

THE MIDDLE CLASS GENTLEMAN (Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme)

By MOLIERE (Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, 1622-1673)

Comedy-Ballet presented at Chambord, for the entertainment of the King, in the month of October 1670, and to the public in Paris for the first time at the Palais-Royal Theater 23 November 1670

The Cast

Monsieur Jourdain, bourgeois.

Madame Jourdain, his wife.

Lucile, their daughter.

Nicole, maid.

Cleonte, suitor of Lucile.

Covielle, Cleonte's valet.

Dorante, Count

Music Master.

Dancing Master.

Fencing Master.

Master of Philosophy.

Tailor.

Tailor's Apprentice.

Lackey.

Dancers, Turks and others necessary for the interludes.

The scene is Monsieur Jourdain's house in Paris.

OPENING BALLET

SCENE I

DANCING MASTER: May one hear what you've composed?

MUSIC MASTER: You'll hear it when he comes. He won't be long.

DANCING: Ours are no small job now.

MUSIC MASTER: That's true. We've found here just the man as we both need. This is a nice source of income for us--this Monsieur Jourdain, with the visions of nobility and gallantry that he has gotten into his head. You and I should hope that everyone was like him.

DANCING MASTER: I wish that together with his fortune he had a little taste. Here he comes.

SCENE 2

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Well gentlemen? What now? Are you going to show me your little skit?

DANCING MASTER: How? What little skit?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Well, the... What-do-you-call it? Your prologue or dialogue of songs and dances.

DANCING MASTER: Ha, ha!

MUSIC MASTER: You find us ready.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I kept you waiting a little, but it's because I'm having myself dressed today like people of quality, and my tailor sent me some silk stockings that I thought I would never get on.

MUSIC MASTER: We are here only to wait upon your leisure.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I want you both to stay until they have brought me my suit, so that you may see me in it.

DANCING MASTER: Whatever you please.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You will see me fitted out properly, from head to foot.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Lackey!

LACKEY: Sir?

MONSIEUR: Hold my robe. *(To the Masters)* Do you think I look good?

DANCING MASTER: Very well. No one could look better.

MUSIC MASTER: You ought to learn music, monsieur, as you are learning dancing. They are two arts that have a close connection.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: And do people of quality learn music, too?

MUSIC MASTER: Yes monsieur.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Then I'll learn it. But I don't know when I can find the time; for besides the Fencing Master who's teaching me, I have also engaged a master of philosophy who is to begin this morning.

MUSIC MASTER: Philosophy is something; but music, sir, music...

DANCING MASTER: Music and dancing, music and dancing, that's all that's necessary.

LACKEY: Monsieur, your Fencing Master is here.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Tell him to come in here for my lesson. I want you to see me perform.

SCENE 3

FENCING MASTER: *(After giving a foil to Monsieur Jourdain)* Come, sir, the salute. Body straight. A little weight upon the left thigh. Legs not so wide apart. Feet both in a line. Your wrist in line with your hip. The point of your sword even with your shoulder. The arm not so much extended. The left hand at the level of the eye. The left shoulder more squared. The head up. The expression bold. Advance. The body steady, and thrust. One, two. Recover. Again, with the feet firm. Leap back. When you make a pass, Sir, you must first disengage, and your body must be well turned. One, two. Come, beat tierce and thrust. Advance. Stop there. One, two. Recover. Repeat. Leap back. On guard, Sir, on guard. *(The fencing master touches him two or three times with the foil while saying, "On guard.")*

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: How was that? *(Breathlessly)*

MUSIC MASTER: You did marvelously!

FENCING MASTER: And thus you have seen how the science of fencing is more important than all the other useless sciences, such as dancing, music, and...

DANCING MASTER: Careful there, Monsieur swordsman! Speak of the dance only with respect.

MUSIC MASTER: Learn to speak better of the excellence of music.

FENCING MASTER: You are amusing fellows, to want to compare your sciences with mine!

MUSIC MASTER: See the self-importance of the man!

FENCING MASTER: My little Dancing Master, I'll make you dance as you

ought. And you, my little musician, I'll make you sing in a pretty way.

DANCING MASTER: I'll teach you your trade.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: (To the Dancing Master) Are you crazy to quarrel with him, who knows tierce and quarte, and who can kill a man by demonstration?

