

## THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

By Molière

Translated by Brett B. Bodemer

2011

### **CHARACTERS**

SGANARELLE, *husband of Martine*

MARTINE, *wife of Sganarelle*

M. ROBERT, *neighbor of Sganarelle*

VALERE, *servant of Geronte*

LUCAS, *husband of Jacqueline*

JACQUELINE, *wet-nurse in Geronte's household, wife of Lucas*

LUCINDE, *daughter of Geronte*

LEANDRE, *lover of Lucinde*

THIBAUT, *a peasant, father of Perrin*

PERRIN, *son of Thibaut*

*Act I takes place in the countryside. Acts II and III are set in a room of Geronte's house.*

**ACT I****SCENE 1**

Sganarelle, Martine, *entering while quarrelling*.

**SGANARELLE**

No, I tell you I won't have anything to do with it – and not only that, but it's my voice that counts here, and I'm the boss.

**MARTINE**

Oh, yeah? Well, I'm telling you - yes, *I* am telling *you* - that you will live how I say, and that I didn't marry you just to put up with your nonsense.

**SGANARELLE**

God, how tiresome being married! Aristotle was so right when he said that a wife is worse than a devil!

**MARTINE**

Oh, yes, you're such a clever man, trotting out that old dunce Aristotle!

**SGANARELLE**

Yes, I am a clever man. Find me another wood-gatherer who can reason about things the way I do, who served a famous doctor for six years, and who memorized the basics of medicine at such an early age.

**MARTINE**

Oh, what a marvel you are!

**SGANARELLE**

It kills you to know that I am!

**MARTINE**

I curse the day and hour when I said "yes"!

**SGANARELLE**

And I curse the squint-eyed notary who watched me sign my life away!

**MARTINE**

So you think it's your place to complain, do you? Shouldn't you really be thanking the heavens for me with every breath you take? Do you really think you deserved to marry a woman like me?

SGANARELLE

Oh, yes, it's true that you stooped very low and that I had great cause to praise myself the first night of our honeymoon! Ha! But don't let me go there, for I could say certain things ...

MARTINE

What? What would you say?

SGANARELLE

Enough! Let's leave it alone. It's enough that we know what we know, and that you were so very fortunate to find me.

MARTINE

Fortunate? Finding you? A man who's practically driven me to the poorhouse? A carouser, a traitor, a man who's eaten everything I own!

SGANARELLE

That's not exactly true. I drank some of it.

MARTINE

Who's been selling everything in my house?

SGANARELLE

That's called solvency.

MARTINE

Who's even sold my bed?

SGANARELLE

Now you can get up earlier.

MARTINE

Until there's not a stick of furniture left?

SGANARELLE

It'll be easier to move next time.

MARTINE

Fortunate to find a man who does nothing but gamble and drink from dawn to dawn?

SGANARELLE

It staves off my boredom.

MARTINE

And while you're not being bored, what am I supposed to do with my family?

SGANARELLE

Whatever you like.

MARTINE

I have four little children on my hands.

SGANARELLE

Try putting them down.

MARTINE

Clamoring for food at all hours.

SGANARELLE

Try whipping them. After I've eaten and drunk my fill the whole world should be drunk in my house.

MARTINE

And do you think, you drunken moron, that things can just go on this way?

SGANARELLE

Please, my wife, try to be more pleasant.

MARTINE

What, always pleasant, so I can put up with your insults and binges forever?

SGANARELLE

No reason to get worked up, my dear.

MARTINE

Why not? So I can't find a way to get you to do what you should?

SGANARELLE

My wife, you do know that I'm short-tempered, don't you, and that I have a strong right arm.

MARTINE

Hah!

SGANARELLE

My little wife, my pumpkin, as usual you're itching for a fight.

MARTINE

I'm not afraid of you.

SGANARELLE

My better half, you're pushing me too far.

MARTINE

You think your empty words scare me?

SGANARELLE

Tender object of my vows, I'll pull you by the ears.

MARTINE

Drunk as you are! Ha! Try!

SGANARELLE

I'll smack you!

MARTINE

Sack of wine!

SGANARELLE

Slap you!

MARTINE

Slap away!

SGANARELLE

Beat you!

MARTINE

Traitor, liar, loser, leech, beggar, bastard, thief!

SGANARELLE

*(He picks up a stick and starts beating her.)*

Ah! So you want some of this!?

MARTINE, *crying*.

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

SGANARELLE

That's the way to satisfy you!

## SCENE 2

M. Robert, Sganarelle, Martine

M. ROBERT

Hey! Hey! Hey! You can't do that! What are you doing, beating your wife like that!?

MARTINE, *hands on her sides, talking to him while backing him down, and finally giving him a slap.*

But I want him to beat me.

M. ROBERT

Fine, you have my blessing.

MARTINE

Why are you squawking about it anyway?

M. ROBERT

I was out of order.

MARTINE

Is it any business of yours?

M. ROBERT

You're so right.

MARTINE

You have a lot of nerve, wanting to jump in and stop husbands from beating their wives.

M. ROBERT

I see now how wrong I was.

MARTINE

What's it to you?

M. ROBERT

Nothing.

MARTINE

Should you be sticking your nose where it doesn't belong?

M. ROBERT

No, certainly not.

MARTINE

Mind your own business.

M. ROBERT  
Not another word.

MARTINE  
I like to be beaten.

M. ROBERT  
Of course.

MARTINE  
It's no skin off your nose.

M. ROBERT  
True.

MARTINE  
What gall messing around in other people's lives!

M. ROBERT  
*(He moves toward the husband, who, also speaking to him while backing him down, eventually strikes him with the same stick and puts him to flight.)*

Friend, I beg your pardon with all my heart. Go ahead, slap your wife around, beat her up, I think you should; I'll even help you if you like.

SGANARELLE  
No, I would not like.

M. ROBERT  
Oh, so that's another thing altogether!

SGANARELLE  
I will beat her, if I like; and I will not beat her if I don't like.

M. ROBERT  
Understood.

SGANARELLE  
She's my wife, not yours.

M. ROBERT  
That's true.

SGANARELLE  
You've got no business telling me what to do.

M. ROBERT

No doubt.

SGANARELLE

If I needed your help...

M. ROBERT

I would give it.

SGANARELLE

And where do you get off in the first place, meddling like that? You should have learned from Cicero, not to put the rock and the hard place between your fingers.

*(He beats M. Robert and chases him. Next he returns to his wife, and says to her, presenting his hand:)*

Now then, it's time for the two of us to make peace. Put it there.

MARTINE

Oh, yes, after the stick action you just gave me!

SGANARELLE

That's nothing, shake.

MARTINE

I don't want to.

SGANARELLE

Eh!

MARTINE

No.

SGANARELLE

My little wife!

MARTINE

No way.

SGANARELLE

Come on, I say.

MARTINE

Not for anything.

SGANARELLE

Come on, come on.



MARTINE

No, I want to be mad.

SGANARELLE

Oh, come on, it's no big deal.

