Eddie/Alfieri

EDDIE: (A full flow of indignation) You mean to tell me that there’s no law that 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 on 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 musn’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: 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 that man has to learn to forget. You did you job, now it’s her life; wish her luck, and let her go. (Pause) Will you do that?

EDDIE: You mean to tell me, even if he’s a punk? If he’s—
ALFIERI: There’s nothing you can do.

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

ALFIERI: What are you gonna do?

EDDIE: (with a helpless but ironic gesture) What can I do? I worked like a dog twenty years so a punk could have her, so that’s what I done. I made a promise. I took out of my own mouth to give to her 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 and he takes and puts his dirty hands on her like a goddamn thief!