

CATHERINE MONOLOGUE –

Catherine has come into the living area of the lodge – she encounter's Charlie – she has a lot on her mind and has been fairly 'edgy' all morning.

CATHERINE- Mind if I sit down here? I am not going up to that yellow room again. Damn picture on the wall of some dogs playin' poker. Have a seat, what you lookin' at? People in your country bend in the middle? Have a seat. That's it. Oh, yeah. We're not supposed to talk to you, I know. You don't care. What do you care. You starin' at me for? Make me feel like a T.V. set. (picks up the newspaper) You want the picture section? No? Suit yourself. Today's Constitution, my goodness. What do we –Awww-looky here. Somebody's gone out and torched the Klan headquarters, can you beat that? Up in Atlanta. Yes, sir. Burned the place down. That's a switch. Some old boys aren't too pleased right now, you can bet on that. Watch out for them mister, those Klan boys. They'll get you. You're not a hundred percent American white Christian, you're liable to find yourself some fine mornin' floppin' around in some Safeway dumpster, minus a few little things. (moving on to another section of the paper) Debutante ball!! Well – look at the little debutantes! Aren't they pretty? Comin' out. The catch is girls, you don't get to go back in. My, my. What in the world am I doin'...? I don't know. ...what else we got here? We got -----Shoot, 'scuse me. I don't ever do this. I'm just a little bit – weary this mornin'. I guess? Uh...Shoot...I just get sorta – uh –a little sick and tired of things from time to time. Sometimes, I just.. I don't know, I don't know. Or what am I doin' sittin' here jabberin' away at you for. You don't understand me at all do you? That's why, I guess. Talkin' to Betty, or Ellard, you know – there's always that slim little chance that you might be understood. Can't have that. And David, of course, he's off someplace instead of stickin' around here gettin' to know me. I just keep thinkin' if he - if he knew me better, he wouldn't – Oh boy – you ever know anybody like that – what's your name ? Charlie? Charlie, anybody that was so good that you just feel vile all of the time? Yeah. And he is. He's so sweet, and patient, and what he does for people. And when you're with him for awhile, you realize you've spent your whole life bein' selfish and silly.? Doin' dumb things – like this...I was one of these cutie patooties. 'Bout a year ago – dressin' up flouncin' about, boppin' all over in my Daddy's plane. Sippin' drinks in revolving restaurants. Dumb, stupid, mindless bullshit. I miss it. I do, I don't think I was cut out to be a decent person. And what? I'm gonna be a mother? Own this house? Be a preacher's wife? I mean – whew- I mean – hold the damn phone a minute.. how'd this happen? Oh, Charlie, I don't know. I wish things didn't change so fast. But they do. You got some nice eyes, you know that? You're probably real nice. You're a good listener. You are. Say "thank you"...