MARTINE

Leave me alone.

SGANARELLE

Come on, shake.

MARTINE

You've just gone too far this time.

SGANARELLE

Well, all right. I'll ask your pardon. Put it there.

MARTINE

I forgive you; (*then, under her breath*) but you'll pay for it, I swear.

SGANARELLE

You're silly to let it bother you so much. Such trifles are necessary from time to time in a friendship; and five or six whacks with a stick between people who love each other just add relish to the feelings! Go on then, and I will go to the woods, and I promise you today more than a hundred bundles.

SCENE 3

Martine, *alone*.

MARTINE

Go on, but however I act, I won't forget how I feel. I'm smoking and burning to get back at you for these bruises. Of course I know a wife always has a way to get her revenge on a husband; but that punishment is too subtle for me; I want a revenge that really makes itself felt; besides, that would never make us even for what he's just dished out.

SCENE 4

Valere, Lucas, Martine

LUCAS

Well, that's great! We've taken a hopeless job, and I don't know about you, but I have no idea what we think we're going to find here.

VALERE

What do you want to do, run back to your nurse? We must obey our master. And we both have an interest in the health of our mistress, his daughter. No doubt her marriage, put off because of her illness, would be worth some kind of reward, for Horace, who is known to be generous, has good claims to her hand. It is true she has shown a liking for a certain Leandre, but we both know that her father would never take him as a son-in-law.

MARTINE (*Musing to herself.*)

There must be some way to get back at him.

LUCAS

But what whim has taken him, seeing that all the doctors here have lost their Latin?

VALERE

Sometimes by continuing to search you find what you did not find at first; and often, in simple places ...

MARTINE

Yes, I must get my revenge, no matter the cost: these bruises are consuming me, I cannot stomach the insult and ... (*She says all this in a way that, not noticing the two men, she bumps into them while quickly turning around, and says to them:*) Oh, Sirs, I beg your pardon; I did not see you as I was racking my brains about something that's been eating at me.

VALERE

In this world no one is without cares, and we too are looking for something we are desperate to find.

MARTINE

Perhaps I can help?

VALERE

Anything's possible. We're supposed to find a very gifted man, a special doctor to treat our master's daughter, now stricken by an illness which has robbed her of her speech. Several doctors have already exhausted all their knowledge without helping her; but we hear there are men to be found, men with amazing secrets and special remedies, who can often perform what the others cannot, and it is one of these that we seek.

MARTINE (*She says the first words very low.*)

Ah! Heaven has just inspired me with a novel way to get back at my lesser half! (*Aloud.*) You could not have come to a better place to find what you seek; for we have here a doctor who is the most marvelous in the world when it comes to desperate cases.

VALERE

Excellent! And can you tell us where we will find him?

MARTINE

You will find him in a little spot just over there, where he likes to amuse himself by cutting wood.

LUCAS

A doctor who cuts wood!

VALERE

He amuses himself by gathering herbal remedies, you mean.

MARTINE

No, I don't. He's extraordinary in this whim – though I admit it is fantastic, bizarre, and eccentric. And what's more he never wants you to take him for what he is. He goes through the woods dressed in absurd clothes, often pretends to be totally stupid, and takes great pains to hide his knowledge. Every day he flies from nothing so much as the demands to exercise the marvelous medical talents with which he is blessed.

VALERE

It's an amazing thing, that all great men always have some quirk, some little seed of insanity mixed up with their knowledge.

MARTINE

This one's even crazier than you might think, because he will even let himself be beaten while denying who he is, and I advise you not to ask him ask him point blank, because he will never admit he is a doctor, so great is his eccentricity, unless you take a stick and reduce him by repeated blows to admit to you at last what he denied before. That's how we go about it when we need his services.

VALERE

How strange!

MARTINE

True, true. But afterwards, you will see what wonders he can work.

VALERE

What's his name?

MARTINE

His name is Sganarelle; and he's easy to recognize: he has a large black beard, and wears a double-collar with a bright yellow and green tunic.

LUCAS

A yellow and green tunic? What is he, a parakeet doctor?

VALERE

And can he really be as gifted as you say?

MARTINE

And how! He's a miracle-worker! Six months ago a woman had been abandoned by all the doctors as hopeless, and after she'd already been dead for six hours, and they were getting ready to bury her, suddenly this great man we are talking about arrived. After seeing her, he put a small drop of something in her mouth, and, at that very moment, she rose from her bed, and instantly began walking around the room as if nothing had happened.

LUCAS

Ah!

VALERE

It must have been a drop of liquid gold.

MARTINE

Might well have been. And then, not three weeks ago, a twelve year-old boy fell from the top of a bell-tower and broke his arms and his legs and his skull on the paving stones. They rushed him to our man, who rubbed him all over with a special ointment that he knows how to make; and the child rose to his feet then and there, and ran outside to play kick-ball.

LUCAS

Ah!

VALERE

He must possess the universal medicine.

MARTINE

Who can doubt it?

LUCAS

Yes! That's just the man we need. Let's go find him.

VALERE

We thank you for the joy you have given us.

MARTINE

But don't forget my warning.

LUCAS

Oh, don't worry! Leave it to us: if all he needs is a beating, the pig's already in the poke.

VALERE, *to Lucas.*

I can't believe how lucky we were to have met her. And I already feel, I do, that this is going to work out.

# SCENE 5

Sganarelle, Valere, Lucas

SGANARELLE, *enters the stage, singing and brandishing a bottle.*

La, la, la.

VALERE

I hear someone singing and the sound of wood-chopping.

SGANARELLE

La, la, la ... Ah, well, that's plenty of work for one go. Time for a little breather. (*He drinks, and says after swallowing:*) Ah, cutting this wood has made me thirsty as the devil.

*They're so delicious*

*My darling bottle*

*They're so delicious*

*Your sweet little sipses!*

*And I would be the envy of the world*

*My darling bottle, if you were always full.*

*Ah! My darling bottle, apple of my eye,*

*Why, oh why, must you always run dry?*

Oh, enough! No point in going all maudlin.

VALERE, *quietly to Lucas.*

That's got to be him.

LUCAS

I think you're right, and he's practically under our noses.

VALERE

Let's get a closer look.

SGANARELLE, *seeing them, looking at them alternately, turning towards one and then the other, and lowering his voice, speaks while hugging his bottle.*

Ah, my little darling! How I love you my little cork! (*He sings.*)

*... I would be ... the envy ... of the world ...if ...*

What the hell do these guys want!?

VALERE, *to Lucas.*

That's him for sure.

LUCAS, *to Valere.*

The spitting image of what she said.

SGANARELLE, *aside.*

*(He puts his bottle on the ground, and as Valere bows to greet him, he places it to the other side. Then, as Lucas bows to greet him, Sganarelle lifts the bottle again and holds it to his stomach with various gestures.)*

They're whispering while watching me. What's up their sleeve?

VALERE

Sir, are you not the man they call Sganarelle?

SGANARELLE

Eh, what?

VALERE

I asked if you are not the man named Sganarelle.

