SIDE 3

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.

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

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

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

CATHERINE. You like sugar?

RODOLPHO. 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.*)

START

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 heeby-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 good-lookin' 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'm.

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'm? (*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? 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 her 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 down* 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 allatime.
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 nutt'n.
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 exackly 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.