

# THE IMAGINARY INVALID

A Humorous Reading

by  
Moliere



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Moliere

From "Le Malade Imaginaire," (Katharine Wormeley translation). This is the last play written by Moliere. He died while acting it for the fourth time, Feb. 19, 1675.

As our scene opens Argan, the imaginary invalid, is speaking.

ARGAN: Ah! my wife, come here. Your hussy of a Toinette is getting more insolent than ever.

BELINE: There! there! there!

ARGAN: She had the audacity to tell me that I am not ill.

BELINE: She is a saucy thing. She was wrong, dear heart.

ARGAN: Dearest, that hussy will be the death of me.

BELINE: There! there! gently--there are no servants without faults; we are obliged to put up with some bad qualities because of their good ones. Toinette is careful, industrious, and, above all, faithful.

Enter Toinette.

BELINE: Why did you make my husband angry?

TOINETTE: (In a meek voice.) I, madame? I don't know what you mean. I'm always trying to please monsieur in every way.

ARGAN: Deceitful thing! Don't believe her. She has been saying all sorts of insolent things to me.

BELINE: Well, well, I believe you, my dear. There, compose yourself. Listen to me, Toinette; if you make my husband angry again, I shall turn you out of the house. Here, give me some pillows to prop him in his chair. Poor dear! you are all I don't know how! Pull your cap over your ears; there's nothing that gives cold so quickly as the wind in our ears.

ARGAN: Ah! darling, how thankful I am to you for all the care you take of me.

BELINE: (Shaking up pillows) Rise a moment that I may put this under you; and this to lean against; and that on the other side. I'll put one behind your back, and another to support your head.

TOINETTE: (Plumping a pillow on the top of his head.) And this to keep off draughts.

ARGAN: (Jumping up angrily and flinging his pillows at Toinette, who escapes out of the room.) You jade! do you want to smother me?

BELINE: There! there! there! Why do you get so angry?

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---