A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

BY ARTHUR MILLER

PLAY IN TWO ACTS

DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE INC.
A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE was first presented in New York City at the Coronet Theatre by Kermit Bloomgarden and Whitehead-Stevens. It was directed by Martin Ritt, the lighting was by Leland Watson, and the production was designed by Boris Aronson. The cast was as follows:

LOUIS ........................................David Clarke
MIKE ...........................................Tom Pedi
ALFIERI .......................................J. Carroll Naish
EDDIE ..........................................Van Heflin
CATHERINE ....................................Gloria Marlowe
BEATRICE ......................................Eileen Heckart
MARCO ..........................................Jack Warden
TORY .............................................Antony Vorno
RUDOLPHO ...................................Richard Davalos
FIRST IMMIGRATION OFFICER ............Curt Conway
SECOND IMMIGRATION OFFICER ..........Ralph Bell
MR. LIPARI ....................................Russell Collins
MRS. LIPARI ...................................Anne Driscoll
TWO "SUBMARINES" ..................Leo Penn, Milton Cunber

The action takes place in the apartment and environment of Eddie Carbone, all in Red Hook, on the Bay seaward from Brooklyn Bridge. The time is the present.
A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

ACT I

The street and house front of a tenement building. The front is skeletal entirely. The main acting area is the living room-dining room of Eddie's apartment. It is a worker's flat, clean, sparse, homely. This room is slightly elevated from the stage floor and is shaped in a free form designed to contain the acting space required, and that is all. At its back is an opaque wall-like shape, around whose R. and L. sides respectively entrances are made to an unseen kitchen and bedrooms. Downstage, still in this room, and to the L., are two columnar shapes ending in air, and indicating the house front and entrance. Suspended over the entire front is an architectural element indicating a pediment over the columns, as well as the facing of a tenement building. Through this entrance a stairway is seen, beginning at floor level of the living-dining room, then curving upstage and around the back to the second-floor landing overhead. A stool is before the apartment house D. L. A rocker stands D. L. in the room, and a round dining table is at C. with three chairs around it. On the table is a bowl with apples. A kerosene space heater is U. C., between the kitchen and bedroom doors. A radio-phonograph with records stands U. L. A stool is R. of the table, and another stool is D. C. A hat stand is D. L. near the entrance to the apartment. Downstage C. is the street. At the R., forestage, against the proscenium are a desk and a chair belonging to Mr. Alfieri, whose office this is, and a coat hook or rack. A stool L. of the desk. Near the law office, but separated from it, is a low
iron railing, such as might form a barrier on a street to
guard a basement stair. At L., downstage, a telephone
booth. This is not used until the last scene, so it may be
covered or left in view. Ramps representing the street run
upstage and off to R. and L.

Louis and Mike, longshoremen, are pitching coins against
the building at L. A distant fo'born blow. Enter Alfieri,
a lawyer in his fifties, turning gray, portly, good-humored
and thoughtful. The two pitchers nod to him as he passes;
he crosses the stage to his desk, removes his hat, runs his
fingers through his hair, and grinning, says to the audi-

ence:

ALFIERI. You wouldn't have known it, but something amusing has
just happened. You see how uneasily they nod to me? That's be-
cause I am a lawyer. In this neighborhood to meet a lawyer or a
priest on the street is unlucky—we're only thought of in connec-
tion with disasters, and they'd rather not get too close.
I often think that behind that suspicious little nod of theirs lie
three thousand years of distrust. A lawyer means the law, and in
Italy, from where their fathers came, the law has not been a
friendly idea since the Greeks were beaten.
I am inclined to notice the ruins in things, perhaps because I was
born in Italy. . . . I only came here when I was twenty-five. In
those days, Al Capone, the greatest Carthaginian of all, was learn-
ing his trade on these pavements, and Frankie Yale himself was
cut precisely in half by a machine gun on the corner of Union
Street, two blocks away. Oh, there were many here who were
justly shot by unjust men. Justice is very important here.
But this is Red Hook, not Italy. This is the slum that faces the
bay on the seaward side of Brooklyn Bridge. This is the gullet of
New York swallowing the tonnage of the world. And now we are
quite civilized, quite American. Now we settle for half, and I like
it better. I no longer keep a pistol in my filing cabinet.
And my practice is entirely unromantic.
My wife has warned me, so have my friends; they tell me the
people in this neighborhood lack elegance, glamour. After all, who
have I dealt with in my life? Longshoremen and their wives, and
fathers and grandfathers, compensation cases, evictions, family
squabbles—the petty troubles of the poor—and yet . . . every
few years there is still a case, and as the parties tell me what the
trouble is, the flat air in my office suddenly washes in with the
green scent of the sea, the dust in this air is blown away and the
thought comes that in some Caesar's year, in Calabria perhaps or
on the cliff at Syracuse, another lawyer quite differently dressed,
heard the same complaint and sat there as powerless as I, and
watched it run its bloody course. (Eddie has appeared from L.
and has beenpitching coins with the men and is high-minded
among them.)

This one's name was Eddie Carbone, a longshoreman working the
docks from Brooklyn Bridge to the breakwater where the open sea
begins. (Alfieri walks into darkness off R.)

EDDIE. (Moving up steps into doorway of house.) Well, I'll see
ya, fellas. (Catherine enters living room from kitchen, crosses
down to window, d. c., waves to Louis. She wears bigg-beeled
shoes.)

LOUIS. You workin' tomorrow?

EDDIE. Yeah, there's another day yet on that ship. See ya, Louis.
(Eddie enters living room d. l. He is forty, a husky, slightly over-
weight longshoreman, goes into the house, as light rises in the
apartment. Lights out on street. Catherine is waving to Louis from
the window d. c. and turns to him.)

CATHARINE. Hi, Eddie! (She goes to him.)

EDDIE. (He is pleased and therefore shy about it, he hangs up
his cap and jacket on hat stand by door.) Where you goin' all
dressed up?

CATHARINE. (Running her hands over her skirt.) I just got it.
You like it?

EDDIE. Yeah, it's nice. And what happened to your hair?

CATHARINE. You like it? I fixed it different. (Calling to
kitchen.) He's here, Bea!

EDDIE. Beautiful. Turn around, lemme see in the back. (She turns
for him.) Oh, if your mother was alive to see you now! She
wouldn't believe it.

CATHARINE. You like it, huh?

EDDIE. You look like one of them girls that went to college.
Where you goin'?

CATHARINE. (Taking his arm.) Wait'll Bea comes in, I'll tell
you something. Here, sit down. (She is walking him to the
rocker. Calling offstage.) Hurry up, will you, Bea?
EDDIE. (Sitting on rocker.) What's goin' on?
CATHERINE. I'll get you a beer, all right?
EDDIE. Well, tell me what happened. Come over here, talk to me.
CATHERINE. I want to wait till Bea comes in. (She sits on her heels beside him.) Guess how much we paid for the skirt.
EDDIE. I think it's too short, ain't it?
CATHERINE. (Stands.) No! Not when I stand up.
EDDIE. Yeah, but you gotta sit down sometimes.
CATHERINE. Eddie, it's the style now. (She walks to show him.)
I mean, if you seen me walkin' down the street...
EDDIE. Listen, you been givin' me the willies the way you walk down the street, I mean it.
CATHERINE. Why!?
EDDIE. Catherine, I don't want to be a pest, but I'm tellin' you you're walkin' wavy.
CATHERINE. I'm walkin' wavy!?
EDDIE. Now don't aggravate me, Katie, you are walkin' wavy!
I don't like the looks they're givin' you in the candy store. And with them new high heels on the sidewalk—clack, clack, clack...? The heads are turnin' like windmills.
CATHERINE. But those guys look at all the girls, you know that.
EDDIE. You ain't "all the girls."
CATHERINE. (Almost in tears because he disappears.) What do you want me to do? You want me to...?
EDDIE. Now don't get mad, kid...
CATHERINE. Well, I don't know what you want from me...
EDDIE. Katie, I promised your mother on her death bed. I'm responsible for you. You're a baby, you don't understand these things. I mean like when you stand here by the window, wavin' outside.
CATHERINE. I was wavin' to Louis!
EDDIE. Listen, I could tell you things about Louis which you wouldn't wave to him no more.
CATHERINE. (Trying to joke him out of his warning.) Eddie, I wish there was one guy you couldn't tell me things about!
EDDIE. Catherine, do me a favor, will you?—You're gettin' to be a big girl now, you gotta keep yourself more, you can't be so friendly, kid. (Calls into kitchen.) Hey, Bea, what're you doin' in there! (To Catherine.) Get her in here, will you? I got news for her.

CATHERINE. (Starting out.) What?
EDDIE. Her cousins landed.
CATHERINE. (Clapping her hands together.) No! (She turns instantly and starts for the kitchen.) Bea! Your cousins...! (Enter Beatrice from kitchen, wiping her hands with a towel.)
BEATRICE. (In the face of Catherine's shout.) What...?
CATHERINE. Your cousins got in!
BEATRICE. (Astounded, she turns to Eddie.) What are you talkin' about?—where?
EDDIE. I was just knockin' off work before and Tony Bereli come over to me; he says the ship is in the North River.
BEATRICE. (Her hands are clasped at her breast, she seems half in fear, half in utterable joy.) They're all right?
EDDIE. He didn't see them yet, they're still on board. But as soon as they get off he'll meet them. He figures about ten o'clock they'll be here.
BEATRICE. (She crosses to stool d. c. and sits, almost weak from tension.) And they'll let them off the ship all right? That's fixed, heh?
EDDIE. Sure, they give them regular seamen papers and they walk off with the crew. Don't worry about it, Bea, there's nothin' to it. Couple of hours they'll be here.
BEATRICE. What happened?—They wasn't supposed to be till next Thursday.
EDDIE. I don't know; they put them on any ship they can get them out on. Maybe the other ship they was supposed to take there was some danger... What you cryin' about?
BEATRICE. (She is astounded and afraid.) I'm... I just... I can't believe it! I didn't even buy a new table cloth; I was gonna wash the walls...
EDDIE. Listen, they'll think it's a millionaire's house compared to the way they live. Don't worry about the walls. They'll be thankful. (To Catherine.) Whyn't you run down buy a table cloth? Go ahead, here... (He is reaching into bis pocket.)
CATHERINE. There's no stores open now.
EDDIE. (To Beatrice.) You was gonna put a new cover on the chair...
BEATRICE. I know well I thought it was gonna be next week! I was gonna clean the walls, I was gonna wax the floors... (She rises and stands, disturbed.)
CATHERINE. (Pointing upwards.) Maybe Mrs. Dondero upstairs...

BEATRICE. (Of the table cloth.) No, hers is worse than this one. (Suddenly.) My God, I don't even have nothin' to eat for them! (She starts for the kitchen.)

EDDIE. (He reaches out and grabs her arm.) Hey, hey! Take it easy.

BEATRICE. No, I'm just nervous, that's all. (To Catherine.) I'll make the fish...

EDDIE. You're savin' their lives, what're you worryin' about the table cloth? They probably didn't see a table cloth in their whole life where they come from.

BEATRICE. (She looks into his eyes.) I'm just worried about you, that's all I'm worried.

EDDIE. Listen, as long as they know where they're gonna sleep...

BEATRICE. I told them in the letters. They're sleepin' on the floor...

EDDIE. Beatrice, all I'm worried about is you got such a heart that I'll end up on the floor with you, and they'll be in our bed.

BEATRICE. All right, stop it...

EDDIE. Because as soon as you see a tired relative, I end up on the floor.

BEATRICE. When did you end up on the floor?

EDDIE. When your father's house burned down I didn't end up on the floor?

BEATRICE. Well, their house burned down!

EDDIE. Yeah, but it didn't keep burnin' for two weeks!

BEATRICE. All right, look, I'll tell them to go some place else. (She starts into the kitchen.)

EDDIE. Now wait a minute. Beatrice! (She bats. He rises and goes to her.) I just don't want you bein' pushed around, that's all. You got too big a heart. (He touches her hand.) What're you so touchy?

BEATRICE. I'm just afraid if it don't turn out good you'll be mad at me.

EDDIE. Listen, if everybody keeps his mouth shut, nothin' can happen. They'll pay for their board...

BEATRICE. Oh, I told them...

EDDIE. Then what the hell. (Pause. He moves to above table c.)

It's an honor, Bea. I mean it. I was just thinkin' before, comin' home, suppose my father didn't come to this country, and I was starvin' like them over there... And I had people in America could keep me a couple of months...? The man would be honored to lend me a place to sleep.

BEATRICE. (There are tears in her eyes. She turns to Catherine.) You see what he is? (She turns and grasps Eddie's face in her hands.) Mmm!—You're an angel! God'll bless you. ... (He is gratefully smiling.) You'll see, you'll get a blessing for this!

EDDIE. (Laughing.) I'll settle for my own bed.

BEATRICE. (To Catherine.) Go, Baby, set the table.

CATHERINE. We didn't tell him about me yet.

BEATRICE. Let him eat first, then we'll tell him. Bring everything in. (She buries Catherine out to kitchen.)

EDDIE. (Sitting at the dining table at c. chair.) What's all that about?—Where's she goin'?

BEATRICE. No place. It's very good news, Eddie. I want you to be happy.

EDDIE. Well, what already? (Catherine enters from kitchen with plates, forks.)

BEATRICE. She's got a job.