FENCING MASTER: What? You impertinent little!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: There now, Fencing Master!

DANCING MASTER: What? You big workhorse!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: There now, Dancing Master.

FENCING MASTER: If I throw myself on you...

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Careful.

DANCING MASTER: If I get my hands on you...

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Easy!

FENCING: I'll go over you in such a way...

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Mercy!

DANCING MASTER: I'll give you a beating such as...

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I beg of you!

MUSIC MASTER: Let us teach him a how to talk!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Oh! Stop.

SCENE 4 (*Philosophy Master enters*)

MONSIEUR: Aha! Philosopher, you come just in time with your philosophy. Come, make a little peace among these people.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: What's happening? What's the matter, gentlemen.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: They have got into a rage over the superiority of

their professions to the point of insults and wanting to come to blows.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: What! Gentlemen, must you act this way? Shouldn't reason be the mistress of all our activities?

DANCING MASTER: Well! He has just abused both of us by, despising dance, which I practice, and music, which is his profession.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: A wise man is above all the insults spoken to him; and the grand reply one should make to such outrages is moderation and patience.

FENCING MASTER: They both had the audacity of trying to compare their professions with mine.

DANCING MASTER: I insist to him that dance is a science to which one cannot do enough honor.

MUSIC MASTER: And I, that music is something that all the ages revere.

FENCING MASTER: And I insist to them that the science of fencing is the finest and the most necessary of all sciences.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: And where then will philosophy be? I find you all very impertinent to speak with this arrogance in front of me, you miserable gladiator, singer, and buffoon!

FENCING MASTER: Get out, you dog of a philosopher!

MUSIC MASTER: Get out, you worthless pedant!

DANCING MASTER: Get out, you ill-mannered cur!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: What! Rascals that you are... (The philosopher flings himself at them, and all three go out fighting).

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Philosopher!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Rogues! Scoundrels! Insolent dogs!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Philosopher!

FENCING MASTER: A pox on the beast!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Gentlemen!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Impudent rogues!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Philosopher!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Villains!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Philosopher!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Rascals! Beggars! Traitors! Impostors! (*They leave*).

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Philosopher, Gentlemen! Philosopher! Gentlemen! Philosopher! Oh! Fight as much as you like. I don't know what to do, and I'll not spoil my robe to separate you. I would be a fool to go among them and receive some damaging blow.

Scene 5

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Now to our lesson. What do you want me to teach you?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Teach me pronunciation.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Very gladly. There are five vowel voices: A, E, I, O, U.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I understand all that.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: The vowel A is formed by opening the mouth widely: A.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: A, A. Yes.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: The vowel E is formed by approaching the lower jaw to the upper: A, E.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: A, E; A, E. Yes. Ah! How fine!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: And the vowel I, by bringing the jaws still nearer each other and stretching the two corners of the mouth towards the ears: A, E, I.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: A, E, I. I. I. I. That's true. Long live science!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: The opening of the mouth happens to make a little circle which represents an O.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: O, O, O. You are right! O. Ah! What a fine thing it is to know something!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Your two lips thrust out as if you were making a face, whence it results that if you want to make a face at someone and mock him, you have only to say to him "U."

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: U, U. That's true. Ah! Why didn't I study sooner in order to know all that!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Tomorrow we shall look at the other letters, which are the consonants.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: But now, I must confide in you. I'm in love with a lady of great quality, and I wish that you would help me write something to her in a little note that I will let fall at her feet.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Very well.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: That will be gallant, yes?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Without doubt. Is it verse that you wish to write her?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, no. No verse.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Do you want only prose?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, I don't want either prose or verse.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: It must be one or the other.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Why?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Because, sir, there is no other way to express oneself than with prose or verse.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: There is nothing but prose or verse?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: No, sir, everything that is not prose is verse,

and everything that is not verse is prose.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: And when one speaks, what's that then?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Prose.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What! When I say, "Nicole, bring me my slippers, and give me my nightcap," that's prose?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Yes, Sir.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: By my faith! I have been speaking prose without knowing anything about it, I thank you with all my heart, and I ask you to come tomorrow early.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: I shall not fail to do so. (*He leaves*)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What? Hasn't my suit come yet?

LACKEY: No, Sir.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: That cursed tailor makes me wait all day when I have so much to do! I'm enraged. May the fever shake that tormentor of a tailor! To the devil with the tailor! May the plague choke the tailor! If I had him here now, that detestable tailor, that dog of a tailor, that traitor of a tailor, I...

