DEAD END
THE NIGHT Men in White closed, I walked home slowly, alone, fully aware
that a hit like this came once in a lifetime, and wondering would I ever do
it again. I was living at 442 East 52nd Street; and after a restless night, I
walked around to 53rd Street and sat on the wharf, watched the kids swim-
mimg in the filthy East River, glanced over at the posh River Club, recalled a
quotation from Thomas Paine: “The contrast of affluence and wretchedness
is like dead and living bodies chained together”—and I had my next play.

As I looked at the kids swimming in the East River, other ideas that had
been waiting a long time began crowding in on my thoughts. There was a
study I had made at Cornell in biology of the environment and its influences
on the species; a similar study of slum environments, in economics. J. B. S.
Haldane in England had given me a number of his books, and in them I had
come across some further ideas about evolution and retrogressive evolution,
and with that came a whole flock of those dreams we call memories, of
myself as a kid on the East Side. I reached into my memory for all of the
vivid language that kids in the city street use. Much of it fell into place imme-
diately. I had been “cockalized” and participated in the gang effort of doing
it to others. And so these ideas working on each other began to take form.
In nine months, I was delivered of the play. Most of my other plays took
much longer.

Language! At one of the readings, Garson Kanin and Martin Gabel, who
were friends of mine, had invited George Abbott. At the end of the reading,
Abbot had said, “Frankly, I’m shocked.” But later on, after I had directed
the play, he flattered me by inviting me to direct a play for him.

I of course clung to my faith in the Edward Gordon Craig concept of the
dance element being the most important of the arts in the production. Craig
dreamed that someday one man would come along and combine the play-
wright, the scene designer, and the director in one production. I now decided I
would combine all three and reach for Edward Gordon Craig’s ideal—no less.

I devised my own special mise-en-scène chart, each actor being repre-
sented by a map-pin of a certain color, tracing the movements of each actor
with a thread from pin to pin. With one of these charts, it is quite possible
today, over fifty years later, to duplicate the precise movements of the actors
for the actions on three pages of the script.

Casting was a series of unusual experiences. Casting the “kids” was a
problem. I wanted real “dead end kids.” A few professionals came in—Gabe
Dell; and Billy Halop, a star on radio then. We then toured about a dozen
boy clubs in New York, and in Huntz Hall I found “Dippy.” He was missing
two front teeth and had a hopelessly goofy look. The three little kid brothers
from up the block we found easily, particularly one very talented little kid
who turned out to be Sidney Lumet. One young boy came in with the face
of an angel, but was indeed an evil little bastard—“Spit,” no question about
it. Later, he proved so troublesome that we had to replace him with his un-
derstudy, Leo Gorcey. Gorcey looked even more like “Spit” than his prede-
cessor, but he was a nice kid and quite independent. One day, I found him
sitting on the wharf, looking very morose. He told me he was quitting be-
cause: “Acting is so boring. Same thing every night, same time, same spot,
same words . . . boring. What I want to be is a plumber. There’s always a
fresh challenge and a new adventure, different people, different problems.”

I told him that Sam Goldwyn had bought the film, and if he got the part,
he would find making films less boring and more filled with variety than the
stage, more of an exciting career. When I finally talked him into that, I
walked away feeling guilty, but Gorcey had something.

Many years later, after he had become a star and been successful as one
of the “Dead End Kids” in films, he wrote in his autobiography that had he
followed his original inclination, he would have made more money and kept
it because he would have had fewer wives and been much happier as a
plumber. Forgive me, “Spit,” wherever you are.

Working with the kids presented a number of difficulties. They had to be
kept disciplined, something not in my nature, but I developed it. When the
play opened, they were so good that a number of critics seemed to feel that
I had just thrown a lot of kids loose on the stage and let them take over. Of
course, nothing could have been further from the truth: I had to work twice
as hard to discipline them and exercise great ingenuity to solve each one’s
separate problem.

When Samuel Goldwyn bought the play, he told me that he intended
casting the boys from the regular supply of Hollywood child actors. I
thought that was a mistake. I had spent many months working with these
kids, and they were as close to the real thing as he could find; and although
they had individual problems, they were gifted and precisely the characters—nobody could play them as well. Finally, with Willy Wyler's help, we persuaded Samuel Goldwyn to use them; he never regretted it. The film was a great hit. Then Mervyn LeRoy said that he would like to use the kids in a series of other films, calling them the Dead End Kids. I gave him permission, and they found a lifelong career.

Casting the others in the play went quite swiftly. Marjorie Main, her hair in wisps, her housedress soiled and shabby, auditioned for the gangster's mother. I talked to her one minute, listened to that strange, whiny voice, and I said, "Alright, you've got the part." What I didn't know till much later was that if I had said no, she would have been dead within an hour. She was down to a few dollars and no prospects. She was determined as a routine thing to go about casting calls that day, and then she would have gone home, turned on the gas, and joined her dead husband. Goldwyn used her in the film, and the qualities I saw in Marjorie Main were caught on the screen. She became a star with her own feature film.

Martin Gabel, who was a friend of mine, was cast as Hunk. I had him in mind for that role before I wrote the part. It was no accident that he did so well in it that, on his death, the New York Times still praised Martin Gabel in Dead End as having given one of the best performances of his distinguished career.

The part of the gangster was cast, believe it or not, from the actor's rear end. One night in Grand Central Station, walking to the train with Martin, who was going off to Chicago for the road company of Three Men on a Horse, suddenly, from the back, I noticed a lean figure with a strange, fascinating walk, as if he had a broken hip. I could see my gangster walking that way. I asked Martin if the man was an actor and, if so, a good one, and Martin told me he was. So I ran down way ahead and walked back leisurely to see what he looked like. His face was perfect. It was lean, bony, ferret-faced, dark—perfect. A few days later, I invited him to come to the office. We talked. He read. Perfect.

The girl came in, recommended by Gabel. She looked ideal. She had a sharp, bony face and crimson, crinkly hair. She read the part. She was just right. Sammy Levine was a friend, and his girl, Elspeth Eric, belonged to our group, so I invited her in. She read with raw power; she was splendid. A number of people read for "Gimpty," and one fellow I rejected never let me forget it. Over the years to come, whenever I met him, he would say, "You sorry now you didn't cast me in that part?" and I would invariably say, "No, Danny, you're still wrong for the part." He was Danny Kaye.

During rehearsals, Joe Downing, who played the gangster, and Sheila Trent, who played the prostitute, were extraordinarily good, but they both had one curious trait in common that, in tandem, made for a circus. When
Sheila would go up on a line, she would compulsively scream, "Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh," four times and hit her head. When Downing went up on a line, he would say, "Ah, ah, ah," three times and slap his thigh! When they both went up on their lines together, the chorus of exclamations and gestures that went with it were excruciatingly funny.

One postscript: A number of years later, I was walking past the Belasco Theatre, which was dark; the restaurant next door had been burnt out, and the street looked as if it had been bombed. As I was thinking of Dead End, I heard, very distinctly, the prostitute's lines ringing out in the street, "Who the hell are you? What'd you send for me fer? What do you want?" The sounds were so real that I couldn't believe it was just memory. I turned, and across the street I saw Sheila Trent, dressed shabbily as she was in the play, stockings wrinkled, swinging her bag exactly as she had in the play; and she staggered down the block, drunk. A few months later, she died of alcoholism. It broke my heart. Sheila was such a splendid talent.

Originally, Geddes and I were going to coproduce the play, but I finally chose not to get involved in that phase of it, although I did have an ironbound contract that I was to cast the play, direct it without any interference, and that the set was to be designed according to my specifications. When we came to designing the set, Geddes wanted to design a series of levels as he had done with Lysistrata. I insisted that I wanted a superrealistic set. Geddes had never designed a realistic set, and he was afraid of it.

However, he did design a realistic set, which was great but had some serious defects. When we went to look at the Belasco Theatre, I saw the deep musicians' pit, and I knew at once what the defects were and how to correct them. The set had to be turned around 180 degrees so that the River, instead of being an upstage backdrop, was out front in the pit. This solved all my directorial problems. The actors would now sit downstage facing front (the River), as one normally did sitting on a wharf. The cyc upstage would no longer catch all the light and throw the characters upstage into silhouette.

Geddes refused. He called Jo Mielziner to design it, but Mielziner was too busy. I sat down with pencil and paper and demonstrated what I wanted, and finally Geddes agreed to do it, all the while protesting that it wouldn't work; but since our contract was ironbound, he had to design it my way. He did, but when he gave it to the builders, Cirker and Robbins, he told them that I was "a young man and crazy, stubborn—but this is what he wants, so build it; but I am going on record, saying it won't work."

He was wrong. It worked. The set was magnificent; more important, it was the most functional, working set. I managed to use all the areas not only on the stage floor, but all three-dimensional space above and below, using the pit as the River. It worked so well that it became his most famous set, and deservedly.
Dead End, now a fact accomplished, became a bigger hit than Men in White. It turned out to be the tenth-longest run on Broadway at the time, and it now established me, as one admirer so elegantly put it, as “no splash in the bedpan.”

In fact, Dead End had an honorable influence. The Boys’ Clubs of America tripled their contributions received, and there was a vast social and political reaction to the play. I recall the excitement in the theatre when Mrs. Roosevelt came to see the play three times and appeared backstage and spoke to the cast. Following that, the play was the first command performance in the White House presented at the request of the president. Subsequently, the president appointed a slum study commission. In the report of the commission, the play was quoted, and Senator Robert Wagner, who proposed the first slum-clearance legislation in the Congress of the United States, publicly credited the play with being responsible for that legislation.

S.K.

Sculpture of the Dead End Kids by Sidney Kingsley. Courtesy of Sidney Kingsley.
The contrast of affluence and wretchedness is like dead and living bodies chained together.

—Thomas Paine

Presented by Norman Bel Geddes at the Belasco Theatre, New York, on October 28, 1935, with the following cast:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Actor</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>GIMPTY</td>
<td>Theodore Newton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T.B.</td>
<td>Gabriel Dell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOMMY</td>
<td>Billy Halop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DIPPY</td>
<td>Huntz Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANGEL</td>
<td>Bobby Jordan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPIT</td>
<td>Charles R. Duncan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DOORMAN</td>
<td>George Cotton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OLD LADY</td>
<td>Marie R. Burke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OLD GENTLEMAN</td>
<td>George N. Price</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1ST CHAUFFEUR</td>
<td>Charles Benjamin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“BABY-FACE” MARTIN</td>
<td>Joseph Downing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HUNK</td>
<td>Martin Gabel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PHILIP GRISWALD</td>
<td>Charles Bellin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GOVERNESS</td>
<td>Sidonie Espero</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MILTY</td>
<td>Bernard Punsly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DRINA</td>
<td>Elspeth Eric</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MR. GRISWALD</td>
<td>Carroll Ashburn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MR. JONES</td>
<td>Louis Lord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KAY</td>
<td>Margaret Mullen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Role</td>
<td>Actors</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Hilton</td>
<td>Cyril Gordon Weld</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady with Dog</td>
<td>Margaret Linden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three small boys</td>
<td>Billy Winston, Joseph Taibi, Sidney Lumet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Chauffeur</td>
<td>Richard Clark</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Avenue Boys</td>
<td>David Gorcey, Leo Gorcey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Martin</td>
<td>Marjorie Main</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patrolman Mulligan</td>
<td>Robert J. Mulligan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Francey</td>
<td>Sheila Trent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G-Men</td>
<td>Francis de Sales, Dan Duryea, Edward P. Goodnow,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Policemen</td>
<td>Francis G. Cleveland, William Toubin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plainclothesman</td>
<td>Harry Selby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intern</td>
<td>Philip Bourneuf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medical Examiner</td>
<td>Lewis L. Russel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sailor</td>
<td>Bernard Zaneville</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A crowd: Inhabitants of East River Terrace, ambulance men and others</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Staged by Sidney Kingsley
Setting by Norman Bel Geddes
Sidney Kingsley's mise-en-scène from act 1 of Dead End, actors designated by pins with colored heads. Courtesy of Sidney Kingsley.
ACT ONE

Dead End of a New York street, ending in a wharf over the East River. To the left is a high terrace and a white iron gate leading to the back of the exclusive East River Terrace Apartments. Hugging the terrace and filing up the street are a series of squalid tenement houses.

Beyond the wharf is the East River, covered by a swirling scum an inch thick. A brown river, mucky with floating refuse and offal. A hundred sewers vomit their guts into it. Uptown of the wharf as we float down Hell Gate, the River voices its defiant protest in fierce whirlpools and stumbling rapids, groaning. Further down, we pass under the arch of the Queensboro Bridge, spired, delicate, weblike in superstructure, powerful and brutal in the stone and steel which it plants like uncouth giant feet on the earth. In its hop, skip, and jump over the River it has planted one such foot on the Island called Welfare, once the home of hospital, insane asylum, and prison, now being dismantled, an eyesore to the fastidious who have recently become its neighbors. And here on the shore, along the Fifties, is a strange sight. Set plumb down in the midst of slums, antique warehouses, discarded breweries, slaughterhouses, electrical works, gas tanks, loading cranes, and coal-chutes, the very wealthy have begun to establish their city residence in huge, new, palatial apartments.

The East River Terrace is one of these. Looking up this street from the vantage of the River, we see only a small portion of the back terrace and a gate; but they are enough to suggest the towering magnificence of the whole structure. The wall is of rich, heavy masonry, guarded at the top by a row of pikes. Beyond the pikes, shutting off the view of the squalid street below, is a thick edging of lush green shrubbery. And beyond that, a glimpse of the tops of gaily colored sun umbrellas. Occasionally, the clink of glasses and laughter filter through the shrubs. The exposed sidewall of the tenement is whitewashed and ornamented with an elaborate, ivy-covered trellis to hide its ugliness. The gateposts are crowned with brass ship lanterns, one red, one green. Through the gateway is a catwalk which leads to a floating dock, where the inhabitants of this apartment moor their boats and yachts.

Contrasting sharply with all this richness is the mis-eased street below, filthy, strewn with torn newspapers and garbage from the tenements. The tenement houses are close, dark, and crumbling. They crowd each other. Where there are curtains in the windows, they are streaked and faded; where there are none, we see through to hideous, water-stained, peeling wallpaper, and old, broken-down furniture. The fire escapes are cluttered with gutted mattresses and quilts, old clothes, breadboxes, milk bottles, a canary cage, an occasional potted plant struggling for life.
To the right is a huge, red sand hopper, standing on stilts of heavy timber several stories tall. Up the street, blocking the view, is a Caterpillar steam shovel. Beyond it, way over to the west, are the sky-scraper parallelepipeds of Radio City. An alleyway between two tenements tied together by drooping lines of wash gives us a distant glimpse of the mighty Empire State Building, rearing its useless mooring tower a quarter of a mile into the clouds.

At the juncture of tenement house and terrace is a police callbox; at the juncture of the street and wharf is a police stanchion bearing the warning "Dead End."

The boards of the wharf are weather-beaten and deeply grained; the piles are stained green with algae to where the water licks, and brown above. A ladder nailed to the beams dips down into the river. The sunlight tossed from the waves dances across the piles to the musical lap of the water. Other river sounds counterpoint the orchestration: the bells and the whistles, the clink and the chug of passing boats.

A gang of boys are swimming in the sewerage at the foot of the wharf, splashing about and enjoying it immensely. Some of them wear torn bathing trunks, others are nude. Their speech is a rhythmic, shocking jargon that would put a truck driver to blush.

There are a few onlookers. A fat, greasy woman leans out a tenement window. She is peeling an orange and throwing the peels into the street. A sensitive-faced young man, in a patched, frayed shirt, open at the neck, is sitting on one of the piles. In his lap is a drawing board. Occasionally he will work feverishly, using pencil and triangular ruler, then he will let the pencil droop, and stare out over the river with deep-set eyes, dream-laden, moody.

A tubercular-looking boy about sixteen is up near the hopper, pitching pennies to the sidewalk. There is a splash of water, a loud derisive laugh, and up the ladder climbs a boy, lean, lithe, long-limbed, snub-nosed, his cheeks puffed with water. Reaching the top of the ladder, he leans over and squirts out the water. A yelp below. He laughs again and cries:

"Gotcha dat time!"

Two boys come running down the street toward the wharf. One, a tiny Italian with a great shock of blue-black hair, is dangling a shoe box almost as big as himself; the other, a gawky Polack, head shaven, cretinous, adenoidal, is slapping his thigh with a rolled newspaper as he runs. They shout:

"Hi ya, Tommy?"

Tommy: H'lo Angel! H'lo Dippy! Angel unslings his box, and starts tearing off his clothes. A squat boy with a brutish face, snot bubbling from his nostrils, climbs up after Tommy. As he reaches the top and sees the others,
he shouts in a mocking singsong, “Dopey Dippy, dopey Dippy, dopey Dippy!”

DIPPY: Shat ap, will ya, Spit!

SPIT, spitting through his teeth at DIPPY, who is stripping his jersey over his head: Right inna belly-button! Laughs and climbs onto the wharf to sprawl next to TOMMY. DIPPY mumbles and wipes out his navel with his finger.

TOMMY: Lay off ’im, why doncha?

SPIT: I’ll knock ’im innis eye!

TOMMY: Wassamattuh? Yuh a wise guy er a boy scout? C’mon in, Dippy!

ANGEL: Howza wawda, Tommy?

TOMMY: Boy! Duh nuts!

SPIT: Geeze, great!

ANGEL: Cold?

TOMMY: Nah. Swell. Jus right. Wiping off some of the river filth that has clung to him. Boy, deah’s a lot a junk inna wawda tuhday!

DIPPY, pointing to some dirt on SPIT’S back: Wat’s ’at? He touches SPIT, smells his finger and makes a wry face. Pee—ew, whadda stink! SPIT plucks off a huge gob of filth and throws it at DIPPY. DIPPY whines. What yuh wanna do dat fuh?

SPIT: Aw, I’ll mobilize yuh!

TOMMY: Leave ’im alone! To DIPPY. Whyn’t yuh keep yuh trap shut, huh?

DIPPY: He trew dat crap on me! I wuz . . .

TOMMY: O.K. O.K. O.K. Pointing at some imaginary object near the sand hopper. Hey, felluhs, look! All look off. TOMMY sticks his forefinger next to SPIT’S averted nose. Hey, Spit! SPIT turns his head and bumps his nose on TOMMY’S finger. The boys laugh. Nex’ time leave ’im alone, see?

The cadaverous-looking lad picks up his pennies, and comes down to the others, boasting. “Boy, I git a crack all a time!”

TOMMY, rising: Yeah? Aw right, T.B., I’ll pitch yuh.


TOMMY: Lemme a couple.

T.B.: Yuh ain’t got ’ny?

TOMMY: Come on! I’ll pay yuh back. TOMMY and T.B. go up to the hopper and pitch pennies to the sidewalk.

SPIT, turning to DIPPY, makes a swipe at him. DIPPY backs away: Two fuh flinchin’ . . . two fuh flinchin’!

DIPPY: I di’ not.

SPIT: Yuh did so.

DIPPY: I di’ not.

ANGEL: Whyn’t cha choose? Choose ’im! Choose fer it!
Spit, scrambling to his feet: O.K. Odds!
Angel: Go on!
Dippy: Evens! Spit and Dippy match fingers. Once fuh me. See? Cheatin' shows!
Spit: Come on! Once fuh me. Twice fuh me. An' tree fuh me. Cheatin' shows? Yeah. Boy, ahl knock yuh fer a loop!
Angel: Go on, Dippy, yuh lost. Yuh git yer lumps.
Dippy, whining: Hey, Tommy.
Spit, grabbing Dippy's rolled newspaper: Come on! He bangs Dippy twice on the head.
Dippy: Ow! . . . Ow! . . . Ow! Ah, yuh louse. Yuh didn't have tuh hit me so hahd. Wid' all his might he hit me. Wid' all his might, duh son uva bitch!
Tommy, still absorbed in pitching pennies with T.B.: Why'n't yuh pick on a kid who kin fight back?
Spit: Aw-w-w!
Tommy: Ah!
The Doorman, a giant in powder-blue uniform with gilt buttons and braid, opens the gate of the apartment house, crosses to the end of the sidewalk and blows a whistle, then signals to someone up the street to come down. He turns to speak to an aristocratic Old Gentleman and Old Lady who appear in the gateway of the East River Terrace.
Doorman: I'm so sorry, ma'am, but it'll only be for a day or two.
Old Lady: That's quite all right.
Old Gentleman, arthritic, grumpy, walking slowly and with effort: It isn't at all. There's no reason why we should have to walk half a block to the car.
A colored man in chauffeur's uniform comes down the sidewalk.
Doorman: I'm so sorry, sir.
Old Lady: That's quite all right. She pauses a moment, surveying the boys. Look at this!
Old Gentleman: Humph! I've seen it from the balcony.
Angel: Hey, look, guys! Dey usin' a back daw.
Tommy: I wonduh why.
Dippy, familiarly, to the young man who is sketching: Duh yuh know, Gimpty? Hey, Gimpty?
Gimpty: What?
Dippy: Duh yuh know why?
Gimpty: Why what?
Dippy: Why dey usin' a back daw.
Gimpty: Are they?
Dippy: Yeah.
GIMPTY: No . . . no, I don't.

_The Colored Chauffeur salutes the Old Man and offers him an arm to lean on._

CHAUFFEUR: Good afternoon, sir, I'm sorry I couldn't drive the car around the . . .

OLD LADY: That's all right, Jordan. Look at these youngsters! Aren't they sweet?

OLD GENTLEMAN: Sweet? Yes . . . from a distance!

_They walk up the street, out of sight. A passing tug blasts the air with its foghorn. Tommy, having won at penny-pitching, puts the pennies in the pocket of his trousers, which are hanging on the hopper. T.B., disconsolate, goes to Angel._

T.B.: Dat cleans me. I dunno. I kin always git a crack when I'm playin' by myself. _He watches Angel, who is fussing with a scrap of newspaper and some strange, brown substance. Watcha got deah?_ Angel: It's a dried up hawse-ball.

T.B.: Watcha doin'?

Angel: I'm gonna make some cigarettes. Some guy tole me—yuh kin make cigarettes outa dem.

T.B.: Yeah?

Angel: Yeah. I'm gonna try it.

T.B.: I never hoid a dat.

Angel: It's good. Some guy tole me.

Tommy: Aw, yuh crazy.

Angel: Naw . . . it's good.


Angel: Didja try it?

T.B.: Nah. I can't smoke on accoun' a my T.B. It gits me. I cough like anyt'ing.

Angel, rises and crosses to Gimpty: Hey, Gimpty, got a match?

T.B., murmurs: My Pratt and your face. Dat's a good match! Laughs to himself.

Gimpty: What for?

Dippy: He's makin' cigarettes outa hawse-balls.

Gimpty: Out of what?

Angel: Hawse-balls.

Gimpty: Throw it away, you crazy fool. You want to get sick?

Angel: I kin smoke. Whadda yuh t'ink I yam?

Gimpty: Listen. I read about a guy once who smoked that stuff. You know what happened to him.
ANGEL: What?
GIMPTY: Great big things grew right out of his head.
ANGEL, turning away from GIMPTY, with disgust: Aw-w-w, go wan.
GIMPTY: Listen . . . if I give you a good one, will you throw that away?
ANGEL, turning back eagerly: Sure!
GIMPTY appropriates ANGEL'S horrible cigarette and throws it into the wa-
ter; then takes a sack of tobacco from his pocket, adeptly rolls a cigarette
and holds it out to ANGEL: Here! Stick out your tongue. ANGEL licks the
paper. GIMPTY completes rolling the cigarette and gives it to him. There
you are! Now don't try that again. You'll get sick as a dog. Remember . . .
I'm tellin' you.
ANGEL, proudly exhibiting his cigarette: Boy! Hey, felluhs, look! Gimpty
gimme a butt. To T.B. Gimme a light, T.B. T.B. fishes some matches from
his pocket and lights ANGEL'S cigarette.
DIPPY, dashing over to GIMPTY: Me too, Gimpty! Gimme! Yew know me!
Yew know me! DIPPY, TOMMY, and SPIT descend on GIMPTY, swarming
over him like a horde of locusts. They hold out their hands and beg plain-
tively. “Give us one! Yew know us, Gimpy.”
GIMPTY: No! No! No more! Beat it! That's all! They only plead the louder.
I said that's all. Don't you understand English? You want a boot in the
behind?

