

EDWARD ALBEE'S
"WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?"

SCREENPLAY

by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

- MARTHA.....a fading, somewhat sloppy woman of about 45, whose sophisticated, loud-mouthed vulgarity is a cover-up for frustration, disappointment and a deeply feminine vulnerability. Her face shows the marks of too little sleep and too much alcohol.
- GEORGE.....a faded, professorial man in his late forties, whose sharp tongue and waspish humor thinly conceal his feelings of bruised masculinity and lost idealism. He has great command of language, but of little else... until this night.
- NICK.....a blond, ruggedly good-looking man of 28, playing it all a bit square to hide the fact that he is very much on the make, career-wise. His blandness, his politeness, are mere controls to keep his aggressiveness and hostility from showing.
- HONEY.....a rather plain, mid-western type, 26, socially awkward, unwittingly amusing, and quite touching in her attempts to avoid facing the facts -- that her husband doesn't like her very much, and that she doesn't like herself very much, either.

BITS:
ROADHOUSE BARTENDER
WAITRESS

7/30/65
1.

BEFORE MAIN TITLE OR MUSIC, the Warner Bros. trademark appears and fades. There is a moment of blackness, and then we:

FADE IN:

1. LONG SHOT EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS NIGHT
(LOCATION: NEED PROCESS PLATES FOR PROTECTION)

Ivy-covered buildings, their windows dark, are bathed in eerie moonlight. We are SHOOTING past an elm tree and a group of parked bicycles in f.g., at a distant house on the campus. It is white, colonial and important, and its lights are blazing inside. The utter silence of the sleeping campus is suddenly broken as the front door of the house opens and people are dimly SEEN and distantly HEARD, leaving with appropriate remarks of "G'night"... "Bye now"... "Thanks again"... etc... the distant echoes of a faculty party breaking up. (Headlights of parked cars will soon go on; motors will start and cars will begin to pull away.) One couple (MARTHA and GEORGE) start on foot along the path that leads away from the house TOWARDS CAMERA, across the quadrangle, past the occasional street lamps that light the way. They are two small, indistinguishable figures in the distance who will be more clearly seen as they come closer to CAMERA, which HOLDS in this LONG SHOT. The other people are disappearing in their other directions. Only Martha and George can be sense approaching, the SOUND of their FOOTSTEPS coming ever closer Martha is HEARD WHISTLING snatches of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Now, as they are almost upon us, George stumbles out of frame and we HEAR SEVERAL BIKES CRASHING TO THE GROUND OFF SCREEN. Martha, ARRIVING VERY CLOSE TO CAMERA, swears:

MARTHA:

JESUS--!

GEORGE'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Shhhhh!

MARTHA:

--H. Christ...!

Now George comes back into view, passing CLOSE TO CAMERA.

GEORGE:

For God's sake, Martha, it's two o'clock
in the morning--

MARTHA:

Oh, George!

(CONTINUED)

1 (Cont.)

They move OUT OF SHOT and CAMERA HOLDS ON THE SCENE as the voices fade off into the distance.

GEORGE'S VOICE:

Well, it is.

MARTHA'S VOICE:

What a cluck...what a cluck you are.

GEORGE'S VOICE:

It's late, you know? Late.

MARTHA'S VOICE:

No kidding...

MUSIC BEGINS as a TITLE comes over: "ELIZABETH TAYLOR." The TITLE disappears and another TITLE comes over: "RICHARD BURTON."

CUT TO:

2. LOW ANGLE, FULL SHOT SECTION OF CAMPUS QUADRANGLE (LOCATION)

Moonlit college buildings, stark and "Gothic" against the night sky, with Martha and George moving away from CAMERA. On the cut, a new TITLE has come over: "EDWARD ALBEE'S." It disappears and is replaced by another TITLE: "WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?" And over this, FULL MUSICAL THEME.

CUT TO:

3. A SERIES OF SHOTS OF MARTHA AND GEORGE FROM VARIOUS ANGLES (LOCATION)

as they wend their way home THROUGH THE CAMPUS. Over these SHOTS, the TITLE MUSIC continues, as the rest of the CREDITS appear. In these SHOTS, the physical behavior of Martha and George should reveal their contentious yet private and intimate relationship. The visual style of these SHOTS should be such that Martha and George, faces still unseen, are silhouetted or back-lit by the natural illumination emanating from lamp-posts, occasional lighted windows in buildings, etc. and also by the moonlight that bathes the campus and gives it a slightly eerie look.

SOME OF THE SHOTS:

- (1) DOWN ANGLE on a crosswalk, with a "sea" of bicycles beside a pool of light.
- (2) The quadrangle with illuminated clock-tower in b.g.
- (3) Path leading past great bronze owl sculpture.
- (4) Path above greenhouses, which glow in the moonlight.

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.)

- (5) An alley between two ivy-covered buildings.
- (6) New-construction area with a sign: "Danger. Proceed at own risk."

THE SHOT CONTAINING THE LAST CREDIT IS:

4. LONG SHOT THE HOUSE OF MARTHA AND GEORGE (LOCATION)

A night-light, swarming with moths, is burning on the porch. Martha and George are seen approaching the house and going up to the front door. As LAST CREDIT FADES AND MUSIC ENDS -

CUT TO:

5. CLOSE SHOT INT. HALL OF HOUSE SHOOTING AT FRONT DOOR

as door bursts open NOISILY and the two silhouettes, back-lit by the porch light, enter the darkened house, Martha coming in an impatient first, and George following her. Martha gropes for the hall light-switch, finds it, and the hall light goes on. They blink in the sudden light. We see their faces clearly for the first time. They have both had too much to drink -- and not just tonight. Martha is about 45, and fading. George is slightly older, and faded. Martha has a vague, distracted sloppiness about her, as though her life were so disordered she doesn't know where to begin. She goes into:

6. INT. LIVING ROOM

She turns on the living room lights, throws her handbag on a chair, takes off her coat, tosses it at the chair. It lands on the floor. She ignores it, looks about the room morosely as George enters and automatically picks up the coat.

MARTHA:

(disgustedly)

What a dump...

(at George)

Hey, what's that from?

(imitates Bette Davis)

"What a dump!"

George has started for the hall with the coat.

GEORGE:

How would I know?

7. INT. HALL

Martha follows George as he moves towards the kitchen.

MARTHA:
Aw, come on. What's it from? You know...

GEORGE:
(dropping the coat
on a chair)
...Martha...

MARTHA:
WHAT'S IT FROM, FOR CRY SAKE!

GEORGE:
(wearily)
What's what from?

8. INT. KITCHEN

DURING FOLLOWING DIALOGUE, George turns on kitchen lights and goes in, followed by Martha. He will open the refrigerator, peer inside with blank expression as Martha reaches in past him, takes a leftover and gnaws on it. George will turn away, try to wash dirty dishes Martha has left in the sink, then give up, take off his jacket and sit down at the kitchen table to pore over an Observer puzzle.

MARTHA:
I just told you. I just did it. "What a dump!" Hunh? What's that from?

GEORGE:
How the devil would I know...?

MARTHA:
Dumbbell! It's from some damn Bette Davis picture...some lousy old Warner Brothers epic...

GEORGE:
Martha, I can't remember all the pictures that--

MARTHA:
Nobody's asking you to remember every single goddamn Warner Brothers epic...just one! One single little epic! Bette Davis gets peritonitis in the end...she's got this big black fright wig she wears all through the picture and she gets peritonitis, and she's married to Joseph Cotten or something....

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

GEORGE:

...Somebody....

MARTHA:

...somebody...and she wants to go to Chicago all the time, 'cause she's in love with that actor with the scar....But she gets sick, and she sits down in front of her dressing table....

GEORGE:

What actor? What scar?

MARTHA:

I can't remember his name, for God's sake. What's the name of the picture? I want to know what the name of the picture is. She's got this peritonitis...but she decides to go to Chicago anyway, and....

GEORGE:

Chicago! It's called Chicago.

MARTHA:

Hunh? What...what is?

GEORGE:

The picture...it's called Chicago....

MARTHA:

Good grief! Don't you know anything? Chicago was a 'thirties musical, starring little Miss Alice Faye. Don't you know anything?

(a snort of disgust - then:)

This picture...Bette Davis comes home from a hard day at the grocery store....

GEORGE:

She works in a grocery store?

MARTHA:

She's a housewife; she buys things...and she comes home with the groceries, and she walks into the modest living room of the modest cottage modest Joseph Cotten has set her up in....

GEORGE:

Are they married?

(CONTINUED)

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8 (Cont. 1)

MARTHA:

(impatiently)

Yes. They're married. To each other. Cluck! And she comes in, and she looks around, and she puts her groceries down, and she says, "What a dump!"

GEORGE:

(pause)

Oh.

MARTHA:

(pause)

She's discontent.

GEORGE:

(pause)

Oh.

MARTHA:

(pause)

Well, what's the name of the picture?

GEORGE:

I really don't know, Martha....

MARTHA:

Well, think!

GEORGE:

I'm tired, dear...it's late...and besides--

MARTHA:

I don't know what you're so tired about... you haven't done anything all day; you didn't have any classes, or anything....

GEORGE:

Well, I'm tired...If your father didn't set up these damn Saturday night orgies all the time....

MARTHA:

Well, that's just too bad about you, George....

GEORGE:

(grumbling)

Well, that's how it is, anyway.

MARTHA:

You didn't do anything; you never do anything; you never mix. You just sit around and talk.

(CONTIN'

8 (Cont. 2)

GEORGE:
What do you want me to do? Do you want
me to go around all night braying at
everybody, the way you do?

MARTHA:
(braying)
I DON'T BRAY!

GEORGE:
(softly)
All right...you don't bray.

MARTHA:
(hurt)
I do not bray.

GEORGE:
All right. I said you didn't bray.

MARTHA:
(after a moment)
Fix me a drink.

GEORGE:
Haven't you had enough?

MARTHA:
I said, fix me a drink.

George reaches into the refrigerator, yanks out a tray of
ice cubes and starts out of the kitchen saying:

GEORGE:
Well, I don't suppose a nightcap would
kill either one of us.

He goes out towards the living room. Martha reaches into the
refrigerator, yanks out two more ice cube trays, calling out

MARTHA:
A nightcap! Are you kidding?
(she walks out)
We've got guests.

9. INT. LIVING ROOM

George is at the bar, pouring.

GEORGE:
We've got what?

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.)

MARTHA:

Guests.

(George looks at her
blankly)

GUESTS.

GEORGE:

GUESTS!

MARTHA:

(depositing her trays)

Yes...guests...people...We've got guests
coming over.

She takes her drink out of George's hand. He holds onto his
own drink with his other hand.

GEORGE:

When?

MARTHA:

(starting away from
him defiantly)

NOW!