SCENE 6 (*TAILOR enters*)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Ah! You're here! I was getting angry with you.

MASTER TAILOR: I could not come any sooner, I've had twenty men working on your suit.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You sent me some silk hose so small that I had all the difficulty in the world putting them on, and already there are two broken stitches.

MASTER TAILOR: They get bigger, so much so.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, if I always break the stitches. Also the shoes you made for me pinch like fury.

MASTER TAILOR: Not at all, sir.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: How, not at all!

MASTER TAILOR: They don't pinch.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I tell you, they pinch.

MASTER TAILOR: You imagine that.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I imagine it because I feel it.

MASTER TAILOR: Wait, here is the finest suit. It's a masterpiece to have invented a serious suit that is not black.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I tell you. You've made it very well. Do you think the suit is going to look good on me?

MASTER TAILOR: What a question! Do you want to put on your suit?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, give it to me.

MASTER TAILOR: Wait. That's not the way it's done. I have brought my boy to dress you the way we do with people of quality.

(The APPRENTICE TAILOR enters and attempts to undress MJ. MJ brushes him off and the MASTER TAILOR exits)

APPRENTICE TAILOR: My dear gentleman, please to give the apprentices a small tip.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What did you call me?

APPRENTICE TAILOR: My dear gentleman.

MONSIEUR: My dear gentleman! That's what it is to dress like people of quality! Here, take this for the "My dear gentleman."

APPRENTICE TAILOR: My Lord, we are very much obliged to you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: "My Lord!" Oh! Oh! "My Lord!"
Take this. That's what "My Lord" gives you.

APP. TAILOR: My Lord, we will drink to the health of Your Grace.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: My faith, if he goes as far as "Highness," he will have all my purse.

APP. TAILOR: My Lord, we thank you very humbly for your...
(*MJ stops him and TA exits*)

SCENE 7

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Lackey! Follow me, I am going to show off my clothes about town. And above all take care to walk close at my heels, so people can see that you are with me.

LACKEY: Oui, Monsieur.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Call Nicole for me. Don't bother, there she is.
(*NICOLE enters*)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Nicole!

NICOLE: Yes, sir?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Listen.

NICOLE: He, he, he, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What are you laughing about?

NICOLE: He, he, he, he, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What does the scamp mean by this?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: How's that?

NICOLE: Ah! Ah! Oh my! He, he, he, he, he!

NICOLE: Sir! I shall burst... Oh! if I don't laugh. He, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: But did anyone ever see such a scamp as that, who laughs in my face instead of receiving my, orders?

NICOLE: What would you have me do, sir?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Get my house ready for the company that's coming soon!

NICOLE: Ah, by my faith, I don't feel like laughing any more. All your guests make such a disorder here that the word "company" is

enough to put me in a bad humor.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Why, should I shut my door to everyone for your sake?

NICOLE: You should at least shut it to some people.

(MADAME JOURDAIN enters)

MADAME JOURDAIN: Ah, ah! Here's a new story! What's this, what's this, husband, this outfit you have on there? Don't you care what people think of you when you are got up like that? And do you want yourself laughed at everywhere?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Be quiet wife!

MADAME JOURDAIN: Is it that you're learning to dance for the time when you'll have no legs to dance on?

NICOLE: Do you want to kill someone?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Quiet, I tell you! You are ignorant women, both of you, and you don't know the advantages of all this.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Instead, you should be thinking of marrying off your daughter, who is of an age to be provided for.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'll think of marrying off my daughter when a suitable match comes along, but I also want to learn about fine things.

NICOLE: I heard said, Madame, that today he took a Philosophy Master to thicken the soup!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Very well. I have a wish to have wit and to reason about things with decent people.

MADAME: All this is very important to the management of your house.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Assuredly. You both talk like beasts, and I'm ashamed of your ignorance. For example, do you know what are you speaking just now?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Yes, I know that what I'm saying is well said and that you ought to be considering living in another way.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'm not talking about that. I'm asking if you know what the words are that you are saying here?

MADAME JOURDAIN: They are words that are very sensible, and your conduct is scarcely so.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'm not talking about that, I tell you. I'm asking you: what is it that I'm speaking to you this minute, what is it?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Nonsense.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, no! That's not it. What is it we are both saying, what language is it that we are speaking right now?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Well?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What is it called?

