cartload of monkeys. It may be difficult to catch him.

ELMIRE: A man in love's always a fool!- And the more easily made a bigger one. ~~And when self love is added, the way to self-destruction is steep and swift.~~ Run along, and tell him I want him, here; in this room; now; this minute.

[Dorine runs off.]

(To Cleante and Mariane) And the two of you - leave us alone.

[Cleante and Mariane go and Elmire and Orgon are now alone together.]

*Come get under this table.*

Now, husband, ~~first - if you will - bring that chair, here... close to the table. (He does so) Thank you, my dear... (She seats herself in the chair. Her rage has burnt out. She is now very excited, and rather enjoying herself) And now... please... it's rather heavy... but could you move the table... this way... only a few inches...~~

ORGON: ~~And why, may I ask? what's all this for?~~

ELMIRE: ~~Never you mind! Do as you're told... a few inches... so that it's behind my chair... (He moves the table) That's enough... thank you.~~

[A strip of rich heavy cloth is thrown across the table, reaching to the ground, so as to conceal the space under the table; but not quite. Elmire spreads her voluminous skirt so as to fill in this space.]

ORGON: ~~And now?~~

ELMIRE: ~~Now get under it!~~

*But why should I....*

ORGON: ~~Under the table?~~

ELMIRE: When Tartuffe comes, he mustn't know you're here.

ORGON: Well - I must say! -

ELMIRE: ~~Ah, so you're not so sure of yourself, and your precious Tartuffe.~~

*This is my plan. Now is the time for you to judge.*

ORGON: ~~Of course I am. D'you suppose this foolery makes any difference?~~

*Under the Table?*

ELMIRE: ~~Then under you go! And leave the foolery to me.~~

[Still he hesitates.]

*Yes! So... Get under it. (She opens skirts of table)*

ORGON: (still hesitating) But... if you...

ELMIRE! - Down! ... my dear ... down!  
(Orgon still hesitates)

Misgivings?

ORGON: No. *It is just that, ...*

ELMIRE: ~~I think so.~~ *More misgivings?*

ORGON: No, no. A thousand times, no.

ELMIRE: Very well! (She points beneath the table).

[Orgon looks from her pointing finger to beneath the table... and climbs under it.]

Good...and while you're there, you must be neither seen nor heard. ~~Dare you make that promise?~~

ORGON (from under the table, his head appearing):  
Of course.

ELMIRE: ~~Your word.~~ *I must be permitted to say what I please.*

ORGON: Very well.

ELMIRE: ~~Your word...your solemn word. Repeat it.~~ *And since it is for your sake that I am doing this, I must have a free hand. I might have*

ORGON: ~~My solemn word.~~ *Oh, my God!*

ELMIRE: ~~I hear him coming! (She spreads her skirt so as to conceal him)...Keep out of sight, and not a sound. I have your word...~~ *To yield to his wishes.*

[Tartuffe appears in the doorway; and stands there, undecided. He is obviously on his guard.]

TARTUFFE: You wish to see me?

ELMIRE: Yes, good Monsieur Tartuffe, I wish to see you... please close the door.

[Tartuffe is about to do so.]

There's nobody there?

TARTUFFE: Where? → ELMIRE! - There (pointing) → TARTUFFE (looks) No.

ELMIRE: ~~Outside the door.~~ *And over here (pointing to other door)*

Tartuffe: <sup>(looks)</sup> No one.

ELMIRE: Please make sure.

TARTUFFE (doing so): No one.

7

ELMIRE: *Now be sure you close it.*  
~~Then you may close it.~~

[Tartuffe does so.]

Thank you...We don't want a recurrence of our last encounter... the last time we were alone together: Damis bursting in, having heard everything you said...how foolishly I behaved! I should have denied everything to my husband, ~~then and there~~ - but I was so utterly taken by surprise. However, it's all turned out for the best...~~my foolishness bred its own folly!~~ Now my husband wants us to be seen together! And if we're together, sometimes, without being seen - so much the better!

[She smiles up at him, encouragingly and hopefully...but his eyes are fixed on her, unmoving. So, she is forced to go on talking.]

...So, here we are, together, alone, behind closed doors, nobody else anywhere near - and, strangely, without any feeling of secrecy or guilt...and now, it will be my heart, not my conscience, that will speak to you...

[Again she pauses...he shifts his position slightly, with a little movement of stroking his chin - and again fixes his eyes on her. Elmire is becoming baffled; again she is forced into words:]

...Well, Monsieur Tartuffe, have you nothing to say?

TARTUFFE: It is you, dear lady, who are talking. I listen.

ELMIRE: Haven't I said enough? And you heard enough?

[Tartuffe doesn't answer...he strokes his face with his hand.]

A strange silence! Has the great lover lost his tongue?

TARTUFFE: I confess, dear lady, that this time, it is I who am utterly taken by surprise.

