Harpagon:

*(He has just discovered his treasure has been stolen)*

Stop thief! Stop thief! After the assassin! Catch the murderer! Oh, I am lost. I am killed. They have cut my throat, they have robbed me of my money. Who can it be? What happened to them? Where are they? Where can I find him? Where can I run? Where can I not run? Is he there? Is he there? Who is it?! Give me back my money, you thief! *(he grabs his own arm)* OH— it’s me! My mind is muddled. I don’t know where I am, who I am or what I am doing. Alas, my poor money, my dear friend. They have deprived me of you: and with you torn from my arms I have lost my mainstay, my comfort, my joy. Without you it is impossible to go on living. It is over— I can go on no longer: I am dying, I am dead, I am buried. *(Pause) i*s there no one who wants to revive me? Please save me by bringing back my beloved money, or telling me who stole it? Eh? What did you say? There’s no one there. Whoever committed this crime took great care with his timing for he chose precisely the moment when I was talking to my traitor of a son.

(*He looks at the audience)* What a crowd is here! You all look guilty. You all look like crooks to me. Hey! What are you saying over there? Do you know who stole my money? Who made that noise at the back? Is it the thief? For pity sake if you have any news about this I implore you on bended knee, tell me. Everyone is staring at me. Laughing at me. You are all a part of this. Quick quick call the police, get the chief justice, the interrogation room, the cattle prod, the water cannon. I’ll have the whole world in an electric chair. And if I don’t find my money, I’ll throw the switch myself!