



Street Scene

by Elmer Rice

Rose: Well I haven't really had any time to do much thinking. But really think the best thing I could do is get out of New York. Like we were saying this morning, how things might be different if you only had a chance to breathe and spread out a little.

I like you so much, Sam. I like you better than anybody I know. It would be so nice to be with you, but I'm just wondering how it would work out. Suppose something was to happen-- well suppose I was to have a baby, say. What would we do then? We'd be tied down then, for life, just like all the other people around here.

I don't think people ought to belong to anybody but themselves. That's why I don't want to belong to anybody, and why I don't want anybody to belong to me. I want love more than anything else in the world. But loving and belonging aren't the same thing. Maybe someday, when we're older and wiser, things will be different.

Don't look as if it were the end of the world, Sam. If you'd only believe in yourself a little more, things wouldn't look nearly so bad. Because once you're sure of yourself, the things that happen to you aren't so important. I'm so fond of you, Sam. And I've got such a lot of confidence in you. Give me a kiss.