

ENTER HARPAGON WITH A DETECTIVE AND A UNIFORM COP.

DETECTIVE: Just leave it in my hands, I know my job, thank God. This isn't the first time I've handled a break in. I wish I'd had a suitcase of cash for every thief I've gotten convicted.

HARPAGON: Every member of the Supreme Court is keeping an eye on this case; and if someone doesn't get my money back, I'll demand justice from the law itself.

DETECTIVE: We have to make all the necessary inquiries. You said the amount in this suitcase...?

HARPAGON: Five hundred thousand dollars.

DETECTIVE: Five hundred thousand!

HARPAGON: Five hundred thousand.

DETECTIVE: That's a big haul.

HARPAGON: There is no torture vile enough to equal the evil of this crime, and if it goes unpunished, the most sacred things in this world are no longer safe.

DETECTIVE: What kind of bills was the money in?

HARPAGON: Thousands. American.

DETECTIVE: Who do you suspect of this theft?

HARPAGON: Everybody; and I want you to arrest the whole city, and the suburbs too.

DETECTIVE: Now, now, believe you me, we don't want to alarm anyone prematurely, as we must move cautiously until we discover some proof, then we can bring down the full force of the law to recover your stolen property.

### Scene Two

JAKES COMES OUT OF THE KITCHEN

JAKES: I'll be right back. Cut his throat, then broil his feet, plunge him into boiling water, and hang him high.

HARPAGON: Who? the man who robbed me?

JAKES: I'm talking about a suckling pig your personal assistant just delivered; for I plan to turn it into a delicious dish..

HARPAGON; That's of no importance now; this man wants to talk to you about something else.

DETECTIVE: Now don't get alarmed. I'm not the kind of cop to make trouble for you, if you don't make trouble for me.

JAKES: You are a guest for dinner?

DETECTIVE: It's better, my friend, to hide nothing from your employer.

JAKES: My goodness! Sir, I am showing every bit of skill I have, and I will treat you to the best possible meal I can.

HARPAGON: That's not what this is about.

JAKES: If I don't make you as magnificent a meal as I would like, blame it on Mr. Personal Assistant, who clipped my wings slashing away with his cuts.

HARPAGON: Idiot, this concerns something other than your stupid supper; and I want you to give me information about the money which someone stole from me.

JAKES: Someone stole your money?

HARPAGON: Yes, you rascal; and I'll have you arrested, if you don't hand it back.

DETECTIVE: Now, now! don't treat him so hard. I can see by his looks that he is an honest man, and without putting him in jail, he'll be ready to tell you what you want to know. Yes, my friend, if you confess to this crime, nothing bad will happen to you, and you will get what you deserve from your employer. Someone stole his money today, and there is no way you don't know something about it.

JAKES: ASIDE This is my chance to get my own back on that personal assistant: ever since he started working here, he's been the favourite, the boss only listens to him; and I'm still smarting from the blows he gave me.

HARPAGON: What are you mumbling about?

DETECTIVE: Leave him alone: he's about to spill the beans; remember I told you he was an honest man.