

**ON THE WATERFRONT**

EDIE:

Everybody loved Joey, from the little kids to the old rummies. Did you know him very well?

TERRY:

Well, you know, he got around.

EDIE:

What did that man mean just now when...

TERRY:

Oh, don't pay no attention, he's drunk, he's fallin' down, everything. He's just a juicehead who hangs around the bar. Don't pay no attention.

EDIE:

I really should go.

TERRY:

You don't have to be afraid of me, I'm not gonna bite ya.  
I guess they don't let you have a drink with fellas, where you been, huh?

EDIE:

You know how the Sisters are.

TERRY:

Yeah. Are you training to be a nun?

EDIE:

It's just a regular college. It's run by the Sisters of Saint Ann.

TERRY:

Where is that?

EDIE:

In Terrytown.

TERRY:

Where's that up...where is that?

EDIE:

In the country.

TERRY:

I don't like the country, the crickets make me nervous. How often do you get in here?

EDIE:

I haven't been here since last Christmas. We were going to have a Thanksgiving party.

TERRY:

That's nice. Whattaya do up there, just...what study?

EDIE:

I want to be a teacher.

TERRY:

A teacher? That's very good. You know, personally I admire brains. My brother Charlie is a very brainy guy. He had a couple of years of college.

EDIE:

It isn't just brains. It's how you use them.

TERRY:

Yeah, I get your thought. You know, I seen you a lot of times before. You remember parochial school down on Pulaski Street, seven or eight years ago..your hair, you had your hair...

EDIE:

In braids.

TERRY:

It looked like a hunka rope. You had wires on your teeth, and glasses, everything...you was really a mess. Don't get sore. I'm just kiddin' you a little bit. I just mean to tell ya, that you grew up very nice.

EDIE:

Thanks

TERRY:

You don't remember me, do ya?

EDIE:

I remembered you the first moment I saw you.

TERRY:

By the nose, huh?

EDIE:

Were you really a prize fighter?

TERRY:

I used to be.

EDIE:

How did you get interested in that?

TERRY:

I don't know. I had to scrap all my life, I might as well get paid for it. When I was a kid, my old man got bumped off. And..never mind how. And they stuck Charlie and me in a dump they called a Children's Home. Oh boy, that was some home. Well, anyhow, I run away from there and I fought in the club Smolders and peddled papers and Johnny Friendly bought a piece of me.

EDIE:

Bought a piece of you?

TERRY:

Yeah..yes. Then...ah...I was going pretty good there for awhile. And after that....I don't know. What do you really care, am I right?

EDIE:

Shouldn't everybody care about everybody else?

TERRY:

Boy, what a fruitcake you are.

EDIE:

I mean, isn't everybody a part of everybody else?

TERRY:

And you really believe that drool?

EDIE:

Yes, I do.

TERRY:

*(gestures to drinks)* Well, here we are. One for the lady and for the gent. *(raises glass)* Here's to the first one, I hope it ain't the last. Dink. Go ahead. *(Edie takes small sip)* No, not like that. One hunk. Wham. *(Terry downs shot)*

EDIE:

*(Edie does same)* Wham.

TERRY:

Hey, wanna hear my philosophy of life? Do it to him, before he does it to you.

EDIE:

I never met anyone like you. There's not a spark of sentiment, romance, or human kindness in your whole body.

TERRY:

What good does it do you, besides get you in trouble?

EDIE:

And when things and people get in your way, you just knock them aside. Get rid of them, is that your idea?

TERRY:

Listen, don't look at me when you say that. It wasn't my fault what happened to Joey. Fixing him wasn't my idea.

EDIE:

Who said it was?

TERRY:

Well, everybody is puttin' the needle on me. You, and them mugs in the church, and Father Barry.  
I didn't like the way he was looking at me.

EDIE:

He was looking at everyone the same way.

TERRY:

Oh yeah? Anyhow, what's with this Father Barry? What's his racket?

EDIE:

His racket?

TERRY:

Yeah, his racket. Everybody has got a racket.

EDIE:

But, he's a priest.

TERRY:

Oh, you kidding? So what. That don't make no difference.

EDIE:

You don't believe anybody do you?

TERRY:

Listen, down here it's every man for himself. It's keeping alive. It's standing in with the right people so  
you get a bit of change jingling in your pocket.

EDIE:

And if you don't?

TERRY:

If you don't? Right...down.

EDIE:

That's living like an animal.

TERRY:

Alright. I'd rather live like an animal than end up like...

EDIE:

Like Joey? Are you afraid to mention his name?

TERRY:

No. Why do you keep harping on that for? C'mon drink up. You gotta get a little fun out of life. C'mon, I'll stick some music on. *(Stands)* What's the matter? *(Sits)* What's the matter? What's the matter with you?

EDIE:

Help me if you can for God sakes.

TERRY:

Eddie, I'd like to help. I'd like to help. But there's nuthin' I can do.

EDIE:

Alright. I shouldn't have asked you.

TERRY:

Here. Have a little beer. Cmon, cmon.

EDIE:

I don't want it. You just stay here and finish your drink.

TERRY:

Oh no, listen don't go. I got my whole life to drink. You sore at me?

EDIE:

What for?

TERRY:

Well...for not being no help to you.

EDIE:

You would if you could.