A View from the Bridge

Characters
LOUIS TONY
MIKE RODOLPHO
ALFIERI FIRST IMMIGRATION OFFICER
EDDIE SECOND IMMIGRATION OFFICER
CATHERINE MR. LIPARI
BEATRICE MRS. LIPARI
MARCO TWO "SUBMARINES"

A tenement house and the street before it.

Like the play, the set is stripped of everything but its essential elements. The main acting area is EDDIE CARBONE's living-dining room, furnished with a round table, a few chairs, a rocker, and a phonograph.

This room is slightly elevated from the stage floor and is shaped in a free form designed to contain the acting space required, and that is all. At its back is an opaque wall-like shape, around whose right and left sides respectively entrances are made to an unseen kitchen and bedrooms.

Downstage, still in this room, and to the left, are two columnar shapes ending in air, and indicating the house front and entrance. Suspended over the entire front is an architectural element indicating a pediment over the columns, as well as the facing of a tenement building. Through this entrance a stairway is seen, beginning at floor level of the living-dining room, then curving upstage and around the back to the second-floor landing overhead.

Downstage center is the street. At the right, against the proscenium are a desk and chair belonging to MR. ALFIERI, whose office this is, and a coat hook or rack. Near the office, but separated
from it, is a low iron railing such as might form a barrier on a street to guard a basement stair. Later in the play a coin telephone will appear against the proscenium at the left.

The intention is to make concrete the ancient element of this tale through the unmitigated forms of the commonest life of the big-city present, the one playing against the other to form a new world on the stage.

As the curtain rises, LOUIS and MIKE, longshoremen, are pitching coins against the building at left.

A distant foghorn blows.

Enter ALFIERI, a lawyer in his fifties, turning gray, portly, good-humored, and thoughtful. The two pitchers nod to him as he passes; he crosses the stage to his desk and removes his hat and coat, hangs them, then turns to the audience.)

ALFIERI: I am smiling because they nod so uneasily to me.
That’s because I am a lawyer, and in this neighborhood a lawyer’s like a priest—
They only think of us when disaster comes. So we’re unlucky.
Good evening. Welcome to the theater.
My name is Alfieri. I’ll come directly to the point, even though I am a lawyer. I am getting on. And I share the weakness of so many of my profession—I believe I have had some amazingly interesting cases.
When one is still young the more improbable vagaries of life only make one impatient. One looks for logic.
But when one is old, facts become precious; in facts I find all the poetry, all the wonder, all the amazement of spring. And spring is especially beautiful after fifty-five. I love what happened, instead of what might or ought to have happened.
My wife has warned me, so have my friends: they tell me the people in this neighborhood lack elegance, glamour. After all, who have I dealt with in my life? Longshoremen and their wives and fathers and grandfathers—compensation cases, evictions, family squabbles—the petty troubles of the poor—and yet . . .

When the tide is right,
And the wind blows the sea air against these houses,
A View from the Bridge

I sit here in my office,
Thinking it is all so timeless here.
I think of Sicily, from where these people came,
The Roman rocks of Calabria,
Siracusa on the cliff, where Carthaginian and Greek
Fought such bloody fights. I think of Hannibal,
Who slew the fathers of these people; Caesar,
Whipping them on in Latin.

Which is all, of course, ridiculous.
Al Capone learned his trade on these pavements,
And Frankie Yale was cut in half
On the corner of Union Street and President,
Where so many were so justly shot,
By unjust men.

It's different now, of course.
I no longer keep a pistol in my filing cabinet;
We are quite American, quite civilized—
Now we settle for half. And I like it better.

And yet, when the tide is right,
And the green smell of the sea
Floats through my window,
I must look up at the circling pigeons of the poor,
And I see falcons there,
The hunting eagles of the olden time,
Fierce above Italian forests.

This is Red Hook, a slum that faces the bay,
Seaward from Brooklyn Bridge.

Enter Eddie along the street. He joins the penny-pitchers.

Once in every few years there is a case,
And as the parties tell me what the trouble is,
I see cobwebs tearing, Adriatic ruins rebuilding themselves;
Calabria;
The eyes of the plaintiff seem suddenly carved,
His voice booming toward me over many fallen stones.
Arthur Miller

This one's name was Eddie Carbone,  
A longshoreman working the docks  
From Brooklyn Bridge to the breakwater. . . .

EDDIE picks up pennies
EDDIE: Well, I'll see ya, fellas.
LOUIS: You workin' tomorrow?
EDDIE: Yeah, there's another day yet on that ship. See ya, Louis.  
(EDDIE goes into the house, climbs the stairs, as light rises in the  
apartment. EDDIE is forty, a husky, slightly overweight long-  
shoreman.)

CATHERINE, his niece, is discovered standing at the window of the  
apartment, waving down at LOUIS, who now sees her and waves  
back up. She is seventeen and is now holding dishes in her hand,  
preparatory to laying out the dinner on the table. EDDIE enters,  
and she immediately proceeds to lay the table. The lights go out  
on ALFIERI and the street.

CATHERINE (she has a suppressed excitement on her): Hi, Eddie.  
EDDIE (with a trace of wryness): What's the shoes for?  
CATHERINE: I didn't go outside with them.
EDDIE (removing his zipper jacket and hat): Do me a favour, heh?  
CATHERINE: Why can't I wear them in the house?
EDDIE: Take them off, will you please? You're beautiful enough  
without the shoes.
CATHERINE: I'm only trying them out.
EDDIE: When I'm home I'm not in the movies,  
I don't wanna see young girls  
Walking around in spike-heel shoes.
CATHERINE: Oh, brother.

Enter BEATRICE, EDDIE's wife; she is his age.

BEATRICE: You find out anything?
EDDIE (sitting in a rocker): The ship came in. They probably get  
off anytime now.

BEATRICE (softly clapping her hands together, half in prayer, half  
in joy): Oh, boy. You find Tony?
EDDIE (preoccupied): Yeah, I talked to him. They're gonna let the  
crew off tonight. So they'll be here any time, he says.
CATHERINE: Boy, they must be shakin'.
EDDIE: Naa, they'll get off all right. They got regular seamen pa-
pers; they walk off with the crew. *(to Beatrice)* I just hope
they know where they’re going to sleep, heh?

**Beatrice:** I told them in the letter we got no room.

**Catherine:** You didn’t meet them, though, heh? You didn’t see
them?

**Eddie:** They’re still on board. I only met Tony on the pier. What
are you all hopped up about?

**Catherine:** I’m not hopped up.

**Beatrice** *(in an ameliorative tone):* It’s something new in the
house, she’s excited.

**Eddie** *(to Catherine)*: ’Cause they ain’t comin’ here for parties,
they’re only comin’ here to work.

**Catherine** *(blushing, even enjoying his ribbing)*: Who’s lookin’
for parties?

**Eddie:** Why don’t you wear them nice shoes you got? *(He indi-
cates her shoes.)* Those are for an actress. Go ahead.

**Catherine:** Don’t tell nothin’ till I come back. *(She hurries out,
kicking off her shoes.)*

**Eddie** *(as Beatrice comes toward him)*: Why do you let her wear
stuff like that? That ain’t her type. *(Beatrice bends and kisses
his cheek.)* What’s that for?

**Beatrice:** For bein’ so nice about it.

**Eddie:** As long as they know we got nothin’, B.; that’s all I’m
worried about.

**Beatrice:** They’re gonna pay for everything; I told them in the
letter.

**Eddie:** Because this ain’t gonna end up with you on the floor, like
when your mother’s house burned down.

**Beatrice:** Eddie, I told them in the letter we got no room.

**Catherine** enters in low-heeled shoes.

**Eddie:** Because as soon as you see a relative I turn around you’re
on the floor.

**Beatrice** *(half amused, half serious)*: All right, stop it already.
You want a beer? The sauce is gotta cook a little more.

**Eddie** *(to Beatrice)*: No, it’s too cold. *(to Catherine)* You do
your lessons today, Garbo?

**Catherine:** Yeah; I’m way ahead anyway. I just gotta practice
from now on.
BEATRICE: She could take it down almost as fast as you could talk already. She’s terrific. Read something to her later, you’ll be surprised.

EDDIE: That’s the way, Katie. You’re gonna be all right, kid, you’ll see.

CATHERINE (proudly): I could get a job right now, Eddie. I’m not even afraid.

EDDIE: You got time. Wait’ll you’re eighteen. We’ll look up the ads—find a nice company, or maybe a lawyer’s office or something like that.

CATHERINE: Oh, boy! I could go to work now, my teacher said.

EDDIE: Be eighteen first. I want you to have a little more head on your shoulders. You’re still dizzy yet. (to BEATRICE.) Where’s the kids? They still outside?

BEATRICE: I put them with my mother for tonight. They’d never go to sleep otherwise. So what kinda cargo you have today?

EDDIE: Coffee. It was nice.

BEATRICE: I thought all day I smelled coffee here!

EDDIE: Yeah, Brazil. That’s one time, boy, to be a longshoreman is a pleasure. The whole ship smelled from coffee. It was like flowers. We’ll bust a bag tomorrow; I’ll bring you some. Well, let’s eat, heh?

BEATRICE: Two minutes. I want the sauce to cook a little more.

EDDIE goes to a bowl of grapes.

CATHERINE: How come he’s not married, Beatrice, if he’s so old? The younger one.

BEATRICE (to EDDIE): Twenty-five is old!

EDDIE (to CATHERINE): Is that all you got on your mind?

CATHERINE (wryly): What else should I have on my mind?

EDDIE: There’s plenty a things.

CATHERINE: Like what?

EDDIE: What the hell are you askin’ me? I shoulda been struck by lightning when I promised your mother I would take care of you.

CATHERINE: You and me both.

EDDIE (laughing): Boy, God bless you, you got a tongue in your mouth like the Devil’s wife. You oughta be on the television.

CATHERINE: Oh, I wish!
EDDIE: You wish! You'd be scared to death.
CATHERINE: Yeah? Try me.
EDDIE: Listen, by the way, Garbo, what'd I tell you about wavin' from the window?
CATHERINE: I was wavin' to Louis!
EDDIE: Listen, I could tell you things about Louis which you wouldn't wave to him no more.
CATHERINE (to BEATRICE, who is grinning): Boy, I wish I could find one guy that he couldn't tell me things about!
EDDIE (going to her, cupping her cheek): Now look, Catherine, don't joke with me.
I'm responsible for you, kid.
I promised your mother on her deathbed.
So don't joke with me. I mean it.
I don't like the sound of them high heels on the sidewalk,
I don't like that clack, clack, clack,
I don't like the looks they're givin' you.
BEATRICE: How can she help it if they look at her?
EDDIE: She don't walk right. (to CATHERINE) Don't walk so wavy like that.

BEATRICE goes out into the kitchen.
CATHERINE: Who's walkin' wavy?
EDDIE: Now don't aggravate me, Katie, you are walkin' wavy!
CATHERINE: Those guys look at all the girls, you know that.
EDDIE: They got mothers and fathers. You gotta be more careful.

