LOUISE. Because they have a free will.
JIM. Wow. You got me. Good one.
LOUISE. You write about the Nazis a lot.
JIM. I'm done with it I think. Yeah, I'm done.
LOUISE. Why have you found them so interesting?
JIM. They're just the perfect enemy.
LOUISE. I see. That makes sense.
JIM. It does?
LOUISE. Yes. It's clear. They're bad.
JIM. They make you answer them.
LOUISE. What's that?
JIM. When they say they're Nazis, you have to say who you are. *(Pause.)*
LOUISE. Who are you? *(Pause.)*
JIM. What if you did something wrong?
LOUISE. Like what?
JIM. I don't know.
LOUISE. Did you do something wrong?
JIM. No.
LOUISE. You seem like you have something on your mind.
JIM. I feel like Elfego Baca.
LOUISE. Someone else I haven't heard of. I feel so uninformed.
JIM. Elfego Baca was a Spanish cowboy. He was in a shootout in New Mexico. It was him against eighty men. They shot at him four thousand times. But they never got him.
LOUISE. Elfego Baca.
JIM. Yeah. They called him "the man with nine lives." He could survive anything. What if you stole a bunch of records from another kid, and you wanted to give them back.
LOUISE. Then you'd give them back.
JIM. But everybody's in an uproar about these records being stolen. They made everybody in Carriage House stand outside last night while they searched our rooms. How could I give them back without getting thrown out?
LOUISE. Is this why you want to change your name?
JIM. No. I don't know.
LOUISE. What is it about those names you like so much?
JIM. They're the names of heroes. "I am Rafael Sabatini. Do your worst."
LOUISE. You want to be a hero, Jim?

JIM. I guess but I can't now.
LOUISE. You can start any time.
JIM. That's not true. The moment you can be a hero, that's a day that comes your way, or it doesn't.
LOUISE. Give back the records. Admit what you did.
JIM. I can't. I want to, but I can't. I can't be myself yet.
LOUISE. Why not?
JIM. Because the news isn't good. If I'm put on the spot to tell the truth, the truth needs to be good. Heroes tell the truth because they have something great to say, and once they say it, who cares? It's okay to die. That's why they can face down death. Like Thomas More.
LOUISE. You want to be like Thomas More?
JIM. I don't think so, but I'd like to be like somebody. If they find out it was me that took the records, they'll throw me out.
LOUISE. You mean my husband?
JIM. Yes.
LOUISE. He might.
JIM. He will.
LOUISE. What would you do if you got thrown out?
JIM. Go back to the Bronx. *(She hands him back the poem.)*
LOUISE. Would that be so bad? *(Jim doesn't answer. He retrieves his scarf, then says.)*
JIM. Help me. *(Music. The lights dim to twilight as he pulls on his boots. Louise rearranges the table for dinner. She goes off as Jim exits. Headlights cross the windows. Louise reenters with a tray, puts it down, goes to the door as Carl enters. She kisses his cheek in greeting, resumes her preparations. Carl now helps her. This done, he holds out her chair. She sits. Carl goes to his chair, sits. They cross themselves and say grace.)*

Scene 6

MR. SCHMITT and LOUISE. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Bless us, oh Lord and these Thy gifts which we are about to receive from Thy bounty, through Christ our Lord.
LOUISE. Amen. *(Carl presses a hand to his forehead, praying on in silence. He finishes.)*
MR. SCHMITT. Amen.