

NICK—(*Encouragingly*)—That's right! Tell me all you know!

EGYPT—You were born lucky—with a gold piece in your mouth, we gypsies call it. God gave you everything he could—health and wealth and mind and heart and soul. You started on your way when the sun was shining, and it's led you through the corn-fields and the meadows of tall hay. All the flowers blossomed beside it—you only had to bend and pick them as you walked along. And the wind blew and sometimes you could catch a glimpse of mountains and the sea beyond. Your honor, it's an easy road you've followed—a beautiful, easy road!

NICK—(*Lightly*)—And where will it take me, Egyptian sorceress?

EGYPT—(*Slowly*)—Wherever you meant to go.—  
(*Pause.*)

NICK—I wish I'd known that when I started.

EGYPT—(*Eagerly*)—Your honor, it's not too late! It never is too late!

NICK—Perhaps not—but I'm getting rather tired.—  
(*Suddenly*)—Why—something dropped on my hand! You're—you're not *crying*, are you?

EGYPT—It—it was only a drop of dew from the heavens above us—

NICK—(*Putting his hand on her shoulder*)—Blanche—Blanche, don't cry!

EGYPT—(*After a pause*)—So your honor remembers after the long years.

NICK—Yes, I remember. And if—if you ever want to come back, you know—well, your room's ready, and your father's waiting.

EGYPT—Tell him, your honor, he is waiting for the dead to rise and walk again.

NICK—(*After a slight pause*)—What d'you mean?

EGYPT—One day, before my boy up there was born, my husband beat me—he'd been drinking in the town—

NICK—(*Quickly*)—Well?

EGYPT—And so I thought I'd go back to my father's house and see if they'd let me in—and I did up some things in a big bandanna and put on my best shoes—then gran-bebec stopped me and told me I must stay

NICK—Why?

EGYPT—(*With a sort of joy*)—She said that every drop of red blood in my body sang a Romany song! She said that if I lived a thousand years I'd die at last by the