BEATRICE enters with a tureen.
CATHERINE: Oh, Jesus! (She goes out into the kitchen.)
EDDIE (calling after her): Hey, lay off the language, heh?
BEATRICE (alone with him, loading the plates—she is riding lightly over a slightly sore issue): What do you want from her all the time?
EDDIE: Boy, she grew up! Your sister should see her now. I'm tellin' you, it's like a miracle—one day she's a baby; you turn around and she's— (enter CATHERINE with knives and forks) Y'know? When she sets a table she looks like a Madonna. (BEATRICE wipes a strand of hair off CATHERINE's face. To CATHERINE.) You're the Madonna type. That's why you shouldn't be flashy, Kate. For you it ain't beautiful. You're more 434
the Madonna type. And anyway, it ain’t nice in an office. They
don’t go for that in an office. *(He sits at the table.)*

**BEATRICE (sitting to eat):** Sit down, Katie-baby. *(CATHERINE sits. They eat.)*

**EDDIE:** Geez, how quiet it is here without the kids!

**CATHERINE:** What happens? How they gonna find the house here?

**EDDIE:** Tony’ll take them from the ship and bring them here.

**BEATRICE:** That Tony must be makin’ a nice dollar off this.

**EDDIE:** Naa, the syndicate’s takin’ the heavy cream.

**CATHERINE:** What happens when the ship pulls out and they ain’t
on it, though?

**EDDIE:** Don’t worry; captain’s pieced-off.

**CATHERINE:** Even the captain?

**EDDIE:** Why, the captain don’t have to live? Captain gets a piece,
maybe one of the mates, a piece for the guy in Italy who fixed
the papers for them— *(to BEATRICE)* They’re gonna have to
work six months for that syndicate before they keep a dime for
theirseffs; they know that, I hope.

**BEATRICE:** Yeah, but Tony’ll fix jobs for them, won’t he?

**EDDIE:** Sure, as long as they owe him money he’ll fix jobs; it’s
after the pay-off—they’re gonna have to scramble like the rest
of us. I just hope they know that.

**BEATRICE:** Oh, they must know. Boy, they must’ve been starvin’
there. To go through all this just to make a couple of dollars.
I’m tellin’ ya, it could make you cry.

**EDDIE:** By the way, what are you going to tell the people in the
house? If somebody asks what they’re doin’ here?

**BEATRICE:** Well, I’ll tell ’em—Well, who’s gonna ask? They prob-
ably know anyway.

**EDDIE:** What do you mean, they know? Listen, Beatrice, the Im-
migration Bureau’s got stool pigeons all over the neighborhood.

**BEATRICE:** Yeah, but not in this house—?

**EDDIE:** How do you know, not in this house? Listen, both a yiz.
If anybody asks you, they’re your cousins visitin’ here from
Philadelphia.

**CATHERINE:** Yeah, but what would they know about Philadelphia?
I mean if somebody asks them—

**EDDIE:** Well—they don’t talk much, that’s all. But don’t get con-
fidential with nobody, you hear me? Because there’s a lotta guys
do anything for a couple of dollars, and the Immigration pays good for that kinda news.

Catherine: I could teach them about Philadelphia.

Eddie: Do me a favor, baby, will ya? Don’t teach them, and don’t mix in with them. Because with that blabbermouth the less you know the better off we’re all gonna be. They’re gonna work, and they’re gonna come home here and go to sleep, and I don’t want you payin’ no attention to them. This is a serious business; this is the United States Government. So you don’t know they’re alive. I mean don’t get dizzy with your friends about it. It’s nobody’s business. (slight pause) Where’s the salt?

Pause.

Catherine: It’s gettin’ dark.

Eddie: Yeah, gonna snow tomorrow, I think.

Pause.

Beatrice (She is frightened.): Geez, remember that Vinny Bolzano years ago? Remember him?

Eddie: That funny? I was just thinkin’ about him before.

Catherine: Who’s he?

Beatrice: You were a baby then. But there was a kid, Vinny, about sixteen. Lived over there on Sackett Street. And he snitched on somebody to the Immigration. He had five brothers, and the old man. And they grabbed him in the kitchen, and they pulled him down three flights, his head was bouncin’ like a coconut—we lived in the next house. And they spit on him in the street, his own father and his brothers. It was so terrible.

Catherine: So what happened to him?

Beatrice: He went away, I think. (to Eddie.) Did you ever see him again?

Eddie: Him? Naa, you’ll never see him no more. A guy do a thing like that—how could he show his face again? There’s too much salt in here.

Beatrice: So what’d you put salt for?

Eddie lays the spoon down, leaves the table.

Eddie: Geez, I’m gettin’ nervous, y’know?

Beatrice: What’s the difference; they’ll only sleep here; you won’t hardly see them. Go ahead, eat. (He looks at her, disturbed.) What could I do? They’re my cousins. (He returns to her and
Arthur Miller

clasp her face admiringly as the lights fade on them and rise on Alfieri.)

ALFIERI: I only know that they had two children;
He was as good a man as he had to be
In a life that was hard and even.
He worked on the piers when there was work,
He brought home his pay, and he lived.
And toward ten o'clock of that night,
After they had eaten, the cousins came.

While he is speaking EDDIE goes to the window and looks out.
CATHERINE and BEATRICE clear the dishes. EDDIE sits down and reads the paper. Enter TONY, escorting MARCO and RODOLPHO, each with a valise. TONY halts, indicates the house. They stand for a moment, looking at it.

MARCO (He is a square-built peasant of thirty-two, suspicious and quiet-voiced.): Thank you.
TONY: You're on your own now. Just be careful, that's all. Ground floor.
MARCO: Thank you.
TONY: I'll see you on the pier tomorrow. You'll go to work.
MARCO nods, TONY continues on, walking down the street.
RODOLPHO is in his early twenties, an eager boy, one moment a gamin, the next a brooding adult. His hair is startlingly blond.

RODOLPHO: This will be the first house I ever walked into in America!
MARCO: Ssh! Come. (They mount the stoop.)
RODOLPHO: Imagine! She said they were poor!
MARCO: Ssh!

They pass between the columns. Light rises inside the apartment.
EDDIE, CATHERINE, BEATRICE hear and raise their heads toward the door. MARCO knocks. BEATRICE and CATHERINE look to EDDIE, who rises and goes and opens the door. Enter MARCO and RODOLPHO, removing their caps.

EDDIE: You Marco?
MARCO nods, looks to the women, and fixes on BEATRICE.
MARCO: Are you my cousin?
BEATRICE (touching her chest with her hand): Beatrice. This is my
husband, Eddie. (All nod.) Catherine, my sister Nancy’s daughter. (The brothers nod.)

MARCO (indicating RODOLPHO): My brother, Rodolpho. (RODOLPHO nods. MARCO comes with a certain formal stiffness to EDDIE.) I want to tell you now, Eddie—when you say go, we will go.

EDDIE: Oh, no—

MARCO: I see it’s a small house, but soon, maybe, we can have our own house.

EDDIE: You’re welcome, Marco, we got plenty of room here. Katie, give them supper, heh?

CATHERINE: Come here, sit down. I’ll get you some soup.

*They go to the table.*

MARCO: We ate on the ship. Thank you. (to EDDIE) Thank you.

BEATRICE: Get some coffee. We’ll all have coffee. Come sit down.

CATHERINE: How come he’s so dark and you’re so light, Rodolpho?

RODOLPHO: I don’t know. A thousand years ago, they say, the Danes invaded Sicily. (He laughs.)

CATHERINE (to BEATRICE): He’s practically blond!

EDDIE: How’s the coffee doin’?

CATHERINE (brought up short): I’m gettin’ it. (She hurries out.)

EDDIE: Yiz have a nice trip?

MARCO: The ocean is always rough in the winter. But we are good sailors.

EDDIE: No trouble gettin’ here?


RODOLPHO: He says we start to work tomorrow. Is he honest?

EDDIE: No. But as long as you owe them money they’ll get you plenty of work. (to MARCO) Yiz ever work on the piers in Italy?

MARCO: Piers? Ts! No.

RODOLPHO (smiling at the smallness of his town): In our town there are no piers,

Only the beach, and little fishing boats.

BEATRICE: So what kinda work did yiz do?

MARCO (shrugging shyly, even embarrassed): Whatever there is, anything.

RODOLPHO: Sometimes they build a house,
Or if they fix the bridge—
    Marco is a mason,
    And I bring him the cement.

*He laughs.*

    In harvest time we work in the fields—
    If there is work. Anything.
*Eddie:* Still bad there, heh?
*Marco:* Bad, yes.
*Rodolpho:* It's terrible.
    We stand around all day in the piazza,
    Listening to the fountain like birds.

*He laughs.*

    Everybody waits only for the train.
*Beatrice:* What's on the train?
*Rodolpho:* Nothing. But if there are many passengers
    And you're lucky you make a few lire
    To push the taxi up the hill.

*Enter Catherine, who sits, listens.*

*Beatrice:* You gotta push a taxi?
*Rodolpho* (*with a laugh*): Oh, sure! It's a feature in our town.
    The horses in our town are skinnier than goats.
    So if there are too many passengers
    We help to push the carriages up to the hotel.

*He laughs again.*

    In our town the horses are only for the show.
*Catherine:* Why don't they have automobile taxis?
*Rodolpho:* There is one—we push that too.

*They laugh.*

    Everything in our town, you gotta push.
*Beatrice* (*to Eddie, sorrowfully*): How do you like that—
*Eddie* (*to Marco*): So what're you wanna do, you gonna stay here
    in this country or you wanna go back?
*Marco* (*surprised*): Go back?
*Rodolpho:* Well, you're married, ain't you?
*Marco:* Yes. I have three children.
*Beatrice:* Three! I thought only one.
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MARCO: Oh, no. I have three now.
   Four years, five years, six years.
BEATRICE: Ah, I bet they’re cryin’ for you already, heh?
MARCO: What can I do?
   The older one is sick in his chest;
   My wife—she feeds them from her own mouth.
   I tell you the truth,
   If I stay there they will never grow up.
   They eat the sunshine.
BEATRICE: My God. So how long you want to stay?
MARCO: With your permission, we will stay maybe a—
EDDIE: She don’t mean in this house, she means in the country.
MARCO: Oh. Maybe four, five, six years, I think.
RODOLPHO (smiling): He trusts his wife.
BEATRICE: Yeah, but maybe you’ll get enough, You’ll be able to go back quicker.
MARCO: I hope. I don’t know. (to EDDIE) I understand it’s not so good here either.
EDDIE: Oh, you guys’ll be all right—till you pay them off, anyway.
   After that, you’ll have to scramble, that’s all. But you’ll make better here than you could there.
RODOLPHO: How much? We hear all kinds of figures. How much can a man make? We work hard, We’ll work all day, all night . . .
EDDIE (He is coming more and more to address MARCO only.): On the average a whole year? Maybe—well, it’s hard to say, see. Sometimes we lay off, there’s no ships three-four weeks.
MARCO: Three, four weeks! Ts!
EDDIE: But I think you could probably—Thirty, forty a week over the whole twelve months of the year.
MARCO: Dollars.
EDDIE: Sure dollars.
MARCO (looking happily at RODOLPHO): If we can stay here a few months, Beatrice—
BEATRICE: Listen, you’re welcome, Marco—
MARCO: Because I could send them a little more if I stay here—
BEATRICE: As long as you want; we got plenty a room—
MARCO (his eyes showing tears): My wife—my wife . . . I want to send right away maybe twenty dollars.
ARTHUR MILLER

EDDIE: You could send them something next week already.

MARCO (near tears): Eduardo—

EDDIE: Don't thank me. Listen, what the hell, it's no skin off me.

(to CATHERINE.) What happened to the coffee?

CATHERINE: I got it on. (to RODOLPHO) You married too? No.

RODOLPHO: Oh, no.

BEATRICE: I told you he—

CATHERINE (to her): I know, I just thought maybe he got married recently.

RODOLPHO: I have no money to get married. I have a nice face, but no money. (He laughs.)

CATHERINE (to BEATRICE): He's a real blond!

BEATRICE (to RODOLPHO): You want to stay here too, heh? For good?

RODOLPHO: Me? Yes, forever! Me, I want to be an American.

And then I want to go back to Italy

When I am rich. And I will buy a motorcycle. (He smiles.)

CATHERINE: A motorcycle!

RODOLPHO: With a motorcycle in Italy you will never starve any more.