ELMIRE: And that surprises me! That you - of all men, Monsieur Tartuffe should know so little of women! With us, Monsieur Tartuffe, Modesty always puts up a fight against our feelings. ~~Inevitably.~~ It's both our nature, and our upbringing. ~~But though our Modesty may win nine times out of ten - ninety-nine times out of a hundred - there's one battle it must always lose. Inevitably.~~ ~~When~~ our feelings are too strong? ~~Then~~ Modesty melts away...suddenly, completely, ~~and altogether~~...like ice before a fire...Oh, Monsieur Tartuffe, you know us! Then our very denials are promises!...~~And tell me this - and, as a man, you should know - should I have been~~

~~so calm, so little disturbed~~ When you avowed your passion for me - When you asked me to become your mistress, when you assured me your reputation would be my shield - if it had not pleased me ~~and tell me this~~: why should I have made that one condition; that you renounced your marriage to Mariane? You may make your demands, Monsieur Tartuffe; but I shall make mine. Love is demanding. I would not share you with another.

*can't be that*

TARTUFFE: You must pardon me, lady...you must forgive me; but, between us, now, only the most perfect candour is possible...~~How if~~ <sup>on you</sup> this change ~~of front~~ is merely - ~~how shall I~~ <sup>say</sup> a manoeuvre, to persuade me against ~~this~~ marriage, which is to take place tonight? *the*

ELMIRE: What? <sup>No!</sup> I throw all modesty to the winds! I lay bear my heart! I confess not only my love, but my willingness, *my desire!*

TARTUFFE: I heard, dear lady, I heard. I was listening. And what did I hear? Words!...Words, words, words...how can I believe those words, unless they are translated for me - by deeds?

ELMIRE (with a spontaneous laugh): Oh, you men! Very well!... The man who is not satisfied with words, shall have the proof he desires!

[There is a disturbance under the table. Elmire spreads her great skirt, and coughs.]

TARTUFFE: Can I believe my ears?...You say that to me?

ELMIRE (laughing again): Who else should I say it to? D'you suppose I'm saying it to my husband?

TARTUFFE: You laugh! You're happy! You're gay! Now I begin to believe!...Oh, ~~the~~ <sup>what</sup> loveliness! I'm filled with the miracle of it; the fire of it; the pain of it! I am full - filled with an ecstasy, beyond anything I've ever known!

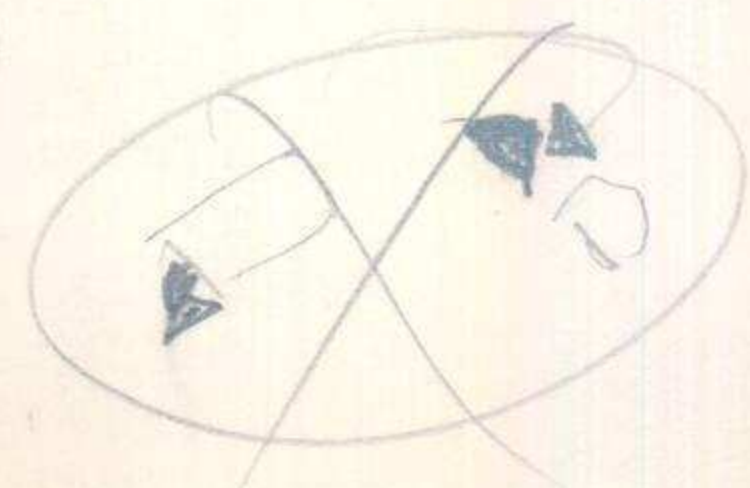
ELMIRE: Oh, if you knew how I'd longed for you to say that! And, how, for a moment, I feared you never would!

TARTUFFE: Every moment of waiting is now an agony! every second a hundred years! My blood courses through my veins, like a river in flood, threatening to burst its banks...(He takes hold of her)

ELMIRE (freeing herself): Oh, Monsieur Tartuffe! One moment...

TARTUFFE: No. Not a moment... *(embraces her)*

ELMIRE: <sup>M. Tartuffe, wait.</sup> But I have, yet, one scruple! One doubt!



TARTUFFE: Doubt?

ELMIRE: Not of myself; nor you -

TARTUFFE: Of your husband?

ELMIRE: Oh, no, no - not of him!

TARTUFFE: Of what then - in Heaven's name!

ELMIRE: Of Heaven itself! A doubt, dear good holy Monsieur, that you yourself have given me!

TARTUFFE: I?

ELMIRE: You talk so constantly of Heaven - how can we ever forget it?...In the eyes of Heaven we are offending. Shall we be punished?

TARTUFFE: If Heaven's all you're worrying about, I shouldn't give it another thought!

ELMIRE: Heaven is all-seeing and all-merciful. But just. And we shall be sinners.

TARTUFFE: Glory be!

ELMIRE: My husband has such great faith in your goodness and wisdom. Oh, please, Monsieur, help me. Reassure me. I cannot abandon myself as I would, with this doubt unresolved.

TARTUFFE:...Well...yes...to be sure... it is true - Heaven condemns and forbids certain pleasures...but...(he is thinking hard)...but...er...Tolerance is one of the Great Virtues... (he has found his line)...And Heaven being the fountain head of all the virtues...(he is in full flood) a great stream of heavenly Tolerance will flow down upon us, as an example to us, from which we must learn, and take strength and encouragement...~~so much is vouchsafed to me~~...Oh, dear lady! With me, you need have no fears; to stretch the strings of conscience to our deepest needs...it is both an Art and a Science! I shall initiate you.

