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- EV: You're soon gonna be – how old are you anyway?
- CATHERINE: Besides I'd only have girls.
- EV: Robbie's got girls...girls are all right... You can have girls if you want.
- CATHERINE: I said I don't know if I want.
- EV: But get married first.
- CATHERINE: Actually – I've been thinking...of...of maybe calling it quits with whosits.
- EV: Quits?
- CATHERINE: Ah-huh.
- EV: You're callin' it quits.
- CATHERINE: The work you know. Makes it hard.
- EV: I thought this was the one. What the hell was his name, Sturgeon or Stefan or –
- CATHERINE: His name doesn't matter.
- EV: Stupid goddamn name – an actor, an actor for Christ's sake.
- CATHERINE: We're not goin' to get into whosits and me and marriage and me and kids and me, all right?
- EV: You go through men like boxes of kleenex.
- CATHERINE: I don't want to talk about it!
- EV: Jesus Christ, I can't keep up.
- CATHERINE: No you can't! You can't even remember his name!
- EV: Burgess Buchanan, that was his name! And you sat in the lounge at the Bayside and you said, "Oh Daddy, you just got to meet him, he's such a nice fella, he's so understanding, and he's so this and he's so that and he's..." So explain to me what went wrong this time?
- CATHERINE: Why do we always end up yelling and screaming, why do we do that?
- EV: I care 'bout you!... I want to see you settled, Katie. Happy. I want you to write, letters, not... I want you close.
- CATHERINE: ...I do write somebody you know. I write Uncle Oscar...every once in a while...when the spirit moves me.
- EV: Not often.