BEATRICE: I'll get you coffee. (She exits.)

EDDIE: What're you do with a motorcycle?

MARCO: He dreams, he dreams.

RODOLPHO: Why? Messages! The rich people in the hotel

Always need someone who will carry a message.

But quickly, and with a great noise.

With a blue motorcycle I would station myself

In the courtyard of the hotel,

And in a little while I would have messages.

MARCO: When you have no wife you have dreams.

EDDIE: Why can't you just walk, or take a trolley or sump'm?

Enter BEATRICE with coffee.

RODOLPHO: Oh, no, the machine, the machine is necessary.

A man comes into a great hotel and says,

"I am a messenger." Who is this man?

He disappears walking, there is no noise, nothing—

Maybe he will never come back,

Maybe he will never deliver the message.
But a man who rides up on a great machine,
This man is responsible, this man exists.
He will be given messages.
I am also a singer, though.

**EDDIE:** You mean a regular—?

**RODOLPHO:** Oh, yes. One night last year
Andreola got sick. Baritone.
And I took his place in the garden of the hotel.
Three arias I sang without a mistake;
Thousand-lire notes they threw from the tables,
Money was falling like a storm in the treasury;
It was magnificent.
We lived six months on that night, eh, Marco?

**MARCO** nods doubtfully.

**MARCO:** Two months.

**BEATRICE:** Can’t you get a job in that place?

**RODOLPHO:** Andreola got better.

He’s a baritone, very strong; otherwise I—

**MARCO** *(to BEATRICE)*: He sang too loud.

**RODOLPHO:** Why too loud!

**MARCO:** Too loud. The guests in that hotel are all Englishmen.

They don’t like too loud.

**RODOLPHO:** Then why did they throw so much money?

**MARCO:** They pay for your courage. *(to EDDIE)* The English like courage, but once is enough.

**RODOLPHO** *(to all but MARCO)*: I never heard anybody say it was too loud.

**CATHERINE:** Did you ever hear of jazz?

**RODOLPHO:** Oh, sure! I sing jazz.

**CATHERINE:** You could sing jazz?

**RODOLPHO:** Oh, I sing Napolitan, jazz, bel canto—
I sing “Paper Doll”; you like “Paper Doll”?

**CATHERINE:** Oh, sure, I’m crazy for “Paper Doll.” Go ahead, sing it.

**RODOLPHO** *(he takes his stance, and with a high tenor voice)*:

“I’ll tell you boys it’s tough to be alone,
And it’s tough to love a doll that’s not your own.
I’m through with all of them,
I'll never fall again,  
Hey, boy, what you gonna do—

I'm goin' to buy a paper doll that I can call my own,  
A doll that other fellows cannot steal,  
And then the flirty, flirty guys  
With their flirty, flirty eyes  
Will have to flirt with dollies that are real.  
When I come home at night she will be waiting.  
She'll be the truest doll in all this world—"

EDDIE (he has been slowly moving in agitation): Hey, kid—hey,  
wait a minute—

CATHERINE (enthralled): Leave him finish. It's beautiful! (to BEATRICE) He's terrific! It's terrific, Rodolpho!

EDDIE: Look, kid; you don't want to be picked up, do ya?

MARCO: No-no!

EDDIE (indicating the rest of the building): Because we never had  
no singers here—and all of a sudden there's a singer in the house,  
y'know what I mean?

MARCO: Yes, yes. You will be quiet, Rodolpho.

EDDIE (flushed): They got guys all over the place, Marco. I mean.

MARCO: Yes. He will be quiet. (to RODOLPHO) Quiet.

EDDIE (with iron control, even a smile): You got the shoes again, Garbo?

CATHERINE: I figured for tonight—

EDDIE: Do me a favor, will you? (He indicates the bedroom.) Go ahead.

Embarrassed now, angered, CATHERINE goes out into the bedroom.  
BEATRICE watches her go and gets up, and, in passing, gives EDDIE  
a cold look, restrained only by the strangers, and goes to the table  
to pour coffee.

EDDIE (to MARCO, but directed as much to BEATRICE): All actresses  
they want to be around here. (He goes to draw a shade down.)

RODOLPHO (happy about it): In Italy too! All the girls.

EDDIE (sizing up RODOLPHO—there is a concealed suspicion):  
Yeah, heh?

RODOLPHO: Yes! (He laughs, indicating CATHERINE with his  
head—her bedroom.) Especially when they are so beautiful!
Catherine emerges from the bedroom in low-heeled shoes, comes to the table. Rodolpho is lifting a cup.

Catherine: You like sugar?
Rodolpho: Sugar? Yes! I like sugar very much!

Eddie is downstage, watching, as she pours a spoonful of sugar into Rodolpho’s cup. Eddie turns and draws a shade, his face puffed with trouble, and the room dies. Light rises on Alfieri.

Alfieri: Who can ever know what will be discovered?

Sunlight rises on the street and house.

Eddie Carbone had never expected to have a destiny.

Eddie comes slowly, ambling, down the stairs into the street.

A man works, raises his family, goes bowling,
Eats, gets old, and then he dies.
Now, as the weeks passed, there was a future,
There was a trouble that would not go away.

Beatrice appears with a shopping bag. Seeing her, Eddie meets her at the stoop.

Eddie: It’s after four.
Beatrice: Well, it’s a long show at the Paramount.
Eddie: They must’ve seen every picture in Brooklyn by now.
He’s supposed to stay in the house when he ain’t workin’.
He ain’t supposed to go advertising himself.
Beatrice: So what am I gonna do?
Eddie: Last night they went to the park. You know that? Louis seen them in the park.
Beatrice: She’s goin’ on eighteen, what’s so terrible?
Eddie: I’m responsible for her.
Beatrice: I just wish once in a while you’d be responsible for me, you know that?
Eddie: What’re you beefin’?
Beatrice: You don’t know why I’m beefin’? (He turns away, making as though to scan the street, his jaws clamped.) What’s eatin’ you? You’re gonna bust your teeth, you grind them so much in bed, you know that? It’s like a factory all night. (He doesn’t answer, looks peeved.) What’s the matter, Eddie?
Eddie: It’s all right with you? You don’t mind this?
Beatrice: Well what you want, keep her in the house a little baby all her life? What do you want, Eddie?
Eddie: That's what I brung her up for? For that character?
Beatrice: Why? He's a nice fella. Hard-workin', he's a good-lookin'
Eddie: That's good-lookin'?
Beatrice: He's handsome, for God's sake.
Eddie: He gives me the heebie-jeebies. I don't like his whole way.
Beatrice (smiling): You're jealous, that's all.
Eddie: Of him? Boy, you don't think much of me.
Beatrice (going to him): What are you worried about? She knows how to take care of herself.
Eddie: She don't know nothin'. He's got her rollin'; you see the way she looks at him? The house could burn down she wouldn't know.
Beatrice: Well, she's got a boy-friend finally, so she's excited. So?
Eddie: He sings on the ships, didja know that?
Beatrice (mystified): What do you mean, he sings?
Eddie: He sings. Right on the deck, all of a sudden—a whole song. They're callin' him Paper Doll, now. Canary. He's like a weird. Soon as he comes onto the pier it's a regular free show.
Beatrice: Well, he's a kid; he don't know how to behave himself yet.
Eddie: And with that wacky hair; he's like a chorus girl or sump'm.
Beatrice: So he's blond, so—
Eddie (not looking at her): I just hope that's his regular hair, that's all I hope.
Beatrice (alarmed): You crazy or sump'm?
Eddie (only glancing at her): What's so crazy? You know what I heard them call him on Friday? I was on line for my check, somebody calls out, "Blondie!" I turn around, they're callin' him! Blondie now!
Beatrice: You never seen a blond guy in your life? What about Whitey Balso?
Eddie: Sure, but Whitey don't sing; he don't do like that on the ships—
Beatrice: Well, maybe that's the way they do in Italy.
Eddie: Then why don't his brother sing? Marco goes around like
A View from the Bridge

a man; nobody kids Marco. (He shifts, with a glance at her.) I don’t like him, B. And I’m tellin’ you now, I’m not gonna stand for it. For that character I didn’t bring her up.

BEATRICE: All right—well, go tell her, then.

EDDIE: How am I gonna tell her? She won’t listen to me, she can’t even see me. I come home, she’s in a dream. Look how thin she got, she could walk through a wall—

BEATRICE: All right, listen—

EDDIE: It’s eatin’ me out, B. I can’t stand to look at his face. And what happened to the stenography? She don’t practice no more, does she?

BEATRICE: All right, listen. I want you to lay off, you hear me? Don’t work yourself up. You hear? This is her business.

EDDIE: B., he’s takin’ her for a ride!

BEATRICE: All right, that’s her ride. It’s time already; let her be somebody else’s Madonna now. Come on, come in the house, you got your own to worry about. (She glances around.) She ain’t gonna come any quicker if you stand on the street, Eddie. It ain’t nice.

EDDIE: I’ll be up right away. I want to take a walk. (He walks away.)

BEATRICE: Come on, look at the kids for once.

EDDIE: I’ll be up right away. Go ahead.

BEATRICE (with a shielded tone): Don’t stand around, please. It ain’t nice. I mean it.

She goes into the house. He reaches the upstage right extremity, stares at nothing for a moment; then, seeing someone coming, he goes to the railing downstage and sits, as LOUIS and MIKE enter and join him.

LOUIS: Wanna go bowlin’ tonite?

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 alltime.

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: 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. My Frankie takes after him, I think. Their father was a regular giant, supposed to be.
LOUIS: Yeah, you could see. He’s a regular slave.
MIKE: That blond one, though—(EDDIE looks at him.) He’s got a sense of humor.
EDDIE (searchingly): Yeah. He’s funny—
MIKE (laughing through his speech): Well, he ain’t ezackly funny, but he’s always like makin’ remarks, like, y’know? He comes around, everybody’s laughin’.
EDDIE (uncomfortably): Yeah, well—he’s got a sense of humor.
MIKE: Yeah, I mean, he’s always makin’ like remarks, like, y’know? (LOUIS is quietly laughing with him.)
EDDIE: Yeah, I know. But he’s a kid yet, y’know? He—he’s just a kid, that’s all.
MIKE: I know. You take one look at him—everybody’s happy. I worked one day with him last week over the Moore-Mac-Cormack, I’m tellin’ you they was all hysterical.
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 (laughing): Yeah.
LOUIS: Well, we’ll see ya, Eddie.
EDDIE: Take it easy.
LOUIS: Yeah. See ya.
MIKE: If you wanna come bowlin’ later we’re goin’ Flatbush Avenue.

They go. EDDIE, in troubled thought, stares after them; they arrive at the left extremity, and their laughter, untroubled and friendly, rises as they see RODOLPHO, who is entering with CATHERINE on
his arm. The longshoremen exit. Rodolfo waves a greeting to them.

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 Rodolfo*): 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 Rodolfo*) I just don't want her hangin' around Times Square, see; it's full of tramps over there.
Rodolfo: I would like to go to Broadway once, Eddie.
  I would like to walk with her once
  Where the theaters 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, Rodolfo; go upstairs, will you?
Rodolfo: 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 (*smiling unwillingly, to Rodolfo*): Fountains?
Rodolfo *smiles at his own naïveté.*
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!
Rodolfo (*attempting familiarity*): Eddie, why can't we go once to Broadway?
Eddie: Look, I gotta tell her something—
Rodolfo *nods, goes to the stoop.*
Rodolfo: Maybe you can come too. I want to see all those lights . . .

He sees no response in Eddie's face. He glances at Catherine and goes into the house.
EDDIE: Why don’t you talk to him, Eddie? He blesses you, and you don’t talk to him hardly.

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 someplace—

CATHERINE takes his arm, and they walk a little.

