

MARIA: What?

ERIC: I think I'm in love.

MARIA: How nice.

ERIC: With you.

MARIA: Oh no!

CHORUS: *Oh no!*

ERIC: Oh yes! Can this be true?

MARIA: Sir, you must know that I am Maria, the Philosopher's Daughter. I am very learned.

ERIC: I can read.

MARIA: And I am high born.

ERIC: I can read.

MARIA: The man who marries me must be very high up in society. He will need to know how to entertain statesman from around the world. He will dine with kings.

ERIC: I can dine.

MARIA: (*Aside:*) Upstart. This man believes he can marry someone that he just bumped into on the street. He needs to be taught a lesson. (*To Eric:*) If you truly believe that you would be a good husband for me, meet me at my home at 6 o'clock. I live two miles down the road, north of the village. You will climb up a large hill and come to a clearing. In the clearing, you will spy a magnificent palace. There you will find me and my family. You may dine with us and be put to the test regarding your suitability as a husband for me.

ERIC: I will not fail!

(Lorenzo begins to maniacally sweep without accomplishing anything.)

LOWRY: You're sweeping dirt onto me! Quit it!

LORENZO: Then get out of my way!

LARK: I need the broom!

LYON: Well, we can't all have the broom. Since you have everything under control—I think I'll nap.

LEAH: Oh no you don't! You never do anything!

LYON: That's because I'm the youngest. I get away with stuff!

GEORGE: STOP! I'm not "learning" anything here. All they're doing is complaining!

LEAH: But we complain so well. Don't you think?

(Leah takes the broom.)

We are given an impossible task. Who cleans up the forest, I ask? I think Mother just wants to keep us busy. I am a child. I was made to have fun! And the sun is shining so prettily. I think I will lay down here and bask in the warmth of its rays.

(Lorenzo takes the broom.)

LORENZO: All work and no play! It's our sorry lot in life. Unending chores devised by our loving Mother. She connives and she plots, she plans and concocts busy work to keep us occupied.

LOWRY: *(Taking the broom:)* Why Mother? Oh why do you give us all this work? Why, Mother. Why? Is it your own responsibilities you shirk?

LARK: *(Taking the broom:)* So we work and we toil and complain. I think work has altered our brain! Hard work makes me dizzy! Mother wants us busy! Do you know what I think? It's insane!