

*(ARTY looks at him, helpless, terrified . . . and then suddenly)*

JAY Don't do it, Arty . . . Leave him alone, Uncle Louie. You want the bag open, do it yourself. *(He takes the bag from ARTY and tosses it at LOUIE's feet)* Maybe you don't rob banks or grocery stores or little old women. You're worse than that. You're a bully. You pick on a couple of kids. Your own nephews. You make fun of my father because he cried and was afraid of Grandma. Well, everyone in *Yonkers* is afraid of Grandma . . . And let me tell you something about my father. At least he's doing something in this war. He's sick and he's tired but he's out there selling iron to make ships and tanks and cannons. And I'm proud of him. What are you doing? Hiding in your mother's apartment and scaring little kids and acting like Humphrey Bogart. Well, you're no Humphrey Bogart . . . And I'll tell you something else—No. That's all.

*(LOUIE has hardly blinked an eye. He shifts his body and takes one small step towards JAY)*