10. MOVING SHOT LIVING ROOM, LIBRARY, HALL, STAIRCASE, BEDROOM

She forces him to follow her and talk to her back as she
walks out by way of the library, crosses hall, goes up the
stairs, through their BEDROOM and into the BATHROOM, drink
in hand, during the following:

GEORGE:

Good Lord, Martha, do you know what time
it is?

MARTHA:

Yes!

GEORGE:

Who's coming over?

MARTHA:

What's-their-name.

GEORGE:

Who?

MARTHA:

WHAT'S-THEIR-NAME!

GEORGE:

Who's what's-their-name?

(CONT)

10 (Cont.)

MARTHA:

(over her shoulder)

I don't know what their name is, George.
You met them tonight. They're new. He's
in the Math Department, or something...

GEORGE:

I don't remember meeting anyone tonight.

MARTHA:

Well you did...

GEORGE:

(muttering)

Of all the asinine...Who are these people?

MARTHA:

He's in the Math Department...

She closes the bathroom door in his face.

GEORGE:

(raising his voice)

Who?

MARTHA'S VOICE:

(louder)

He's in the Math Department...He's young...
and blond and --

GEORGE:

(opens bathroom door;
shouts in)

Good-looking...well-built...

MARTHA'S VOICE:

(matter-of-factly)

Yes, good-looking...well-built...

George abruptly closes the door.

GEORGE:

(to himself)

It figures.

MARTHA'S VOICE:

What?

GEORGE:

Nothing...nothing...

He looks at himself in the mirror on the door with troubled
expression as:

(CONTINUED)

10 (Cont. 1)

MARTHA'S VOICE:

...His wife's a mousey little type, without any hips or anything.

(silence. George stares at himself in the mirror)

Do you remember them now?

GEORGE:

(turning away from mirror)

I don't know. But why in hell do they have to come over here now?

MARTHA'S VOICE:

Because Daddy said we should be nice to them, that's why.

GEORGE:

(with disgust)

Oh, for God's sake!

The door opens and Martha emerges with her drink, saying:

MARTHA:

Daddy said we should be nice to them.

GEORGE:

But why now, when it's two o'clock in the--?

MARTHA:

BECAUSE DADDY SAID WE SHOULD BE NICE TO THEM!

GEORGE:

Yes. But I'm sure your father didn't mean we were supposed to stay up all night with these people. I mean, we could have them over some Sunday or something.

MARTHA:

Well, never mind...Besides, it is Sunday.
(with a little laugh)

Very early Sunday.

GEORGE:

It's ridiculous...

MARTHA:

(sharply)

Well, it's done!

George stalks into the bathroom and closes the door, much too loudly. Martha looks around at the mess of the bedroom, chewing on an ice cube. Then she sets her drink down, p' up things, tosses them into drawers, into a closet, or

(CONTI.

10 (Cont. 2)

bed, anywhere. She tries to put the bedspread on the bed, only succeeds in making the bed seem more unmade. George emerges from the bathroom, "catches" Martha straightening the bed, gives a knowing little smile which she brazenly ignores. He goes to the window, whips the curtains aside.

GEORGE:

Okay - where are they? If we've got guests, where are they?

MARTHA:

They'll be here soon.

GEORGE:

What did they do...go home and get some sleep first, or something?

MARTHA:

They'll be here!

She sits down at her dressing table. George flops on the bed and stares up at the ceiling, his drink set aside on the night-table.

GEORGE:

(quietly)

I wish you'd tell me about something sometime...I wish you'd stop springing things on me all the time.

MARTHA:

I don't spring things on you all the time.

GEORGE:

Yes, you do...you really do...you're always springing things on me.

MARTHA:

(patronizing)

Oh, George!

GEORGE:

Always.

Martha looks over at him.

MARTHA:

Poor Georgie-Porgie, put-upon pie...

George's silence gets to her. She rises, goes over to the bed, climbs onto it.

(CONTINUED)

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10 (Cont. 3)

MARTHA:
Awwwww...what are you doing? Are you
sulking? Hunh?
(she handles his face
like a child's)
Let me see...are you sulking? Is that
what you're doing?

GEORGE:
(turning his head away)
Never mind...

She climbs all over him.

MARTHA:
AWWWWWWWWWW!

GEORGE:
Just don't bother yourself.

MARTHA:
AWWWWWWWW!
(as he turns aside again)
Hey!
(no reaction)
HEY!
(she rides him like a
hobby horse, starts to sing)
Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf,
Virginia Woolf,
Virginia Woolf...
Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf--?
(she stops, laughs -
no reaction from George)
What's the matter...didn't you think that
was funny?
(defiantly)
I thought it was a scream...a real scream.

GEORGE:
It was all right...

MARTHA:
You laughed your head off when you heard
it at the party.

GEORGE:
I smiled. I didn't laugh my head off...

Martha gets off the bed, stands looking at him.

MARTHA:
You laughed your goddamn head off.

(CONTINUED)

10 (Cont. 4)

GEORGE:
It was all right....

MARTHA:
(ugly)
It was a scream!

GEORGE:
(patiently)
It was very funny; yes.

Martha takes up her drink, considers George for a moment.

MARTHA:
(quietly)
You make me puke.

GEORGE:
What?

MARTHA:
(as though trying to
remember)
Uh...you make me puke.

GEORGE:
(thinks about it...then...)
That wasn't a very nice thing to say, Martha.

MARTHA:
That wasn't what?

GEORGE:
...a very nice thing to say.

MARTHA:
I like your anger. I think that's what
I like about you most...your anger.

GEORGE:
(with great modesty)
Oh, it's nothing, really. I've had it for
years.

MARTHA:
You're such a...such a simp! You haven't
even got the...the what?...

GEORGE:
...guts?...

MARTHA:
PHRASEMAKER:

A pause. They look at each other and begin to laugh.

11. CLOSE ANGLE THE BED

Giggling, Martha flops down beside George. After a moment of playful intimacy, she reaches out for her drink, then tries to raid George's glass of its ice cubes. He pulls his glass away.

MARTHA:

You never put any ice in my drink. Why is that, hunh?

GEORGE:

(putting ice from his glass into hers)

I always put ice in your drink. You eat it, that's all. It's that habit you've got of chewing your ice cubes like a cocker spaniel. You'll crack your big teeth.

MARTHA:

They're my big teeth.

GEORGE:

Yeah...Some of them...some of them.

MARTHA:

I've got more teeth than you've got.

GEORGE:

Two more.

MARTHA:

(looking him over)

Well...you're going bald.

GEORGE:

(a pause - he looks her over)

So are you.

They both cackle. George raises himself on one elbow, cups his head in his hand and looks down at Martha on the bed.

GEORGE:

Hello, honey.

MARTHA:

(smiling up at him)

Hello.

(a pause)

C'mere and give your Mommy a big sloppy kiss.

(George shakes his head)

I WANT A BIG SLOPFY KISS!

(CONTINUED)

11 (Cont.)

GEORGE:
(very matter-of-factly)
No, I don't want to kiss you right now,
Martha.

(he sits up on the
bed, saying:)
Where are these people you invited over?
Where is this good-looking, well-built
young man and his slim-hipped wife?

He has gotten to his feet and we see him go out of the room
while Martha is answering him.

MARTHA:
They stayed on to talk to Daddy. They'll
be here.
(casually, with hidden hurt)
Why don't you want to kiss me?
(she waits for an answer,
not knowing George has
left. Then:)
George...?

CUT TO:

12. CLOSE SHOT GEORGE AT BAR IN LIVING ROOM

At first we see only his midsection, his hands pouring a
drink. Over this we hear:

MARTHA'S VOICE:
George...

He turns, and discloses Martha standing in doorway.

GEORGE:
Yes, love?

As she comes forward, we PULL BACK into a FULLER SHOT.

MARTHA:
(casually)
Why don't you want to kiss me?

GEORGE:
(flatly)
Well, dear, if I kissed you I'd get all
excited. I'd get beside myself, and I'd
have to take you, by force, right here
on the living room rug--
(Martha cackles)
--and then our little guests would walk in
and...well, just think what your father
would say about that.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.)

MARTHA:

Ooh, you pig!

GEORGE:

(haughtily)

Oink! Oink!

MARTHA:

(laughs)

Make me another drink...lover.

GEORGE:

(taking her glass)

My God, you can swill it down, can't you?

MARTHA:

(imitating a tiny child)

I'm firsty.

GEORGE:

Geeze!

MARTHA:

(swinging around)

Look, sweetheart, I can drink you under any goddamn table you want...so don't worry about me!

GEORGE:

Oh, I gave you the prize years ago, Martha... There isn't an abomination award going that you haven't won.

MARTHA:

I swear...if you existed I'd divorce you....

GEORGE:

(giving Martha her drink)

Well, just stay on your feet, that's all.... These people are your guests, you know, and....

MARTHA:

I can't even see you...I haven't been able to see you for years....

GEORGE:

...if you pass out, or throw up, or something....

MARTHA:

...I mean, you're a blank, a cipher....

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont. 1)

GEORGE:

...and try to keep your clothes on, too.
There aren't many more sickening sights
than you with a couple of drinks in you
and your skirt up over your head, you
know....

MARTHA:

...a zero....

GEORGE:

...your heads, I should say....

THE FRONT DOORBELL CHIMES.

MARTHA:

Party! Party!

GEORGE:

(murderously)
I'm really looking forward to this,
Martha....

MARTHA:

(same)
Go answer the door.

GEORGE:

(not moving)
You answer it.

MARTHA:

Get to that door, you.

GEORGE:

(fake spits)
...to you....

DOOR CHIME AGAIN.

MARTHA:

(shouting...to the door)
C'MON IN!

(to George, between
her teeth)

I said, get over there!

GEORGE:

(moves a little toward
the door, smiling slightly)
All right, love...whatever love wants.
(stops)

Just don't start on the bit, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont. 2)

MARTHA:

The bit? The bit? What kind of language
is that? What are you talking about?

GEORGE:

The bit. Just don't start in on the bit.

MARTHA:

You imitating one of your students, for
God's sake? What are you trying to do?
WHAT BIT?

GEORGE:

Just don't start in on the bit about the
kid, that's all.

MARTHA:

What do you take me for?

GEORGE:

Much too much.

He starts for the hall again.

MARTHA:

(really angered)

Yeah? Well, I'll start in on the kid
if I want to.

13. INT. HALL AND LIVING ROOM

GEORGE:

Just leave the kid out of this.

MARTHA:

(threatening)

He's mine as much as he is yours. I'll
talk about him if I want to.

GEORGE:

I'd advise against it, Martha.

MARTHA:

Well, good for you.

(KNOCK)

C'mon in! Get over there and open the door.

GEORGE:

You've been advised.

MARTHA:

Yeah...sure. Get over there!

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.)

GEORGE:

(putting on a sweater)

All right, love...whatever love wants.

