

BELL

That's right. Drink away. Open up your thirsty little mouths.

(To the Audience.)

I'm her father. And believe me, it isn't easy. Perhaps that's why I love vegetables. So dependable. I mean, you plant a radish, and you know what you're about. You don't get a turnip or a cabbage. No. Plant a turnip, get a turnip; plant a cabbage, get a cabbage. While with children—I thought I had planted a turnip or at worst perhaps an avocado: something remotely useful. I'm a merchant. I sell buttons. What need do I have for a rose? — There she is. Missy, you must go inside.

You're a button-maker's daughter. Now, go inside as you're told. Our neighbor is beyond that wall. Up to something; I can feel it.

(Shouts over the wall.)

Him and his no-good son!

(LUISA angrily steps off the platform.)

Look out, you've stepped in my peppers! That settles it. I'll put a fence here by this wall. A high fence, with barbed stickers! An arsenal of wire!
