

*(SHE follows CONSUELA into the parlor as CHINO ENTERS from OFFSTAGE. His clothes are dirty and torn from the fight; his face is smeared. THEY shake their heads at him and flounce out. HE closes the outer door)*

*shut*

Maria...?

CHINO

MARIA

I'm in here. I was just getting ready to —

*(SHE is hurriedly trying to put a bathrobe over her dress. CHINO comes in before she can finish, so that she leaves it over her shoulders, holding it closed with her hand)*

CHINO

Where are your parents?

MARIA

At the store. If I had known you were — You have been fighting, Chino.

CHINO

Yes, I am sorry.

MARIA

That is not like you.

CHINO

No.

MARIA

Why, Chino?

CHINO

I don't know why. It happened so fast.

MARIA

You must wash up.

CHINO

Maria —

MARIA

You can go in there.

CHINO

In a minute. Maria... at the rumble —

MARIA

There was no rumble.

CHINO

There was.

MARIA

You are wrong.

CHINO

No, there was. Nobody meant for it to happen...

MARIA

...Tell me.

CHINO

It's bad.

MARIA

Very bad.

CHINO

*(Nods)*

You see...

*(Moves closer to her, helplessly)*

MARIA

It will be easier if you say it very fast.

CHINO

*(Nods)*

There was a fight —

*(SHE nods)*

And 'Nardo —

*(SHE nods)*

And somehow a knife — and 'Nardo and someone —

*(HE takes her hand)*

MARIA

Tony. What happened to Tony?

*(The name stops CHINO. HE drops her hand: the robe opens, showing that she is dressed)*

Tell me!

*(Crudely, CHINO yanks off the robe, revealing her dressed to go out)*

Chino, is Tony all right?!

CHINO

He killed your brother.

*(HE walks into the parlor, slamming the door behind him. A moment, then:)*

MARIA

You are lying.

*(CHINO has started to leave the parlor, but turns back now, swiftly searches behind furniture and comes up with an object wrapped in the same color as BERNARDO'S shirt. From the bedroom, louder:)*

You are lying, Chino!

*(Coldly, CHINO unwraps a gun which he puts in his pocket. There is the SOUND OF A POLICE SIREN at distance. HE goes out. During this, MARIA has knelt before the shrine on the wall. SHE rocks back and forth in prayer, some of it in Spanish, some of it in English:)*

Make it not be true... please make it not be true... I will do anything: make me die... Only please — make it not be true.

*(As she prays, TONY appears at the fire escape window and quietly climbs in. His shirt is ripped, almost half-torn off. He stands still, limp, watching her. Aware that someone is in the room, she stops her prayers. Slowly, her head turns; she looks at him for a long moment. Then, almost in one spring, she is on him, her fists beating his chest as:)*

Killer killer killer killer killer —

✓ End