MADAME JOURDAIN: It's called whatever you want.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: It's prose, you ignorant creature.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Prose?

MONSIEUR: Yes, prose. Everything is prose that is not verse; and everything that's not verse is prose. There! This is what it is to study! And you (to Nicole), do you know what you must do to say U?

NICOLE: What?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Say U, in order to see.

NICOLE: Oh Well, U.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What do you do?

NICOLE: I say U.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, but, when you say U, what do you do?

NICOLE: I do what you tell me to.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Oh, how strange it is to have to deal with morons!

You thrust your lips out and bring your lower jaw to your upper jaw: U, see? U. Do you see? I make a pout: U.

NICOLE: Yes, that's beautiful.

MADAME JOURDAIN: What is all this foolishness?

NICOLE: What does all this cure you of?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: It enrages me when I see these ignorant women.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Go, go, you ought to send all those people packing with their foolishness.

MADAME: You are a fool, husband, with all your fantasies, and this has come to you since you took a notion to associate with the nobility.

MONSIEUR: When I associate with the nobility, I show my good judgment; and that's better than associating with your shopkeepers.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Oh yes, truly! There's a great deal to gain by consorting with your nobles, and you did so well with your fine Count you were so taken with!

MADAME JOURDAIN: And shows his affection, but he borrows your money.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: So! Isn't it an honor for me to lend money to a man of that condition? And can I do less for a lord who calls me his dear friend?

MADAME JOURDAIN: And this lord, what does he do for you?

MONSIEUR: Things that would astonish you if you knew them.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Like what?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Blast! I cannot explain myself. It must suffice that if I have lent him money, he'll pay it back fully, and before long.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Yes. You are waiting for that.

MADAME JOURDAIN: And I'm sure he will not, and that all his show of

affection is only to flatter you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Be still. Here he is. (*DORANTE enters*)

MADAME: That's all we needed! He's come again perhaps to borrow something from you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Be still, I tell you.

DORANTE: My dear friend, Monsieur Jourdain, how do you do?

MONSIEUR: Very well, sir, to render you my small services.

DORANTE: And Madame Jourdain there, how is she?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Madame Jourdain is as well as she can be.

DORANTE: Well! Monsieur Jourdain, you are excellently well dressed!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You see.

DORANTE: You have a fine air in that suit, and we have no young men at court who are better made than you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Well! well!

DORANTE: Turn around. It's positively elegant.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Yes, as big a fool behind as in front.

DORANTE: My faith, Monsieur Jourdain, I was strangely impatient to see you. You are the man in the world I esteem most, and I was speaking of you again this morning in the bedchamber of the King.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You do me great honor, sir. (*To Madame Jourdain*) In the King's bedchamber!

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

MADAME JOURDAIN: Yes, we know it all too well.

DORANTE: You have generously lent me money upon several occasions, and you have obliged me with the best grace in the world, assuredly.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Sir, you jest with me.

DORANTE: But I know how to repay what is lent me, and to acknowledge the favors rendered me.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I have no doubt of it, sir.

DORANTE: I want to settle this matter with you, and I came here to make up our accounts together.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: There wife! You see your impertinence!

DORANTE: I am a man who likes to repay debts as soon as I can.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: (Aside to Madame Jourdain) I told you so.

DORANTE: Let's see how much do I owe you.

MONSIEUR: (to Madame) There you are, with your ridiculous suspicions.

DORANTE: Do you remember well all the money you have lent me?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I believe so. I made a little note of it. Here it is. Sum total, fifteen thousand eight hundred livres.

DORANTE: The sum total is exact: fifteen thousand eight hundred livres. To which add two hundred pistoles that you are going to give me, which will make exactly eighteen thousand francs, which I shall pay you at the first opportunity.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Well, didn't I predict it?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Hush.

MADAME JOURDAIN: He'll drain you to the last sou.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Will you be quiet?

DORANTE: I have a number of people who would gladly lend it to me; but since you are my best friend, I believed I might do you wrong if I asked someone else for it.

MONSIEUR: It's too great an honor, sir, that you do me. I'll go get it for you.

MADAME: What! You're going to give it to him again?

