

#20A BABY SWEATER UNDERSCORE

**BILLY CANE (CONT'D)**

What is it?

*(She goes to the sweater. Takes it.  
Holds it.)*

**ALICE**

I know this sweater.

*(She walks to the suitcase.)*

I know this suitcase.

**DADDY CANE**

How?

**ALICE**

My life was borne away from me in it.

**DADDY CANE**

You say you've seen this sweater before?

**ALICE**

I made it!

*(DADDY CANE stands in shock.)*

**DADDY CANE**

I knew this day would come.

**ALICE**

It's you who has a story, isn't it Mr. Cane? It's you.

**BILLY CANE**

What are you two talking about, Daddy?

**START** ↓

**DADDY CANE**

Billy, one evening I was out frog gigging. I went a little farther down river than I usually go...

*[LIGHTS CHANGE; THE SET CHANGES.]*

*(1924. THE WOODS. MOONLIT NIGHT. A  
TRAIN TRESTLE OVERHEAD.)*

*(We hear the sound of frogs croaking. YOUNG DADDY CANE with a flour sack and a flashlight combs the brush. He points the flashlight at a spot near the bank.)*

**YOUNG DADDY CANE**

Now where are you fat ones? Me and Mary Lee gonna have you for dinnah! There you are, Mr. Toad...

*(Suddenly, there is the violent noise, clatter and clang of the train going by. Lights flare and streak. The whole effect is overpowering, and YOUNG DADDY CANE cowers from its frightening strength. A suitcase flies in from above, and gently lands on the tall soft grasses at the river's edge. The train is gone.)*

Damn it! You made me lose Mr. Ichabod P. Toad!

*(He keeps wandering. But faintly heard, mixed in with the sound of the croaks, is the tiny sound of a baby crying.)*

I hear ya...over there.

*(Another cry.)*

Somebody there?

*(stands)*

Anybody there?

*(He walks over to the riverbank, and parts the foliage. There is the valise. He opens it.)*

*(squats again)*

Good Lord! Little Moses. Little Moses in the rushes.

*(looks inside)*

My Lord...

*(looks firmly at the baby)*

Bangs and bruises. You're in a heap o' trouble little...

*(checks)*

...fella.



**END**