EDDIE. (Pause. He looks at Catherine, then back to Beatrice.) What job?—She's gonna finish school.

CATHERINE. Eddie, you won't believe it...

EDDIE. No—no, you gonna finish school. What kinda job, what do you mean? All of a sudden you...?

CATHERINE. Listen a minute, it's wonderful.

EDDIE. It's not wonderful. You'll never get nowheres unless you finish school. You can't take no job. Why didn't you ask me before you take a job?

BEATRICE. She's askin' you now, she didn't take nothin' yet.

CATHERINE. Listen a minute! I came to school this morning and the principal called me out of the class, see? To go to his office.

EDDIE. Yeah?

CATHERINE. So I went in and he says to me he's got my records, y'know? And there's a company wants a girl right away. It ain't exactly a secretary, it's a stenographer first, but pretty soon you get to be secretary. And he says to me that I'm the best student in the whole class...
BEATRICE. You hear that?
EDDIE. Well, why not? Sure she’s the best.
CATHERINE. I’m the best student, he says, and if I want, I should take the job and the end of the year he’ll let me take the examination and he’ll give me the certificate. So I’ll save practically a year!
EDDIE. (He is strangely nervous.) Where’s the job? What company?
CATHERINE. It’s a big plumbing company over Nostrand Avenue.
EDDIE. Nostrand Avenue and where?
CATHERINE. It’s some place by the Navy Yard.
BEATRICE. Fifty dollars a week, Eddie.
EDDIE. (To Catherine, surprised.) Fifty?
CATHERINE. I swear.
EDDIE. (Pause.) What about all the stuff you wouldn’t learn this year, though?
CATHERINE. There’s nothin’ more to learn, Eddie, I just gotta practice from now on. I know all the symbols and I know the keyboard. I’ll just get faster, that’s all. And when I’m workin’ I’ll keep gettin’ better and better, you see?
BEATRICE. Work is the best practice anyway.
EDDIE. (Pause.) That ain’t what I wanted, though.
CATHERINE. Why! It’s a great big company...
EDDIE. I don’t like that neighborhood over there.
CATHERINE. It’s a block and half from the subway, he says.
EDDIE. Near the Navy Yard plenty can happen in a block and a half. And a plumbin’ company!—That’s one step over the waterfront. They’re practically longshoremen.
BEATRICE. Yeah, but she’ll be in the office, Eddie.
EDDIE. I know she’ll be in the office, but that ain’t what I had in mind.
BEATRICE. Listen, she’s gotta go to work sometime.
EDDIE. Listen, Bea, she’ll be with a lotta plumbers? And sailors up and down the street? So what did she go to school for?
CATHERINE. But it’s fifty a week, Eddie.
EDDIE. Look, did I ask you for money? I supported you this long, I support you a little more. Please, do me a favor, will ya? I want you to be with different kind of people. I want you to be in a nice office. Maybe a lawyer’s office someplace in New York in one of them nice buildings. I mean if you’re gonna get outa here then get out; don’t go into practically the same kind of neighborhood. (Pause. Catherine lowers her eyes.)
BEATRICE. (To Catherine as she sits at t. of table.) Go, Baby, bring in the supper. (Catherine goes out to kitchen.) Think about it a little bit, Eddie. Please. She’s crazy to start work. It’s not a little shop, it’s a big company. Some day she could be a secretary. They picked her out of the whole class. (He is silent, staring down at the table cloth, fingering the pattern.) What are you worried about?—She could take care of herself. She’ll get out of the subway and be in the office in two minutes.
EDDIE. (He is somehow sickened.) I know that neighborhood, Bea, I don’t like it.
BEATRICE. Listen, if nothin’ happened to her in this neighborhood it ain’t gonna happen no place else. (She turns his face to her.) Look, you gotta get used to it, she’s no baby no more. Tell her to take it. (He turns his head away.) You hear me? (She is angering.) I don’t understand you; she’s seventeen years old, you gonna keep her in the house all her life?
EDDIE. (He is insulted.) What kinda remark is that?
BEATRICE. (With sympathy but insistent force.) Well, I don’t understand when it ends. First it was gonna be when she graduated high school, so she graduated high school. Then it was gonna be when she learned stenographer, so she learned stenographer. So what’re we gonna wait for now? I mean it, Eddie, sometimes I don’t understand you; they picked her out of the whole class, it’s an honor for her. (Catherine enters from kitchen with food, which she silently sets on the table. After a moment of watching her face, Eddie breaks into a smile, but it almost seems that tears will form in his eyes.)
EDDIE. With your hair that way you look like a Madonna, you know that? You’re the Madonna type. (She doesn’t look at him, but continues ladling out food onto the plates.) You wanna go to work, heh, Madonna?
CATHERINE. (Softly.) Yeah.
EDDIE. (With a sense of her childhood, her babyhood, and the years.) All right, go to work. (She looks at him, then rushes and hugs him.) Hey, hey! Take it easy! (He holds her face away from him to look at her.) What’re you cryin’ about? (He is affected by her, but smiles his emotion away.)
CATHERINE. (She sits at her place at. of. table.) I just...
(Bursting out.) I'm gonna buy all new dishes with my first pay! (They laugh warmly.) I mean it. I'll fix up the whole house! I'll buy a rug!

EDDIE. And then you'll move away.

CATHARINE. No, Eddie!

EDDIE. (He's grinning.) Why not?—That's life. And you'll come visit on Sundays, then once a month, then Christmas and New Year's.

CATHARINE. (She grasps his arm to reassure him and to erase the accusation.) No, please!

EDDIE. (He smiles but he is hurt.) I only ask you one thing—don't trust nobody. You got a good aunt but she's got too big a heart, you learned bad from her. Believe me.

BEATRICE. Be the way you are, Katie, don't listen to him.

EDDIE. (To Beatrice—strangely and quickly resentful.) You lived in a house all your life, what do you know about it? You never worked in your life.

BEATRICE. She likes people—what's wrong with that?

EDDIE. Because most people ain't people. She's goin' to work; plumbers; they'll chew her to pieces if she don't watch out. (To Catherina.) Believe me, Katie, the less you trust, the less you be sorry. (He crosses himself and the women do the same, and they eat.)

CATHARINE. First thing I'll buy is a rug, heh, Bea?

BEATRICE. I don't mind. (To Eddie.) I smelled coffee all day today. You unloadin' coffee today?

EDDIE. Yeah, a Brazil ship.

CATHARINE. I smelled it too. It smelled all over the neighborhood.

EDDIE. That's one time, boy, to be a longshoreman is a pleasure. I could work coffee ships twenty hours a day. You go down in the hold, y'know—it's like flowers, that smell. We'll bust a bag tomorrow, I'll bring you some.

BEATRICE. Just be sure there's no spiders in it, will ya? I mean it. (She directs this to Catherine, rolling her eyes upwards.) I still remember that spider coming out of that bag he brung home—I nearly died.

EDDIE. You call that a spider? You oughta see what comes outa the bananas sometimes.

BEATRICE. Don't talk about it!

EDDIE. I seen spiders could stop a Buick.

BEATRICE. (Clapping her hands over her ears.) All right, shut up!

EDDIE. (Laughs, taking a watch out of his pocket.) Well, who started with spiders?

BEATRICE. All right, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. Just don't bring none home again. What time is it?

EDDIE. Quarter nine. (Puts watch back in his pocket. They continue eating in silence.)

CATHARINE. He's bringin' them ten o'clock, Tony?

EDDIE. Around, yeah. (He eats.)

CATHARINE. Eddie, suppose somebody asks if they're livin' here. (He looks at her as though already she had divulged something publicly. Defensively.) I mean if they ask.

EDDIE. Now look, Baby, I can see we're gettin' mixed up again here. . . .

CATHARINE. No, I just mean . . . people'll see them goin' in and out . . .

EDDIE. I don't care who sees them goin' in and out as long as you don't see them goin' in and out. And this goes for you too, Bea. . . . You don't see nothin' and you don't know nothin'.

BEATRICE. What do you mean?—I understand.

EDDIE. You don't understand; you still think you can talk about this to somebody just a little bit. Now lemme say it once and for all, because you're makin' me nervous again, both of you. I don't care if somebody comes in the house and sees them sleepin' on the floor, it never comes out of your mouth who they are or what they're doin' here.

BEATRICE. Yeah, but my mother'll know . . .

EDDIE. Sure she'll know, but just don't you be the one who told her, that's all. This is the United States government you're playin' with now, this is the Immigration Bureau—if you said it you knew it, if you didn't say it you didn't know it.

CATHARINE. Yeah, but, Eddie, suppose somebody——

EDDIE. I don't care what question it is—you—don't—know—nothin'. They got stool pigeons all over this neighborhood they're payin' them every week for information, and you don't know who they are. It could be your best friend. You hear? (To Beatrice.) Like Vinny Bolzano, remember Vinny?

BEATRICE. Oh, yeah. God forbid.
EDDIE. Tell her about Vinny. (To Catherine.) You think I'm blowin' steam here?—(To Beatrice.) Go ahead, tell her. (To Catherine.) You was a baby then. There was a family lived next door to her mother; he was about sixteen...

BEATRICE. No, he was no more than fourteen, 'cause I was to his confirmation in Saint Agnes. But the family had an uncle that they were hidin' in the house, and he snitched to the Immigration...

CATHERINE. The kid snitched?!

EDDIE. On his own uncle!

CATHERINE. What, was he crazy?

EDDIE. He was crazy after, I tell you that, boy.

BEATRICE. Oh, it was terrible. He had five brothers and the old father. And they grabbed him in the kitchen and pulled him down the stairs—three flights his head was bouncin' like a coconut. And they spit on him in the street, his own father and his brothers. The whole neighborhood was cryin'.

CATHERINE. Ts! So what happened to him?

BEATRICE. I think he went away.... (To Eddie.) I never seen him again, did you?

EDDIE. (He starts to rise during this, taking out his watch.) Him? You'll never see him no more, a guy do a thing like that?—how's he gonna show his face? (To Catherine, as he gets up uneasily.) Jest remember, kid, you can quicker get back a million dollars that was stole than a word that you gave away. (He is standing now, stretching his back.)

CATHERINE. Okay, I won't say a word to nobody, I swear.

EDDIE. Gonna rain tomorrow. We'll be slidin' all over the decks. Maybe you oughta put something on them, they be here soon.

BEATRICE. I only got fish, I hate to spoil it if they ate already. I'll wait, it only take a few minutes; I could broil it.

CATHERINE. What happens, Eddie, when that ship pulls out and they ain't on it, though? Don't the captain say nothin'?

EDDIE. (Slicing an apple with his pocket knife.) Captain's piece-off, what do you mean?

CATHERINE. Even the captain?

EDDIE. What's the matter, the captain don't have to live? Captain gets a piece, maybe one of the mates, piece for the guy in Italy who fixed the papers for them, Tony here'll get a little bite...

BEATRICE. I just hope they get work here, that's all I hope.

EDDIE. Oh, the syndicate'll fix jobs for them; till they pay 'em off they'll get them work every day. It's after the pay off, then they'll have to scramble like the rest of us.

BEATRICE. Well, it be better than they got there.

EDDIE. Oh, sure, well, listen. So you gonna start Monday, heh, Madonna?

CATHERINE. (She is embarrassed.) I'm supposed to, yeah. (He is standing facing the two seated women. First Beatrice smiles, then Catherine—for a powerful emotion is on him, a childish one and a knowing fear, and the tears show in his eyes—and they are shy before the avowal.)

EDDIE. (He is sadly smiling, yet somehow proud of her.) Well... I hope you have good luck. I wish you the best. You know that, kid.

CATHERINE. (Rising, trying to laugh.) You sound like I'm goin' a million miles!

EDDIE. I know. I guess I just never figured on one thing.

CATHERINE. What? (She is smiling.)

EDDIE. That you would ever grow up. (He utters a soundless laugh at himself, feeling his breast pocket of his shirt.) I left a cigar in my other coat, I think. (He starts for the bedroom.)

CATHERINE. Stay there! I'll get it for you. (She hurries out to bedroom. There is a slight pause, and Eddie turns to Beatrice who has been avoiding his gaze.)

EDDIE. What are you mad at me lately?

BEATRICE. Who's mad? (She gets up, clearing the dishes.) I'm not mad. (She picks up the dishes and turns to him.) You're the one is mad. (She picks up the dishes and turns to him.) I thought you were mad...

CATHERINE. (She enters from the bedroom with a cigar and a pack of matches.)

CATHERINE. Here! I'll light it for you! (She strikes a match and holds it to his cigar. He puffs. Quietly.) Don't worry about me, Eddie, heh?

EDDIE. Don't burn yourself. (Just in time she blows out the match.)

EDDIE. You better go in help her with the dishes.

CATHERINE. (She turns quickly to the table, and seeing the table cleared, she says, almost guiltily.) Oh! (And hurries into the kitchen, and as she exits there...) I'll do the dishes. Beat! (Alone, Eddie stands looking toward the kitchen for a moment. Then he turns out his watch, glances at it, replaces it in his pocket,)
crosses and sits in the rocker, and stares at the smoke flowing out of his mouth.)

(LIGHTS GO DOWN. THE LIGHTS COME UP on Alferi, who has moved onto the forestage by his desk.)