(as Martha turns away from
door to straighten up)

Isn't it nice the way some people still
have manners and don't just come breaking
into other people's houses, even if they
do hear some sub-human monster yowling at
'em from inside...?

MARTHA:

(swinging around)

SCREW YOU!

CAMERA WHIPS TO FRONT DOOR. George has yanked it open and
Martha finds herself confronted by the startled NICK and
HONEY, framed in the entrance, much to George's delight.

GEORGE:

Ahhhhh!

14. INT. HALL

MARTHA:

(too loudly as she
enters hall)

HI!...Oh, hi there...C'mon in!

HONEY & NICK:

Hello...Hi...Here we are...etc.

GEORGE:

You must be our little guests.

MARTHA:

Ha, ha, ha, HA! Just ignore old sour-
puss there. Come on in, kids...give your
coats and stuff to sourpuss.

NICK:

(without expression)

Well, now, perhaps we shouldn't have come...

HONEY:

Yes...it is late, and...I don't know...

MARTHA:

Late! Are you kidding? Throw your stuff
down anywhere and c'mon in.

(CONTINUED)

14 (Cont.)

GEORGE:
(vaguely...walking away)
Anywhere...furniture, floor...doesn't
make any difference, around this place.

NICK:
(to Honey)
I told you we shouldn't have come.

MARTHA:
(stentorian)
I said c'mon in! Now c'mon!

Nick and Honey enter. They will all eventually settle in:

15. INT. LIVING ROOM

HONEY:
(giggling a little as
she and Nick advance)
Oh, dear.

GEORGE:
(imitating Honey's giggle)
Hee, hee, hee, hee.

MARTHA:
(swinging on George)
Look, muckmouth...you cut that out!

GEORGE:
(innocence and hurt)
Martha!
(to Honey and Nick)
Martha's a devil with language; she really
is.

MARTHA:
Hey, kids...sit down.

HONEY:
(as she sits)
Oh, isn't this lovely!

NICK:
(perfunctorily)
Yes indeed...very handsome.

MARTHA:
Well, thanks.

George belches. Nobody reacts.

(CONTINUED)

15 (Cont.)

NICK:
(looks toward abstract
painting on wall)
Uh...who...who did the...?

MARTHA:
That? Oh, that's by--

GEORGE:
...some Greek with a moustache Martha
attacked one night in....

HONEY:
(to save the situation)
Oh, ho, ho, ho, HO.

NICK:
It's got a...a....

GEORGE:
A quiet intensity?

NICK:
Well, no...a....

GEORGE:
Oh.
(pause)
Well, then, a certain noisy relaxed quality,
maybe?

NICK:
(coolly polite)
No. What I meant was--

GEORGE:
How about a quietly noisy relaxed intensity.

HONEY:
Dear! You're being joshed.

NICK:
(cold)
I'm aware of that.

After a brief, awkward silence.

GEORGE:
(truly)
I am sorry.

Nick nods condescending forgiveness.

(CONTINUED)

15 (Cont. 1)

GEORGE:

What it is, actually, is it's a pictorial representation of the order of Martha's mind.

MARTHA:

Ha, ha, ha, HA! Make the kids a drink, George. What do you want, kids?

NICK:

Honey? What would you like?

HONEY:

I don't know, dear...A little brandy, maybe.
(she giggles)
"Never mix--never worry."

GEORGE:

Brandy? Just brandy? Simple, simple.
(moves to the bar)
What about you...uh....

NICK:

Bourbon on the rocks, if you don't mind.

GEORGE:

(as he makes drinks)
Mind? No, I don't mind. I don't think I mind. Martha? Rubbing alcohol for you?

MARTHA:

Sure. "Never mix--never worry."
(to Honey and Nick)
Hey, hey!

(sings, conducts. Honey joins in towards the end)
Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf,
Virginia Woolf,
Virginia Woolf,
Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf--

Martha breaks up, laughing. Honey laughs with her.

HONEY:

Oh, wasn't that funny? That was so funny.

NICK:

(snapping to)
Yes...yes, it was.

MARTHA:

I thought I'd bust a gut. I really did. George didn't think it was funny at all.

(CONTINUED)

15 (Cont. 2)

GEORGE:
(serving drinks)
Martha thinks that unless you, as she demurely puts it, "bust a gut," you aren't amused. You know? Unless you carry on like a hyena you aren't having any fun.

HONEY:
Well, I certainly had fun. It was a wonderful party.

NICK:
(attempting enthusiasm)
Yes...it certainly was.

HONEY:
(to Martha)
And your father! Oh, he is so marvelous!

NICK:
(as above)
Yes...yes, he is.

HONEY:
Oh, I tell you.

MARTHA:
(genuinely proud)
He's quite a guy, isn't he? Quite a guy.

GEORGE:
(at Nick)
And you'd better believe it.

HONEY:
(admonishing George)
Ohhhh! He's a wonderful man.

GEORGE:
I'm not trying to tear him down. He's a God, we all know that.

MARTHA:
You lay off my father!

GEORGE:
Yes, love.
(to Nick)
All I mean is, when you've had as many of these faculty parties as I have--

NICK:
(interrupting sharply)
I rather appreciated it.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
24.

15 (Cont. 3)

GEORGE:

(betrayed)

You what?

NICK:

I mean, aside from enjoying it, having fun, I appreciated it...everything...

(George eyes him suspiciously)

Meeting everyone...getting introduced around...the way he had us put up out at that Inn until our place is ready...Why, when I was teaching in Kansas--

HONEY:

(interrupting)

You won't believe it, but we had to make our way all by ourselves...isn't that right, dear?

NICK:

(annoyed)

Yes, it is. We--

HONEY:

(interrupting)

...We had to make our own way. I had to go up to the wives in the library, or at the supermarket, and say, "Hello, I'm new here...you must be Mrs. So-and-so, Doctor So-and-so's wife." It really wasn't very nice at all.

MARTHA:

Well, Daddy knows how to run things.

NICK:

(not enough enthusiasm)

He's a remarkable man.

MARTHA:

(to Nick)

You bet your sweet life!

GEORGE:

(to Nick...a confidence,
but not whispered)

Let me tell you a secret, baby. There are easier things in the world, if you happen to be teaching at a university... there are easier things than being married to the daughter of the president of that university. There are easier things in this world...

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
25.

15 (Cont. 4)

MARTHA:

(loudly, to no one in particular)

It should be an extraordinary opportunity. For some men, it would be the chance of a lifetime:

GEORGE:

(to Nick...a solemn wink)

There are, believe me, easier things in this world.

MARTHA:

Some men would give their right arm for the chance:

GEORGE:

(quietly)

Alas, Martha, in reality it works out that the sacrifice is of a somewhat more private portion of the anatomy.

MARTHA:

(a snarl of dismissal and contempt)

NYYYYYYYYYAAAAHHHHHHH!

HONEY:

(frightened, rises quickly)

I...wonder if you could show me where the...

NICK:

Are you all right?

HONEY:

Of course, dear. I just want to...put some powder on my nose.

GEORGE:

(as Martha is not getting up)

Martha, will you show her where we keep the...euphemism?

MARTHA:

(turning)

What? Oh!

(to Honey)

Sure! I'm sorry. C'mon. I want to show you the house.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
26.

15 (Cont. 5)

HONEY:
(to Nick)
We'll be back, dear.

MARTHA:
Honestly, George, you burn me up!

GEORGE:
(delighted with the thought)
All right.

MARTHA:
You really do, George.

GEORGE:
Okay, Martha...Okay. Just...trot along.

MARTHA:
You really do.

GEORGE:
Just don't shoot your mouth off...about...
you-know-what.

MARTHA:
(surprisingly vehement)
I'll talk about any goddamn thing I want to!

GEORGE:
Okay. Okay. Vanish.

MARTHA:
Any goddamn thing I want to!

GEORGE:
VANISH!

MARTHA:
(practically dragging
Honey out with her)
C'mon...

George, very much preoccupied, rises, goes to the bar, pours himself another drink as Nick, feeling ignored, leafs through a magazine. (Perhaps we HEAR the off-screen chatter of Martha and Honey on their way upstairs.) Nick drops the magazine on the coffee table, and George becomes aware of him again.

GEORGE:
Oh. What'll it be?

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
27.

15 (Cont. 6)

NICK:
I'll stick to bourbon, I guess.

GEORGE:
(pouring another drink)
So you're in the Math Department...

NICK:
(looking at books)
No...uh...no...

GEORGE:
Martha said you were. I think that's
what she said.
(not too friendly)
What made you decide to be a teacher?

NICK:
(wandering around)
Oh...well, the same things that...uh...
motivated you, I imagine.

GEORGE:
What were they?

NICK:
Pardon?

GEORGE:
I said, what were they? What were the
things that motivated me?

NICK:
(laughing uneasily)
Well...I'm sure I don't know.

GEORGE:
You just finished saying that the things
that motivated you were the same things
that motivated me.

NICK:
(with a little pique)
I said I imagined they were.

GEORGE:
Oh.
(off-hand)
Did you?
(pause)
Well...

Nick has moved almost to the hall.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
28.

15 (Cont. 7)

GEORGE:
You like it here?

NICK:
(looking about)
Yes...it's...fine.

GEORGE:
I meant the University.

NICK:
Oh....I thought you meant--

GEORGE:
Yes...I can see you did.
(pause)
I meant the University.

NICK:
Well, I...I like it...fine.
(as George just stares
at him)
Just fine.
(after several moments,
in which George seems to
be asleep on his feet)
You...you've been here quite a long time,
haven't you?

GEORGE:
(coming to)
What? Oh...yes. Ever since I married...
uh, What's-her-name...uh, Martha. Even
before that.
(pause)
Forever.
(to himself)
Dashed hopes, and good intentions. Good,
better, best, bested.
(back to Nick)
How do you like that for a declension,
young man? Eh?

NICK:
Sir, I'm sorry if we--

GEORGE:
(with an edge in his voice)
You didn't answer my question.

NICK:
Sir?

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
29.

15 (Cont. 8)

GEORGE:

Don't you condescend to me!
(toying with him)
I asked you how you liked that for a
declension: Good, better, best; bested.
Hm? Well?

NICK:

(with some distaste)
I really don't know what to say.

GEORGE:

(feigned incredulosity)
You really don't know what to say?

NICK:

(snapping it out)
All right...what do you want me to say?
Do you want me to say it's funny, so you
can contradict me and say it's sad? Or do
you want me to say it's sad so you can
turn around and say no, it's funny. You
can play that damn little game any way
you want to, you know!

GEORGE:

(feigned awe)
Very good! Very good!

NICK:

(even angrier than before)
And when my wife comes back, I think we'll
just--

GEORGE:

(sincere)
Now, now...calm down, my boy. Just...
calm...down.
(pause)
All right?
(pause)
You want another drink? Here, give me
your glass.