MONSIEUR: What can I do? Do you want me to refuse a man of this station, who spoke about me this morning in the King's bedchamber?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Go on, you're a true dupe.

SCENE 9

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: There are two hundred louis d'or.

DORANTE: I assure you, Monsieur Jourdain, that I am completely yours, and that I am eager to render you a service at court.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'm much obliged to you.

SCENE 10

NICOLE: My faith, Madame, curiosity has cost me; but I believe something's afoot.

MADAME: Today's not the first time, Nicole, that I've had suspicions about my husband. But let us see to my daughter. You know the love Cleonte has for her. He's a man who appeals to me, & I want to help his suit & give him Lucile, if I can.

NICOLE: Truly, Madame, I'm the most delighted creature in the world to see that you feel this way, since, if the master appeals to you, his valet appeals to me no less, and I could wish our marriage made under the shadow of theirs.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Go speak to Cleonte about it for me, and tell him to come to me soon so we can present his request to my husband for my daughter in marriage.

NICOLE: I hasten, Madame, with joy, for I could not receive a more agreeable commission.

(CLEONTE and COVIELLE enter)

NICOLE: Ah! I'm glad to have found you. I'm an ambassadress of joy, and I come...

CLEONTE: Get out, traitor, and don't come to amuse me with your treacherous words.

NICOLE: Is this how you receive me...

CLEONTE: Get out, I tell you, and go tell your faithless mistress that she will never again in her life deceive Cleonte.

NICOLE: What is this? My dear Covielle, explain a little what you are trying to say.

COVIELLE: Your dear Covielle? Go, quickly, out of my sight, villainess, and leave me in peace.

NICOLE: What! You come to me too...

COVIELLE: Out of my sight, I tell you, and never speak to me again.

NICOLE: My word! What fly has bitten those two? Let's go tell this pretty story to my mistress. (*exits*)

SCENE 11

CLEONTE: What! Treat a man in this way? And a man who is the most faithful and passionate of suitors?

COVIELLE: It is a frightful thing that they have done to us both.

CLEONTE: I have been two days without seeing her, I meet her by chance; I fly with ecstasy towards her--and the faithless one averts her eyes and hurries by as if she had never seen me in her life!

COVIELLE: I say the same things as you.

CLEONTE: So much passion I have shown her in loving her more than myself!

COVIELLE: So many buckets of water I have drawn for her!

CLEONTE: She flies from me in disdain!

COVIELLE: She turns her back on me!

CLEONTE: It is worthy of the greatest punishments.

COVIELLE: It is treachery that merits a thousand slaps.

CLEONTE: Don't think, I beg you, of ever speaking in her favor to me.

COVIELLE: Have no fear.

CLEONTE: Tell me, I order you, all the bad things you can about her; and show well all the faults that you can see in her.

COVIELLE: Her, sir? First of all, she has small eyes.

CLEONTE: That's true, she has small eyes; but they are full of fire, the brightest, the keenest in the world, the most touching eyes that one can see.

COVIELLE: She has a big mouth.

CLEONTE: Yes; but upon it one sees grace.

COVIELLE: As for her figure, she's not tall.

CLEONTE: No, but she is graceful and well made.

COVIELLE: As to her wit...

CLEONTE: Ah! She has that, Covielle, the finest, the most delicate!

COVIELLE: I see clearly how it goes, you want to go on loving her.

CLEONTE: Me, I'd like better to die; and I am going to hate her as much as I loved her.

COVIELLE: How, if you find her so perfect?

CLEONTE: Here she is.

SCENE 12

NICOLE: For my part, I was completely shocked at it.

LUCILE: It can only be, Nicole, what I told you. But there he is.

CLEONTE: I don't even want to speak to her.

COVIELLE: I'll imitate you.

LUCILE: What's the matter Cleonte? What's wrong with you?

NICOLE: What's the matter with you, Covielle?

LUCILE: What grief possesses you?

NICOLE: What bad humor holds you?

LUCILE: Are you mute, Cleonte?

NICOLE: Have you lost your voice, Covielle?

CLEONTE: Is this not villainous!

COVIELLE: It's a Judas!

LUCILE: I clearly see that our recent meeting has troubled you.

CLEONTE: Ah! Ah! She sees what she's done.

NICOLE: Our greeting this morning has annoyed you.

COVIELLE: She has guessed the problem.