ALFIERI. He was as good a man as he had to be in a life that was hard and even. He worked on the piers when there was work, he brought home his pay, and he lived. And toward ten o'clock of that night, after they had eaten, the cousins came. (THE LIGHTS FADE on Alferi and RISE on the street. Enter Tony, u. l., escorting Marco and Rodolfo, each with a valise. Tony halts, indicates the house. They stand for a moment looking at it.)

MARCO. (He is a square-built peasant of thirty-two, suspicious and quiet-voiced.) Thank you.

TONY. You're on your own now. Just be careful, that's all. Ground floor.

MARCO. Thank you.

TONY. (Indicating the house.) I'll see you on the pier tomorrow. You'll go to work. (Marco nods. Tony continues on walking down the street and off p. r.)

RODOLPHO. This will be the first house I ever walked into in America! Imagine!—she said they were poor!

MARCO. Ssh! Come. (Crosses to door of apartment. Marco knocks. THE LIGHTS RISE in the room. Eddie goes and opens the door. Enter Marco and Rodolfo, removing their caps. Beatrice and Catherine enter from the kitchen—THE LIGHTS FADE in the street.)

EDDIE. You Marco? (Marco nods. Husband.) Come in, come in! (To Beatrice.) Marco! (To Rodolfo.) And you're . . . ?

RODOLPHO. Yes, Rodolfo.

EDDIE. (Greeting both.) Geez, you got here! (The immigrants laugh shyly.)

MARCO. (Crosses to Beatrice.) Are you my cousin? (She nods, he kisses her hand.)

BEATRICE. (Above the table. Touching her chest with her hand.) Beatrice. This is my husband, Eddie. (All nod.) Catherine, my sister Nancy's daughter. (The brothers nod.)

MARCO. (Indicating Rodolfo.) My brother, Rodolfo. (Rodolfo nods. Marco comes with a certain formal stiffness to Eddie.)

MARCO. I see it's a small house, but soon, maybe, we can have our own house. (Eddie takes Rodolfo's bag.)

EDDIE. You're welcome, Marco, we got plenty of room here. Katie, give them supper, heh? (Exits to bedroom carrying bags.)

CATHARINE. (n. of table.) Come here, sit down. I'll get you some soup.

MARCO. (As they go to the table.) We are on the ship. Thank you. (To Eddie, calling off to bedroom.) Thank you.

BEATRICE. (To Catherine.) Get some coffee. We'll all have coffee. Come sit down. (Rodolfo crosses, sits in chair above table. Marco sits L. of the table.)

CATHARINE. (Wondrously.) How come he's so dark and you're so light, Rodolfo?

RODOLPHO. (Ready to laugh.) I don't know. A thousand years ago, they say, the Danes invaded Sicily. (Beatrice kisses Rodolfo. They laugh as Eddie enters from bedroom, crosses b. behind Marco.)

CATHARINE. (To Beatrice.) He's practically blonde!

EDDIE. How's the coffee doin'?

CATHARINE. (Brought up.) I'm gettin' it. (She hurries out to kitchen.)

EDDIE. (Crosses and sits in his rocker.) Yiz have a nice trip?

MARCO. (Beatrice crosses b. and sits on stool.) The ocean is always rough. But we are good sailors.

EDDIE. No trouble gettin' here?

MARCO. No. The man brought us. Very nice man.

RODOLPHO. (To Eddie.) He says we start to work tomorrow. Is he honest?

EDDIE. (Laughs.) No. But as long as you owe them money, they'll get you plenty of work. (To Marco.) Yiz ever work on the piers in Italy?

MARCO. Piers?—Ts.—no.

RODOLPHO. (He is smiling at the smallness of his town.) In our town there are no piers, only the beach, and little fishing boats.

BEATRICE. So what kinda work did yiz do?

MARCO. (Shrugs, shyly, even embarrassed.) Whatever there is, anything . . .

RODOLPHO. Sometimes they build a house, or if they fix the bridge—Marco is a mason and I bring him the cement. (He
laughs.) In harvest time we work in the fields . . . if there is work. Anything.
EDDIE. Still bad there, heh?
MARCO. Bed, yes.
RODOLPHO. (Laughing.) It’s terrible! We stand around all day in the piazza listening to the fountain like birds. Everybody waits only for the train.
BEATRICE. What’s on the train?
RODOLPHO. Nothing. But if there are many passengers and you’re lucky you make a few lire to push the taxi up the hill.
(Enter Catherine from kitchen, listens.)
BEATRICE. You gotta push a taxi?
RODOLPHO. (Laughs.) Oh, sure! It’s a feature in our town. The horses in our town are skinnier than goats. So if there are too many passengers we help to push the carriages up to the hotel. (He laughs.) In our town the horses are only for show.
CATHERINE. Why don’t they have automobile taxis?
RODOLPHO. There is one—we push that too. (They laugh.) Everything in our town, you gotta push!
BEATRICE. (To Eddie.) How do you like that . . .
EDDIE. (To Marco.) So what’re you wanna do, you gonna stay here in this country or you gonna go back?
MARCO. (Surprised.) Go back?
EDDIE. Well, you’re married, ain’t you?
MARCO. Yes. I have three children.
BEATRICE. Three! I thought only one.
MARCO. Oh, no. I have three now. Four years, five years, six years.
BEATRICE. Ah . . . I bet they’re cryin’ for you already, heh?
MARCO. What can I do? The older one is sick in his chest. My wife—she feeds them from her own mouth. I tell you the truth, if I stay there they will never grow up. They eat the sunshine.
BEATRICE. My God. So how long you want to stay?
MARCO. With your permission, we will stay maybe a . . .
EDDIE. She don’t mean in this house, she means in the country.
MARCO. Oh. Maybe four, five, six years, I think.
RODOLPHO. (Smiling.) He trusts his wife.
BEATRICE. Yeah, but maybe you’ll get enough, you’ll be able to go back quicker.
MARCO. I hope. I don’t know. (To Eddie.) I understand it’s not so good here either.
EDDIE. Oh, you guys’ll be all right—till you pay them off, anyway. After that, you’ll have to scramble, that’s all. But you’ll make better here than you could there.
RODOLPHO. How much? We hear all kinds of figures. How much can a man make? We work hard, we work all day, all night . . . (Marcel raises a band to bush him.)
EDDIE. (He is coming more and more to address Marco only.) On the average a whole year? Maybe—well, it’s hard to say, see. Sometimes we lay off, there’s no ships three four weeks.
MARCO. Three, four weeks!—Ts.
EDDIE. But I think you could probably—thirty, forty a week, over the whole twelve months of the year.
MARCO. (Rises—crosses to Eddie.) Dollars.
EDDIE. Sure, dollars. (Marcel crosses to Rodolpho, puts an arm around him and they laugh.)
MARCO. If we can stay here a few months, Beatrice . . . !
BEATRICE. Listen, you’re welcome, Marco . . .
MARCO. Because I could send them a little more if I stay here . . .
BEATRICE. As long as you want, we get plenty a room . . .
MARCO. (His eyes are showing tears.) My wife . . . (To Eddie.) my wife . . . I want to send right away maybe twenty dollars . . .
EDDIE. You could send them something next week already.
MARCO. (He is near tears.) Eduardo . . . (He goes to Eddie—offering his hand.)
EDDIE. (Rises, crosses to r. of table.) Don’t thank me. Listen, what the hell, it’s no skin off me . . . (To Catherine.) What happened to the coffee?
CATHERINE. I got it on. (To Rodolpho.) You married too?—No.
RODOLPHO. (Rises.) Oh, no . . .
BEATRICE. (Rises—crosses up to Catherine.) I told you he . . .
CATHERINE. I know, I just thought maybe he got married recently.
RODOLPHO. I have no money to get married. I have a nice face, but no money. (He laughs.)
CATHERINE. (To Beatrice.) He’s a real blond!
BEATRICE. (To Rodolpho.) You want to stay here too, heh? For good?
RODOLPHO. Me?—Yes, forever!—me. (Crosses to Marco.) I want to be an American. And then I want to go back to Italy.
angered, she goes out into the bedroom. Beatrice watches her go and gets up, and in passing, gives Eddie a cold look, restrained only by the strangers, and goes to the table to pour coffee. Eddie strives to laugh, and to Marco, but directed as much to Beatrice.

All actresses they want to be around here.

RÖDOLPHO. (He is happy about it.) In Italy too! All the girls.
(Catherine emerges from the bedroom in low beaded shoes, comes to the table.—Rödolpho is lifting a cup.)

EDDIE. (He is sizing up Rödolpho, and there is a concealed suspicion.) Yeah, heh?

RÖDOLPHO. Yes! (Laughs, indicating Catherine.) Especially when they are so beautiful!

CATHERINE. You like sugar?

RÖDOLPHO. Sugar?—yes! I like sugar very much! (Eddie is downstage, watching as she pours a spoonful of sugar into his cup, his face puffed with trouble, and the room dies. LIGHTS RISE on Alfieri D. R.)

ALFIERI. Who can ever know what will be discovered? Eddie Carbone had never expected to have a destiny. A man works, raises his family, goes bowling, eats, gets old, and then he dies. Now, as the weeks passed there was a future, there was a trouble that would not go away. (THE LIGHTS FADE on Alfieri. RISE on Eddie standing at the doorway of the house. Beatrice enters on the street down L. ramp. She sees Eddie—smiles at him—He looks away. She starts to enter the house when Eddie speaks.)

EDDIE. It's after eight.

BEATRICE. Well, it's a long show at the Paramount.

EDDIE. They must've seen every picture in Brooklyn by now. He's supposed to stay in the house when he ain't working. He ain't supposed to go advertising himself.

BEATRICE. Well, that's his trouble, what do you care? If they pick him up they pick him up, that's all. Come in the house.

EDDIE. What happened to the stenography? I don't see her practice no more.

BEATRICE. She'll get back to it; she's excited, Eddie.

EDDIE. She tell you anything?

BEATRICE. (She comes to him, now the subject is opened.) What's the matter with you? He's a nice kid, what do you want from him?

EDDIE. That's a nice kid? He gives me the heebie-jeebies.

BEATRICE. (Smiles.) Ah, go on, you're just jealous.

EDDIE. Of him? Boy, you don't think much of me.

BEATRICE. I don't understand you; what's so terrible about him?

EDDIE. You mean it's all right with you?—That's gonna be her husband?

BEATRICE. Why? He's a nice fella, hard workin', he's a goodlookin' fella.

EDDIE. He sings on the ships; didja know that?

BEATRICE. What do you mean, he sings?

EDDIE. Just what I said, he sings. Right on the deck, all of a sudden—a whole song comes out of his mouth—with motions. You know what they're callin' him now? Paper Doll they're callin' him, Canary. He's like a weird. He comes out on the pier, one-two-three, it's a regular free show.

BEATRICE. Well, he's a kid; he don't know how to behave himself yet.

EDDIE. And with that whacky hair; he's like a chorus girl or sup'in.

BEATRICE. So he's blond, so . . .

EDDIE. I just hope that's his regular hair, that's all I hope.

BEATRICE. You crazy or sup'in? (She tries to turn him to her.)

EDDIE. (He keeps his head turned away.) What's so crazy? I don't like his whole way.

BEATRICE. Listen, you never seen a blond guy in your life?

EDDIE. What about Whitey Balso?

EDDIE. (Turning to her, victoriously.) Sure, but Whitey don't sing; he don't do like that on the ships.

BEATRICE. Well, maybe that's the way they do in Italy.

EDDIE. Then why don't his brother sing? Marco goes around like a man; nobody kids Marco. (He moves from her, halts. She realizes there is a campaign solidified in him.) I tell you the truth I'm surprised I have to tell you all this. I mean I'm surprised, Bea.

BEATRICE. (She goes to him with purpose now.) Listen, you ain't gonna start nothin' here.

EDDIE. I ain't startin' nothin', but I ain't gonna stand around lookin' at that. For that character I didn't bring her up. I swear, Bea, I'm surprised at you; I sit there waitin' for you to wake up but everything is great with you.

BEATRICE. No, everything ain't great with me.

EDDIE. No?
BEATRICE. No. But I got other worries.
EDDIE. Yeah. (He is already weakening.)
BEATRICE. Yeah, you want me to tell you?
EDDIE. (In retreat.) Why? What worries you got?
BEATRICE. When am I gonna be a wife again, Eddie?
EDDIE. I ain’t been feelin’ good. They bother me since they came.
BEATRICE. It’s almost three months you don’t feel good;—they’re only here a couple of weeks. It’s three months, Eddie.
EDDIE. I don’t know, Bea—I don’t want to talk about it...
BEATRICE. What’s the matter, Eddie, you don’t like me, heh?
EDDIE. What do you mean, I don’t like you? I said I don’t feel good, that’s all.
BEATRICE. Well, tell me, am I doing something wrong?—talk to me.
EDDIE. (Pause. He can’t speak, then . . .) I can’t. I can’t talk about it.
BEATRICE. Well, tell me what . . .
EDDIE. I got nothin’ to say about it! (She stands for a moment, he is looking off, she turns to go into the house.) I’ll be all right, Bea; just lay off me, will ya? I’m worried about her.
BEATRICE. The girl is gonna be eighteen years old, it’s time already.
EDDIE. Bea, he’s taking her for a ride!
BEATRICE. All right, that’s her ride. What’re you gonna stand over till she’s forty? Eddie, I want you to cut it out now, you hear me? I don’t like it! . . . Now come in the house.
EDDIE. I want to take a walk, I’ll be in right away.
BEATRICE. They ain’t goin’ to come any quicker if you stand in the street; it ain’t nice, Eddie.
EDDIE. I’ll be in right away. Go ahead. (He walks r. She goes into the house. He glances up the street, sees Louis and Mike coming—moves d. r. and sits on an iron railing. Louis and Mike enter d. r. ramp.)
LOUIS. Wanna go bowlin’ tonight?
EDDIE. I’m too tired. Goin’ to sleep.
LOUIS. How’s your two submarines?
EDDIE. They’re okay.
LOUIS. I see they’re gettin’ work allatine.
EDDIE. Oh, yeah, they’re doin’ all right.

