KENNETH: (A recent Irish immigrant)

Kenneth: You’ve got something steady in your mind, Bert; Something far away and steady. I never could hold my mind on a far-away thing . . . She’s not giving me the heat I’m entitled to. Eleven dollars a week room and board, And all she puts in the bag is a lousy pork sandwich, The same every day and no surprises. Is that right? Is that right now? How's a man to live, Freezing all day in this palace of dust And night comes with one window and a bed And the streets full of strangers And not one of them’s read a book through, Or seen a poem from beginning to end Or knows a song worth singing. Oh, this is an ice-cold city, Mother, And Roosevelt’s not makin’ it warmer, somehow. And here’s another grand Monday!

GUS (An elderly drunk Hungarian immigrant)

Gus (swaying, to Bert): Twenty-two years I was here. I was here before you was born. Them mice was here before you was born. When Mr. Eagle was in high school I was already here. When there was Winton Six I was here. When was Minerva car I was here. When was Stanley Steamer I was here, and Stearns Knight, and Marmon was good car; I was here all them times. I was here first day Raymond come; he was young boy; work hard be manager. When Agnes still think she was gonna get married I was here. When was Locomobile, and Model K Ford and Model N Ford — all them different Fords, and Franklin was good car, Jordan car, Reo car, Pierce Arrow, Cleveland car — all them was good cars. Al
them times I was here. You don’t know nothing. Come on, Jim. Button up your coat, cold outside. Tommy? Take care everything good.

**JIM (Is a very old man who just lost his best Friend)**

Jim: He died, Ray. Gus died. He wanted to go over and start at the bottom, and go right up Third Avenue and hit the bars on both sides. And we got up to about Fourteenth Street, in around there, and we kinda lost track of the car someplace. I have to go back there tonight, see if I can find — Well, these girls got in the cab, you know, and we seen a lot of places and all that — we was to some real high-class places, forty cents for a cup of coffee and all that; and then he put me in another cab, and we rode around a while; and then he got another cab to follow us. Case one of our cabs got a flat, see? He just didn’t want to be held up for a minute, Gus didn’t. Oh, just all over. And we stopped for a light, you know, and I thought I’d go up and see how he was gettin’ along, you know, and I open his cab door, and — the girl was fast asleep, see — and he — was dead. Right there in the seat. It was just gettin’ to be morning. I tell ya, Agnes, he didn’t look too good to me since she died, the old lady. I never knewed it. He — liked that woman. I think he got himself too sweated. You know it got pretty cold last night, and he was all sweated up. I kept tellin’ him, I says, “Gus,” I says, “you’re gettin’ yourself all sweated, you know, and it’s a cold night,” I says; and all he kept sayin’ to me all night he says, “Jim,” he says, “I’m gonna do it right, Jim.” That’s all he says practically all night. “I’m gonna do it right,” he says. “I’m gonna do it right.” Oh, when I open that cab door I knowed it right away. I takes one look at him and I knowed it. Oh, poor Agnes, I bet she’s gonna cry now.

**A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**
If you are called back for Rodolpho please prepare an acapella song of the time period to sing.

CATHERINE/RODOLPHO (Rodolpho is an Italian immigrant and Catherine is from Brooklyn)

Catherine: You hungry?
Rodolpho: Not for anything to eat. Pause. I have nearly three hundred dollars. Catherine?
Catherine: I heard you.
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: 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. What is the question?
Catherine: Suppose I wanted to live in Italy.
Rodolpho: You going to marry some-body rich?
Catherine: No, I mean live there – you and me.
Rodolpho, his smile 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.
Rodolphi crosses to rocker: 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 Rodolpho 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?
Catherine: God, there must be jobs somewhere!
Rodolpho: 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? 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.
Rodolpho: 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.
Rodolpho: This is your question or his question?
Catherine: I would like to know, Rodolpho. I mean it.
Rodolpho: To go there with nothing.
Catherine: Yeah.
Rodolpho: No, She looks at him wide-eyed. No.
Catherine: You wouldn’t?
Rodolpho: 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! Goes to her. 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: 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!
Rodolpho: Oh, Catherine – oh, little girl.
Catherine: I love you, Rodolpho, I love you.

MARCO (An Italian immigrant)

Marco, to Alfieri: I have no chance?
But him (meaning his brother Rodolpho)? There is a chance, eh?
(Marco, looking at Rodolpho) Well – we did something. (He lays a palm on Rodolpho's arm and Rodolpho covers it.)
Then what is done with such a man?
This is the law?
All the law is not in a book.
He degraded my brother. My blood. He robbed my children, he mocks my work. I work to come here, mister! There is no law for that? Where is the law for that? I don’t understand this country. Maybe he wants to apologize to me.

**BEATRICE and EDDIE (Married couple from Brooklyn)**

Beatrice, quietly: Eddie. Let’s go someplace. Come. You and me. He has not moved. I don’t want you to be here when he comes. I’ll get your coat.

Eddie: Where? Where am I goin’? This is my house.

Beatrice, crying out: What’s the use of it! He’s crazy now, you know the way they get, what good is it! You got nothin’ against Marco, you always liked Marco!

Eddie: I got nothin’ against Marco? Which he called me a rat in front of the whole neighborhood! Which he said I killed his children! Where you been?

Eddie: Now, listen —

Beatrice: What do you want! Eddie, what do you want!

Eddie: I want my name! He didn’t take my name; he’s only a punk. Marco’s got my name — (to Rodolpho) and you can run tell him, kid, that he’s gonna give it back to me in front of this neighborhood, or we have it out. Hoisting up his pants: Come on, where is he? Take me to him.

Beatrice: Eddie, listen —

Eddie: I heard enough! Come on, let’s go!

Beatrice: Only blood is good? He kissed your hand!

Eddie: What he does don’t mean nothin’ to nobody! To Rodolpho: Come on!

Beatrice: What’s gonna mean some- thin’? Eddie, listen to me. Who could give you your name? Listen to me, I love you, I’m talkin’ to you, I love you; if Marco’ll kiss your hand outside, if he goes on his knees, what is he got to give you? That’s not what you want.
Eddie: Don't bother me!
Beatrice: You want somethin' else, Eddie, and you can never have her!
Eddie, shocked, horrified, his fists clenching: Beatrice!
Beatrice: The truth is not as bad as blood,
Eddie! I'm tellin' you the truth — tell her good-by forever!
Eddie, crying out in agony: That's what you think of me — that I would have such thoughts.