[The disturbance breaks out again under the table. We even get a glimpse of an apoplectic Orgon. To cover any noise that he may make, she coughs.]

TARTUFFE: A nasty cough!

ELMIRE: It's really very trying; difficult to restrain.

TARTUFFE: A little liquorice? (He offers it)

ELMIRE: Thank you, no.

TARTUFFE: Most soothing for the throat.

ELMIRE: I fear the cause of my coughing is not to be soothed by liquorice!

[She is having to restrain Orgon from coming out.]

It lies deeper, and is being very troublesome.

TARTUFFE: ~~But your doubts are at an end?~~ You can be certain of this: no one will ever know.

ELMIRE: Oh, <sup>how</sup> can I be certain?

TARTUFFE: ~~Absolutely.~~ *By keeping the secret.*

ELMIRE: ~~Has that been vouchsafed to you too?~~

TARTUFFE: ~~It has.~~ *Absolutely.*

ELMIRE: Then ~~I surrender!~~... For the sake of the man for whom words were not enough.... I....

TARTUFFE: ~~Oh, yes, yes...~~

ELMIRE: ~~I promised proof. I shall give proof.~~

TARTUFFE: ~~Yes, yes, yes.~~

ELMIRE: And if, in the giving, I find pleasure ~~with the man...~~ The blame is not with me, but with the man who wouldn't believe a word that was said to him.

TARTUFFE: ~~But I've told you, I've told you,~~ I take all upon myself! (He seizes hold of her)

ELMIRE (keeping him at arms length): Strange how the thought of my husband restrains me even now.

TARTUFFE: (he is in a mood of great excitement and exaltation) Him! Don't you worry your <sup>pretty little</sup> head about him! ~~He's not going to worry us.~~ Poor man! He's ~~so easily~~ led by the nose! ~~I've brought him to such a pitch,~~ he can see everything and believe nothing.

ELMIRE: Where d'you think he is now?

TARTUFFE: ~~Does~~ <sup>Does</sup> it matter...?

ELMIRE: Suppose he's outside the door...!!!



TARTUFFE: He's not. He's not. I know he's not.

ELMIRE: Words, words, words! Show me.

[Tartuffe almost bounds across the room, and flings open the door]

TARTUFFE: No one.

ELMIRE: Nor in the next room?

[Tartuffe disappears]

ORGON (coming out from under the table): *I'm stunned. I must admit he is a villain,* ~~Oh, the villain, the blackguard, the black-hearted scoundrel -~~

ELMIRE: ~~Get back!~~ You haven't seen anything yet.

ORGON: *(freezing)* ~~You wait till I get my hands on him.~~ *What do you mean?*

ELMIRE: ~~No, you wait. In five minutes you'll be saying he never meant what he said.~~ *stay to the end!*

ORGON: *What end? He is a wicked man Elmire!* [Tartuffe reappears. Elmire turns to him; Orgon crouches behind her.]

ELMIRE: *Oh is he? Be careful - in five minutes you'll be saying he never meant what he said.*

TARTUFFE (as he closes the door): ~~No one!~~ *I searched the whole room. There is no one there.* I turn the key! If anyone tries to come in, I'm at my Meditations. (He moves swiftly to her) I feel that the Universe was created for this moment; that the Ages had no purpose but to lead to this moment; that we two were born for this moment!

[He moves swiftly towards Elmire, his arms outstretched. She moves aside, and Tartuffe finds himself embracing Monsieur Orgon.]

ORGON: *and me led by the nose... so, and* ~~So...so...so...to such a pitch, that "I can see everything but believe nothing"...Well...I...I...I've seen quite enough and I believe everything I've heard...Oh, you villain...you blackguard...nothing fouler ever came out of my mouth. You'll rue this day, Tartuffe! I'll teach you. I'll teach you I'm not a man to be trifled with...I never want to set eyes on you again; never want to hear your voice. (He is now shouting) Get out of the house!...Out of this house you go!...Out of my house, d'you hear?~~

TARTUFFE (very quietly): Monsieur Orgon...I fear you're under a delusion!

ORGON (yelling with rage): Under a delusion! I'll show you who's under a delusion!..."Under a delusion!" I was under the table!! Yes! That's where I was! See! Under the table!! The whole time...~~that wasn't rehearsed to you, was it?~~ *You didn't know that.*  
No! - An oversight on somebody's part!

TARTUFFE (quietly as before): You asked me to leave the house -

ORGON: Asked you! Asked you! I'm telling you to leave the house. And I'll tell you more: if you don't go now, at once - turn yourself round and walk straight out of that door - if you don't, you'll be put out; bundled out, thrown out, kicked out!

TARTUFFE: You forget yourself, Monsieur Orgon! -

ORGON: Forget myself.

TARTUFFE: You tell me to leave your house.

ORGON: That's right! You understood that much! Good!

