

DUPRÉ

That girl is to be my wife, sir.

ROUSSEAU AND MME. ROUSSEAU

Your wife!

DE VERBY AND MME. DU BROCARD

His wife!

DUPRÉ

Yes, I shall marry her as soon as she regains her liberty—that is, provided she doesn't become the wife of your son!

ROUSSEAU

The wife of my son!—

MME. ROUSSEAU

What did he say?

DUPRÉ

What is the matter? Does that astonish you? You're bound to entertain this proposal—and I demand that you do so.

ROUSSEAU (*ironically*)

Ah! M. Dupré, I don't care a brass button about my son's union with Mlle. de Verby—the niece of a disreputable man! It was that fool of a Madame du Brocard who tried to bring about this grand match. But to come down to a daughter of a porter—

DUPRÉ

Her father is no longer that, sir!

ROUSSEAU

What do you mean?

DUPRÉ

He lost his place through your son, and he intends returning to the country, to live on the money (*Rousseau listens*