CATHERINE: Well, he wants to see everything, that’s all, so we go. You mad at me?

EDDIE: No. (He is smiling sadly, almost moony.) 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: Ah, Eddie, sure I am. What’s the matter? You don’t like him?

Slight pause.

EDDIE: You like him, Katie?

CATHERINE (with a blush, but holding her ground): Yeah. I like him.

EDDIE (his smile goes): You like him.

CATHERINE (looking 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 don’t bless me, Katie.

CATHERINE: He does! You’re like a father to him!

EDDIE: Katie.

CATHERINE: What, Eddie?

EDDIE: You gonna marry him?

CATHERINE: I don’t know. We just been—goin’ around, that’s all.

EDDIE: He don’t respect you, Katie.

CATHERINE: Why!

EDDIE: Katie, if you wasn’t an orphan, wouldn’t he ask your father permission before he run around with you like this?

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Catherine: Oh, well, he didn’t think you’d mind.
Eddie: He knows I mind, but it don’t bother him if 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’ with tuberculosis over there? 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 the divorce!
Catherine: 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 (grabbing her hand): Katie, don’t break my heart, listen to me—
Catherine: I don’t want to hear it. Lemme go.
Eddie (holding her): 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!
Eddie: They been pullin’ this since the immigration law was put in! They grab a green kid that don’t know nothin’ and they—
Catherine: I don’t believe it and I wish to hell you’d stop it!
She rushes, sobbing, into the house.

EDDIE: Katie!

He starts in after her, but halts as though realizing he has no force over her. From within, music is heard now, radio jazz. He glances up and down the street, then moves off, his chest beginning to rise and fall in anger. 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—
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 for it 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—

EDDIE: Listen—Will you listen to me a minute? My father always said you was a smart man. I want you to listen to me.

ALFIERI: I’m only a lawyer, Eddie—

EDDIE: Will you listen a minute? I’m talkin’ about the law. Lemme just bring out what I mean. A man, which he comes into the
country illegal, don’t it stand to reason he’s gonna take every penny and put it in the sock? Because they don’t know from one day to the nother, right?

ALFIERI: All right.
EDDIE: He’s spendin’. Records he buys now. Shoes. Jackets. Y’understand me? This guy ain’t worried. This guy is here. So it must be that he’s got it all laid out in his mind already—he’s stayin’. Right?
ALFIERI: Well? What about it?
EDDIE: All right. (He glances over his shoulder as though for intruders, then back to ALFIERI, then down to the floor.) I’m talkin’ to you confidential, ain’t I?
ALFIERI: Certainly.
EDDIE: I mean it don’t go no place but here. Because I don’t like to say this about anybody. Even to my wife I didn’t exactly say this.
ALFIERI: What is it?
EDDIE (he takes a breath): The guy ain’t right, Mr. Alfieri.
ALFIERI: What do you mean?
EDDIE (glancing over his shoulder again): I mean he ain’t right.
ALFIERI: I don’t get you.
EDDIE (he shifts to another position in the chair): Dja ever get a look at him?
ALFIERI: Not that I know of, no.
EDDIE: He’s a blond guy. Like—platinum. You know what I mean?
ALFIERI: No.
EDDIE: I mean if you close the paper fast—you could blow him over.
ALFIERI: Well, that doesn’t mean—
EDDIE: Wait a minute, I’m tellin’ you sump’m. He sings, see. Which is—I mean it’s all right, but sometimes he hits a note, see. I turn around. I mean—high. You know what I mean?
ALFIERI: Well, that’s a tenor.
EDDIE: I know a tenor, Mr. Alfieri. This ain’t no tenor. I mean if you came in the house and you didn’t know who was singin’, you wouldn’t be lookin’ for him, you’d be lookin’ for her.
ALFIERI: Yes, but that’s not—
Arthur Miller

EDDIE: I'm tellin' you sump'm, wait a minute; please, Mr. Alfieri. I'm tryin' to bring out my thoughts here. Couple a nights ago my niece brings out a dress, which it's too small for her because she shot up like a light this last year. He takes the dress, lays it on the table, he cuts it up; one-two-three, he makes a new dress. I mean he looked so sweet there, like an angel—you could kiss him he was so sweet.

ALFIERI: Now, look, Eddie—

EDDIE: Mr. Alfieri, they're laughin' at him on the piers. I'm ashamed. Paper Doll, they call him. Blondie now. His brother thinks it's because he's got a sense of humor, see—which he's got—but that ain't what they're laughin'. Which they're not goin' to come out with it because they know he's my relative, which they have to see me if they make a crack, y'know? But I know what they're laughin' at, and when I think of that guy layin' his hands on her I could—I mean it's eatin' me out, Mr. Alfieri, because I struggled for that girl. And now he comes in my house—

ALFIERI: Eddie, look. I have my own children, I understand you. But the law is very specific. The law does not—

EDDIE (with a fuller flow of indignation): You mean to tell me that there's no law that a guy which he ain't right can go to work and marry a girl and—?

ALFIERI: You have no recourse in the law, Eddie.

EDDIE: Yeah, but if he ain't right, Mr. Alfieri, you mean to tell me—

ALFIERI: There is nothing you can do, Eddie, believe me.

EDDIE: Nothin'.

ALFIERI: Nothing at all. There's only one legal question here.

EDDIE: What?

ALFIERI: The manner in which they entered the country. But I don't think you want to do anything about that, do you?

EDDIE: You mean—?

ALFIERI: Well, they entered illegally.

EDDIE: Oh, Jesus, no, I wouldn't do nothin' about that. I mean—

ALFIERI: All right, then, let me talk now, eh?

EDDIE: Mr. Alfieri, I can't believe what you tell me. I mean there must be some kinda law which—
ALFIERI: Eddie, I want you to listen to me.

Pause.

You know, sometimes God mixes up the people. We all love somebody, the wife, the kids—Every man's got somebody that he loves, heh? But sometimes—there's too much. You know? There's too much, and it goes where it mustn't. A man works hard, he brings up a child, Sometimes it's a niece, sometimes even a daughter, And he never realizes it, but through the years—There is too much love for the daughter, There is too much love for the niece. Do you understand what I'm saying to you?

EDDIE (sardonically): What do you mean, I shouldn't look out for her good?

ALFIERI: Yes, but these things have to end, Eddie, that's all. The child has to grow up and go away, And the man has to learn how to forget. Because after all, Eddie—What other way can it end?

Pause.

Let her go. That's my advice. You did your job, Now it's her life; wish her luck, And let her go.

Pause.

Will you do that? Because there's no law, Eddie; Make up your mind to it; the law is not interested in this. EDDIE: You mean to tell me, even if he's a punk? If he's—ALFIERI: There's nothing you can do.

EDDIE sits almost grinding his jaws. He stands, wipes one eye.

EDDIE: Well, all right, thanks. Thanks very much.

ALFIERI: What are you going to do?

EDDIE (with a helpless but ironic gesture): What can I do? I'm a patsy, what can a patsy do? I worked like a dog twenty years so a punk could have her, so that's what I done. I mean, in the worst times, in the worst, when there wasn't a ship comin' in the harbor, I didn't stand around lookin' for relief—I hustled.
When there was empty piers in Brooklyn I went to Hoboken, Staten Island, the West Side, Jersey, all over—because I made a promise. I took out of my own kids’ mouths to give to her. I took out of my mouth. I walked hungry plenty days in this city! (It begins to break through.) And now I gotta sit in my own house and look at a son-of-a-bitch punk like that!—which he came out of nowhere! I give him my house to sleep! I take the blankets off my bed for him, and he takes and puts his dirty filthy hands on her like a goddam thief!

**ALFIERI:** But Eddie, she’s a woman now—
**EDDIE:** He’s stealin’ from me!

**ALFIERI:** She wants to get married, Eddie. She can’t marry you, can she?

**EDDIE** *(furiously)*: What’re you talkin’ about, marry me! I don’t know what the hell you’re talkin’ about!

*Pause.*

**ALFIERI:** I gave you my advice, Eddie. That’s it.

**EDDIE** *gathers himself.* *A pause.*

**EDDIE:** Well, thanks. Thanks very much. It just—it’s breakin’ my heart, y’know. I—

**ALFIERI:** I understand. Put it out of your mind. Can you do that?

**EDDIE:** I’m— *(He feels the threat of sobs, and with a helpless wave.)* I’ll see you around. *(He goes out.)*

**ALFIERI:** There are times when you want to spread an alarm, But nothing has happened. I knew, I knew then and there—I could have finished the whole story that afternoon. It wasn’t as though there were a mystery to unravel. I could see every step coming, step after step, Like a dark figure walking down a hall toward a certain door. I knew where he was heading for; I knew where he was going to end. And I sat here many afternoons, Asking myself why, being an intelligent man, I was so powerless to stop it. I even went to a certain old lady in the neighborhood, A very wise old woman, and I told her, And she only nodded, and said, “Pray for him.”
And so I—(he sits)—waited here.

As the light goes out on Alfieri it rises in the apartment, where all are finishing dinner. There is silence, but for the clink of a dish. Now Catherine looks up.

Catherine: You know where they went?

Beatrice: Where?

Catherine: They went to Africa once. On a fishing boat. (Eddie glances at her.) It’s true, Eddie.

Eddie: I didn’t say nothin’. (He finishes his coffee and leaves the table.)

Catherine: And I was never even in Staten Island.

Eddie (sitting with a paper in his rocker): You didn’t miss nothin’.

(Pause. Catherine takes dishes out; Beatrice and Rodolpho stack the others.) How long that take you, Marco—to get to Africa?

Marco: Oh—two days. We go all over.

Rodolpho: Once we went to Yugoslavia.

Eddie (to Marco): They pay all right on them boats?

Marco: If they catch fish they pay all right.

Rodolpho: They’re family boats, though. And nobody in our family owned one. So we only worked when one of the families was sick.

Catherine re-enters.

Beatrice: Y’know, Marco, what I don’t understand—there’s an ocean full of fish and yiz are all starvin’.

Eddie: They gotta have boats, nets, you need money.

Beatrice: Yeah, but couldn’t they like fish from the beach? You see them down Coney Island—

Marco: Sardines.

Eddie: Sure. How you gonna catch sardines on a hook?

Beatrice: Oh, I didn’t know they’re sardines. (to Catherine) They’re sardines!

Catherine: Yeah, they follow them all over the ocean—Africa, Greece, Yugoslavia . . .

Beatrice (to Eddie): It’s funny, y’know? You never think of it, that sardines are swimming in the ocean!

Catherine: I know. It’s like oranges and lemons on a tree. (to Eddie) I mean you ever think of oranges and lemons on a tree?
EDDIE: Yeah, I know. It’s funny. (to MARCO) I heard that they paint the oranges to make them look orange.
MARCO: Paint?
EDDIE: Yeah, I heard that they grow like green—
MARCO: No, in Italy the oranges are orange.
RODOLPHO: Lemons are green.
EDDIE (resenting his instruction): I know lemons are green, for Christ’s sake, you see them in the store they’re green sometimes. I said oranges they paint, I didn’t say nothin’ about lemons.
BEATRICE (diverting their attention): Your wife is gettin’ the money all right, Marco?
MARCO: Oh, yes. She bought medicine for my boy.
BEATRICE: That’s wonderful. You feel better, heh?
MARCO: Oh, yes! But I’m lonesome.
BEATRICE: I just hope you ain’t gonna do like some of them around here. They’re here twenty-five years, some men, and they didn’t get enough together to go back twice.
MARCO: Oh, I know. We have many families in our town, the children never saw the father. But I will go home. Three, four years, I think.
BEATRICE: Maybe you should keep more here, no? Because maybe she thinks it comes so easy you’ll never get ahead of yourself.
MARCO: Oh, no, she saves. I send everything. My wife is very lonesome. (He smiles shyly.)
BEATRICE: She must be nice. She pretty? I bet, heh?
MARCO (blushing): No, but she understands everything.
RODOLPHO: Oh, he’s got a clever wife!
EDDIE: I betcha there’s plenty surprises sometimes when those guys get back there, heh?
MARCO: Surprises?
EDDIE: I mean, you know—they count the kids and there’s a couple extra than when they left?
RODOLPHO: It’s more strict in our town. (EDDIE looks at him now.) It’s not so free.
EDDIE: It ain’t so free here either, Rodolfo, like you think. I seen greenhorns sometimes get in trouble that way—they think just because a girl don’t go around with a shawl over her head that
she ain’t strict, y’know? Girl don’t have to wear black dress to be strict. Know what I mean?

