**From “The Matchmaker” by Thornton Wilder**

**Cornelius:**

Isn’t the world full of wonderful things. There we sit cooped up in Yonkers for years and years and all the time wonderful people like Mrs Molloy are walking around in New York and we don’t know them at all. I don’t know whether – from where you’re sitting – you can see – well, for instance, the way (pointing to the edge of his right eye) her eye and forehead and cheek come together, up here. Can you? And the kind of fireworks that shoot out of her eyes all the time. I tell you right now: a fine woman is the greatest work of God. You can talk all you like about Niagara Falls and the Pyramids; they aren’t in it at all. Of course, up there at Yonkers they came into the store all the time, and bought this and that, and I said “Yes, ma’am”, and “That’ll be seventy-five cents, ma’am”; and I watched them. But today I’ve talked to one, equal to equal, equal to equal, and to the finest one that ever existed, in my opinion. They’re so different from men! Everything that they say and do is so different that you feel like laughing all the time. (he laughs) Golly, they’re different from men. And they’re awfully mysterious, too. You never can be really sure what’s going on in their heads. They have a kind of wall around them all the time – of pride and a sort of play-acting: I bet you could know a woman a hundred years without ever being really sure whether she liked you or not. This minute I’m in danger. I’m in danger of losing my job and my future and everything that people think is important; but I don’t care. Even if I have to dig ditches for the rest of my life, I’ll be a ditch-digger who once had a wonderful day.