

HARPAGON: Get out of my office at once, you lousy jailbird, you street garbage.

LAFLECHE: ASIDE. I've never seen anyone so disgusting as this damned old man.

HARPAGON: What are you mumbling behind my back?

LAFLECHE: Why are you throwing me out?

HARPAGON: How dare you, scoundrel, ask me why I do something; get out before I hit you.

LAFLECHE: What did I do?

HARPAGON: Enough that I want you gone.

LAFLECHE: Your son, my buddy, told me to wait for him here.

HARPAGON: Wait in the street then, because I won't have a filthy little spy watching each move I make, eyeing everything I own, on the lookout for something to steal.

LAFLECHE: How can anyone steal from you, when you guard everything day and night?

HARPAGON: I'll guard whatever I choose to guard. ASIDE. What if he is a spy and has sniffed out something about the cash I've got here! TO LAFLECHE. You are just the type of blabbermouth who'll spread false rumours that I have cash hidden in this building.

LAFLECHE: You have cash hidden in this building?

HARPAGON: No, you little punk, that's not what I said. ASIDE. What a rascal! ALOUD I said that is the kind of rumour you'd spread just to get at me.

LAFLECHE: Who cares, money or no money, none of it comes our way.

HARPAGON: You want an argument? I'll give you one right between the ears. HE LIFTS HIS HANDS TO GIVE HIM A BLOW. Get out, I tell you.

LAFLECHE: Okay, I'm going.

HARPAGON: Wait! What have you taken?

LAFLECHE: What's there to take?.

HARPAGON: Come here, so I can check. Stick out your hands.

LAFLECHE: Here.

HARPAGON: Now the others.

LAFLECHE: The others?

HARPAGON: Yes, the others.

LAFLECHE: QUICKLY STICKING HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK AND PUTTING THEM OUT AGAIN.
There! Satisfied?

HARPAGON: (POINTING TO LAFLECHE'S BAGGY PANTS)

Do you have something hidden in there?

LAFLECHE: Look for yourself.

HARPAGON: (FEELING INSIDE LAFLECHE'S PANTS)

These baggy trousers with their sagging crotches are designed for thieves; anyone wearing them should be locked up.

LAFLECHE: I'd love to see his face if I cleaned him out.

HARPAGON: Eh?

LAFLECHE: What?

HARPAGON: Did you say "clean me out"?

LAFLECHE: I said you better have a good feel to make sure I haven't cleaned you out.

HARPAGON: That's what I'm doing.

FEELS AROUND IN LAFLECHE'S POCKETS.

LAFLECHE: To hell with all tightwads and cheapskates .

HARPAGON: What? what did you say about tightwads and cheapskates?

LAFLECHE: I was telling them to get lost.

HARPAGON: Who are you talking about?

LAFLECHE: Penny pinchers.

HARPAGON: Just who are these penny pinchers?

LAFLECHE: Constipated old scrooges.

HARPAGON: And who exactly are you referring to?

LAFLECHE: Why are you getting so upset?

HARPAGON: I'll get upset whenever I like.

LAFLECHE: Maybe you think I am talking about you?

HARPAGON: I'll think whatever I please; but I want to know who you're talking to when you say that?

LAFLECHE: Me? I'm talking to ...my hat.

HARPAGON: And me? I'm talking with my fists!

LAFLECHE: You want me to stop bad-mouthing tightwads?

HARPAGON: I want you to stop blabbering and show some manners.

LAFLECHE: I named no names.

HARPAGON: I'll beat you if you say another word.

LAFLECHE: If the cap fits, wear it.

HARPAGON: Will you hold your tongue!

LAFLECHE: If I have to.

HARPAGON: Aaah!

LAFLECHE: (SHOWING HARPAGON A HIDDEN POCKET)

Look, here's another pocket...

HARPAGON: Just give it to me without making me search you.

LAFLECHE: What?

HARPAGON: Whatever you stole.

LAFLECHE: I didn't steal a thing.

HARPAGON: Really?

LAFLECHE: Really.

HARPAGON: Good-bye, and go to hell.

LAFLECHE: Look how I am rejected.

HARPAGON: I leave you to your conscience. That piece of prison fodder makes me uneasy.