

**ACT 1. SCENE 5.**

*Cathy's home, a cottage in Fremantle.*

**CATHY:** After I left Slim and moved here to Perth, I come to see me marriage in a whole new light; sorta the way you might feel eating a roast after you've toured an abattoir. I suppose in hindsight I married him mostly cus me father said he was 'a good bloke' and when you're sixteen it's hard to go past a recommendation like that. We was together for twenty eight years which is odd cus I don't remember breaking four mirrors; I'm being awful now, cus in some ways he was alright; we just didn't love each other. And to be strictly true, we was only together for twenty-two years cus Slim was away during the wars. Pity that, he missed the best six years of our marriage.

*Cathy gives the teapot a turn.*

It was a different country with the men gone. I gotta job down the Commonwealth Clothing Factory, a smelly, noisy place but a darn sight better then the other job I'd had. The one before was in a jam factory. Should've seen the place; rows and rows of women all pasting labels, all filling in time before 'settling down' to kids and marriage - it was a production line alright. Same too at the clothing factory, the boss made it clear we was only there till the boys came back. The job I had was looking after this machine that dragged bolts of wool through a dye pool, bastard of a thing, you had to set the tension just right or you'd be up the creek, too much she'd tear the bolt, too little she'd shake like a wet dog drying itself. Took me a fair few months to learn her ins and outs but I reckon by the time I left, I could handle her as well as anyone. The boss even said as much when he gave me the sack - handed my job to some bloke with one leg. Anyhow, wasn't long after that Slim came home and we had our kid Andy. That kept me busy. Slim had his occupations too, working, spending time with his mates. Sometimes we'd go together to the R.S.L, but I stopped going; got tired of hearing about 'Gallipoli, birth of the nation'. My mum raised six kids in a timber hut at Bega, weren't no electricity or hospitals back then. If ya ask me, it's women like me mum who give birth to this country; not some bloody war.

*Cathy pours from the pot as lights cross fade to:*