NICK:

(trying to hang onto
his glass)
I still have one. I do think that when
my wife comes downstairs--

GEORGE:

(wresting the glass away)
Here...I'll freshen it. Stay there.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
30.

15 (Cont. 9)

He goes to the bar.

NICK:

(following)

What I mean is...you two...you and your wife...seem to be having some sort of a--

GEORGE:

(pouring)

Martha and I are having...nothing. Martha and I are merely...exercising...that's all... we're merely walking what's left of our wits. Don't pay any attention to it.

NICK:

(undecided)

Still....

GEORGE:

(gives Nick his drink)

Well, now...let's sit down and talk, hunh?

He sits down abruptly.

NICK:

(cool again)

It's just that I don't like to...become involved...

(an afterthought)

uh...in other people's affairs.

GEORGE:

Well, you'll get over that...small college and all. Musical beds is the faculty sport around here.

NICK:

Sir?

GEORGE:

I said, musical...ch, never mind. I wish you wouldn't go "Sir" like that...How old are you?

NICK:

Twenty-eight.

GEORGE:

I'm forty-something.

(waits for reaction...
gets none)

Aren't you surprised? I mean...don't I look older?

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
31.

15 (Cont. 10)

NICK:
I think you look...fine.

GEORGE:
I've always been lean...I use the hand-
ball courts. How much do you weigh?

NICK:
I--

GEORGE:
Hundred and fifty-five, sixty...some-
thing like that? Do you play handball?

NICK:
Uh...not very well.

GEORGE:
Then we shall play sometime. Martha is
a hundred and eight...years old. She
weighs somewhat more than that. How old
is your wife?

NICK:
(a little bewildered)
She's twenty-six.

GEORGE:
Martha is a remarkable woman. I would
imagine she weighs around a hundred and
ten.

NICK:
Your...wife...weighs...?

GEORGE:
No, no, my boy. Yours! Your wife. My
wife is Martha.

NICK:
Yes...I know.

GEORGE:
If you were married to Martha you would
know what it means.
(pause)
But then, if I were married to your wife
I would know what that means, too...
wouldn't I?

NICK:
(after a pause)
Yes..

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
31.

15 (Cont. 10)

NICK:

I think you look...fine.

GEORGE:

I've always been lean...I use the hand-
ball courts. How much do you weigh?

NICK:

I--

GEORGE:

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thing like that? Do you play handball?

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Uh...not very well.

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a hundred and eight...years old. She
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imagine she weighs around a hundred and
ten.

NICK:

Your...wife...weighs...?

GEORGE:

No, no, my boy. Yours! Your wife. My
wife is Martha.

NICK:

Yes...I know.

GEORGE:

If you were married to Martha you would
know what it means.

(pause)

But then, if I were married to your wife
I would know what that means, too...
wouldn't I?

NICK:

(after a pause)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
32.

15 (Cont. 11)

GEORGE:

(going to the bar again)
Martha says you're in the Math Department,
or something.

NICK:

(as if for the hundredth time)
No...I'm not.

GEORGE:

Martha is seldom mistaken...maybe you
should be in the Math Department, or
something.

NICK:

I'm a biologist. I'm in the Biology
Department.

GEORGE:

(after a pause)
Oh.
(then, as if remembering
something)

OH:

NICK:

Sir?

GEORGE:

(accusingly)
You're the one! You're the one's going
to make all that trouble...making everyone
the same, rearranging the chromosomes, or
whatever it is. Isn't that right?

NICK:

(with that small smile)
Not exactly: chromosomes.

GEORGE:

I'm very mistrustful. Do you believe
that people learn nothing from history?
I am in the History Department.

NICK:

Yes, I know...

GEORGE:

Martha tells me often that I am in the
History Department...as opposed to being
the History Department...in the sense of
running the History Department. I do not
run the History Department.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
33.

15 (Cont. 12)

NICK:

Well, I don't run the Biology Department.

GEORGE:

You're twenty-one?

NICK:

Twenty-eight.

GEORGE:

Twenty-eight! Perhaps when you're forty-something, you will run the History Department....

NICK:

...Biology....

GEORGE:

...the Biology Department. Of course. I'm really very mistrustful. I read somewhere that science-fiction is really not fiction at all...that you people are rearranging my genes so that everyone will be like everyone else...

NICK:

Oh, now...

GEORGE:

I suspect we will not have much music, much painting, but we will have a civilization of sublime young men, very much like yourself. Cultures and races will vanish. The ants will take over the world...

NICK:

You don't know much about science, do you?

GEORGE:

I know something about history. I know when I'm being threatened.

(a pause)

Your wife doesn't have any hips...has she... does she?

NICK:

What?

GEORGE:

I don't mean to suggest that I'm hip-happy....I was implying that your wife is...slim-hipped.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
34.

15 (Cont. 13)

NICK:

Yes...she is.

GEORGE:

You have any kids?

NICK:

Uh...no...not yet.

(pause)

You?

GEORGE:

(a kind of challenge)

That's for me to know and you to find out.

NICK:

Indeed?

GEORGE:

No kids, hunh? What's the matter?

NICK:

(defensively)

Nothing...we...want to wait...a little...
until we're settled.

GEORGE:

(going to bar)

And you think you're going to be happy
here in New Carthage?

NICK:

I...hope we'll stay here...I don't mean
forever...

GEORGE:

(pouring two drinks)

Well, don't let that get bandied about.
The old man wouldn't like it. Martha's
father expects his staff to come here and
grow old...to fall in the line of service.
One man, a professor of Latin and Elocution,
actually fell in the cafeteria line, one
lunch...

(Nick looks at his wristwatch)

But the old man is not going to fall any-
where. The old man is not going to die.
There are rumors...which you must not
breathe in front of Martha, for she foams
at the mouth...that the old man, her father,
is over two...hundred...years old...

(a pause)

(CONTINUED)

15 (Cont. 14)

GEORGE: (Cont.)
There's probably an irony there someplace,
but I'm not drunk enough to figure out what
it is.

(moving towards hall)

MARTHA!

(no answer)

DAMN IT!

(turns)

I wonder what women talk about while the
men are talking.

(vaguely)

I must find out sometime.

MARTHA'S VOICE:

(from upstairs)

WHADDDAYA WANT?

GEORGE:

Isn't that a wonderful sound?

MARTHA'S VOICE:

GEORGE?

16. INT. HALL & LIVING ROOM

Honey is coming down the stairs. She hears:

GEORGE'S VOICE:

(to Nick)

How many kids you going to have?

NICK'S VOICE:

(off guard)

I...I don't know...My wife is--

GEORGE'S VOICE:

Slim-hipped.

George appears in the hall, sees Honey.

GEORGE:

Oh! Well, here's one of you, at least.

HONEY:

(past George, to Nick)

You must see this house, dear...this is
such a wonderful old house.

NICK:

Yes, I--

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.)

MARTHA ! GEORGE:

MARTHA'S VOICE:
FOR CRY SAKE, HANG ON A MINUTE, WILL YOU?

HONEY:
She'll be right down...she's changing.

GEORGE:
(incredulous)
She's what? She's changing?

HONEY:
Yes.

GEORGE:
Her clothes?

HONEY:
Her dress.

GEORGE:
Why?

HONEY:
(with a nervous little laugh)
Why, I imagine she wants to be...comfortable.

GEORGE:
(with a threatening look
up the stairs)
Oh she does, does she?

HONEY:
Well, heavens, I should think....

GEORGE:
YOU DON'T KNOW!

NICK:
(as Honey starts)
You feel all right?

HONEY:
Oh, yes, dear...perfectly fine.

GEORGE:
(fuming...to himself)
So she wants to be comfortable, does she?
Well, we'll see about that.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
37.

16 (Cont. 1)

HONEY:
(to George, brightly)
I didn't know that you had a son.

GEORGE:
WHAT?

HONEY:
A son! I hadn't known.

NICK:
You to know and me to find out.

HONEY:
Tomorrow's his birthday. He's sixteen!

NICK:
(a victorious smile)
Well!

GEORGE:
(to Honey)
She told you about him?

HONEY:
(flustered)
Well, yes. Well, I mean....

GEORGE:
(nailing it down)
She told you about him.

HONEY:
(a nervous giggle)
Yes.

GEORGE:
(strangely)
You say she's changing?

HONEY:
Yes....

GEORGE:
And she mentioned...?

HONEY:
(cheerful, but a
little puzzled)
...your son's birthday...yes.

GEORGE:
(more or less to himself)
Okay, Martha...okay.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
38.

16 (Cont. 2)

NICK:

You look pale, Honey. Do you want a...?

HONEY:

Yes, dear...a little more brandy, maybe.
Just a drop.

GEORGE:

Okay, Martha.

NICK:

May I use the...uh...bar?

GEORGE:

Hm? Oh, yes...yes....by all means. Drink
away...you'll need it as the years go on.

(for Martha, as if she
were at his side)

You...damn...destructive....

HONEY:

(to cover)

What time is it, dear?

NICK:

Two-thirty.

HONEY:

Oh, it's so late...we should be getting home.

GEORGE:

(nastily, but he is so
preoccupied he hardly
notices his own tone)

For what? You keeping the babysitter up,
or something?

NICK:

(almost a warning)

I told you we didn't have children.

GEORGE:

Hm?

(realizing)

Oh, I'm sorry. I wasn't even listening...
or thinking...

(with a flick of his hand)

...whichever one applies.

NICK:

(softly, to Honey)

We'll go in a little while.

17. INT. LIVING ROOM

GEORGE:

(moving towards them)

Oh no, now...you mustn't. Martha is changing...and Martha is not changing for me. Martha hasn't changed for me in years. If Martha is changing, it means we'll be here for...days. You are being accorded an honor, and you must not forget that Martha is the daughter of our beloved boss. She is his right--

(pause)

--arm. I was going to use another word, but we'll leave that sort of talk to Martha.

MARTHA'S VOICE:

What sort of talk?

They turn towards the archway. Martha is standing there in a spectacular pose. She has changed into an intriguing pants-and-blouse outfit, with a neckline that shows more than her neck. Nick's eyes widen with appreciation.

GEORGE:

Why, Martha...your Sunday chapel dress!

HONEY:

(slightly disapproving)

Oh, that's most attractive.

MARTHA:

(showing off)

You like it? Good!

(to George)

What the hell do you mean screaming up the stairs at me like that?

GEORGE:

We got lonely, darling...we got lonely for the soft purr of your little voice.

MARTHA:

(deciding not to rise to the bait)

Well, you just trct over to the barie-poo--

GEORGE:

(taking the tone from her)

...And make your little mommy a gweat big dwink.

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont.)

MARTHA:

That's right.

(looks at Nick)

Say, you must be quite a guy, getting your Masters when you were...what?... twelve? You hear that, George?