TARTUFFE: Nothing would give me greater pleasure.

ORGON: Oh, it would, would it? Then, by God, we shall both be pleased.

TARTUFFE: But...for me to leave your house is no longer possible.

ORGON: No longer possible!...~~I'll show you~~ -

TARTUFFE: Because the house is mine...

Everything in Orgon stops...his rage subsides and collapses with a dreadful suddenness - as if some living thing had been struck senseless...There is a moment's utter silence - then:

ORGON (in a still, small far-away voice):...Yours?

TARTUFFE: Mine...And it is you, who will leave - you, and your family...~~You'll rue this day, Orgon! I'll teach you!~~  
~~I'll teach you~~ I'm not a person to be trifled with! Under the table, indeed! Such childish trickery! Such ~~betrayal~~ betrayal of friendship! Such double-dealing, such treachery!...You, and your precious wife! Never have I been so disappointed in two people. (He turns and moves to the door; then, turns back towards the Orgons) I have my own arrangements to make. You may remain here for the time being...(he repeats)...for the time being...(and turns again; and goes)

ELMIRE (looking after him, and laughing): Well - of all the -

[She turns, and sees her husband's face, who is also staring after Tartuffe.]

Husband! What is it? What's the matter?

ORGON: The deed of gift!

ELMIRE: What deed of gift?

ORGON: And worse than that - even worse!

ELMIRE: You frighten me! Husband! Tell me! What is it? Tell me -

[Music starts, softly...]

ORGON: What have I done? *what have I done?*  
~~I must be more than mad!~~  
~~It may be worse! And worse is worse than bad!~~  
~~All is lost, but...~~ if he has taken that - ...

ELMIRE: What? What? Talk sense! ~~What are you driving at?~~ *man*

ORGON: He's got the keys! He saw them! He knows where! *the keys, the keys!*

ELMIRE: ~~I can't make head or tail of this affair!~~ *What keys?*

ORGON: Where are they? Has he got it? I must know!

ELMIRE (in great alarm, going to him): Husband!

ORGON (breaking away): ~~Suspense is torment!~~ Let me go! *Let me go!*

ELMIRE: Stop raving, man! For heaven's sake, keep ~~cool~~ *calm...*

ORGON: Oh, what a fool I've been... ~~A fool!~~ *what what* A fool!!!

[As he says this, he rushes from the room.]

[The stage darkens.]

[The music swells.]

**ESCENA 12**

~~[The lights come up again.]~~

[The music gradually fades.]

ORGON, CLEANTE,  
DAMIS, SRA PERNELLE,  
DORINA, MARIANA, ELMIRE,

[Monsieur Orgon is pacing the room, in a great state of agitation.]

[Cleante is watching him.]

ORGON: It's not there!...it's gone!...Not there!...He's taken it away with him...

[Back and forth across the room; and as, unexpectedly he doesn't turn, he is going out through the door.]

CLEANTE (raising his voice): Monsieur Orgon!

ORGON (stopping): Yes?

CLEANTE: Where are you going?

ORGON: I don't know! I haven't the least idea! ~~What is it~~  
~~matter?~~

CLEANTE (firmly): Monsieur Orgon, I beg you: compose yourself. Come and sit down.

[Orgon returns and sits.]

You know, Monsieur Orgon, this matter is urgent.

ORGON: Cleante, my dear good Cleante, if you can only talk such obvious sense - I'd much rather you didn't talk at all.

CLEANTE: But we have to consult together - we must keep our heads - as to what steps are possible, on our side.

ORGON: Yes, yes, of course. Forgive me. How very right you are. How very right you always are.

CLEANTE: This box...that you're so concerned about, that's missing from your room, that he presumably took with him - what did it contain?

ORGON: I can't tell you that!

CLEANTE: You must.

ORGON: I can't.

CLEANTE: Please.

ORGON: No.

CLEANTE: Monsieur Orgon, we must be frank with one another. If - in a situation like this - you can't trust me...

ORGON: Don't be ridiculous. Of course I can trust you.

CLEANTE: Then tell me what was in that box.

ORGON: I can't tell you.

CLEANTE: But why not?

ORGON: I don't know!

CLEANTE: You don't know?

ORGON: I haven't the faintest notion! It was given me by a friend - a very old friend, a very great friend, a very unfortunate friend - on the very evening that he had to leave Paris...

CLEANTE: Had to!

ORGON: Not to put too fine a point upon it, on the evening that he fled the City...he put it into my hands, here, in this very room, and said he was asking my help, as he could of no one else; trusting me, as he could no one else...I had only to keep the box safe for him - that was all and no one in the world was to know I had it...for upon its contents, he told me, his whole future, and perhaps his life depended.

CLEANTE: Then why on earth did you give it to someone else?

ORGON: From the very best of motives!

CLEANTE: I don't doubt that!

ORGON: It was him! He persuaded me. He told me such a story...that he had reason to believe there was to be a Public Enquiry...he hinted my house was to be searched...he said that if the box were in his keeping it would be safe; and I could deny all knowledge of it. He explained to me how my conscience could be perfectly clear when I swore that wasn't true-that doesn't sound right, does it! It certainly doesn't when I say it. But it did when he said so; God help me, it sounded right and proper thing to do!

