CATHERINE/Eddie #1

CATHERINE: Hi, Eddie!

EDDIE: Where you goin’ all dressed up?

CATHERINE: (running hands over skirt) I just got it. You like it?

EDDIE: Yeah, it’s nice. And what happened to you hair?

CATHERINE: You like it? I fixed it different. (Calling off) He’s here, B!

EDDIE: Beautiful. Turn around, lemme see in the back. (She turns for him) Oh, if your mother was alive to see you now! She wouldn’t believe it.

CATHERINE: You like it, huh?

EDDIE: You look like one of them girls that went to college. Where you goin’?

CATHERINE: (taking his arm) Wait’ll B. comes in, I’ll tell you something. Here, sit down. (She walks him to the arm chair. Calling offstage:) Hurry up, will you, B?

EDDIE: (sitting) What’s goin’ on?

CATHERINE: I’ll get you a beer, all right?

EDDIE: Well, tell me what happened. Come over here, talk to me.

CATHERINE: I want to wait until B. comes in. (She sits on her heels beside him) Guess how much we paid for the skirt.

EDDIE: I think it’s too short, ain’t it?

CATHERINE: Eddie, it’s the style now. (She walks to show him) I mean, if you see me walkin’ down the street—

EDDIE: Listen, you been givin’ me the willies the way you walk down the street, I mean it.

CATHERINE: Why?

EDDIE: Catherine, I don’t want to be a pest, but I’m tellin’ you you’re walkin’ wavy.

CATHERINE: I’m walkin’ wavy?
EDDIE: Now don’t aggravate me, Katie, you are walkin’ wavy! I don’t like the looks they’re givin’ you in the candy store. And with them new high heels on the sidewalk—clack, clack, clack, the heads are turnin’ like windmills.

CATHERINE: But those guys look at all the girls, you know that.

EDDIE: You ain’t “all the girls.”

CATHERINE: (almost in tears because he disapproves) What do you want me to do? You want me to—

EDDIE: Now don’t get mad, kid.

CATHERINE: Well, I don’t know what you want from me.

EDDIE: Katie, I promised your mother on her deathbed. I’m responsible for you. You’re a baby, you don’t understand these things. I mean like when you stand here by the window, wavin’ outside.

CATHERINE: I was wavin’ to Louis.

EDDIE: Listen, I could tell you things about Louis which you wouldn’t wave to him no more.