MIKE. That’s what we oughta do. We oughta leave the country and come in under the water. Then we get work.
EDDIE. You ain’t kiddin’.
LOUIS. Well, what the hell. Y’know?
EDDIE. Sure.
LOUIS. (Sits on railing beside Eddie.) Believe me, Eddie, you got a lotta credit comin’ to you.
EDDIE. Aah, they don’t bother me, don’t cost me nuttin’.
MIKE. That older one, boy, he’s a regular bull. I seen him the other day liftin’ coffee bags over the Matson Line. They leave him alone he woulda load the whole ship by himself.
EDDIE. Yeah, he’s a strong guy, that guy. Their father was a regular giant, supposed to be.
LOUIS. Yeah, you could see. He’s a regular slave.
MIKE. (Grinning.) That blond one, though—(Eddie looks at him.) he’s got a sense of humor. (Louis snickers.)
EDDIE. (Searchingly.) Yeah. He’s funny —
MIKE. (Starting to laugh.) Well, he ain’t exactly funny, but he’s always like makin’ remarks like, y’know? He comes around, everybody’s laughin’. (Louis laughs.)
EDDIE. (Uncomfortably—grinning.) Yeah, well . . . he’s got a sense of humor.
MIKE. (Laughing.) Yeah, I mean, he’s always makin’ like remarks, like, y’know?
EDDIE. Yeah, I know. But he’s a kid yet, y’know—he . . . he’s just a kid, that’s all.
MIKE. (Getting hysterical with Louis.) I know. You take one look at him—everybody’s happy. (Louis laughs.) I worked one day with him last week over the Moore-MacCormack Line, I’m tellin’ you they was all hysterical. (Louis and he explode in laughter.)
EDDIE. Why? What’d he do?
MIKE. I don’t know . . . he was just humorous. You never can remember what he says, y’know—but it’s the way he says it. I mean he gives you a look sometimes and you start laughin’!
EDDIE. Yeah. (Troubled.) He’s got a sense of humor.
MIKE. (Gasping.) Yeah.
LOUIS. (Rises.) Well, we see ya, Eddie.
EDDIE. Take it easy.
LOUIS. Yeah. See ya.
MIKE. If you wanna come bowlin' later we're goin' Flatbush Avenue. (Laughing, they move L. to exit up street—meeting Rodolfo and Catherine coming down ramp U. L. Their laughter rises as they see Rodolfo who does not understand but joins in. Eddie moves to enter the house as Louis and Mike exit U. L. Catherine stops him at the door.)

CATHERINE. Hey, Eddie—what a picture we saw! Did we laugh?

EDDIE. (He can't help smiling at sight of her.) Where'd you go?

CATHERINE. Paramount. It was with those two guys, y'know?

That . . . .

EDDIE. Brooklyn Paramount?

CATHERINE. (With an edge of anger, embarrassed before Rodolfo.) Sure, the Brooklyn Paramount—I told you we wasn't goin' to New York.

EDDIE. (Retreating before the threat of her anger.) All right, I only asked you. (To Rodolfo.) I just don't want her hangin' around Times Square, see; it's full of tramps over there.

RODOLPHO. I would like to go to Broadway once, Eddie. I would like to walk with her once where the theatres are and the opera. Since I was a boy I see pictures of those lights.

EDDIE. (His little patience waning,) I want to talk to her a minute, Rodolfo, go inside, will you?

RODOLPHO. Eddie, we only walk together in the streets. She teaches me.

CATHERINE. You know what he can't get over? That there's no fountains in Brooklyn!

EDDIE. (He smiles unwillingly.) Fountains? (Rodolfo smiles at his own naivete.)

CATHERINE. . . . In Italy, he says, every town's got fountains, and they meet there. And you know what?—They got oranges on the trees where he comes from, and lemons. Imagine?—on the trees? I mean it's interesting. But he's crazy for New York.

RODOLPHO. (Attempting familiarity.) Eddie, why can't we go once to Broadway . . . ?

EDDIE. Look, I gotta tell her something . . .

RODOLPHO. Maybe you can come too. I want to see all those lights. (He sees no response in Eddie's face. He glances at Catherine.) I'll walk by the river before I go to sleep. (He walks off down the street, going up ramp and exiting U. L.)

CATHERINE. Why don't you talk to him, Eddie? He blesses you, and you don't talk to him hardly.

EDDIE. (He is enveloping her with his eyes.) I bless you and you don't talk to me. (He tries to smile.)

CATHERINE. I don't talk to you? . . . (She bits his arm.)

What do you mean?

EDDIE. I don't see you no more. I come home you're runnin' around some place . . .

CATHERINE. Well, he wants to see everything, that's all, so we go . . . You mad at me?

EDDIE. No. (He moves from her, smiling sadly.) It's just I used to come home, you was always there. Now, I turn around, you're a big girl. I don't know how to talk to you.

CATHERINE. Why?

EDDIE. I don't know, you're runnin', you're runnin', Katie. I don't think you listening any more to me.

CATHERINE. (Going to him.) Ah, Eddie, sure I am. What's the matter? You don't like him? (Slight pause.)

EDDIE. (Turns to her.) You like him, Katie?

CATHERINE. (With a blush but holding her ground.) . . .

Yeah. I like him.

EDDIE. (His smile goes.) You like him.

CATHERINE. (Sobs.) Yeah. (Now she looks at him for the consequences, smiling but tense. He looks at her like a lost boy.) What're you got against him? I don't understand. He only blesses you.

EDDIE. (He turns away.) He don't bless me, Katie.

CATHERINE. He does! You're like a father to him!

EDDIE. (Turns to her.) Katie.

CATHERINE. What, Eddie?

EDDIE. You gonna marry him?

CATHERINE. . . . I don't know. We just been . . . goin' around, that's all. (Turns to him.) What're you got against him, Eddie? Please, tell me. What?

EDDIE. He don't respect you.

CATHERINE. Why?

EDDIE. Katie . . . if you wasn't an orphan, wouldn't he ask your father's permission before he run around with you like this?

CATHERINE. Oh, well, he didn't think you'd mind.
EDDIE. He knows I mind, but it don’t bother him it I mind, don’t you see that?
CATHERINE. No, Eddie, he’s got all kinds of respect for me. And you too! We walk across the street he takes my arm—he almost bows to me! You got him all wrong, Eddie; I mean it, you . . .
EDDIE. Katie, he’s only bowin’ to his passport.
CATHERINE. His passport!
EDDIE. That’s right. He marries you he’s got the right to be an American citizen. That’s what’s goin’ on here. (She is puzzled and surprised.) You understand what I’m tellin’ you? The guy is lookin’ for his break, that’s all he’s lookin’ for.
CATHERINE. (Pained.) Oh, no, Eddie, I don’t think so.
EDDIE. You don’t think so? Katie, you’re gonna make me cry here. Is that a workin’ man? What does he do with his first money? A snappy new jacket he buys, records, a pointy pair new shoes and his brother’s kids are starvin’ over there with tuberculosis? That’s a hit-and-run guy, baby; he’s got bright lights in his head, Broadway—they guys don’t think of nobody but theirself! You marry him and the next time you see him it’ll be for divorce!
CATHERINE. (Steps towards him.) Eddie, he never said a word about his papers or . . .
EDDIE. You mean he’s supposed to tell you that?!
CATHERINE. I don’t think he’s even thinking about it.
EDDIE. What’s better for him to think about! He could be picked up any day here and he’s back pushin’ taxis up the hill!
CATHERINE. No, I don’t believe it.
EDDIE. Katie, don’t break my heart, listen to me . . .
CATHERINE. I don’t want to hear it.
EDDIE. Katie, listen . . .
CATHERINE. He loves me!
EDDIE. (With deep alarm.) Don’t say that, for God’s sake!—this is the oldest racket in the country . . .
CATHERINE. (Desperately, as though he had made his imprint.) I don’t believe it! (She rushes into the house.)
EDDIE. (Following her.) . . . They been pullin’ this since the Immigration Law was put in! They grab a green kid that don’t know nothin’ and they . . .
CATHERINE. (Sobbing.) I don’t believe it and I wish to hell you’d stop it!

EDDIE. Katie! (They enter the apartment. The LIGHTS in the living room HAVE Risen and Beatrice is there. She looks past the sobbing Catherine at Eddie, who in the presence of his wife, makes an awkward gesture of eroded command, indicating Catherine . . . ) Why don’t you straighten her out?
BEATRICE. (She is inwardly angered at his flaying emotion which in itself alarms her.) When are you going to leave her alone?
EDDIE. Bea, the guy is no good!
BEATRICE. (Suddenly with open fright and fury.) You going to leave her alone? Or you gonna drive me crazy? (He turns, striving to retain his dignity, but nevertheless in guilt walks out of the house, into the street and away off to . . .) Catherine starts into a bedroom.) Listen, Catherine. (Catherine balls, turns to her sheepishly.) What are you going to do with yourself?
CATHERINE. I don’t know.
BEATRICE. Don’t tell me you don’t know; you’re not a baby any more, what are you going to do with yourself?
CATHERINE. He won’t listen to me . . .
BEATRICE. I don’t understand this. He’s not your father, Catherine. I don’t understand what’s going on here.
CATHERINE. (As one who herself is trying to rationalize a buried impulse.) What am I going to do, just kick him in the face with it?
BEATRICE. Look, honey, you wanna get married, or don’t you wanna get married? What are you worried about, Katie?
CATHERINE. (Quietly, trembling.) I don’t know, Bea. It just seems wrong if he’s against it so much.
BEATRICE. (Never losing her aroused alarm.) Sit down, honey, I want to tell you something. Here, sit down. Was there ever any fella he liked for you? There wasn’t, was there?
CATHERINE. But he says Rodolpho’s just after his papers . . .
BEATRICE. Look, he’ll say anything; what does he care what he says? If it was a Prince came here for you it would be no different. You know that, don’t you?
CATHERINE. . . . Yeah, I guess.
BEATRICE. So what does that mean?
CATHERINE. (Slowly turns her head to Beatrice.) What.
BEATRICE. It means you gotta be your own self more. You still think you’re a little girl, honey. But nobody else can make up
your mind for you any more, you understand? You gotta give him to understand that he can't give you orders no more.

CATHERINE. Yeah, but how am I going to do that? He thinks I'm a baby.

BEATRICE. Because you think you're a baby. I told you fifty times already, you can't act the way you act. You still walk around in front of him in your slip.

CATHERINE. Well, I forgot.

BEATRICE. Well, you can't do it. Or like you sit on the edge of the bathtub talkin' to him when he's shavin' in his underwear.

CATHERINE. When'd I do that?

BEATRICE. I seen you in there this morning!

CATHERINE. Oh... well, I wanted to tell him something and I...

BEATRICE. I know, honey. But if you act like a baby and he be treatin' you like a baby. Like when he comes home sometimes you throw yourself at him like when you was twelve years old.

CATHERINE. Well, I like to see him and I'm happy so I...

BEATRICE. Look, I'm not tellin' you what to do, honey, but...

CATHERINE. No, you could tell me, Beatrice! Gee, I'm all mixed up. See, I... he looks so sad now and it hurts me.

BEATRICE. Well, look, Katie, if it's goin' to hurt you so much you're gonna end up an old maid here.

CATHERINE. No!

BEATRICE. I'm tellin' you, I'm not makin' a joke. I tried to tell you a couple of times in the last year or so. That's why I was so happy you were going to go out and get work, you wouldn't be here so much, you'd be a little more independent. I mean it. It's wonderful for a whole family to love each other, but you're a grown woman and you're in the same house with a grown man. So you'll act different now, huh?

CATHERINE. Yeah, I will. I'll remember.

BEATRICE. Because it ain't only up to him, Katie, you understand? I told him the same thing already.

CATHERINE. (Quickly.) What?

BEATRICE. That he should let you go. But, you see, if only I tell him, he thinks I'm just bawlin' him out, or maybe I'm jealous or somethin', you know?

CATHERINE. (Astonished.) He said you was jealous?

BEATRICE. No, I'm just sayin' maybe that's what he thinks.

(She reaches over to Catherine's hand, and with a strained smile...) You think I'm jealous of you, honey?

CATHERINE. No! It's the first I thought of it.

BEATRICE. (With a quiet sad laugh.) Well, you should have thought of it before... but I'm not. We'll be all right. Just give him to understand; you don't have to fight, you're just... you're a woman, that's all, and you got a nice boy, and now the time came when you said good-bye. All right?

CATHERINE. (Strangely moved at the prospect.) All right. If I can.

BEATRICE. Honey... you gotta. (Catherine, sensing now an imperious demand, turns with some fear, with a discovery to Beatrice. She is at the edge of tears, as though a familiar world had shattered.)

