

The Same River Twice

By Sam Deleo

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Characters

Man: psychiatrist in early 40's.

Woman: lawyer in late 30's.

Set

A blue screen or background representing the sea viewed from the wide picture window of a room should dominate one side of the stage, allowing the characters to see it without having to turn their backs completely to the audience. A sofa should be positioned for looking out the window. If other pieces are used, they should reflect the furnishings of a modest resort condominium as much as possible.

(the set is dimly lit and the characters' voices are heard from off stage first. They approach the stage door and the stage is lit at their opening of the door to the room) .

Man: (fumbling for keys). People live simply here. They may have few options, but they have fewer traps. (impatiently) where're the damn keys?

Woman: In the travel guide it said the natives here speak 27 different dialects. That wouldn't seem to make things simple. What if i spoke to you in a different dialect everytime you wanted something?

Man: I'd learn to bark, or grunt. I'd wail in a high-pitched manner.

Woman: Supposedly, before the oil companies arrived during the '50s and '60s, most villages hadn't experienced any contact at all with the modern world. That's only a generation ago. Everything is still relatively pure here. You can see it in the chlorophyll in the trees and the cobalt blue of the sky. You can almost feel this place cleansing you. And we've only been in the country a few hours.

Man: (tropical bird calls) do you hear the birds? I've never heard those calls before. Hear that one. Kind of like a crow only lower-pitched. It's like we're in a different world here.

Woman: Do you think that was a bird? There aren't any dangerous animals here, are there? Or venomous snakes?

Man: In almost every acre out there. But luckily for you, none of them are as skilled in jujitsu as I am. (she scoffs. Pause. He finds the keys). Here they are. Remember, you don't have to do anything but relax.

Woman: I know. You too.

Man: I know.

Woman: Are you sure?

Man: Yes.

Woman: And no talking about work.

Man: You either. Are you ready for paradise?

Woman: More than I can ever remember. (lights flash on as he opens door). Ohhhh. Ooohhhhh.

Man: Wow!

Woman: Oh yes.

Man: Ahh, look at it.

Woman: Look at it.

Man: (whistles)

Woman: (sighs)

Man: How do you like it?

Woman: Well. What do you think?

Both: (looking at each other) It's - beauuutiful.

Woman: No executive board rooms here.

Man: No whiny patients.

Woman: No commissions to gouge.

Man: No suicide emergencies.

Woman: No rambling double-talk.

Man: No repetitive postulating.

Woman: Just effortlessness.

Man: A gravity-less suspension.

Woman: If only we had arranged for a little more time here.

Man: (dropping their bags). We just walked in the door. Relax will you. We've got the whole weekend. If you want to stay longer we can make arrangements.

Woman: Look! Look at the sea! C'mon, let's go for a swim.

Man: Let's go for a screw instead. (grabbing her).

Woman: Ooo, frisky, eh.

Man: I want you right now. (woman laughs as he grabs her).

Woman: On the floor? It's a little hard, don't you think.

Man: I want you over here then, on the sofa. (woman shrieks and laughs. They grapple and groan for a while on the sofa but it's too small)

Man: I want you right here. (they move to a wall, but she bangs her head against it as they grope).

Woman: Ow. The bed. (they search for the bedroom). Must be upstairs.

Man: Alright, a swim it is for chrissake.

Woman: At least you'll get to see the new bathing suit I bought. (he walks toward picture window).

Man: I can almost feel the sea from the weight of the river.

Woman: It's so wide and far. (she joins him at the window).

Man: The sun, the sand, the sky, it's a life absent of horizons here. The time's whatever you want it to be.

Woman: It's good to be outside our usual boundaries for a while, with a fresh set of symbols. It's good for the psyche. This ain't Europe.

Man: This kind of terrain awakens the soul. It allows you to forget who you are for a while, which everyone needs to do occasionally. You know, i don't think i could ever have come here with anyone but you honey, definitely not my first wife, and feel this natural, this relaxed, as if i was alone. (pause). So many of my patients never experience that feeling of just being with someone for one's own simple pleasure, without having to be preoccupied constantly with the other person's concerns.

Woman: Who are those people down by the banks?

Man: Just some villagers.

Woman: There's nothing to worry about is there?