SGANARELLE, *turning towards Valere, then towards Lucas.*

Yes, and no, depending on what you want.

VALERE

We only wish to render you the entire honor that we can.

SGANARELLE

In that case, yes, I am Sganarelle.

VALERE

Sir, we are ecstatic to see you. We've been asked to appeal to you for what we are seeking; and we beg your help, which we need to the greatest degree.

SGANARELLE

If it's something, my good friends, that depends on my little trade, I'll be glad to help you.

VALERE

Sir, that is as gracious as it is kind of you. But please, cover yourself, the sun might do you some harm.

LUCAS

Sir, stand under this.

SGANARELLE, *low.*

Here are men full of ceremony.

VALERE

Sir, you must not find it strange that we have come to you: gifted men are always in demand, and we know of your abilities.

SGANARELLE

It is true, sirs, that I am the best in the world for gathering and binding bundles.

VALERE

Oh, sir ...

SGANARELLE

I don't spare anything, and make them perfectly and rapidly as if there were no tomorrow.

VALERE

Sir, that is not what is in question.

SGANARELLE

What's more, I sell them at a hundred and ten *sous* the hundred.

VALERE

Please let's not speak of that.

SGANARELLE

I promise I would not know how to sell them for less.

VALERE

Sir, we know all this.

SGANARELLE

If you know all this, then you know that's the price.

VALERE

Sir, you are joking ...

SGANARELLE

No, not at all. I cannot lower the price.

VALERE

Speak in some other way, I beg you.

SGANARELLE

You can find another kind for less: there are bundles and bundles; but for the ones that I make ...

VALERE

Ah, sir! Let that subject be.

SGANARELLE

I swear to you that you will not have them for a *sou* less.

VALERE

Eh! Come on!

SGANARELLE

No, in good conscience, that's the price you will pay. I tell you quite sincerely, I am not a man to overcharge.

VALERE

Is it necessary, Sir, for an estimable person such as yourself to indulge in such base deceptions? Must you demean yourself by speaking in this way? That a man so versed in knowledge, a famous doctor such as you are, should disguise himself to the world, and keep his stupendous talents so buried?

SGANARELLE, *aside*.

What's he been drinking?

VALERE

Please, Sir, pretend no longer.

SGANARELLE

What?

LUCAS

All this fooling around does no good. We know what we know.

SGANARELLE

What then? What do you mean to say? Who do you take me for?

VALERE

For who you are, a great doctor.

SGANARELLE

Doctor yourself. I'm no such thing, and never have been.

VALERE, *low*.

There you see, his mania's got him. (*Loud.*) Sir, please stop trying to deny these things any more; and I fear, if you please, that persistence in this way will only lead to extreme measures.



SGANARELLE

Such as?

VALERE

Certain actions that we would greatly regret.

SGANARELLE

A-ha! Come on then, do your best, for I am no doctor, and have no idea what you want me to say.

VALERE, *low*.

I see that we must resort to the remedy. (*Loud.*) Sir, once more, I beg you to confess who you are.

LUCAS

Come on! Stop hesitating and admit that you're a doctor.

SGANARELLE, *aside*.

I'm getting mad.

VALERE

What purpose does it serve to deny what we know?

LUCAS

Why all these evasions? How could they possibly help you?

SGANARELLE

Sirs, in one word as well as two thousand, I tell you that I am no doctor.

VALERE

You're no doctor?

SGANARELLE

No.

LUCAS

You're not a doctor?

SGANARELLE

No, I tell you.

VALERE

Since you insist on having it this way, then, we must convince you.  
(*They each take a stick and beat him.*)

SGANARELLE

Ah! Ah! Ah! Sirs, I will be what you please.

VALERE

Why, Sir, did you push us to this violence?

LUCAS

What purpose is there in having us beat you?

VALERE

I assure you that it gives me all the regret in the world.

LUCAS

Really, it makes me sick, it does.

SGANARELLE

What's the matter with you two? Please tell me, is it a joke, or are you both sharing some delirium in wanting me to be a doctor?

VALERE

What? You still deny being a doctor?

SGANARELLE

The devil if I am!

LUCAS

It's not true that you're a doctor?

SGANARELLE

No, plague take me! (*They begin beating him again.*) Ah! Ah! Well, Sirs, now that you're putting it this way, and since you so desire it, I am a doctor, I am a doctor. And an apothecary, too, if it suits you. I will admit to anything rather than have you beat me.

VALERE

Ah! That's better, Sir. I'm delighted to see you come to your senses.

LUCAS

When I hear you speak like this, you bring joy to my heart.

VALERE

I beg your pardon with all my soul.

LUCAS

Please forgive the liberty that we have taken.

SGANARELLE, *aside*.

Eh? Am I the one who's mistaken, and did I become a doctor without my knowing it?

LUCAS

Sir, you will not repent of revealing to us who you are; and you will see – I am sure - that you will be satisfied with it.

SGANARELLE

But, Sirs, tell me, are you not mistaken yourselves? Are you quite sure that I am a doctor?

LUCAS

Yes, dead certain!

SGANARELLE

Really?

VALERE

No doubt.

SGANARELLE

I never knew!

VALERE

What? You are the most skilled doctor in the world.

SGANARELLE

Ah!

LUCAS

A doctor who has cured I don't know how many ailments!

SGANARELLE

You say!

VALERE

A woman was thought to be dead for six hours; she was all set to be buried, when, with a single drop of something-or-rather, you brought her back and made her walk around her bedroom.

SGANARELLE

Hmmm.

LUCAS

A twelve year-old boy fell from a bell-tower, smashing his legs, head and arms; and you, with your ointment, made him instantly jump to his feet, and run away to play kick-ball.

SGANARELLE

Hah!

VALERE

In sum, Sir, you will find great happiness with us; and you will earn what you want, in letting us conduct you where we wish to take you.

SGANARELLE

I will earn what I want?

VALERE

Of course.

SGANARELLE

Ah! No doubt I am a doctor. I had forgotten ... but now I remember. So what shall we do? And where do we go?

VALERE

We will take you there. We're going to see a girl who has lost her voice.

SGANARELLE

Ah! That's something I've never seen!

VALERE, *low, to Lucas.*

He likes to laugh. (*To Sganarelle.*) Onward, Sir.

SGANARELLE

Without a doctor's gown?

VALERE

We'll get one on the way.

SGANARELLE, *presenting his bottle to Valere.*

Here, take this. It's where I put my tonics. (*Then turning towards Lucas while spitting.*)

You there, walk behind us, it's doctor's orders.

LUCAS

Well, well, well! Here's a doctor to my liking. And I'm sure he'll succeed, because he's quite the buffoon!

## ACT II

### SCENE 1

Geronte, Valere, Lucas, Jacqueline

VALERE

Yes, Sir, I think you'll be pleased, for we have brought you the greatest doctor in the world.

LUCAS

Oh! Yes! They'll have to yank up the ladder up after this one, for the rest of them aren't good enough to take off his shoes.