RODOLPHO: Well, I always have respect—

EDDIE: I know, but in your town you wouldn’t just drag off some girl without permission, I mean. (He turns.) You know what I mean, Marco? It ain’t that much different here.

MARCO (cautiously): Yes.

EDDIE (to RODOLPHO): I mean I seen some a yiz get the wrong idea sometimes. I mean it might be a little more free here but it’s just as strict.

RODOLPHO: I have respect for her, Eddie. I do anything wrong?

EDDIE: Look, kid, I ain’t her father, I’m only her uncle—

MARCO: No, Eddie, if he does wrong you must tell him. What does he do wrong?

EDDIE: Well, Marco, till he came here she was never out on the street twelve o’clock at night.

MARCO (to RODOLPHO): You come home early now.

CATHERINE: Well, the movie ended late.

EDDIE: I’m just sayin—he thinks you always stayed out like that. I mean he don’t understand, honey, see?

MARCO: You come home early now, Rodolpho.

RODOLPHO (embarrassed): All right, sure.

EDDIE: It’s not only for her, Marco. (to CATHERINE) I mean it, kid, he’s gettin’ careless. The more he runs around like that the more chance he’s takin’. (to RODOLPHO) I mean suppose you get hit by a car or sump’m, where’s your papers, who are you? Know what I mean?

RODOLPHO: But I can’t stay in the house all the time, I—

BEATRICE: Listen, he’s gotta go out sometime—

EDDIE: Well, listen, it depends, Beatrice. If he’s here to work, then he should work; if he’s here for a good time, then he could fool around! (to MARCO) But I understood, Marco, that you was both comin’ to make a livin’ for your family. You understand me, don’t you, Marco?

MARCO (he sees it nearly in the open now, and with reserve): I beg your pardon, Eddie.

EDDIE: I mean that’s what I understood in the first place, see?

MARCO: Yes. That’s why we came.

EDDIE: Well, that’s all I’m askin’.
There is a pause, an awkwardness. Now CATHERINE gets up and puts a record on the phonograph. Music.

CATHERINE (flushed with revolt): You wanna dance, Rodolpho?

RODOLPHO (in deference to EDDIE): No, I—I’m tired.

CATHERINE: Ah, come on. He plays a beautiful piano, that guy. 

(She has taken his hand, and he stiffly rises, feeling EDDIE’s eyes on his back, and they dance.)

EDDIE (to CATHERINE): What’s that, a new record?

CATHERINE: It’s the same one. We bought it the other day.

BEATRICE (to EDDIE): They only bought three records. (She watches them dance; EDDIE turns his head away. MARCO just sits there, waiting. Now BEATRICE turns to EDDIE.) Must be nice to go all over in one of them fishin’ boats. I would like that myself. See all them other countries?

EDDIE: Yeah.

BEATRICE (to MARCO): But the women don’t go along, I bet.

MARCO: No, not on the boats. Hard work.

BEATRICE: What’re you got, a regular kitchen and everything?

MARCO: Yes, we eat very good on the boats—especially when Rodolpho comes along; everybody gets fat.

BEATRICE: Oh, he cooks?

MARCO: Sure, very good cook. Rice, pasta, fish, everything.

EDDIE: He’s a cook too! (He looks at RODOLPHO.) He sings, he cooks . . .

RODOLPHO smiles thankfully.

BEATRICE: Well, it’s good; he could always make a living.

EDDIE: It’s wonderful. He sings, he cooks, he could make dresses . . .

CATHERINE: They get some high pay, them guys. The head chefs in all the big hotels are men. You read about them.

EDDIE: That’s what I’m sayin’.

CATHERINE and RODOLPHO continue dancing.

CATHERINE: Yeah, well, I mean.

EDDIE (to BEATRICE): He’s lucky, believe me. (A slight pause; he looks away, then back to BEATRICE.) That’s why the waterfront is no place for him. I mean, like me—I can’t cook, I can’t sing, I can’t make dresses, so I’m on the waterfront. But if I could cook, if I could sing, if I could make dresses, I wouldn’t be on
the waterfront. *(They are all regarding him now; he senses he is exposing the issue, but he is driven on.)* I would be someplace else. I would be like in a dress store. *(He suddenly gets up and pulls his pants up over his belly.)* What do you say, Marco, we go to the bouts next Saturday night? You never seen a fight, did you?

**MARCO** *(uneasily)*: Only in the moving pictures.

**EDDIE**: I'll treat yiz. What do you say, Danish? You wanna come along? I'll buy the tickets.

**RODOLPHO**: Sure. I like to go.

**CATHERINE** *(nervously happy now)*: I'll make some coffee, all right?

**EDDIE**: Go ahead, make some! *(He draws her near him.)* Make it nice and strong. *(Mystified, she smiles and goes out. He is weirdly elated; he is rubbing his fists into his palms.)* You wait, Marco, you see some real fights here. You ever do any boxing?

**MARCO**: No, I never.

**EDDIE** *(to RODOLPHO)*: Betcha you done some, heh?

**RODOLPHO**: No.

**EDDIE**: Well, get up, come on, I'll teach you.

**BEATRICE**: What's he got to learn that for?

**EDDIE**: Ya can't tell, one a these days somebody's liable to step on his foot, or sump'm. Come on, Rodolpho, I show you a couple a passes.

**BEATRICE** *(unwillingly, carefully)*: Go ahead, Rodolpho. He's a good boxer; he could teach you.

**RODOLPHO** *(embarrassed)*: Well, I don't know how to—

**EDDIE**: Just put your hands up. Like this, see? That's right. That's very good, keep your left up, because you lead with the left, see, like this. *(He gently moves his left into RODOLPHO's face.)* See? Now what you gotta do is you gotta block me, so when I come in like that you— *(RODOLPHO parries his left.)* Hey, that's very good! *(RODOLPHO laughs.)* All right, now come into me. Come on.

**RODOLPHO**: I don't want to hit you, Eddie.

**EDDIE**: Don't pity me, come on. Throw it; I'll show you how to block it. *(RODOLPHO jabs at him, laughing.)* 'At's it. Come on, again. For the jaw, right here. *(RODOLPHO jabs with more assurance.)* Very good!
BEATRICE (to MARCO): He’s very good!
EDDIE: Sure, he’s great! Come on, kid, put sump’rn behind it; you can’t hurt me. (RODOLPHO, more seriously, jabs at EDDIE’s jaw and grazes it.) Attaboy. Now I’m gonna hit you, so block me, see?

CATHERINE comes from the kitchen, watches.

CATHERINE (with beginning alarm): What are they doin’? They are lightly boxing now.

BEATRICE (She senses only the comradeship in it now.): He’s teachin’ him; he’s very good!
EDDIE: Sure, he’s terrific! Look at him go! (RODOLPHO lands a blow.) ’At’s it! Now watch out, here I come, Danish! (He feints with his left hand and lands with his right. It mildly staggers RODOLPHO.)

CATHERINE (rushing to RODOLPHO): Eddie!
EDDIE: Why? I didn’t hurt him. (going to help the dizzy RODOLPHO) Did I hurt you, kid?
RODOLPHO: No, no, he didn’t hurt me. (to EDDIE, with a certain gleam and a smile) I was only surprised.
BEATRICE: That’s enough, Eddie; he did pretty good, though.
EDDIE: Yeah. (He rubs his fists together.) He could be very good, Marco. I’ll teach him again.

MARCO nods at him dubiously.

RODOLPHO (as a new song comes on the radio, his voice betraying a new note of command): Dance, Catherine. Come.

RODOLPHO takes her in his arms. They dance. EDDIE, in thought, sits in his chair, and MARCO rises and comes downstage to a chair and looks down at it. BEATRICE and EDDIE watch him.

MARCO: Can you lift this chair?
EDDIE: What do you mean?
MARCO: From here. (He gets on one knee with one hand behind his back, and grasps the bottom of one of the chair legs but does not raise it.)
EDDIE: Sure, why not? (He comes to the chair, kneels, grasps the leg, raises the chair one inch, but it leans over to the floor.) Gee, that’s hard, I never knew that. (He tries again, and again fails.) It’s on an angle, that’s why, heh?
A View from the Bridge

Marco: Here. (He kneels, grasps, and with strain slowly raises the chair higher and higher, getting to his feet now.) And Rodolpho and Catherine have stopped dancing as Marco raises the chair over his head.

He is face to face with Eddie, a strained tension gripping his eyes and jaw, his neck stiff, the chair raised like a weapon—and he transforms what might appear like a glare of warning into a smile of triumph, and Eddie's grin vanishes as he absorbs the look; as the lights go down.

The stage remains dark for a moment. Ships' horns are heard. Light rises on Alfieri at his desk. He is discovered in dejection, his face bent to the desk, on which his arms rest. Now he looks up and front.

Alfieri: On the twenty-third of that December
A case of Scotch whisky slipped from a net
While being unloaded—as a case of Scotch whisky
Is inclined to do on the twenty-third of December
On Pier Forty-one. There was no snow, but it was cold.
His wife was out shopping.
Marco was still at work.
The boy had not been hired that day;
Catherine told me later that this was the first time
They had been alone together in the house.

Light is rising on Catherine, who is ironing in the apartment.
Music is playing. Rodolpho is in Eddie's rocker, his head leaning back. A piano jazz cadenza begins. Luxuriously he turns his head to her and smiles, and she smiles at him, then continues ironing. He comes to the table and sits beside her.

Catherine: You hungry?
Rodolpho: Not for anything to eat. (He leans his chin on the back of his hand on the table, watching her iron.) I have nearly three hundred dollars. (He looks up at her.) Catherine?
Catherine: I heard you.
Rodolpho reaches out and takes her hand and kisses it, then lets it go. She resumes ironing. He rests his head again on the back of his hand.

Rodolpho: You don't like to talk about it any more?
Catherine: Sure, I don't mind talkin' about it.
RODOLPHO: What worries you, Catherine?

CATHERINE continues ironing. He now reaches out and takes her hand off the iron, and she sits back in her chair, not looking directly at him.

CATHERINE: I been wantin’ to ask you about something. Could I?
RODOLPHO: All the answers are in my eyes, Catherine. But you don’t look in my eyes lately. You’re full of secrets. (She looks at him. He presses her hand against his cheek. She seems withdrawn.) What is the question?
CATHERINE: Suppose I wanted to live in Italy.
RODOLPHO (smiling at the incongruity): You going to marry somebody rich?
CATHERINE: No, I mean live there—you and me.
RODOLPHO (his smile is vanishing): When?
CATHERINE: Well—when we get married.
RODOLPHO (astonished): You want to be an Italian?
CATHERINE: No, but I could live there without being Italian. Americans live there.
RODOLPHO: Forever?
CATHERINE: Yeah.
RODOLPHO: You’re fooling.
CATHERINE: No, I mean it.
RODOLPHO: Where do you get such an idea?
CATHERINE: Well, you’re always saying it’s so beautiful there, with the mountains and the ocean and all the—
RODOLPHO: You’re fooling me.
CATHERINE: I mean it.
RODOLPHO: Catherine, if I ever brought you home
With no money, no business, nothing,
They would call the priest and the doctor
And they would say Rodolfo is crazy.
CATHERINE: I know, but I think we would be happier there.
RODOLPHO: Happier! What would you eat? You can’t cook the view!
CATHERINE: Maybe you could be a singer, like in Rome or—
RODOLPHO: Rome! Rome is full of singers.
CATHERINE: Well, I could work then.
RODOLPHO: Where?
A View from the Bridge

catherine: God, there must be jobs somewhere!
rodolfo: There's nothing! Nothing, nothing,
    Nothing. Now tell me what you're talking about.
    How can I bring you from a rich country
    To suffer in a poor country?
    What are you talking about?