Man: No, with a setting this gorgeous they're probably just sightseeing like us. See the ocean is to the east, but it's too far for us to get to by boat in just a couple of days. There are a lot of islets and peninsulas like this on the Amazon. But as far as villages, the nearest one to us is about five kilometers. These four time-shares are pretty much all that's on this strip of land, besides the small police post we passed and the depot.

Woman: What a pastoral existence. (excitedly) don't you just get a different sense of things here. You're forced to. I read about how bountiful the fruit is. All you need is a good machete to survive.

Man: It's like time-traveling. Take a good look at this place because things won't likely be the same if we ever come back here again.

Woman: I don't want to think about this place being spoiled. I want to remember it as it is now. Maybe we'll go cut some fruit later. We'll get some knives and just go cut some.

Man: Sure, if we want. (beat). Swimming, boating, screwing, fruit-picking - we've got it all.

Woman: We've got a boat, too?

Man: Yep, that's part of the deal. Nothing special, just a local canoe down at the slip there.

Woman: Wonderful. They speak Portuguese, don't they?

Man: Yeah, and probably a native dialect or two.

Woman: I took Portuguese for a semester in undergrad. If only I would have stuck with it a bit more. I could've gone out there and spoke with them. We should count our blessings, honey. Not many couples get to do things like this. (sighs). Do you realize how badly we needed a getaway trip.

Man: I was completely burnt out. And I was beginning to worry about you, too. You were starting to talk business in your sleep. A few nights ago I got up and asked if you wanted some water and you said, "freeze the McKinley account funds and tell their lawyers to suck rocks."

Woman: I'd heard enough about your work, too. The woman that thinks she's an Estonian duchess? Come on. I mean, couldn't she at least have picked a country with some capital. What could she be heir to? A lard farm?

Man: (laughs). Did your first husband take you on getaways like this? (beat).

Woman: Yes. (uncomfortably) well not really. He loved to travel, but only by train. We usually only went places reachable by train.

Man: He was afraid of flying.

Woman: No.

Man: What was his reason then?

Woman: He just preferred traveling by land. He thought you could see more. But this fascination of his with trains eventually became a problem.

Man: What do you mean?

Woman: (slightly impatient). Why are you so interested in him?

Man: Well you never mention him. He's just like this guy who disappeared. Where did you two go then if you couldn't fly?

Woman: Nowhere. I mean the coasts and Canada, I don't even remember that much. (beat). He began lying to me about his business trips just to hop a train.

Man: That's ridiculous, he must have been having an affair - I-I mean - he must have been living some sort of second life.

Woman: No. I don't think so. But it got to the point where almost every week he was gone. I found out through his boss. They had someone track him because they got suspicious, too. He was inventing non-existing clients to visit. The hotel bills showed he'd usually stay in a place a couple of days and then leave. But sometimes, he wouldn't even disembark. He would just ride round-trip.

Man: Why?

Woman: I'm still not really sure. He didn't like his job. He was passionate about photography and painting, that's what he really wanted to do. I think what he was doing was looking at landscapes — to paint or shoot.

Man: Looking at landscapes?

Woman: I don't know, like I said, he always told me it was business. (beat). How can you stay in constant motion like that? Like a wheel on a track that's bound by its own circumference. Always spinning, never quite arriving anywhere.

Man: It seems absurd. Did he ever think of getting some counseling?

Woman: No. Charlie was just very — unusual. But we didn't have the same dreams. Whenever I'd try to get him to make plans with me for the future, he'd waffle. He'd say I didn't know what I wanted, or that I was trying to rush things, or that I was always asking for too much. One time he even told me that maybe it was his destiny not to have a destination.

Man: What's that supposed to mean?

Woman: I'm sure it was just his way of preparing me for when he'd leave me.

Man: So what happened?

Woman: Within a year after he started his wandering we got divorced. Things hadn't been going well between us before then anyway. It was never a case of someone cheating or of us fighting all the time or anything like that. I don't know. I guess we just grew apart.

Man: That sounds like my ex-wife and I. And what became of him?

Woman: I don't know. The divorce went so quickly, he didn't really contest ownership of anything. And then, I never really heard from or saw him again. Neither did anyone else that I know of.

Man: What? The last time you saw him was in court?

Woman: Was I supposed to span the globe keeping tabs on him? You can't predict what someone who has no plan will do. And I didn't really care. You know what divorces are like. Things happen for a reason. We might not have met if things had unraveled differently, right?