CLEANTE: I fear there's no doubt - no doubt at all - that you've put yourself in a very awkward position - very awkward indeed!

ORGON (exasperated): Do you have to go on saying that? You certainly have a genius for emphasising the obvious.

CLEANTE (coming back at him): But it's the obvious we've got to face! This Deed of Gift! The contents of this box, which may be incriminating - almost certainly is!...Really, Monsieur Orgon! For a respectable and respected man of business, as you were but a few weeks ago, your behavior has been well, irresponsible to say the least, of it.

ORGON (contrite): I know, I know. It's about the only thing I do know!

CLEANTE (softening at once): Of course we don't know to what lengths he can go; or will go...but you're in his power... and then to pick a quarrel with him...

ORGON (blowing up again): Pick a quarrel! Me, pick a quarrel! Me, pick a quarrel with him!

CLEANTE: You had great provocation...

ORGON: Provocation!

CLEANTE: You might have used subtler methods.

ORGON: Subtler methods! If you'd heard! If you'd been under the table with me -

CLEANTE: That's what I mean: under a table! Really, Monsieur Orgon!

ORGON: Well, where else could I have been? On the ceiling? He'd have seen me!...He's always casting his eyes upwards... Oh, I can't get over it...to conceal such wickedness ~~and~~ ~~under a hair shirt, too!~~ But I've learnt my lesson. From this moment, I've done with all piety! And all pious people! I abhor 'em! I loathe the lot of 'em. The Devil himself couldn't hate 'em more than I do!

CLEANTE: Monsieur Orgon! Isn't that just like you! From one extreme to the other! That comes of having such a poor opinion of Reason! Imposed upon by a false piety, you assume all piety is false; deceived by a rogue, masquerading as a saint, you jump to the conclusion, there are no saints. ✓

ORGON: ~~Ah!~~ I don't know which is worse...your Reason or his Piety!

[Damis rushes in.]

DAMIS: Father! Is this true - what I've heard about Tartuffe?

ORGON: I don't know what you've heard-but it's true. All true.

DAMIS: Never you mind. Don't give it another thought. Leave it to me. I'll settle this. As I told Dorine, the only way to finish business is to finish him! I ought to have done it before.

CLEANTE: Damis! Such foolishness! ~~Please remember we're~~

living in a civilised age, when violence always does more harm than good.

ORGON: That's right, that's right! Listen to him, my boy... he'll probably drive you to desperation, but -

Old Madame Pernelle sweeps in, followed by Dorine, Mariane and Elmire.

M. PERNELLE

EXITS

MME. PERNELLE (talking as she appears): Now, then, what's all this? What's the matter? What's this I hear?

Immediately he sees his mother, Orgon becomes like a little boy - he pours out his troubles as an aggrieved child.

ORGON: Oh, mother! You've come just in time to hear how I've been treated! I take him out of the gutter; ~~take him into my house~~; trust him like a brother; ~~give him everything I've got~~, offer him my daughter - and all the time he's after my wife.

MME. PERNELLE: I don't believe a word of it!

ORGON: You don't what?

MME. PERNELLE: Not a word! You can't fool me! I know what's going on here - I saw it last time I was in the house. How they all hate him. You told me so yourself - and now you're as bad as the rest of 'em!

ORGON: But, Mother, I tell you I've seen...

MME. PERNELLE: Hold your tongue! I'm getting old; I've had a long life, and I know the world. And if I've told you once I've told you a hundred times, it's a world where Virtue is always persecuted. Always. Because real goodness is so rare, that it's always envied. Generation after generation. The envious die. But Envy lives on.

Orgon: But, Mother, I'm telling you: I've seen, seen. I saw. Saw, SAW- with my own eyes. Eyes, eyes, eyes - these things...how often am I to say it?

MME. PERNELLE: I don't care how often you say it. And, anyhow, appearances can be very deceptive. You can't always judge by what you see.

ORGON: I'm going mad.

MME. PERNELLE: We're all, even the best of us, suspicious by nature. And when our suspicions are fed and encouraged by malicious cunning - (she spits this at the others) - why, then

the worst of constructions can be put on the best of deeds.

ORGON: And am I to consider his attempt to seduce my wife as the best of deeds?

MME. PERNELLE: You've got no right to make such an accusation! You should have waited -

ORGON: Waited! Waited! How long should I have waited! Until, then and there, before my very eyes...he...oh...in a moment I shall say something indecent! *(exit)*

~~MME PERNELLE:~~

ELMIRE (to his rescue): But Mother, I do assure you -

DAMIS: ) (joining in) Grandmother!-

MARIANE: ) Grannie, dear! -

DORINE: ) But, Madame! -

~~MME PER:-~~

CLEANTE (breaking in, with authority): Listen, my good people, you ought to be making plans for your own protection,

ELMIRE: Cleante, why shouldn't we make the whole thing public? Take it to the Courts. To the High Courts! Surely that would make a scandal too great even for Monsieur Tartuffe.