CATHERINE. Okay. (LIGHTS OUT on them and UP on Alferi. LIGHT RISES on Alferi, seated behind his desk.)

ALFIERI. It was at this time that he first came to me. I had represented his father in an accident case some years before, and I was acquainted with the family in a casual way. I remember him now as he walked through my doorway — (Enter Eddie down R. ramp.) His eyes were like tunnels; my first thought was that he had committed a crime, (Eddie enters, sits beside the desk, cap in band, looking out.) but soon I saw it was only a passion that had moved into his body, like a stranger. (Alferi pauses, looks down at his desk, then to Eddie as though he were continuing a conversation with him.) I don't quite understand what I can do for you. Is there a question of law somewhere?

EDDIE. That's what I want to ask you.

ALFIERI. Because there's nothing illegal about a girl falling in love with an immigrant.

EDDIE. Yeah, but what about if the only reason is to get his papers?

ALFIERI. First of all you don't know that... EDDIE. I see it in his eyes; he's laughin' at her and he's laughin' at me.

ALFIERI. Eddie, I'm a lawyer; I can only deal in what's provable. You understand that, don't you? Can you prove that?

EDDIE. I know what's in his mind, Mr. Alferi!

ALFIERI. Eddie, even if you could prove that...
EDDIE. Listen. . . Will you listen to me a minute? My father always said you was a smart man. I want you to listen to me.

ALFIERI. I'm only a lawyer, Eddie. . .

EDDIE. Will you listen a minute? I'm talkin' about the law. Lemme just bring out what I mean. A man, when he comes into the country illegal, don't it stand to reason he's gonna take every penny and put it in the sock? Because they don't know from one day to another, right?

ALFIERI. All right.

EDDIE. He's spendin'. Records he buys now. Shoes. Jackets. You understand me? This guy ain't worried. This guy is here. So it must be that he's got it all laid out in his mind already—he's stayin'. Right?

ALFIERI. Well? What about it?

EDDIE. All right. (He glances at Alfieri, then down to the floor.) . . . I'm talking to you confidential, ain't I?

ALFIERI. Certainly.

EDDIE. I mean it don't go no place but here. Because I don't like to say this about anybody. Even my wife I didn't exactly say this.

ALFIERI. What is it?

EDDIE. (Takes a breath and throws a glance back over both shoulders.) The guy ain't right, Mr. Alfieri.

ALFIERI. What do you mean?

EDDIE. I mean he ain't right.

ALFIERI. I don't get you.

EDDIE. (He shifts to another position in the chair.) Dja ever get a look at him?

ALFIERI. Not that I know of, no.

EDDIE. He's a blond guy. Like . . . platinum. You know what I mean?

ALFIERI. No.

EDDIE. I mean if you close the paper fast . . . you could blow him over.

ALFIERI. Well, that don't mean . . .

EDDIE. Wait a minute, I'm tellin' you sup'm. He sings, see. Which is . . . I mean it's all right, but sometimes he hits a note, see . . . I turn around. I mean—high—you know what I mean?

ALFIERI. Well, that's a tenor.

EDDIE. I know a tenor, Mr. Alfieri. This ain't no tenor. I mean if you came in the house and you didn't know who was singin', you wouldn't be lookin' for him, you be lookin' for her.

ALFIERI. Yes, but that's not . . .

EDDIE. I'm tellin' you sup'm, wait a minute; please, Mr. Alfieri. I'm tryin' to bring out my thoughts here. Couple of nights ago my niece brings out a dress which it's too small for her, because she shot up like a light this last year. He takes the dress, lays it on the table, he cuts it up; one-two-three, he makes a new dress. I mean he looked so sweet there, like an angel—you could kiss him he was so sweet.

ALFIERI. Now look, Eddie . . .

EDDIE. Mr. Alfieri, they're laughin' at him on the piers. I'm ashamed. Paper Doll they call him. Blondie now. His brother thinks it's because he's got a sense of humor, see—which he's got—but that ain't what they're laughin'. Which they're not goin' to come out with it because they know he's my relative, which they have to see me if they make a crack, y'know? But I know what they're laughin' at, and when I think of that guy layin' his hands on her I could . . . I mean it's eatin' me out, Mr. Alfieri, because I struggled for that girl. And now he comes in my house and . . .

ALFIERI. Eddie, look—I have my own children. I understand you. But the law is very specific. The law does not . . .

EDDIE. (With a fuller flow of indignation.) You mean to tell me that there's no law that a guy which he ain't right can go to work and marry a girl and . . . ?

ALFIERI. You have no recourse in the law, Eddie.

EDDIE. Yeah, but if he ain't right, Mr. Alfieri, you mean to tell me . . .

ALFIERI. There is nothing you can do, Eddie, believe me.

EDDIE. That's right.

ALFIERI. Nothing at all. There's only one legal question here.

EDDIE. What?

ALFIERI. The manner in which they entered the country. But I don't think you want to do anything about that, do you?

EDDIE. You mean . . . ?

ALFIERI. Well, they entered illegally . . .

EDDIE. Oh, Jesus, no, I wouldn't do nothin' about that, I mean . . .

ALFIERI. All right, then, let me talk now, eh?
EDDIE. Mr. Alfieri, I can’t believe what you tell me. I mean there must be some kinda law which . . .

ALFIERI. Eddie, I want you to listen to me. (Pause.) You know, sometimes God mixes up the people. We all love somebody, the wife, the kids . . . every man’s got somebody that he loves, heh? But sometimes . . . there’s too much. You know? There’s too much, and it goes where it mustn’t. A man works hard, he brings up a child, sometimes it’s a niece, sometimes even a daughter, and he never realizes it, but through the years—there is too much love for the daughter, there is too much love for the niece. Do you understand what I’m saying to you?

EDDIE. (Sardonically.) What do you mean, I shouldn’t look out for her good?

ALFIERI. Yes, but these things have to end, Eddie, that’s all. The child has to grow up and go away, and the man has to learn to forget. Because after all, Eddie—what other way can it end? (Pause.) Let her go. That’s my advice. You did your job, now it’s her life; wish her luck, and let her go. (Pause.) Will you do that? Because there’s no law, Eddie; make up your mind to it; the law is not interested in this.

EDDIE. You mean to tell me, even if he’s a punk? If he’s . . .

ALFIERI. There’s nothing you can do. (Eddie stands.)

EDDIE. Well, all right, thanks. Thanks very much.

ALFIERI. What are you going to do?

EDDIE. (With a helpless but ironic gesture.) What can I do? I’m a patsy, what can a patsy do? I worked like a dog twenty years so a punk could have her, so that’s what I mean. I mean . . . in the worst times, in the worst, when there wasn’t a ship comin’ in the harbor, I didn’t stand around lookin’ for relief—I hustled; when there was empty piers in Brooklyn I went to Hoboken, Staten Island, the West Side, Jersey, all over—because I made a promise. I took out of my own mouth to give to her. I took out of my wife’s mouth. I walked hungry plenty days in this city! (It begins to break through.) And now I gotta sit in my own house and look at a son of a bitch punk like that—which he came out of nowhere! I give him my house to sleep! I take the blankets off my bed for him, and he takes and puts his dirty filthy hands on her like a goddam thief!

ALFIERI. (Rising.) But, Eddie, she’s a woman now . . .

EDDIE. He’s stealing from me!

ALFIERI. She wants to get married, Eddie—she can’t marry you, can she?

EDDIE. (Furiously.) What’re you talkin’ about, marry me! I don’t know what the hell you’re talkin’ about!

ALFIERI. (Pause.) I gave you my advice, Eddie. That’s it.

EDDIE. (He gathers himself. A pause.) Well, thanks. Thanks very much. It just . . . it’s breakin’ my heart, y’know. I . . .

ALFIERI. I understand. Put it out of your mind. Can you do that?

EDDIE. I’m . . . (He feels the threat of sobs, and with a helpless wave . . .) I’ll see you around. (He goes out up the r. ramp.)

ALFIERI. (Sits on desk.) There are times when you want to spread an alarm, but nothing has happened. I knew, I knew then and there—I could have finished the whole story that afternoon. It wasn’t as though there was a mystery to unravel, I could see every step coming, step after step, like a dark figure walking down a hall toward a certain door. I knew where he was heading for, I knew where he was going to end. And I sat here many afternoons asking myself why, being an intelligent man, I was so powerless to stop it. I even went to a certain old lady in the neighborhood, a very wise old woman, and I told her, and she only nodded, and said, "Pray for him . . ." And so I . . . (He sits.) waited here. (As LIGHTS GO OUT on Alfieri, THEY RISE in the apartment where all are finishing dinner. Beatrice is clearing the table. Eddie is seated at s. of table, Marco r., smoking a pipe. Catherine is seated d. of table. Rodolpho sprawled on floor at her feet, thumbing a movie magazine.)

CATHERINE. You know where they went?

BEATRICE. Where?

CATHERINE. They went to Africa once. On a fishing boat. (Eddie glances at her.) It’s true, Eddie. (Beatrice exits into the kitchen with dishes.)

EDDIE. I didn’t say nothin’. (He goes to his rocker, picks up a newspaper.)

CATHERINE. And I was never even in Staten Island.

EDDIE. (Sitting with a paper in his rocker.) You didn’t miss nothin’. (Pause. Catherine takes dishes out to kitchen.) How long that take you, Marco?—to get to Africa?

MARCO. (Rising.) Oh . . . two days. We go all over.

RODOLPHO. (Rising.) Once we went to Yugoslavia.
EDDIE. (To Marco.) They pay all right on them boats? (Enter Beatrice from kitchen. She and Rodolpho stack the remaining dishes.)

MARCO. If they catch fish they pay all right. (Crosses d. r. sits on stool.)

RODOLPHO. They're family boats though. And nobody in our family owned one. So we only worked when one of the families was sick.

BEATRICE. Y'know, Marco, what I don't understand—There's an ocean full of fish and yiz are all starvin'.

EDDIE. They gotta have boats, nets, you need money. (Catherine enters from kitchen.)

BEATRICE. Yeah, but couldn't they like fish from the beach? You see them down Coney Island . . .

MARCO. Sardines.

EDDIE. Sure. (Laughing.) How you gonna catch sardines on a book?

BEATRICE. Oh, I didn't know they're sardines. (To Catherine.) They're sardines!

CATHERINE. Yeah, they follow them all over the ocean, Africa, Yugoslavia . . . (Sits in chair r. of table, looking through a movie magazine. Rodolpho joins her, sitting in chair above table.)

BEATRICE. (To Eddie.) It's funny, y'know. You never think of it, that sardines are swimming in the ocean! (She exits to kitchen with dishes.)

CATHERINE. I know. It's like oranges and lemons on a tree. (To Eddie.) I mean you ever think of oranges and lemons on a tree?

EDDIE. Yeah, I know. It's funny. (To Marco. Enter Beatrice from kitchen.) I heard that they paint the oranges to make them look orange.

MARCO. Paint? (He has been reading a letter, which he has taken from his jacket.)

EDDIE. Yeah, I heard that they grow like green . . .

MARCO. No, in Italy the oranges are orange.

RODOLPHO. Lemons are green.

EDDIE. (Resenting his instruction.) I know lemons are green, for Christ's sake, you see them in the store they're green sometimes. I said oranges they paint, I didn't say nothin' about lemons.

BEATRICE. (Diverting their attention. Sits in chair l. of table.) Your wife is gettin' the money all right, Marco?

MARCO. Oh, yes. She bought medicine for my boy.

BEATRICE. That's wonderful. You feel better, heh?

MARCO. Oh, yes! But I'm lonesome.

BEATRICE. I just hope you ain't gonna do like some of them around here. They're here twenty-five years, some men, and they didn't get enough together to go back twice.

MARCO. Oh, I know. We have many families in our town, the children never saw the father. But I will go home. Three, four years, I think.

BEATRICE. Maybe you should keep more here. Because maybe she thinks it comes so easy you'll never get ahead of yourself.

MARCO. Oh, no, she saves. I send everything. My wife is very lonesome. (He smiles shyly.)

BEATRICE. She must be nice. She pretty? I bet, heh?

MARCO. (Blushing.) No, but she understand everything.

RODOLPHO. Oh, he's got a clever wife!

EDDIE. I betcha there's plenty surprises sometimes when those guys get back there, heh?

MARCO. Surprises?

EDDIE. (Laughing.) I mean, you know—they count the kids and there's a couple extra than when they left?


RODOLPHO. It's more strict in our town. (Eddie looks at him now.) It's not so free.

EDDIE. (Rises, pacing up and down.) It ain't so free here either, Rodolpho, like you think. I seen greenhorns sometimes get in trouble that way—they think just because a girl don't go around with a shawl over her head that she ain't strict, y'know? Girl don't have to wear black dress to be strict. Know what I mean?

RODOLPHO. Well, I always have respect . . .

EDDIE. I know, but in your town you wouldn't just drag off some girl without permission, I mean. (Turns.) You know what I mean, Marco?—it ain't that much different here.

MARCO. (Cautiously.) Yes.

BEATRICE. Well, he didn't exactly drag her off though, Eddie.

EDDIE. I know, but I seen some of them get the wrong idea
sometimes. (To Rodolpho.) I mean it might be a little more true here but it’s just as strict.

RODOLPHO. I have respect for her, Eddie. I do anything wrong?

