Enter HARPAGON

HARPAGON: Everything is where it should be. What is it, Fanny?

FANNY: Oh! My God!, you look so wonderful! and bursting with such vitality!

HARPAGON: Who, me?

FANNY: I have never seen you looking so healthy or your aura so alive

HARPAGON: That good?

FANNY: You have to ask? you have never appeared so young as you do at this moment in time; why there are boys of 25 who look older than you do.

HARPAGON: Come now, Fanny, I won't see 60 again.

FANNY: Hey! what's 60? It's the prime of life, and you have all your best years in front of you.

HARPAGON: True enough; but 20 years less wouldn't do me any harm, I have to admit.

FANNY: You've got to be kidding! You don't need them, and you've got everything it takes to live to be a hundred.

HARPAGON: You think so?

FANNY: Absolutely. Show me your hand. Oh! My God! what a life line!

HARPAGON: Where?

FANNY: Don't you see how far that line goes?

HARPAGON: Well, well! what does this all mean?

FANNY: Oh my! I said a hundred; but you're good for a century and a half.

HARPAGON: Can this be possible?

FANNY: You'll have to be clubbed to death, I tell you; for you will bury your children, and your children's children.

HARPAGON: All the better! How is our little affair going?

FANNY: Do you have to ask? have I ever put my hand to anything and not made a success of it? I have an especial way with wedding bells; there is no one in the world that I can't bring together given a little time; and I'm sure, if I put my mind to it, I could get Chuck and Di to kiss and make up. This one was a piece of cake. Since I got to know Mariane and her mother, I've told both of them all about you, and I informed her mother of your designs on her daughter after one look at her at the Lucky Loonie Lounge.

HARPAGON: And she said...

FANNY: She was overjoyed with your proposal; and when I told her that you hoped her daughter would come to your daughter's wedding tonight, she was delighted; and asked me to keep an eye on her.

HARPAGON: The fact is I am obliged, Fanny, to give a dinner in honour of Sammy Anselme's marriage to Elizabeth and I would be glad to have Mariane join us.

FANNY: It's a great idea. She could meet your daughter after lunch, and together they can go to the free concert she has set her heart on, then come back for the wedding and reception.

HARPAGON: Very well! they can take my car; I will lend it to them.

FANNY: That would be the very thing.

HARPAGON: But, Fanny, have you spoken to the mother about what she can provide in the way of financial support for her daughter? Did you explain to her that it is up to her to help herself, that she must make the effort, that she will have to be prepared to make a some kind of sacrifice? Because no one weds a girl who does not bring something to the marriage.

FANNY: What's the problem? This young woman is worth $50,000 a year.

HARPAGON: $50,000 a year!