CLEANTE:...It's a chance...

ELMIRE: Even to the King himself...surely, Cleante! If I could get an Audience with his Majesty...Why not!...If I could tell him the whole story - *(enters Orgon again)*

CLEANTE: To the King himself!...An Audience with the King!... It's a chance...your only chance!

MME. PERNELLE: I don't know what you're all talking about, but...~~who's that?~~ *Come on Flipote - (and exit)*

~~[She breaks off short as she sees A strange man, standing in the doorway.]~~

ORGON (seeing the man): Who's that? <sup>(to Cleante)</sup> I don't know him. What's he want? (To Dorine) Go and ask him what he wants. A nice state I'm in to see strangers.

STRANGER (in doorway; as Dorine comes up to him; he is excessively ingratiating): Good-day to you, my dear. And would it be possible for me to have a word with your master.

DORINE: I'm not sure. He's very busy. I couldn't say whether you could see him or not.

*Exit  
↓  
Damis  
Elmire  
Marianne*



STRANGER: I certainly wouldn't wish to intrude. But you might just let him know that I come upon a little matter that does, in fact, happen to concern him very ~~dearly~~.

DORINE (starting to go): Very well.

STRANGER (stopping her): And - one moment, my dear, if you please - furthermore, that I'm quite sure that what I have to say to him will be a relief to him, and please him. Would you be able to remember, and tell him that.

DORINE: What's your name?

STRANGER: A relief and a pleasure. Would you repeat the phrase?

DORINE: A relief and - pleasure. What's your name?

STRANGER: That's right. Capable girl - I can see that; all your wits about you. Will you do that for me, my dear?

DORINE: Have you got a name?

STRANGER: Never mind my name; Just say that I come on behalf of Monsieur Tartuffe; and he'll be very glad to hear what I have to say to him. "A relief and a pleasure," Thank you.

*(Ed. returns with Orgon's Cleante) - What?*  
DORINE (returning to Orgon): He comes from Tartuffe. He talks like treacle turned sour; says you will be pleased to hear what he has to tell you.

ORGON: Does he?

DORINE: He'll be a relief and a pleasure to you - that's what he told me to say.

CLEANTE: Who is he? What's his name?

DORINE: Wouldn't give it. A relief and a pleasure - that's all he'd say: I think he's a bealy-ache!

CLEANTE: (to Orgon) You must see him. Find out who he is and what he wants.

ORGON (to Dorine): Tell him I'll see him. (To Cleante) Says I'll be pleased! What line shall I take?

CLEANTE: Be affable. If he gives any hint of any kind of settlement, be interested and sympathetic.

STRANGER (approaching Orgon, and bowing low. He is both obsequious and sinister. His words are treacle rather than

money): Your humble servant! May Heaven confound all those who do you harm, or wish you harm.

ORGON: Thank you very much. (Aside to Cleante) All right so far.

STRANGER: You, and yours, have always been very dear to me.

ORGON: Have I...er...have we?...I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it.

STRANGER: I was in your father's service.

ORGON: Really! Is that so? Indeed? In my father's service... you make me very much ashamed, dear Monsieur, that I don't recognise you. Really, I do beg your pardon...

STRANGER: Many years ago. When I was a lad.

ORGON: *Ah Mother, this man was in father's service* And what - if I may make so bold to ask - is your name?

STRANGER: My name is Loyale. By birth, a Norman; by profession - a bailiff.

CLEANTE (sharply): A bailiff!

LOYALE (turning to him): Yes, Monsieur...by the Grace of God, I have followed that honourable calling for nearly forty years, and-and I think I may add-with some little credit both to myself and to the Profession...(He turns back to Orgon) I come to you, dear Monsieur, by your leave, to...er...serve you with a writ.

ORGON: A writ!

*DORINE - This Monsieur Loyale has a very debyal air.*  
CLEANTE: I thought that was coming!

ORGON: A writ! A writ! And you said -

**LOYALE:** Calm yourself, Monsieur...Please, I beg you...calm yourself. It's nothing. Nothing at all. See! (He produces it) Just a writ. That's all it is. Just an Order:-to remove yourself and your family, and all your belongings, as soon as maybe -"Without Delay or Remission, as Hereby Decreed."

ORGON: I leave my house!

LOYALE: No, no, no. How can you say such a thing. Nothing of the kind. Don't be so unjust...the house, as you very well know, belongs to the good Monsieur Tartuffe - by virtue of this Deed and Contract to which I have given some considerable

attention, and to which no possible exception can be taken.

DAMIS: By God, I almost admire your impudence.

~~CLEANTE: Damis!~~

LOYALE (still treacle): Young man, my business is not with you - but with this gentleman; who is a gentleman and a very respected and sensible one, and I'm sure couldn't think of raising the slightest objection, to what is both legal and just, and under your own signature.

[Orgon groans.]

Dear Monsieur, if you please, I do want you to realise I'm doing this to oblige you. In the hands of another, with less goodwill to your esteemed self, these proceedings might be carried on in a far less seemly manner.

