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?

MARCO. *(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?

MARCO. 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.)* Attaboy. *(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 comradeship 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 staggers 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 hand 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.)*

MARCO. Can you lift this chair?

EDDIE. What do you mean?

MARCO. 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?

MARCO. Here. *(He kneels, grasps, and with strain slowly raises the chair higher and higher, getting to his feet now.—And Rodol-*

Side 10 Marco