

Tartuffe by Moliere
M/M UA, Kn, QS, SS, SmS, R&D

Tartuffe: Gently sir, gently. Don't run so fast. You don't need to go very far to find a lodging. You are a prisoner in the King's name.

Orgon: Villian! To keep this trick to the last! This is the blow whereby you finish me, the masterstroke of all your perfidy.

Tartuffe: Your insults are powerless to move me. I am schooled to suffer everything in the cause of heaven.

Orgon: Remarkable meekness indeed! How impudently the dog makes mockery of heaven.

Tartuffe: Not all you rage can move me. I have no thought for anything but to fulfill my duty.

Orgon: What credit can you hope to reap from this? How can you regard such employment as honorable?

Tartuffe: Any employment must needs be honorable which proceeds from that authority which sent me hither?

Orgon: And do you not remember, ungrateful wretch, that it was my charitable hand which rescued you from indigence?

Tartuffe: Yes, I am mindful of the assistance I recieved from you, but my first duty is to the interests of my King. To that allegiance I would sacrifice friends, kinsmen and myself with them.

Orgon: Imposter! How cunningly you cloak your villianies with the mantle of all the we most revere!

Tartuffe: Pray deliver me from this futile clammer, sir!

Orgon: Yes, you have indeed waited too long already.