Two men come down the street. One, tall, young, rather good-looking
in a vicious way; the other, older, shorter, squat, a sledgehammer build. The
first has thin nervous lips, narrow agate eyes, bloodshot. A peculiarly glossy
face, as if the skin had been stretched taut over the cheekbones, which are
several sizes too large for the lean jaw underneath. Here is a man given to
sudden volcanic violences that come and are gone in a breath. His move-
ments are sharp, jerky; his reflexes exaggerated, those of a high-strung man
whose nerves are beginning to snap under some constant strain. He covers
it, though, with a cocky swagger. He walks leaning forward, hips thrown
back, almost as if out of joint. He wears a gray, turned-down fedora, an
expensive suit, sharply style, the coat a bit too tight at the waist, pleated
trousers, and gray suede shoes. His squat companion is dressed almost iden-
tically, but was not designed to wear such clothes. His trousers hang on his
hips, revealing a bulge of shirtwaist between vest and trouser-top, his barrel
of a chest is too thick for his jacket, his arms too long for the sleeves. His
huge fingers you notice at once! Thick stubs sticking out of the shapeless
bags of his hands like the teats of a cow. The two men come down almost
to the edge of the wharf. The tall one lights a cigarette, looks about, smiles,
shakes his head, and talks sotto voce to his companion.
TOMMY, to GIMPTY: Aw, ta hell wid' yuh! Cheap skate!
ACT ONE

The boys walk away, disgusted. GIMPTY rolls another cigarette, lights it, and returns to his drawingboard.

SPIT: Yeah, ta hell wid' im!
DIPPY: Yeah, ta hell wid' im!
SPIT, crosses to his clothes, which are hanging from a nail on the hopper: I dun need hisn. I gotta stack a butts I picked up I'm savin'.

TOMMY: Give us one.
DIPPY: Yeah! Give us one!
SPIT: Nah. I'm savin' 'em.
TOMMY: Don' be a miser. SPIT takes out a tobacco tin, opens it, exposing a rare collection of cigarette ends gleaned from the streets. Grudgingly he hands TOMMY and DIPPY a butt each, then selects a choice one for himself. Gimme a light, T.B. They all light up and puff away with huge satisfaction.

ANGEL, suddenly aware of the two strangers: Shine, mistah? The tall fellow shakes his hand and turns away. A good shine. Come on! To the other. Yew? The squat man glares at him and growls, "Yuh cockeyed? Can't yuh see we got one?"

ANGEL, turns away, muttering: Aw . . . call 'at a shine?

The DOORMAN comes to the gate and holds it open. A GOVERNESS, accompanied by a well-dressed, delicate-featured little boy, comes out of the Terrace Apartments. The GOVERNESS talks with a marked French accent. She nods to the DOORMAN.

GOVERNESS: Good afternoon.
DOORMAN: Good afternoon, ma'am.
GOVERNESS: But . . . where is our chauffeur?
DOORMAN: I think he's on the corner with the cabdrivers. Shall I get him?
GOVERNESS: Never mind. To the little boy. Wait here. Attends moi ici, mon cheri.

The DOORMAN goes in, closing the gate behind him. The little boy, surveying the curious scene, answers, a bit distracted, "All right, I'll . . ." When he opens his mouth, he shows a shiny, gold orthodontic brace.

GOVERNESS: Mais, Philippe! En français!
PHILIP, obediently: Oui, mademoiselle, j'attendrai.
GOVERNESS: Très bien. J'y reviendrai de suite . . . dans deux minutes.

PHILIP: Oui, oui, mademoiselle.
She hurries up the sidewalk and out of sight.
TOMMY: Wee-gee! He's godda go wee-gee! All the boys shout with laughter.
DIPPY: Do a swan-dive, Tommy. 'At's wad I like.
TOMMY: OK. Hole my butt. He hands his cigarette to DIPPY: Hey, kid! Hey, yew! Hey, wee-gee! PHILIP looks at him. Yuh wanna see sumpm? A swan-
dive. Watch! **TOMMY dashes off, under the hopper. We hear his “Whee-e-e” and a splash. The boys cluck approval.**

**PHILIP:** What's so wonderful about that?

**ANGEL:** Aw, yuh fat tub a buttuh, it's more'n yew kin do.

**PHILIP:** That shows how much you know.

**T.B.:** I bet a dollar he can't even swim.

**PHILIP:** I can too.

**T.B.:** Ah, balonee!

**PHILIP:** Balonee yourself! We've a pool in there and I swim every day . . . with instruction.

**SPIT:** Aw, bushwah! **TOMMY appears on the ladder. DIPPY hands him his cigarette.**

**DIPPY:** He sez dey godda pool in ’ere.

**TOMMY:** How wuzat swan-dive?

**DIPPY:** He sez it wuz lousy.

**TOMMY,** climbing over the parapet and crossing to **PHILIP,** belligerently: Oh yeah? What wuza mattuh wid’ it? Kin yew do betta?

**PHILIP:** A trillion times.

**TOMMY:** How wuzat swan-dive?

**DIPPY:** He sez it wuz lousy.

**TOMMY,** climbing over the parapet and crossing to **PHILIP,** belligerently: Oh yeah? What wuza mattuh wid’ it? Kin yew do betta?

**PHILIP:** I wouldn't swim here.

**T.B.:** He's yelluh, dat's what! Dat's what! He's godda yelluh streak up 'is back a mile wide.

**PHILIP:** It's dirty here.

**DIPPY,** shocked: Doity!

**T.B., very indignant:** Doity! He sez doity. He sez it's doity! I'll sock 'im!

**ANGEL:** Lil fairy!

**SPIT:** Wassamattuh? Yuh sca’d yuh git a lil doit on yuh?

**PHILIP:** Besides, I haven't got my suit.

**TOMMY:** Well, go in bareass.

**T.B.:** Yeah, wassamattuh wid' bareass?

**PHILIP:** And besides, I'm not allowed to.

**DIPPY,** singsong: Sissy, sissy, sucks his mamma's titty!

**PHILIP:** Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me. **The boys crowd him back against the gate.**

**TOMMY:** Ah, ahl spit in yuh eye an' drown yuh. Hey, what's 'at junk yuh got in yuh mout . . . like a hawse?

**PHILIP:** It's a brace, to make my teeth straight.
ACT ONE

TOMMY: Wha-a-at? I could do dat wid’ one wallop! The gang roars with laughter.

PHILIP: You try and you’ll be arrested.

SPIT: Yeah?

TOMMY, contemptuously: Look who’s gonna arrest us!

PHILIP: My uncle’s a judge.

TOMMY: Balonee!

PHILIP: Did you ever hear of Judge Griswald?

ANGEL: So what? So I know a guy whose brudduh’s a detective. He’ll git us out.

T.B.: Yeah? Did yuh evuh hear a Judge Poikins! Well, he’s a frien’ a mine, see? He sent me to rifawm school once.

DOORMAN, appears, bellowing: What’s the matter? Get away from here, you! They scatter, razzing him. He turns to PHILIP. Were they bothering you?

PHILIP: No, I don’t pay any attention to them.

The DOORMAN opens the gate and both he and PHILIP go in. The boys laugh and mock them. DIPPY, preoccupied with the phenomena of his body, suddenly discovers a lone hair on his chest.

DIPPY: Boy! Gee! Hey, I godda hair! He caresses it, proudly. T.B. comes over, inspects the hair, admires it, then suddenly plucks it out, and runs away laughing and holding up the trophy. DIPPY yips, first with pain, then with rage. TOMMY finds an old discarded broom in the litter under the hopper.

He balances it skillfully on the palm of his hand.

SPIT: Gese, I'm hungry!

TOMMY: Me too!

ANGEL: Boy, I'm so hungry I could eat a live dog.

DIPPY, looks up from his wounded chest: Boy, I could eat a hot dog.

ANGEL: Wid’ sour-kraut!

DIPPY: Yeah.

ANGEL, licking his lips and patting his belly: Yum.

SPIT: Hey, should we go tuh Schultzie’s ’n’ see if we kin snitch sumpm?

TOMMY, balancing the broom: Nah, Schultzie’s wise tuh us.

ANGEL: We could try some udduh staws.

TOMMY, still balancing the broom: Nah, dey’re all wise tuh us. Duh minute we walk in ’ey ask us wadda we want. If we had some dough, while one uv us wuz buyin’ sumpm de udduh guys could swipe some stuff, see? I got faw cents, but ’at ain’ enough. He drops the broom, and becomes the man of action. Anybody got any dough heah? Hey, yew, Angel, yuh got some?

ANGEL: No, I ain’.

TOMMY: Come on! Don’ hole out!

ANGEL: Honest! I didn’ git no custumuh dis mawnin’.
TOMMY: Weah's 'is pants? Look in 'is pants! T.B. and SPIT rush to the hopper, grab ANGEL's pants, and start rifling the pockets. ANGEL follows them, yelling.

ANGEL: Hey! Git outa deah! Git outa deah!

T.B.: Nuttin' but a couple a stamps 'n' a boy-scout knife.

SPIT, taking the knife himself: Oh baby, kin I have dis?

ANGEL, follows SPIT: No, I need it.

SPIT: No, yuh don't.

ANGEL: Aw, Spit, gimme my knife!

SPIT, mocking his accent: Watsa ma'? Piza Taliana? He spits at him. Right inee ear! Ha!

ANGEL backs a step and wipes out his ear with a finger: Ah, yuh louse! Ast me fuh sumpm sometime 'n' see watcha git.

TOMMY: Giv'im 'is knife!

SPIT: Da hell I will!

ANGEL: Aw, Spit, gimme my knife! Tommy, make 'im, will yuh?

TOMMY: Gimme dat knife!

SPIT: What fuh?

TOMMY, makes a fist and waves it in front of SPIT's nose: Fuh dis . . . right in yuh bugle! He grabs the knife and examines it. Gese, dat's a knife! Five blades! Boy, I'd like one like 'at.

Enter from the lower tenement door, a young boy of about twelve, a bit timid, neatly dressed, obvious Semitic features.

ANGEL: Aw, Tommy, I need it. I godda use it. Honest!

TOMMY, gives him his knife: Here! Stop squawkin'! Don' say I nevuh gave yuh nuttin'!

ANGEL: Tanks, Tommy. Dat's white.

TOMMY, good-naturedly: Ah, shat ap! To DIPPY, who sits reflectively picking his nose. Hey, Dippy! Pick me a big juicy one! DIPPY grins, rolls the resinous matter into a little ball, and flicks it at TOMMY. TOMMY laughs, and trots up the street to join the others who are seated on a tenement stoop. The TALL MAN turns from his conversation with his companion, and calls to DIPPY, "Hey, you!"

DIPPY: What?

THE TALL ONE: Wanna run a errand fuh me?

THE SQUAT ONE: offers: I'll go, chief. What is it?

DIPPY: Sure. Wheah?

THE TALL ONE, points to a tenement house up the block: 418 . . . fourth floor . . . Mrs. Martin. Tell her a friend a hers wants a see her here.


GIMPTY, who has looked up at the sound of the TALL ONE's voice: Don't
I know you from somewhere? The stranger's lips compress—“no.” I could've sworn I...  

SQUAT MAN, comes over and mutters in a thick voice full of threat: He said no, didn' he? The other restrains him with a touch on the arm.  

GIMPTY: Sorry. He looks down at his drawing. The two walk away, and stand leaning against the wall, talking in low tones. The boys on the stoop suddenly notice the little Jewish boy who is peering over the wharf.  

T.B.: Hey, look! Deah's 'at new kid 'at moved aroun' a block.  

SPIT: 'At's 'at Jew kid! They rise and come down toward him.  

TOMMY: Hey, kid!  

ANGEL: Hey, kid!  

MILTY, looks up: Wadda yuh want?  

SPIT: Come heah, Ikey! Come on! Don' be so slow. He comes over, eager to join them, yet scared.  

TOMMY: Yew da noo kid onna block, aintcha?  

MILTY: Yeah.  

TOMMY: Watsya name?  


TOMMY: Yuh wanna belong tuh are gang?  

MILTY, eagerly: Yeah. Shuah.  

TOMMY: Got 'ny dough? Yuh godda be ineetiated.  

MILTY: I god tree sants.  

TOMMY: Gimme it!  

SPIT, prodding him in the ribs: Give it tuh 'im!  

T.B., prodding him harder and pulling him around: Go on!  

TOMMY, pulling him back: Come on! Don' hole out! MILTY fishes out three cents and hands them to TOMMY. 'At's all yuh got?  

MILTY: Yeah.  

SPIT: Sure?  

MILTY: Hones'.  

TOMMY: Soich 'im! They start to go through his pockets.  

MILTY, turns his pockets inside out: Don'! Yuh don' haf tuh. Look!  

SPIT: Ah, you punk!  

TOMMY: Listen, yew! If yuh wanna belong to dis gang, yuh godda git a quatum.  

MILTY: A quatum? Wheah ahm gonna git a quatum fum?  

SPIT: Fum yuh ole lady.  

MILTY: She woodn gimme no quatum.  

SPIT: Yuh know wheah she keeps huh money, doncha?  

MILTY: Dat's a sin tuh steal.  

SPIT, mocking his accent: Wassamattuh, Ikey?
MILTY: Don' make fun on me. I can' help it.
SPIT, contemptuously: Yuh scared tuh snitch a quathuh? Gese, she won' fin' out.
MILTY: Yes, she would.
SPIT, still mocking him: Oh, she counts huh money all a time, huh, Jakey Ikey?
MILTY: Stop dat! Gimme back my tree sants. I don' wanna hang out wid' youse.
TOMMY, to SPIT: Yuh godda watch-pocket, aincha?
SPIT: Yeah.
TOMMY: Guard dis dough! He hands the money to SPIT, who puts it in his pocket. They walk away, completely ignoring MILTY.
MILTY, follows them, murmuring tremulously: Gimme back my tree sants!
SPIT, whispers to the others: Let's cockalize him!
ANGEL: Wadda yuh say, Tommy?
TOMMY: O.K.
T.B.: Come on!
ANGEL crosses nonchalantly behind MILTY, then crouches on his hands and knees, unnoticed. The others turn and slowly approach him. Suddenly TOMMY pushes MILTY, who stumbles backward and trips over ANGEL, feet flying up. They all pounce on the prostrate boy, pin his arms and legs to the ground, unbutton his pants, pull up his shirt.
TOMMY: Gimme some a dat doit!
SPIT scoops up a handful of dirt: Heah! They rub it into MILTY'S groin. He kicks and screams, hysterically laughing at the sensation. When he's through rubbing in the filth, TOMMY coughs up a huge wad of saliva and spits on MILTY's organ. Each of them spit, once round the circle. The TALL ONE and the SQUAT ONE laugh. A tattoo of heels running down the street! A whirlwind hits the group, and the boys are dispersed right and left. The whirlwind is a girl not much bigger than TOMMY, with a face resembling his—pushed-up nose and freckles. She slaps and pulls and pushes the boys, who scatter away, laughing and shouting. She stands there, eyes blazing.
TOMMY: Aw scram, will yuh, Drina! Scram!
DRINA: Shut up! She helps the sobbing MILTY to his feet, brushes him off, and wipes his face, comforting him. On second glance she is not the child she seemed. Her simple dress, her hair combed back of the ears and held in place with a cheap celluloid clasp, her lithe, boyish figure combine to create the illusion of a very young girl. When she comforts MILTY, however, it is apparent in the mature quality of her solicitude that she is much older—in her earlier twenties. The TALL ONE grins at her. She throws him a contemptuous side-glance and rebukes him sharply.
DRINA: You ought to be ashamed of yourself, standing there and letting them pile up on this kid.

TOMMY: Aw, Drina, will yuh butt outa dis?

DRINA, to the snivelling boy: Are you hurt? To the TALL ONE. Why didn't you stop 'em?


DRINA, furiously: Oh, yeah? I suppose it'll do you good if I crack your face, huh?

THE TALL ONE: Oh, lady, yuh scare me!

DRINA: Fresh guy, huh?

THE SQUAT ONE, walks over to her, his face screwed up in disgust: Shut yuh big mouth or I'll . . .

THE TALL ONE, sharply: Hunk! Cut it! HUNK obeys instantly. They walk away to the bulwark.

TOMMY: Aw, Drina, why dontcha butt outa my business?

DRINA: Wait till I get you home, I'll show you butt out of . . . TOMMY scratches his head. She places her hands on her hips and frowns. What are you scratchin' your head for? Are you buggy again? Her authoritative, maternal concern gives her the air of a little girl playing house.

TOMMY: Aw, git out a heah or I'll bust yuh one!

DRINA: That's fine talk, Tommy . . . bust you one! He scratches again. There you go again! Scratchin'! She crosses to him. Come on home! I'm gonna wash your head.

TOMMY: Aw, lemme alone. All a time yuh bodderin' me . . . Runs away from DRINA and climbs up the hopper like a monkey, out of her reach.

DRINA, to GIMPTY: Pete, why didn't you stop 'em?

GIMPTY: I'm sorry, Drina. I didn't notice what was happenin'. I was thinkin' about somethin'.

DRINA: Yeah? She turns to TOMMY, dangling high on his perch. Tommy, did you go to school today?

TOMMY: Sure.

DRINA: If you're lying, Tommy, I'll kill you.

TOMMY, wiggling his toes at her: Aw, nuts!

DRINA, to MILTY, who is still sobbing: What's the matter? Did they hurt you?

MILTY: Dey took my money.

DRINA: They did? How much?

MILTY: Tree sants.

DRINA: Tommy!

TOMMY: What?

DRINA: Did you take this boy's three cents?

TOMMY: Nope.
DRINA: You did so!
TOMMY: I di' not!
DRINA: You did so!
TOMMY: Well, I ain't got it.
DRINA: Who has? Who's got it? To ANGEL. You?
ANGEL: Not me.

DRINA looks accusingly to T.B.
T.B., walks away, indignantly: Don' look at me!
TOMMY: Go on, Spit, giv 'im back 'is tree cents.
DRINA, turns on Spit: Oh, so you're the one! Come on!
SPIT, thumbs his nose: Like hell I will.
DRINA: Come on!
SPIT: Frig you!
DRINA, flaring: I'll crack you . . . you talk like that!
SPIT: Ah, I'll sock yuh inna rit. She smacks him. He clenches his fist and
draws it back ready to swing.
TOMMY, jumps from the hopper and rushes at SPIT, fists clenched, arms
raised in fighting position: Cut dat out, yuh louse!
SPIT: Well . . . she smacked me foist. She smacked me foist. No dame kin
smack me foist an' get away wid' it.
TOMMY: Give 'er dat dough.
SPIT: What fuh?
TOMMY: Give 'er da dough. Dat's what fuh.
SPIT: Yeah?
TOMMY: Yeah.
SPIT: Ah, yuh mudduh's chooch!
TOMMY: Ah, yuh fadduh's doop!
DRINA: Keep quiet, Tommy! To SPIT. Come on! Come on!
TOMMY: Hurry up! Give 'er dat dough! Pause. SPIT grudgingly gives her the
money. TOMMY drops his hands and returns to the hopper, whistling.
DRINA hands the money back to MILTY.
DRINA: Here.
MILTY: Tanks!
DRINA: That's all right. You look like a nice boy. Stay away from them.
They're no good. They're bums.
SPIT, sullen, but seeking an ally: Come on, Angel. Y'ain' bin in yet. Wanna
go in?
ANGEL: OK.
SPIT: Last one in's a stinkin' rotten egg! They rush off and jump into the
water with great splashes. T.B. remains near the hopper, watching.

Off right, voices are heard. PHILIP's father, a tall, lean, soft-spoken gen-
ACT ONE

A man, middle-aged, wearing shell-rimmed glasses and carrying a pipe, appears at the gate. He is followed by a plumpish man of about the same age. Philip opens the gate for them, smiling.

Philip: Hello, Daddy!


Philip: She went to find Charles.

Griswold: Oh? And where's he?

Philip: I don't know.

Griswold, goes up the street, looks into the tenement hallway. He shakes his head in disapproval and turns to his companion: Say, Jones! Look at this at our back door! Jones nods.

Drina, to Gimpty: You let them take his money without even interfering. Shame on you!

Gimpty: I told you I didn't notice what was happening. My mind was on somethin' else.

Drina: Ah, you're always sticking up for them. To Tommy. Tommy! I'm gonna get some kerosene and clean your head right away.

Tommy: Aw-w-w.

Drina: Don't aw-w-w me! She walks up the street. Tommy jumps down from the hopper and dives into the water.

Griswold: Hm! Whose property is this?

Jones: I think J. and J. I'm not sure, Griswald.

Griswold: Why don't they keep it in repair?

Jones: What for? It's valuable stuff as it is. No upkeep.

Griswold, gasps at the stench that comes out of the building: Phew! What do they do? Use this hallway as a latrine?

Jones: Probably.

Griswold: Hm! Terrible!

Jones: Well, these people have to live someplace.

Griswold, groping in his coat pockets: Hm. Forgot my tobacco pouch. Will you run up and get it for me, son?

Philip: Sure, Daddy! Where is it?

Griswold: Now, let me see. I think it's... I'd better go myself. Turns to Jones.

Jones: I'll go up with you.

Griswold: We'll be down in a minute. Ask Charles to wait for us.

Philip: Certainly, Daddy.

Griswold: Thanks, son. They go off into the apartment house. Dippy comes running down the sidewalk.

Dippy: I fuhgot. Wot wuzat name? Moitle?
THE TALL ONE: Martin!
   
