Catherine/Beatrice

BEATRICE: Sit down, honey, I want to tell you something. 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 that came here for you it would be no different. You know that, don’t you?

CATHERINE: Yeah, I guess.

BEATRICE: It means you gotta be your own self more. You still think you’re a little, girl honey. You gotta give him to understand that he can’t give your orders no more.

CATHERINE: Yeah, but how am I going to do that? He 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 still walk around in front of him in your slip—

CATHERINE: Well I forgot.

BEATRICE: Well, you can’t do it. Or like you sit on the edge of the bathtub talkin’ to him when he’s shavin’ in his underwear.

CATHERINE: When’d I do that?

BEATRICE: I seen you in there this morning.

CATHERINE: Oh, well....I wanted to tell him something and I —

BEATRICE: I know, honey. But if you act like a baby and he be treatin’ you like a baby. Like when he comes home sometimes you throw yourself at him like when you was twelve years old.

CATHERINE: Well I like to see him and I’m happy so—

BEATRICE: Look, I’m not tellin’ you what to do honey, but—

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

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

CATHERINE: No!
BEATRICE: I’m tellin’ ya, I’m not makin’ a joke. It’s wonderful for a whole family to love each other, but you’re a grown woman and you’re in the same house with a grown man. 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 just bawlin’ him out, or maybe I’m jealous or somethin’, you know?

CATHERINE: (astonished) He said you was jealous?

BEATRICE: No, I’m just sayin’ maybe that’s what he thinks. (She reaches over to Catherine’s hand, with a strained smile) You think I’m jealous of you, honey?

CATHERINE: No! It’s the first I thought of it!

BEATRICE: (with a quiet sad laugh) Well, you should have thought of it before...but I’m not. We’ll be all right. Just give him to understand; you don’t have to fight you’re just—You’re a woman, that’s all, and you got a nice boy, and now the time came when you said good-bye. All right?

CATHERINE: (strangely moved at the prospect) All right...if I can.

BEATRICE: Honey...you gotta.