She searches for words.
    I would be a criminal stealing your face;
    In two years you would have an old, hungry face.
    When my brother's babies cry they give them water,
    Water that boiled a bone.
    Don't you believe that?
catherine (quietly): I'm afraid of Eddie here.

A slight pause.

rodolfo: We wouldn't live here.
    Once I am a citizen I could work anywhere,
    And I would find better jobs,
    And we would have a house, Catherine.
    If I were not afraid to be arrested
    I would start to be something wonderful here!
catherine (steeling herself): Tell me something. I mean just tell
    me, Rodolpho. Would you still want to do it if it turned out we
    had to go live in Italy? I mean just if it turned out that way.

rodolfo: This is your question or his question?
catherine: I would like to know, Rodolpho. I mean it.
rodolfo: To go there with nothing?
catherine: Yeah.
rodolfo: No. (She looks at him wide-eyed.) No.
catherine: You wouldn't?
rodolfo: No; I will not marry you to live in Italy.
    I want you to be my wife
    And I want to be a citizen.
    Tell him that, or I will. Yes.

He moves about angrily.
    And tell him also, and tell yourself, please,
    That I am not a beggar,
    And you are not a horse, a gift,
    A favor for a poor immigrant.
CATHERINE: Well, don’t get mad!
RODOLPHO: I am furious!
   Do you think I am so desperate?
   My brother is desperate, not me.
   You think I would carry on my back
   The rest of my life a woman I didn’t love
   Just to be an American? It’s so wonderful?
   You think we have no tall buildings in Italy?
   Electric lights? No wide streets? No flags?
   No automobiles? Only work we don’t have.
   I want to be an American so I can work,
   That is the only wonder here—work!
   How can you insult me, Catherine?
CATHERINE: I didn’t mean that—
RODOLPHO: My heart dies to look at you.
   Why are you so afraid of him?
CATHERINE (near tears): I don’t know!
RODOLPHO turns her to him.
RODOLPHO: Do you trust me, Catherine? You?
CATHERINE: It’s only that I—
   He was good to me, Rodolpho.
   You don’t know him; he was always the sweetest guy to me.
   Good. He razzes me all the time,
   But he don’t mean it. I know.
   I would—just feel ashamed if I made him sad.
   ’Cause I always dreamt that when I got married
   He would be happy at the wedding, and laughin’.
   And now he’s—mad all the time, and nasty.

She is weeping.
   Tell him you’d live in Italy—just tell him,
   And maybe he would start to trust you a little, see?
   Because I want him to be happy; I mean—
   I like him, Rodolpho—and I can’t stand it!

She weeps, and he holds her.
RODOLPHO: Catherine—oh, little girl—
CATHERINE: I love you, Rodolpho, I love you.
RODOLPHO: I think that’s what you have to tell him, eh?
   Can’t you tell him?
A View from the Bridge

catherine: I'm ascared, I'm so scared.
rodolfo: Ssssh. Listen, now. Tonight when he comes home
        We will both sit down after supper
        And we will tell him—you and I.

He sees her fear rising.

But you must believe me yourself, Catherine.
It's true—you have very much to give me;
A whole country! Sure, I hold America when I hold you.
But if you were not my love,
If every day I did not smile so many times
When I think of you,
I could never kiss you, not for a hundred Americas.
Tonight I'll tell him,
And you will not be frightened any more, eh?
And then in two, three months I'll have enough,
We will go to the church, and we'll come back to our own—
He breaks off, seeing the conquered longing in her eyes, her smile.

Catherine—
catherine: Now. There's nobody here.
Rodolfo: Oh, my little girl. Oh God!
catherine (kissing his face): Now!

He turns her upstage. They walk embraced, her head on his
shoulder, and he sings to her softly. They go into a bedroom.

A pause. Ships' horns sound in the distance. Eddie enters on the
street. He is unsteady, drunk. He mounts the stairs. The sounds
continue. He enters the apartment, looks around, takes out a bottle
from one pocket, puts it on the table; then another bottle from
another pocket; and a third from an inside pocket. He sees the
iron, goes over to it and touches it, pulls his hand quickly back,
turns toward upstage.

Eddie: Beatrice? (He goes to the open kitchen door and looks in.
        He turns to a bedroom door.) Beatrice? (He starts for this door;
it opens, and Catherine is standing there; under his gaze she
adjusts her dress.

Catherine: You got home early.

Eddie (trying to unravel what he senses): Knocked off for Christ-
mas early. (She goes past him to the ironing board. Indicating
the iron.) You start a fire that way.
ARThUR MiLLER

Catherine: I only left it for a minute.

Rodolpho appears in the bedroom doorway. Eddie sees him, and
his arm jerks slightly in shock. Rodolpho nods to him testingly.
Eddie looks to Catherine, who is looking down at the ironing as
she works.

Rodolpho: Beatrice went to buy shoes for the children.
(Catherine puts down the iron and walks toward the bedroom,
and Eddie grabs her arm.) Where you goin?
Catherine: Don't bother me, Eddie. I'm goin' with him.
Eddie: You goin' with him. You goin' with him, heh? (He grabs
her face in the vise of his two hands.) You goin' with him!
He kisses her on the mouth as she pulls at his arms; he will not
let go, keeps his face pressed against hers. Rodolpho comes to
them now.

Rodolpho (tentatively at first): Eddie! No, Eddie! (He now pulls
full force on Eddie's arms to break his grip.) Don't! No!

Catherine breaks free, and Eddie is spun around by Rodolpho's
force, to face him.

Eddie: You want something?
Rodolpho: She'll be my wife.
Eddie: But what're you gonna be? That's what I wanna know!
What're you gonna be!
Rodolpho (with tears of rage): Don't say that to me!

Rodolpho flies at him in attack. Eddie pins his arms, laughing,
and suddenly kisses him.

Catherine: Eddie! Let go, ya hear me! I'll kill you! Leggo of him!
She tears at Eddie's face, and Eddie releases Rodolpho and
stands there, tears rolling down his face as he laughs mockingly at
Rodolpho. She is staring at him in horror, her breasts heaving.
Rodolpho is rigid; they are like animals that have torn at each
other and broken up without a decision, each waiting for the
other's mood.

hear me? Alone.
Catherine: I'm goin' with him, Eddie.
EDDIE (indicating RODOLPHO with his head): Not with that. (He sits, still panting for breath, and they watch him helplessly as he leans his head back on the chair and, striving to catch his breath, closes his eyes.) Don’t make me do nuttin’, Catherine.

The lights go down on EDDIE’s apartment and rise on ALFIERI.

ALFIERI: On December twenty-seventh I saw him next.

I normally go home well before six,
But that day I sat around,
Looking out my window at the bay,
And when I saw him walking through my doorway
I knew why I had waited.
And if I seem to tell this like a dream,
It was that way. Several moments arrived
In the course of the two talks we had
When it occurred to me how—almost transfixed
I had come to feel. I had lost my strength somewhere.

EDDIE enters, removing his cap, sits in the chair, looks thoughtfully out.

I looked in his eyes more than I listened—
In fact, I can hardly remember the conversation.
But I will never forget how dark the room became
When he looked at me; his eyes were like tunnels.
I kept wanting to call the police,
But nothing had happened.
Nothing at all had really happened.

He breaks off and looks down at the desk. Then he turns to EDDIE.

So in other words, he won’t leave?

EDDIE: My wife is talkin’ about renting a room upstairs for them.

An old lady on the top floor is got an empty room.

ALFIERI: What does Marco say?

EDDIE: He just sits there. Marco don’t say much.

ALFIERI: I guess they didn’t tell him, heh? What happened?

EDDIE: I don’t know; Marco don’t say much.

ALFIERI: What does your wife say?

EDDIE (unwilling to pursue this): Nobody’s talkin’ much in the house. So what about that?

ALFIERI: But you didn’t prove anything about him.

EDDIE: Mr. Alfieri, I’m tellin’ you—
ALFIERI: You’re not telling me anything, Eddie;  
   It sounds like he just wasn’t strong enough to break your grip.
EDDIE: I’m tellin’ you I know—he ain’t right.  
   Somebody that don’t want it can break it.  
   Even a mouse, if you catch a teeny mouse  
   And you hold it in your hand, that mouse  
   Can give you the right kind of fight,  
   And he didn’t give me the right kind of fight.  
   I know it, Mr. Alfieri, the guy ain’t right.
ALFIERI: What did you do that for, Eddie?
EDDIE: To show her what he is! So she would see, once and for  
   all! Her mother’ll turn over in the grave! (He gathers himself  
   almost peremptorily.) So what do I gotta do now? Tell me what  
   to do.
ALFIERI: She actually said she’s marrying him?
EDDIE: She told me, yeah. So what do I do?
A slight pause.
ALFIERI: This is my last word, Eddie,  
   Take it or not, that’s your business.  
   Morally and legally you have no rights;  
   You cannot stop it; she is a free agent.
EDDIE (angering): Didn’t you hear what I told you?
ALFIERI (with a tougher tone): I heard what you told me,  
   And I’m telling you what the answer is. I’m not only telling you  
   now, I’m warning you—  
   The law is nature.  
   The law is only a word for what has a right to happen.  
   When the law is wrong it’s because it’s unnatural,  
   But in this case it is natural,  
   And a river will drown you  
   If you buck it now.  
   Let her go. And bless her.
As he speaks, a phone begins to glow on the opposite side of the  
stage, a faint, lonely blue. EDDIE stands up, jaws clenched.  
   Somebody had to come for her, Eddie, sooner or later.
EDDIE starts to turn to go, and ALFIERI rises with new anxiety.  
   You won’t have a friend in the world, Eddie!  
   Even those who understand will turn against you,
A View from the Bridge

Even the ones who feel the same will despise you!

EDDIE moves off quickly.

Put it out of your mind! Eddie!

The light goes out on ALFIERI. EDDIE has at the same time appeared beside the phone, and he lifts it.

EDDIE: I want to report something. Illegal immigrants. Two of them. That’s right. Four-forty-one Saxon Street, Brooklyn, yeah. Ground floor. Heh? (with greater difficulty) I’m just around the neighborhood, that’s all. Heh?

Evidently he is being questioned further, and he slowly hangs up. He comes out of the booth just as LOUIS and MIKE come down the street. They are privately laughing at some private joke.

LOUIS: Go bowlin’, Eddie?
EDDIE: No, I’m due home.
LOUIS: Well, take it easy.
EDDIE: I’ll see yiz.

They leave him, and he watches them go. They resume their evidently amusing conversation. He glances about, then goes up into the house, and, as he enters, the lights go on in the apartment. BEATRICE is seated, sewing a pair of child’s pants.

BEATRICE: Where you been so late?
EDDIE: I took a walk, I told you. (He gets out of his zipper jacket, picks up a paper that is lying in a chair, prepares to sit.) Kids sleepin’?

BEATRICE: Yeah, they’re all sleepin’.

Pause. EDDIE looks out the window.

