

JONSEY. Very good in my book.  
KANDALL. Let's go in and have refreshments.  
JONSEY. Yes.  
REVEREND. How nice.  
JONSEY. Reverend, have you ever been married?  
REVEREND. Yes, I mean no, no! (*Jonsey, Reverend, Kandall exit to the market*)  
FLORAL. Pandora. Wait here a moment. I have something ... Let them go. Let them get out of range.  
PANDORA. What is it?  
FLORAL. I love you.  
PANDORA. Yes, I love you too.  
FLORAL. I wanted you to know, in case you had any doubts. Having said that, I must ask you, why are you marrying this man?  
PANDORA. He divorced his wife of twenty-three years and all of his children just for me.  
FLORAL. Ask yourself ponderously, does that speak well of his character?  
PANDORA. His character's not important. He's an artist.  
FLORAL. So you have no doubts about your future? No gnawing concerns? I mean, the fact that he is over twice your age, myopic, rumored to be a drunkard, decidedly a philanderer, and has been known to wear a ponytail, makes no matter to you?  
PANDORA. Not really, no.  
FLORAL. Very well, as you wish.  
PANDORA. Thank you, but you mustn't be concerned. He's everything I've ever wanted, all my heart desires, I couldn't be happier, if only he were more my age.  
FLORAL. What can you do? He won't grow younger. I presume just older.  
PANDORA. I wouldn't mind it, if only ...  
FLORAL. What?  
PANDORA. His hands have spots.  
FLORAL. Age spots, liver spots. Death spots.  
PANDORA. Little brown ones. And there are grey hairs all over him. On his chest even. Another thing, he cries when he looks at me.  
FLORAL. You're going to be his nursemaid.

PANDORA. I'm too young to be a nursemaid.  
FLORAL. And yet it's your fate.  
PANDORA. Oh, help me. You're my older sister. Please, save me. Make everything all right again. I'm too young for all this.  
FLORAL. All right. I'll tell him. I'll break it off for you.  
PANDORA. He's going to be so angry.  
FLORAL. Then so he shall be ... You must not sacrifice your life to some doddering relic, simply because he turned you into a silly legend.  
PANDORA. I like being a legend.  
FLORAL. But is it worth a bad marriage?  
PANDORA. You have a bad marriage.  
FLORAL. Why do you say that? Jonsey and I are very happy.  
PANDORA. You seem to despise him. Yesterday you and I were going out to get malts, Jonsey asked to join us and you changed your mind immediately, saying you had no interest in a malt. When we returned with our malts, you cried, saying you had wanted one all along. Jonsey offered you his, but you shoved it away with such a force that it fell and splattered all over the cobblestones.  
FLORAL. I suppose I simply did not want a malt after all. You don't understand being pregnant. There are cravings you cannot explain. These cravings are very deep and reason does not speak to them. Now shall I call off your wedding or not?  
PANDORA. What do you think I should do?  
FLORAL. Why ask me? It's your decision entirely. This will make or break your life and I won't be held responsible, only you can decide.  
PANDORA. Ooh. Ooh. I don't know. Why ask me? Let's pull the petals off this flower. Whatever it says will be so. (*She picks a flower from the yard.*)  
FLORAL. That is a childish way to make up your mind, a foolish solution.  
PANDORA. I think it'd be fun to do it this way.  
FLORAL. Fine. It's your life.  
PANDORA. (*As she plucks petals from the flower.*) Yes, I'll marry; no, I'll not. Yes, I'll marry; no, I'll not. Yes, I will. No, I won't. Yes. No. Yes, no. Yes, no. It stopped.  
FLORAL. Fine.

PANDORA. But my heart.  
FLORAL. Too late. Live by the flower, die by the flower. The wedding is off. *(Kandall enters from the manor.)*  
KANDALL. Refreshments are being served.  
FLORAL. Mother, Pandora has something to tell you.  
KANDALL. *(To Pandora.)* What?  
FLORAL. There'll be no wedding.  
KANDALL. Really?  
PANDORA. Yes, she's right. He's right. He's repulsive. I never should have agreed to marry such a hairy old goat. After all, the flower would have told me the truth.  
FLORAL. Nature doesn't lie.  
KANDALL. There will be no marriage. The marriage is off.  
PANDORA. What must we do?  
KANDALL. Pick up the wedding cake immediately. I refuse to have the whole town viewing it as an emblem of our impetuous hearts.  
PANDORA. I'll go with you. I want to see all the roses and swirls and turtle doves.  
KANDALL. Are you very unhappy?  
PANDORA. No. I'm very happy. Very, very happy indeed. *(Pandora and Kandall exit to the manor.)*  
FLORAL. Well now, there's my good deed for the day. *(A beat as she breathes in the beauty of the garden.)* How it worries me. How it has me worried. *(Jonsey enters from the manor.)*  
JONSEY. Ah, Floral! Mr. Edvard Lunt has finally arrived. Where's Pandora?  
FLORAL. She's breaking off the engagement.  
JONSEY. But, why?  
FLORAL. Obvious reasons.  
JONSEY. How shocking.  
FLORAL. Bring him to me at once. I must explain the unfortunate situation.  
JONSEY. Pandora's left it to you to break her engagement to this man?  
FLORAL. An unpleasant chore. But I'll manage.  
JONSEY. Did I tell you I love you today?  
FLORAL. Yes.  
JONSEY. Tonight I'll pour sweet oils for your bath and rub your

belly and feet. My wife. My cherished mother-to-be.  
FLORAL. Please bring him.  
JONSEY. I love you, my love.  
FLORAL. I love you, I love you, I love you too. *(Jonsey exits to the manor. She hums for a while, then speaks.)* All this waiting. *(Edvard Lunt, 50s, enters from the manor. He is an extremely appealing though decadent looking man.)*  
EDVARD. Edvard Lunt. I've come in search of Pandora. I'm terribly late.  
FLORAL. So lovely to meet you, Mr. Lunt. I'm Floral Whitman, Pandora's sister.  
EDVARD. Yes, yes. You must forgive me. I was in a hotel fire. My cat was burnt. My documents destroyed. I thought of calling, but I would have missed the next flight and been even later.  
FLORAL. Don't worry. It's never too late to do what's right. Don't you agree?  
EDVARD. I do not. In fact, I believe we are defined by the things we can no longer feel, dream, or accomplish. The man who is no longer capable of scaling the mountain is quite different from the boy who has yet to try. Ah, indeed, if it were never too late to do anything, life would hold no meaning whatsoever.  
FLORAL. Life hold no meaning. There are schools of thought which adhere to that philosophy.  
EDVARD. A gravely unimaginative conclusion to these mysteries we behold. I adamantly reject the notion of meaningless existence.  
FLORAL. Famous people generally do. Otherwise, the value of their fame would evaporate.  
EDVARD. It's true, fame does help give meaning to life. In fact, fame helps a good deal.  
FLORAL. On the other hand, I find it untragic that I have never done anything of use with my life. A big waste it has been. But that's not unusual. Most of us, most people are in that boat. It's a very full vessel. I'm afloat with a mob.  
EDVARD. I don't know you. I can't say. You are having a child.  
FLORAL. Another passenger on board.  
EDVARD. You have a way of looking at things.  
FLORAL. How kind you are and how polite. Did it ever occur to you my sister may be far too young for you?