VALERE

He's a man who's worked wondrous cures.

LUCAS

Who has cured dead men.

VALERE

He's is, though, as I've told you, a little odd, and there are moments where his mind wanders and he no longer appears to be what he is.

LUCAS

Yes, he loves to play the jester; and one might say – if I might be so bold, Sir – that there's a small screw loose somewhere.

VALERE

But when you get down to it, he's all knowledge, and sometimes says the most inspired things.

LUCAS

When he gets to the point, he speaks as finely as though he were reading right out of a book.

VALERE

His reputation is already widespread here, and everyone goes to him when they're sick.

GERONTE

I'm dying to meet him; have him come quickly.

VALERE

I'll go have him brought.

JACQUELINE

Well, well, well. Sir, this one will be just like the others. It's just another big waste of time, and the best medicine you could give your daughter, if you take my advice, would be a fine, handsome husband, one that she even likes.

GERONTE

Really? Nurse, my darling, you should mind your own business.

LUCAS

Be quiet, housemaid Jacqueline. It's no place to go sticking your snout in.

JACQUELINE

I tell you, Sir, and you two as well, that all the doctors in the world will make nothing here but hot air, and your daughter needs something other than rhubarb and cassia, and that a husband is a plaster that cures all the ills of girls.

GERONTE

Do you think she's in any state for that now, with her affliction? And when I had arranged for her to marry, didn't she oppose my wishes?

JACQUELINE

Oh, indeed, I do believe it. After all, you were going to give her to a man she didn't love in the least. Why could you not contract with Mister Leandre, who touches her heart? She would have been very obedient; and I'd bet that he'd take her – even as is – if you arranged to give her to him.

GERONTE

This Leandre does not have what it takes. He lacks the means of the other.

JACQUELINE

Yet he has a very rich uncle, and is the only heir.

GERONTE

These stories of goods to come are wisps of smoke to me. There's nothing like what you can hold; and we might end up quite surprised when counting on goods held in the care of another. The ears of death are not always open to the pleas and prayers of anxious young inheritors, and one can grow long in the tooth, while one waits, to live, for the passing of another.

JACQUELINE

But I've heard it said that in marriage, as elsewhere, happiness trumps wealth. Mothers and fathers have this cursed way of always asking "What does he have?" and "What does she have?" and Pierre married his daughter Simone to fat Thomas for the extra patch of

vineyards he had that young Robin, who the girl loved very much, had not: and there you have it, the poor creature became yellow as a coin, and has never recovered. Let this be an example for you, Sir. One only has pleasure in this world, and I would rather give my daughter a good husband who pleased her than all the rents of La Beauce.

GERONTE

Enough! Dame Nurse, how you prattle! Stifle yourself, please, you're running on far too long, and if you're not careful you'll boil your milk.

LUCAS, *striking Geronte's chest as he speaks.*

Shut it, upstart! Sir does not need your advice, and knows what he must do. Go suckle the child, and stop playing advisor. Sir is the father of his daughter, and is good enough and wise enough to see what she needs.

GERONTE

Please, more gently!

LUCAS, *now striking Geronte on the shoulder.*

Sir, I would like to beat her, and teach her the respect she owes you.

GERONTE

Yes, but these blows are hardly necessary.

SCENE 2

Valere, Sganarelle, Geronte, Lucas, Jacqueline

VALERE

Sir, brace yourself. Here comes our doctor now.

Geronte, *to Sganarelle.*

Sir, I am delighted to see that you have come, for we have great need of you.

SGANARELLE *(In a doctor's gown, with a very pointy hat.)*

Hippocrates says ... that we should both cover ourselves.

GERONTE

Hippocrates said that?

SGANARELLE

Indeed.

GERONTE

In what chapter, if you please?

SGANARELLE

In the chapter on hats.

GERONTE

Since Hippocrates said it, we must do it.

SGANARELLE

My dear doctor, having learned wondrous things ...

GERONTE

Excuse me, but to whom are you speaking?

SGANARELLE

To you.

GERONTE

I'm not a doctor.

SGANARELLE

You're not a doctor?

GERONTE

No, really.

SGANARELLE

*(Here he takes a stick and beats him as he was beaten.)*

Are you sure?

GERONTE

Yes, quite sure. Ah! Ah! Ah!

SGANARELLE

Well, you're a doctor now. I certainly never had any other diploma.

GERONTE

What kind of maniac have you brought here?

VALERE

I told you he's a jovial doctor.

GERONTE

Yes, but I would rather send his joviality packing.

LUCAS

Don't be bothered by it, Sir. It's only for a laugh.



GERONTE

It's not my sense of humor.

SGANARELLE

Sir, I beg your pardon for the liberties I've taken.

GERONTE

Sir, I am your servant.

SGANARELLE

I am sorry, and apologize ...

GERONTE

It's nothing.

SGANARELLE

For the blows with my stick ...

GERONTE

No harm done.

SGANARELLE

That I have had the honor to give you.

GERONTE

Let's speak no more of this, Sir. I have a daughter who has been taken with a strange illness.

SGANARELLE

I am delighted, Sir, that your daughter needs me; and I wish with all my heart that you needed me too, you and all your family, so I could demonstrate my great wish to serve you.

GERONTE

I give thanks you for your wishes.

SGANARELLE

I assure you that I am speaking to you from the bottom of my heart.

GERONTE

You honor me too much.

SGANARELLE

What's your daughter's name?

GERONTE

Lucinde.

SGANARELLE

Lucinde! Yes, that's a good name to medicate! Lucinde!

GERONTE

I'll go see what she is doing.

SGANARELLE

Who is that tall woman?

GERONTE

She's the wet-nurse of my little one.

SGANARELLE, *aside*.

Well, this is a pretty household! (*Aloud.*) Ah! Wet-nurse, charming Wet-nurse, my doctoring is the very humble slave of your nursery, and I would gladly be the lucky little baby to suckle the milk (*He puts a hand on her breast*) of your good graces. All my remedies, all my knowledge, all my skills, are at your service, and ...

LUCAS

Begging your permission, Sir Doctor, but let my wife alone, I beg you.

SGANARELLE

What? Your wife?

LUCAS

Yes.

SGANARELLE

(*He pretends to approach Lucas for a hug, but turning to the Nurse, hugs her instead.*)

Really? I had no idea, but I do rejoice for it out of love for both one and the other.

LUCAS, *pulling him away*.

A little less, if you please.

SGANARELLE

I assure you I am delighted that you are man and wife. I congratulate her for having gained (*he again pretends to hug Lucas, and passing beyond his arms, throws himself onto the neck of his wife*) a husband like you; and I congratulate you as well, for having a wife so beautiful, so smart, and so shapely.

LUCAS, *pulling him away again*.

Ah ... again! No such compliments, I beg you.

SGANARELLE

Don't you want me to share your joy as a witness to this happy union?

LUCAS

With me, share as much as you like. But with my wife, drop the ceremony.