   HUNK cautions him with a tug. GIMPTY's head jerks up. He stares at the
   TALL ONE.
HUNK: Maybe I better go.
THE TALL ONE: O.K. 418, fourth floor. To DIPPY. Nevuh mind, kid. To
HUNK. And while yuh at it, look in 'at tailor's I tole yuh.
HUNK, nods: Check! Exit HUNK up the sidewalk.
DIPPY: I'll go. I'll go git her.
THE TALL ONE: Beat it!
DIPPY: Don' I git nuttin'? I went part a da way.
THE TALL ONE: Nuttin' fer nuttin'. Beat it!
DIPPY: Ah, dat's a lousy trick tuh play on a kid.
THE TALL ONE, raises his foot to kick DIPPY: Come on! . . . DIPPY runs to
the ladder, grumblng, climbs over, yells.
DIPPY: Hey! Yew! The TALL ONE turns to look. Go tuh hell! And he quickly
jumps into the water. The TALL ONE laughs, comes down to the edge of
the wharf, and watches DIPPY splash away.
GIMPTY, snaps his fingers. Sudden recollection: Martin! Baby-face Martin!
THE TALL ONE, wheels to face GIMPTY, one hand reaching under his coat
for a shoulder holster: I ain't Martin, you bastard!
GIMPTY: Don't you remember me?
MARTIN: OK. Yew asked fer it an' yuh git it!
GIMPTY: I'm Gimpty. . . . Remember?
MARTIN: Gimpty?
GIMPTY: Sure, Baby-face. I . . .
GIMPTY: We were kids here. Don't you remember? I was one of the gang.
MARTIN, squints at him carefully for a long time: Yeah.
GIMPTY: You don't have to worry about me.
MARTIN: I ain't worryin' about you. I'm worryin' about me. His hand
emerges slowly from under his coat. You wuz dat funny kid who used to
mind my clothes when I went swimmin'.
GIMPTY: Yeah.
MARTIN: Yeah. 'At's right. Kin yuh still keep yer lips buttoned up?
GIMPTY: I guess so.
MARTIN: Yuh guess so! Yuh better find out. And Goddamn quick!
GIMPTY: You know me, Marty, I . . . A man comes out of the East River
Terrace.
MARTIN: Sh! MARTIN waits till the man is out of hearing, then relaxes. O.K.
   Ony, I'm tellin' yuh, if it wuz anybody else, so help me God, I'd . . . Ges-
tures with thumb and forefinger, as if reaching for his gun.
GIMPTY: Thanks. . . . What did you do to your face?
MARTIN: Operation. Plastic, dey call it.
GIMPTY: Oh! And you dyed your hair, too.
MARTIN: Yeah. I guess yuh read about me.
GIMPTY: Sure. You’re the headliner these days.
MARTIN: Goddamn right! *Pauses. Looks around reminiscently and nods toward the East River Terrace Apartments.* Hey, dat’s somethin’ new, ain’t it?
GIMPTY: No. It’s been up a couple of years.
MARTIN: Yeah? What is it?
GIMPTY: One of the swellest apartment houses in town.
MARTIN: Yuh don’t tell me! Well, what do yuh know!
GIMPTY: Yeah. You have to have blue blood, a million bucks, and a yacht to live in there, or else you have to . . . *Breaks off, moodily.*
MARTIN: What?
GIMPTY: Oh nothin’.
MARTIN: Come on! I don’t like ‘at. If you’re gonna say it, say it.
GIMPTY: It’s nothin’. You see over there? They got a floatin’ dock.
MARTIN: Yeah. . . . What’s it doin’ there? Right by de ole wharf. We used to pee over deah . . . remember?
GIMPTY: Yeah.
MARTIN: Uh-huh. Regards GIMPTY quizzically. What’s your racket?
GIMPTY: I’m an architect.
MARTIN: What’s dat?
GIMPTY: I design houses.
MARTIN: Yuh don’t say! What do yuh know! Little Gimpty, an’ look at ‘im! An architect! Well, I always knew yuh’d come trew. Yuh had somethin’ here, kid! Taps his head. Yep. Well, I’m glad yuh see yuh doin’ O.K., Gimpy. Not like dese udder slubs. Yuh must be in a big dough, huh?
GIMPTY, *laughs*: Nine out of ten architects are out of work.
MARTIN: Yeah?
GIMPTY: Yeah.
MARTIN: So what da hell’s a good?
GIMPTY: That’s the question. Don’t ask me. I don’t know. . . . Strictly speakin’, I’m not even an architect. You see, before you’re an architect, you got to build a house, an’ before anybody’ll let you build ’em a house, you got to be an architect.
MARTIN: Sounds screwy.
GIMPTY: Yeah, I guess it is. Besides, nobody’s building any more, anyway.
MARTIN: An’ fer dat yuh had tuh go tuh high school?
GIMPTY: College, too.
MARTIN: College? Yuh went tuh college?
GIMPTY: Six years.
MARTIN: Six years? Why, yuh son uva bitch, yuh're marvelous!
GIMPTY: Well, I won a scholarship, and Mom worked like hell . . . and here
I am. I was doin' a little work for the government, but . . .
MARTIN: Oh, yeah?
GIMPTY: No . . . don't get excited . . . On a slum clearance project. But that
folded up. I'm on home relief now.
MARTIN: Oh!
A MAN comes down the street and enters the tenement. He bangs the
doors. MARTIN starts and looks back jerkily.
GIMPTY: Say, is it so smart for you to come here? With that big reward.
MARTIN: I ain' here. I'm out West. Read da papers.
GIMPTY: Have you seen your mother yet?
MARTIN: No. Dat's one reason why I come back. I ain't see deel old lady 'n
seven years. I kind a got a yen. Yuh know?
GIMPTY: Sure. . . . I saw her here day before yesterday.
MARTIN: Yeah? I taught she might be aroun'. How's she look?
GIMPTY: All right.
MARTIN: Gese. Seven years! Since a day I come out a reform school. Say,
yew came down 'ere wid' her tuh meet me, didn' cha?
GIMPTY: Yeah.
MARTIN: Sure. 'At's right.
GIMPTY: Well, you've gone a long way since then.
MARTIN: Yeah.
GIMPTY: You know, Marty, I never could quite believe it was you.
MARTIN: Why not?
GIMPTY: To kill eight men?
MARTIN: Say, what ta hell a yuh tryin' tuh do? Tell me off, yuh bastard. Why,
I'll . . .
GIMPTY: No, Marty. . . .
MARTIN: Say, maybe yuh changed, huh? Maybe yuh become a rat. Maybe
yuh'd like tuh git dat faw grand 'at's up fuh me. . . .
GIMPTY: You know better.
MARTIN: I'm not so sure. Fawty-two hundred bucks is pretty big dough fer
a joik like yew.
GIMPTY: You can trust me.
MARTIN: Den don' gimme any a dat crap! What ta hell did yuh t'ink I wuz
gonna do, hang around 'is dump waitin' fer Santa Claus tuh take care a
me, fer Chris' sake? Looka yew! What a yew got? Six years yuh went tuh
college an what da hell a yuh got? A lousy handout a thoity bucks a
month! Not fer me! I yain't like yew punks . . . starvin' an' freezin' . . . fuh what? Peanuts? Coffee an'? Yeah, I got mine, but I took it. Look! *Pulls at his shirt.* Silk. Twenty bucks. Look a dis! *Pulls at his jacket.* Custom tailored—a hunderd an' fifty bucks. Da fat a da land I live off of. An' I got a flock of dames 'at'd make yew guys water at da mout'. 'At'd make yew slobs run off in a dark corner when yuh see dere pichte an play pocket-pool.

**GIMPTY:** Ain't you ever scared?

**MARTIN:** Me? What of? What ta hell, yuh can't live fa'ever. Ah, I don' know. Sure! Sometimes I git da jitters. An' sometimes I git a terrific yen tuh stay put, an' . . . Ah, ta hell wid' it! Say, do yew remember dat kid Francey?

**GIMPTY:** Francey?

**MARTIN:** She wuz my goil when we were kids.

**GIMPTY:** Oh, yeah. She was a fine girl. I remember.

**MARTIN:** Yew bet. 'Ey don' make no more like her. I know. I had 'em all. Yuh ain't seen her around, have yuh?

**GIMPTY:** No.

**MARTIN:** Hoid anythin' about her?

**GIMPTY:** No.

**MARTIN:** Gee, I got a terrific yen tuh see dat kid again. 'At's why I come back here. I wonder what she's doin'. Maybe she got married. Nah, she couldn'! Maybe she died. Nah, not Francey! She had too much on a ball, too much stuff . . . guts. Yeah, she wuz like me. Nuttin' kin kill Baby-face Martin an' nuttin' kin kill her. Not Francey. Gese, I wonder what's become a her?

**GIMPTY:** She's the girl whose uncle owns a tailor shop around the corner, isn't she?

*MILTY strolls over to the parapet and stands looking into the water.*

**MARTIN:** Yeah. Yuh remember her now.

**GIMPTY:** Sure I remember her, all right.

**MARTIN:** I tole Hunk, he's one a my boys, tuh look in 'ere an' see if he could git her address. Gese, I gotta see dat kid again!

*SPIT climbs out of the water, goes to MILTY, and in one sweep of his arm, tears MILTY's fly open.*

**SPIT:** Tree bagger!

**MILTY:** Stop dat!

**SPIT, threatening him:** What?

**TOMMY, follows SPIT over the parapet:** Aw, cut it out, Spit. We gave 'im enough fuh one time.

**SPIT:** I'll knock 'im intuh da middle a next week!

**TOMMY, tearing open SPIT's fly:** Home run!
The rest of the kids climb out of the water. Milty joins them in laughing at Spit's discomfiture.

Spit, turning on Milty: Whadda yuh laughin' at?
Dippy: Yeah, what?
Spit: Sock 'im, Dippy.
Dippy: Aw, I could lick 'im wid' one han' tied behin' my back. Taps Milty's shoulder with his clenched fist in rhythm to: Tree, six, nine, da fight is mine, I kin lick yew any ole time. Tree, six, nine, da . . .
Milty: Git outa heah. Lemme alone. He swings at Dippy, who retreats frightened.
Spit, grabbing Milty roughly by his shirt: Oh . . . a tough guy, huh?
Tommy: I said leave 'im alone. We give 'im enough fuh one time.
Spit, releases Milty and goes to Tommy, threateningly: Wheah da hell a yuh come off, all a time tellin' me what tuh do?
Tommy: I'll put yew out like a light.
Spit, spitting at Tommy: Right inna nose!
Tommy, ducks, and the wad of saliva flies over his head: Miss! Now yuh git yer lumps!
Spit: Try it! Wanna make somethin' out uv it? Come on! Come on! He starts dancing in front of Tommy, waves his fists and mutters dire threats. Tommy suddenly gives him one terrific blow, and Spit collapses, his nose bleeding.

Gimpty: Hey!
Tommy: Hay fuh hosses! It wuz comin' tuh him. To Milty, patting his back.
O.K., kid! Yew kin stick aroun'.

Hunk enters down the sidewalk.

T.B.: Hey, Tommy, len' me a couple a my pennies. I wanna practice pitchin'.
Tommy: O.K. They pitch pennies from the hopper to the sidewalk.
Martin, to Gimpty: Da kids aroun' here don' change! Turns, meets Hunk's suspicious stare at Gimpty; to Hunk. He ain' nuttin' tuh worry about.

Hunk: It's your funeral as well as mine.
Martin: Did yuh git huh address?
Hunk: Yuh mudder's out. Deah wuz no answer.
Martin: Francey. What about huh?
Hunk: Dee old joker said ee didn' know, but ee gimme da address of her aunt in Brooklyn. She might know.
Martin: Well, hop a cab an' git it.
Hunk, making a wry face: Brooklyn?
Martin: Yeah.
Hunk: Oh, hell!
Martin: Come on! Stop crappin' aroun'.
HUNK: Awright. *Exit up the sidewalk.*

SPIT, to PHILIP, who has appeared on the terrace to watch the fight: Whadda yuh lookin' at, huh? Yuh nosey li'l . . .

PHILIP: Nosey nothing. It's a free country, isn't it?

TOMMY: Hey, wee-wee, what ah yuh, a boy 'r a goil?

T.B.: He's a goil, cantcha see?

PHILIP: I'm a man!

_T.B. razzes him loudly. PHILIP razzes loudly back._

T.B.: Wassamattuh? Yew a wise guy?

PHILIP: Yes, I am.

T.B.: Oh, yeah?

PHILIP: I can name all the presidents of the United States. Can you?


PHILIP: Ah-h-h!

TOMMY: I used tuh be able tuh.


PHILIP: All right.

T.B.: Awright what?

PHILIP: I'll bet you a dollar.

T.B.: What?

PHILIP, takes a dollar bill from his pocket and proudly waves it aloft: Put up your dollar!

DIPPY: Gese, a buck!

T.B., slaps his cheek in amazement: A whole real live dollar . . . my gawd!

_Angel and Spit, impressed, exclaim and whistle._

PHILIP: Aw, you haven't even got a dollar.

T.B.: Yeah, well . . . show 'im, Tommy, anyway. Show 'im! Jus' show 'im up, will yuh?

PHILIP: Washington, Adams, Jefferson. Go on! Name the next three!

TOMMY: Madison . . . Harrison . . . no . . .

PHILIP: Wrong!

TOMMY: Well, I used tuh know 'em. I fergit.

PHILIP: Aw-w.

TOMMY: Well, who cares, anyway? Yuh li'l sissy! Let's cockalize 'im!

Whadda yuh say? Come on! *Chorus of approval. They start climbing up the wall, but the Doorman appears just in time.*

DOORMAN: Get out of here! *He gives them a dirty look, then exits, closing the gate.*

TOMMY: Wait till I git yew . . . I'll fix your wagon! Come heah, guys. We gotta git dat kid away from deah. We gotta git him. . . .

_The gang all huddle about Tommy, whispering. Three Smaller Boys_
straggle down the street and sit on the curb. They try to insinuate their way into the conclave.

TOMMY, to the three SMALLER BOYS: Hey, whadda yew want? The three SMALLER BOYS don't answer, but are ready for a fight. Angel, tell yuh kid brudder tuh git da hell outa heah!

ANGEL: Beat it!

TOMMY: Go home and tell yuh mudduh she wants yuh!

ANGEL, rises, rushes the kids. The smallest stops to fight him, but ANGEL routs them and they flee up the sidewalk: Dat crazy brudduh a mine!

DRINA enters down the street, carrying a can of kerosene.

MARTIN: Well, keep yer nose clean, Gimpty, an' yer lips buttoned up tight, see?

GIMPTY: Forget it!

MARTIN exits up the sidewalk, eyeing DRINA as she passes him.

DRINA: Come on, Tommy.

TOMMY: Not now, I'm busy.

DRINA: Tommy, don't be like that, will you? You can't go around with a head full of livestock.

TOMMY: I ain't got no bugs.

DRINA, grabbing him, as he pulls away: Let me see . . . come here! She examines his head. Whew! You ain't! You got an army witha brass band. Come on home.

TOMMY: Wassamattuh wid' tuhnigh? DRINA: Tonight I got a strike meetin'. I don't know what time I'll be home. TOMMY: Aw, yew an' yuh lousy meetin's.

DRINA: It ain't no fun for me, Tommy. Come on an' let's get you cleaned up. TOMMY: Aw, Drina!

DRINA: I don't like it any more than you do.

TOMMY: Gese, look it! He points up the street, and DRINA relaxes her hold on him. TOMMY rushes off under the hopper and dives into the water with a "Whee-ee." The other kids laugh and then straggle up the street to sit in a huddle on the doorstep of a tenement house.

DRINA: Tommy!

GIMPTY, laughs. DRINA looks at him. He smiles understandingly: You've got a tough job on your hands, Drina.

DRINA, peering over the wharf, following TOMMY with her eyes: He's really a good kid.

GIMPTY, also watches TOMMY, whom we can hear thrashing the water with a clockwork, six-beat crawl: Sure.

DRINA: Just a little wild.

GIMPTY: Hey . . . Tommy's got a good crawl-kick!
DRINA, calling: Tommy! Come on! Tommy shouts under the water, making a noise like a seal. DRINA laughs, against her will. What are you gonna do with a kid like that?

GIMPTY, laughs: I don't know.

DRINA, seating herself on the parapet, next to GIMPTY: It's not that he's dumb, either. I went to see his teacher yesterday. She said he's one of the smartest pupils she's got. But he won't work. Two weeks he played hookey.

GIMPTY: I don't blame him.

DRINA: I can't seem to do anything with him. It was different when Mom was alive. She could handle him . . . and between us we made enough money to live in a better neighborhood than this. If we win this strike, I'm gonna move, get him outa here the first thing.

GIMPTY: Yeah. That's the idea.

DRINA, noticing his drawings: What've you got there? More drawings?

GIMPTY: Couple a new ideas in community housing. Here! See? He passes the drawing pad to her.

DRINA, studies them and nods admiration: Yeah. They're beautiful houses, Pete. But what's the good? Is anybody going to build them?

GIMPTY: No.

DRINA, handing back the drawings: So what?

GIMPTY: All my life I've wanted to build houses like these. Well . . . I'm gonna build 'em, see? Even if it's only on paper.

DRINA: A lot of good they'll do on paper. Your mother told me you've even given up looking for a job lately.

GIMPTY, suddenly bitter and weary: Sure. What's the use? How long have you been on strike now?

DRINA: A month.

GIMPTY: Picketin' an' fightin' an' broken heads. For what?

DRINA: For what? For two dollars and fifty cents a week extra. Eleven dollars a month, Pete. All toward rent. So's Tommy an' I can live in a decent neighborhood.

GIMPTY: Yeah. You're right there. I've seen this neighborhood make some pretty rough guys. You've heard about Baby-face Martin? He used to live around here.

DRINA: Yeah. I read about it.

GIMPTY: I used to know him.

DRINA: You did? What was he like?

TOMMY climbs up out of the water, breathless. He lies on the parapet, listening.

GIMPTY: As a kid, all right . . . more than all right. Yeah, Drina, the place you live in is awfully important. It can give you a chance to grow, or it
can twist you—*He twists an imaginary object with grim venom.*—like that. When I was in school, they used to teach us that evolution made men out of animals. They forgot to tell us it can also make animals out of men.

**TOMMY:** Hey, Gimpty.

**GIMPTY:** Yeah?

**TOMMY:** What's evilushin? *He clambers along the parapet and lies on his stomach in front of DRINA.*

**GIMPTY,** looks at **TOMMY** a moment, smiles, and comes out of his dark mood: What's evolution, Tommy? Well, I'll tell you. A thousand million years ago we were all worms in the mud, and that evolution made us men.

**DRINA:** And women!

**GIMPTY:** And women.

**TOMMY:** An' boys and goils?

**GIMPTY:** And boys and girls.

**TOMMY:** Ah, I wuzn't even born a tousan' million years ago.

**GIMPTY:** No, but your great, great, great, great grandfather and mother were; and before them their great, great, great, great, great grandfather and mother were worms.

**TOMMY:** Blah-h-h!

**DRINA,** impressed: It's like God!

**GIMPTY:** It is God! Once it made dinosaurs—animals as big as that house.

**TOMMY:** As big as 'at?

**DRINA:** Sure.

**TOMMY:** Wow!

**GIMPTY:** Then it didn't like its work, and it killed them. Every one of them! Wiped 'em out!

**TOMMY:** Boy! I'd like tuh see one a dem babies.

**GIMPTY:** I'll show you a picture sometime.

**TOMMY:** Will yuh?

**GIMPTY:** Sure.

**TOMMY:** 'At'll be swell, Gimpy.

*SPIT* appears on the ladder and stops to listen, hanging from the top rung.

**GIMPTY:** Once evolution gave snakes feet to walk on.

**TOMMY:** Snakes? No kiddin'!


**TOMMY:** Shat ap! Right innee eye! *He spits. Spit jumps back into the water.*

**DRINA:** Tommy, cut that out! See? You're like an animal.

**TOMMY:** Well . . . he does it tuh all ee udduh kids . . . Anyhow, what happened tuh duh snakes' feet?
GIMPTY: Evolution took 'em away. The same as ostriches could once fly. I bet you didn't know that.
TOMMY: No.
GIMPTY: Well, it's true. And then it took away their power to fly. The same as it gave oysters heads.
TOMMY: Oysters had heads?
GIMPTY: Once, yeah.
TOMMY: Aw-w!
DRINA: Sh, listen!
GIMPTY: Then it took them away. "Now men," says Evolution, "now men"—Nods to DRINA, acknowledging her contribution.—"and women . . . I made you walk straight, I gave you feeling, I gave you reason, I gave you dignity, I gave you a sense of beauty, I planted a God in your heart. Now let's see what you're going to do with them. An' if you can't do anything with them, then I'll take 'em all away. Yeah, I'll take away your reason as sure as I took away the head of the oyster, and your sense of beauty as I took away the flight of the ostrich, and men will crawl on their bellies on the ground like snakes . . . or die off altogether like the dinosaur."

Kay, a very attractive, smartly groomed young lady in a white linen suit comes out of the gate. She brings a clean coolness into this sweltering street. She has a distinctive, lovely face; high forehead, patrician nose, relieved by a warm, wide, generous mouth and eyes that shut and crinkle at the corners when she smiles—which she is doing now.
TOMMY: Gee!
GIMPTY: That scare you?
TOMMY: Wow!
ANGEL, who has been sitting on the tenement steps up the street, watching T.B. and DIPPY climb the tractor, notices the woman come out of the gate:
ANGEL: Gee whiz!
The THREE BOYS saunter down to KAY.
DIPPY: Do yew live in deah?
T.B., rising: No kid! No kid!
ANGEL: Gee whiz! The THREE BOYS saunter down to KAY.
GIMPTY, embarrassed: Hey!
KAY, laughs: Yess.
ANGEL: Have dey really got a swimmin' pool in 'at joint?
KAY: Yes. A big one.
DIPPY: Ah yew a billionairess?
KAY: No.
DIPPY: Millionairess?
KAY: No.
GIMPTY: Hey-y-y!
ANGEL: Den what a yuh doin' comin' outa deah?
DRINA: Angelo! To Kay. Don't mind him!
KAY, smiling: Oh, he's all right.
DIPPY: I got it. She's a sovant goil.
T.B.: Nah, she's too swell-dressed all a time.
    Kay laughs.
GIMPTY, squirming with embarrassment: Look! Will you kids beat it?
    Scram! Get outa here! Go on!
DRINA: Come on, Tommy! I'm gonna wash your head.
TOMMY, crawling over to the ladder: Nah! Hey, Gimpty ... 'at evilushin
guy . . .
GIMPTY: What about him?
TOMMY: Did he make everything?
GIMPTY: Yeah.
TOMMY: Bugs too?
GIMPTY: Yeah.
TOMMY, to DRINA: Deah yuh ah! God makes bugs an' yew wanna kill 'em.
    Gently chiding her as if she were a naughty child. Is 'at nice? He dives off
the ladder into the water. Whee-e-e!
KAY: He's very logical.
DRINA: Yeah. That part's all right, but he's very lousy too, an' that part ain't.
    She calls. Tommy! Come on! More splashing of the water from Tommy.
DIPPY: Whee! Look! He's a flyin' fish! Do dat again, Tommy! Wait, I'm
comin', Tommy! He mounts the parapet. Look a me! I'm divin' . . . a back-
jack! He stands poised for a backjack, then looks back and downward,
fearfully. It's awfully high. Wait a minute! Wait . . . wait! He climbs two
rungs down the ladder. Looks down. Nods. This is better. I'm divin' a
backjack! Watch out, Tommy! He jumps sprawling out of sight. A tremen-
dous splash. Kay looks over the parapet, laughing. Dippy calls up: How
wuz 'at?
KAY: Beautiful!
T.B.: Stinks! He walks off toward the hopper, arm-in-arm with Angel. Two
Girls come out of the Terrace, and walk up the street, chattering. T.B.
and Angel follow them, mimicking their mincing walk, and making inde-
cent remarks. One of the Girls stops and turns to slap Angel. The Boys
laugh and run off behind the hopper. The Two Girls go up the street,
one indignant, the other giggling.
ACT ONE

Kay has picked up Gimpty’s drawings and is admiring them. Drina stares enviously at Kay, at her modish coiffure, at her smart suit, at her shoes. Kay becomes conscious of the scrutiny and turns. Drina, embarrassed, drops her eyes, then calls to Tommy: Tommy! Coming?

Tommy, from the water: No-o-o!

Drina: Well, I’m goin’ home. I can’t wait here all day. She goes.

Gimpty: They’re using the back entrance today. . . .

Kay, handing him the drawing pad: Yes. There’s some trouble in front. They’ve ripped up the whole street. She looks out across the River, and breathes deep. It’s a grand day, isn’t it?

Gimpty: Yeah.

Kay: Oh! . . . I was talking to some of Jack’s friends last night. I thought they could find something for you. Produces a business card from her pocket. Here’s a man who said you might come up and speak to him. Here’s his card.

Gimpty, takes the card from her, and reads it: Del Block. Oh, yeah . . . he’s a good man. Thanks! Gee! Thanks!

Kay: I don’t know if it’ll help much.

Gimpty: This is swell of you! He looks at her a moment, lost in admiration. Then shyly, with a good deal of hesitation and groping for the right words: I was telling Mom about you last night. I been kind of going around the house like a chicken with its head chopped off . . . and Mom asked me why. So I told her.

Kay: What?

Gimpty: Oh, just a little about you. How we’d got to talking here, and meeting every day, and what great friends we’ve become. How you’ve been trying to help me. And . . . that I worship you!

Kay: You didn’t!

Gimpty: Well, I do. Do you mind?

Kay, deeply touched: Mind? You fool! What’d she say?

Gimpty: She said you sounded like a very real, good person.

Kay: Good? Did you tell her all about me? About Jack?

Gimpty: Yeah.

Kay: Your mother must be a sweet woman. I’d like to meet her sometime.

Gimpty, enthusiastically: She’d be tickled. Will you?

Kay: Right now, if you like.

Gimpty: Well, she’s out for the afternoon.

Kay: Oh!

Gimpty: Maybe I can get her down here day after tomorrow, huh?

Kay, pauses, then, a bit depressed: I may not be here then. I may leave to-morrow.
GIMPTY: Tomorrow?
KAY: Night. Jack's going on a fishing trip. He wants me with him.
GIMPTY: Isn't that sudden?
KAY: He's been planning it for some time.
GIMPTY: How long will you be gone?
KAY: About three months.
GIMPTY: That's a long time.
KAY: Yes.

