

Catherine

Mrolyne

... What else we got here? We got—. (*She says nothing for a moment. Then she puts down the paper and, embarrassed, presses the heels of her hands into her eyes.*) Shoot. 'Scuse me. I don't ever do this. (*Clears her throat.*) I'm just a little bit—weary, this mornin'. (*Clears her throat again.*) I guess? There we go. (*Picks up the paper.*) Uh. . . . (*The paper goes down again, and the hands back over the eyes.*) Shoot. (*A long pause.*) 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 I'm sittin' here jabberin' away at you for, either. You really, 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 you might be understood. Cain'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—(*An odd laugh.*) if he knew me a little better, he wouldn't—. Ohh, boy. You ever know anybody that—what's your name? Charlie? Charlie. Anybody that was just so good, that you just feel *vile*, most of the time? Yeah. And he is, he's so sweet, and he does for people, and he's so patient. And you get with him awhile, you just realize you've spent your whole life bein' selfish and silly? Doin' dumb things like (*Picking up the paper.*) this, I was one of these little cutie-patooties, 'bout a year ago. Yeah. One year. Lord. Dressin' up, flouncin' around, boppin' all over in my Daddy's plane, sippin' at drinks in revolvlin' restaurants. Dumb, dumb, stupid, useless, mindless bullshit. I miss it. I do. I don't think I was cut out to be a decent person. You know? Some people are just meant to be a waste of food, and I think I'm one of 'em. I'm good at it. And a year from now,

what? I'm gonna be a mother? Probably own this house? Preacher's wife? I mean—whew! I mean, hold the damn *phone*, a minute. What—how'd all this *happen*? You tell me that? Ohhh, Charlie . . . Charlie. I don't know. I guess I just wish things didn't change quite so fast. But . . . they do. They surely do. You got some nice eyes, you know that? You're probably real nice. You're a good listener. You are. Sav. "Thank you."