SGANARELLE

But I'm just as happy for both of you; and (*he continues the same game*) if I hug you to express my joy, I hug her in the same way for the same reason.

LUCAS, *pulling him away yet again.*

Ah! Sir Doctor, enough of these testimonials!

SCENE 3

Sganarelle, Geronte, Lucas, Jacqueline

GERONTE

Sir, any moment now they will bring my daughter to you.

SGANARELLE

I await her, Sir, with all my medicines.

GERONTE

But where are they?

SGANARELLE, *touching his forehead.*

Here.

GERONTE

Ah, excellent.

SGANARELLE, *trying to grope the breasts of the Wet-Nurse.*

But as I confess I am interested in your entire family, I must try a little of your nurse's milk and furthermore must examine her mammaries.

LUCAS, *pulling him away and sending him into a pirouette.*

No, you don't. I will have none of this.

SGANARELLE

But it's the calling of a doctor to examine the breasts of nurses.

LUCAS

Though I place myself at your service, this duty is denied.

SGANARELLE

You dare defy the doctor! Out with you! Out! Now!

LUCAS

You're going to make me leave?

SGANARELLE, *giving him a sideways look.*

I'll give you a fever!

JACQUELINE, *taking Lucas by the arm and sending him into a pirouette.*

Do as he says. Don't you think I'm strong enough to defend myself if he tries something on the sly?

LUCAS

I don't want him giving you a breast exam.

SGANARELLE

Ugh, what a peasant, jealous of his wife!

GERONTE

Ah, here's my daughter now.

SCENE 4

Lucinde, Valere, Geronte, Lucas, Sganarelle, Jacqueline.

SGANARELLE

So this is the patient?

GERONTE

Yes, I have only the one daughter; and I would have every regret in the world were she to die.

SGANARELLE

Let her be extra careful, then! For no one is allowed to die without the doctor's orders.

GERONTE

Come along, let's be seated here.

SGANARELLE, *seated between Geronte and Lucinde.*

This patient's not too terribly repulsive, and I think a good healthy man might well improve her condition.

GERONTE

You've made her laugh, Sir.

SGANARELLE

Excellent. When a doctor makes a patient laugh, it's the best sign in the world. (*To Lucinde.*) All right then, what's going on? What's the problem? Where does it hurt?

LUCINDE *responds by signs, pointing at her mouth, head and below her chin.*  
Han, hi, hom, han.

SGANARELLE

Eh! What's that?

LUCINDE *continues the same gestures.*

Han, hi, hom, han, han, hi, hom.

SGANARELLE

Huh?

LUCINDE

Han, hi, hom.

SGANARELLE, *imitating her.*

Han, hi, hom, han, ha. I don't understand a word. What kind of language is this?

GERONTE

Sir, that's precisely her illness. She's turned mute, and no one yet has figured out why. What's more, it's caused the indefinite delay of her marriage.

SGANARELLE

But why?

GERONTE

The groom wants to wait for her cure before going through with it.

SGANARELLE

But what kind of an idiot wouldn't want a mute wife? Would to God that mine had this disease! And I'd certainly keep myself from wanting to cure her.

GERONTE

That aside, Sir, we beg you to employ your skills in curing Lucinde of this ailment.

SGANARELLE

Oh, don't worry about that. So tell me, does this ailment cause her great distress?

GERONTE

Indeed, Sir.

SGANARELLE

Excellent. Does she feel excruciating pain?

GERONTE

She does.

SGANARELLE

Oh, that's really very good. Does she go, uh ... you know where?

GERONTE

Uh, Yes.

SGANARELLE

Copiously?

GERONTE

I wouldn't know.

SGANARELLE

And her product, is it praiseworthy?

GERONTE

Again, I try not to know too much.

SGANARELLE, *turning to the patient.*

Give me your arm. (*To Geronte.*) Aha! The pulse that indicates that your daughter is mute.

GERONTE

But yes, Sir, that's what ails her; and you've found it at the first go.

SGANARELLE

Ah! ah!

JACQUELINE

See how he has guessed her illness!

SGANARELLE

We great doctors, we know these things right away. An ignorant doctor would have been hard put, and would have said to you "It might be this, it might be that." But I, I hit the target with the first arrow, a bulls-eye, and so can tell you that your daughter is mute.

GERONTE

Yes, but I would like you to tell us its origin.

SGANARELLE

Nothing is easier. It comes from having lost her speech.

GERONTE

All right, but the cause, if you please. What has caused her to lose her speech?

SGANARELLE

All the best authors will swear that it stems from impediments to the action of her tongue.

GERONTE

But again, your thoughts on these impediments to the action of her tongue?

SGANARELLE

Aristotle says on this subject ... some very good things.

GERONTE

I believe it.

SGANARELLE

Ah! He was a great man!

GERONTE

No doubt.

SGANARELLE, *lifting his arm from the elbow.*

A great man from head to toe: a man, in fact, surpassing me in everything. But to return to our explanation, I can tell you that this impediment to the action of the tongue is caused by certain humors, that we who are wisest among the doctors call piquant humors; piquant, which is to say ... humors that are piquant; all the more because the vapors formed by the exhalations of the influences emanating from the region of disease, coming ... as one can say ... from ... do you understand Latin?

GERONTE

Not a word.

SGANARELLE, *standing up in astonishment.*

You don't know Latin!

GERONTE

No.

SGANARELLE, *while making various absurd gestures.*

*Cabricias arcu thuram, catalamus, singulariter, nominative haec Musa la Muse, bonus, bona, bonum. Deus sanctus, estne oratio Latinas? Etiam, oui. Quare, pourquoi ? Quia substantio et adjectivum concordat in generi, numerum, et casus.*

GERONTE

Ah, why didn't I ever study it?

JACQUELINE

Such a learned man!

LUCAS

Yes, he holds so much water that I can barely swallow a drop.

SGANARELLE

Now, these vapors that I was telling you about, passing from the left side, where the liver resides, to the right side, where the heart dwells, we find the lungs, which we call in latin *armyan*, having communication with the brain, which we call in Greek *nasmus*, by the way of the *venus cava*, which in Hebrew we call the *cubile*, meeting in its path the said vapors, which fill the ventricles of the *omoplatus*; and because of the said vapors ... and its very important that you grasp this part; because the said vapors are especially malignant ... Listen carefully, I beg of you.

GERONTE

Yes.

SGANARELLE

Have a special malignancy, which is caused ... Be attentive, please.

GERONTE

I'm trying to follow.

SGANARELLE

Which is caused by the acridity of the humors engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm, it happens that these vapors ... *Ossabandus, anorexia, mausoleum, amo, amas, amamus, candida albicians, tyranasaurus rex, potarium, invertabratum, quipsa milus*. This is precisely what has rendered your daughter mute.

JACQUELINE

Oh, how finely you have said that, my good man!

LUCAS

Why couldn't I have such a wondrous gift for words?

GERONTE

One can not possibly reason any better than this. There is only one thing that surprises me. It is where you have placed the liver and the heart. It seems that you have placed them otherwise than where they are; because the heart is on the left side, and the liver on the right.