Down the street strides Jack Hilton, a well-dressed, rather handsome man in his early forties, hard lines around the eyes. At the moment he is hot and uncomfortable. He eyes the tenements curiously as he passes them. The Doorman appears as he starts to enter the gate. He asks the Doorman in a cultured, quiet voice, "What happened in front?"

DOORMAN: I'll tell you, Mr. Hilton. You see, the gas mains . . .

KAY, rises: Hello, Jack!
HILTON, turns around, sees KAY. Surprised: Hello! What're you doing here?

He crosses to her.

KAY: Oh, I just came out.
HILTON, takes off his panama, wipes the sweatband and mops his brow with a handkerchief: Phew! It's been a hell of a day, arranging things at the office. Well, I've made the plans for the trip. Everything's set. The boat's in shape. I've talked to Captain Swanson.

DIPPY climbs up over the parapet, talking to himself.

DIPPY: Hooray fuh me! I did a backjack! To GIMPTY: Wuz 'at good, Gimpty?
GIMPTY: All right!
DIPPY, to KAY: Hey, Gimpty's goil friend, wuz 'at good?
KAY: Beautiful.

DIPPY, patting his chest and gloating "Attaboy, Dippy!" goes back into the water. Hilton is puzzled and annoyed. He looks at Kay.

HILTON: What's all this about?
KAY: Nothing.
HILTON, his voice begins to rasp: Come on. Let's go in.
KAY: It's nice out. I'd like to take a walk first.
HILTON: You'll do that later. Come on.
KAY: I have a little headache. I want to stay out a few minutes more.
HILTON: Take an aspirin and you'll be all right. Come on!
KAY: Please!
HILTON: We've a million things to do.
KAY: You go ahead. I'll be right in.
HILTON, casts a glance at GIMPTY: What's the big attraction out here?
KAY: Nothing.
HILTON: Then stop acting like a prima donna and come on in.
KAY: Please don't make a fuss.
HILTON, suddenly loses his temper and snaps: It's not me . . . it's you! Damn it, I've been tearing around all day like a madman, and I come home and find you behaving like a cheap . . .
KAY: Jack!
HILTON, bites his lip, controls himself, and mutters curtly: All right! Stay there! He goes in. KAY follows him to the gate, pauses there, uncertain. Then indulges in a momentary flash of temper, herself.
KAY: Oh . . . let him! She returns slowly.
GIMPTY: Is that the guy?
KAY: Yes. Then, not to be unfair. Don't judge him by this. He's really not so bad. He's going to be sorry in a few minutes. He's so darn jealous. His wife gave him a pretty raw deal. You can't blame him for . . .
GIMPTY, suddenly inflamed: All right! If it were anybody else, all right! But you? He can't treat you like that!
KAY, sits there a while in silence, thinking. Finally, she speaks, slowly, almost in explanation to herself: I've been living with Jack a little over a year now. He isn't usually like this. You see, he really loves me.
GIMPTY: He has a funny way of showing it.
KAY: He wants me to marry him.
GIMPTY: Are you going to?
KAY: I don't know.
GIMPTY: Do you love him?
KAY: I like him.
GIMPTY: Is that enough?
KAY: I've known what it means to scrimp and worry and never be sure from one minute to the next. I've had enough of that . . . for one lifetime.
GIMPTY, intensely: But Kay, not to look forward to love . . . God, that's not living at all!
KAY, not quite convincingly: I can do without it.
GIMPTY: That's not true. It isn't, is it?
KAY, smiles wryly: Of course not.
A very stout lady, with much bosom, comes out of the gate, fondling a tiny, black dog.
TOMMY, clambering over the parapet, sees the dog and chuckles: Look a dat cockroach, will yuh? Hey, lady, wheah didja git dat cockroach?
FAT LADY: Well, of all the little . . .! TOMMY starts to bark. The dog yaps back and struggles to escape. The other boys climb up and bark in various keys. The three smaller boys appear and join in the medley. The
stout LADY is distraught. She shouts at them, but to no avail. Get away from here, you little beasts!

SPIT: In yuh hat, fat slob! And he continues barking.

FAT LADY: Wha-a-at? Doorman! To the frantic dog. Quiet, Buddy darling! Quiet! Doorman!

The DOORMAN comes out on the run and chases the boys away. They run en masse to the hopper. TOMMY climbs up on it. The SMALLER BOYS retire to the steps of an upper tenement doorway. MR. GRISWALD, PHILIP, and MR. JONES come out of the East River Terrace Apartments.

GRISWALD: What's the matter?

DOORMAN: Those kids! They're terrible, sir.

PHILIP: They wanted to hit me, too, Daddy!

GRISWALD: Oh, yes? Why? What did you do to them? Smiles at JONES.

PHILIP: Nothing.

GRISWALD: Sure?

PHILIP: Honest, Daddy, I didn't say anything to them.

DOORMAN: It's all their fault, sir.

FAT LADY: They're really horrible brats. And their language . . . !

TOMMY, hanging from the hopper: Ah, shat ap, yuh fat bag a hump!

GRISWALD: You touch him again and I'll break your necks.

TOMMY: Balls to yew, faw eyes!

GRISWALD, to PHILIP, as he takes his arm and walks him up the street: The next time you hit them back.

PHILIP: But they all pile up on you, Daddy.

GRISWALD: Oh, is that so? Well, I think I'm going to buy you a set of gloves and teach you how to box. They continue up the sidewalk, followed by JONES.

PHILIP: Will you, Daddy?

The GOVERNESS and a young CHAUFFEUR in maroon livery meet them.

GOVERNESS: Bonjour, monsieur!

CHAUFFEUR, saluting: I'm sorry to keep you waiting, sir, but . . .

GRISWALD, waves them ahead: That's all right. Never mind. To PHILIP. The next time someone attacks you, you'll be able to defend yourself.

MR. JONES: That's the idea!

TOMMY, shouts up the street after them: Yeah! Wid' ee army an' navy behin' 'im! Gang laughs and shouts. TOMMY jumps down from the hopper. The FAT LADY waddles across to KAY.

TOMMY: Come 'ere, guys, I got a scheme how we kin git dat kid an' cockalize 'im. They gather in a huddle.

ANGEL: How?

TOMMY, subsiding to a whisper: Foist we git 'im inna hallway, an' . . .
FAT LADY: The little Indians! They oughtn't to be allowed in the street with decent people.

Exit the DOORMAN, closing the gate.

GIMPTY: No? What would you do with them?

FAT LADY: Send them all away.

GIMPTY: Where?

FAT LADY: I'm sure I don't know.

GIMPTY: Huh!

Great outburst of laughter from the huddle.

T.B.: Dat'll woik! You'll see! Dat'll git 'im!


The conclave becomes a whispered one again.

FAT LADY: The little savages! They're all wicked. It's born in them. They inherit it.

GIMPTY, suddenly bursts out, a bitter personal note in his passion: Inheritance? Yeah. You inherit a castle thirty stories over the river, or a stinkin' hole in the ground! Wooden heads are inherited, but not wooden legs . . . nor legs twisted by rickets!

The FAT LADY is completely taken aback by this unexpected antipathy. She looks at KAY, gasps, and walks away, head high, patting her animal. KAY smiles at GIMPTY sadly, sympathetically.

GIMPTY: I'm sorry.

KAY touches his hand: Oh, Pete!

Another outburst. The three SMALLER BOYS have crept down and joined the fringe of the huddle.

TOMMY: Dey're back again! Angel, will yuh tell yuhr kid brudduh tuh git tuh hell outa heah?

ANGEL swings at the tiniest of the BOYS, who kicks him in the shin, spits at him, and runs away, thumbing his nose. ANGEL chases the BOYS part of the way up the street, then returns, rubbing his shin and shaking his head. ANGEL: 'At crazy kid brudduh a mine, I'm gonna kill 'im when I git 'im home!

The huddle reorganizes.

GIMPTY: Gosh, I wish we could be alone for a minute!

KAY: Pete, I've thought of that so many times. I've wanted to invite you inside, but . . .

GIMPTY: You couldn't, of course.

KAY: Cock-eyed, isn't it? Couldn't we go to your place?

GIMPTY: Gee, I . . . ! No, you wouldn't like it.

KAY: Why not?

GIMPTY: It's an awful dump. It would depress you.
KAY: Oh!
GIMPTY: I’d love to have you, Kay, but I’m ashamed to let you see it. Honestly.
KAY, rises and offers him her hand: Oh, Pete, that’s silly. I wasn’t born in a penthouse. Come on! With the aid of a cane, he rises. They walk up the street. For the first time we notice that one of his legs is withered and twisted—by rickets.
MILTY rises and crosses to within a few steps of the huddle.
MILTY, timidly: Hey.
TOMMY: What?
MILTY: Look, I . . . He approaches TOMMY slowly. If yuh want, I r’ink I kin snitch ’at quatuh fuh yuh.
The chug of an approaching tugboat is faintly heard.
TOMMY, thinks it over: O.K., Milt! O.K. Den yuhr inna gang, see? Turns to the others. Anybody gits snotty wid’ Milt, gits snotty wid’ me, see? To
MILTY: Now git dat quatuh. Come on, git duh lead outa yuh pants!
The chug-chug grows louder.
MILTY, jubilant: O.K., Tommy! Runs off into the tenement house.
The chug-chug grows louder.
TOMMY: See? He’s a good kid. He loins fast. Remember da time I moved aroun’ heah? I wuz wearin’ white socks an’ I wouldn’t coise, so yuh all taught I wuz a sissy.
The chug-chug grows louder.
DIPPY: ’Cept me, Tommy.
TOMMY: Yeah, ’cept yew. Everybody else I hadda beat da pants off a foist. Down to business again. Now here’s how we git wee-wee. Yew, T.B. . . . His voice is drowned out by the chug-chug-chug—
CURTAIN
ACT TWO

SCENE: The same, the following day, lit by a brilliant afternoon sun. The boys are playing poker with an ancient deck of cards, greasy and puffed, inches thick. Matchsticks are their chips. Their faces are grave and intense. They handle their cards familiarly, caressing them like old gamblers.

MARTIN lounges against the terrace wall and watches them with grim nostalgia.

ANGEL, throwing two matchsticks into the pot: I'll open fuh two. Hey, Spit, it's rainin'. Come on, decorate da mahogany!

T.B., adds his two: O.K. I'm in.

SPIT, follows suit: Heah's my two. Dippy.

DIPPY, tosses in his matchsticks, deliberately, one at a time: I'm in.

ANGEL, slapping down two cards: Gimme ... two.

SPIT, deals: Aw, he's got tree uva kin'.

T.B., throws away one: Gimme one. Make it good. SPIT deals him one.

ANGEL: Ah, yuh ain' got nuttin'.

SPIT: He's got a monkey. I ain' takin' any. How many fuh yew, Dippy?

DIPPY, studies his hand with grave deliberation: I'll take five.

SPIT: Yuh can' take five.

DIPPY, the mental effort contorts his face: Faw.

SPIT: Yuh kin ony take tree.

DIPPY, after considerable hesitation: Gimme one!

ANGEL, inclining his head toward T.B.: Say, T.B., feel 'at bump I got. Feel it!

T.B., explores ANGEL'S head with a finger: Wow! Feel 'at bump Angel's got!

DIPPY, leans over and feels the bump: Boy! 'At's like 'n egg!

SPIT: Wheah juh git it?

ANGEL: Me ole man give it tuh me.

DIPPY: Fuh what?

ANGEL: Fuh nuttin'. Just like 'at, fuh nuttin'. Last night me ole man cum-zin drunk.

SPIT, impatiently: Cum on, cum on ... whadda yuh do?

ANGEL, raps his knuckles on the sidewalk: I blow.

T.B., raps: I blow.

SPIT, raps: I blow, too. Dippy?

DIPPY, raps: I blow.

T.B.: Watcha got?

ANGEL, reveals a pair of jacks: A pair of Johnnies. You?

T.B., exhibits two pair, twos and threes: Two pair. Deuces and trays. He reaches for the pot.
ANGEL: Aw hell!
SPIT: Wait a minute! *Lays down three tens.* Read 'em an' weep! Judge Shmuck . . . thoity days!
DIPPY: I guess I ain't got nuttin'.

*SPIT gleefully rakes in the matchsticks. Enter TOMMY, kicking a tin can before him. The Boys greet him.*

TOMMY: Hi yuh, guys. Howza wawda?
SPIT: Cold.
TOMMY: Whatcha playin' fuh?
SPIT: Owins. Wanna play?
TOMMY, *starts undressing*: Deal me inna next han'. Who's winnin'?
T.B.: I yam.
TOMMY: How much?
T.B.: Twenty-eight matches.
TOMMY: Twenty-eight cents . . . boy, 'at's putty good! Hey, didja heah about it?

SPIT: What?
Together

ANGEL: About what?
DIPPY: What, Tommy?
TOMMY: Dincha heah? Boy, deah wuz a big fight at da Chink laundry las' night.
ANGEL: No kiddin'!
TOMMY: Yeah.
DIPPY: How did it staht, Tommy?
TOMMY: Oh . . . a couple handkuhchifs got snotty. *They all roar with laughter.* Did wee-pee show up yet?
DIPPY: No, Tommy.
ANGEL: Don' worry. I bin on a lookout furrim.
DIPPY: Yeah, we bin on a lookout furrim.
ANGEL: So, like I wuz tellin' yuh, las' night me old man comes in stinkin' drunk. So he stahts beatin' hell outa me ole lady. Boy, he socks 'er all ovah da place!

SPIT laughs.
TOMMY: What da hell a yuh laughin' at? Dat ain' so funny.
ANGEL: No, dat ain' so funny. Cause den ee picks up a chair and wants a wallop me wid' it.
DIPPY: Whatcha do den?
ANGEL: So I grabs a kitchen knife . . . dat big . . . an' I sez, "Touch me, yuh louse, an' I give yuh dis."
T.B.: Yeah?
ANGEL: Yeah, yeah, I did. So he laughs, so he laughs, so he falls on a flaw,
an' he goes tuh sleep . . . so he snores— imitates a rasping snore —like 'at. Boy, wuz ee drunk! Boy, he wuz stinkin'!

*Enter Milty down the sidewalk.*

Milty: Hello, Tommy!
Tommy: Hi yuh, Milty! How's evyting?
Milty: Swell.
Tommy: Attaboy.

*Milty goes to Martin.*

Martin: Well?
Milty: She wuz deah. I tole huh. She said not tuh come up. She said tuh meet huh down heah.
Martin: O.K. Heah, kid, buy yerself a Rolls Royce. *He gives Milty a half-dollar.*
Milty: Gee!
Spit: Whatcha git?
Milty: Oh, momma! Haffa buck!
Spit, shouting quickly: Akey! Akey! Haffies!
Milty, also shouting quickly, topping Spit and holding up crossed fingers: Fen! No akey! No akey!
Spit, throws down his cards and rises threateningly: I said akey. Come on, haffies.
Milty: Yuh didn' have yuh finguhs crossed.
Spit: Don' han' me dat balonee! Gimme two bits.
Milty: Yuh didn't cross yuh finguhs.
Spit, thrusting his face into Milty's: Gimme two bits 'r I kick yuh ina slats.
Milty: Yeah?
Spit: Yeah.
Milty: Ah, yuh mudduh's chooch!
Spit: Ah, yuh fadduh's doop!
Milty: Hey, Tommy, do I gotta givim?
Tommy: Naw. He didn' have 'is finguhs crossed.
Spit: I'll choose yuh fer it.
Milty: Whadduh yuh t'ink I yam, a dope?
Spit: Ah, yuh damn jip ahdist!
Milty: Look who's talkin'!
Spit: Ah, yew stink on ice!
Tommy: Stan' up tuh him, Milty! Stan' up tuh him.
Milty, suddenly thrusts his jaw forward: Watsamatter? Yew wanna fight?
Spit: Yeah.
Milty: Join ee ahmy! . . . Ha!

*The boys roar at Spit.*
SPIT, raising a fist and twisting his face fiercely: Ah!
MILTY, raising his fist and returning the grimace: Ah!
SPIT, fiercer in grimace and growl: Mah!
MILTY, tops him: Wah!

They stand there a moment, glaring at each other in silence, fists raised, faces almost touching, then SPIT turns in disgust and sits down again to his cards.

TOMMY, grins at MILTY's triumph: Kimmeah, Milty! Yuh wanna play?
MILTY: I dunna how.
TOMMY: Kimmeah, watch me. I'll join yuh.

Two strange, tough-looking BOYS come down the street. They pause, watch a moment, confer, then wander over to the group.
FIRST BOY: Hey, which one a youse guys is a captain a dis gang?
TOMMY, doesn't even deign to look up: Who wantsa know?
SECOND BOY: Weah fum da up da blocks.
TOMMY: Second Avenoo gang?
FIRST BOY: Yeah.
TOMMY, assorting his cards: Yeah? Well, go take a flyin' jump at ta moon!
SECOND BOY: Whoz a leaduh?
TOMMY: Me. What about it? I pass. Throws down his cards, rises, turns to the enemy. Wanna make sumpm out uv it?
SECOND BOY, a bit frightened: Yew tell 'im.
FIRST BOY: Yuh wanna fight are gang?
TOMMY: Sure. Turns to his gang. O.K. felluhs? Yuh wanna fight da Second Avenoo gang? They approve raucously. TOMMY turns back to the emissaries. Sure!
FIRST BOY: O.K. On are block?
TOMMY: Yeah. O.K.
SECOND BOY: Satiday?
TOMMY, asks the gang: O.K., Satiday, felluhs? They shout approval. Faw o'clock. A little bickering about time, but they agree. O.K. We'll be up deah Satiday faw o'clock an' boy, we'll kick the stuffin's outa youse!
SECOND BOY: Yeah?
TOMMY: Yeah! No bottles 'r rocks, jus' sticks 'n' bare knucks. Flat sticks. No bats.
SECOND BOY: Sure.
TOMMY: O.K.?
SECOND BOY: O.K.
TOMMY: O.K. Now git da hell out a heah befaw I bust yuh one! Scram!
The two BOYS run off. From a safe distance they yell.
FIRST BOY: Nuts tuh yew! Son uva bitch! Son uva bitch!
SECOND BOY: Saturday! We be waitin' faw yuh. We kick da pants offa yuh!

Tommy picks up a rock, hurls it after them. Dippy rises, does the same. Martin laughs.

Angel, first noticing Martin: Shine, mistuh?

Martin: O.K., kid.

Angel moves his box down to Martin and begins to shine his shoes.

Spit, sneers at Dippy: Look at 'im trow, will yuh? Like a goil. Yuh godda glass ahm? Cantcha trow a rock even?

Dippy: Yeah. Kin yew trow bettuuh?

Spit, picks up a rock, rises, looks for a target. He spots a flowerpot on a fire escape: Watch! See 'at flowuh pot? He throws the rock and breaks the pot.

Tommy: Pot shot! Pot shot!

Martin: Say, 'at wuz good pitchin'. Yew kids like tuh git some dope on gang fightin'?

Angel: Sure! Hey, felluhs, come heah! They crowd about Martin.

Martin: Foist ting is tuh git down ere oiliuh' an yuh . . . Gimpty enters down the sidewalk, whistling cheerfully. Hello, Gimpy!

Gimpty: Hello.

Martin, continues the lesson. Gimpty stops and listens: Oiliuh an yuh said, see? Dey won't be ready fuh yuh. En I tell yuh kids what yuh wanna do. Git a lot of old electric bulbs, see? Yuh trow 'em, an den yuh trow a couple a milk bottles . . . an' some a dee udder kids git hoit, an' den yuh charge 'em.

Tommy: Yeah, but we made up no milk bottles, ony bare knucks an' sticks.

Martin: Yuh made up! Lissen, kid . . . when yuh fight, dee idee is tuh win. It don' cut no ice how. An' in gang fightin' remember, take out da tough guys foist. T'ree aw faw a yuh gang up on 'im. Den one a yuh kin git behin' 'im an' slug 'im. A stockin' fulla sand an' rocks is good fuh dat. An' if 'ey're lickin' yuh, pull a knife. Give 'em a little stab in ee arm. 'Ey'll yell like hell an' run.

Tommy: Yeah, but we made up no knives. Gese, 'at ain' fair . . .

Gimpty: What's a matter with you? What are you trying to teach these kids?

Martin: Yew shut yer trap. To Tommy. Lissen. If yuh wanna win, yuh gotta make up yer own rules, see?

Tommy: But we made up dat . . .

Martin: Yuh made up . . .

Tommy: We kin lick 'em wid' bare knucks . . . fair and square.

Martin: Lissen, kid . . . Ere ain' no fair an' ere ain' no square. It's winnah take all. An' it's easier tuh lick a guy by sluggin' 'im fum behin' 'en it is by sockin' it out wid' 'im toe tuh toe. Cause if yuhr lickin' 'im, en he pulls a knife on yuh, see? En wheah are yuh?
Tommy: Den I pull a knife back on him.
Martin: Yeah, but what's a good unless yuh got one an' know how tuh use it?
Tommy: I know how tuh.
Gimpty: Don't pay any attention to him, guys!
Martin: Yew lookin' fer a sock in a puss?
Gimpty: If you kids listen to that stuff, you'll get yourselves in Dutch.
Tommy: Aw, shat ap.
Gimpty: Don't pay any attention to him, guys!
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
Marty: Git out a heah, yuh monkey! Gimpty, angry but impotent, walks away. Marty turns to the boys again. See what I mean?
Tommy: Yeah, well, if I had a knife . . .
Milty: Angel's godda knife.
Angel: Aw, I need it.
ACT TWO

TOMMY: Aw, dat’s a whole lot. T’anls! Gee!

CHARLES, the chauffeur, enters from the gate of the East River Terrace, followed by PHILIP.

T.B.: Hey, Tommy . . . ! He points to PHILIP. The gang gathers under the hopper, in huddled consultation.

PHILIP: I think I'll wait here, Charles.

CHARLES: Wouldn't you rather come with me to the garage?

PHILIP: No.

CHARLES: But your mother said . . .

PHILIP: I'll wait here for them.

CHARLES: Yes, sir.

Exit CHARLES up the street. PHILIP examines his wristwatch ostentatiously. KAY appears on the terrace, finds a space in the shrubbery, leans over the balustrade, and signals to GIMPTY.

KAY: Pete!

GIMPTY, rising and crossing toward her, beaming: Hello, Kay! How are you feeling?

KAY: All right. And you?

GIMPTY: Like a million dollars!

KAY: I'll be down in a second. She disappears behind the shrubs.

The conclave finished, all the boys saunter off in different directions, pretending disregard of PHILIP. TOMMY, whistling a funeral dirge, signals T.B. with a wink and a nod of the head. T.B. approaches PHILIP casually.

T.B.: Hello, what time is it?

PHILIP: Half past four.

T.B.: T’anls. Gee, dat's a nice watch yuh got deah. What kine is it?

PHILIP: A Gruen.

T.B.: Boy, 'at's as nice as 'n Ingersoll. Coughs, then proudly tapping his chest, boasts —T.B. I got T.B.

TOMMY, on the tenement stoop: Hey, felluhs, come on inna hall heah. I got sumpm great tuh show yuhs. Come on, T.B. They all whip up loud, faked enthusiasm.

T.B.: O.K. To PHILIP. Yuh wanna come see?

TOMMY: Nah, he can't come. Dis is ony fuh da gang.

The others agree volubly that PHILIP can't join them in the mystery.

T.B.: Aw, why not? He's a good kid.

TOMMY, supported by a chorus of "Nahs": Nah, he can't see dis. Dis is ony fuh da gang.

PHILIP: What is it?

T.B.: Gee, I can't tell yuh . . . but it's . . . gese, it's sumpm great!