ORGON: Seemly! God above, what's seemly in turning a man and his family, his dear ones and all his cherished possessions, out of this house.

LOYALE: Dear Monsieur, how can you be so unreasonable! I do wish you'd got that idea out of your head; gives you such a jaundiced view of the whole thing: the house is not yours... But it's getting late... I'll tell you what we'll do: You may remain here, in comfort, till the morning; I myself, shall pass the night under your roof, with ten of my men. And as early as possible we must get you out of it. But I've chosen ten strong willing cheerful fellows to help - so what could be pleasanter? (He smiles up at Orgon)

ORGON: <sup>Cleante</sup> I'd give all the money I have left in the world, ~~to give you one hard punch, right on the nose.~~ <sup>just for the pleasure of smashing that nose with the hardest punch you ever saw.</sup>

CLEANTE: Please, please, that wouldn't do anybody any good!

ORGON: It'd do me good!

DAMIS: ~~and~~ I'm losing my temper!

DORINE: That's right, Master Damis, lose it. Let go of it. ~~Throw it away.~~ Beat him black and blue - break every bone in his body. *(and both follow Loyale out)*

CLEANTE: Monsieur Loyale! May I see the writ? (He holds out his hand for it)

LOYALE: With all my heart. (He puts it into Cleante's hand) You'll find everything in order... So, for the moment, I take my

leave. May Heaven bless you all!

~~DAMI'S~~  
~~SNEER~~ And may it damn you, and him that sent you!

① ~~Loyale~~ bows and goes. Orgon turns back to his family.] → (from page 82) ①

MME. PERNELLE: Well!!!

ORGON: Oh, you! I'd forgotten you. Now, d'you believe?

MME. PERNELLE: I'm struck dumb!

ORGON: ~~As unexpected blessing!~~ *Impossible!*

CLEANTE (who has been studying the writ): All in order; there's no doubt about that! I give up! I don't know what we can do!

[Enter Valere, hurriedly.] *Elmire & Mariane*

VALERE: I'm sorry, Monsieur Orgon, to break in upon you, like this-and with bad news...but a friend of mine, in a Department of State has just told me: Tartuffe has gone to the High Courts - and has accused you, publicly before the King...apparently, you had in your possession papers of a man who had to flee the country; and your holding these papers was, in itself, illegal. I don't know the details; but a warrant is out against you, and Tartuffe is on his way here, now, to have you arrested.

CLEANTE: I thought so! I was afraid of something like this. (He turns to Elmire) See! There goes your last chance! It's he that has gone to the King, not you! (to Orgon) In this way, he'll justify everything he's done, make himself the Guardian of the Law, and put you in the dock.

VALERE (to Orgon): My coach is at the door. I've brought you a thousand crowns. I beg you come at once. You can drive with me now into safety.

CLEANTE: You must go with him.

ORGON: And leave you - all of you?

CLEANTE: They're safe, I can assure you of that. And I'll see to everything that's necessary.

ORGON (to Valere): How can I ever thank you...

CLEANTE: Thank him in the carriage!...And there's no time for any goodbyes!

~~1810~~

~~5~~  
~~Scrub~~

Esceua 14  
(Todos) - excepto Royale

[Orgon is going - but is confronted by Tartuffe; who has entered, with a Police Officer, and two gendarmes behind him.]

*Shutly - old man gently. Do not run so fast*  
TARTUFFE: A fine carriage is at the door! But you'll have no need of it. You can walk to your next lodging. The prison is but a few steps along the street.

ORGON: So! Led by the nose, to my own ruin! ~~You open my eyes when there's nothing to see, but disaster!~~ You canting, sanctimonious, hypocritical, merciless blackguard.

*All your abuse can not move me*  
TARTUFFE: ~~To abuse others, Monsieur Orgon, shows how little you have to say for yourself. It leaves me quite untouched. I am intent, now on one thing only: to carry out my duty,~~ *Sequel has taught me to suffer everything*

ELMIRE: And a fine, honourable duty it is!

TARTUFFE (turning to her): All duty is honourable, dear lady. But it is something more when it is undertaken at the behest of his great Majesty, the King.

CLEANTE: Tartuffe! ~~I throw all pride to the winds! Even now, at this last moment, I make an appeal to you...Can you forget that this man took you from the gutter?~~

TARTUFFE: But how can I ever forget! Indeed, believe me, it's intolerably humiliating for me to have to appear to show such ingratitude. But, now, this Higher Duty intervenes. And, to this Duty - whether I like it or not - I must sacrifice friends, a future wife, the respect of others, even my self-respect.

CLEANTE: And how came it that this Higher Duty never showed itself, until you were caught trying to seduce another man's wife?

TARTUFFE: Officer! ~~If you please,~~ spare me these meaningless insults. Do your duty! Make the arrest.

OFFICER: With all my heart! Men, do your duty. Make the arrest!

ELMIRE: No!-

[The two gendarmes make their way towards Orgon, who shrings back, covering his face with his hands. Elmire flings herself between the advancing gendarmes and her husband...but the two gendarmes pass Elmire and Orgon - and go behind Tartuffe; and, each seizing an arm, they have him between them in a vicelike grip.]