SGANARELLE

Yes, that used to be true; but we've changed all that, and we practice medicine now according to a whole new method.

GERONTE

I'm sorry, I had no idea, and beg pardon for my ignorance.

SGANARELLE

No problem, for you are not obliged to be as current as we are.

GERONTE

Yes, surely. But, Sir, what do you believe we should do for this ailment?

SGANARELLE

What do I believe we should do?

GERONTE

Yes.

SGANARELLE

In my opinion, we should send her back to bed, and as a remedy administer large doses of bread dipped in wine.

GERONTE

Why this remedy, Sir?

SGANARELLE

Because there is something in wine and bread, when mixed together, a sympathetic virtue, that produces speech. Have you never observed that in giving parakeets nothing else than this, that you can teach them to speak?

GERONTE

Ah! So true. What a great man! Quick, lots of bread and wine!

SGANARELLE

I will return this evening to see how she is doing. (*To the nurse.*) Not so fast, you. (*To Geronte.*) Sir, I'm afraid that you have a nurse here who is in absolute need of some of my little remedies.

JACQUELINE

Who? Me? I feel fit as a fiddle.

SGANARELLE

So much the worse, Nurse, so much the worse. Great health is to be feared, and it would not be amiss to bleed you just a small, friendly bit, and what's more, to administer a sweetening enema.

GERONTE

But, Sir Doctor, I don't understand this method at all. Why bleed someone when they're healthy?

SGANARELLE

Don't worry, the method is salutary; and just as one drinks to stave off future thirst, so we should also let blood to forestall illnesses to come.

JACQUELINE, *in leaving*.

Not a chance! It's a joke, and I'm not letting my body be turned into an apothecary shop.

SGANARELLE

You resist these remedies; but we know how to make you submit to reason. (*Speaking to Geronte.*) I now say good day.

GERONTE

Wait a little, if you please.

SGANARELLE

What would you have?

GERONTE

I would give you money, Sir.

SGANARELLE, *holding his hand behind, below his robe, while Geronte opens his purse*.

I could not take it, Sir.

GERONTE

Sir ...

SGANARELLE

No. Not at all.

GERONTE

A little.

SGANARELLE

I will have none of it.

GERONTE

Please!

SGANARELLE

You're joking.

GERONTE

There – it's done.

SGANARELLE

I will have no part of it.

GERONTE

Eh!

SGANARELLE

I do not act for money.

GERONTE

Yes, I know.

SGANARELLE, *after having taken the money.*

Is it true weight?

GERONTE

Yes, Sir.

SGANARELLE

I am not a mercenary doctor.

GERONTE

Yes, I understand.

SGANARELLE

Self-interest is never my motive.

GERONTE

Indeed, that never crossed my mind.

SCENE 5

Sganarelle, Leandre

SGANARELLE, *looking at his money.*

Hey, hey! This isn't half-bad; and if only ....

LEANDRE

Sir, I have waited a long time for you, and I am here to implore your aid.

SGANARELLE, *taking him by the wrist.*

Oh! Your pulse is most dismal and ghastly!

LEANDRE

I am not sick, Sir. That is not why I've come to you.

SGANARELLE

If you're not sick, why not say so in the first place?

LEANDRE

Forgive me. But to tell you my plea in two words: my name is Leandre and I am in love with Lucinde, the patient you have just visited. Her father's bad humor has closed all my access to her, so I have dared to ask you to serve in the interests of my love, to help me execute a stratagem that I have discovered, so I can hear her say the two words on which depend both my happiness and my life.

SGANARELLE, *overtly angry*.

What do you take me for? How dare you come ask me to serve you in your love interests, and soil the dignity of a doctor by involving him in such affairs!

LEANDRE

Please, more quietly.

SGANARELLE, *in making him recoil*.

I will take no part in it. You have some nerve.

LEANDRE

Please, Sir, softly.

SGANARELLE

Ignorant, inconsiderate ...

LEANDRE

Please!

SGANARELLE

I will teach you that I'm no pimp, and that it is an extreme insolence ...

LEANDRE, *pulling out a purse and offering it*.

Sir ...

SGANARELLE, *taking the purse*.

To wish to employ me. ... I do not speak of you, of course, for you are an honorable man, and I would be delighted to do you some service. But there are some other impertinents in the world who would take men to be something other than they are; and I swear to you that this is what got me so riled up.

LEANDRE

I beg your pardon, Sir, of the liberty that ...

SGANARELLE

Don't give it another thought. So what needs to be done?

LEANDRE

You will know then, Sir, that this illness that you would cure is a feigned illness. The doctors have reasoned about it as necessary; and they did not fail to say that it proceeded from the brain, from the intestines, from the spleen, from the liver; but it is certain that love is the true cause of it, and that Lucinde did not come by this disease except as a way to escape from an unwanted marriage. But, out of fear that someone sees us together, let's retire from here, and I will tell you as we walk what I wish you to do.

SGANARELLE

Let's go then, Sir, for you have given me for your love a tenderness that is beyond conceiving, and I will here expend all my art and the patient will either die or be yours.

### ACT III

#### SCENE 1

Sganarelle, Leandre

LEANDRE

It seems to me that I wouldn't make a bad apothecary; and as her father has barely ever seen me, these clothes and this wig should be enough, I think, to disguise me.

SGANARELLE

Very nice.

LEANDRE

I will only need to learn five or six impressive medical words, to deck out my speech and give me the air of a knowledgeable man.

SGANARELLE

No, no, that's not necessary; the gown suffices, and I don't know any more than you do.

LEANDRE

What?

SGANARELLE

I'll be damned if I know the first thing about medicine! You are a trustworthy man, and I don't mind confiding in you, just as you have confided in me.

LEANDRE

What? You're not really ...

SGANARELLE

No, not at all. They've made me a doctor against my will. I never had anything like so much learning; and all my studies ended with grammar school. I don't know how this idea came to them; but when I saw that they would stop at nothing to have me be a doctor, I resolved to become one, at no matter whose expense. You wouldn't believe how the error spread, and in what way each person was bound and determined to believe that I was a gifted man. They sought me out from every direction; and if things always went like this, I believe I would become a doctor for the rest of my life. This is the best craft of all; for whether you cure or make worse, you always get paid. We never have to bear the burden of bad work, and we cut, as we please, from the material that presents itself. A cobbler, in making shoes, cannot mis-cut a bit of leather without eating the cost; but here one can mishandle a patient without a loss. Botched results are nothing to us; for they're always the fault of the patient that dies. And lastly, the best of this profession is that there is an honor among the dead, a discretion, that ranks as the greatest in the world; for no patient yet has carried a complaint against the doctor that's killed him.

LEANDRE

It's true, the dead are very discrete in this matter.

SGANARELLE, *seeing some men coming towards him.*

Here come some men whose faces portend that they're here to consult me. (*To Leandre.*)

Go now and wait for me near the house of your mistress.