NICK:

Twelve-and-a-half, actually. No, nineteen really.

(to Honey)

Honey, you needn't have mentioned that. It....

HONEY:

Ohhhh...I'm proud of you....

GEORGE:

(seriously, if sadly)

That's very...impressive.

MARTHA:

(aggressively)

You're damned right!

GEORGE:

(delivering Martha's drink)

I said I was impressed. I'm beside myself with jealousy. What do you want me to do, throw up?

(to Nick)

That really is very impressive.

(to Honey)

You should be right proud.

HONEY:

(coy)

Oh, he's a pretty nice fella.

GEORGE:

(to Nick)

I wouldn't be surprised if you did take over the History Department one of these days.

NICK:

The Biology Department.

GEORGE:

The Biology Department...of course. I seem preoccupied with history. Oh! What a remark.

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont. 1)

GEORGE: (Cont.)
(he strikes a pose, his
hand over his heart,
his head raised, his
voice stentorian)
"I am preoccupied with history."

MARTHA:
(as Honey and Nick chuckle)
Ha, ha, ha, HA!

GEORGE GOES TO HIS DESK, STARTS TO MARK HISTORY PAPERS.

MARTHA:
George is not preoccupied with history....
George is preoccupied with the History
Department. George is preoccupied with
the History Department--

GEORGE AND MARTHA:
--because he is not the History Department,
but is only in the History Department...

GEORGE:
We know, Martha...we went all through that
while you were upstairs...getting up...

MARTHA:
George is bogged down in the History
Department. He's an old bog in the History
Department, that's what George is. A bog...
A fen...A G.D. swamp. Ha, ha, ha, HA!
A SWAMP! Hey, swamp! Hey, SWAMPY!

GEORGE:
(controlling himself)
Yes, Martha? Can I get you something?

MARTHA:
(amused at his game)
Well...uh...sure, you can light my
cigarette, if you're of a mind to.

GEORGE:
No...there are limits. I mean, man can
put up with only so much without he descends
a rung or two on the old evolutionary ladder...
(a quick aside to Nick)
...which is up your line...
(back to Martha)

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont. 2)

GEORGE: (Cont.)

Now...I'll hold your hand when it's dark and you're afraid of the bogey man, and I'll tote your gin bottles out after midnight, so no one'll see...but I will not light your cigarette. And that, as they say, is that.

There is a brief silence.

MARTHA:

(under her breath)

Geeze!

(then, immediately,
to Nick)

Hey, you played football, hunh?

NICK:

(with a reprov-
ing glance at Honey)

Well...yes...I was a...quarterback...but I was much more...adept...at boxing, really.

MARTHA:

(with great enthusiasm)

BOXING! You hear that, George?

GEORGE:

(resignedly)

Yes, Martha.

MARTHA:

(to Nick, with peculiar
intensity and enthusiasm)

You musta been pretty good at it...I mean, you don't look like you got hit in the face at all.

HONEY:

(proudly)

He was intercollegiate state middleweight champion.

NICK:

(embarrassed)

Honey....

HONEY:

Well, you were.

MARTHA:

You look like you still got a pretty good body now, too...is that right? Have you?

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
43.

17 (Cont. 3)

GEORGE:
(intensely)
Martha...decency forbids....

MARTHA:
(to George...still
staring at Nick, though)
SHUT UP!
(now, back to Nick)
Well, have you? Have you kept your body?

NICK:
It's still pretty good. I work out.

MARTHA:
(with a half-smile)
Do you!

NICK:
Yeah.

HONEY:
Oh, yes...he has a very...firm body.

MARTHA:
(still with that smile...
a private communication
with Nick)
Have you! Oh, I think that's very nice.

NICK:
Well, you never know...
(shrugs)
...you know...once you have it....

MARTHA:
...you never know when it's going to come
in handy.

NICK:
I was going to say...why give it up until
you have to.

MARTHA:
I couldn't agree with you more.
(they both smile)
I couldn't agree with you more.

GEORGE:
Martha, your obscenity is more than the
human--

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
44.

17 (Cont. 4)

MARTHA:

George, here, doesn't cotton much to body talk...do you, sweetheart?

(no reply)

Paunchy over there isn't too happy when the conversation moves to muscle. How much do you weigh?

NICK:

A hundred and fifty-five, a hundred and--

MARTHA:

Still at the old middleweight limit, eh? That's pretty good.

(swings around)

Hey George, tell 'em about the boxing match we had.

GEORGE:

(slamming papers down,
getting up)

Christ!

MARTHA:

George! Tell 'em about it!

GEORGE:

(with a sick look on
his face)

You tell them, Martha. You're good at it.

He starts from the living room to the hall.

HONEY:

Is he...all right?

MARTHA:

(laughs)

Him? Oh, sure...George and I had this boxing match...a couple of years after we were married.

NICK:

A boxing match? The two of you?

HONEY:

Really?

MARTHA:

Yup...the two of us...really.

HONEY:

(with a little shivery
giggle of anticipation)

I can't imagine it.

7/30/65
45.

18. TRAVELING SHOT CLOSE ON GEORGE

as he moves slowly down the hall, through the kitchen, through the pantry, into:

19. INT. WOODSHED

where he begins to shove objects aside to uncover something. (DURING TRAVELING SHOT AND SCENE IN WOODSHED, WE HEAR THE VOICES FROM THE LIVING ROOM CONTINUE UNBROKEN, UNREALISTICALLY LOUD AS THOUGH WE WERE STILL IN LIVING ROOM:)

MARTHA'S VOICE:

Well, it wasn't in a ring, or anything like that, you know what I mean. Daddy was on this physical fitness kick...

NICK'S VOICE:

Unh hunh.

MARTHA'S VOICE:

So...he had a couple of us over one Sunday and we went out in the back, and Daddy put on the gloves himself...

NICK'S VOICE:

Unh hunh...

MARTHA'S VOICE:

And he asked George to box with him. Aaaaannnd...George didn't want to...

NICK'S VOICE:

Unh hunh.

MARTHA'S VOICE:

...And Daddy was saying, "Come on, young man...what sort of son-in-law are you?" ...and stuff like that.

NICK'S VOICE:

Yeah.

MARTHA'S VOICE:

So, while this was going on...I don't know why I did it...I got into a pair of gloves myself...and I snuck up behind George, just kidding, and I yelled "Hey George!" and at the same time I let go sort of a roundhouse right...just kidding, you know?

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)

NICK'S VOICE:

Unh hunh.

MARTHA'S VOICE:

...and George wheeled around real quick,
and he caught it right in the jaw...POW!

As Nick laughs, WE SEE, IN A CLOSE SHOT, GEORGE TAKING UP A SHORT-BARRELLED SHOTGUN.

CUT TO:

20. INT. LIVING ROOM

Martha, Nick and Honey in f.g., the library in b.g., with George emerging from woodshed, starting towards them, the gun concealed behind him.

MARTHA:

(continuing)

Right in the jaw...and he was off balance...
he must have been...and then, CRASH, he
landed...flat...in a huckleberry bush.

They begin to laugh wildly as George comes closer, on his face a frightening expression.

MARTHA:

(laughing)

It was awful, really. It was funny,
but it was awful.

21. SERIES OF VERY QUICK CLOSE SHOTS

MARTHA'S VOICE:

(during CLOSE SHOTS)

I think it's colored our whole life.
Really I do! It's an excuse, anyway.

1. HONEY seeing George, her eyes widening.
2. GEORGE raising the shotgun.
3. MARTHA talking.
4. NICK listening, laughing.
5. HONEY rising, opening her mouth to scream.
6. MARTHA laughing, oblivious.

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.,)

7. GEORGE aiming the shotgun at Martha's head.
8. HONEY screaming.
9. NICK, startled, rising.
10. MARTHA turning towards George.
11. P.O.V. FROM MARTHA - the shotgun barrel pointing at her head, with George's wild-eyed face at the other end.
12. HONEY screaming.
13. MARTHA, expression freezing.
14. GEORGE, mouth set, finger closing on trigger.
15. MARTHA and GEORGE, as he pulls the trigger.

GEORGE:

BANG!!!

Pop! From the barrel of the gun blossoms a large red and yellow Chinese parasol. Honey screams again, this time from relief and confusion.

GEORGE:

You're dead! Pow! You're dead!

NICK:

Good Lord!

General laughter and confusion, with Martha laughing the loudest. The noise dies eventually.

HONEY:

Oh! My goodness!

MARTHA:

(joyously)
Where'd you get that, you bastard?

NICK:

(his hand out for the gun)
Let me see that, will you?

George hands him the gun.

HONEY:

I've never been so frightened in my life!
Never!

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont. 1)

GEORGE:
(a trifle abstracted)
Oh, I've had it awhile. Did you like that?

MARTHA:
(giggling)
You bastard.

HONEY:
(wanting attention)
I've never been so frightened...never.

NICK:
This is quite a gadget.

GEORGE:
(leaning over Martha)
You liked that, did you?

MARTHA:
Yeah...that was pretty good.
(softer)
C'mon...give me a kiss.

GEORGE:
(indicating Nick and Honey)
Later, sweetie.

But Martha will not be dissuaded. They kiss, George standing, leaning over Martha's chair. She takes his hand, places it on her body. He breaks away.

GEORGE:
Oh-ho! So that's what you're after, is it? What are we going to have...blue games for the guests? Hunh? Hunh?

MARTHA:
(angry, hurt)
You...miserable--

GEORGE:
(a Pyrrhic victory)
Everything in its place, Martha...everything in its own good time.

MARTHA:
(an unspoken epithet)
You...

GEORGE:
Drinks now! Drinks for all! Why, Martha, you've been nibbling away at the glass.

(CONTINUED)

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49.

21 (Cont. 2)

MARTHA:
(still angry - hurt)
I have not.

George takes Nick's glass.

HONEY:
(offering her glass)
Oh, I think I need something.
(to Martha, as George
takes her glass)
I was never so frightened in my life.
Weren't you frightened? Just for a second?

MARTHA:
(smothering her rage at George)
I don't remember.

HONEY:
Ohhhh, now...I bet you were.

GEORGE:
(at bar)
Did you really think I was going to kill
you, Martha?

MARTHA:
(dripping contempt)
You?...Kill me?...That's a laugh.

GEORGE:
Well, now, I might...some day.

MARTHA:
Fat chance.

NICK:
(as George hands him
his drink)
Where's the john?

GEORGE:
Through the hall there...and down to
your right.

HONEY:
Don't you come back with any guns, or
anything, now.

NICK:
(laughs)
Oh, no.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
50.

21 (Cont. 3)

MARTHA:

You don't need any props, do you, baby?

NICK:

Unh unh.

MARTHA:

(suggestive)

I'll bet not. No fake gun for you, eh?

NICK:

(indicating a side table
near the hall)

May I leave my drink here?