Man: Yeah. I suppose. We're together now. (regaining focus). But only if you look at things like that, as if everything is purposeful. And that's the point, isn't it. It all depends on your perspective. If you look at the world with only the beam of light shed by the locomotive, if I may, then you'll be in the dark once you step off the train. But if you choose a wider perspective, the rest of the landscape is revealed — and you're place within it. Isn't that why we decided to come here this weekend instead of New England, to widen our perspectives? (beat). I guess I never told you everything about the end of our marriage, either. We tried to save it. We went through counseling and therapy. Things just got to the point where we realized we

couldn't recapture the feeling we had for each other when we were first together. So we decided not to go on experiencing only a portion of that feeling. We wanted everything or nothing.

Woman: Exactly, that's how it was, life is too short. But Charles didn't see it that way. He thought I should just be content with the present, good or bad. I can't understand how people can just settle for anything like that. (moving closer to him, pressing herself against him). And how about me. Do I give you everything you want?

Man: (as if coming out of deep thought). Yes. And I for you?

Woman: Yes. (kissing him). And what is our "perspective?"

Man: (almost thinking for a moment) one without boundaries. Right?

Woman: (kissing him) without horizons.

Man: We're here to enjoy ourselves. (kisses her more passionately)

Woman: We shouldn't deprive ourselves of anything.

Man: We'll follow our bliss.

Woman: We'll do whatever we want.

Man: Within reason, of course. (reaches to kiss her again)

Woman: (she screams bracingly and bounds to her feet). Ahhhhhhhhh!

Man: What!

Woman: (she screams again).

Man: What is it?

Woman: Look! It was on my ankle!

Man: Where!? That!?

Woman: Yes!

Man: That's just a gecko, they're harmless.

Woman: I'm sure his mother isn't harmless!

Man: No, that's an adult. (shooing it out of the room). Still, you're right, they shouldn't be in here. I'm definitely mentioning this to the time-share association. Here, have a seat. We've both got jet lag. We were on the plane for over half a day and then on that bus for what seemed forever, too. Maybe we're still in shock. We need rest.

Woman: No, I'm alright. It just blended in with the surroundings so well that I didn't see it until it was on me. It just gave me a start, that's all.

Man: A start? I thought you'd looked into the face of death.

Woman: Well I'm sorry but I don't like lizards or snakes.

Man: I don't exactly want them for housemates, either. These are the things you find out too late about a place. I'll get some coffee. (moves to kitchen, where opening and banging of cupboards is heard from off stage)

Woman: (still slightly shaken. Yelling to him in kitchen) I haven't given up on my promise to be more outdoorsy on this trip, either. I told you about the rafting demonstration last week at the spa. (to herself) I just don't like reptiles. (shivers quickly) Eewww.

Man: You don't have to do anything you don't want to here. Just relax, remember.

Woman: This place makes you feel like you're right out in the wilds anyway. It's like an observatory tower. I feel like I'm at an outpost. (looking out the window) oh! I can see a toucan just standing on a branch by the water. Look honey, come look at the birds. It's almost like you get the full effect without even really having to go outside. Not that I won't venture out eventually. Are you listening to me?

Man: I verified this was an eastern exposure. So we'll get plenty of warm morning sun but none of that sweltering afternoon sun. I told them we wouldn't consider renting it this weekend if it wasn't-(yelling loudly) Goddamnit! God-daaamn!!

Woman: What is wrong?

Man: There is no coffee here. Can you believe this?

Woman: What!?! We're in Brazil! How can there be no coffee?

Man: The contract specifically-

Woman: You know how i am in the mornings without coffee. Didn't you go over the lease with-

Man: (screaming) Of course i did!

Woman: Okay, take it easy. Let's just call that shuttle service that drove us here.

Man: You think they'll drive three hours to pick us up some coffee?!

Woman: It's not just the coffee, there must be other things we need, too.

Man: We won't see them again until the day after tomorrow.

Woman: (firmly) alright, it's alright. We go without coffee, big deal. Coffee is a luxury, and we knew when we planned to come here that it wouldn't be one of our luxury trips, regardless of what the lease said or didn't say. Even someone as abstract as you knows that.

Man: I know, I should have just invested in a plantation here during the '30s. We'd have hills of coffee beans now. (pause) you're right. Who cares. It's a luxury, not a necessity. You see how on edge I've become? I need to slow down (beat). Maybe we need a change in lifestyle. We could get a house in the country.

