

EDDIE AND ROSE

Eddie: What's that song you're playing? I just love that kind of music.

Rose: You do?

Eddie: Ya, it's all I listen to...*(changing the subject)*...did you write it?

Rose: Well...I'm still working on it

Eddie: What's it about?

Rose: Uh...nothing. I should really get back to work.

Rose's Mom: *(interrupts)* A little help, Rose. Gotta get this place set up for tomorrow.

Rose: Sorry, Mama. *(Mama hands Rose a large bag of sugar, then tends to her own work elsewhere. Rose turns to Birdlace.)* So...Uhhh....*(notices mom)*....I should really get back to work.

Eddie: Hey, my apologies. Didn't mean to get you in trouble...I'm just a dumb jarhead – I'm not used to ladies being around. Let me help you with that.

Rose: It's okay. What's a jarhead?

Eddie: Oh, that's just what we call ourselves. I'm a Marine, see?

Rose: Edward Baines Birdlace *(giggles)*

Eddie: Okay, okay, it's not that funny.

Rose: Date of Birth, November 26, 1942. Tuesday's your birthday.

Eddie: The big two-one. Couple more years and my age'll match my IQ.

Rose: Well, happy birthday, Birdlace, Eddie.

Eddie: *(Rose starts to walk away)* ROSE! Listen, I just got invited to this amazing party tonight and I haven't found a girl to take. Why don't you come with me?

Rose: A party? Oh well...I...um....

Eddie: Well if you don't want to go, just say so.

Rose: Well, it's just... I mean...I just met you.

Eddie: Ask me anything. I'm an open book. You know my birthday now, I showed you my middle name. Rose, look I'll twirl you around. Don't think, just say yes.

Rose: I don't know, Eddie. I...