TOMMY, to T.B.: Come on! Git da lead outa yuh pants!
T.B.: Too bad dey won' letcha see it. Boy, yuh nevuh saw anyting like dat.
PHILIP: Well, I don't care. I can't anyway. I'm waiting for my father and
mother. We're going to the country.
T.B.: It'll ony take a minute. . . . Hey, felluhs, let 'im come 'n' see it, will
yuh? He's O.K.
TOMMY, consenting with a great show of reluctance: Well . . . awright. Let
'im come. TOMMY enters the tenement, followed by the others.
T.B.: Come on.
PHILIP: I don't know. I expect my . . .
T.B.: Awright, it's yuhr loss!
T.B. starts up the sidewalk.
PHILIP: Wait! Wait! I'm coming! RUNS TO CATCH UP WITH T.B. AS THEY REACH
the steps and enter, T.B. PUSHER HIM IN THE DOORWAY, SIPS ON HIS HANDS,
AND FOLLOW HIM IN.
KAY enters.
GIMPTY, beams. He is very happy: Hello!
KAY: Hello, darling. There is a slight strain in her voice and attitude, which
manifests itself in over-kindness and too much gentleness, as if she were
trying to mitigate some hurt she is about to give him. They sit on the
coping.
GIMPTY: Well . . . I got up early this morning and went down to a stack of
offices looking for a job.
KAY: That's swell. Did you find one?
GIMPTY: Not yet. But I will. Wait and see.
KAY: Of course you will.
GIMPTY: Thanks to you.
SPIT runs from the hallway, stops a second on the sidewalk, looking
about, then grabs a large barrel stave, whacks his hand with it, whistles, and
RUNS BACK INTO THE TENEMENT HALLWAY.
KAY: Did you see Del Block?
GIMPTY: Yep.
KAY: Didn't he have anything for you?
GIMPTY: Oh, we had a nice talk. He's a very interesting guy. He showed me
some of his work. He's done some pretty good stuff. GRINS. He asked me
if I knew where he could find a job. They both have to laugh at this. He
thinks you're pretty swell, too.
KAY: Pete . . . you've got to get something.
GIMPTY: I will.
KAY: I didn't know how important it was until yesterday.
GIMPTY: Hey, there!
KAY: I used to think we were poor at home because I had to wear a made-
over dress to a prom. Yesterday I saw the real thing. If I hadn't seen it, I
couldn't have believed it. I dreamt of it all night . . . the filth, the smells, the
dankness! I touched a wall and it was wet. . . . She touches her fingertips,
recalling the unpleasant tactile sensation. She shivers.

GIMPTY: That house was rotten before I was born. The plumbing is so old
and broken . . . it's been dripping through the building for ages.

KAY: What tears my heart out is the thought that you have to live there. It's
not fair! It's not right!

GIMPTY: It's not right that anybody should live like that, but a couple a
million of us do.

KAY: Million?

GIMPTY: Yeah, right here in New York . . . New York with its famous sky-
line . . . its Empire State, the biggest Goddamned building in the world.
The biggest tombstone in the world! They wanted to build a monument
to the times. Well, there it is, bigger than the pyramids and just as many
tenants. He forces her to smile with him. Then he sighs, and adds, hope-
lessly: I wonder when they'll let us build houses for men to live in? Su-
denly annoyed with himself. Ah, I should never have let you see that place!

KAY: I'm glad you did. I know so much more about you now. And I can't tell
you how much more I respect you for coming out of that fine, and sweet
. . . and sound.

GIMPTY, his eyes drop to his withered limb: Let's not get started on that.

PHILIP can be heard sobbing in the tenement hallway. He flings open the
doors and rushes out, down the street into the apartment, crying convul-
sively, his clothes all awry. The gang follows him from the hallway, yelling
and laughing.

TOMMY, holding PHILIP's watch: Come on, let's git dressed an' beat it!

SPIT: Let's grab a quick swim first.

TOMMY: Nah!

SPIT: Come on!

MILTY: Better not . . .

SPIT, rushes off under the hopper and dives into the water: Las' one in's a
stinkin' rotten egg!

TOMMY, throws the watch to T.B.: Guard 'at watch and lay chickie!

All the boys except T.B. dive into the water.

GIMPTY: When I see what it's doing to those kids I get so mad I want to tear
down these lice nests with my fingers!

KAY: You can't stay here. You've got to get out. Oh, I wish I could help you!

GIMPTY: But you have. Don't you see?

KAY: No. I'm not that important.

GIMPTY: Yes, you are!
DEAD END

KAY: I mustn't be. Nobody must. For your own good, you've got to get out of here.

GIMPTY: I will, damn it! And if I do . . . maybe I'm crazy . . . but will you marry me?

KAY: Listen!

GIMPTY: Don't get me wrong. I'm not askin' you to come and live there with me. But you see, if . . .

KAY: Listen! First I want you to know that I love you . . . as much as I'll allow myself to love anybody. Maybe I shouldn't have gone with you yesterday. Maybe it was a mistake. I didn't realize quite how much I loved you. I think I ought to leave tonight.

GIMPTY: Why?

KAY: Yes, I'd better.

*The chug of a small boat is heard.*

GIMPTY: Why?

KAY: I'd better get away while we can still do something about this.

GIMPTY: How will that help?

KAY: If I stay, I don't know what will happen, except that . . . we'll go on and in the end make ourselves thoroughly miserable. We'd be so wise to call it quits now.

GIMPTY: Gee, I don't see it.

KAY: I do, and I think I'm right. Pause. *She looks out over the river.* There's the boat.

GIMPTY, pauses. *Turns to look:* Is that it?

KAY: Yes.

GIMPTY, irrelevantly, to conceal his emotion. *In a dull monotone:* It's a knockout. I'm crazy about good boats. They're beautiful, because they're designed to work. That's the way houses should be built . . . like boats.

KAY: Pete, will you be here . . . tonight . . . before I leave?

*MARTIN looks up from his newspaper to eye KAY.*

GIMPTY: Don't go, Kay. I'll do anything. Isn't there some way . . . something?

KAY, hopelessly: What? *Rises.* I guess I'll go in now, and get my things ready . . . I'll see you later? *She presses his shoulder and exits.*

*MARTIN rises, throws down his newspaper and approaches GIMPTY.*


GIMPTY: Cut it out, Martin. Just cut it out!

MARTIN: Lissen, kid, why don' yuh git wise tuh yerself? Dose dames are pushovers, fish fuh duh monkeys!
Gimpty, half-rising, furious: I said cut it out!
Martin, roughly pushes him back: Sit down, yew! A chuckle of contempt.
Look what wansa fight wid’ me! Little Gimpty wansa fight wid’ me! Wasmattuh, Gimpty? Wanna git knocked off?
Hunk slouches down the street, followed in a painfully weary shuffle by a gaunt, raw-boned, unkempt woman, sloppy and disheveled. Her one garment, an ancient housedress retrieved from some garbage heap, black with grease stains. Her legs are stockingless, knotted and bulging with blue, twisted, cord-like veins. Her feet show through the cracks in her house slippers. In contrast to the picture of general decay is a face that looks as if it were carved out of granite; as if infinite suffering had been met with dogged, unyielding strength.
Hunk: Hey!
She comes to a dead stop as she sees Martin. There is no other sign of recognition, no friendliness on her lips. She stares at him out of dull, hostile eyes.
Martin’s face lights, he grins. He steps rapidly toward her: Hello, Mom!
How are yuh? Pause. It’s me. No recognition. I had my face fixed. There is a moment of silence. She finally speaks in an almost inaudible monotone.
Mrs. Martin: Yuh no-good tramp!
Martin: Mom!
Mrs. Martin: What’re yuh doin’ here?
Martin: Aintcha glad tuh see me? She suddenly smacks him a sharp crack across the cheek.
Mrs. Martin: That’s how glad I am.
Martin, rubs his cheek, stunned by this unexpected reception. He stammers: ’At’s a great hello.
Mrs. Martin: Yuh dog! Yuh stinkin’ yellow dog yuh!
Martin: Mom! What kin’ a talk is ’at? Gese, Mom . . .
Mrs. Martin: Don’t call me Mom! Yuh ain’t no son a mine. What do yuh want from me now?
Martin: Nuttin’. I just . . .
Mrs. Martin, her voice rises, shrill, hysterical: Then git out a here! Before I crack yuh goddam face again. Git out a here!
Martin, flaring: Why, yuh ole tramp, I killed a guy fer lookin’ at me da way yew are!
Mrs. Martin, stares at him and nods slowly. Then, quietly: Yeah. . . .
You’re a killer all right. . . . You’re a murderer . . . you’re a butcher, sure! Why don’t yuh leave me forget yuh? Ain’ I got troubles enough with the cops and newspapers botherin’ me? An’ Johnny and Martha . . .
Martin: What’s a mattuh wid’ ’em?
Mrs. Martin: None a yer business! Just leave us alone! Yuh never brought
nothin' but trouble. Don't come back like a bad penny! . . . Just stay away and leave us alone . . . an' die . . . but leave us alone! She turns her back on him, and starts to go.

MARTIN: Hey, wait!
MRS. MARTIN, pauses: What?
MARTIN: Need any dough?
MRS. MARTIN: Keep yer blood money.
MARTIN: Yuh gonna rat on me . . . gonna tell a cops?
MRS. MARTIN: No. They'll get yuh soon enough.
MARTIN: Not me! Not Martin! Huh, not Baby-face Martin!
MRS. MARTIN, mutters: Baby-face! Baby-face! I remember . . . She begins to sob, clutching her stomach. In here . . . in here! Kickin'! That's where yuh come from. God! I ought to be cut open here fer givin' yuh life . . . murderer!!! She shuffles away, up the street, weeping quietly. MARTIN stands there looking after her for a long time. His hand goes to his cheek. HUNK comes down to him, clucking sympathetically. A boat whistle is heard.

HUNK: How da yuh like 'at! Yuh come all away across a country jus' tuh see yer ole lady, an' what da yuh git? Crack inna face! I dunno, my mudder ain' like dat. My mudder's always glad tuh see me . . .

MARTIN, low, without turning: Shut up! Gese, I must a been soft inna head, so help me!

HUNK: Yuh should a slugged 'er one.
MARTIN: Shut up! I must a bin crazy inna head. I musta bin nuts.

HUNK: Nah! It's jus' she ain't got a heart. Dat ain' . . .

MARTIN, turns on HUNK, viciously, barking: Screw, willyuh? Screw! Exit HUNK up the sidewalk. MARTIN turns, looking after his mother. Turns slowly onto the sidewalk, then notices GIMPTY. Kin yuh pitchure dat?

GIMPTY: What did you expect . . . flags and a brass band?

MARTIN, suddenly wheels and slaps GIMPTY: Why—yew—punk!

GIMPTY: What's the idea?

MARTIN: Dat's ee idea . . . fer shootin' off yer mout'. I don' like guys 'at talk outa toin. Not tuh me!

GIMPTY: Who the hell do you think you are?

MARTIN, claws his fingers and pushes GIMPTY's face against the wall: Why, yuh lousy cripple, I'll . . .

GIMPTY, jerks his head free of MARTIN's clutch: Gee, when I was a kid I used to think you were something, but you're rotten . . . see? You ought to be wiped out!

MARTIN, his face twitching, the veins on his forehead standing out, kicks GIMPTY's crippled foot and shouts: Shut up!

GIMPTY, gasps in pain, glaring at MARTIN. After a long pause, quietly, deliberately: All right. O.K., Martin! Just wait!
MARTIN: What? Reaches for his shoulder holster. What's 'at?
GIMPTY: Go on! Shoot me! That'll bring 'em right to you! Go on!
MARTIN, hesitates. He is interrupted by the excited voices of GRISWALD and PHILIP. Cautiously he restrains himself and whispers: I'll talk to yuh later.
I'll be waitin' right up thuh street, see? Watch yuh step.
GRIWALD appears behind the gate with PHILIP, who is sobbing. The GOVERNESS tries to quiet PHILIP while she dabs his face with her handkerchief. MARTIN goes up the street.
GRISWALD: It's all right, Son! Now stop crying! What happened? Stop crying! Tell me just what happened?
GOVERNESS: Attends, mon pauvre petit . . . 'ere, let me wipe your face . . .
PHILIP: They hit me with a stick!
GRISWALD: A stick!
PHILIP, spread-eagling his arms: That big!
GRISWALD, furious: I'll have them locked up . . . I swear I'll send them to jail. Would you know them if you saw them?
PHILIP: Yes, Daddy.
GRISWALD, to the GOVERNESS: You should have been with him. After yesterday . . .
GOVERNESS: I told him to stay in the garden. Madame said it was all right and she asked me to help Clara with the curtains in his room.
SPIT starts up the ladder, followed by the other boys. DIPPY is frozen. He is blue and shaking with cold. His teeth are chattering.
DIPPY: Look, I'm shiverin'. My teet' 'r' knockin'.
TOMMY: Yeah. Yuh lips 'r' blue! Yuh bettuuh git dressed quick, aw yuh'll ketch cold. Looks down at MILTY, who is climbing the ladder, behind him. How do yuh like it, Milty?
MILTY, grins from ear to ear: Swell!
As the boys appear over the parapet, T.B. rises from under the hopper, points to GRISWALD, and calls the danger-cry.
T.B.: Chikee! Putzoi! Hey, felluhhs! Chikee! Tommy!
PHILIP sees the boys and points them out to GRISWALD.
PHILIP: There they are! They're the ones. Points out Tommy. He's the leader!
GRISWALD: That one?
PHILIP: Yes.
SPIT, DIPPY, MILTY, and ANGEL dash to the hopper, all yelling "Chikee!" They gather up their clothes and run madly up the street, followed by T.B. TOMMY, stooping to pick up his clothes, trips, falls, and is grabbed by GRISWALD, who shakes him violently.
GRISWALD: What right did you have to beat this boy? What makes you think you can get away with that?
DEAD END

TOMMY, struggling to escape: Lemme go! Lemme go, will yuh? I didn' do nuttin'... lemme go!
PHILIP, jumping up and down with excitement: He's the one! He's got the watch, Daddy!
TOMMY, tries to break away and get at PHILIP: I have not, yuh fat lil bastid!
GOVERNESS, frightened, screams: Philippe, come 'ere!
GRISWALD, jerks TOMMY back: Oh, no! Not this time! I'll break your neck!
PHILIP: He's the one!
GRISWALD: Give me that watch!
TOMMY: I yain't got it!
PHILIP: He has! He's got it!
GRISWALD, turns to the GOVERNESS, peremptorily: Jeanne! Call an officer!
To TOMMY again. Give me that watch!
TOMMY, frightened by the police threat: I yain't got it. Honest, I yain't! Suddenly shouts up the street for help. Hey, felluhs!
The GOVERNESS stands there, paralyzed.
GRISWALD: Jeanne, will you call an officer! Come on! Hurry!
GOVERNESS: Oui, oui, monsieur!
She runs up the sidewalk in a stiff-legged trot.
TOMMY, stops struggling for a moment: Aw, mister, don't toin me ovuh tuh da cops, will yuh? I won' touch 'im again. We do it to allee udduh kids, an' ey do it tuh us. Dat ain' nuttin'.
GRISWALD: No? I ought to break your neck.
TOMMY: Oh, yeah? He suddenly pulls away, almost escaping. GRISWALD puts more pressure on the arm. TOMMY calls to the gang. Hey, felluhs!
GRISWALD twists his arm double. TOMMY begins to cry with pain, striking at GRISWALD. Yuh joik! Ow, yuh breakin' my ahm! Hey, Gimpty!
GIMPTY: Have a heart! You're hurting that kid. You don't have to...
GRISWALD: Hurt him! I'll kill him!
MILTY runs down the street, holding out the watch.
MILTY: Heah yuh ah! Heah's duh watch! Leave 'im go, misteh! He didn' do nuttin'! Leave 'im go! He starts pounding GRISWALD. TOMMY frees his hand. GRISWALD books his arm around TOMMY in a stranglehold, and with the free arm pushes MILTY away.
GRISWALD, to MILTY: Get out of here, you...
TOMMY: Hey, yer chokin' me! Yer chokin' me! Both hands free, he gropes in the trousers he has clung to. Suddenly he produces an open jackknife and waves it. Look out! I gotta knife. I'll stab yuh! GRISWALD only holds him tighter, trying to capture the knife. A flash of steel! GRISWALD groans and clutches his wrist, releasing TOMMY. TOMMY and MILTY fly up the street. GRISWALD stands there stunned, staring at his bleeding wrist.
PHILIP: Daddy! Daddy! Daddy! He begins to sob at the sight of blood.

The DOORMAN comes out of the gateway and is immediately excited.

DOORMAN: What's the matter?

GRISWALD, jerking his head toward the fleeing boys: Catch those boys! The DOORMAN lumbers up the street in pursuit. GRISWALD takes a handkerchief from his breast pocket and presses it to his wrist. Blood seeps through. GRISWALD, self-controlled now, tries to quiet the sobbing PHILIP. It's all right, son, it's all right! No, no, no! Now stop crying. Let me have your handkerchief!

GIMPTY: Are you hurt?

GRISWALD: What do you think?

GIMPTY: Can I help?

GRISWALD: It's a little late for that now.

PHILIP, fishes out a crumpled handkerchief and hands it to his father: Here.

GRISWALD: Haven't you a clean one?

PHILIP: No.

GIMPTY: You can have mine.

GRISWALD: Never mind. To PHILIP, who puts his own handkerchief back.

You should always carry two clean handkerchiefs. Put your hand in my pocket. You'll find one there. No, the other pocket.

PHILIP finds the handkerchief. The GOVERNESS comes down the sidewalk with a policeman, MULLIGAN.

MULLIGAN: What's the matter?

GRISWALD: Plenty.

GOVERNESS, sees the blood and shrieks: Oh! He's bleeding! To PHILIP.

Qu'est-ce qui se passe, mon petit?

PHILIP: That boy stuck him with a knife!

GOVERNESS, to GRISWALD: Mon Dieu! Are you hurt, monsieur?

GRISWALD ignores her and tightens the bandage.

MULLIGAN: Is it deep?

GRISWALD: Deep enough.

MULLIGAN: Better let me make a tourniquet.

GRISWALD: Never mind.

MULLIGAN: Who did it?

GRISWALD: One of these hoodlums around here. I want that boy arrested.

MULLIGAN: Sure. Do you know who he was?

GRISWALD: No.

GOVERNESS: Can I help you, monsieur?

GRISWALD: Yes. Go up and call Dr. Merriam at once. I'm afraid of infection.

The DOORMAN returns, empty-handed, puffing, and mopping his brow.

GRISWALD frowns. Where is he?
DOORMAN, panting: Phew . . . I couldn't catch them.
GRISWALD, angry: You let them go?
DOORMAN: I tried, sir. They were like little flies . . . in and out . . . Just when I thought I had one of them . . . he ran down the cellar . . . I went after him, but he got away . . .
GRISWALD: Officer, I want you to find that boy and arrest him. Understand?
MULLIGAN, takes out a notebook and pencil: Well, that ain't gonna be so easy, you know.
GRISWALD: Never mind. That's your job! It's pretty serious that a thing like this can happen on your beat in broad daylight.
MULLIGAN: Well, I can't be everywhere at once.
GRISWALD: Before he stabbed me, he and some others beat up my boy and stole his watch. You should have been around some of that time.
MULLIGAN, annoyed at his officiousness. Brusquely: Well . . . what's your name?
MULLIGAN: What did the boy look like?
GRISWALD: He was about so high . . . black hair . . . oh, I don't know. I didn't notice. Did you, son?
PHILIP: One of them coughs.
MULLIGAN: Didn't you notice anything else?
PHILIP: No.
GRISWALD: Jeanne?
GOVERNESS: Let me see . . .
MULLIGAN: How was he dressed?
GOVERNESS: They'd been in swimming here. They were practically naked . . . and filthy. And their language was 'orrible.
GRISWALD, irritated: He knows that, he knows that! What were they like, though? Didn't you see?
GOVERNESS: It all happened so quickly, I didn't have a chance to, monsieur.
PHILIP: He hit me with a stick.
MULLIGAN: Hm!
GRISWALD, suddenly a bit faint: These men can tell you better. They saw it. Jeanne, will you please call Dr. Merriam right away? I'm feeling a little sick.
GOVERNESS: Oui, monsieur! Come, Philippe! She goes in, accompanied by PHILIP.
GRISWALD: I don't want to make any trouble, Officer, but I want that boy caught and arrested. Understand?
MULLIGAN: I'll do the best I can. Exit GRISWALD. MULLIGAN mutters: I wonder who the hell that guy thinks he is . . .
ACT TWO 133

DOORMAN, impressively, rolling the sound on his tongue: Mr. Griswald.

CHARLES, the chauffeur, saunters down the sidewalk.

MULLIGAN: What of it?

DOORMAN: Don't you know? He's Judge Griswald's brother.

MULLIGAN, his attitude changes: Oh!

DOORMAN, to the CHAUFFEUR, who has reached the gate: Oh, I don't think Mr. Griswald'll be using the car now. He was just hurt.

CHARLES: Wha-a-at? What happened?

DOORMAN: He was stabbed. It's a long story. I'll tell you later.

CHARLES, concerned: Well, will you call him and see if he wants me?

DOORMAN, starting off: Yeah.

MULLIGAN: Hey, wait!

DOORMAN: I'll be right out, Officer. Mr. Griswald may need him.

MULLIGAN: Oh, all right.

DOORMAN and CHARLES go in through the gate.

CHARLES: What happened?

DOORMAN: These kids around here have been raising an awful rumpus all day, and just now one of them . . .

Their voices die off.

MULLIGAN, to GIMPTY: Did you see the kids who did this?

GIMPTY: I didn't notice them.

MULLIGAN: You come around here often?

GIMPTY: Yes.

MULLIGAN: Didn't you recognize any of 'em?

GIMPTY: No.

MULLIGAN: Can you describe 'em?

GIMPTY: Not very clearly.

MULLIGAN, annoyed: Well, what were they like?

GIMPTY: About so high . . . dirty an' naked. . . .

MULLIGAN, impatiently: And they socked that young jaloopee in the eye. Yeah. I got that much myself. But that might be any kid in this neighborhood. Anything else?

GIMPTY: No.

MULLIGAN, slaps his book shut: Why the hell didn't I learn a trade? He starts toward the gate. DRINA comes down the street and approaches GIMPTY. She looks tired and bedraggled. She has an ugly bruise on her forehead.

GIMPTY, to DRINA: Hey, what's the matter with your head?

DRINA, looking at MULLIGAN and raising her voice: We were picketing the store, an' some lousy cop hit me.

MULLIGAN, wheels around, insulted: What's that?

DRINA, deliberately: One a you lousy cops hit me.

MULLIGAN: You better watch your language or you'll get another clout!
Drina: Go on and try it!

Gimpty, urging discretion: Sh!

Mulligan: Listen! I'm in no mood to be tampered with. I'm in no mood!

. . . Not by a lousy Red.

Drina, quietly: I ain't no Red.

Mulligan, thick-skulled: Well, you talk like one.

Drina: Aw nuts!

Mulligan: You were strikin', weren't you?

Drina: Sure. Because I want a few bucks more a week so's I can live decent.

God knows I earn it!

Mulligan, who has had enough: Aw, go on home! He turns and goes in

the gate, addressing someone. Hey, Bill, I wanna see you . . . Pause.

Drina, to Gimpty: We were only picketing. We got a right to picket. They

charged us. They hit us right and left. Three of the girls were hurt bad.

Gimpty: I'll give you some advice about your brother.

Drina: I was just lookin' for him. Did you see him?

Gimpty: Tell him to keep away from here . . . or he's in for a lot of trouble.

Drina, sits down, exhausted, and sighs: What's he done now?

Gimpty: Plenty.

Drina: What?

Gimpty: Just tell him to keep away.

Drina: Gosh, I don't know what to do with that boy! A passing boat boots

twice. Drina ponders her problem a moment. There's a feller I know . . .

is always askin' me to marry him . . . Maybe I ought to do that, hm? . . .

For Tommy . . . he's rich . . . What should I do?

Gimpty, disinterested, too absorbed in his own problem: That's up to you.

Drina: Most of the girls at the store are always talkin' about marryin' a rich

guy. I used to laugh at 'em. She laughs now at herself.

Gimpty: Maybe they're right.