Woman: And settle down? What about our careers?

Man: We'd have the house in the city for work.

Woman: I've always wanted to own a place where you could have horses. I used to ride as a little girl. We could have a stable.

Man: Maybe we could even have little ones. What do you think?

Woman: Colts?

Man: No! Kids. Our kids.

Woman: (excitedly) Really? You think we're ready?

Man: We're not going to get younger.

Woman: What dreamers we are. We try everything once, but hardly anything twice. (beat).
I'm feeling a little claustrophobic all of a sudden. I think I'll step out a minute and go
for that swim.

Man: Alright. And I'm going to have a drink. (she exits to change. He searches his bags).
Ah, a Pinot Grigio for now, the Chateau Haut-Brion for later and the '55 Rothchild
to cap off the end of the trip. Let's get this baby opened. (searches for corkscrew in
kitchen area). Settle down with a nice glass of white and maybe look for some of that
wildlife that's supposed to be down here. There's got to be more here than birds and
a damn gecko.

Woman: (enters while he is still looking for corkscrew). (to him) Okaaay. (no response).
I'm off.

Man: (moves back from kitchen with butterknife just as she has left. (yelling to her). Stay close to the condo. There's no coast guard or anything out here. (searches a bit more on stage for corkscrew). Of course. Appropriately, there is no fucking corkscrew. Goddamnit. (with butter knife, jams the cork through the bottle, pours a glass and begins drinking. Pause). Damn it's hot. Where is the air conditioning control? Ah. (walks over to it and turns it on. A small motor kicks on). What? That's it? I can cool this place with a hand fan better for chrissake. I paid for that? That's it, I'm going to try calling that idiot at the association right now. Who knows, maybe they've put those cell sites along the river like they were talking about doing. (looks for and finds cell phone. Is about to dial when he pauses). No. What am I doing? I promised myself I wouldn't try to use this. (puts it away, sits back down and resumes drinking.). Oh well, viva Brasilia (drinks). (laughs). This is the big thing these days. Adventure trips. We had to try one. What ever happened to spending weeks on end soused in Paris? We'll be alright. It's just this fear of stopping. Maybe she's right about this place. Maybe we should have arranged for more time here. It would have given us more opportunities to connect with the place. You need time to saturate yourself with exotica like this. It's a matter of being still, like the river. Waiting for the current and then taking the lead of its rhythm. You find the artery and then rest between its pulse. (beat). You acclimate. Synchronize. We're just trying too hard. We need to give it time. Let it sink in. (pause). You can hear the jungle breathing here. It's almost spooky. But that's the appeal. The untamed, the elemental. It whispers its clues in hot breaths and you have to listen closely to hear them. It undresses you softly, like the hands of a woman, and leaves you without anything that you entered it with. That's why we're here, to strip the layers that accumulate and hide our real selves, to be cleansed by the river, as she puts it. She's right. I just hope we know when it happens. (long pause). I have so much desire for her sometimes, and then at other times, none. And at each one of those moments, I have no idea how I could feel the opposite. I need to get my bearings. I just want things to be right, just right, until I, until WE know things are right. But then, even when we think we're doing well together, we both know we want more. Or I begin wanting it out of her desire for it. (pauses, drinks). Where does this dull desire come from that turns our insides out and our outsides in? Where does this damn river end? (long pause as he begins to doze off. The stage lights dim here for a few minutes before coming back on.)

Woman: (enters hysterical) Ooooh!!! Oooh I hate it!!! Oooh my god!!! Ohhhh, I haaate this place!!!

Man: (waking from his slumber, drunk and slightly slurring his speech) Wha. What's wrong?

Woman: Oh, Jesus! It's too much! Damn it!

Man: What's going on, what happened?!

Woman: What happened?!?! What happened?!?! They laughed at me, those bastards! They laughed at me in my new bathing suit.

Man: Who?

Woman: The villagers!
What? How do you know they weren't just trying to be friendly?

Woman: Shut up. And then some of the men just kept gawking at it like perverts. The, the, the idiots! I felt violated.

Man: Shhhh, calm down, just calm down a minute.

Woman: And then the bugs found me, this place is terrible. I was attacked. And so then i was slapping the bugs off myself and they were laughing even harder, the idiots. Do you know they can barely even speak Portuguese, it sounds unrecognizable. And the men don't even tie the laces on their damn shoes.

