

MARCO. In my country he would be dead now. He would not live this long.

ALFIERI. All right, Rodolpho—you come with me now.

RODOLPHO. No! Please, Mister, Marco . . . Promise the man. Please, I want you to watch the wedding. How can I be married and you're in here? Please, you're not going to do anything; you know you're not. (*Marco is silent.*)

CATHERINE. (*Kneels L. of Marco.*) Marco, don't you understand? He can't bail you out if you're gonna do something bad. To hell with Eddie. Nobody is gonna talk to him again if he lives to a hundred. Everybody knows you spit in his face, that's enough, isn't it? Give me the satisfaction—I want you at the wedding. You got a wife and kids, Marco—you could be workin' till the hearing comes up, instead of layin' around here.

MARCO. (*To Alfieri.*) I have no chance?

ALFIERI. (*Crosses D. to behind Marco.*) No, Marco. You're going back. The hearing is a formality, that's all.

MARCO. But him?—there is a chance, eh?

ALFIERI. When she marries him he can start to become an American. They permit that, if the wife is born here.

MARCO. (*Looks at Rodolpho.*) Well—we did something. (*He lays a palm on Rodolpho's arm and Rodolpho covers it.*)

RODOLPHO. Marco, tell the man.

MARCO. (*Pulls his hand away.*) What will I tell him? He knows such a promise is dishonorable.

ALFIERI. To promise not to kill is not dishonorable.

MARCO. (*Looks at Alfieri.*) No?

ALFIERI. No.

MARCO. (*He gestures with his head—that this is a new idea.*) Then what is done with such a man?

ALFIERI. Nothing. If he obeys the law, he lives. That's all.

MARCO. (*Rises—turns to Alfieri.*) The law? All the law is not in a book.

ALFIERI. Yes. In a book. There is no other law.

MARCO. (*His anger is rising.*) He degraded my brother. My blood. He robbed my children, he mocks my work. I work to come here, Mister!

ALFIERI. I know, Marco . . .

MARCO. There is no law for that?! Where is the law for that?

ALFIERI. There is none.

MARCO. (*Shakes his head. Sits.*) I don't understand this country.
ALFIERI. Well? What is your answer? You have five or six weeks you could work. Or else you sit here. What do you say to me?

MARCO. (*He lowers his eyes. It almost seems he is ashamed.*) All right.

ALFIERI. You won't touch him. This is your promise.

MARCO. (*Slight pause.*) Maybe he wants to apologize to me . . .

ALFIERI. (*Marco is staring away. Alfieri takes one of his hands.*) This is not God, Marco. You hear? Only God makes justice.

MARCO. All right.

ALFIERI. (*He nods not with assurance.*) Good! Catherine, Rodolpho, Marco, let us go.

CATHERINE. (*Kisses Rodolpho and Marco, then kisses Alfieri's hand.*) I'll get Beatrice and meet you at the church. (*She leaves quickly, going out L. Marco rises. Rodolpho suddenly embraces him. Marco pats him on the back and Rodolpho exits after Catherine. Marco faces Alfieri.*)

ALFIERI. Only God, Marco. (*Marco turns and walks out L. Alfieri, with a certain processional tread, leaves the stage. The LIGHTS dim out. The LIGHTS rise in the apartment. Eddie is alone in the rocker, rocking back and forth in little surges. Pause. Now Beatrice emerges from a bedroom. She is in her best clothes, wearing a hat.*)

BEATRICE. (*With fear, crossing down to Eddie.*) I'll be back in about an hour, Eddie. All right?

EDDIE. (*Quietly, almost inaudibly, as though drained.*) What, have I been talkin' to myself?

BEATRICE. Eddie, for God's sake, it's her wedding.

EDDIE. Didn't you hear what I told you? You walk out that door to that wedding you ain't comin' back here, Beatrice.

BEATRICE. Why! What do you want?

EDDIE. I want my respect. Didn't you ever hear of that? From my wife?

CATHERINE. (*Enters from bedroom.*) It's after three; we're supposed to be there already, Beatrice. The priest won't wait.

BEATRICE. Eddie. It's her wedding. There'll be nobody there from her family. For my sister let me go. I'm goin' for my sister.

EDDIE. (*As though mentally hurt.*) Look, I been arguin' with you all day already, Beatrice, and I said what I'm gonna say. He's