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

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, Bea! . . . 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, heh?
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 Alfieri. LIGHT RISES on Alfieri, 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 hand, looking out.*) but soon I saw it was only a passion that had moved into his body, like a stranger. (*Alfieri 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. Alfieri!*
ALFIERI. Eddie, even if you could prove that . . .