SCENE 2

Thibaut, Perrin, Sganarelle

THIBAUT

Sir, we comes to find you, my boy, Perrin, and me.

SGANARELLE

What's the matter with him?

THIBAUT

His poor mother, Parette, has been in bed, ailing, for six months.

SGANARELLE, *extending his hand as though to receive money.*

What would you have me do?

THIBAUT

We was hoping, Sir, that you'd give us some little drop what would cure her.

SGANARELLE

But first we must know the ailment.

THIBAUT

She's got the hypocrisy, Sir.

SGANARELLE

Hypocrisy?

THIBAUT

Yes, that's to say that she's swolled-up everywhere; and one says that it's a bunch of seriosities that she's got in the body, and her liver, her stomach, or her spleen, as you'd call it, don't make nothing but water. One day out of two she's got the quotidian fever, with lapses and pains all up and down her legs. In her throat we hear flemosities which seem like to choke her; and sometimes she's taken with fits and invulsions so bad we think she's a goner for sure. We have a village apothecary, begging your pardon, who has given her all kinds of stuff; and he's cost me more than a dozen écus in unguents, begging your pardon, and in pills that he's made her take, in concoctions of hyacinthe and cordial potions. But all that, said the other one, were so-so treatments that didn't do much one way or the other. He wanted to give her a special new drug called wine *amctial*; but I was afraid, point blank, that it would really finish her off, and they say that these great doctors have killed scores of people with this invention.

SGANARELLE

*Still extending his hand and turning it, to indicate that he wishes money.*

Come to the point, my friend, come to the point.

THIBAUT

The point is, Sir, that I have come to beg you to tell us what we should do.

SGANARELLE

I don't understand you at all.

PERRIN

Sir, my mother is sick, and here are two écus that I've brought you so that you can give us a remedy.

SGANARELLE

Now I understand! Here's a boy who speaks clearly and explains things as he should. You say your mother is suffering from hydropsia, is swollen everywhere, and has a fever, with pains in the legs, and sometime she is taken with fits and convulsions, that is to say, with fainting?

PERRIN

Well, yes, Sir, that's it exactly.

SGANARELLE

I knew right away from your words. Your father, on the other hand, doesn't know what he's saying. And now you want a remedy?

PERRIN

Yes, Sir.

SGANARELLE

One that will cure her?

PERRIN

That's what I'd hoped.

SGANARELLE

Here, take this. It's a piece of cheese that you must make her eat.

PERRIN

Cheese, Sir?

SGANARELLE

Yes, it's a specially prepared cheese, made with tinctures of gold, coral, pearls, and other precious materials.

PERRIN

Sir, I am very obliged to you; and we'll go have her take it right away.

SGANARELLE

Yes, go now. And if she dies, don't fail to bury her in the best way you can.

SCENE 3.

Jacqueline, Sganarelle, Lucas, *at the rear of the stage*.

SGANARELLE

There's the lovely Nurse! Ah, Nurse of my heart, I am delighted at this meeting; for the sight of you is the rhubarb, the cassia, and the hemlock that serve as purgatives for all the melancholy of my soul.

JACQUELINE

La, la! Sir Doctor, it is too well said for me. I don't understand a word of your Latin.

SGANARELLE

Become sick, Nurse, I beg of you; become sick, for love of me. It would give me all the joy in the world to cure you.



JACQUELINE

I am your servant, but I would prefer not to be cured.

SGANARELLE

How I lament, lovely Nurse, that you are bound to a husband as jealous and irritable as yours!

JACQUELINE

What would you, Sir? It is for the penitence of my faults, and where the goat is tied, there it must graze.

SGANARELLE

What? Him? A peasant like that? A man who's always spying on you, and doesn't want anyone talking to you?

JACQUELINE

Oh, you've seen nothing yet; that was just a whisper of his bad mood.

SGANARELLE

Is it possible that a man of so base a soul can mistreat a person like you? Ah, what I know, dear Nurse, is that there is one, and he not far from here, who would be happy only to kiss the little tips of your breasts. Why, oh why, was it necessary that a woman so well-made should fall into such hands, and that an animal, a brute, an ignoramus, a moron ... Excuse me, Nurse, if I speak thus about your husband.

JACQUELINE

Sir, I know that he merits all these names.

SGANARELLE

Yes, no doubt, Nurse, he does; and what he deserves even more is that you knock something across his head, to punish his suspicions.

JACQUELINE

It's quite true that if I didn't have only his interest before my eyes, I might be obliged to do something strange.

SGANARELLE

Yes! You would not be doing a bad thing to revenge yourself with someone else. He's a man, I tell you, who deserves it. And if I were to be fortunate enough, lovely Nurse, to be chosen for ...

*(At this point, both see Lucas who was behind them listening to their conversation. Each retires to one side, but the doctor in a more humorous manner.)*

## SCENE 4

Geronte, Lucas

GERONTE

Ho! Lucas, have you seen doctor anywhere?

LUCAS

Ah, yes by all the devils, I've seen him, and my wife too.

GERONTE

Where is he then?

LUCAS

I don't know; but I wish was roasting in hellfire.

GERONTE

Go now, and see what my daughter is doing.

## SCENE 5

Sganarelle, Leandre, Geronte

GERONTE

Ah, Sir, I was wondering where you were.

SGANARELLE

I was amusing myself in your courtyard by expelling a superfluity of drink. How is the patient doing?

GERONTE

A little worse since your treatment.

SGANARELLE

Excellent; that's a sure sign that it's working.

GERONTE

Yes, but in its working, I fear she may die.

SGANARELLE

Don't worry; I have remedies that scoff at every ailment; and right now I'm just hoping for the agony to arrive.

GERONTE, *showing Leandre.*  
What sort of man have you brought us?

SGANARELLE, *making signs with his hands that it is an apothecary.*  
It's ...

GERONTE  
What?

SGANARELLE  
He ...

GERONTE  
Huh?

SGANARELLE  
Who ...

GERONTE  
I understand you.

SGANARELLE  
Your daughter has need of him.

SCENE 6  
Jacqueline, Lucinde, Geronte, Leandre, Sganarelle

JACQUELINE  
Sir, here's your daughter who wished to walk just a bit.

SGANARELLE  
That will do her good. (*To Leandre.*) Go on then, Mister Apothecary, take her pulse, so that I can confer with you about her illness.

*(At this point, he pulls Geronte to one end of the stage, and putting an arm on his shoulders, he puts his free hand under his chin, which he directs towards himself, as Geronte would rather gain a glimpse of what his daughter and the apothecary are doing. In so doing, Sganarelle delivers the following distracting discourse.)*

Sir, it is a great and subtle question among the instructed to know if women are easier to cure than men. I pray that you listen to this, if you please. Some say no, and others say yes; and I, I say yes and no; all the more because the incongruity of the opaque humors which meet in the natural temperament of women being the reason that the brutal part would always hold empire over the sensitive part, one sees that the inequality of their

opinions depend on the oblique ellipse of the moon; and like the sun, which shoots its rays on the concavity of the earth, finds ...