GEORGE:

(as Nick exits without
waiting for a reply)

Yeah...sure...why not? We've got half-
filled glasses everywhere in the house,
wherever Martha forgets she's left them...
in the linen closet, on the edge of the
bathtub...I even found one in the freezer,
once.

MARTHA:

(amused in spite of herself)

You did not!

GEORGE:

Yes I did.

MARTHA:

(same)

You did not!

GEORGE:

(giving Honey her brandy)

Yes I did.

(to Honey;

Brandy doesn't give you a hangover?

HONEY:

I never mix. And then, I don't drink
very much, either.

GEORGE:

(grimaces behind her back)

Oh...that's good. Your...your husband
was telling me all about the...chromosomes.

MARTHA:

(ugly)

The what?

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont. 4)

GEORGE:
The chromosomes, Martha...he's a biologist,
you know.

MARTHA:
He's in the Math Department.

GEORGE:
No, Martha...he's a biologist.

MARTHA:
(her voice rising)
He's in the Math Department!

HONEY:
(timidly)
Uh...biology.

MARTHA:
(unconvinced)
Are you sure?

HONEY:
(with a little giggle)
Well, I ought to.
(then, as an afterthought)
Be.

(FROM THE BATHROOM, THE SOUND OF PLUMBING.)

MARTHA:
(after a pause)
Well, so he's a biologist. Good for him.
Biology's even better. It's...right at
the meat of things.
(Nick comes back in)
You're right at the meat of things, baby.

NICK:
(taking his drink from
the side table)
Oh?

HONEY:
(has more brandy, giggles)
She thought you were in the Math Department.

NICK:
Well, maybe I ought to be.

MARTHA:
(right past Nick's midsection)
You stay right where you are...you stay
right at the...meat of things.

HONEY BEGINS TO GULP HER BRANDY.

(CONTINUED)

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52.

21 (Cont. 5)

GEORGE:

You're obsessed with that phrase, Martha...
It's ugly.

MARTHA:

(ignoring George...to Nick)
You stay right there.
(laughs)
Hell, you can take over the History
Department just as easy from there as
anywhere else.

22. MED. SHOT MARTHA (FROM GEORGE'S P.O.V.)

She turns to George, mouth flapping:

MARTHA:

God knows, somebody's going to take over
the--

23. CLOSE SHOT GEORGE

putting his fingers in his ears.

MARTHA'S VOICE:

(o.s., continuing)
--History Department, some day--

24. CLOSER SHOT MARTHA (FROM GEORGE'S P.O.V.)

Martha is still going, but there is no sound as she is seen
mouthing: "...And it ain't going to be Georgie-boy, there...
that's for sure..."

25. CLOSE SHOT GEORGE

removing his fingers from his ears, and hearing:

MARTHA'S VOICE:

(o.s., continuing)
Are ya, swampy...are ya, hunh?

GEORGE:

In my mind, Martha, you are buried in
cement, right up to your neck.
(Martha giggles)
No...right up to your nose...that's much
quieter.

26. "WILD" ANGLES, FAVORING HONEY, AND FROM HONEY'S DRUNKEN P.O.

HONEY:
(giggling nervously)
When is your son?

GEORGE:
What?

NICK:
(distastefully)
Something about your son.

GEORGE:
SON!

HONEY:
(drunkenly)
When is...where is your son...coming home?.

GEORGE:
Ohhhh.
(too formal)
Martha? When is our son coming home?

MARTHA:
Never mind.

GEORGE:
No, no...I want to know...you brought it
out into the open. When is he coming
home, Martha?

MARTHA:
I said never mind. I'm sorry I brought
it up.

GEORGE:
Him up...not it. You brought him up.
Well, more or less. When's the little
bugger going to appear, hunh? I mean
isn't tomorrow meant to be his birthday,
or something?

MARTHA:
I don't want to talk about it!

GEORGE:
(falsely innocent)
But Martha....

MARTHA:
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!

(CONTINUED)

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54.

26 (Cont.)

GEORGE:

I'll bet you don't.

(to Honey and Nick)

Martha does not want to talk about it...
him. Martha is sorry she brought it up...
him.

HONEY:

(idiotically)

When's the little bugger coming home?

She giggles.

GEORGE:

Yes, Martha...since you had the bad taste
to bring the matter up in the first place...
when is the little bugger coming home?

NICK:

Honey, do you think you--?

MARTHA:

George talks disparagingly about the little
bugger because...well, because he has
problems.

GEORGE:

The little bugger has problems? What
problems has the little bugger got?

MARTHA:

Not the little bugger...stop calling him
that: You: You've got problems.

GEORGE:

(feigned disdain)

I've never heard of anything more ridiculous
in my life.

HONEY:

Neither have I!

NICK:

Honey....

MARTHA:

George's biggest problem about the little...
(laughs)
...about our son, about our great big son,
is that deep down in the private-most pit
of his gut, he's not completely sure it's
his own kid.

(CONTINUED)

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55.

26 (Cont. 1)

GEORGE:
(deeply serious)
My God, you're a wicked woman.

MARTHA:
And I've told you a million times, baby...
I couldn't conceive with anyone but you...
you know that, baby.

GEORGE:
A deeply wicked person.

HONEY:
(deep in drunken grief)
My, my, my, my. Oh, my.

NICK:
I'm not sure that this is a subject for--

GEORGE:
Martha's lying. I want you to know that,
right now. Martha's lying.
(Martha laughs)
There are very few things that I'm certain
of anymore...but the one thing...the one
thing in this whole sinking world that I
am sure of is my partnership, my
chromosomological partnership in the...
creation of our...blond-eyed, blue-haired...
son.

HONEY:
Oh, I'm so glad!

MARTHA:
That was a very pretty speech, George.

GEORGE:
Thank you, Martha.

MARTHA:
You rose to the occasion...good. Real good.

HONEY:
Well...real well.

NICK:
Honey....

MARTHA:
(at George)
Our son does not have blue hair...or blue eyes,
for that matter. He has green eyes...like me.
(with sudden tenderness)
Beautiful, beautiful green eyes.

(CONTINUED)

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56.

26 (Cont. 2)

GEORGE:
He has blue eyes, Martha.

MARTHA:
(determined)
Green.

GEORGE: .
(patronizing)
Blue, Martha.

MARTHA:
(ugly)
GREEN! You bastard!

GEORGE:
(admonishing)
Tut, tut, tut.

MARTHA:
Tut, tut yourself...you old floozie!

HONEY:
He's not a floozie...he can't be a floozie...
you're a floozie.

MARTHA:
(shaking a finger at Honey)
Now you just watch yourself!

HONEY:
(cheerfully)
All right. I'd like a nipper of brandy,
please.

NICK:
Honey, I think you've had enough, now....

GEORGE:
(taking glasses)
Nonsense! Everybody's ready, I think.

HONEY:
(echoing George)
Nonsense.

NICK:
(shrugging)
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

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57.

26 (Cont. 3)

MARTHA:

(to Nick and Honey, who
will soon be belting
down more brandy)

George has watery blue eyes...milky blue.

GEORGE:

Make up your mind, Martha.

MARTHA:

I was giving you the benefit of the doubt.
(to the others).

Daddy has green eyes, too.

GEORGE:

He does not! Your father has tiny red
eyes...like a white mouse. In fact, he
is a white mouse.

MARTHA:

You wouldn't dare say a thing like that
if he was here! You're a coward!

GEORGE:

(to Honey and Nick)

You know...that great shock of white hair,
and those little beady red eyes...a great
big white mouse.

MARTHA:

George hates Daddy...not for anything
Daddy's done to him, but for his own....

GEORGE:

(nodding...finishing
it for her)

...inadequacies.

MARTHA:

(cheerfully)

That's right. You hit it...right on the
snout.

(to the others)

You wanna know why the S.O.B. hates my
father? When George came into the History
Department (about five hundred years ago)
Daddy approved of him, and you know what I
did, dumb cluck that I am? I fell for him.

HONEY:

(dreamily, drunkenly)

Oh, I like that.

(CONTINUED)

26 (Cont. 4)

GEORGE:

(AT THE BAR, OPENING
A NEW BOTTLE)

Yes, she did. You should have seen it.
She'd sit outside my room, on the lawn,
at night, and she'd howl and claw at the
turf...I couldn't work, so I married her.

MARTHA:

(laughs)

I actually fell for him...it...that, there.

GEORGE:

Martha's a Romantic at heart.

MARTHA:

(with pain)

That I am... So, I actually fell for him.

(to herself)

It must have been the goddamn accent.

(to the others)

And the match seemed practical, too. For
a while Daddy thought George really had--

GEORGE:

(moving, bottle in hand)

Just a minute, Martha--

MARTHA:

--the stuff to take over when he was--

GEORGE:

Wait a minute, Martha!

MARTHA:

--ready to retire, and so we both thought--

GEORGE:

STOP IT, MARTHA!

MARTHA:

(irritated)

Whadda you want?

GEORGE:

I wouldn't go on with this if I were you.

MARTHA:

Oh, you wouldn't? Well, you're not!

GEORGE:

Now you've already sprung a leak about
you-know-what...

(CONTINUED)

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59.

26 (Cont. 5)

MARTHA:

What? What?

GEORGE:

...about the sprout...the little bugger...
(spits it out)
.. our son...and if you start in on this
other business, I warn you, Martha--

NICK:

Do we really have to go through all this?

MARTHA:

I stand warned!

(to Honey and Nick)

So, anyway, I married the S.C.B.--and I
had it all planned out. First, he'd take
over the History Department, and then,
when Daddy retired, he'd take over the
college...you know? That's the way it was
supposed to be.

(to George, who is moving
around fitfully, liquor
bottle in hand)

You getting angry, baby? Huh?

(back to Nick and Honey)

That's the way it was supposed to be.
Very simple. And Daddy seemed to think it
was a pretty good idea, too. For a while.
Until he watched for a couple of years!

(to George again)

You getting angrier?

(now back)

Until he watched for a couple of years
and started thinking maybe it wasn't such
a good idea after all...maybe Georgie-boy
didn't have the stuff...maybe he didn't
have it in him.

GEORGE:

(wounded, with his
back to them)

Stop it, Martha!

MARTHA:

(smelling victory)

The hell I will! You see, George didn't
have much...push...he wasn't particularly...
aggressive. In fact, he was sort of a...

(spits the word

at George's back)

...a FLOP! A great...big...fat...FLOP!

(CONTINUED)

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60.

26 (Cont. 6)

CRASH! On the second "FLOP," George smashes the bottle against the fireplace and stands there, still with his back to them all, holding the remains of the bottle by the neck. There is a silence, with everyone frozen. Then -

GEORGE:
(almost crying)
I said stop, Martha...

MARTHA:
(relentlessly)
I hope that was an empty bottle, George.
You don't want to waste good liquor...not
on your salary...

