1ST OFFICER. All right, take it easy. (*To Rodolpho.*) What street were you born in Philadelphia?
CATHERINE. What do you mean, what street? Could you tell me what street you were born?
1ST OFFICER. Sure. Four blocks away, 111 Union Street. Let's go, fellas.
CATHERINE. (*Fending him off Rodolpho.*) No, you can't! Now, get outa here . . . !
1ST OFFICER. Look, girlie, if they're all right they'll be out tomorrow. If they're illegal they go back where they came from. If you want, get yourself a lawyer, although I'm tellin' you now you're wasting your money. Let's get them in the car, Dom. (*To the men.*) Andiamo, Andiamo, let's go. (*The men start, but Marco bangs back.*)
BEATRICE. (*From doorway.*) Who're they hurtin', for God's sake, what do you want from them? They're starvin' over there, what do you want! Marco! (*Marco suddenly breaks from the group and dashes into the room and faces Eddie, and Beatrice and 1st Officer rush in as Marco spits into Eddie's face. Catherine runs into hallway and throws herself into Rodolpho's arms. Eddie, with an enraged cry lunges for Marco.*)
EDDIE. Oh, you mother's . . . ! (*1st Officer quickly intercedes and pushes Eddie from Marco who stands there accusingly.*)
1ST OFFICER. (*Between them, pushing Eddie from Marco.*) Cut it out!
EDDIE. (*Over the 1st Officer's shoulder to Marco.*) I'll kill you for that, you son of a bitch!
1ST OFFICER. Hey! (*Shakes him.*) Stay in here now, don't come out, don't bother him. You hear me?—don't come out, fella. (*For an instant there is silence. Then 1st Officer turns and takes Marco's arm and then gives a last, informative look at Eddie, and as he and Marco are going out into the hall, Eddie erupts.*)
EDDIE. I don't forget that, Marco! You hear what I'm sayin'?! (*Out in the hall, 1st Officer and Marco go down the stairs. Now, in the street from* L., *Louis, Mike and several neighbors including the butcher, Lipari, a stout, intense, middle-aged man, and his wife, are gathering around the stoop. Lipari, the butcher, walks over to the two strange men and kisses them. His wife, keening, gos and kisses their hands. Eddie is emerging from the house shouting after Marco. Beatrice is trying to restrain him.*) That's

the thanks I get?—which I took the blankets off my bed for yiz? You gonna apologize to me, Marco! MARCO!
1ST OFFICER. (*In the doorway with Marco.*) All right, lady, let them go. Get in the car, fellas, it's right over there. (*Rodolpho is almost carrying the sobbing Catherine off up the street* L.)
CATHERINE. He was born in Philadelphia! What do you want from him!
1ST OFFICER. Step aside, lady, come on now . . .
MARCO. (*The 2nd Officer has moved off with the two strange men. Marco, suddenly, taking advantage of the 1st Officer's being occupied with Catherine, frees himself and points back at Eddie.*) That one! I accuse that one! (*Eddie brushes Beatrice aside and rushes out to the stoop.*)
1ST OFFICER. (*Grabbing him and moving him quickly off up the* L. *street.*) Come on!
MARCO. (*As he is taken off, pointing back at Eddie.*) That one! He killed my children! That one stole the food from my children! (*Marco is gone. The crowd has turned to Eddie.*)
EDDIE. (*To Lipari and wife.*) He's crazy! I give them the blankets off my bed. Six months I kept them like my own brothers! (*Lipari, the butcher, turns and starts up* L. *with his arm around his wife.*) Lipari! (*He follows Lipari up* L.) For Christ's sake, I kept them, I give them the blankets off my bed! (*Lipari and wife exit* U. L. *Eddie turns and starts crossing* D. R. *to Louis and Mike.*) Louis! LOUIS! (*Louis barely turns, then walks off and exits* D. R. *with Mike. Only Beatrice is left on the stoop . . . and Catherine now returns, blank-eyed, from offstage* U. L. *and the car. Eddie calls after Louis and Mike.*) He's gonna take that back. He's gonna take that back or I'll kill him! You hear me? I'll kill him! I'll kill him! (*He exits up street* U. L. *calling. There is a pause of darkness before the LIGHTS rise, on the reception room of a prison at* L. *There are 3 wooden cubes—Marco sits* D. S., *Alfieri stands behind him and Catherine and Rodolpho stand to* L. *of him. Marco is seated, Alfieri, Catherine and Rodolpho standing.*)
ALFIERI. I'm waiting, Marco, what do you say?
RODOLPHO. Marco never hurt anybody.
ALFIERI. I can bail you out until your hearing comes up. But I'm not going to do it, you understand me?—Unless I have your promise. You're an honorable man, I will believe your promise. Now what do you say?