LUCINDE, *to Leandre*.

No, I am not at all capable of changing my feelings.

GERONTE

Look! My daughter's talking! O great glorious remedy! O admirable doctor! How can I ever thank you for this amazing cure! And what could I ever do for you after such a service!

SGANARELLE, *walking on the stage and wiping his forehead*.

This was a case that really put me to the test!

LUCINDE

Yes, father, I've recovered my speech; but I have recovered it in order to tell you that I will have no other husband than Leandre, and that it is useless for you to force Horace on me.

GERONTE

But ...

LUCINDE

Nothing will shake my resolution.

GERONTE

What ...?

LUCINDE

Your good reasons will oppose me in vain.

GERONTE

If ...

LUCINDE

All your speeches will do no good.

GERONTE

I ...

LUCINDE

It is a decision to which I am committed.

GERONTE

But ...

LUCINDE

There is no paternal power that can oblige me to marry against my will.

GERONTE

I have ...

LUCINDE

Your efforts are futile.

GERONTE

He ...

LUCINDE

My heart will not submit to such tyranny.

GERONTE

There ...

LUCINDE

And I would rather throw myself into a nunnery than marry a man I do not love at all.

GERONTE

But ...

LUCINDE, *speaking in a deafening tone of voice.*

No. In no way, shape or form. I will have no part of it. You're wasting your time. I won't do it. And that's final.

GERONTE

Ah, what a torrent of words! There's no way to stop it. (*To Sganarelle.*) Sir, I beg you: make her mute again.

SGANARELLE

That is the one thing that is beyond my powers. But I could make her deaf, if you wish.

GERONTE

I would be most grateful. (*To Lucinde.*) Do you think, then ...

LUCINDE

No. All your reasons will fail to win me over.

GERONTE

You will marry Horace, this very evening.

LUCINDE

I would rather marry death.

SGANARELLE, *to Geronte.*

My God, leave off, and allow me to treat this matter. It is a disease that's got hold of her, and I know the exact remedy for this case.

GERONTE

Is it possible, Sir, that you also cure diseases of the mind?

SGANARELLE

Yes, just leave it to me, I have a remedy for everything, and our apothecary will do you some service in this cure. (*He calls the Apothecary and speaks to him.*) One word. You see that the love she has for this Leandre is totally contrary to the wishes of her father, and that there's no time to lose, that her humors are strongly agitated, and that it is necessary to promptly find a remedy for this evil, which can be conquered through retardation. For myself, I only see one way to do it, which is the taking of a purgative flight, that you will mix as you must with two grams of matrimonium and administer in pills. Perhaps it will be difficult to make this medicine; but as you are a man fully versed in your art, it is for you to resolve, and to make her swallow the thing as best you can. Go now, lead her on a small tour of the garden, to the end of preparing her humors, while I stay here and speak with her father; but above all, lose no time. To the remedy, quickly, to the specific remedy!

SCENE 7

Geronte, Sganarelle

GERONTE

What drugs, Sir, are those that you just mentioned? I don't believe I've ever heard them named before.

SGANARELLE

These special drugs are only used in urgent cases.

GERONTE

Have you ever witnessed insolence like hers?

SGANARELLE

Girls can sometimes be a little stubborn.

GERONTE

You wouldn't believe how enamored she is of this Leandre.

SGANARELLE

The heat of the blood has this effect on the young.

GERONTE

For myself, as soon as I discovered the violence of this love, I tried to keep my daughter under lock and key.

SGANARELLE

Very wise of you.

GERONTE

And I have succeeded in keeping them from communicating.

SGANARELLE

Well done.

GERONTE

Something foolish would have transpired if I had suffered to let them see each other.

SGANARELLE

No doubt.

GERONTE

And I believe she would have been just the girl to run off with him.

SGANARELLE

That is well-reasoned.

GERONTE

They warned me that he'd tried everything to talk to her.

SGANARELLE

How futile.

GERONTE

But he only wasted his time.

SGANARELLE

Ah! Yes.

GERONTE

And I stopped him from ever seeing her.

SGANARELLE

It's no matter for a fool, to be sure, and you know some tricks that he doesn't. It's a good thing you're not dense.

## SCENE 8

Lucas, Geronte, Sganarelle

LUCAS

Ah! Tragedy, Sir! Here's some news you won't like. Your daughter has fled with Leandre. Leandre, it turns out, was the Apothecary, and here's Sir Doctor who arranged this whole lovely operation.

GERONTE

What! Kill me in this way! Immediately, get me a Commissioner! And bar him from leaving! Traitor! I will have you punished by the letter of the law!

LUCAS

Yes! Sir Doctor, you will hang. Don't budge from the spot.

## SCENE 9

Martine, Sganarelle, Lucas

MARTINE, *to Lucas*.

Good God! What a lot of trouble I've had in finding my way to this house. Tell me, how well has the doctor I referred to you performed?

LUCAS

Behold! He's going to hang.

MARTINE

What? My husband, hang? Ah! What's he done to deserve that?

LUCAS

He arranged the elopement of our master's daughter.

MARTINE

My dear husband! Is it true they're going to hang you?

SGANARELLE

You can see for yourself.

MARTINE

Must you let yourself die in front of so many people?

SGANARELLE

What would you have me do?



MARTINE

If you had finished cutting our wood, I might have taken some consolation.

SGANARELLE

Remove yourself, please, it's too much.

MARTINE

No, I want to stay so I can encourage you to die, and I won't leave until I've seen you hung.

SGANARELLE

Ah!

SCENE 10

Geronte, Sganarelle, Martine, Lucas

GERONTE, *to Sganarelle*.

The Commissioner will be here shortly, and he will surely make you answer for your injuries to me.

SGANARELLE, *hat in his hand*.

Alas! Couldn't this just be settled with a few whacks from a stick?

GERONTE

No, not at all ... justice demands it ... But what's this?

SCENE 11, THE LAST

Leandre, Lucinde, Jacqueline, Lucas, Geronte, Sganarelle, Martine.

LEANDRE

Sir, I come here to place Leandre in front of your eyes, and to restore Lucinde to your power. We planned to take flight, and be married; but this scheme yielded to a more honest path. I would not steal your daughter, and it is only from your hand that I wish to receive her. What I would say to you, Sir, is that I've just received some letters telling me that my uncle has died, and that I am the sole heir to all his goods.

GERONTE

Sir, your virtue is beyond reproach, and I give you my daughter with the greatest joy in the world.

SGANARELLE

The doctor has just escaped!

MARTINE

Since you will not be hung today, at least do me the courtesy of being a doctor, since you have me to thank for procuring you this honor.

SGANARELLE

Yes, you have procured me countless thumps with a stick.

LEANDRE

But the happy ending is too sweet to let us harbor resentment.

SGANARELLE

So be it. (*To Martine.*) I forgive you the blows on the back in light of the dignity to which you have raised me. But prepare from now on to live in high state with a man of consequence, and know that the anger of a doctor is more to be feared than the anger of a mere wood-chopper.