

EDDIE. (*Sitting on rocker.*) 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 till Bea 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. (*Stands.*) No! Not when I stand up.

EDDIE. Yeah, but you gotta sit down sometimes.

CATHERINE. Eddie, it's the style now. (*She walks to show him.*) I mean, if you seen 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' wavey.

CATHERINE. I'm walkin' wavey!?

EDDIE. Now don't aggravate me, Katie, you are walkin' wavey! 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 death bed. 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.

CATHERINE. (*Trying to joke him out of his warning.*) Eddie, I wish there was one guy you couldn't tell me things about!

EDDIE. Catherine, do me a favor, will you?—You're gettin' to be a big girl now, you gotta keep yourself more, you can't be so friendly, kid. (*Calls into kitchen.*) Hey, Bea, what're you doin' in there! (*To Catherine.*) Get her in here, will you? I got news for her.

CATHERINE. (*Starting out.*) What?

EDDIE. Her cousins landed.

CATHERINE. (*Clapping her hands together.*) No! (*She turns instantly and starts for the kitchen.*) Bea! Your cousins . . . !  
(*Enter Beatrice from kitchen, wiping her hands with a towel.*)

BEATRICE. (*In the face of Catherine's shout.*) What . . . ?

CATHERINE. Your cousins got in!

BEATRICE. (*Astounded, she turns to Eddie.*) What are you talkin' about?—where?

EDDIE. I was just knockin' off work before and Tony Bereli come over to me; he says the ship is in the North River.

BEATRICE. (*Her hands are clasped at her breast, she seems half in fear, half in unutterable joy.*) They're all right?

EDDIE. He didn't see them yet, they're still on board. But as soon as they get off he'll meet them. He figures about ten o'clock they'll be here.

BEATRICE. (*She crosses to stool D. C. and sits, almost weak from tension.*) And they'll let them off the ship all right? That's fixed, heh?

EDDIE. Sure, they give them regular seamen papers and they walk off with the crew. Don't worry about it, Bea, there's nothin' to it. Couple of hours they'll be here.

BEATRICE. What happened?—They wasn't supposed to be till next Thursday.

EDDIE. I don't know; they put them on any ship they can get them out on. Maybe the other ship they was supposed to take there was some danger. . . . What you cryin' about?

BEATRICE. (*She is astounded and afraid.*) I'm . . . I just . . . I can't believe it! I didn't even buy a new table cloth; I was gonna wash the walls . . .

EDDIE. Listen, they'll think it's a millionaire's house compared to the way they live. Don't worry about the walls. They'll be thankful. (*To Catherine.*) Whyn't you run down buy a table cloth? Go ahead, here . . . (*He is reaching into his pocket.*)

CATHERINE. There's no stores open now.

EDDIE. (*To Beatrice.*) You was gonna put a new cover on the chair. . . .

BEATRICE. I know well I thought it was gonna be next week! I was gonna clean the walls, I was gonna wax the floors . . .  
(*She rises and stands, disturbed.*)