CLEONTE: I would rather stab myself through the heart than have the weakness to return to you.

COVIELLE: Me too.

LUCILE: What an uproar over nothing. I want to tell you, Cleonte, what made me avoid joining you this morning.

CLEONTE: No, I don't want to listen to anything...

NICOLE: I want to tell you what made us pass so quickly.

COVIELLE: I don't want to hear anything.

LUCILE: One moment.

CLEONTE: Never.

NICOLE: A little patience.

COVIELLE: Not interested!

LUCILE: Two words.

CLEONTE: No, you've had them.

NICOLE: One word.

COVIELLE: No more talking.

LUCILE: Alright! Since you don't want to listen to me, think what you like, and do what you want.

NICOLE: Since you act like that, make whatever you like of it all.

CLEONTE: Let us know the reason, then, for such a fine reception.

LUCILE: It no longer pleases me to say.

COVIELLE: Let us know something of your story.

NICOLE: I, myself, no longer want to tell you.

CLEONTE: Tell me...

LUCILE: No, I don't want to say anything.

COVIELLE: Tell it...

NICOLE: No, I'll tell nothing.

CLEONTE: I beg you.

LUCILE: Leave me...

COVIELLE: I plead with you.

NICOLE: Get out of here.

CLEONTE: Alright! You are seeing me for the last time. I am going far from you to die of sorrow and love.

COVIELLE: And I--I will follow in his steps.

LUCILE: Cleonte!

NICOLE: Covielle!

CLEONTE: What?

COVIELLE: Yes?

LUCILE: If you had listened to me, I would have told you that the incident this morning was caused by the presence of an old aunt who insists that the mere approach of a man dishonors a woman.

NICOLE: There's the key to the entire affair.

CLEONTE: Are you sure you're not deceiving me, Lucile?

COVIELLE: Aren't you making this up?

LUCILE: There's nothing more true.

NICOLE: It's the absolute truth.

COVIELLE: Do we bite?

CLEONTE: Swallow!

COVIELLE: How easily we are manipulated by these confounded creatures!

SCENE 13 (*MADAME enters*)

MADAME JOURDAIN: I am very glad to see you, Cleonte and you are here at just the right time. My husband is coming, take this opportunity to ask for Lucile's hand in marriage.

CLEONTE: Ah! Madame, Could I receive an order more charming, a favor more precious?

(*MONSIEUR JORDAIN enters*)

CLEONTE: Sir, without further ado, I will say to you that I beg you to grant me the honor of being your son-in-law.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: My daughter is not for you.

CLEONTE: What?

MONSIEUR: You are not a gentleman. You will not have my daughter.

MADAME JOURDAIN: What are you trying to say with your talk of

gentleman? Did you spring from the rib of royalty?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Quiet, wife, I see what you are up to.

MADAME: Aren't we both descended from good bourgeois families?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: There's that hateful word!

MADAME JOURDAIN: Your father was a merchant just like mine?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Plague take the woman! She never fails to do this! If your father was a merchant, so much the worse for him! But, as for mine, those who say that are misinformed. All that I have to say to you is, that I want a gentleman for a son-in-law.

MADAME JOURDAIN: It's necessary for your daughter to have a husband who is worthy of her, and it's better for her to have an honest rich man who is well made than an impoverished gentleman who is badly built.

NICOLE: That's true. We have the son of a gentleman in our village who is the most ill formed and the greatest fool I have ever seen.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Hold your impertinent tongue! You always butt into the conversation. I have enough money for my daughter, I need only honor, and I want to make her a marchioness.

MADAME JOURDAIN: A marchioness?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, marchioness. And, if you make me angrier, I'll make her a duchess.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Cleonte, don't lose courage yet. Follow me, my daughter, and tell your father that, if you can't have him, you don't want to marry anyone.

(All exit save CLEONTE and COVIELLE)

SCENE 14

CLEONTE: I didn't believe it necessary to prove nobility in order to be Monsieur Jourdain's son-in-law.

COVIELLE: Ha, ha, ha!

CLEONTE: What are you laughing at?

COVIELLE: At a thought that just occurred to me of how to play our man a trick and help you obtain what you desire.

CLEONTE: How?

COVIELLE: The idea is really funny.

CLEONTE: What is it?