Drina, looks at him: That doesn't sound like you.

Gimpty: No? How do you know what goes on inside of me?

Drina, shakes her head and smiles sadly: I know.

Gimpty, curtly: Smart girl!

Drina, very tender and soft. She knows he's suffering: What's the matter?

Gimpty: Nothing.

Drina: I understand.

Gimpty: You can't.

Drina: Why can't I? Suddenly exasperated. Sometimes, for a boy as bright

as you, with your education, you talk like a fool. Don't you think I got a

heart too? Don't you think there are nights when I cry myself to sleep?

Don't you think I know what it means to be lonely and scared and to
want somebody? God, ain't I human? Am I so homely that I ain't got a
right to . . .
GIMPTY: No, Drina! I think you're a swell girl. You are.
DRINA, turns away, annoyed at his patronage: Oh, don't give me any of that
taffy! You don't even know I'm alive!
GIMPTY: Why do you say that?
DRINA: What's the difference? It don't matter. . . . Only I hate to see you
butting your head against a stone wall. You're only going to hurt yourself.
GIMPTY: What're you talking about?
DRINA: You know. . . . Oh, I think that lady's beautiful . . . and I think
she's nice. . . .
GIMPTY, angry: Look! Will you be a good girl and mind your own business?
DRINA: She's not for you!
GIMPTY: Why not?

MULLIGAN comes out of the East River Terrace, notebook and pencil in
hand. He goes to GIMPTY.
MULLIGAN: Well, I got something to work on, anyway. . . . Do you know a
kid named Tommy-something around here?
DRINA starts, but checks herself.
GIMPTY: NO.
MULLIGAN: They heard the others call him Tommy. Jerks his head toward
the gate. You know what he's liable to do? With his pull? Have me broke,
maybe. The first thing I know, I'll be pounding a lousier post than this!
Harlem, maybe. Get a knife in my back. . . . Looks up from his notebook,
to DRINA. Hey, you!
DRINA: What?
MULLIGAN: You live around here?
DRINA, very docile, frightened: Yes.
MULLIGAN: Know a kid named Tommy-something?
DRINA: No . . . no, I don't.
MULLIGAN, studying his notes: I'll catch him. I'll skin him alive!
DRINA, finally ventures: What'd he do?
MULLIGAN: Pulled a knife on some high muck-a-muck in there.
DRINA: No!
MULLIGAN: Yeah. Ah, it don't pay to be nice to these kids. It just don't pay.
DRINA: Was the man hurt?
MULLIGAN: Yeah. It looks like a pretty deep cut. Lord, he's fit to be tied! I
never seen a guy so boined up! DRINA turns and goes up the street, re-
straining her impulse to run. MULLIGAN jabbers on, complainingly. This
is a tough enough precinct . . . but Harlem?—There's a lousy precinct! A
pal of mine got killed there last year, Left a wife and a couple a kids.
Gimpty: Is that so?
Mulligan: Yeah.
Gimpty: Too bad! As the idea begins to take form. Well... maybe you can catch Baby-face Martin or one of those fellows, and grab off that forty-two-hundred-dollar reward.
Mulligan: Yeah.
Gimpty: Then you could retire.
Mulligan: Yeah, you could do a lot on that.
Gimpty: Yeah, I guess you could. Say... tell me something...
Mulligan: What?
Gimpty: Supposin'... supposin' a fellow knew where that... er... Baby-face Martin is located. How would he go about reporting him... and making sure of not getting gypped out of the reward?
Mulligan: Just phone police headquarters... or the Department of Justice direct. They'd be down here in two minutes. He looks at Gimpty and asks ironically: Why? You don't know where he is, do you?
Gimpty, smiles wanly back at him: Colorado, the newspapers say... No, I was just wonderin'.
Mulligan: Well, whoever turns that guy in is taking an awful chance. He's a killer.
Gimpty: Well... you can't live forever.
A passing tug shrieks its warning signal. And shrieks again. Martin walks, cat-footed, down the street.
Mulligan: That's right.
Gumpty turns, sees Martin, and rises.
Gimpty, to Mulligan: Excuse me.
Mulligan: Sure.
Gumpty crosses to the other side of the street and walks away, pretending not to notice Martin.
Martin: Hello, Gimpy! Gimpy accelerates his pace and hobbles off. Martin sucks his teeth for a second, thinking. Then he adopts an amiable smile and approaches Mulligan. Kinda quiet today, ain' it, Officer?
Mulligan: Not with these kids around.
Martin, jerks his head in Gimpty's direction: Dat's a nice feller. Friend a mine.
Hunk has entered from up the street just after Gimpty's exit. He is lighting a cigar, when he sees Martin in friendly conversation with the arch-enemy. He stands there, transfixed, match to cigar.
Mulligan: I had quite a talk with him.
Martin, fishing: What about?
Mulligan: Oh... about these kids here.
MARTIN: Zat all?
MULLIGAN: Say, that's plenty! He puts his notebook in his pocket. You don't happen to know a kid around here named Tommy-something, do you?
MARTIN, shakes his head: Uh-uh!
MULLIGAN: Well, I'll catch him, all right! He strides up the sidewalk. MARTIN watches him, then laughs. The match burns HUNK's fingers. He drops it.
HUNK: Jesus!
MARTIN, laughing: A pal a mine.
HUNK: Dat's crazy.
MARTIN: Dey don' know me ... wid' dis mug.
HUNK, sighs. This is too much for him. Then he remembers his errand: Say, dat dame is heah.
MARTIN: Who?
HUNK: Er . . . Francye, or whatevah yuh call huh.
MARTIN: She is?
HUNK: Yeah. I got 'er waitin' on a corner. Puzzled. I dunno what yuh wanna boder wid' a cheap hustluh like dat fuh.
MARTIN, sharply: Wha da yuh mean? Francey ain' no hustluh!
HUNK, skeptical: No?
MARTIN: No.
HUNK, smiles weakly: O.K. My mistake. We all make mistakes, boss. Dat's what dey got rubbuhs on ee end a pencils faw. Laughs feebly.
HUNK, frightened: I'll git huh now. He starts off. A young girl comes down the street, an obvious whore of the lowest class, wearing her timeless profession defiantly. A pert, pretty little face still showing traces of quality and something once sweet and fine. Skin an unhealthy pallor, lips a smear of rouge. Her mop of dyed red hair is lusterless, strawy, dead from too much alternate bleach and henna. She carries herself loosely. Droop-shouldered. Voluptuous S-shaped posture. There are no clothes under her cheap, faded, green silk dress, cut so tight that it reveals the nipples of her full breasts, her navel, the “V” of her crotch, the muscles of her buttocks. She has obviously dressed hastily, carelessly; one stocking streaked with runs dribbles down at the ankle. She accosts HUNK, impatiently.
FRANCEY: Hey, what ta hell's ee idear, keepin' me standin' on a corner all day? I'm busy. I gotta git back tuh da house. Yuh want Ida tuh break my face?
MARTIN looks at her.
MARTIN: Francey! Jesus, what's come over yuh?
FRANCEY, turning sharply to Martin: How do yew know my name? Who are yew? Impatiently. Well, who th' hell ... Then she recognizes him, and gasps. Fuh th' love a God! Marty!

MARTIN, never taking his eyes off the girl: Yeah. Hunk . . . scram!

HUNK goes up the street, stops at the tenement stoop, and lounges there, within earshot.

FRANCEY, eagerly: How are yuh, Marty?

MARTIN: Read duh papers!

FRANCEY: Yuh did somethin' to yuh face.

MARTIN: Yeah. Plastic, dey call it.

FRANCEY: They said yuh wuz out aroun' Coloradah—th' noospapuhs! Gee, I'm glad to see yuh! MARTIN slips his arm around her waist and draws her tight to his body. As his lips grope for hers, FRANCEY turns her face away. MARTIN tries to pull her face around. She cries furiously: No . . . don' kiss me on a lips!

MARTIN, releasing her, puzzled: What? What's a matter? He can't believe this. He frowns. I ain't good enough for yuh?

FRANCEY, quickly: No. It ain't dat. It ain't yew. It's me. I got a sore on my mouth. Fuh yuhr own good, I don't want yuh to kiss me, dat's why.

MARTIN: I ain't nevuh fuhgot da way yew kiss.

FRANCEY, wistfully: I ain't niethuh. She laughs. Go on! You wit all yer fancy dames. Where do I come off?

MARTIN: Dey don't mean nuttin'.

FRANCEY: Dat chorus goil . . . what's 'er name?

MARTIN: Nuttin'. She ain't got nuttin' . . . no guts, no fire. . . . But yew been boinin' in my blood . . . evuh since . . .

FRANCEY: An' yew been in mine . . . if yuh wanna know.

MARTIN: Remembuh dat foist night . . . on a roof?

FRANCEY: Yeah, I remembuh . . . da sky was full a stars, an' I was full a dreamy ideas. Dat was me foist time. I was fourteen, goin' on fifteen.

MARTIN: Yeah. It wuz mine too. It wuz terrific. Hit me right wheah I live . . . like my back wuz meltin'. An I wuz so sca'd when yuh started laffin' an' cryin', crazy-like. . . . They both laugh, enjoying the memory, a little embarrassed by it.

FRANCEY: Yeah.

MARTIN: Gee, I nevuh wuz so sca'd like 'at time.

FRANCEY: Me too.

MARTIN, draws her to him again, more gently: Come eah! Close to me!

FRANCEY, acquiescing: Ony don' kiss me on a lips!

MARTIN: Closuh! They stand there a moment, bodies close, passionate.

MARTIN buries his face in her hair.
FRANCEY, eyes closed, whispers: Marty!
MARTIN: Dose times unduh da stairs . . .
FRANCEY: A couple a crazy kids we were! We wuz gonna git married. I bought a ring at da five an' dime staw.
MARTIN: Yeah. Ony we didn' have money enough fuh de license. Gee, it seems like yestiddy. We wuz talkin' about it right heah.
FRANCEY: Yestiddy! It seems like a million yeahs!
MARTIN, as voices are heard coming from the East River Terrace: Wait!
They separate. He draws his hat over his eyes and turns away as a young couple come out of the gate and walk up the street.
GIRL: So many people standing around. What's all the excitement? What's happened?
MAN: The elevator man said someone was stabbed.
GIRL: Really? Who was it, do you know?
MAN: Mr. Griswald, I think he said. Twelfth floor.
GIRL: Oh! Yes? Did he say who did it?
MAN: He said one of the kids around here somewhere. . . .
When they are well out of sight, FRANCEY clutches MARTIN’s arm.
FRANCEY: Marty, listen! Yuh got ta take care a yuhself. Yuh gotta go way an’ hide. I don’ wan’ ‘em to git yuh! I don’ wan’ ‘em to git yuh!
FRANCEY: Dey won’t reco’nize yuh. Dey won’t! Even I didn’t.
MARTIN: Yeah, but yuh can’ change ‘ese, Francey. Look! He holds up his fingers. The tips are yellow and scarred. Tree times I boined ‘em wid’ acid an’ t’ings. No good. Dere are some t’ings yuh can’t change. But I’ll tell yuh what . . . I’ll scram outta heah. I’ll scram . . . if yew come wid’ me.
FRANCEY: Ah, what do yuh want me fer? A broken-down hoor.
MARTIN: Shut up!
FRANCEY: I wouldn’ be good fuh yuh.
MARTIN: I know what I want.
FRANCEY, laughs, crazily: Yeah. Dis is a swell pipe dream I’m havin’! I’m Minnie de Moocher kickin’ a gong aroun’!
MARTIN: Listen! I got de dough now, kid. We kin do it now.
FRANCEY: But I’m sick, Marty! Don’t yuh see? I’m sick!
MARTIN: What’s a matter wid’ yuh?
FRANCEY, almost inaudibly: What do yuh think?
MARTIN looks at her for a long time. He sees her. The nostalgic dream is finished. His lips begin to curl in disgust.
MARTIN: Why didncha git a job?
FRANCEY: Dey don grow on trees!
MARTIN: Why didncha starve foist?
FRANCEY: Why didnchou?

*MARTIN makes no effort to conceal his growing disgust. Turns away.*
FRANCEY, suddenly shouts, fiercely, at the top of her lungs: Well, what ta hell did yuh expect?
MARTIN: I don' know.

*A passing tug shrieks hoarsely. The echo floats back.*
FRANCEY, quietly, clutching at a hope: Maybe . . . if yuh got da dough . . .
yuh git a doctuh an’ he fixes me up . . .
MARTIN: Nah. Once at stuff gits in yuh . . . nah! *Again the tug shrieks and is answered by its echo. He reaches into his inner breast pocket, extracts a fat roll of bills, peels off several, and hands them to her.* Heah. Buy yerself somethin’.
FRANCEY, her eyes suddenly glued to the money: Baby! Dat’s some roll yuh got. Yuh cud choke a hoss wid’ dat.
MARTIN, thrusting it at her: Heah!
FRANCEY, takes the money: Is it hot?
MARTIN: Yeah. Bettah be careful where yuh spend it.
FRANCEY: Sure.
MARTIN: An’ keep yuh lips buttoned up!
FRANCEY: I wouldn’ tell on yuh, Marty. Not if dey tied me ta wild hosses, I wouldn’t.
MARTIN: Bettuh not.
FRANCEY, folds her money, still fascinated by the huge roll of bills in his hand. Her voice takes on a peculiar whining, wheedling quality: Honey!
MARTIN: Yeah?
FRANCEY: Cud yuh spare another twenty bucks? I godda . . .
MARTIN: No!
FRANCEY: Aw, come on, dearie!
MARTIN: No!
FRANCEY: Don’t be a tightwad!
MARTIN, reaching the limit of his disgust: What ta hell do yuh t’ink I am? Some guy yuh got up in yuh room? I’ll . . . He raises his hand, ready to slap her. *Again the shriek of a tug, and the echo.*
FRANCEY, quickly, frightened: Nah, ferget it, Marty! I wuz just . . .
MARTIN: Awright! Awright! Now beat it!
FRANCEY: O.K., Marty. She starts to go, pauses, turns back. Fer old times’ sakes, will yuh do me a favor? Please?
MARTIN, shoves the money back into his pocket: No!
FRANCEY: Not dat.
MARTIN: What?
FRANCEY: Will yuh kiss me! Heah? Ona cheek? Jus' fuh old times' sakes? Come on. He hesitates. She comes close, presses her cheek against his lips. He pecks her cheek, and turns away, scowling. She laughs, a low bitter laugh, at his obvious disrelish. Thanks! She goes up the street slowly, her purse swinging carelessly, her body swaying invitation, the tired march of her profession. The shriek of the tug is drawn out and distant now. The echo lingers. MARTIN spits and wipes the kiss off his lips with a groan of distaste.

HUNK, comes down the sidewalk, slowly: Well?
MARTIN: Huh?
HUNK: See?
MARTIN: Yeah. Yeah!
HUNK: Twice in one day. Deah yuh ah! I toldja we shouldn' a come back. But yuh wouldn' lissen a me. Yuh nevuh lissen a me.
MARTIN: Yeah.
HUNK, trying to console him: I know how yuh feel, Marty. Les go back to St. Louis, huh? Now dat dame yuh had deah—Deedy Cook—Now dat wuz a broad. Regaler. Bet she's waitin' fuh yuh . . . wid' welcome ona doormat.
MARTIN: Awright! Don' talk about dames, Hunk, will yuh? Fuhget 'em. All cats look alike inna dahk. Fuhget 'em.

A little girl comes out of the gate, bouncing a rubber ball. MARTIN looks at her, thinks a moment, turns to watch her go up the street. He sucks his teeth a moment, thinking.

HUNK: Listen, Marty. . . . Let's git outa heah. Too many people know yuh heah. Whaddaya say?
MARTIN: Sh! I'm thinkin'. Pause.
HUNK: Well, guess I'll go shoot a game a pillpool. Starts to go up the street. MARTIN, motions him back, turns to stare at the Terrace Apartments: Wait a minute. . . . HUNK returns. Yuh know, Hunk. He shakes a thumb at the Apartment. Der's a pile a tin in 'ere.

HUNK: Yeah.
MARTIN: Didja see what dese kids did heah today?
HUNK: No.
MARTIN: 'Ey got one a dese rich little squoits in a hallway, slapped him around, an' robbed his watch.
HUNK: So what?

A man appears on the terrace, watches them for a second, and then slips away. Two men come down the street talking casually, one of them goes into the tenement, the other, waiting for him, wanders over back of the hopper and is hidden from view.
MARTIN, glances at them, lowers his voice: Maybe we kin pull a snatch... kidnap one a dese babies.
HUNK: We're too hot. Foolin' round wid' kids ain' our racket.
MARTIN: Scared?
HUNK: No... ony... I...
MARTIN: Stop yuh yammerin'? Git a hold a Whitey. See wot he knows about duh mugs in heah! Hunk hesitates. Come on, Hunk, git goin'!
HUNK: O.K. Yuh duh boss! He goes reluctantly.

The tap of Gimpty's cane on the sidewalk is heard approaching, its rhythmic click ominous. Gimpty appears, tight-lipped, pale, grim. Martin smiles out of one corner of his lips, and throws him a conciliatory greeting.
MARTIN: Hello, Gimpty!

Gimpty turns away without answering. Martin, amused, laughs. He is suddenly in a good mood. The man who spied on him from the terrace appears in the gateway and catches Gimpty's eye. Gimpty points his cane at Martin. The good mood passes. Martin's eyebrows pull together in one puzzled line.
MARTIN: What's eatin yuh, wise guy?

The man behind the gate draws a revolver, comes quickly up behind Martin, and digs the gun in his back.
G-MAN: Get 'em up, Martin! The Department of Justice wants you!
MARTIN: What ta hell...! Tries to turn, but the revolver prods him back.
G-MAN: Come on, get 'em up!
MARTIN, hands up: I ain't Martin. My name's Johnson. Wanna see my license? He slides his hand into his breast pocket.
G-MAN: If you're smart, you'll behave yourself!
MARTIN, wheels around, draws his gun, and fires in one motion: No, yuh don't... The G-Man drops his gun, crumples onto the sidewalk, holding his belly and kicking. Martin turns to face Gimpty, who has backed away to the hopper. Martin, his face black and contorted, aims at Gimpy. So yuh ratted, yuh... From behind the hopper and the tenement doorway, guns explode. Two other G-Men appear and descend on Martin, firing as they come. Martin groans, wheels, and falls, his face in the gutter, his fingers clawing the sidewalk. One of the G-Men goes to aid his wounded comrade. The other G-Man stands over Martin's body, pumping bullet after bullet into him, literally nailing him to the ground. The G-Man kicks him to make sure he's dead. No twitch! Martin lies there flat. The G-Man takes out a handkerchief, picks up Martin's gun gingerly, wraps it in the handkerchief, puts it in his pocket.
SECOND G-MAN: Where'd he get you, Bob? Come on, sit up here! Helps
him to sit against the coping. **FIRST G-MAN** presses his hand in agony to his wound. From the street there is a rising babble of voices. Tenement windows are thrown up, heads thrust out; the curious crowd to the edge of the terrace, come to the gate, run down the street, collect in small groups, discussing the macabre scene in excited, hushed murmur. A **LADY** comes out of the gate, sees the dead man, screams hysterically, and is helped off by the **DOORMAN.** **MULLIGAN** comes tearing down the street, revolver drawn. He forces his way through the crowd.

**MULLIGAN:** Outa my way! Look out! To the **THIRD G-MAN.** What's this?  
**THIRD G-MAN,** **taking out a badge in a leather case from inside his coat pocket and holding it up:** It's all right, officer. Department of Justice! Replaces the badge.  
**MULLIGAN:** What happened? Who's this guy?  
**THIRD G-MAN:** Baby-face Martin.  
**MULLIGAN:** Is that him?  
**THIRD G-MAN:** Yep.  
**MULLIGAN:** Gese, I was talkin' to him a couple of minutes ago.  
**SECOND G-MAN:** Get an ambulance, quick! Will you?  
**MULLIGAN,** **crosses to the police box, opens it:** Box 10 . . . Mulligan. Send an ambulance! Make all notifications! Baby-face Martin was just shot by Federal men. He winged one of 'em . . . I don't know . . . yeah . . . here.  
Gese, I was talking to him myself a few minutes ago. . . . Hell, Sarge, I couldn't recognize him. His face is all made over. *He hangs up.* **The shrill siren of a radio car mounts to a crescendo,** mingles with the screech of brakes, and is suddenly silent. Two more policemen dash on, forcing their path through the crowd. They are followed by **SPIT,** wearing a single roller skate. He edges his way to the front of the crowd.

**SECOND POLICEMAN:** Hi, Mulligan. What have yuh got here?  
**MULLIGAN:** Baby-face Martin!  
**THIRD POLICEMAN:** Did you git him?  
**MULLIGAN:** No such luck. The Federal men got him. He winged one of them. *Gestures toward the wounded G-MAN.*  
**SECOND POLICEMAN:** Did you notify the house?  
**MULLIGAN:** Yeah. I gave 'em everything. . . . Lend us a hand, will yuh. Git rid of this crowd. **MULLIGAN stands by MARTIN'S body,** writing in a notebook. **The other POLICEMEN push back the crowd.** **SPIT** slips through, and looks at the dead man with scared curiosity.  
**SECOND POLICEMAN,** **pushing the crowd:** Break it up! This is no circus. Come on, break it up!  
**GIRL IN THE CROWD:** Don't push me!  
**SECOND POLICEMAN:** Well, go on home! Go on, break it up!
SECOND G-MAN, to the wounded agent: How you feelin', Bob?
FIRST G-MAN: Lousy.
SECOND G-MAN: You'll be O.K.
FIRST G-MAN: I don't know. I don't know! I should've plugged him right away... in the back. You don't give a snake like that a break... Anyway, we got him! That's something!
SECOND G-MAN: Sure you did, Bob. You'll get cited for this.
FIRST G-MAN: That's dandy! That's just dandy! Give the medal to my old lady for the kids to play with... an' remember they once had an old man who was a... hero!
THIRD G-MAN: Aw, cut it, Bob. You'll be O.K. Don't talk like that!
DOORMAN, pushing through the crowd: Officer! Officer!
MULLIGAN: Get outa here! You with the rest of them. Come on, get back!
DOORMAN: Officer, this is important! That's one of the boys... there, that one! He's one of the gang!
MULLIGAN: What boy? What the hell are you talkin' about?
DOORMAN: The one who stabbed Mr. Griswald.
MULLIGAN: What? Oh, where?
DOORMAN, pointing: That one there! He's one of the gang.
MULLIGAN: Are you sure?
DOORMAN: Yes... yes... I'll swear to it!
MULLIGAN: Come here! Hey you! Runs over to Spit, grabs his arm. The murmur of the crowd rises.
SPIT: Lemme go! I didn' do nuttin'. Lemme go!
SECOND POLICEMAN: What is this kid got to do with it?
MULLIGAN: That's somethin' else.
The clang of an approaching ambulance comes to a sudden halt. Enter, pushing their way down the street, an INTERN carrying a doctor's bag, followed by an AMBULANCE MAN carrying a folded stretcher, which encloses a pillow and a rolled blanket. The murmur of the crowd hushes.
INTERN: Hello, Mulligan.
MULLIGAN: Hello, Doc. To SECOND POLICEMAN. Hold this kid a minute.
SECOND POLICEMAN grabs Spit's arm and drags him back to the crowd on the sidewalk.
INTERN: What's up? He comes down to the body.
MULLIGAN: Just got Baby-face Martin!
The murmur rises again as the news is spread.
INTERN: You did? He glances at the body. He won't need me!
SECOND G-MAN: Hey, Doc, look at this man! The INTERN kneels to the wounded man, examines his wound, sponges it, places a pad over it. It's not bad, is it, Doc?
Intern, cheerfully: Not very bad, but we'd better rush him off to the hospital. Here, somebody help get him on the stretcher.

*The Ambulance Man* opens the stretcher, places the pillow at the head. *Second G-Man* and Mulligan lift the wounded *G-Man* carefully and lay him on the stretcher with words of encouragement. *The Ambulance Man* unrolls the blanket over him. *Second G-Man* and *the Ambulance Driver* carry the wounded man up the sidewalk, calling “Gangway!” *The Third G-Man* accompanies them, holding the wounded man's hand and talking to him. The crowd open a path, and stare, their murmur silenced for a moment.