EDDIE. Look, kid, I ain’t her father, I’m only her uncle ...

BEATRICE. Well then, it’s an uncle then. (Eddie looks at her aware of her criticizing force.) I mean.

MARCO. No, Beatrice, if he does wrong you must tell him. (To Eddie.) What does he do wrong?

EDDIE. Well, Marco, till he came here she was never out on the street twelve o’clock at night.

MARCO. (To Rodolpho.) You come home early now.

BEATRICE. (To Catherine.) Well, you said the movie ended late, didn’t you?

CATHERINE. Yeah.

BEATRICE. Well, tell him, honey. (To Eddie.) The movie ended late.

EDDIE. Look, Bea, I’m just sayin’—he thinks she always stayed out like that.

MARCO. You come home early now, Rodolpho.

RODOLPHO. (Embarrassed.) All right, sure. But I can’t stay in the house all the time, Eddie ... 

EDDIE. Look, kid, I’m not only talkin’ about her. The more you run around like that the more chance you’re takin’. (To Beatrice.) I mean suppose he gets hit by a car or something. (To Marco.) Where’s his papers, who is he? Know what I mean?

BEATRICE. Yeah, but who is he in the daytime, though; it’s the same chance in the daytime.

EDDIE. (Holding back a voice full of anger.) Yeah, but he don’t have to go lookin’ for it, Beatrice. If he’s here to work, then he should work; if he’s here for a good time then he could fool around! (To Marco.) But I understood, Marco, that you was both comin’ to make a livin’ for your family. You understand me, don’t you, Marco? (Going to his rocker.)

MARCO. I beg your pardon, Eddie.

EDDIE. I mean, that’s what I understood in the first place, see.

MARCO. Yes. That’s why we came.

EDDIE. (Sits on his rocker.) Well, that’s all I’m askin’. (Eddie reads his paper. There is a pause, an awkwardness. Now Catherine gets up and puts a record on the phonograph.)
ing the issue and he is driven on.) I would be some place else. I would be like in a dress store. (He has bent the rolled paper and it suddenly tears in two. He suddenly gets up and pulls his pants up over his belly and goes to Marco.) What do you say, Marco, we go to the bouts next Saturday night. You never seen a fight, did you?

MARC0. (Uneasily.) Only in the moving pictures.

EDDIE. (Going to Rodolpho.) I'll treat yiz. What do you say, Danish?—you wanna come along? I'll buy the tickets.

RODOLPHO. Sure. I like to go.

CATHERINE. (Nervously happy now. Goes to Eddie.) I'll make some coffee, all right?

EDDIE. Go ahead, make some! Make it nice and strong. (Mystified, she smiles and exits to kitchen. He is weirdly elated, he is rubbing his fists into his palms. He strides to Marco.) You wait, Marco, you see some real fights here. You ever do any boxing?

MARC0. No, I never.

EDDIE. (To Rodolpho.) Betcha you have done some, heh?

RODOLPHO. No.

EDDIE. Well, come on, I'll teach you.

BEATRICE. What's he got to learn that for?

EDDIE. Ya can't tell, one a these days somebody's liable to step on his foot or sump'n. Come on, Rodolpho, I show you a couple a passes. (He stands below table.)

BEATRICE. Go ahead, Rodolpho—he's a good boxer, he could teach you.

RODOLPHO. (Embarrassed.) Well, I don't know how to...

(He moves down to Eddie.)

EDDIE. Just put your hands up. Like this, see? That's right. That's very good, keep your left up, because you lead with the left, see, like this... (Gently moves his left into Rodolpho's face.) See? Now what you gotta do is you gotta block me, so when I come in like that you... (Rodolpho parries his left.) Hey, that's very good! (Rodolpho laughs.) All right, now come into me. Come on.

RODOLPHO. I don't want to hit you, Eddie.

EDDIE. Don't pity me, come on. Throw it, I'll show you how to block it. (Rodolpho jabs at him laughing. The others join.) 'At's it. Come on again. For the jaw right here. (Rodolpho jabs with more assurance.) Very good!

BEATRICE. (To Marco.) He's very good.

EDDIE. (Crosses directly upstage of Rodolpho.) Sure, he's great! Come on, kid, put sump'n behind it, you can't hurt me. (Rodolpho, more seriously, jabs at Eddie's jaw and grazes it.) Aatta-boy. (Catherine comes from the kitchen, watches.) Now I'm gonna hit you, so block me, see?

CATHERINE. (With beginning alarm.) What are they doin'? (They are lightly boxing now.)

BEATRICE. (She senses only the comradelyship in it now.) He's teachin' him; he's very good!

EDDIE. Sure, he's terrific! Look at him go! (Rodolpho lands a blow.) 'At's it! Now, watch out, here I come, Danish! (He feints with his left hand and lands with his right. It mildly stagers Rodolpho. Marco rises.)

CATHERINE. (Rushing to Rodolpho.) Eddie!

EDDIE. Why? I didn't hurt him. Did I hurt you, kid? (Rubbing the back of his band across his mouth.)

RODOLPHO. No, no, he didn't hurt me. (To Eddie with a certain gleam and a smile.) I was only surprised.

BEATRICE. (Pulling Eddie down into the rocker.) That's enough, Eddie; he did pretty good, though.

EDDIE. Yeah. (Rubbing his fists together.) He could be very good, Marco. I'll teach him again. (Marco nods at him dubiously.)

RODOLPHO. Dance, Catherine. Come. (He takes her hand. They go to phonograph and start it. Puts on a record. Rodolpho takes her in his arms. They dance. Eddie, in thought, sits in his rocker, and Marco takes chair l. of table, places it in front of Eddie and looks down at it. Beatrice and Eddie watch him.)

MARC0. Can you lift this chair?

EDDIE. What do you mean?

MARC0. From here. (He gets on one knee with one hand behind his back, and grasps the bottom of one of the chair legs but does not raise it.)

EDDIE. Sure, why not? (He comes to the chair, kneels, grasps the leg, raises the chair one inch, but it leans over to the floor.) Gee, that's hard, I never knew that. (He tries again, and again fails.) It's on an angle, that's why, heh?

MARC0. Here. (He kneels, grasps, and with strain slowly raises the chair higher and higher, getting to his feet now.—And Rodol-
pho and Catherine have stopped dancing as Marco raises the 
chair over his head. He is face to face with Eddie, a strained ten-
tion gripping his eyes and jaw, his neck stiff, the chair raised like 
a weapon—and be transforms what might appear like a glare of 
warning into a smile of triumph, and Eddie's grin vanishes as be 
absorbs his look, as the curtain falls.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

LIGHT RISES on Alfieri at his desk.

ALFIERI. On the twenty-third of that December a case of Scotch 
whiskey slipped from a net while being unloaded—as a case of 
Scotch whiskey is inclined to do on the twenty-third of December 
on pier 41. There was no snow, but it was cold, his wife was out 
shopping. Marco was still at work. The boy had not been hired 
that day; Catherine told me later, that this was the first time they 
had been alone together in the house. (LIGHT is rising on Cath-
erine in the apartment. Rodolfo is watching as she arranges a 
paper pattern, on cloth spread on the table. There are Christmas 
decorations in the room.)

CATHARINE. You hungry?

RODOLPHO. Not for anything to eat. I have nearly three hun-
dred dollars. Catherine?

CATHARINE. I heard you.

RODOLPHO. You don't like to talk about it any more?

CATHARINE. Sure, I don't mind talkin' about it.

RODOLPHO. What worries you, Catherine?

CATHARINE. I been wantin' to ask you about something. Could 
I?

RODOLPHO. All the answers are in my eyes, Catherine. But you 
do n't look in my eyes lately. You're full of secrets. (She looks at 
birn. She seems withdrawn.) What is the question?

CATHARINE. Suppose I wanted to live in Italy.

RODOLPHO. (He smiles at the incongruity.) You going to marry 
somebody rich?

CATHARINE. No, I mean live there—you and me.

RODOLPHO. (His smile is vanishing.) When?

CATHARINE. Well... when we get married.

RODOLPHO. (Astonished.) You want to be an Italian?

CATHARINE. No, but I could live there without being Italian. 
Americans live there.
RODOLPHO. Forever?
CATHERINE. Yeah.
RODOLPHO. (Crosses to rocker.) You're fooling.
CATHERINE. (Follow to L. C.) No, I mean it.
RODOLPHO. Where do you get such an idea?
CATHERINE. Well, you're always saying it's so beautiful there, with the mountains and the ocean and all the . . .
RODOLPHO. You're fooling me.
CATHERINE. I mean it.
RODOLPHO. (Crosses to her slowly.) Catherine, if I ever brought you home with no money, no business, nothing, they would call the priest and the doctor and they would say Rodolpho is crazy.
CATHERINE, I know, but I think we would be happier there.
RODOLPHO. Happier! What would you eat? You can't cook the view!
CATHERINE. Maybe you could be a singer, like in Rome or . . .
RODOLPHO. Rome! Rome is full of singers.
CATHERINE. Well, I could work then.
RODOLPHO. Where?
CATHERINE. God, there must be jobs somewhere!
RODOLPHO. There's nothing! Nothing, nothing, nothing. Now tell me what you're talking about. How can I bring you from a rich country to suffer in a poor country? What are you talking about? (She searches for words.) I would be a criminal stealing your face. In two years you would have an old, hungry face. When my brother's babies cry they give them water, water that boiled a bone. Don't you believe that?
CATHERINE. (Quietly.) I'm afraid of Eddie here. (Slight pause.) RODOLPHO. (Steps closer to her.) We wouldn't live here. Once I am a citizen I could work anywhere and I would find better jobs and we would have a house, Catherine . . . If I were not afraid to be arrested I would start to be something wonderful here!
CATHERINE. (Steeling herself.) Tell me something. I mean just tell me, Rodolpho—Would you still want to do it if it turned out we had to go live in Italy? I mean just if it turned out that way.
RODOLPHO. This is your question or his question?
CATHERINE. I would like to know, Rodolpho. I mean it.
RODOLPHO. To go there with nothing.
CATHERINE. Yeah.
RODOLPHO. No. (She looks at him wide-eyed.) No.
I know a lot more than people think I know. Beatrice says to be a woman, but . . .

RODOLPHO. Yes.

CATHERINE. Then why don't she be a woman?! If I was a wife I would make a man happy instead of goin' at him all the time. I can tell a block away when he's blue in his mind and just wants to talk to somebody quiet and nice. . . . I can tell when he's hungry or wants a beer before he even says anything. I know when his feet hurt him, I mean I know him and now I'm supposed to turn around and make a stranger out of him? I don't know why I have to do that, I mean . . .

RODOLPHO. Catherine. If I take in my hands a little bird. And she grows and wishes to fly. But I will not let her out of my hands because I love her so much, is that right for me to do? I don't say you must hate him; but anyway you must go, mustn't you? Catherine?

CATHERINE. (Softly.) Hold me.

RODOLPHO. (He clasps her to him.) Oh, my little girl.

CATHERINE. Teach me. (She is weeping.) I don't know anything, teach me, Rodolpho, hold me.

RODOLPHO. There's nobody here now. Come inside. Come. (He is leading her toward the bedrooms.) And don't cry any more. (The light rises on the street. In a moment Eddie appears. He is unsteady, drunk. He mounts the stairs. He enters the apartment, looks around, takes out a bottle from one pocket, puts it on the table. Then another bottle from another pocket, and a third from an inside pocket. He sees the pattern and cloth, goes over to it, and touches it, and turns toward upstairs.)

EDDIE. Beatrice? (He goes to the open kitchen door and looks in.) Beatrice? Beatrice? (Catherine enters from bedroom, under his gaze she adjusts her dress.)

CATHERINE. You got home early.

EDDIE. Knocked off for Christmas early. (Indicating the pattern.) Rodolpho makin' you a dress?

CATHERINE. No. I'm makin' a blouse. (Rodolpho appears in the bedroom doorway. Eddie sees him and his arm jerks slightly in shock. Rodolpho nods to him testily.)

RODOLPHO. Beatrice went to buy presents for her mother. (Pause.)

EDDIE. Pack it up. Go ahead. Get your stuff and get outa here.

(Catherine walks toward the bedroom, and Eddie grabs her arm.)

WHERE YOU GOIN'? CATH. (She is trembling with fright.) I think I have to get out of here, Eddie.

EDDIE. No, you ain't goin' nowhere, he's the one.

CATH. I think I can't stay here no more. (She frees her arm, steps back toward the bedroom.) I'm sorry, Eddie. (She sees the tears in her eyes.) Well, don't cry. I'll be around the neighborhood; I'll see you. I just can't stay here no more. You know I can't. (Her sobs of pity and love for him break her composure.) Don't you know I can't? You know that, don't you? (She goes to him.) Wish me luck. (She clasps her hands prayerfully.) Oh, Eddie, don't be like that!

EDDIE. You ain't goin' nowhere.

CATH. Eddie, I'm not gonna be a baby any more! You . . . (He reaches out suddenly, draws her to him and as she strives to free herself he kisses her on the mouth.)

RODOLPHO. Don't! (He pulls on Eddie's arm.) Stop that! Have respect for her!

EDDIE. (Spun round by Rodolpho.) You want something?

RODOLPHO. Yes! She'll be my wife. That is what I want. My wife!

EDDIE. But what're you gonna be?