TARTUFFE (struggling): What's this? Take your hands off me!

Call your men off. This is an outrage. → (P) insert from (Pag. 86.)

[But the more he struggles, the more the two powerful gendarmes tighten their hold on him; till, let alone struggle, he can hardly move.]

TARTUFFE: →

Officer! I demand an explanation!

Take him away!

OFFICER: Oh, yes, you shall have an explanation; though I don't make it to you - but - (turning to Orgon) - to this gentleman. I'm sorry, Monsieur Orgon, that we've had to subject you to such unpleasantness; but we had to know how far this man would actually proceed. And, this time, and at last, he's gone too far; taken one step too many... He found, so he says, in your house, papers that he thought incriminating. He brought them to us. We made enquiries. And, as a result, found ourselves more interested in Tartuffe than in the papers... This isn't the first time he has done this - never before in Paris, never before on such a scale; but many times, in many places, and under many names. Possibly, he thought he'd covered up his tracks; possibly, that this time, the prize was so great as to be worth the risk. And had we followed the trail of the papers, instead of his own, there would have been little risk!... But then came his one step too far! In his confidence, and arrogance, he sought an audience with the King himself, with our glorious Louis the Fourteenth... which was granted...

[Music starts; very softly at first...]

~~Our Sovereign King can read his subjects' hearts,  
His Jove-like eyes see through impostors' arts;  
Betraying us, Tartuffe himself betrayed,  
The King your truth against his falsehood weighed.  
It was the King, who called in evidence  
A cloud of witnesses in your defence, (To Orgon)  
Your sometime guests repaid their liberal host  
And spoke your praise when praise was needed most;  
And when His Majesty had heard the proof,  
Orgon he pardoned, and condemned Tartuffe,~~

you, Mon. Orgon,

[He turns to Orgon, and produces the deed of gift.]

By his command, this deed I now destroy,  
The wealth you lost, henceforth you shall enjoy,  
For though you erred, our gracious King is kind  
When error's prompted by a generous mind.

[He turns to the audience.]

So blest are we beneath a King to live,  
Stern to condemn but ready to forgive.

And so our King Louis the Fourteenth, I believe

Who to his subjects clemency extends,  
When goodness for their weakness makes amends.

DORINE:

So there! His Majesty and I agree!  
We both can recognise hypocrisy.

[She takes the audience into her confidence.]

I twigged this slimy scoundrel at first glance,  
But no one says I should be the Queen of France!

[Damis suddenly makes a swift movement to Tartuffe, to  
confront him, pinioned as he is, between two guards.]

DAMIS:

You pious humbug! Sanctimonious thief!  
~~Sly, treacherous and vile beyond belief!~~  
My fingers itch to take you by the scruff,  
Wretch! Rascal! Cheat! -

① (to pag 85)

CLEANTE (interrupting and restraining him):

There, Damis, that's enough!  
Waste no more words now justice takes its course.  
Leave him to meditation and remorse.

①

[And he, too, takes the audience into his confidence.]

May he in prison, inward turn his gaze  
And come to own the error of his ways.

MME. PERNELLE:

Well, son, you are well quit of this affair  
you should know better at your age! But there,  
I've told you so a thousand times before.

[To the audience.]

I've told him so these forty years, and more!

ELMIRE (to Orgon):

You made me furious! Yes, you did, my dear,  
But I'm not going to scold you, never fear.  
A reasonable wife needs no excuse  
To love a fool, a baby, and a goose!

[To the audience.]

Lord! If we women loved our husbands less  
 Because we see their faults, their childishness,  
 There would be precious little love in life...  
 The foolish husband makes the fonder wife.

ORGON (to the officer):

My humble thanks I send the first of Kings,  
 From whom all good, all grace, all pardon springs.  
 His loyal subject ever, here I vow,  
 I'll be a hundred times more loyal now.

[Then to the audience.]

But one thing more, and all is reconciled -  
 (He goes to Valere, taking him by the hand)  
 I give my faithful friend (he leads Valere across to Mariane,  
 and takes her too by the hand) my loving child.

[He joins their hands. Valere drops on one knee, to take and  
 kiss Mariane's hand. As he does this, at a sign from the  
 Officer, Tartuffe is marched off.]

(to Mariane and the kneeling Valere)  
 May Heaven's blessing on your pathway shine!

[To the audience.]

Good joy to you and yours!

[To his family.]

And me, and mine!

[The music swells.]

[THE CURTAIN COMES DOWN]

SEMINARIO MULTIDISCIPLINARI  
 JOSE EMILIO GONZALEZ  
 FACULTAD DE HUMANIDADES  
 UNIVERSIDAD DE PUERTO RICO  
 RECINTO DE RIO PIEDRAS



May - Announced as a Man

~~Heard~~ Even prefer a little Admire

Org - Please, please please

" I saw him you refuse etc

One - you slay & tell him -

Task - It is you who are  
speaking - (rushing)

I heard

~~in~~ Believe in name  
of Heaven itself -

you Person his prey -

I saw, saw, saw

Judith me

Domine  
Movetur