
CATHERINE: Yup. Not...not met here.
 (CATHERINE notices the envelope in EV's hand)
 What're you doing with that?

EV: Oh – just goin' through things. Clearin' things out.
 (CATHERINE, getting out a cigarette, turns away from EV)

BOB: Katie's afraid of what she wrote.

KATIE: (to CATHERINE) Is that true?

EV: Are you here for this hoopla tomorrow?

CATHERINE: Not really.

EV: There's gonna be speeches and more speeches. I lay the cornerstone, and dinner I think.

CATHERINE: Ah-huh.

EV: I got it all written down with the times.

CATHERINE: Ah-huh.

EV: I got it downstairs... You wanna take a look? ...Not here for that, eh.

CATHERINE: No. I came home to see you.

EV: Pretty sad state of affairs when your own daughter's in town and can't attend a sod-turnin' in honour of her father.

CATHERINE: So I'll go, I'll be there.

EV: Coulda sent a telegram, saved the air fare.

CATHERINE: Christ Daddy, don't be so stupid.

EV: Sound like your mother.

CATHERINE: I learnt the four letter words from you.

EV: Bullshit.

CATHERINE: I said I'd go, I said I'd be there. So. (pause) I'm proud of you, Daddy.

EV: Did you know it was a write-in campaign?

CATHERINE: Oh?

EV: The niggers from Barker's Point, the mill workers from Marysville, they're the ones got this hospital named after me. Left to the politicians God knows what they'd have called it.

CATHERINE: Well, I'm proud.