Wedding Day

After a night on the town with a few friends, young Lochinvar woke up in his bedroom on a gray, sunless morn and faced his wedding day as you see it. He was known to be compulsively late on practically all occasions, and the lovely Griselda, his bride-to-be, had said that if he was as much as one minute late for their 11:00 A.M. ceremony, the marriage would be off.

If you were young Lochinvar, what would you do?