START SIDE 8

them go. He glances about, then goes up into the house. The lights go on in the apartment. Beatrice is taking down Christmas decorations and packing them in a box.) Where is everybody? (*Beatrice does not answer.*) I says where is everybody?

BEATRICE. (*She looks up at him, wearied with it, and concealing a fear of him.*) I decided to move them upstairs with Mrs. Dondero. (*Eddie puts his jacket on top of phonograph.*)

EDDIE. Oh, they're all moved up there already?

BEATRICE. Yeah.

EDDIE. Where's Catherine—she up there?

BEATRICE. Only to bring pillow cases.

EDDIE. She ain't movin' in with them.

BEATRICE. Look, I'm sick and tired of it. I'm sick and tired of it!

EDDIE. All right, all right, take it easy . . .

BEATRICE. I don't wanna hear no more about it, you understand? Nothin'!

EDDIE. What're you blowin' off about? Who brought them in here?

BEATRICE. All right, I'm sorry; I wish I'd a drop dead before I told them to come. In the ground I wish I was.

EDDE. Don't drop dead, just keep in mind who brought them in here, that's all. (*He moves about restlessly.*) I mean I got a couple of rights here. (*He moves, wanting to beat down her evident disapproval of him.*) This is my house here not their house.

BEATRICE. What do you want from me? They're moved out; what do you want now?

EDDIE. I want my respect!

BEATRICE. So I moved them out, what more do you want? You got your house now, you got your respect.

EDDIE. (*He moves about biting his lip.*) I don't like the way you talk to me, Beatrice.

BEATRICE. I'm just tellin' you I done what you want!

EDDIE. I don't like it! The way you talk to me and the way you look at me. This is my house. And she is my niece and I'm responsible for her.

BEATRICE. So that's why you done that to him?

EDDIE. I done what to him?

BEATRICE. What you done to him in front of her; you know

what I'm talkin' about. She goes around shakin' all the time, she can't go to sleep!—that's what you call responsible for her?

EDDIE. (*He sits in rocker. Quietly.*) The guy ain't right, Beatrice. (*She is silent.*) Did you hear what I said?

BEATRICE. Look, I'm finished with it. That's all. (*She resumes her work. Eddie rises.*)

EDDIE. (*He helps her pack the tinsel.*) I'm gonna have it out with you one of these days, Beatrice.

BEATRICE. Nothin' to have out with me, it's all settled. Now we gonna be like it never happened, that's all.

END #8

EDDIE. I want my respect, Beatrice, and you know what I'm talkin' about.

BEATRICE. What?

EDDIE. (*Pause. Finally his resolution hardens.*) What I feel like doin' in the bed and what I don't feel like doin'. I don't want no . . .

BEATRICE. When'd I say anything about that?

EDDIE. You said, you said, I ain't deaf. I don't want no more conversations about that, Beatrice. I do what I feel like doin' or what I don't feel like doin'.

BEATRICE. Okay.

EDDIE. (*Pause.*) You used to be different, Beatrice. You had a whole different way.

BEATRICE. *I'm* no different.

EDDIE. You didn't used to jump me all the time about everything. The last year or two I come in the house I don't know what's gonna hit me. It's a shootin' gallery in here and I'm the pigeon.

BEATRICE. Okay, okay.

EDDIE. Don't tell me okay, okay, I'm tellin' you the truth. A wife is supposed to believe the husband. If I tell you that guy ain't right don't tell me he is right.

BEATRICE. But how do you know?

EDDIE. Because I know. I don't go around makin' accusations. He give me the heeby jeebies the first minute I seen him. And I don't like you sayin' I don't want her marryin' anybody. I broke my back payin' her stenography lessons so she could go out and meet a better class of people. Would I do that if I didn't want her to get married? Sometimes you talk like I was a crazy man or sump'n.