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.

End #4

MIKE. If you wanna come bowlin' later we're goin' Flatbush Avenue. (*Laughing, they move* L. *to exit up street—meeting Rodolpho and Catherine coming down ramp* U. L. *Their laughter rises as they see Rodolpho 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 Rodolpho.*) 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 Rodolpho.*) 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, Rodolpho, 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? (*Rodolpho 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.)

START #5

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. (*She looks down.*) 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.