

appears outside, walking toward the door from a distant point  
U. L.)

BEATRICE. (Crying out, weeping.) The truth is not as bad as  
blood, Eddie! I'm tellin' you the truth—tell her good-bye forever!

EDDIE. (Crying out in agony.) That's what you think of me?—  
that I would have such a thoughts? (His fists clench his head as  
though it will burst.)

MARCO. (Calling near the door outside.) Eddie Carbone! (Eddie  
swerves about, all stand transfixed for an instant. People appear  
outside.)

EDDIE. (As though flinging his challenge.) Yeah, Marco! Eddie  
Carbone. Eddie Carbone. Eddie Carbone. (He starts up the stairs.  
He emerges from the apartment. Rodolpho streaks up and out past  
him and runs to Marco.)

RODOLPHO. No, Marco, please! Eddie, please, he has children!  
You will kill a family!

BEATRICE. Go in the house! Eddie, go in the house!

EDDIE. (He gradually comes to address the people.) Maybe he  
come to apologize to me. Heh, Marco? For what you said about  
me in front of the neighborhood? (He is incensing himself and  
little bits of laughter even escape him as his eyes are murderous  
and he cracks his knuckles in his hands with a strange sort of re-  
laxation.) He knows that ain't right. To do like that? To a man?  
Which I put my roof over their head and my food in their mouth?  
Like in the Bible? Strangers I never seen in my whole life? To  
come out of the water and grab a girl for a passport? To go and  
take from your own family like from the stable—and never a  
word to me? And now accusations in the bargain! (Directly to  
Marco.) Wipin' the neighborhood with my name like a dirty rag!  
I want my name, Marco . . . (He is moving now, carefully, to-  
ward Marco.) now gimme my name and we go together to the  
wedding.

BEATRICE and CATHERINE. (They are keening.) Eddie! Eddie,  
don't! Eddie!

EDDIE. No, Marco knows what's right from wrong. Tell the peo-  
ple, Marco, tell them what a liar you are! (He has his arms  
spread and Marco is spreading his.) Come on, liar, you know what  
you done! (He lunges for Marco as a great hushed shout goes up  
from the people.)

MARCO. (He strikes Eddie beside the neck.) Animal! You go on

your knees to me! (Eddie goes down with the blow and Marco starts to raise a foot to stomp him when Eddie springs a knife into his hand and Marco steps back. Louis rushes in toward Eddie.)

LOUIS. Eddie, for Christ's sake!

EDDIE. (He raises the knife and Louis halts and steps back.) You lied about me, Marco. Now say it. Come on now, say it!

MARCO. Anima-a-a-l! (Eddie lunges with the knife. Marco grabs his arm, turning the blade inward and pressing it home as the women and Louis and Mike rush in and separate them, and Eddie, the knife still in his hand, falls to his knees before Marco. The two women support him for a moment, calling his name again and again.)

CATHERINE. Eddie, I never meant to do nothing bad to you.

EDDIE. Then why . . . Oh, Bea!

BEATRICE. Yes, yes!

EDDIE. My Bea . . . ! (He dies in her arms, and Beatrice covers him with her body. Alfieri, who is in the crowd, turns out to the audience. The lights have gone down leaving him in a glow, while behind him the dull prayers of the people and the keening of the women continue.)

ALFIERI. Most of the time now we settle for half and I like it better. But the Truth is holy, and even as I know how wrong he was, and his death useless, I tremble—for I confess that something perversely pure calls to me from his memory—not purely good, but himself purely, for he allowed himself to be wholly known and for that I think I will love him more than all my sensible clients. And yet, it is better to settle for half, it must be! And so I mourn him—I admit it—with a certain . . . alarm.

## CURTAIN