(George drops the broken
bottle on the stone floor
before the fireplace,
not moving)
Not on an Associate Professor's salary.
(to Nick and Honey)
So, here I am, stuck with this flop...

GEORGE:
(turning around)
Don't go on, Martha...

MARTHA:
...this BOG in the History Department...

GEORGE:
...don't, Martha, don't...

MARTHA:
(her voice rising
to match his)
...who's married to the
President's daughter, who's
expected to be somebody,
not just some nobody, some
bookworm, somebody who's
so damn...contemplative,
he can't make anything
out of himself, somebody
without the guts to make
anybody proud of him...
ALL RIGHT, GEORGE!
(pause)
STOP IT!

GEORGE:
(under her, then trying
to drown her out)
I said, don't...All right...
all right...
(sings)
Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf,
Virginia Woolf,
Virginia Woolf,
Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf,
Early in the morning?

GEORGE AND HONEY:
(as he takes her hands
and they go around and
around singing drunkenly)
Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf,
Virginia Woolf,
Virginia Woolf--

(CONTINUED)

26 (Cont. 7)

Honey whirls to a stop. There is a brief, tense silence.
She clutches her stomach.

HONEY:

I'm going to be sick...!
(she starts to run towards
the hall, crying:)
I'm going to be sick!

CAMERA IS TRAVELING AHEAD OF HER as she lurches drunkenly to:

27. INT. HALL

She is rushing to the bathroom. In b.g. Nick is starting after her, saying:

NICK:

Oh, for God's sake!

He catches up with Honey as she stumbles past CAMERA, which has come to a stop, and we HEAR her CRASHING about in the bathroom. Now we see Martha in b.g., just as she turns to George, who stands near the hall, motionless, shaken.

MARTHA:

(with disgust)

Jesus!

She hurries toward CAMERA, anger on her face, and goes into bathroom, out of SHOT, closing the door. In b.g., we see George slowly walk towards the front door. He opens it, leaves the house. In a moment, the bathroom door opens, o.s., and we HEAR:

MARTHA'S VOICE:

She'll be all right.

Nick appears, looks back.

NICK:

You sure?

MARTHA'S VOICE:

I'll make some coffee.

BATHROOM DOOR SLAMS SHUT c.s. Nick turns, sees the open front door. He goes to it, looks out, SEES:

28. P.O.V. FROM NICK (LOCATION)

George is sitting quietly in a swing on the lawn, his back to CAMERA.

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29. WITH NICK INT. HALL AND LIVING ROOM

He watches George for a moment, then goes to the bar, starts to pour himself a drink, walks toward the front door as he is pouring, taking the bottle with him. He leaves the house.

30. MED. SHOT GEORGE ON SWING
(LOCATION: NEED PROCESS PLATES FOR PROTECTION)

His back will be to CAMERA until otherwise indicated. He is swinging very gently. Presently Nick comes into the SHOT, stands slightly apart from him as though not to intrude:

NICK:

(after a silence)

I...uh...I'm really very sorry...

(George shows no awareness of him)

She...really shouldn't drink...

(no answer)

She's...frail...

(no answer)

Uh...slim-hipped, as you'd have it...

GEORGE:

(quietly, without turning)

Where's my little yum yum? Where's Martha?

NICK:

I think she's going to make some coffee. She...gets sick quite easily.

GEORGE:

(preoccupied)

Martha? Oh no, Martha hasn't been sick a day in her life, unless you count the time she spends in the rest home....

NICK:

(quieterly)

No, no; my wife...my wife gets sick quite easily. Your wife is Martha.

GEORGE:

(with some rue)

Oh, yes...I know.

NICK:

She doesn't really spend any time in a rest home.

GEORGE:

Your wife?

(CONTINUED)

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63.

30 (Cont.)

NICK:

No. Yours.

GEORGE:

Oh! Mine.

(pause)

No, no, she doesn't...I would; I mean if I were...her...she...I would. But I'm not...and so I don't.

(pause)

I'd like to, though. It gets pretty bouncy around here sometimes.

NICK:

(coolly)

Yes...I'm sure.

GEORGE:

(turns, looks at
Nick a moment)

Your wife throws up a lot, eh?

NICK:

I didn't say that....I said she gets sick quite easily.

GEORGE:

Oh. I thought by sick you meant....

NICK:

Well, it's true....Actually, she does throw up a lot...

GEORGE:

The word is "often."

NICK:

(sitting down)

Once she starts...there's practically no stopping her....I mean, she'll go right on...for hours. Not all the time, but...regularly.

GEORGE:

You can tell time by her, hunh?

NICK:

Just about.

GEORGE:

May I?

(CONTINUED)

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64.

30 (Cont. 1)

NICK:

Sure.

(with no emotion, except
the faintest distaste, as
George takes the bottle)

I married her because she was pregnant.

GEORGE:

(pause)

Oh?

(pause)

But you said you didn't have any children...
When I asked you, you said....

NICK:

She wasn't...really. It was a hysterical
pregnancy. She blew up, and then she
went down.

GEORGE:

And while she was up, you married her.

NICK:

And then she went down.

They both laugh, and are a little surprised that they do.
George takes a swig, makes a face.

GEORGE:

Ugh...bourbon.

NICK:

(nods)

Bourbon.

GEORGE:

(to no one - or to himself -
out loud - but softly)

When I was sixteen and going to prep school,
during the Funic Wars, a bunch of us used
to go into town on the first day of vacations,
before we fanned out to our homes, and in
the evening this bunch of us used to go to
this gin mill owned by the gangster-father
of one of us, and we would drink with the
grown-ups and listen to the jazz. And one
time, in the bunch of us, there was this
boy who was fifteen, and he had killed his
mother with a shotgun some years before--

(Nick stares at him)

(CONTINUED)

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65.

30 (Cont. 2)

GEORGE: (Cont.)

Accidentally, completely accidentally, without even an unconscious motivation, I have no doubt, no doubt at all -- and this one evening this boy went with us, and we ordered our drinks, and when it came his turn he said, I'll have bergin...give me some bergin, please...bergin and water...

(Nick chuckles politely)

Well, we all laughed...he was blond, and he had the face of a cherub, and we all laughed, and his cheeks went red and the color rose in his neck, and the waiter who had taken our order told people at the next table what the boy had said, and then they laughed...and then more people were told and the laughter grew...and more people and more laughter, and no one was laughing more than us, and none of us more than the boy who had shot his mother...

(Nick watches him)

And soon, everyone in the gin mill knew what the laughter was about, and everyone started ordering bergin, and laughing when they ordered it...And soon, of course, the laughter became less general, but it did not subside, entirely, for a very long time, for always at this table or that, someone would order bergin and a new area of laughter would rise...

(a pause)

We drank free that night, and we were bought champagne by the management, by the gangster-father of one of us. And, of course, we suffered the next day, each of us, alone, on his train, away from the city, each of us with a grown-up's hang-over...but it was the grandest day of my...

(a pause)

...youth...

NICK:

(very quietly)

What...what happened to the boy...the boy who had shot his mother?

GEORGE:

I won't tell you.

NICK:

(a pause)

All right.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
66.

30 (Cont. 3)

GEORGE:

(after a moment)

The following summer, on a country road, with his learner's permit in his pocket and his father on the front seat to his right, he swerved the car, to avoid a porcupine, and drove straight into a large tree.

NICK:

(faintly pleading)

No.

GEORGE:

He was not killed, of course. And in the hospital, when he was conscious and out of danger, and when they told him that his father was dead, he began to laugh, I have been told, and his laughter grew and would not stop, and it was not until after they jammed a needle in his arm, not until after that, until his consciousness slipped away from him, that his laughter subsided...stopped. And when he was recovered from his injuries enough so that he could be moved without damage should he struggle, he was put in an asylum. That was thirty years ago.

NICK:

Is he...still there?

GEORGE:

Oh, yes. And I'm told that for these thirty years he has...not...uttered...one...sound.

A rather long silence. Then, from inside the house, LOUD KITCHEN NOISES.

GEORGE:

That's big Martha...

NICK:

She's making coffee.

GEORGE:

For your hysterical wife, who goes up and down.

NICK:

Went. Up and down.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
67.

30 (Cont. 4)

GEORGE:
Went. No more?

NICK:
No more. Nothing.

GEORGE:
(pause)
Martha doesn't have hysterical pregnancies.

NICK:
My wife had one.

GEORGE:
Martha doesn't have pregnancies at all.

NICK:
Do you have any other kids? Do you have
any daughters, or anything?

GEORGE:
(as if it's a great joke)
Do we have any what?

NICK:
Do you have any...I mean, do you have
only one...kid...uh...your son?

GEORGE:
(with a private knowledge)
Oh no...just one...one boy...our son.

NICK:
Well...
(shrugs)
...that's nice.

GEORGE:
Oh ho, ho. Yes, well, he's a...comfort,
a bean bag.

NICK:
A what?

GEORGE:
A bean bag. Bean bag. You wouldn't
understand.
(over-distinct)
Bean...bag.

NICK:
I heard you...I didn't say I was deaf...
I said I didn't understand.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
68.

30 (Cont. 5)

GEORGE:
You didn't say that at all.

NICK:
I meant I was implying I didn't understand.
(under his breath)
For Christ's sake!

GEORGE:
You're getting testy.

NICK:
(testy)
I'm sorry.

GEORGE:
All I said was, our son...the apple of
our three eyes, Martha being a Cyclops...
our son is a bean bag, and you get testy.

NICK:
I'm sorry! It's late, I'm tired, I've
been drinking since nine o'clock, my
wife is vomiting, there's been a lot of
screaming going on around here....

GEORGE:
And so you're testy. Naturally. Don't...
worry about it. Anybody who comes here
ends up getting...testy. It's expected...
don't be upset.

NICK:
(testy)
I'm not upset!

GEORGE:
You're testy.

NICK:
Yes.

GEORGE:
I'd like to set you straight about some-
thing...while we're out here...I'd like to
set you straight about what Martha said.

MARTHA'S VOICE:
(from house)
HEY!

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
69.

30 (Cont. 6)

GEORGE:
Hark! Forest sounds.

NICK:
Hm?

GEORGE:
Animal noises.

MARTHA:
(appearing in doorway)
Hey!

GEORGE:
Well, here's nursie.

MARTHA:
(shouting)
We're sitting up...we're having coffee.

NICK:
(calling back)
Is there anything I should do?

MARTHA:
Nyah. You just stay there and listen
to George's side of things. Bore your-
self to death. You clean up the mess
you made in here, George?

GEORGE:
No, Martha, I did not clean up the mess
I made.

(Martha disappears from
doorway)
I've been trying for years to clean up
the mess I made.

NICK:
Have you been trying for years?

GEORGE:
(after a long pause...
looking at him)
Accommodation, adjustment...those do seem
to be in the order of things, don't they?

