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 hits 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.

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—them 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!

End #5

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 flowing 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* U. L. *Catherine starts into a bedroom.*) Listen, Catherine. (*Catherine halts, 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

START #6