ALFIERI: To promise not to kill is not dishonorable.

MARCO: (looking at Alfieri) No?

ALFIERI: No.

MARCO: (gesturing with his head—this 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 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: (shaking his head, sitting) 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: (Lowers his eyes. It almost seems he is ashamed). All right.

ALFIERI: You won’t touch him. This is your problem.

(Slight pause)

MARCO: Maybe he wants to apologize to me. (Marco is staring away. Alfieri takes one of his hands)

ALFIERI: This is not God, Marco. You hear? Only God makes justice.

MARCO: All right.