Man: (he reaches out to comfort her) here, let-

Woman: Don't touch me. I'm one big insect welt. And the heat, oh my god. Turn the air conditioning on higher. I'm feverish. And then, then this bus pulled into the depot while I was trying to find a bigger clearing and get away from the damn bugs. (increasingly frantic) all the faces in the window were turned toward me, just gawking at me like cattle, and, and— I'm not hallucinating here — I swear one of them was Charles, I swear to you.

Man: Of course, he's done with trains and into buses now, what a perfectly natural technological progression. Next he'll become a pilot. Sit down, you need some rest.

Woman: I swear it, he was just staring blankly at me.

Man: What could he possibly be doing here?

Woman: He never gave a damn where he went, he could be anywhere, how do I know?

Man: (almost to himself) this was a mistake. I can see it now. (he collapses on the couch with his bottle again. The woman begins pacing to the window and back repeatedly, sometimes stopping to glance out of it, especially when talking about Charles, who she almost seems to be looking for. Speaking slowly). The problem is not what we want anymore, because we always seem to get it. It must be in the way we want it.

Woman: (dazed and slowly losing her grip on things) this jungle pushes everything to its limit, until it either blooms or dies. There's no middle path here. This is not hospitable, this is not acceptable. We need to get out of this swamp.

Man: Do you see me enjoying myself?! I'm ready when you are. I thought if we gave it a little more time — But there's nothing here for us. (pauses and collects himself)

But okay, things didn't go exactly as we planned. We can go somewhere else.

So what. You live and learn. You still find out something about a place.

Woman: The water's as calm as a looking glass here. But if i entered it, it would swallow me without a trace.

Man: We're not as adventurous as we thought we were. We're not kids anymore, either.

Woman: The sun is hot and wet here, and it doesn't seem to move across the sky much.

Man: We have the whole world available to us, to see and experience. Who are we to complain. Those poor villagers you despise so much will unfortunately never be able to go anywhere. We'll figure out something else. I don't mind spending more money.

Woman: They said in the rafting class, "always remain calm on the river, don't ever try to fight the river." well, they've never been to this river! Sure, you feel calm at first. And then it hits you like swamp fever. This restlessness settles in and your thoughts can't find peace because there's no room for them to escape. That's why with all these thousands of acres of empty square miles, you still feel like you're in a room.

Man: We can always take the next bus back to the airport. We'll hop some connecting flights back. We'll be home before you know it.

Woman: I keep seeing his face in the bus window. It wasn't a look of hopelessness. Hopelessness requires feeling cut off from the world. He looked more as if a film of sleep veiled him and kept him from the rest of us.

Man: How can you know what places you like if you don't know what places you don't like.

Woman: He was so calm and unreflective, like a chimp eating a banana.

Man: Maybe in some sense, we're always traveling. I'm running across the road to the depot and finding out when a bus leaves in the morning. You have a seat and stay calm. (exits).

Woman: Stay!

Man: What?

Woman; Stay! (beat) don't leave me.

Man: Just rest here for a few minutes.

Woman: Say it doesn't matter where we are, how we are. Just that we're together.

Man: I'll be back in five minutes.

Woman: No don't go.

Man: I have to find out when the next bus departs if you want to get out of here. (beat). I bet in a day I'll have you in New England, we'll take a couple more days off, and you'll forget all about this trip.

Woman: Stay with me now. Here. Do that in the morning. Make this place home for me tonight (beat) Be with me Now

Man: Honey, I'll be with you all night. Let me just take care of this. I'll be right back. (he exits). (another beat).

