

MAN. Sure you can!

WOMAN. I tell you I hadn't thought of singing since I was a little bit of a girl.

MAN. Well sing anyway.

WOMAN (*singing*). And every little wavelet had its night cap on - its night cap on - its night cap on - and every little wave had its night cap on - so very early in the morning. (*Talking*.) Did you used to sing that when you were a little kid?

MAN. Nope.

WOMAN. Didn't you? We used to - in the first grade - little kids - we used to go round and round in a ring - and flop our hands up and down - supposed to be the waves. I remember it used to confuse me - because we did just the same thing to be little angels.

MAN. Yeah?

WOMAN. You know why I came here?

MAN. I can make a good guess.

WOMAN. Because you told me I looked like an angel to you! That's why I came.

MAN. Jeez, honey, all women look like angels to me - all white women. I ain't been seeing nothing but Indians, you know for the last couple a years. Gee, when I got off the boat here the other day - and saw all the women - gee I pretty near went crazy - talk about looking like angels - why -

WOMAN. You've had a lot of women, haven't you?

MAN. Not so many-real ones.

WOMAN. Did you - like any of 'em - better than me?

MAN. Nope-there wasn't one of 'em any sweeter than you, honey - not as sweet - no - not as sweet.

WOMAN. I like to hear you say it. Say it again -

MAN (*protesting good humoredly*). Oh -

WOMAN. Go on-tell me again!

MAN. Here! (*Kisses her.*) Does that tell you?

WOMAN. Yes. (*Pause.*) We're going to stick together- always - aren't we?

MAN (*honestly*). I'll have to be moving on, kid- some day, you know.

WOMAN. When?

MAN. Quien sabe?

WOMAN. What does that mean?

MAN. Quien sabe? You got to learn that, kid, if you're figuring on coming with me. It's the answer to everything- below the Rio Grande.

WOMAN. What does it mean?

MAN. It means -who knows?

WOMAN. Keen sabe?

MAN. Yep- don't forget it - now.

WOMAN. I'll never forget it!

MAN. Quien sabe?

WOMAN. And I'll never get to use it.

MAN. Quien sabe.

WOMAN. I'll never get - below the Rio Grande - I'll never get out of here.

MAN. Quien sabe.

WOMAN (*change of mood*). That's right! Keen sabe? Who knows?

MAN. That's the stuff.

WOMAN. You must like it down there.

MAN. I can't live anywhere else - for long.

WOMAN. Why not?

MAN. Oh-you're free down there! You're free!

*A street light is lit outside. The outlines of a window take form against this light. There are bars across it, and from outside it, the sidewalk cuts across almost at the top. It is a basement room. The constant going and coming of passing feet, mostly feet of couples, can be dimly seen. Inside, on the ledge, there is a lily blooming in a bowl of rocks and water.*

WOMAN. What's that?

MAN. Just the street light going on.

WOMAN. Is it as late as that?

MAN. Late as what?

WOMAN. Dark.

MAN. It's been dark for hours - didn't you know that?

WOMAN. No! - I must go! (*Rises.*)