

Arty  
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**JAY.** Well, tell him he got a phone call this morning. One of the guys from the Studebaker.

**ARTY.** But you said you don't know nothin', right?

**JAY.** Right. And he said, "You tell Louie that Friday night the dance is over."

**ARTY.** What dance?

**JAY.** The "Goodbye Louie" dance.

**ARTY.** You mean he's double-crossing the mob?

**JAY.** You got it.

**ARTY.** Wow! ...You think they're going to kill him?

**JAY.** Maybe all three of us. We work for him, don't we?

*(The front door opens. GRANDMA walks in wearing her candy store apron, looking angry.)*

**GRANDMA.** *(To JAY.)* It takes twenty minutes to bring up soup? ...I got one sweeper not sweeping downstairs, I don't need two.

**JAY.** I was just going.

**GRANDMA.** And don't let the kids sit on the stool all day. One buys a malted and the other two steal pretzels. If they steal, you pay for it.

**JAY.** Sure. That's only fair.

*(He crosses to the front door.)*

**GRANDMA.** Vot was dot?

**JAY.** I said, "Yes, I hear."

**GRANDMA.** He's fresh to me, dat one.

*(She pulls the covers off of ARTY.)*

Come on. Out of da bed. It's enough lying around already.

**ARTY.** *(Pulls sheet back up.)* I'm freezing. And I'm burning up with fever. You can feel my head.

**GRANDMA.** You lay in bed, you get fever. You get up and walk, da fever looks for somebody else.



*(She hits the bed with her cane twice.)*

Out! Out!

**ARTY.** *(Gets out of bed, stands and shivers.)* My mother always kept me in bed when I had a fever.

**GRANDMA.** *(Straightens the sheets and starts to fold the bed back into a sofa.)* You're not in your mother's house no more. *(Pointing to the chair at the living room table.)* You sit in dat chair and you do your homework. And no funny books. And you finish dat soup. All of it.

**ARTY.** I tried. I can't get it down.

**GRANDMA.** If you eat it quick, you von't taste it.

**ARTY.** I would taste this if I didn't have a tongue.

**GRANDMA.** You listen to me. You're not fresh yet like da other one, but I see it coming. No, sir. Not in dis house... You live vith me, you don't stay in bed two days... You get better quick und you get dressed und you come downstairs und you vash up the soda fountain und you sweep up the store. I didn't ask to take care of you, but if I take care of you, you'll do vot I tell you. *Don't turn away from me!* You'll look at me!! ...You're not going to vin dis argument, I tell you dot right now. You understand me?

**ARTY.** ...Yes.

**GRANDMA.** Den put da soup in your mouth right now or I do it for you.

*(ARTY looks at her. She obviously means business. He quickly puts the soup in his mouth. He keeps it there.)*

**ARTY.** ...I can't swallow it.

*(GRANDMA crosses to him, pulls his head back, and the soup goes down.)*

You could drown me like that... Why are you so mean to me? I'm your own grandson.

**GRANDMA.** Dot's right. And vot am I?

**ARTY.** What do you mean?