RODOLPHO. I show you what I be!

CATHERINE. Wait outside; don't argue with him . . . !

EDDIE. Come on, show me! What're you gonna be! Show me!

RODOLPHO. (With tears of rage.) Don't say that to me! (Rodolpho flies at him in attack. Eddie pins his arms, laughing, and suddenly kisses him.)

CATHERINE. Eddie! Let go, ya hear me! I'll kill you! Leggo of him! (She tears at Eddie's face and Eddie releases Rodolpho, and Eddie staggers, tears rolling down his face as he laughs mockingly at Rodolpho. She is staring at him in horror, her breasts heaving. Rodolpho is rigid—they are like animals that have torn at one another and broken up without a decision, each waiting for the other's mood.)

EDDIE. (To Catherine.) You see? (To Rodolpho.) I give you till tomorrow, kid. Get outa here. Alone. You hear me? Alone. (He sprawls on a chair and leans over the table.)
CATHERINE. I'm goin' with him, Eddie. (She starts for RODOLFO.)

EDDIE. (Indicating Rodolfo with his head.) Not with that. (She is halted by his wild look.) Don't make me do nuttin', Catherine. (He moves unsteadily toward the door, always facing Rodolfo.) Watch your step, submarine. By rights they oughta throw you back in the water. But I got pitty for you. Just get outa here and don't lay another hand on her unless you wanna go out feet first. (He goes out of the apartment. THE LIGHTS GO DOWN, as they RISE on Alfieri.)

ALFIERI. On December twenty-seventh I saw him next. I normally go home well before six, but that day I sat around looking out my window at the bay, and when I saw him walking through my doorway, I knew why I had waited. And if I seem to tell this like a dream, it was that way. Several moments arrived in the course of the two talks we had when it occurred to me how—almost transfixed I had come to feel. I had lost my strength somewhere. (Eddie enters down r. ramp, removing his cap, sits on stool by desk, looks thoughtfully out.) I looked in his eyes more than I listened—in fact, I can hardly remember the conversation. But I will never forget how dark the room became when he looked at me; his eyes were like tunnels. I kept wanting to call the police, but nothing had happened. Nothing at all had really happened . . . (He breaks off and looks down at the desk. Then he turns to Eddie.) So in other words, he won't leave?

EDDIE. My wife is talkin' about renting a room upstairs for them. An old lady on the top floor is got an empty room.

ALFIERI. What does Marco say?

EDDIE. He just sits there. Marco don't say much.

ALFIERI. I guess they didn't tell him, heh?—what happened?

EDDIE. I don't know; Marco don't say much.

ALFIERI. What does your wife say?

EDDIE. (Unwilling to pursue this.) Nobody's talkin' much in the house. . . . So what about that?

ALFIERI. But you didn't prove anything about him. It sounds like he just wasn't strong enough to break your grip. . . .

EDDIE. I'm tellin' you I know—he ain't right. Somebody that don't want it can break it. Even a mouse, if you catch a teeny mouse and you hold it in your hand, that mouse can give you the right kind of fight. He didn't give me the right kind of fight, I know it, Mr. Alfieri, the guy ain't right.

ALFIERI. . . . What did you do that for, Eddie?

EDDIE. To show her what he is!—so she would see, once and for all! Her mother'll turn over in the grave . . . ! (He gathers himself almost peremptorily.) So what do I gotta do now? Tell me what to do.

ALFIERI. She actually said she's marrying him?

EDDIE. She told me, yeah. So what do I do?

ALFIERI. (Slight pause.) This is my last word, Eddie, take it or not, that's your business. Morally and legally you have no rights, you cannot stop it; she is a free agent.

EDDIE. (He is angering.) Didn't you hear what I told you?

ALFIERI. (With a tougher tone.) I heard what you told me, and I'm telling you what the answer is. I'm not only telling you now, I'm warning you—the law is nature. The law is only a word for what has a right to happen. When the law is wrong it's because it's unnatural, but in this case it is natural and a river will drown you if you buck it now. Let her go. And bless her. (A phone booth begins to glow on the opposite side of the stage d. l.; a faint, lonely blue. Eddie stands up, jaws clenched.) Somebody had to come for her, Eddie, sooner or later. (Eddie starts turning to go and Alfieri rises with new anxiety.) You won't have a friend in the world, Eddie! Even those who understand will turn against01(195,564),(292,601) you, even the ones who feel the same will despise you! (Eddie moves off up ramp and off up r.) Put it out of your mind! Eddie! (Eddie is gone. The phone is glowing in light now. Light is out on Alfieri. Eddie has at the same time appeared beside the phone booth from off l.)

EDDIE. Give me the number of the Immigration Bureau. Thanks. (He dials.) I want to report something. Illegal immigrants. Two of them. That's right. 441 Saxen Street, Brooklyn, yeah. Ground floor. Heh? (With greater difficulty.) I'm just around the neighborhood, that's all. Heh? (Evidently he is questioned further, and he slowly hangs up. He leaves the phone just as Louis and Mike come down the street l.)

LOUIS. Go bowlin', Eddie?

EDDIE. No, I'm due home.

LOUIS. Well, take it easy.

EDDIE. I'll see y'alls. (They leave him, exiting r. and he watches
them go. He glances about, then goes up into the house. The lights go on in the apartment. Beatrice is taking down Christmas decorations and packing them in a box.) Where is everybody? (Beatrice does not answer.) I says where is everybody?
BEATRICE. (She looks up at him, wearied with it, and concealing a fear of him.) I decided to move them upstairs with Mrs. Dondero. (Eddie puts his jacket on top of phonograph.)
EDDIE. Oh, they're all moved up there already?
BEATRICE. Yeah.
EDDIE. Where's Catherine—she up there?
BEATRICE. Only to bring pillow cases.
EDDIE. She ain't movin' in with them.
BEATRICE. Look, I'm sick and tired of it. I'm sick and tired of it!
EDDIE. All right, all right, take it easy . . .
BEATRICE. I don't wanna hear no more about it, you understand? Nothin'!
EDDIE. What're you blowin' off about? Who brought them in here?
BEATRICE. All right, I'm sorry; I wish I'd a drop dead before I told them to come. In the ground I wish I was.
EDDIE. Don't drop dead, just keep in mind who brought them in here, that's all. (He moves about restlessly.) I mean I got a couple of rights here. (He moves, wanting to beat down her evident disapproval of him.) This is my house here not their house.
BEATRICE. What do you want from me? They're moved out; what do you want now?
EDDIE. I want my respect!
BEATRICE. So I moved them out, what more do you want? You got your house now, you got your respect.
EDDIE. (He moves about biting his lip.) I don't like the way you talk to me, Beatrice.
BEATRICE. I'm just tellin' you I done what you want!
EDDIE. I don't like it! The way you talk to me and the way you look at me. This is my house. And she is my niece and I'm responsible for her.
BEATRICE. So that's why you done that to him?
EDDIE. I done what to him?
BEATRICE. What you done to him in front of her; you know what I'm talkin' about. She goes around shakin' all the time, she can't go to sleep—that's what you call responsible for her?
EDDIE. (He sits in rocker. Quietly.) The guy ain't right, Beatrice. (She is silent.) Did you hear what I said?
BEATRICE. Look, I'm finished with it. That's all. (She resumes her work. Eddie rises.)
EDDIE. (He helps her pack the tinsel.) I'm gonna have it out with you one of these days, Beatrice.
BEATRICE. Nothin' to have out with me, it's all settled. Now we gonna be like it never happened, that's all.
EDDIE. I want my respect, Beatrice, and you know what I'm talkin' about.
BEATRICE. What?
EDDIE. (Pause. Finally his resolution hardens.) What I feel like doin' in the bed and what I don't feel like doin'. I don't want no . . .
BEATRICE. When'd I say anything about that?
EDDIE. You said, you said, I ain't deaf. I don't want no more conversations about that, Beatrice. I do what I feel like doin' or what I don't feel like doin'.
BEATRICE. Okay.
EDDIE. (Pause.) You used to be different, Beatrice. You had a whole different way.
BEATRICE. I'm no different.
EDDIE. You didn't used to jump me all the time about everything. The last year or two I come in the house I don't know what's gonna hit me. It's a shootin' gallery in here and I'm the pigeon.
BEATRICE. Okay, okay.
EDDIE. Don't tell me okay, okay, I'm tellin' you the truth. A wife is supposed to believe the husband. If I tell you that guy ain't right don't tell me he is right.
BEATRICE. But how do you know?
EDDIE. Because I know. I don't go around makin' accusations. He give me the heebie jeebies the first minute I seen him. And I don't like you sayin' I don't want her marryin' anybody. I broke my back payin' her stenography lessons so she could go out and meet a better class of people. Would I do that if I didn't want her to get married? Sometimes you talk like I was a crazy man or sump'n.
BEATRICE. But she likes him.
EDDIE. Beatrice, she's a baby, how is she gonna know what she likes?
BEATRICE. Well, you kept her a baby, you wouldn't let her go out. I told you a hundred times.
EDDIE. All right... let her go out then.
BEATRICE. She don't wanna go out now. It's too late, Eddie. (Pause.)
EDDIE. Suppose I told her to go out. Suppose I... 
BEATRICE. They're going to get married next week, Eddie.
EDDIE. (His head jerks around to her.) She said that?
BEATRICE. Eddie, if you want my advice, go to her and tell her good luck. I think maybe now that you had it out you learned better.
EDDIE. What's the hurry next week?
BEATRICE. Well, she's been worried about him bein' picked up; this way he could start to be a citizen. She loves him, Eddie. (He moves about uneasily, restlessly.) Why don't you give her a good word? Because I still think she would like you to be a friend, y'know? (He is standing, looking at the floor.) I mean like if you told her you'd go to the wedding.
EDDIE. She asked you that?
BEATRICE. I know she would like it. I'd like to make a party here for her. I mean there oughta be some kinda send-off. Heh? I mean she'll have trouble enough in her life, let's start it off happy. What do you say? 'Cause in her heart she still loves you, Eddie. I know it. (He presses his fingers against his eyes.) What're you cryin'? (She goes to him, holds his face.) Go... whyn't you go tell her you're sorry? (Catherine is seen on the upper landing of the stairway, and they hear her descending.) There... she's comin' down. Come on, shake hands with her.
EDDIE. (Moving with suppressed suddenness.) No, I can't. I can't talk to her.
BEATRICE. Eddie, give her a break; a wedding should be happy!
EDDIE. I'm goin', I'm goin' for a walk. (He goes upstage for his jacket. Catherine enters and starts for the bedroom door.)
BEATRICE. Katie?... Eddie, don't go, wait a minute. (She embraces Eddie's arm with warmth.) Ask him, Katie. Come on, honey.
EDDIE. Catherine! (She halts near the exit door. He takes in Beatrice too.) What're you, got no brains? You put them up there with two other submarines?

CATHERINE. Why?

EDDIE. (In a driving fright and anger.) Why! How do you know they're not trackin' these guys; they'll come up for them and find Marco and Rudolpho! Get them out of the house!

BEATRICE. But they been here so long already...

EDDIE. How do you know what enemies Lipari's got? Which they'd love to stab him in the back?

CATTERINE. Well, what'll I do with them?

EDDIE. The neighborhood is full of rooms, can't you stand to live a couple of blocks away from him? Get them out of the house!

CATHERINE. Well, maybe tomorrow night I'll... .

EDDIE. Not tomorrow, do it now. Catherine, you never mix yourself with somebody else's family! These guys get picked up, Lipari's liable to blame you or me and we got his whole family on our head. They got a temper, that family. (Two men in overcoats appear outside u. l., come down ramp, start into the house.)

CATHERINE. How'm I gonna find a place tonight?

EDDIE. Will you stop arguin' with me and get them out? You think I'm always tryin' to fool you or sump'n? What's the matter with you, don't you believe I could think of your good? Did I ever ask sump'n for myself? You think I got no feelin's? I never told you nothin' in my life that wasn't for your good. Nothin'! And look at the way you talk to me! Like I was an enemy! Like I—— (A knock on the door. His head swerves. They all stand motionless. Another knock. Eddie, in a whisper, pointing upstage.) Go up the fire escape, get them out over the back fence. (Catherine stands motionless, uncomprehending.)

1ST OFFICER. (In the bull.) Immigration! Open up in there!

EDDIE. Go, go. Hurry up! (She stands a moment staring at him in a realized horror.) Well, what're you lookin' at!!

1ST OFFICER. Open up!

EDDIE. (Calling toward door.) Who's that there?

1ST OFFICER. Immigration, open up. (Eddie turns. Looks at Beatrice—she sits—then he looks at Catherine. With a sob of fury Catherine streaks into bedroom.)

EDDIE. (Knock repeated.) All right, take it easy, take it easy. (He goes and opens the door. The officer steps inside.) What's all this?

1ST OFFICER. Where are they? (2nd Officer sweeps past and glancing about, goes into the kitchen.)

EDDIE. Where's who?

1ST OFFICER. Come on, come on, where are they? (He hurries into the bedrooms.)

EDDIE. Who? We got nobody here. (He looks at Beatrice who turns her head away. Pugnaciously, furious, he steps toward Beatrice.) What's the matter with you? (1st Officer enters from the bedroom, calls to the kitchen.)

1ST OFFICER. Dominick? (Enter 2nd Officer from kitchen.)