EDDIE: Where’s Marco?
BEATRICE: They decided to move upstairs with Mrs. Dondero.
EDDIE (turning to her): They’re up there now?
BEATRICE: They moved all their stuff. Catherine decided. It’s better, Eddie, they’ll be outa your way. They’re happy and we’ll be happy.

EDDIE: Catherine’s up there too?
BEATRICE: She just went up to bring pillow cases. She’ll be down right away.

EDDIE (nodding): Well, they’re better off up there; the whole house
knows they were here anyway, so there's nothin' to hide no more.

BEATRICE: That's what I figured. And besides, with the other ones up there maybe it'll look like they're just boarders too, or sump'm. You want eat?

EDDIE: What other ones?

BEATRICE: The two guys she rented the other room to. She's rentin' two rooms. She bought beds and everything: I told you.

EDDIE: When'd you tell me?

BEATRICE: I don't know; I think we were talkin' about it last week, even. She is startin' like a little boarding house up there. Only she's got no pillow cases yet.

EDDIE: I didn't hear nothin' about no boarding house.

BEATRICE: Sure, I loaned her my big fryin' pan beginning of the week. I told you. (She smiles and goes to him.) You gotta come to yourself, kid; you're in another world all the time. (He is silent, peering; she touches his head.) I wanna tell you, Eddie; it was my fault, and I'm sorry. No kiddin'. I shoulda put them up there in the first place.

EDDIE: Dja ever see these guys?

BEATRICE: I see them on the stairs every couple a days. They're kinda young guys. You look terrible, y'know?

EDDIE: They longshoremen?

BEATRICE: I don't know; they never said only hello, and she don't say nothin', so I don't ask, but they look like nice guys. (EDDIE, silent, stares.) What's the matter? I thought you would like it.

EDDIE: I'm just wonderin'—where they come from? She's got no sign outside; she don't know nobody. How's she find boarders all of a sudden?

BEATRICE: What's the difference? She—

EDDIE: The difference is they could be cops, that's all.

BEATRICE: Oh, no, I don't think so.

EDDIE: It's all right with me, I don't care. Except for this kinda work they don't wear badges, y'know. I mean you gotta face it, they could be cops. And Rodolpho'll start to shoot his mouth off up there, and they got him.

BEATRICE: I don't think so. You want some coffee?

EDDIE: No. I don't want nothin'.

BEATRICE: You gettin' sick or sump'm?
EDDIE: Me—no, I’m all right. *(mystified)* When did you tell me she had boarders?

BEATRICE: Couple a times.

EDDIE: Geez, I don’t even remember. I thought she had the one room. *(He touches his forehead, alarmed.)*

BEATRICE: Sure, we was all talkin’ about it last week. I loaned her my big fryin’ pan. I told you.

EDDIE: I must be dizzy or sump’m.

BEATRICE: I think you’ll come to yourself now, Eddie. I mean it, we shoulda put them up there in the first place. You can never bring strangers in a house. *(Pause. They are seated.)* You know what?

EDDIE: What?

BEATRICE: Why don’t you tell her you’ll go to her it’s all right—Katie? Give her a break. A wedding should be happy.

EDDIE: I don’t care. Let her do what she wants to do.

BEATRICE: Why don’t you tell her you’ll go to the wedding? It’s terrible, there wouldn’t be no father there. She’s broken-hearted.

EDDIE: They made up the date already?

BEATRICE: She wants him to have like six, seven hundred. I told her, I says, “If you start off with a little bit you never gonna get ahead of yourself,” I says. So they’re gonna wait yet. I think maybe the end of the summer. But if you would tell them you’ll be at the wedding—I mean, it would be nice, they would both be happy. I mean live and let live, Eddie, I mean?

EDDIE *(as though he doesn’t care)*: All right, I’ll go to the wedding.

*(CATHERINE is descending the stairs from above.)*

BEATRICE *(darting a glance toward the sound)*: You want me to tell her?

EDDIE *(He thinks, then turns to her with a certain deliberativeness.)*: If you want, go ahead.

CATHERINE enters, sees him, and starts for the bedroom door.

BEATRICE: Come here, Katie. *(CATHERINE looks doubtfully at her.)* Come here, honey. *(CATHERINE comes to her, and BEATRICE puts an arm around her. EDDIE looks off.)* He’s gonna come to the wedding.

CATHERINE: What do I care if he comes? *(She starts upstage, but BEATRICE holds her.)*
BEATRICE: Ah, Katie, don’t be that way. I want you to make up with him; come on over here. You’re his baby! (She tries to draw CATHERINE near EDDIE.)
CATHERINE: I got nothin’ to make up with him, he’s got somethin’ to make up with me.
EDDIE: Leave her alone, Beatrice, she knows what she wants to do. (Now, however, he turns for a second to CATHERINE.) But if I was you I would watch out for those boarders up there.
BEATRICE: He’s worried maybe they’re cops.
CATHERINE: Oh, no, they ain’t cops. Mr. Lipari from the butcher store—they’re his nephews; they just come over last week.
EDDIE (coming alive): They’re submarines?
CATHERINE: Yeah, they come from around Bari. They ain’t cops.

She walks to her bedroom. EDDIE tries to keep silent, and when he speaks it has an unwilling sharpness of anxiety.

EDDIE: Catherine. (She turns to him. He is getting to his feet in a high but subdued terror.) You think that’s a good idea?
CATHERINE: What?
EDDIE: How do you know what enemies Lipari’s got? Which they would love to stab him in the back? I mean you never do that, Catherine, put in two strange pairs like that together. They track one, they’ll catch ’em all. I ain’t tryin’ to advise you, kid, but that ain’t smart. Anybody tell you that. I mean you just takin’ a double chance, y’understand?
CATHERINE: Well, what’ll I do with them?
EDDIE: What do you mean? The neighborhood’s full of rooms. Can’t you stand to live a couple a blocks away from him? He’s got a big family, Lipari—these guys get picked up he’s liable to blame you or me, and we got his whole family on our head. That’s no joke, kid. They got a temper, that family.
CATHERINE: Well, maybe tomorrow I’ll find some other place—
EDDIE: Kid, I’m not tellin’ you nothin’ no more because I’m just an ignorant jerk. I know that; but if I was you I would get them outa this house tonight, see?
CATHERINE: How’m I gonna find a place tonight?
EDDIE (his temper rising): Catherine, don’t mix yourself with somebody else’s family, Catherine.
Two men in overcoats and felt hats appear on the street, start into the house.

EDDIE: You want to do yourself a favor? Go up and get them out of the house, kid.

CATHERINE: Yeah, but they been in the house so long already—

EDDIE: You think I'm always tryin' to fool you or sump'm? What's the matter with you? Don't you believe I could think of your good? (He is breaking into tears.) Didn't I work like a horse keepin' you? You think I got no feelin's? I never told you nothin' in my life that wasn't for your good. Nothin'! And look at the way you talk to me! Like I was an enemy! Like I—(There is a knock on the door. His head swerves. They all stand motionless. Another knock. EDDIE firmly draws CATHERINE to him. And, in a whisper, pointing upstage.) Go out the back up the fire escape; get them out over the back fence.

FIRST OFFICER (in the hall): Open up in there! immigration!

EDDIE: Go, go. Hurry up! (He suddenly pushes her upstage, and she stands a moment, staring at him in a realized horror.) Well what're you lookin' at?

FIRST OFFICER: Open up!

EDDIE: Who's that there?

FIRST OFFICER: Immigration. Open up.

With a sob of fury and that glance, CATHERINE streaks into a bedroom. EDDIE looks at BEATRICE, who sinks into a chair, turning her face from him.

EDDIE: All right, take it easy, take it easy. (He goes and opens the door. The officers step inside.) What's all this?

FIRST OFFICER: Where are they?

EDDIE: Where's who?

FIRST OFFICER: Come on, come on, where are they?

EDDIE: Who? We got nobody here. (The FIRST OFFICER opens the door and exits into a bedroom. SECOND OFFICER goes and opens the other bedroom door and exits through it. BEATRICE now turns her head to look at EDDIE. He goes to her, reaches for her, and involuntarily she withdraws herself. Then, pugnaciously, furious.) What's the matter with you?

The FIRST OFFICER enters from the bedroom, calls quietly into the other bedroom.
FIRST OFFICER: Dominick?

Enter second officer from bedroom.

SECOND OFFICER: Maybe it's a different apartment.

FIRST OFFICER: There's only two more floors up there. I'll take the front, you go up the fire escape. I'll let you in. Watch your step up there.

SECOND OFFICER: Okay, right, Charley. (He re-enters the bedroom. The first officer goes to the apartment door, turns to Eddie.)

FIRST OFFICER: This is Four-forty-one, isn’t it?

EDDIE: That’s right.

The officer goes out into the hall, closing the door, and climbs up out of sight. Beatrice slowly sits at the table. Eddie goes to the closed door and listens. Knocking is heard from above, voices. Eddie turns to Beatrice. She looks at him now and sees his terror, and, weakened with fear, she leans her head on the table.

BEATRICE: Oh, Jesus, Eddie.

EDDIE: What’s the matter with you? (He starts toward her, but she swiftly rises, pressing her palms against her face, and walks away from him.)

BEATRICE: Oh, my God, my God.

EDDIE: What’re you, accusin’ me?

BEATRICE (her final thrust is to turn toward him instead of running from him): My God, what did you do!

Many steps on the outer stair draw his attention. We see the first officer descending with Marco, behind him Rodolpho, and Catherine and two strange men, followed by second officer.

Beatrice hurries and opens the door.

CATHERINE (as they appear on the stairs): What do yiz want from them? They work, that’s all. They’re boarders upstairs, they work on the piers.

BEATRICE (now appearing in the hall, to first officer): Ah, mister, what do you want from them? Who do they hurt?

CATHERINE (pointing to Rodolpho): They ain’t no submarines; he was born in Philadelphia.

FIRST OFFICER: Step aside, lady.

CATHERINE: What do you mean? You can’t just come in a house and—
FIRST 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?

FIRST OFFICER: Sure. Four blocks away, One-eleven Union Street. Let's go, fellas.

CATHERINE (fending him off RODOLPHO): No, you can't! Now, get outa here!

FIRST OFFICER (moving her into the apartment): Look, girlie, if they're all right they'll be back 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. (He goes back to the group in the hall.) Let's get them in the car, Dom. (to the men) Andiamo, andiamo, let's go.

The men start out toward the street—but MARCO hangs back, letting them pass.

BEATRICE: Who're they hurtin', for God's sake? What do you want from them? They're starvin' over there, what do you want!

MARCO suddenly breaks from the group and dashes into the room and faces EDDIE, and BEATRICE AND THE FIRST OFFICER rush in as MARCO spits into EDDIE's face. CATHERINE has arrived at the door and sees it. EDDIE, with an angered cry, lunges for MARCO.

EDDIE: Oh, you mother's—!

The first officer quickly intercedes and pushes EDDIE FROM MARCO, who stands there accusingly.

FIRST OFFICER (pushing EDDIE FROM MARCO): Cut it out!

EDDIE (over the FIRST OFFICER'S SHOULDER TO MARCO): I'll kill you for that, you son of a bitch!

FIRST OFFICER: Hey! (He shakes EDDIE.) Stay in here now, don't come down, don't bother him. You hear me? Don't come down, fella.

For an instant there is silence. Then the FIRST 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, the first officer and MARCO go down the stairs.
CATHERINE rushes out of the room and past them toward RODOLPHO, who, with the second officer and the two strange men, is emerging into the street. Now, in the street, LOUIS, MIKE, and several neighbors, including the butcher, LIPARI, a stout, intense, middle-aged man are gathering around the stoop.