Woman: My mind is in more of a tangle than this jungle. This heat is making me ill. (beat) my skin, it's burning up. Maybe those insect bites are malarial. Jesus! (looks about to faint, then recovers) why can't we just go somewhere enjoyable, where we're not bothered with all the insufferable details: which room offers the best view. Are the people friendly. How clear is the sea. How high are the mountains. It's really getting to be more trouble than it's worth. (pauses. Then frantically hopeful). But then, we could certainly be on the wrong side of the river. I had a feeling. I said that when we were driving up here. There was no one here. A guide was supposed to greet us and see if we wanted to go on a river trip. These places don't look like they've been inhabited in months, maybe years. I told him I thought I saw another set of buildings when we were dropped off, over there. We're just on the wrong side of the river. It will still flow in the same direction there, but we'll be on the other side. That could explain some things. That could explain a lot of things maybe. (pauses. Then bitterly again) but I'd still be stuck with this damned fever. And the jungle. And the natives. And the remoteness. With the river emptying itself, and us trying to fill ourselves with whatever is left before it reaches the sea. (beat. Speaking almost as if the man is still present) I know now that in another place, it'll still be you and me. And the idea of ourselves that fits the moment best. Even as our time from place to place gets shorter and shorter. (pauses and starts again enthusiastically). But the more I think about it, the more I begin to realize you're right, children are a wonderful idea. It's time to settle down. Finally! I've seen enough. I've focused on no one but myself for so long. I need to give, I need to deny my own needs for those of another. That'll be my center — another. Another life. (half-convincingly triumphant) I will have a child. But not with you. No. Not with you. (man enters hastily). I have to leave you. (he stops. Pause).

Man: Huh?!

Woman: I have to leave you. You can see it as plainly as I can.

Man: What are you saying?

Woman: It has to be this way now. Last month in the Caribbean, when we stayed at the same place where we first met, we should have sensed it was over then. It would have been fitting there. You told me yourself we wanted different things, that we'd never be able to have all of them together. So it might as well be now.

Man: (forcefully) what? Here? You're not well. I'm not going to let you do this, even with a belly of wine in me.

Woman: I have to leave you now.

Man: What has gotten into you? I thought we both agreed we were tired of short-lived experimentations. We're together almost two years now. You can't go back to all your high-powered bullshitting lawyer boys now and expect things to be just like they-

Woman: And I suppose you can go back to playing around like you did-

Man: No, no more rambling, go to bed, rest. (walking toward her) come on. Tomorrow we head back. There's a morning bus.

Woman: We sensed what we wanted at one time. Now that sense is gone.

Man: You need sleep. I won't be a casualty of this river.

Woman: River? Ha! You didn't even go down to the river with me. I've seen the river. The mighty Amazon River. I've traversed its banks.

Man: Traversed its banks? Are you crazy, you got bit by its mosquitoes.

Woman: (loudly and pointing, almost out of breath) that river! The greatest river in the world! (pausing, crumpling to the floor with her back against the sofa, regaining her breath, and speaking almost helplessly) what did we see in each other? We need to know. For next time.

Man: (continues pacing) maybe it was just too much. Too much of everything. I don't know. I don't want to discuss this here, now.

Woman: You wanted me just like you wanted any other of the women you've been with?

Man: Enough. I told you, when we get back.

Woman: Tell me! (beat).

Man: Maybe-who can say? Any more than you could say what I meant to you. (almost to himself) why didn't I see this. What a fool I am.

Woman: (firmly and standing up for a minute) I want to be far from here. Far from you. Now!

Man: (she sits back down against the couch). I should have confronted you in Athens, the first time this happened. I would have saved myself a lot of time. I'm not going to listen to anymore of this.

Woman: Ha! What? Where will you go? To the river? They'll laugh even harder at you. You and your self-important psychobabble. You're a shadow of a man. (looking at him and feeling shamed for hurting him). I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

Man: So it wasn't meant to be. Like you said, things happen for a reason.

Woman: What reasons, do you think?

Man: I don't know. We shouldn't try to figure it out now.

Woman: (pause. Softening) it's not so bad, really. Is it? You'll find a woman who believes in the same things you do.

Man: Believes in what?

Woman: (almost bored) Oh I don't know. (with discovery) Rivers, ha! I mean someone else you can take to places like this. Someone you can explore with. Or, even better, someone you can really settle down with.

Man: (stops. Sits on the floor with his back against the couch like her). I do like traveling.

Woman: That's why you liked me?

Man: (pause) partly-and your freedom to do what you wanted to do when you wanted to do it. Like me.

Woman: We have been spontaneous.

Man: Yes. We have. I'll move out when we get back. We've taken too much from each other already.

Woman: (sitting back down, interestedly) and then we'll be on our own? Alone?

Man: Yes.

Woman: Yes. (pause). Listen. (bird calls again). The birds again. Who would think we'd end things like this. Here, amid all this beauty. (laughs softly to herself). (pause. They look at each other, then huddle next to each other and embrace, falling asleep). (the stage lights cut out).

END