Mulligan, pointing to Martin: Want to look at this guy, Doc?

Intern kneels by the body, rips open the coat and vest, cursorily inspects the wounds, rolls back the eyelid, applies a stethoscope to the heart: Phew! They certainly did a job on him! Nothing left to look at but chopped meat. God, they didn't leave enough of him for a good P.M.!

Rises, takes pad and pencil from his pocket, glances at Mulligan's shield, writes: Mulligan . . . 10417 . . . 19th Precinct. Have you got his pedigree?


Intern: All right. Dr. Flint. Mark him D.O.A.!

Mulligan, writing: Dead . . . on . . . arrival. . . .

Enter, pushing their way through the crowd, *the Medical Examiner*, followed by the *Police Photographer*. *The Photographer* opens his camera, adjusts it, and photographs the body from several angles.

Intern, as the *Examiner* approaches: Hello, Doc!

Examiner: Hello, Doctor. So they finally got him, did they?

Intern: Yes, they sure did.

Examiner: It's about time. What have you got on him?

Intern: Twelve gunshot wounds. Five belly, four chest, three head. Picks up his bag and goes.

*The Examiner* inspects the body.

Mulligan to the *Doorman*: Hey, find something to cover this up with. *The Doorman* nods and disappears through the gateway. Mulligan turns to the *Third Policeman*, who is still holding back the crowd. Hey, Tom! Stand by while I go through this bum! *He kneels and goes through Martin's pockets, handing his findings to the Third Policeman who jots them down in his notebook. Mulligan takes a ring off Martin's finger. Diamond ring. Look at that rock! He hands it to the Third Policeman, who pockets it and makes a note. Mulligan extracts Martin's wad of bills. And this roll of bills! What a pile! You count it!

Examiner: Through with him, boys?
Mulligan, rising: Yeah.
Photographer: One second! Takes a last photograph.
Examiner: Well, as soon as the wagon comes, send him down to the morgue. I'll look him over in the morning. Mulligan, you report to me there first thing in the morning, too.
Mulligan: Yes, sir.

The Examiner goes. The Photographer folds his camera and follows. Woman in the Crowd to the Second Policeman, who is holding Spit:
Officer! What did this boy have to do with it? Why are you holding him?
Second Policeman: Never mind. Stand back!
Spit: Lemme go! I didn't do nuttin'! Whadda yuh want?
Mulligan, goes to Spit: You're one of the gang who beat up a boy here today and stabbed his father, ain't you?
Spit: No, I yain't. I did'n 'ave nuttin' tuh do wid' it. It wuz a kid named Tommy McGrath.

The murmur of the crowd fades as they all listen.
Mulligan: Tommy McGrath! Where does he live?
Spit: On Foist Avenoo between Fifty-toid and Fifty-fawt.
Mulligan: Sure?
Spit: Yeah.
Mulligan, to the Second Policeman: Take this kid around there, will yuh? Get ahold a Tommy McGrath. He's wanted for stabbin' some guy. I got to wait for the morgue wagon.
Second Policeman: O.K. Drags Spit through the crowd. Come on! You show us where he lives and we'll let you go. As they go off, the murmur of the crowd rises again.

The Third G-Man crosses to Gimpty, who is leaning against the hopper, white and shaking. The Doorman comes out with an old discarded coat, the gold braid ravelled and rusty, the cloth dirty and oil-stained. Mulligan takes it from him.
Third G-Man, to Gimpty: Good work, Mac. Come over to the office and pick up your check. He makes his way up the street. Mulligan throws the coat over Martin's body. The murmur of the crowd rises high. A boat horn in the river bellowhs hoarsely and dies away.

Curtain
ACT THREE

The same scene. That night. A very dark night. From the dock, the sounds of a gay party, music, babble, laughter. GIMPTY, a bent silhouette, sits on the coping, leaning against the terrace wall. There's a lamp shining up the street. The lights from the tenement windows are faint and yellow and gloom. The lanterns on the gateposts, one red, one green, are lit and look very decorative. There's a blaze of fire crackling out of an old iron ash can in the center of the street. The boys hover over it, roasting potatoes skewered on long sticks. Their impish faces gleam red one minute and are wiped by shadows the next as they lean over the flames.

ANGEL, gesturing wildly: All uv a sudden da shots come . . . bing . . . bing . . . bam . . . biff . . .
T.B., superior: I hoid da shots foist. I wuz jus walkin' up . . .
ANGEL, angrily: Yuh di'not.
T.B.: I di'not.
ANGEL: Yuh tought it wuz a rivitin' machine, yuh said.
T.B.: I di'not.
ANGEL, tops him: Yuh did so.
T.B., tops him: I di'not.
ANGEL, tops him: Yuh did so.
T.B., tops him: Ah, yuh mudduh's chooch!
ANGEL, tops him: Yeah, yuh fadduh's doop!
T.B., crescendo: Fongooola!

DIPPY runs down the street, waving two potatoes.

DIPPY: Hey, guys, I swiped two maw mickeys. Look!
ANGEL: Boy, 'afs good!
SPIT: O.K. Put 'em in.
DIPPY: Wheah's Tommy?
SPIT: Put 'em in!
DIPPY: Dis big one's mine, remembuh!
SPIT: Put 'em in, I said!
DIPPY: Don' fuhgit, dis big one's mine!
SPIT: Shat ap!
DIPPY: Yeah . . . yew . . . yew shat ap!
SPIT: Wha-a-at?
DIPPY, cowed, moves away from SPIT: Wheah's Tommy?
ANGEL: I dunno. He didn' show up yet.
T.B., reflectively, referring to MARTIN: Da papuhs said dey found twenty gran' in 'is pockets.
ANGEL: Twenty G's. Boy 'at's a lot a dough!
SPIT: Boy, he must a bin a putty smaht guy.
T.B.: Baby-face? Sure! He wuz a tops. Public enemy numbah one. Boy, he had guts. He wasn' a scared a nobody. Boy, he could knock 'em all off like dat . . . like anyt'ing! Boy, like nuttin'!

* Dippy takes a stick from the can and holds it against his shoulder, pointed at Angel, maneuvering it as if it were a machine gun.

Dippy, makes a rapid, staccato bleating sound: Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah! Look, I godda machine gun! Ah-ah-ah-ah!

ANGEL, pointing his kazoo at Dippy: Bang Bang!
Dippy, sore: Nah, yuh can't do dat. Yuh'r dead. I shot yuh foist.
ANGEL, ignores that salient point, raises the kazoo again, takes dead aim at Dippy: Bang!

Dippy, lets loose with his improvised machine gun: Ah-ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah-ah! Dies.

ANGEL: Twenty grand! . . .
SPIT: Yeah . . . so what's it got 'im?
ANGEL: Yeah. Yuh see duh pitchuh uv 'is broad inna papuhs? Deedy Cook aw sumpm . . .
T.B.: Boy, some nice nooky, huh?
SPIT: Boy, she's got some contrac's now! I heah she's gonna do a bubble dance in a boilesque, I t'ink.
ANGEL: Yeah. My fadduh took one look at huh pitchuh. So 'ee said 'ee'd let 'em shoot 'im too, fuh half an hour wid' a fancy floozy like dat. So my mudduh gits mad. So she sez dey wouldn' haf tuh shoot cha. Haf an hour
ACT THREE

wid' 'at cockamamee, yuh'd be dead! They all laugh. So she spills some boilin' watuh on 'im. So 'ee yells like a bastid an' runs outa da house mad.

MILTY comes down the sidewalk, breathless with excitement.

MILTY: Hey, felluhs, yuh know what?

ANGEL: What?

SPIT: Snot!

MILTY: Balls tuh yew!

SPIT: Ah, I'll mobilize yuh!

MILTY: Yuh know what, guys? Duh cops ah wise tuh Tommy.

ANGEL: Gese!

T.B.: No kid! No kid!

SPIT: Aw, bushwah!

MILTY: No bushwah! Deah' lookin' fuh 'im. He tole me hisself. To SPIT: Fot smelleh! Dey went up tuh his house. Some guy snitched.

T.B.: No kid!

SPIT: Did dey git 'im?

MILTY: Nah. Tommy's too wise fuh dem. Dey come in tru de daw. He goes out tru de fire escape, down a yahd, oveh de fence, tru de celleh, up de stayuhs, out dee udduh street.

SPIT: Wheah's he now?

MILTY: He's hidin' out.

SPIT: Wheah?

MILTY: Wheah duh yuh t'ink, wheah? Wheah dey don' ketch 'im, dat's wheah.

SPIT: Ah, dey'll ketch 'im.

MILTY: Dey don' ketch Tommy so quick.

SPIT, nervously, looking into the fire: How're de mickeys comin'?

T.B.: Gese, I bet a dollah dey sen' 'im tuh rifawm school.

SPIT: Sure. Dat's what dey do.

DIPPY: Yeah, dat's what. Ain' it, T.B.?

T.B.: Yeah. Dey sent me tuh rifawm school fuh jus' swipin' a bunch of bananas. An' 'ey wuz all rotten too, most a dem.

MILTY: I pity duh guy who snitched. Tommy's layin' fuh him, awright.

DIPPY: Does 'ee know who?

SPIT, trying to change the subject: Hey, guys, duh mickeys ah awmost done! ANGEL, fishing out his potato and poking it with his kazoo: Nah, not yet. Look, dis one's hard inside.

DIPPY, reaches to feel Angel's mickey: Yeah. Like a rock. . . . Ouch! Dat's hot! Licks his fingers.

ANGEL, dipping the mickey back into the embers: Gese, poor Tommy! If dey ketch 'im, he don' git no maw mickeys like dis fer a long time.
DIPPY: Dey git mickeys in rifawm school, don’ dey?
T.B.: Slop dey git, slop . . . unless dey git some dough tuh smeah da jailies wid’.
SPIT: Aw, shat ap! All a time yuh shoot yuh mout’ off about rifawm school . . . like yew wuz ‘ee on’y one who evuh went.
DIPPY: Yeah. Yew wuz on’y deah six mont’s.
ANGEL: Tom'll git two yeahs.
DIPPY: T’ree, maybe, I bet.
MILTY: Gèse, dat’s lousy.
SPIT: Ah, shat ap, will yuh?
T.B.: Yeah, nevuh mind. Yuh loin a barrel a good t’ings in rifawm school.

_The Doorman comes out of the gate, exasperated._

DOORMAN: Now I’m not going to tell you again!
SPIT: Ah, go frig!
Simultaneously
T.B.: Deah’re awmost done.
ANGEL: Jus’ a li’ll while.
DOORMAN: No! Get away from here . . . all of you . . . right now!
GIMPY, approaches the Doorman and addresses him in a voice tight and hoarse, hardly recognizable: Did you give her my note?
DOORMAN: Yes. She said she’d be out in a moment.
GIMPY: Thanks. He retires to sit again in the shadows.
DOORMAN: If you kids don’t beat it, I’m going to call a cop! _Turns to the gate._
SPIT: Aw, hold yuh hawses!
DOORMAN, wheels about, threateningly: Wha-a-at?
SPIT, scared: Nuttin’.

_A Lady in evening goun and a Man in tuxedo come down the street, talking quietly. The Woman laughs. As they reach the gate, the Doorman touches his hat._

DOORMAN: Good evening.
MAN AND WOMAN: Good evening.

_The Doorman follows them through the gateway._

SPIT, when the Doorman is well out of earshot: Ah, yuh louse, I’ll mobilize yuh!

_The boys all roar._
ANGEL: Hey, de fire’s dyin’ down.
T.B.: Yeah, we need maw wood.
SPIT: Let’s scout aroun’ an’ soich out some maw wood. I’ll stay heah an’ guard de mickeys.
T.B.: Me too.
SPIT: Yew, too, balls!
T.B.: Whatsa mattuh wid’ me?
ACT THREE

SPIT: Whatsa mattuh wid' yew? Yew stink on ice, 'at's what's a mattuh wid' yew!
T.B.: Yeah, well, yew ain' no lily a da valley.
SPIT: Go on now, or yuh git dis mickey ... red-hot ... up yuh bunny!
T.B.: Yeah? He begins to cough.
SPIT: Yeah! Wanna make sumpm otov it?
T.B.: If it wasn't fuh my T.B.
SPIT: Ah, dat's a gag. Anytime yuh put it straight up tuh 'im, he goes . . .
Imitates the cough. My T.B. . . . Balls!
T.B.: Oh, yeah? . . . Look, smart guy! He has been holding his hand to his lips. He coughs again, spits, opens his hand, holds it out and displays a bloody clot in the palm. Proudly: Blood! The boys gasp.

ANGEL: Wow!
T.B.: Smart guy!
SPIT: Ah, I could do dat. Yuh suck yuh mout'!
DIPPY, sucks his mouth audibly, spits into his hand: I can't . . . I can't. How do yuh do it?
DRINA comes down the street, sees the boys and hurries to them.
MILTY: Hello, Drina.
DRINA: Did you see Tommy? There is a tired, desperate quality in her tone.
MILTY: No.
DRINA, to DIPPY: Did you?
DIPPY: Nope.
DRINA: Did anybody see him? He hasn't been home at all.
MILTY: No. Nobody saw 'im, Drina.
DRINA, tired, very tired: Thanks. Thanks, Milty. She notices GIMPTY and approaches him.
ANGEL, in a whisper: Whyn't yuh tell huh?
MILTY, also whispering: No. Tommy said no.
SPIT, aloud: Ah, balonee!
MILTY, whispers: Sh! Shat ap!
SPIT, deliberately loud: Who fuh! I'll give yuh yuh lumps in a minute.
DRINA, to GIMPTY: Pete, did you see Tommy?
GIMPTY: What?
DRINA: My brother? Have you seen him at all?
GIMPTY: Oh! No.
DRINA: Gee, he hasn't showed up yet. The cops are looking for him. I'm scared to death.
GIMPTY: I'm sorry.
SPIT: Hey, Drina! Milty knows, but he won't tell!
DRINA, turns quickly: Does he?
MILTY: No.
Spit: He does.
Milty, quietly to Spit: Ah, you louse! Aloud to Drina. I do not!
Spit, to Milty: I'll mobilize yuh! To Drina. He does so.

Drina takes Milty by both shoulders and shakes him.

Drina: Milty, please tell me if you know . . . please! I'm half crazy.
Milty: Tommy said not tuh tell.
Drina, pleading: But I wouldn't hurt him. You know that. It's for his good.
I've got to talk to him. I've got to find out what we're gonna do. Pause.
Milty, you've gotta tell me . . . please!
Milty, reluctantly: Aw right! Come on . . .

Drina, as they go up the street: How is he? Is he all right? Is he hurt or anything?
Milty: Nah!

Drina: Why didn't he come home?
Milty: Don't worry, Drina. Dey won' catch 'im.

They're out of sight and the voices fade off.

Spit: Hey, Angel. You stay heah wid' me. Youse guys git some wood. Go on!
Dippy: O.K. Watch my mickey.

T.B.: Mine too.

Dippy and T.B. exit up the sidewalk.

Dippy: Me, I'm goin' ovuh on Toid Avenoo.
T.B.: I'm goin' ovuh tuh Schultzie's.

Dippy: Naw, whyn't cha go ovuh on Second Avenoo? Their voices fade away.
Spit: Hey, Angel, yew stay heah an' guard dose mickeys.

Angel: Wheah yuh goin'?
Spit: I'm gonna trail Milty an' fin' out wheah Tommy is.

Angel: What faw?
Spit: None a yuh beeswax! He lopes up the street.

Angel watches him for a while, puzzled, then fishes his kazoo from a pocket, relaxes by the fireside, and hums into the instrument. A shadow detaches itself from the hopper and creeps stealthily toward Angel. It whispers "Psst! Hey! Angel!" Angel wheels around, startled.

Angel: Tommy! Gese!

Tommy, his face glowing red as he leans over the fire toward Angel: Sh!

Shat ap! In a hoarse whisper. Wheah ah da guys? They both talk in whispers.

Angel: Dey went tuh look fuh wood.

Tommy: What?


Tommy: Is Spit wid' de guys?

Angel: Yeah.
ACT THREE

TOMMY: O.K.
ANGEL: Milty jus' took yuh sistuh tuh yer hideout.
TOMMY: He did? De louse!
ANGEL: Whatcha gonna do, Tommy?
TOMMY: Run away . . . so de bulls don' git me.
ANGEL, impressed: Gese!
TOMMY, quietly: But foist I'm gonna ketch de guy who snitched. Do yuh know who it wuz?
ANGEL: Me? No.
TOMMY, flaring: Don' lie tuh me ... I'll kill yuh!
ANGEL: Yew know me, Tommy.
TOMMY: O.K. I t'ink I'm wise tuh who done it.
ANGEL: who?
TOMMY: Spit.
ANGEL: Yuh t'ink so?
TOMMY: Yeah.
ANGEL: Gese!
TOMMY: NOW I'm gonna hide, see? Right back a deah. Points up behind the hopper. If yuh let on Fm heah . . . Ominously: I'll put yuh teet' down yuh t'roat!
ANGEL: Aw, Tommy, yuh know me . . . yuh know me!
TOMMY: O.K. Den do like I tell yuh. When Spit comes back, yew tell 'im like dis . . . Duh guy I stabbed wuz down heah lookin' fuh Spit tuh giv'im five bucks fuh snitchin' on who done it. Yuh got dat straight?
ANGEL: Duh guy what he got stabbed . . . wuz down heah lookin' fuh Spit . . . tuh giv'im five bucks fuh snitchin' on who done it.
TOMMY: Right.
ANGEL: O.K.
TOMMY: An’ remembuh . . . yew let on I'm heah, I'll . . .
ANGEL: Aw, Tommy, yew know me.
TOMMY: Aw right. Jus’ do like I tole yuh.
ANGEL: Whadda yuh gonna do tuh Spit if 'ee done it? TOMMY takes a knife from his pocket and nips open the blade. The firelight runs along the blade. It looks bright and sharp and hard. TOMMY grimly draws it diagonally across his cheek. ANGEL grunts. Mark a de squealuh?
TOMMY, snaps the blade home and pockets the knife: Right.
ANGEL: Gese!
TOMMY: Now, go on playin' yuh kazoo like nuttin' happened . . . like I wuzn't heah.
Footsteps and voices from the gate. TOMMY ducks and melts into the shadows of the hopper. ANGEL plays his kazoo a bit ostentatiously. The
Doorman opens the gate. Kay appears in a shimmering evening gown, lovely and scented.

Gimpty, his voice dull and tired: Hello, Kay!
Kay: Hello, Pete! Gimpty looks past Kay at the Doorman. Yes?
Doorman: Ma'am?
Kay: Anything you want?
Doorman: Oh no... no, ma'am. Excuse me. Exit.
Gimpty: I sent you a note this afternoon. Did you get it?
Kay: Yes, I was out. I didn't get back till late. I'm so sorry, Pete. Forgive me.
Gimpty: Forget it!

Two couples in evening clothes come down the street. They are all hectic, gay, and a trifle drunk. They greet Kay merrily. She laughs and jests with them, tells them she'll join them shortly, and in the gate they go. Not, however, without one or two backward glances at Gimpty. Their chatter, off, ends in a burst of laughter that fades away. Kay turns to Gimpy.
Kay: What a brawl that's turning into!
Gimpty: Yeah. It seems like quite a party.
Kay: Yes, it is.
Gimpty, after a pause, in a voice so low it can scarcely be heard: Kay... did you hear what happened here this afternoon?
Kay: What do you...?
Gimpty: The shooting.
Kay, making talk. Evading: Oh, yes. And we just missed it. It must have been exciting. I'm...!
Gimpty: I didn't miss it.
Kay: No?... Oh, tell me... was it very...?
Gimpty, begins to give way to the terror and remorse pent up in him: It was pretty horrible.
Kay: Oh... of course.
Gimpty: Horrible!
Kay, realizing by his tone that something dreadful lies in all this, she becomes very tender and soothing: Pete, give me your hand. Come here. She leads him to the edge of the wharf. Sit down... Now, what happened?
Gimpty: I'd rather not talk about it for a minute.
Kay: If it upsets you, let's not talk about it at all.
Gimpty: Yes, I've got to... but not for a minute.!
Kay: All right.

Underneath them, the River plashes against the bulwark. Off, on the yacht, the band is playing a soft, sentimental melody. The chatter and the laughter from the party float faintly over the water. They sit there for a long time, just staring across the river, at its lights, at the factories and signs on
the opposite shore, at the bridge with its glittering loops, at the string of ghostly barges silently moving across the river. For a long time. Then she speaks, quietly.

KAY: I love the river at night. . . . It's beautiful . . . and a bit frightening.

GIMPTY stares down at the black water swirling under him. He begins to talk, faster and faster, trying to push back into his unconscious the terror that haunts him, to forget that afternoon if only for a few seconds: It reminds me of something. . . . What is it? . . . Oh, yeah . . . when I was a kid. In the spring the sudden sun showers used to flood the gutters. The other kids used to race boats down the street. Little boats: straws, matches, lollipop-sticks. I couldn't run after them, so I guarded the sewer and caught the boats to keep them from tumbling in. Near the sewer . . . sometimes, I remember . . . a whirlpool would form. . . . Dirt and oil from the street would break into rainbow colors . . . iridescent. . . . For a moment he does escape. Beautiful, I think . . . a marvel of color out of dirty water. I can't take my eyes off it. And suddenly a boat in danger. The terror in him rises again. I try to stop it. . . . Too late! It shoots into the black hole of the sewer. I used to dream about falling into it myself. The river reminds me of that. . . . Death must be like this . . . like the river at night. There is no comfort in her big enough for his needs. They sit in brooding silence, which is finally interrupted by the DOORMAN's voice, off.

DOORMAN: Miss Mitchell came out here only a moment ago. Yes, there she is now.

The DOORMAN and a SAILOR come out of the gate.

SAILOR: Miss Mitchell?

KAY: Yes?

SAILOR: Mr. Hilton says we're ready to cast off. We're waiting for you, ma'am.

KAY: Tell him I'll be there in a minute.

SAILOR: Yes'm.

Exit SAILOR.

DOORMAN, turns to ANGEL, who is still hovering over the fire: Why don't you kids beat it?

ANGEL: Aw-w!

DOORMAN: All right! I'll fix you! He strides off up the street.

GIMPTY, desperately: Kay, there's still time. You don't have to go.

KAY, finality in her quiet voice: I'm afraid I do.

GIMPTY: Listen . . . I knew where Martin was. And I told the police.

KAY: You? How did you recognize him?

GIMPTY: I used to know him when I was a kid.

KAY: Oh!
GIMPITY: I know it was a stinkin' thing to do.
KAY: No. It had to be done.
GIMPITY: There was a reward.
KAY: Yes, I know. I read about it. That's a break for you, Pete. You can help your mother now. And you can live decently.
GIMPITY: How about you?
KAY: This isn't the miracle we were looking for.
GIMPITY, after a long pause: No. I guess you're right.
KAY: How long would it last us? Perhaps a year, then what? I've been through all that. I couldn't go through it again.
GIMPITY: I guess it's asking too much.
KAY, softly, trying to make him see the picture realistically, reasonably: It's not all selfishness, Pete. I'm thinking of you too. I could do this. I could go and live with you and be happy—And she means it.—and then when poverty comes... and we begin to torture each other, what would happen? I'd leave you and go back to Jack. He needs me too, you see. I'm pretty certain of him. But what would become of you then? That sounds pretty bitchy, I suppose.
GIMPITY: No... no, it's quite right. I didn't see things as clearly as you did. It's just that I've been... such a dope.
KAY: No! It's just that we can't have everything... ever. She rises.
GIMPITY: Of course.
KAY: Good-bye, darling.
GIMPITY, rises: Good-bye, Kay. Have a pleasant trip.
KAY, one sob escaping her: Oh, Pete, forgive me if I've hurt you. Please forgive me!
GIMPITY: Don't be foolish. You haven't hurt me. It's funny, but you know, I never honestly expected anything. I didn't. It was really just a... whimsy I played on myself.
KAY: Pete.
GIMPITY: Yes?
KAY: Will you stay here and wave good-bye to me when the boat goes?
GIMPITY: Naturally. I expected to.
KAY: Thanks. She kisses him. Take care of yourself! She goes quickly. GIMPITY follows her to the gate, standing there, peering through the bars, catching a last glimpse of her. SPIT trots down the street.
SPIT: He wuzn't deah.
ANGEL: No?
SPIT: Nah. Milty's a lot of bushwah. I tole yuh. He looks at the fire. Spits into it. ANGEL glances backward at the shadows under the hopper.
ANGEL: Hey, Spit!
SPIT: What?
ANGEL: Dey wuz a guy heah . . .