EDDIE follows CATHERINE and calls down after MARCO. BEATRICE watches him from within the room, her hands clasped together in fear and prayer.

EDDIE: That's the thanks I get? Which I took the blanket off my bed for yiz? (He hurries down the stairs, shouting. BEATRICE descends behind him, ineffectually trying to hold him back.) You gonna apologize to me, Marco! Marco!

EDDIE appears on the stoop and sees the little crowd looking up at him, and falls silent, expectant. LIPARI, the butcher, walks over to the two strange men, and he kisses them. His wife, keening, goes and kisses their hands.

FIRST OFFICER: All right, lady, let them go. Get in the car, fellas, it's right over there.

The second officer begins moving off with the two strange men and RODOLPHO. CATHERINE rushes to the first officer, who is drawing MARCO off now.

CATHERINE: He was born in Philadelphia! What do you want from him?

FIRST OFFICER: Step aside, lady, come on now—

MARCO (suddenly, taking advantage of the first officer's being occupied with CATHERINE, freeing himself and pointing up at EDDIE): That one! I accuse that one!

FIRST OFFICER (grabbing him and moving him quickly off): Come on!

MARCO (as he is taken off, pointing back and up the stoop 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: 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 off with his wife behind him.) Lipari! (EDDIE comes down and reaches LIPARI and turns him about.) For Christ's
sake, I kept them, I give them the blankets off my bed! (Lipari turns away in disgust and anger and walks off with his keening wife. The crowd is now moving away. Eddie calls.) Louis! (Louis barely turns, then walks away with Mike.) Louis! (Only Beatrice is left on the stoop—and Catherine now returns, blank-eyed, from offstage and the car. Eddie turns to Catherine.) He’s gonna take that back. He’s gonna take that back or I’ll kill him! (He faces all the buildings, the street down which the crowd has vanished.) You hear me? I’ll kill him!

Blackout. There is a pause in darkness before the lights rise. On the left—opposite where the desk stands—is a backless wooden bench. Seated on it are Rodolfo and Marco. There are two wooden chairs. It is a room in the jail. Catherine and Alfieri are seated on the chairs.

Alfieri: I’m waiting, Marco. What do you say? (Marco glances at him, then shrugs.) That’s not enough; I want an answer from you.

Rodolfo: 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, Rodolfo, you come with me now. (He rises.)

Rodolfo: 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: 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. You’re just giving him satisfaction layin’ here.
Arthur Miller

MARCO (after a slight pause, to ALFIERI): How long you say before the hearing?
ALFIERI: I'll try to stretch it out, but it wouldn't be more than five or six weeks.
CATHERINE: So you could make a couple of dollars in the meantime, y' see?
MARCO (to ALFIERI): I have no chance?
ALFIERI: 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 (looking at RODOLPHO): Well—we did something. (He lays a palm on RODOLPHO's cheek, then lowers his hand.)
RODOLPHO: Marco, tell the man.
MARCO: What will I tell him? (He looks at ALFIERI.) He knows such a promise is dishonorable.
ALFIERI: To promise not to kill is not dishonorable.
MARCO: No?
ALFIERI: No.
MARCO (gesturing with his head—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: The law? All the law is not in a book.
ALFIERI: Yes. In a book. There is no other law.
MARCO (his anger 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 (shaking his head): I don't understand this country. (Pause. He stands staring his fury.)
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 lowers his eyes. It almost seems he is ashamed.
MARCO: All right.
ALFIERI: You won't touch him. This is your promise.
Slight pause.

MARCO: Maybe he wants to apologize to me.

ALFIERI *(taking one of his hands)*: This is not God, Marco. You hear? Only God makes justice.

MARCO withdraws his hand and covers it with the other.

MARCO: All right.

ALFIERI: Is your uncle going to the wedding?

CATHERINE: No. But he wouldn’t do nothin’ anyway. He just keeps talkin’ so people will think he’s in the right, that’s all. He talks. I’ll take them to the church, and they could wait for me there.

ALFIERI: Why, where are you going?

CATHERINE: Well, I gotta get Beatrice.

ALFIERI: I’d rather you didn’t go home.

CATHERINE: Oh, no, for my wedding I gotta get Beatrice. Don’t worry, he just talks big, he ain’t gonna do nothin’, Mr. Alfieri. I could go home.

ALFIERI *(nodding, not with assurance)*: All right, then—let’s go.

(MARCO rises. RODOLPHO suddenly embraces him. MARCO pats him on the back, his mind engrossed. RODOLPHO goes to CATHERINE, kisses her hand. She pulls his head to her shoulder, and they go out. MARCO faces ALFIERI.) Only God, Marco.

MARCO turns and walks out. ALFIERI, with a certain processional tread, leaves the stage. The lights dim out.

Light rises in the apartment. EDDIE is alone in the rocker, rocking back and forth in little surges. Pause. Now BEATRICE emerges from a bedroom, then CATHERINE. Both are in their best clothes, wearing hats.

BEATRICE *(with fear)*: I’ll be back in about an hour, Eddie. All right?

EDDIE: 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: It’s after three; we’re supposed to be there already, Beatrice. The priest won’t wait.

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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: Look, I been arguin’ with you all day already, Beatrice, and I said what I’m gonna say. He’s gonna come here and apologize to me or nobody from this house is goin’ into that church today. Now if that’s more to you than I am, then go. But don’t come back. You be on my side or on their side, that’s all.

CATHERINE (suddenly): Who the hell do you think you are?

BEATRICE: Sssh!

CATHERINE: You got no more right to tell nobody nothin’! Nobody! The rest of your life, nobody!

BEATRICE: Shut up, Katie!

CATHERINE (pulling BEATRICE by the arm): You’re gonna come with me!

BEATRICE: I can’t, Katie, I can’t—

CATHERINE: How can you listen to him? This rat!

EDDIE gets up.

BEATRICE (to CATHERINE, in terror at sight of his face): Go, go— I’m not goin’—

CATHERINE: What’re you scared of? He’s a rat! He belongs in the sewer! In the garbage he belongs! (She is addressing him.) He’s a rat from under the piers! He bites people when they sleep! He comes when nobody’s lookin’ and he poisons decent people!

EDDIE rushes at her with his hand raised, and BEATRICE struggles with him. RODOLPHO appears, hurrying along the street, and runs up the stairs.

BEATRICE (screaming): Get out of here, Katie! (to EDDIE) Please, Eddie, Eddie, please!

EDDIE (trying to free himself of BEATRICE): Don’t bother me!

RODOLPHO enters the apartment. A pause.

EDDIE: Get outa here.

RODOLPHO: Marco is coming, Eddie. (Pause. BEATRICE raises her hands.) He’s praying in the church. You understand?

Pause.

BEATRICE (in terror): Eddie. Eddie, get out.

EDDIE: What do you mean, get out?
beatrice: Eddie, you got kids, go 'way, go 'way from here! Get outa the house!

eddie: Me get outa the house? Me get outa the house?
What did I do that I gotta get outa the house?
That I wanted a girl not to turn into a tramp?
That I made a promise and I kept my promise
She should be sump'm in her life?

Catherine goes trembling to him.

Catherine: Eddie—
eddie: What do you want?

Catherine: Please, Eddie, go away. He's comin' for you.
eddie: What do you care? What do you care he's comin' for me?

Catherine (weeping, she embraces him): I never meant to do nothin' bad to you in my life, Eddie!
eddie (with tears in his eyes): Then who meant somethin' bad?
How'd it get bad?

Catherine: I don't know, I don't know!
eddie (pointing to Rodolpho with the new confidence of the embrace): They made it bad! This one and his brother made it bad which they came like thieves to rob, to rob!

He grabs her arm and swings her behind him so that he is between her and Rodolpho, who is alone at the door.

You go tell him to come and come quick.
You go tell him I'm waitin' here for him to apologize
For what he said to me in front of the neighborhood!
Now get goin'!

Rodolpho (starting around Eddie toward Catherine): Come, Catherine, we—
eddie (nearly throwing Rodolpho out the door): Get away from her!

Rodolpho (starting back in): Catherine!
eddie (turning on Catherine): Tell him to get out! (She stands paralyzed before him.) Katie! I'll do somethin' if he don't get outa here!

Beatrice (rushing to him, her open hands pressed together before him as though in prayer): Eddie, it's her husband, it's her husband! Let her go, it's her husband!

Catherine, moaning, breaks for the door, and she and Rodolpho
start down the stairs; EDDIE lunges and catches her; he holds her, and she weeps up into his face. And he kisses her on the lips.

EDDIE (like a lover, out of his madness): It’s me, ain’t it?
BEATRICE (biting his body): Eddie! God, Eddie!
EDDIE: Katie, it’s me, ain’t it? You know it’s me!
CATHERINE: Please, please, Eddie, lemme go. Heh? Please?

She moves to go. MARCO appears on the street.

EDDIE (to RODOLPHO): Punk! Tell her what you are! You know what you are, you punk!
CATHERINE (pulling RODOLPHO out the doorway): Come on!

EDDIE rushes after them to the doorway.

EDDIE: Make him tell you what he is! Tell her, punk! (He is on the stairway, calling down.) Why don’t he answer me! Punk, answer me! (He rushes down the stairs, BEATRICE after him.)

BEATRICE: Eddie, come back!

(Outside, RODOLPHO sees MARCO and cries out, “No, Marco. Marco, go away, go away!” But MARCO nears the stoop, looking up at the descending EDDIE.)

EDDIE (emerging from the house): Punk, what are you gonna do with a girl! I’m waitin’ for your answer, punk. Where’s your—answer!

He sees MARCO. Two other neighbors appear on the street, stand and watch. BEATRICE now comes in front of him.

BEATRICE: Go in the house, Eddie!

EDDIE (pushing her aside, coming out challengingly on the stoop, and glaring down at MARCO): What do you mean, go in the house? Maybe he came to apologize to me. (to the people) Which I took the blankets off my bed for them; Which I brought up a girl, she wasn’t even my daughter, And I took from my own kids to give to her—And they took her like you take from a stable, Like you go in and rob from your own family! And never a word to me! And now accusations in the bargain? Makin’ my name like a dirty rag.

He faces MARCO now, and moves toward him.
A View from the Bridge

You gonna take that back?

BEATRICE: Eddie! Eddie!

EDDIE: I want my good name, Marco! You took my name!

BEATRICE rushes past him to MARCO and tries to push him away.

BEATRICE: Go, go!

MARCO: Animal! You go on your knees to me!

He strikes EDDIE powerfully on the side of the head. EDDIE falls back and draws a knife. MARCO springs to a position of defense, both men circling each other. EDDIE lunges, and MIKE, LOUIS, and all the neighbors move in to stop them, and they fight up the steps of the stoop, and there is a wild scream—BEATRICE's—and they all spread out, some of them running off.

MARCO is standing over EDDIE, who is on his knees, a bleeding knife in his hands. EDDIE falls forward on his hands and knees, and he crawls a yard to CATHERINE. She raises her face away—but she does not move as he reaches over and grasps her leg, and, looking up at her, he seems puzzled, questioning, betrayed.

EDDIE: Catherine—why—?

He falls forward and dies. CATHERINE covers her face and weeps. She sinks down beside the weeping BEATRICE. The lights fade, and ALFIERI is illuminated in his office.

ALFIERI: Most of the time now we settle for half,

And I like it better.
And yet, when the tide is right
And the green smell of the sea
Floats in through my window,
The waves of this bay
Are the waves against Siracusa,
And I see a face that suddenly seems carved;
The eyes look like tunnels
Leading back toward some ancestral beach
Where all of us once lived.

And I wonder at those times
How much of all of us

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Arthur Miller

Really lives there yet,
And when we will truly have moved on,
On and away from that dark place,
That world that has fallen to stones?

This is the end of the story. Good night.