COVIELLE: I know a masquerade, which fits here, better than anything, and I intend to make part of a prank I want to play on our fool. Just leave it to me.

CLEONTE: But tell me...

COVIELLE: I am going to instruct you in everything. Let's go, there he is, returning. *(They exit)*

(Enter Monsieur Jourdain and Lackey)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I see nothing so fine as to associate with the great lords; there is only honor and civility among them. I would give two fingers of a hand to have been born a count or a marquis.

SCENE 18 *(Covielle enters, disguised)*

COVIELLE: Sir, I don't know if I have the honor to be known to you?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, sir.

COVIELLE: I saw you when you were no taller than that.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Me?

COVIELLE: Yes. You were the most beautiful child in the world, and all the ladies took you in their arms to kiss you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: To kiss me?

COVIELLE: Yes, I was a great friend of your late father.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Of my late father?

COVIELLE: Yes. He was a very honorable gentleman.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What did you say?

COVIELLE: I said that he was a very honorable gentleman.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Then I don't know what is going on!

COVIELLE: What?

MONSIEUR: There are some fools who want to tell me that he was a tradesman.

COVIELLE: Him, a tradesman! It's pure slander.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'm delighted to know you, so you can testify to the fact that my father was a gentleman.

COVIELLE: I'll attest to it before all the world.

MONSIEUR: You'll oblige me. What business brings you here?

COVIELLE: Since knowing your late father, honorable gentleman, as I told you, I have traveled through all the world.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Through all the world!

COVIELLE: Yes.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I imagine it's a long way from here to there.

COVIELLE: Assuredly. I returned from all my long voyages only four days ago; and because of the interest I take in all that concerns you, I come to announce to you the best news in the world.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What?

COVIELLE: You know that the son of the Grand Turk is here?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Me? No.

COVIELLE: What! He has a very magnificent retinue; everybody goes to see it, and he has been received in this country as an important Lord.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: The son of the Grand Turk?

COVIELLE: He comes to ask for your daughter in marriage; and in order to have a father-in-law who should be worthy of him, he wants to make you a Mamamouchi, which is a certain high rank in his country.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: The son of the Grand Turk honors me greatly. Please take me to him in order to express my thanks.

COVIELLE: Oh no, he is going to come here.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: He's coming here?

COVIELLE: Yes. And he is bringing everything for the ceremony of bestowing your rank.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: That seems very quick.

COVIELLE: His love can suffer no delay.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: All that embarrasses me here is that my daughter is a stubborn one who has gotten into her head a certain Cleonte, and she swears she'll marry no one but him.

COVIELLE: She'll change her mind when she sees the son of the Grand Turk; I hear him coming. There he is.

SCENE 19 (*Enter Cleonte, as a Turk*)

CLEONTE: Ambousahim oqui boraf, Iordina, salamalequi.

COVIELLE: That is to say: "Monsieur Jourdain, may your heart be all the year like a flowering rosebush." This is the way of speaking politely in those countries.

MONSIEUR: I am the most humble servant of His Turkish Highness.

COVIELLE: Ossa binamen sadoc babally oracaf ouram.

CLEONTE: Bel-men.

COVIELLE: He says that you should go with him quickly to prepare yourself for the ceremony; then you can see your daughter and conclude the marriage.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: So many things in two words?

COVIELLE: Yes; the Turkish language is like that, it says much in few words. Go quickly where he wants. *(MJ exits)*

SCENE 20 *(DORANTE returns)*

COVIELLE: Ha, ha, ha! My faith, that was hilarious. What a dupe! If he had learned his role by heart, he could not have played it better. Ah! Ah! Excuse me, Sir, Wouldn't you like to help us here in an affair that is taking place.

DORANTE: Ah! Ah! Covielle, who would have recognized you? How you are made up!

COVIELLE: You see, ha, ha!

DORANTE: What are you laughing at?

COVIELLE: At a thing, Sir, that well deserves it.

DORANTE: What?

COVIELLE: I'll give you many chances, Sir, to guess the stratagem we are using on Monsieur Jourdain to get him to give his daughter to my master.

DORANTE: I can't begin to guess the stratagem, but I guess it will not fail in its effect, since you are undertaking it.

COVIELLE: I see, Sir, that you know me too well.

DORANTE: Tell me what it is.

COVIELLE: Come over here a little to make room for what I see coming. You can see part of the story, while I tell you the rest.