MARCO. In my country he would be dead now. He would not live this long.
ALFIERI. All right, Rodolpho—you come with me now.
RODOLPHO. No! Please, Mister, Marco . . . Promise the man. Please, I want you to watch the wedding. How can I be married and you're in here? Please, you're not going to do anything; you know you're not. (*Marco is silent.*)
CATHERINE. (*Kneels* L. *of Marco.*) Marco, don't you understand? He can't bail you out if you're gonna do something bad. To hell with Eddie. Nobody is gonna talk to him again if he lives to a hundred. Everybody knows you spit in his face, that's enough, isn't it? Give me the satisfaction—I want you at the wedding. You got a wife and kids, Marco—you could be workin' till the hearing comes up, instead of layin' around here.
MARCO. (*To Alfieri.*) I have no chance?
ALFIERI. (*Crosses* D. *to behind Marco.*) No, Marco. You're going back. The hearing is a formality, that's all.
MARCO. But him?—there is a chance, eh?
ALFIERI. When she marries him he can start to become an American. They permit that, if the wife is born here.
MARCO. (*Looks at Rodolpho.*) Well—we did something. (*He lays a palm on Rodolpho's arm and Rodolpho covers it.*)
RODOLPHO. Marco, tell the man.
MARCO. (*Pulls his hand away.*) What will I tell him? He knows such a promise is dishonorable.
ALFIERI. To promise not to kill is not dishonorable.
MARCO. (*Looks at Alfieri.*) No?
ALFIERI. No.
MARCO. (*He gestures with his head—that this is a new idea.*) Then what is done with such a man?
ALFIERI. Nothing. If he obeys the law, he lives. That's all.
MARCO. (*Rises—turns to Alfieri.*) The law? All the law is not in a book.
ALFIERI. Yes. In a book. There is no other law.
MARCO. (*His anger is rising.*) He degraded my brother. My blood. He robbed my children, he mocks my work. I work to come here, Mister!
ALFIERI. I know, Marco . . .
MARCO. There is no law for that?! Where is the law for that?
ALFIERI. There is none.

MARCO. (*Shakes his head. Sits.*) I don't understand this country.
ALFIERI. Well? What is your answer? You have five or six weeks you could work. Or else you sit here. What do you say to me?
MARCO. (*He lowers his eyes. It almost seems he is ashamed.*) All right.
ALFIERI. You won't touch him. This is your promise.
MARCO. (*Slight pause.*) Maybe he wants to apologize to me . . .
ALFIERI. (*Marco is staring away. Alfieri takes one of his hands.*) This is not God, Marco. You hear? Only God makes justice.
MARCO. All right.
ALFIERI. (*He nods not with assurance.*) Good! Catherine, Rodolpho, Marco, let us go.
CATHERINE. (*Kisses Rodolpho and Marco, then kisses Alfieri's hand.*) I'll get Beatrice and meet you at the church. (*She leaves quickly, going out* L. *Marco rises. Rodolpho suddenly embraces him. Marco pats him on the back and Rodolpho exits after Catherine. Marco faces Alfieri.*)
ALFIERI. Only God, Marco. (*Marco turns and walks out* L. *Alfieri, with a certain processional tread, leaves the stage. The* LIGHTS *dim out. The* LIGHTS *rise in the apartment. Eddie is alone in the rocker, rocking back and forth in little surges. Pause. Now Beatrice emerges from a bedroom. She is in her best clothes, wearing a hat.*)
BEATRICE. (*With fear, crossing down to Eddie.*) I'll be back in about an hour, Eddie. All right?
EDDIE. (*Quietly, almost inaudibly, as though drained.*) What, have I been talkin' to myself?
BEATRICE. Eddie, for God's sake, it's her wedding.
EDDIE. Didn't you hear what I told you? You walk out that door to that wedding you ain't comin' back here, Beatrice.
BEATRICE. Why! What do you want?
EDDIE. I want my respect. Didn't you ever hear of that? From my wife?
CATHERINE. (*Enters from bedroom.*) It's after three; we're supposed to be there already, Beatrice. The priest won't wait.
BEATRICE. Eddie. It's her wedding. There'll be nobody there from her family. For my sister let me go. I'm goin' for my sister.
EDDIE. (*As though mentally hurt.*) Look, I been arguin' with you all day already, Beatrice, and I said what I'm gonna say. He's