

**GERTRUDE:** You wouldn't be the young man who was supposed to come at six o'clock? The one who is already more than two hours late and so is not deserving of a good wife? That wouldn't be you, would it?

**ERIC:** No! Well...sort of... Actually I lost my way—

**GERTRUDE:** You lost your way from the flower shop? We live above the flower shop!

**ERIC:** I needed to — do — something — what? What?

**GERTRUDE:** You need to go back to whatever hole you crawled out of and never come near this home again! *Do you hear me?*

**ERIC:** Yes. I suppose I do.

*(Gertrude "slams" door and exits.)*

I needed a better excuse. But no matter, there is still the first young girl I met on the street. She would be an adequate wife, don't you think? After all, she has a goat. And she lives right down the street. But which street? I suppose I should go down all of them and see which one has purple peonies in their window box. *(He looks around.)* Oh dear. They all have purple peonies in their window boxes. I know! I shall see who still has their lights on. It's getting late. I wonder if she is still waiting up.

**ELLA:** No. I am going to bed and if that naughty man rings my doorbell, I shall throw something down on his head! I will not be stood up by any man! I am a woman with means! With property! I own a goat!

**ERIC:** So I headed down the street—any street. No longer fleet of feet. Remember, I already walked miles searching for the woman in the palace. I looked high. I looked low but no lights did I see. So...I tried another street! And at the end of the last street there was a small light to greet me. A small light