SCENE 21 *(TURKISH DANCERS enter with MJ in tow. CLEONTE and COVIELLE perform ceremony as MUFTI and TURK)*

COVIELLE: Dice, Turque, qui star quista? Anabatista? anabatista?
[Say, Turk, who is this? Is he Anabaptist? Anabaptist?]

CLEONTE; Ioc. [No.]

COVIELLE: Zuinglista? [A Zwinglian?]

CLEONTE: Ioc. [No.]

COVIELLE: Hussita? Morista? Fronista? [A Hussite? a Moor? a Phronist?]

CLEONTE: Ioc, ioc; ioc. [No, no, no.]

COVIELLE: Ioc, ioc, ioc. Star pagana? [No, no, no. Is he a pagan?]

CLEONTE: Ioc. [No.]

COVIELLE: Bramina? Moffina? Zurina? [A Brahmin? a Moffian? a Zurian?]

CLEONTE: Ioc, ioc, ioc. [No, no, no.]

COVIELLE: Ioc, ioc, ioc. Mahametana? Mahametana? [No, no, no. A Mahometan? a Mahometan?]

CLEONTE: Hi Valla. Hi Valla. [There you have it. There you have it.]

COVIELLE: Como chamara? Como chamara? [How is he called? How is he called?]

CLEONTE: Giourdina, Giourdina. [Jourdain, Jourdain.]

COVIELLE: (*jumping*). Giourdina, Giourdina. [Jourdain, Jourdain.]

CLEONTE: Giourdina, Giourdina. [Jourdain, Jourdain.]

CLEONTE: To Mahomet for Jourdain, I pray night and day I wish to make a paladin of Jourdain.

ALL: of Jourdain

COVIELLE: Give him a turban, and give him a sword,

ALL: Give him turban, and give him sword.

COVIELLE places turban on MJ's head. COVIELLE begins beating MJ with

a staff as MADAME JOURDAIN enters.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Ah, mercy! What is all of this? What a spectacle! Are you dressed for a masquerade, and is this a time to go masked? Speak then, what is this? Who has bundled you up like that?

MONSIEUR: See the impertinent woman, to speak in this way to a Mamamouchi! (*Dancing and singing*) Hou la ba, Ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Alas! My husband has gone mad.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: (*Leaving*) Peace, insolent woman! Show respect to the Monsieur Mamamouchi.

SCENE 22

MONSIEUR: Come, my daughter; come here and give your hand to the gentleman who does you the honor of asking for you in marriage.

LUCILE: What! Father, look at you! Are you playing in a comedy?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, no, this is not a comedy, it's a very serious matter. There is the husband I give you.

LUCILLE: I'll do nothing of the sort.

MONSIEUR: Ah! What a nuisance! Come, I tell you. Give your hand.

LUCILE: No one can make me take any husband other than Cleonte. And I will go to extreme measures rather than... (*Recognizes Cleonte*) It is true that you are my father; I owe you complete obedience; and it is for you to dispose of me according to your wishes.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Ah! It pleases me to have an obedient daughter.

MADAME JOURDAIN: What now? What's this?

MONSIEUR: Will you be quiet, impertinent woman?

COVIELLE: Sir, if she will hear a word in private, I promise you to make her consent to what you want.

MADAME JOURDAIN: I will never consent to it.

COVIELLE: Only listen to me.

MADAME JOURDAIN: No.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: There is the great stubbornness of a woman! How can it hurt you to listen to him?

COVIELLE: *(to Madame Jourdain)* Don't you see that all this is done only to accommodate ourselves to the fantasies of your husband, that we are fooling him under this disguise and that it is Cleonte himself who is the son of the Grand Turk?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Ah! Ah!

COVIELLE: And I, Covielle, am the interpreter?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Ah! If this is the case then, I surrender.

COVIELLE: Don't let on.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Yes, it's done, I agree to the marriage.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Ah! Now everyone's reasonable.

MADAME JOURDAIN: He explained it to me very well, and I am satisfied. Let us send for a notary.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Good, good! Someone go for the notary.

MADAME JOURDAIN: And Nicole?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I give her to the interpreter; and my wife to whoever wants her.

COVIELLE: Sir, I thank you. *(Aside)* If one can find a greater fool, I'll eat my beard.

(The comedy ends with a ballet.)