

ALL ABOUT EVE

EVE

I guess it started back home. Wisconsin, that is. There was just mum, and dad - and me. I was the only child, and I made believe a lot when I was a kid - I acted out all sorts of things... what they were isn't important. But somehow acting and make-believe began to fill up my life more and more, it got so that I couldn't tell the real from the unreal except that the unreal seemed more real to me...

Farmers were poor in those days, that's what dad was - a farmer. I had to help out. So I quit school and I went to Milwaukee. I became a secretary. In a brewery.

(she smiles)

When you're a secretary in a brewery - it's pretty hard to make believe you're anything else. Everything is beer. It wasn't much fun, but it helped at home - and there was a Little Theater Group... like a drop of rain in the desert. That's where I met Eddie. He was a radio technician. We played 'Liliom' for three performances, I was awful - then the war came, and we got married. Eddie was in the air force - and they sent him to the South Pacific. You were with the O.W.I., weren't you Mr. Richards?

(Lloyd nods)

That's what 'Who's Who' says... well, with Eddie gone, my life went back to beer. Except for a letter a week. One week Eddie wrote he had a leave coming up. I'd saved my money and vacation time. I went to San Francisco to meet him.

(a slight pause) Eddie wasn't there. They forwarded the telegram from Milwaukee - the one that came from Washington to say that Eddie wasn't coming at all. That Eddie was dead...

(Karen puts her hand on Lloyd's)

... so I figured I'd stay in San Francisco. I was alone, but couldn't go back without Eddie. I found a job. And his insurance helped... and there were theaters in San Francisco. And one night Margo Channing came to play in 'Remembrance'... and I went to see it. And - well - here I am...