

*A View From the Bridge*

Arthur Miller

**BEATRICE**  
**CATHERINE**

*A story about a man who can't accept his adopted daughter growing up and wanting to get married. Beatrice, her adopted mother, tries to help her understand the situation.*

BEATRICE. Listen, Catherine. What are you going to do with yourself?

CATHERINE. I don't know.

BEATRICE. Don't tell me you don't know; you're not a baby any more. What are you going to do with yourself?

CATHERINE. He won't listen to me.

BEATRICE. I don't understand this. He's not your father, Catherine. I don't understand what's going on here.

CATHERINE. What am I going to do, just kick him in the face with it?

BEATRICE. Look, honey, you wanna get married, or don't you wanna get married? What are you worried about, Katie?

CATHERINE. (Quietly, trembling) I don't know B. It just seems wrong if he's against it so much.

BEATRICE. Sit down, honey, I want to tell you something. Here, sit down. Was there ever any fella he liked for you? There wasn't, was there?

CATHERINE. But he says Rodolpho's just after his papers.

BEATRICE. Look, he'll say anything. What does he care what he says? If it was a prince came here for you it would be no different. You know that, don't you?

CATHERINE. Yes, I guess.

BEATRICE. So what does that mean?

CATHERINE. What?

BEATRICE. It means you gotta be your own self more. You still think you're a little girl, honey. But nobody else can make up your mind for you any more, you understand? You gotta get him to understand that he can't give you orders no more.

CATHERINE. Yeah, but how am I doing to do that? He still thinks I'm a baby.

BEATRICE. Because *you* think you're a baby. I told you fifty times already, you can't act the way you act. You act like a baby and he's treatin' you like a baby. Look, I'm not tellin' you what to do, honey, but —

CATHERINE. No, you could tell me, B! Gee, I'm all mixed up. See, I — he looks so sad now and it hurts me.

BEATRICE. Well look Katie, if it's going to hurt you so much you're gonna end up an old maid here . . .

CATHERINE. No!

BEATRICE. I'm tellin' you, I'm not makin' a joke. I tried to tell you a couple of times in the last year or so. That's why I was so happy you were going to go out and get work, you wouldn't be here so much, you'd be a little more independent. So you'll act different now, heh?

CATHERINE. Yeah, I will. I'll remember.

BEATRICE. Because it ain't only up to him Katie, you understand? I told him the same thing already.

CATHERINE. (Quickly) What?

BEATRICE. That he should let you go. But, you see, if only I tell him, he thinks I'm bawlin' him out, or maybe I'm jealous or something, you know?

CATHERINE. He said you was jealous?

BEATRICE. No, I'm just sayin' maybe that's what he thinks. You think I'm jealous of you, honey?

CATHERINE. No! It's the first I thought of it.

BEATRICE. Well you should have thought of it before . . . but I'm not. We'll be all right. Just get him to understand', you don't have to fight, you're just — You're a woman, that's all. And now the time came when you say good-bye.

CATHERINE. All right . . . If I can.

BEATRICE. Honey, you gotta.

CATHERINE. Okay.