2ND OFFICER. Maybe it's a different apartment.

1ST OFFICER. There's only two more floors up there. I'll take the front, you go up the fire escape. I'll let you in. Watch your step up there.

2ND OFFICER. Okay, right, Charley. (1st Officer goes out apartment door and runs up the stairs.) This is 441, isn't it?

EDDIE. That's right. (2nd Officer goes out into the kitchen. Eddie turns to Beatrice. She looks at him now and sees his terror, and weakened with fear she says.)

BEATRICE. Oh, Jesus, Eddie.

EDDIE. What's the matter with you? (She presses her palms against her face.)

BEATRICE. Oh, my God, my God.

EDDIE. What're you, accusin' me?

BEATRICE. (Her final thrust is to turn toward him instead of running from him.) My God, what did you do? (Police whistle is heard. Many steps on the outer stair draw his attention. We see the 1st Officer descending with Marco, behind him Rodolpho, and Catherine and two strange men, followed by 2nd Officer, and neighbors. Beatrice hurries to door.)

CATHERINE. (Barking down stairs, fighting with 1st Officer. As they appear on the stairs.) What do yiz want from them? They work, that's all. They're boarders upstairs, they work on the piers.

BEATRICE. (To 1st Officer.) Ah, Mister, what do you want from them, who do they hurt?

CATHERINE. (Pointing to Rodolpho.) They ain't no submarines, he was born in Philadelphia.

1ST OFFICER. Step aside, lady . . .

CATHERINE. What do you mean? You can't just come in a house and . . .
1ST OFFICER. All right, take it easy. (To Rodolpho.) What street were you born in Philadelphia?
CATHERINE. What do you mean, what street? Could you tell me what street you were born?
1ST OFFICER. Sure. Four blocks away, 111 Union Street. Let's go, fellas.
CATHERINE. (Fending him off Rodolpho.) No, you can't! Now, get outa here . . . !
1ST OFFICER. Look, girlie, if they're all right they'll be out tomorrow. If they're illegal they go back where they came from. If you want, get yourself a lawyer, although I'm tellin' you now you're wasting your money. Let's get them in the car, Dom. (To the men.) Andiamo, Andiamo, let's go. (The men start, but Marco hangs back.)
BEATRICE. (From doorway.) Who're they hurtin', for God's sake, what do you want from them? They're starvin' over there, what do you want! Marco! (Marco suddenly breaks from the group and dashes into the room and faces Eddie, and Beatrice and 1st Officer rush in as Marco spits into Eddie's face. Catherine rushes into hallway and throws herself into Rodolpho's arms. Eddie, with an enraged cry lunges for Marco.)
EDDIE. Oh, you mother's . . . ! (1st Officer quickly intercedes and pushes Eddie from Marco who stands there accusingly.)
1ST OFFICER. (Between them, pushing Eddie from Marco.) Cut it out!
EDDIE. (Over the 1st Officer's shoulder to Marco.) I'll kill you for that, you son of a bitch!
1ST OFFICER. Hey! (Shakes him.) Stay in here now, don't come out, don't bother him. You hear me?—don't come out, fella. (For an instant there is silence. Then 1st Officer turns and takes Marco's arm and then gives a last, informative look at Eddie, and as he and Marco are going out into the hall, Eddie erupts.)
EDDIE. I don't forget that, Marco! You hear what I'm sayin'?!
(Out in the hall, 1st Officer and Marco go down the stairs. Now, in the street from L., Louis, Mike and several neighbors including the butcher, Lipari, a stout, intense, middle-aged man, and his wife, are gathering around the stoop. Lipari, the butcher, walks over to the two strange men and kisses them. His wife, keening, goes and kisses their hands. Eddie is emerging from the house shouting after Marco. Beatrice is trying to restrain him.)

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the thanks I get—which I took the blankets off my bed for yiz? You gonna apologize to me, Marco! MARCO!
1ST OFFICER. (In the doorway with Marco.) All right, lady, let them go. Get in the car, fellas, it's right over there. (Rodolpho is almost carrying the sobbing Catherine off up the street L.)
CATHERINE. He was born in Philadelphia! What do you want from him!
1ST OFFICER. Step aside, lady, come on now . . .
MARCO. (The 2nd Officer has moved off with the two strange men. Marco, suddenly, taking advantage of the 1st Officer's being occupied with Catherine, frees himself and points back at Eddie.)
That one! I accuse that one! (Eddie brushes Beatrice aside and rushes out to the stoop.)
1ST OFFICER. (Grabbing him and moving him quickly off up the L. street.) Come on!
MARCO. (As he is taken off, pointing back at Eddie.) That one! He killed my children! That one stole the food from my children! (Marco is gone. The crowd has turned to Eddie.)
EDDIE. (To Lipari and wife.) He's crazy! I give them the blankets off my bed! Six months I kept them like my own brothers! (Lipari, the butcher, turns and starts up L. with his arm around his wife.)
Lipari! (He follows Lipari up L.) For Christ's sake, I kept them, I give them the blankets off my bed! (Lipari and wife exit u. L. Eddie turns and starts crossing D. R. to Louis and Mike.) Louis! LOUIS! (Louis barely turns, then walks off and exits D. R. with Mike. Only Beatrice is left on the stoop . . . and Catherine now returns, blank-eyed, from offstage u. L. and the car. Eddie calls after Louis and Mike.) He's gonna take that back. He's gonna take that back or I'll kill him! You hear me? I'll kill him! I'll kill him! (He exits up street u. L. calling. There is a pause of darkness before the LIGHTS rise, on the reception room of a prison at L.)
There are 3 wooden cubes—Marco sits d. s., Alfieri stands behind him and Catherine and Rodolpho stand to L. of him, Marco is seated, Alfieri, Catherine and Rodolpho standing.)
ALFIERI. I'm waiting, Marco, what do you say?
RODOLPHO. Marco never hurt anybody.
ALFIERI. I can bail you out until your hearing comes up. But I'm not going to do it, you understand me?—Unless I have your promise. You're an honorable man, I will believe your promise. Now what do you say?
MARCO. In my country he would be dead now. He would not live this long.
ALFIERI. All right, Rodolpho—you come with me now.
RODOLPHO. No! Please, Mister, Marco ... Promise the man. Please, I want you to watch the wedding. How can I be married and you're in here? Please, you're not going to do anything; you know you're not. (Marco is silent.)
CATHERINE. (Kneels l. of Marco.) Marco, don't you understand? He can't bail you out if you're gonna do something bad. To hell with Eddie. Nobody is gonna talk to him again if he lives to a hundred. Everybody knows you spit in his face, that's enough, isn't it? Give me the satisfaction—I want you at the wedding. You got a wife and kids, Marco—you could be workin' till the hearing comes up, instead of layin' around here.
MARCO. (To Alfieri.) I have no chance?
ALFIERI. (Crosses v. to behind Marco.) No, Marco. You're going back. The hearing is a formality, that's all.
MARCO. But him?—there is a chance, eh?
ALFIERI. When she marries him he can start to become an American. They permit that, if the wife is born here.
MARCO. (Looks at Rodolpho.) Well—we did something. (He leaves a palm on Rodolpho's arm and Rodolpho covers it)
RODOLPHO. Marco, tell the man.
MARCO. (Pulls his band away.) What will I tell him? He knows such a promise is dishonorable.
ALFIERI. To promise not to kill is not dishonorable.
MARCO. (Looks at Alfieri.) No?
ALFIERI. No.
MARCO. (He gestures with his head—that this is a new idea.) Then what is done with such a man?
ALFIERI. Nothing. If he obeys the law, he lives. That's all.
MARCO. (Rises—turns to Alfieri.) The law? All the law is not in a book.
ALFIERI. Yes. In a book. There is no other law.
MARCO. (His anger is rising.) He degraded my brother. My blood. He robbed my children, he mocks my work. I work to come here, Mister!
ALFIERI. I know, Marco ... MARCO. There is no law for that?! Where is the law for that?
ALFIERI. There is none.
you know the way they get, what good is it! You got nothin' against Marco, you always liked Marco!

EDDIE. I got nothin' against Marco?—which he called me a rat in front of the whole neighborhood? Which he said I killed his children! Where you been?!

RODOLPHO. (Quite suddenly, stepping up to Eddie.) It is my fault, Eddie. Everything. I wish to apologize. It was wrong that I do not ask your permission. I kiss your hand. (He reaches for Eddie's hand, but Eddie snaps it away from him.)

BEATRICE. Eddie, he's apologizing!

RODOLPHO. I have made all our troubles. But you have insult me too. Maybe God understand why you did that to me. Maybe you did not mean to insult me at all . . .

BEATRICE. Listen to him! Eddie, listen what he's tellin' you!

RODOLPHO. I think, maybe when Marco comes, if we can tell him we are comrades now, and we have no more argument between us—then maybe Marco will not . . .

EDDIE. Now, listen . . .

CATHERINE. Eddie, give him a chance!

BEATRICE. What do you want! Eddie, what do you want!

EDDIE. I want my name! He didn't take my name; he's only a punk. Marco's got my name . . . (To Rodolpho.) and you can tell him, kid, that he's gonna give it back to me in front of this neighborhood, or we have it out —— (Hoisting up his pants.) Come on, where is he? Take me to him.

BEATRICE. Eddie, listen . . .

EDDIE. I heard enough! Come on, let's go!

BEATRICE. Only blood is good? He kissed your hand!

EDDIE. What he does don't mean nothin' to nobody! (To Rodolpho.) Come on!

BEATRICE. (She bars his way to the stairs.) What's gonna mean somethin'? Eddie, listen to me. . . . Who could give you your name? Listen to me, I love you, I'm talkin' to you, I love you; if Marco'll kiss your hand outside, if he goes on his knees, what is he got to give you? That's not what you want.

EDDIE. Don't bother me!

BEATRICE. You want somethin' else, Eddie, and you can never have her!

CATHERINE. (In horror.) Bea!

EDDIE. (Shocked, horrified, his fists clenched.) Beatrice! (Marco
appears outside, walking toward the door from a distant point u. l.)
BEATRICE. (Crying out, weeping.) The truth is not as bad as blood, Eddie! I'm tellin' you the truth—tell her good-bye forever!
EDDIE. (Crying out in agony.) That's what you think of me?—that I would have such a thought? (His fists clench his head as though it will burst.)
MARCO. (Calling near the door outside.) Eddie Carbone! (Eddie swerves about, all stand transfixed for an instant. People appear outside.)
EDDIE. (As though fawning his challenge.) Yeah, Marco! Eddie Carbone. Eddie Carbone. (He starts up the stairs. He emerges from the apartment. Rodolfo streaks up and out past him and runs to Marco.)
RODOLPHO. No, Marco, please! Eddie, please, he has children! You will kill a family!
BEATRICE. Go in the house! Eddie, go in the house!
EDDIE. (He gradually comes to address the people.) Maybe he come to apologize to me. Heh, Marco? For what you said about me in front of the neighborhood? (He is incensing himself and little bits of laughter even escape him as his eyes are murderous and he cracks his knuckles in his hands with a strange sort of relaxation.) He knows that ain't right. To do like that? To a man? Which I put my roof over their head and my food in their mouth? Like in the Bible? Strangers I never seen in my whole life? To come out of the water and grab a girl for a passport? To go and take from your own family like from the stable—and never a word to me? And now accusations in the bargain! (Directly to Marco.) Wipin' the neighborhood with my name like a dirty rag! I want my name, Marco . . . (He is moving now, carefully, toward Marco.) now gimme my name and we go together to the wedding.
BEATRICE and CATHERINE. (They are keening.) Eddie! Eddie, don't! Eddie!
EDDIE. No, Marco knows what's right from wrong. Tell the people, Marco, tell them what a liar you are! (He has his arms spread and Marco is spreading his.) Come on, liar, you know what you done! (He lunges for Marco as a great hunched shout goes up from the people.)
MARCO. (He strikes Eddie beside the neck.) Animal! You go on your knees to me! (Eddie goes down with the blow and Marco starts to raise a foot to stomp him when Eddie springs a knife into his hand and Marco steps back. Louis rushes in toward Eddie.)
LOUIS. Eddie, for Christ's sake!
EDDIE. (He raises the knife and Louis halts and steps back.) You lied about me, Marco. Now say it. Come on now, say it!
MARCO. Anima-a-al! (Eddie lunges with the knife. Marco grabs his arm, turning the blade inward and pressing it home as the women and Louis and Mike rush in and separate them, and Eddie, the knife still in his hand, falls to his knees before Marco. The two women support him for a moment, calling his name again and again.)
CATHERINE. Eddie, I never meant to do nothing bad to you.
EDDIE. Then why . . . Oh, Bea!
BEATRICE. Yes, yes!
EDDIE. My Bea . . . ! (He dies in her arms, and Beatrice covers him with her body. Alfieri, who is in the crowd, turns out to the audience. The lights have gone down leaving him in a glow, while behind him the dull prayers of the people and the keening of the women continue.)
ALFIERI. Most of the time now we settle for half and I like it better. But the Truth is holy, and even as I know how wrong he was, and his death useless, I tremble—for I confess that something perversely pure calls to me from his memory—not purely good, but himself purely, for he allowed himself to be wholly known and for that I think I will love him more than all my sensible clients. And yet, it is better to settle for half, it must be! And so I mourn him—I admit it—with a certain . . . alarm.

CURTAIN