T.B. appears, dragging an egg crate.

T.B.: Look what I got! Whew! Boy, dat'll go up like wildfire!
SPIT: Babee! Dat's good!
ANGEL: Yeah! Dat's swell!

They smash up the crate by jumping on it. They tear off the slats and break them across the curb. The noise of the crashing and splintering exhilarates them. They laugh and chatter. DIPPY enters, puffing and grunting, dragging an old discarded automobile seat by a rope.

DIPPY, proud of his contribution: Hey, yuh t'ink dis'll boin? I t'ink it'll boin, don' chew? Boy, like a house afire, I bet.

ANGEL: Nah, dat'll stink up da place.
DIPPY, disappointed: Aw gese, I dragged it a mile. I dragged it fuh five blocks.

It wuz way ovuh by Toid Avenoo.

The boys throw some of the wood into the fire. It flares up with a great crackling. Tongues of flame shoot up out of the can. The band on the boat plays “Anchors Aweigh!” There is much laughter and shouting of “Bon Voyage!” “Have a pleasant trip,” etc. from the party who have disembarked.

The bells and the whistles of the boat blow, the engines throb, and the propellers churn the water. GIMPTY stands strained and tense, looking off, through the gate.

T.B.: Hey, look! Look! Duh boat! She's goin' like sixty. Babee! They rush over to the gate.
ANGEL: Boy, dat's some boat! Dat's a crackerjack.
DIPPY: Yeah. He imitates the sound of the bells, the foghorn, the engine.

Clang, clang! Oooh! Ch, ch, ch! Poo! Poo! I'm a boat! Look, felluhs! I'm a boat. Ch! Ch! Ch! He shuffles around, hands fore and aft.

ANGEL, points at the departing boat: Lookit duh dame wavin' at us.
DIPPY, waves vigorously: Yoo, hoo! Yoo hoo!

T.B.: She ain't wavin' at us, yuh dope.
SPIT: At Gimpty.

T.B.: How'd yuh like tuh be on 'at boat?
DIPPY: Boy! I bet yew cud cross 'ee ocean in 'at boat. Yuh cud cross 'ee ocean in 'at boat, couldn't yuh, Gimpty?

GIMPTY: What?
DIPPY: Yuh cud cross 'ee ocean in 'at boat, couldn't yuh?

ANGEL returns to the fire and pokes around in it.

GIMPTY: Oh, yeah, I guess you could.
T.B.: A cawse yuh could, yuh dope, anybody knows 'at.

SPIT, sees ANGEL fishing out a mickey: Hey, watcha doin'?

ANGEL, testing his mickey: My mickey's done. Dey're done now, felluhs!

The sounds of the yacht die off in the distance.

SPIT: Look out! Look out! Wait a minute!

They all rush to haul out their mickeys. SPIT pushes them aside, and spear the biggest potato with a stick.

DIPPY: Hey, Spit, dat big one's mine. Remembuh . . . I swiped it!

SPIT: Shat ap, yuh dope! He punches DIPPY, who begins to snivel.

DIPPY: If Tommy wuz heah, yuh wouldn't do dat.

SPIT: Nuts tuh yew! Who's got da salt?

ANGEL, takes a small packet of newspaper from his shoe-shine box: Heah, I got it! The salt is passed around. They eat their mickeys with much smacking of the lips.

DIPPY, who has gotten the smallest mickey: Ahl git even witcha!

SPIT: Nuts!

DIPPY: Yew wait till yuh ast me tuh do sumpm fuh yew some day. Jus' wait. See whatcha git!

SPIT, spits at DIPPY: Right innee eye!

DIPPY, wiping his eye: Ah, yuh louse!

ANGEL, remembering the conspiracy. Slowly and deliberately, between munches: Hey, Spit.

SPIT: What?

ANGEL: Dey wuz a guy heah . . . yuh know da guy what Tommy stabbed? . . . Well, he wuz heah.

SPIT: What fuh?

ANGEL: He wuz lookin' fuh yew.

SPIT: Fuh me?

ANGEL: Yeah.

SPIT: What faw?

ANGEL: He said he wuz gonna give yuh five bucks fuh snitchin' on who done it.

SPIT: Wheah izee? Wheah'd ee go?

DIPPY: Did yew snitch on Tommy?

SPIT: Sure. Sure I did. A chorus of disapproval follows this confession. SPIT rises and doubles up his fists. To DIPPY. What's it to yuh?

DIPPY: Nuttin'! SPIT looks at ANGEL.

ANGEL: Nuttin'!

T.B.: Yew snitched on Tommy! Gese!

SPIT: Aw, shat ap, 'r I'll give yuh yuhr lumps! He turns, looking for the benefactor. Wheah'd he go? Which way? I want dat five bucks.
**ACT THREE**

**TOMMY runs from behind the hopper, leaps onto SPIT’s back, bearing him to the ground.**

**TOMMY, sits astride SPIT, his knees pinning SPIT’s arms down:** Yuh’ll git it, yuh stool pigeon! In a pig’s kapooch yuh will!

**DIPPY:** Tommy!

**Simultaneously**

**ANGEL:** Gese!

**T.B.:** Wow!

**TOMMY:** Ahl give yuh sumpm yuh won’ fuhgit so easy. Say yuh prayuhs, yuh louse!

**SPIT:** Lemme go! Lemme go!

**TOMMY:** Oh, no, yuh don’t!

**SPIT:** Aw, Tommy, I didn’ mean tuh. Dey had me! De cops had me! What could I do?

**TOMMY:** Yuh know watcha gonna git fuh it? He takes out his knife. **SPIT squeals with terror.** **TOMMY jams his hand over SPIT’S mouth.** Shat ap!

**DIPPY:** What’s ’ee gonna do?

**ANGEL:** Gash his cheek fum heah tuh heah!

**T.B.:** No kid!

**ANGEL:** Yeah.

**DIPPY:** Gee whiz! Wow!

**SPIT, crying and pleading:** Tommy, don’t, will yuh? I’ll give yuh dose bike wheels I swiped. I’ll give yuh me stamps. I ’ll give yuh me immies. I’ll give yuh dat five bucks. Ony lemme go, will yuh?

**TOMMY:** Dis time yuh don’ git away wid’ it so easy, see?

**SPIT:** Hey, felluhs! Hey, Gimpty! He’s godda knife!

**GIMPTY, notices for the first time what’s happening:** Stop that, you crazy kid!

**TOMMY:** NO!

**GIMPTY, starts toward Tommy:** Let him go, Tommy!

**TOMMY:** Come near me, Gimpty, an’ I’ll give it tuh yew. Stay back, or I’ll give it tuh ’im right now! **He places the knife point at SPIT’S throat.** **GIMPTY stops short.**

**GIMPTY:** Getting easy, isn’t it?

**TOMMY:** Yeah, it’s a cinch.

**GIMPTY:** Let him up, Tommy!

**TOMMY:** No!

**GIMPTY:** Tommy, give me that knife!

**TOMMY:** No!

**GIMPTY:** Sell it to me! I’ll buy it from you!

**TOMMY:** No!

**GIMPTY:** What’s a matter? You a yellow-belly, Tommy?

**TOMMY:** Who’s a yeller-belly?
GIMPTY: Only a yellow-belly uses a knife, Tommy. You'll be sorry for this!
TOMMY: Well, he squealed on me!

*MILTY and DRINA come down the street.*

MILTY: I dunno. He wuz heah befaw . . . honest! *Seeing the fight, he rushes to TOMMY and SPIT.* Wassamatteh, Tommy?
DRINA, *rushing to TOMMY and SPIT*: Tommy! Tommy! Where've you been?
SPIT: Drina! Drina, he's godda knife! He wants a stab me!
TOMMY, *slaps SPIT*: Shat ap!
DRINA: Tommy! . . . Give me that knife! . . . What's the matter with you?
Aren't you in enough hot water now? Don't you understand what you're doing? *Screams.* Give me that knife!

GIMPTY: Go on, Tommy! Pause.

TOMMY, *reluctantly hands the knife to DRINA*: Heah! He rises, releasing SPIT. As SPIT scrambles to his feet, TOMMY kicks him in the rump, yelling.

Beat it, yuh son uva . . . SPIT runs up the sidewalk.

DRINA, *sharply*: Sh, Tommy!

SPIT, *from a safe distance, turns*: Tuh hell witcha, yuh bastid! *Then he redoubles his speed, disappearing around the corner.*

TOMMY: I'll kill yuh! He starts after SPIT, but DRINA grabs his arm and pulls him back.

DRINA: Tommy, behave yourself!

TOMMY: But 'ee squealed on me, Drina!

DRINA: That's no excuse for this. Now it's knives! *She snaps the blade shut.*

What'll it be next? What's happening to you, Tommy?

TOMMY: I wuz ony gonna scare 'im.

DRINA, *grasps him by the shoulders and shakes him to emphasize what she's saying*: Listen to me! The cops came up to the house ten minutes ago. They were lookin' for you. You stabbed some man! Why! *Why!* TOMMY turns away. Don't you see what you're doing? They'll send you to jail, Tommy!

TOMMY, *all the fight gone*: No, dey won't. Dey gotta ketch me foist.

DRINA: What do you mean?

TOMMY: I'm gonna run away.

DRINA: Run away? Where to?

TOMMY: I dunno.

DRINA: Where?

TOMMY: Dere a plenty a places I kin hitch tuh. Lots a guys do.

DRINA: And what are you gonna eat? Where you gonna sleep?

TOMMY: I'll git along.

DRINA: How?

DRINA: I can see what's gonna happen to you. Fiercely. You'll become a bum!

TOMMY: Aw right! I'll become a bum, den!

DRINA, *hurls the knife onto the sidewalk and screams*: That's fine! That's what Mamma worked her life away for! That's what I've worked since I was a kid for! So you could become a bum! That's great!

TOMMY, *shouting back*: Aw right! It's great! Well, gese, whadda yuh want me tuh do? Let da cops git me an' sen' me up the rivuh, Drina? I don' wanna be locked up till I'm twenty-one. Izzat what yuh want me tuh do?

DRINA, *suddenly very soft and tender, maternally*: No, darling, no. I won't let that happen. I won't let them touch you, Tommy. Don't worry.

TOMMY: Well, what else kin we do?

DRINA: I'll run away with you, Tommy. We'll go away, together, someplace.

TOMMY: No, Drina, yuh couldn't do dat. Yer a goil. *Pause.* Yuh know what? Maybe, if I give myself up, an' tell em I didn' mean tuh to do it, an' if I swear on a Bible I'll nevuh do it again, maybe dey'll let me go.

DRINA: No, Tommy, I'm not gonna let you give yourself up. No!

TOMMY: Yeah, Drina.

Enter **DOORMAN** with **MULLIGAN**.

DOORMAN, *pointing to the boys*: There!

MULLIGAN, *roars*: Get ta hell outa here! Go wan home!

T.B.: Chickee da cop! The Boys scatter. DIPPY and T.B. duck into the tenement doorway. ANGEL and MILTY scramble under the hopper.

MULLIGAN, *to the DOORMAN*: Get some water! Put this out. MULLIGAN turns to the cringing figures under the hopper. Yuh wanna set fire to these houses? Lemme ketch you doin' this again and I'll beat the b'jesus outa you! He slaps the blazing can with his nightstick to punctuate the warning. Sparks fly up.

TOMMY, *slowly*: Yuh know, Drina, I t'ink 'at's what I ought tuh do.

DRINA, *holding him tight, terrified. In a hoarse whisper*: No. I won't let you do that.

TOMMY: Yeah. He detaches her arm, and goes to MULLIGAN. Hey, mister!

MULLIGAN: What do you want? Come on, beat it!

TOMMY: Wait a minute! I'm Tommy McGrath.

MULLIGAN: What of it? The other Boys creep back.

TOMMY: I'm da kid dat stabbed dat man today.

MULLIGAN: What!!! He grabs Tommy's arm. The Doorman comes running over to verify this.

TOMMY, *his voice shrill and trembly*: Yeah. He wuz chokin' me an breakin' my ahm . . . so I did it.

MULLIGAN: So, you're the kid. I bin lookin' fuh you.
DOORMAN, who has been staring at TOMMY, suddenly elated: That's him, all right. That's him! Wait, I'll call Mr. Griswald. He'll tell you! He rushes off through the gateway.

MULLIGAN: All right. I'll keep him here. Don't you worry.

DRINA, goes to MULLIGAN, pleading: Tommy! No, no, they can't take him, let him go, Officer! Please!

MULLIGAN: I can't do that, miss.

DRINA: He didn't know what he was doing. He's only a baby.

MULLIGAN: You tell it to the judge. Tell it to the judge.

DRINA, trying to wrench TOMMY free: No! Let him go! Let him go!

MULLIGAN, pushes her away roughly: Get away. Don't try that! To GIMPTY.

You better take her away or she'll get hurt.

GIMPTY: Drina, come here.

DRINA: No.

MULLIGAN: In a minute I'll take her to the station house, too.

TOMMY: Aw, Drina, cut it out, will yuh? Dat ain' gonna help.

GIMPTY: He's right, you know.

T.B., sidles over to TOMMY, whispering: Hey, Tommy, if yuh go tuh rifawmary, look up a guy named . . .

MULLIGAN, shoving T.B. away: Git outa here! T.B. flies across the street.

DRINA: Yes, of course he's right. I'm so . . . I just don't know what I'm . . .

DOORMAN, enters with MR. GRISWALD: Yes, Mr. Griswald, I'm sure it's the boy.

GRISWALD pushes him aside and walks briskly to MULLIGAN.

GRISWALD: So you've caught him.

MULLIGAN: Yes, sir.

DRINA: He gave himself up!

GRISWALD: Let me look at him. He looks searchingly at TOMMY's face and nods. Yes, this is the boy, all right.

MULLIGAN: Good.

DRINA: He gave himself up.

GRISWALD, turns to her: What's that?

DRINA, trying desperately to be calm: I'm his sister!

GRISWALD: Oh. Well . . . a fine brother you've got.

MULLIGAN, to ANGEL and MILTY, who have crept to the foreground: Come on, get outa here! Beat it! They scramble back again under the hopper.

DRINA: Listen, mister! Give him another chance. . . . She clutches his arm.

He winces and draws his breath in pain. Please, will you?

GRISWALD: Careful of that arm!

DRINA: Oh! I'm sorry. . . . Give him another chance! Let him go!

GRISWALD: Another chance to what? To kill somebody?
ACT THREE

TOMMY: I won' evuh do it again. Yew wuz chokin' me an' I wuz seein' black already, an' I . . .

DRINA: Have a heart, mister! He's only a kid. He didn't know what he was doing.

GRISWALD: No?

DRINA: No.

GRISWALD: Then you should have taught him better.

DRINA, her impulse is to fight back, but she restrains herself: Listen! He's a good boy. And he's got brains. Ask his teacher . . . Miss Judell, P.S. 59. He used to get A, A, A . . . all the time. He's smart.

GRISWALD: Then I can't see any excuse at all for him.

DRINA, flaring: All right! He made a mistake! He's sorry! What's so terrible about that?

GIMPTY: Sh! Drina!

GRISWALD: I have a gash half an inch deep in my wrist. The doctor is afraid of infection. What do you say to that?

DRINA, with such an effort at self-control that she trembles: I'm sorry! I'm awfully sorry!

GRISWALD: Sorry! That won't help, will it?

DRINA: Will it help to send him to reform school?

GRISWALD: I don't know. It'll at least keep him from doing it to someone else.

DRINA: But you heard him. He swore he wouldn't ever do it again.

GRISWALD: I'm afraid I can't believe that. He'll be better off where they'll send him. They'll take him out of the gutters and teach him a trade.

DRINA, explodes again: What do you know about it?

GRISWALD: I'm sorry. I've no more time. I can't stand here arguing with you. To MULLIGAN. All right, Officer! I'll be down to make the complaint. Starts to exit.

GIMPTY, stepping in front of GRISWALD and blocking his path: Wait a minute, mister!

GRISWALD: Yes?

GIMPTY: May I talk to you a moment?

GRISWALD: There's no use, really.

GIMPTY: Just a moment, please?

GRISWALD: Well, what is it?

GIMPTY: You know what happened here today? A man was shot . . . killed.

GRISWALD: You mean that gangster?

GIMPTY: Yes.

GRISWALD: What about it?

GIMPTY: I killed him.
GRISWALD: You what?
MULLIGAN: He's crazy. To GIMPTY: What are you trying to do?
GIMPTY: It was I who told them where to find him.
GRISWALD: Well, that may be so. Then you were doing your duty. It's simple enough. And I'm doing mine.
DRINA, hysterically: No! It ain't the same! Martin was a butcher, he was like a mad dog. He deserved to die. But Tommy's a baby...
GIMPTY: Please! That's not the point!
DRINA: It is!
MULLIGAN, to ANGEL and MILTY, who are back again: How many times have I gotta tell you!... They retreat.
GIMPTY: Yes, maybe it is. Anyway, I turned him over for my own selfish reasons. And yet the thing I did, Griswald, was nothing compared to what you're doing.... Yeah... Martin was a killer, he was bad, he deserved to die, true! But I knew him when we were kids. He had a lot of fine stuff. He was strong. He had courage. He was a born leader. He even had a sense of fair play. But living in the streets kept making him bad.... Then he was sent to reform school. Well, they reformed him all right! They taught him the ropes. He came out tough and hard and mean, with all the tricks of the trade.
GRISWALD: But I don't see what you're driving at.
GIMPTY: I'm telling you! That's what you're sending this kid to.
GRISWALD: I'm afraid there's no alternative.
DRINA: Are you so perfect? Didn't you ever do anything you were sorry for later? Screams. God! Didn't anybody ever forgive you for anything?
GIMPTY, looks at her in silence for a moment. Then, gently, and sympathetically: Of course. I'm sorry. I'm very sorry. Believe me, I'm not being vindictive. I'm not punishing him for hurting me. As far as this goes—touches his bandaged wrist.—I would forgive him gladly. But you must remember that I'm a father... that today he, unprovoked, beat my boy with a stick and stole his watch. There are other boys like mine. They've got to be protected, too. I feel awfully sorry for you, but your brother belongs in a reformatory. To MULLIGAN. All right, Officer! He shakes his head and disappears in the gateway.
DRINA, with a cry of despair: What?
MULLIGAN: All right! Let's go! To TOMMY. Come along.
T.B. edges over to TOMMY: Hey, Tommy, wait! Look up a guy named Smokey!...
MULLIGAN: Get away from here. I'll bounce one off your head!
TOMMY, looking back to DRINA: Don' worry, Drina. I ain' scared.
DRINA, trying to smile for TOMMY: Of course not, darling. I'm coming with you. Starts up.
ACT THREE

MULLIGAN: Yeah, I think you better. Come on! He calls over his shoulder to the DOORMAN. Put out that fire!

DOORMAN: Oh, yes . . . yes, Officer! Hurries off, through the gate.

MULLIGAN and TOMMY go up the street. DRINA starts to follow. T.B. catches her arm.

T.B.: Drina! Drina! Wait!

DRINA: No, I can't, I gotta . . .

T.B.: It's important. It's about Tommy!

DRINA, turns: What?

T.B., very knowing and very helpful. He's been through this before: Look, Drina, dere's a guy at rifawm school named Smokey . . . like dat, Smokey, dey call him Smokey. Yew tell Tommy tuh be nice tuh him and give im t'ings like cigarettes an dat. Cause dis guy Smokey, he knows a lot a swell rackets fuh Tommy when 'ee gits out . . . cause Tommy's a wise kid an' . . .

DRINA, scared, helpless, begins to sob: Oh, Mom, why did you leave us? I don't know what to do, Mom. I don't know where to turn. I wish I was dead and buried with you.

T.B., puzzled by this unexpected reaction to his good advice: What's a mat-tuh? What'd I say? I didn' say nuttin'. What'd I say?

GIMPTY: Sh! Shut up! He goes to DRINA, who is sobbing her heart out, and puts a protective arm around her: You poor kid! You poor kid. Stop crying. Stop crying now.

DRINA: I'm all right. I'll be all right in a minute.

GIMPTY: Now, you stop crying and listen to me. Tomorrow morning you meet me right here at half past nine. We're going downtown. We're going to get the best lawyer in this city, and we'll get Tommy free.

DRINA: But that'll cost so much!

GIMPTY: Don't worry about that. We'll get him out.

DRINA: Do you really think so?

GIMPTY: I know so.

DRINA: Oh, God bless you . . . you're so . . . She breaks into sobs again.

GIMPTY: Now, now. You go along now and stick by Tommy.

DRINA, controlling herself: You've been so awfully good to us, I . . . I hate to ask for anything else, but . . .

GIMPTY: Sure, what is it?

DRINA: I wish you'd come along with us now. I know if you're there . . . they wouldn't dare touch . . . Her voice catches. Tommy!

GIMPTY: Me? I'm nobody. I can't . . .

DRINA: I wish you would. Please?

GIMPTY, softly: All right. They go up the street, his arm still around her, his cane clicking on the sidewalk even after they've disappeared from sight. Awed by the scene, the kids gather about the fire again.
ANGEL: Gese, wadda yuh tink'll happen tuh Tommy?
MILTY: Dey'll git 'im off. Dey'll git 'im off. Yuh'll see.
T.B.: Even if dey don't, yuh loin a barrel a good tings at rafawm school.
    Smokey once loined me how tuh open a lock wid' a hairpin. Boy! It's easy!
    It's a cinch! I loined one-two-three, but now I fuhgit. . . .

The DOORMAN appears, uncoiling a garden hose. He pushes ANGEL aside, points the nozzle into the can, and releases the stream. The fire hisses, spits, and dies. A thick pillar of smoke ascends skyward out of the can.
ANGEL, looks upward, entranced: Holy smokes!
DIPPY: Whee!
ANGEL: Look a dat!
T.B.: Boy! Right up tuh duh sky!
ANGEL: Right up tuh duh stahs!
DIPPY: How high ah dey? How high ah duh stahs?
DOORMAN, turning back at the gate: And you rats better not start any more trouble, if you know what's good for you! He goes in. The BOYS wait till he is out of earshot, then they hurl a chorus of abuse.
    MILTY: Gay cock of'm yam!
    Simulta-neously DIPPY: Nuts ta yew!
    T.B.: In yuhr hat!
    ANGEL plays a mocking tune on his kazoo.
T.B., sings the lyrics: Te da da da da bushwah. Te da da bushwah.
ANGEL: Ahl goul him!
DIPPY, laughs: Yeah.
After this outburst, there is a long pause. They watch the smoke coiling upward.
MILTY, softly: Gee! Looka dat smoke!
T.B.: Dat reminds me—all a time at rafawm school Smokey usta sing a song about Angel—"If I had de wings of a Angel."
    They laugh.
MILTY: Angel ain't got no wings.
DIPPY: Real ones got wings. I saw it in a pitcha once.
    ANGEL starts playing "If I Had the Wings of an Angel" on his kazoo.
T.B.: Dat's right. Dat's it! In a quavery voice, he accompanies ANGEL. If I had de wings of a angel. Ovuh dese prison walls I wud fly. . . . The others join in, swelling the song. Straight tuh deh yahms a my mudduh. Ta da da, da da. . . A passing tramp steamer hoots mournfully. The smoke continues to roll out of the can, as their cacophony draws out to a funereal end. Da . . . da . . . da . . . dum.

CURTAIN