BEATRICE. (Smiles.) Ah, go on, you’re just jealous.
EDDIE. Of him? Boy, you don’t think much of me.
BEATRICE. I don’t understand you; what’s so terrible about him?
EDDIE. You mean it’s all right with you?—That’s gonna be her husband?
BEATRICE. Why? He’s a nice fella, hard workin’, he’s a good-
lookin’ fella.
EDDIE. He sings on the ships, didja know that?
BEATRICE. What do you mean, he sings?
EDDIE. Just what I said, he sings. Right on the deck, all of a
sudden—a whole song comes out of his mouth—with motions.
You know what they’re callin’ him now? Paper Doll they’re callin’
him, Canary. He’s like a weird. He comes out on the pier, one-two-
three, it’s a regular free show.
BEATRICE. Well, he’s a kid; he don’t know how to behave him-
self yet.
EDDIE. And with that whacky hair; he’s like a chorus girl or
sup’m.
BEATRICE. So he’s blond, so . . .
EDDIE. I just hope that’s his regular hair, that’s all I hope.
BEATRICE. You crazy or sup’m? (She tries to turn him to her.)
EDDIE. (He keeps his head turned away.) What’s so crazy? I
don’t like his whole way.
BEATRICE. Listen, you never seen a blond guy in your life?
What about Whitey Balso?
EDDIE. (Turning to her, victoriously.) 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 man; nobody kids Marco. (He moves from her, halts. She real-
izes there is a campaign solidified in him.) I tell you the truth I’m
surprised I have to tell you all this. I mean I’m surprised, Bea.
BEATRICE. (She goes to him with purpose now.) Listen, you ain’t
gonna start nothin’ here.
EDDIE. I ain’t startin’ nothin’, but I ain’t gonna stand around
lookin’ at that. For that character I didn’t bring her up. I swear,
Bea, I’m surprised at you; I sit there waitin’ for you to wake up
but everything is great with you.
BEATRICE. No, everything ain’t great with me.
EDDIE. No?
BEATRICE. No. But I got other worries.
EDDIE. Yeah. *(He is already weakening.)*
BEATRICE. Yeah, you want me to tell you?
EDDIE. *(In retreat.)* Why? What worries you got?
BEATRICE. When am I gonna be a wife again, Eddie?
EDDIE. I ain't been feelin' good. They bother me since they came.
BEATRICE. It's almost three months you don't feel good,—
they're only here a couple of weeks. It's three months, Eddie.
EDDIE. I don't know, Bea—I don't want to talk about it.
BEATRICE. What's the matter, Eddie, you don't like me, heh?
EDDIE. What do you mean, I don't like you? I said I don't feel
good, that's all.
BEATRICE. Well, tell me, am I doing something wrong?—talk
to me.
EDDIE. *(Pause. He can't speak, then . . . )* I can't. I can't talk
about it.
BEATRICE. Well, tell me what . . .
EDDIE. I got nothin' to say about it! *(She stands for a moment,
he is looking off; she turns to go into the house.)* I'll be all right,
Bea; just lay off me, will ya? I'm worried about her.
BEATRICE. The girl is gonna be eighteen years old, it's time
already.
EDDIE. Bea, he's taking her for a ride!
BEATRICE. All right, that's her ride. What're you gonna stand
over her till she's forty? Eddie, I want you to cut it out now, you
hear me? I don't like it! . . . Now come in the house.
EDDIE. I want to take a walk, I'll be in right away.
BEATRICE. They ain't goin' to come any quicker if you stand in
the street; it ain't nice, Eddie.
EDDIE. I'll be in right away. Go ahead *(He walks R. She goes
into the house. He glances up the street, sees Louis and Mike com-
ing—moves D. R. and sits on an iron railing. Louis and Mike enter
down R. ramp.)*
LOUIS. Wanna go bowlin' tonight?
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 all time.
EDDIE. Oh, yeah, they're doin' all right.