NICK:
Don't try to put me in the same class
with you!

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
70.

30 (Cont. 7)

GEORGE:

(pause)

Oh.

(pause)

No, of course not. Things are simpler with you...you marry a woman because she's all blown up...while I, in my clumsy, old-fashioned way....

NICK:

There was more to it than that!

GEORGE:

Sure! I'll bet she has money, too!

NICK:

(looks hurt. Then,
after a pause)

Yes.

GEORGE:

Yes?

(joyfully)

YES! You mean I was right! I hit it!

NICK:

Well, you see....

GEORGE:

My God, what archery! First try, too. How about that!

NICK:

You see....

GEORGE:

There were other things.

NICK:

Yes.

GEORGE:

To compensate.

NICK:

Yes.

GEORGE:

There always are...there always are...
(takes Nick's glass)

Allow me...

(pours bourbon, hands
glass back to him)

Tell me about your wife's money.

(CONTINUED)

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71.

30 (Cont. 8)

NICK:
(suspicious)
Why?

GEORGE:
Well, don't, then.

NICK:
What do you want to know about my wife's
money for?
(ugly)
Hunh?

GEORGE:
Well, I thought it would be nice.

NICK:
No you didn't.

GEORGE:
(still deceptively bland)
All right....I want to know about your
wife's money because...well, because I'm
fascinated by the ways in which you wave-of-
the-future boys are going to take over.

NICK:
You're starting in again.

GEORGE:
Am I? No I'm not. Look...Martha has
money too. I mean, her father's been
robbing this place blind for years, and....

NICK:
No, he hasn't. He has not.

GEORGE:
(shrugs)
Very well....Martha's father has not
been robbing this place blind for years,
and Martha does not have any money. Okay?

NICK:
We were talking about my wife's money...
not yours.

GEORGE:
Okay....talk.

(CONTINUED)

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72.

30 (Cont. 9)

NICK:

No.

(pause)

My father-in-law...was a man of the Lord,
and he was very rich.

GEORGE:

What faith?

NICK:

He...my father-in-law...was called by God
when he was six, or something, and he
started preaching, and he baptized people,
and he saved them, and he traveled around
a lot, and he became pretty famous...not
like...uh...some of them...but pretty
famous...and when he died he had a lot
of money.

GEORGE:

God's money.

NICK:

No...his own.

GEORGE:

What happened to God's money?

NICK:

He spent God's money...and he saved his
own.

GEORGE:

Well, I think that's very nice.

(Nick giggles a little)

Martha's got money because Martha's
father's second wife...not Martha's
mother, but after Martha's mother died...
was a very old lady with warts who was
very rich.

NICK:

She was a witch.

GEORGE:

She was a good witch, and she married
the white mouse...

(Nick begins to giggle)

...with the tiny red eyes...and he must
have nibbled her warts, or something
like that, because she went up in a puff
of smoke almost immediately. POUF!

(CONTINUED)

NICK:

POUF:

GEORGE:

POUF: And all that was left, aside from some wart medicine, was a big fat will...

NICK:

(quite beside himself)

Maybe...maybe my father-in-law and the witch with the warts should have gotten together, because he was a mouse, too.

GEORGE:

(urging Nick on)

He was?

NICK:

(breaking up)

Sure...he was a church mouse:

(they both laugh a great deal, eventually fall silent)

Your wife never mentioned a stepmother.

GEORGE:

(considers it)

Well...maybe it isn't true.

(Nick looks at him suspiciously)

You realize, of course, that I've been drawing you out on this stuff because you represent a direct threat to me and I want to get the goods on you.

NICK:

Sure...sure.

GEORGE:

I mean...I've warned you...you stand warned.

NICK:

I stand warned.

(laughs)

It's you sneaky types worry me the most, you know. You ineffectual sons of bitches... you're the worst.

GEORGE:

Well, I'm glad you don't believe me.... I know you've got history on your side, and all....

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont. 11)

NICK:

Unh unh. You've got history on your side...I've got biology on mine. History, biology.

GEORGE:

I know the difference.

NICK:

You don't act it.

GEORGE:

No? I thought we'd decided that you'd take over the History Department first, before you took over the whole works. You know...a step at a time.

NICK:

(stretching...luxuriating...
playing the game)

Nyaah...what I thought I'd do is...I'd sort of insinuate myself generally, find all the weak spots--

GEORGE:

Like me...

NICK:

--become sort of a fact, and then turn into a...a what...?

GEORGE:

An inevitability.

NICK:

Exactly...an inevitability. Take over a few courses from the older men, plow a few pertinent wives....

GEORGE:

Now that's it: You can shove aside all the older men you can find, but until you start plowing pertinent wives, you really aren't working. That's the way to power-- plow 'em all!

NICK:

(playing along)

Yeah...

GEORGE:

The way to a man's heart...the wide, inviting avenue to his job...is through his wife, and don't you forget it.

(CONTINUED)

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75.

30 (Cont. 12)

NICK:

(chuckling)

And I'll bet your wife's got the widest...
most inviting...avenue on the whole damn
campus...I mean, her father being president,
and all.

GEORGE:

You bet your historical inevitability!

NICK:

Yessirree...I'd just better get her off
into the bushes.

GEORGE:

Why, you'd certainly better.

NICK:

(looks at George a minute, his
expression a little sick)

You know, I almost think you're serious.

GEORGE:

No, baby...you almost think you're serious,
and it scares the hell out of you.

NICK:

ME!

GEORGE:

(quietly)

Yes...you.

NICK:

You're kidding!

GEORGE:

I wish I were...I'll give you some good
advice if you want me to....

NICK:

(starts to laugh)

Good advice! From you? Oh boy!

GEORGE:

You haven't learned yet...Take it wherever
you can get it...Listen to me, now.

NICK:

Come off it!

(CONTINUED)

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76.

30 (Cont. 13)

GEORGE:
I'm giving you good advice, now.

NICK:
Good God...!

GEORGE:
There's quicksand here, and you'll be
dragged down--

NICK:
Oh boy...!

GEORGE:
--before you know it...sucked down....
(Nick laughs derisively)
You disgust me on principle, and you're
a smug son of a bitch personally, but I'm
trying to give you a survival kit. DO
YOU HEAR ME?

NICK:
(still laughing)
I hear you. You come in loud.

Nick starts for the house. George stands there, calling
after him:

GEORGE:
All right! You want to play it by ear,
right? Everything's going to work out
anyway, because the timetable's history,
right?

NICK:
(calling back)
Right...right. You just tend to your
knitting, grandma...I'll be okay.

GEORGE:
(following him)
I've tried to...tried to reach you...to....

NICK:
(contemptuously)
...make contact?

GEORGE:
Yes.

NICK:
...communicate?

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont. 14)

GEORGE:

Yes. Exactly.

NICK:

Aw...that is touching...that is...
downright moving...that's what it is.

(HE COMES TO A STOP IN
THE DOORWAY, turns towards
George with sudden vehemence)
UP YOURS!

GEORGE:

What?

NICK:

(threatening)

You heard me!

He goes into the house, and from inside, we HEAR him calling:

NICK'S VOICE:

HONEY!

We go into the house with George.

31. INT. LIVING ROOM AND HALL

Nick is getting his jacket in the living room, then going to the hall for Honey's coat. George remains apart, talking at Nick, not to him:

GEORGE:

You take the trouble to construct a civilization...to...to build a society, based on the principles of...of principle...

NICK:

Honey...!

GEORGE:

...You make government and art, and realize that they are, must be, both the same... You bring things to the saddest of all points...to the point where there is something to lose...Then all at once, through all the music, through all the sensible sounds of men building, attempting, comes the Dies Irae. And what is it? What does the trumpet sound? UP YOURS!

NICK:

(applauding)

Ha, ha! Bravo! Ha, ha!

(CONTINUED)

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78.

31 (Cont.)

Just then, Martha appears from the kitchen, leading an unsteady Honey.

HONEY:

(grandly)

Thank you, thank you.

MARTHA:

Here we are, a little shaky, but on our feet.

GEORGE:

Goodie.

HONEY:

(wanly, to Nick)

It wasn't too bad, dear...really...

NICK:

(moving at Honey with her coat)

Put this on.

HONEY:

I'm not cold, but I am a little--

NICK:

Just put it on. We're leaving.

MARTHA:

You're what?

NICK:

Leaving. Going home.

GEORGE:

(delighted)

Well!

MARTHA:

Wait a minute...what happened here?

(to George)

What have you been up to?

GEORGE:

(smiling)

Everything, pet.

HONEY:

(unsteadily)

Oh dear, I think I better sit down.

(CONTINUED)

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79.

31 (Cont. 1)

NICK:

(quickly)

Never mind that now. Come on, Honey...

Honey quietly slips off for a belt of brandy DURING FOLLOWING:

GEORGE:

I'll go get the car.

NICK:

You don't have to. We'll call a cab.

GEORGE:

(starting away)

I insist!

MARTHA:

George!

GEORGE:

(stops, turns)

Yes, love?

MARTHA:

Just what the hell do you think you're doing?

GEORGE:

Now let me see...

(thinks)

I think what I'm doing is...

(thinks)

I'm getting the car...

(thinks)

To drive our little guests...

(another pause)

Home!

He stares at Martha. She stares back at him.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

32. CLOSE SHOT FRONT END OF A STATION WAGON IN MOTION (LOCATION)

tires squealing as it careens too sharply around a curve, then straightens out.

33. INT. CAR (IN MOTION) (PROCESS & LOCATION)

Behind the wheel, George is smiling woozily. Martha is seated beside him in silent fury. Honey and Nick are in the back seat. They seem utterly oblivious to George's uncertain

(CONTINUED)

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80.

33 (Cont.)

steering of the car (WHICH WE WILL INDICATE, AT TIMES, WITH EXTERIOR SHOTS OF THE CAR ON THE ROAD).

MARTHA:

(to George)

Well, aren't you going to apologize?

GEORGE:

It wasn't my fault. The road should've been straight.

MARTHA:

Not that! For making her throw up.

GEORGE:

I did not make her throw up.

MARTHA:

You most certainly did!

GEORGE:

I did not!

HONEY:

(a papal gesture)

No...now, no...

MARTHA:

(to George)

Well, who do you think did...sexy back there? You think he made his own wife sick?

GEORGE:

(helpfully)

Well, you make me sick.

MARTHA:

That's different!

HONEY:

No, now, please. I...I throw up...I mean, I get sick...occasionally, all by myself...without any reason.

GEORGE:

(glancing back at Nick)

Is that a fact?

NICK:

(uneasily)

You're...you're delicate, Honey.

(CONTINUED)

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81.

33 (Cont. 1)

HONEY:

(proudly)
I've always done it.

GEORGE:

Like Big Ben.

NICK:

(a warning)
Watch it!

MARTHA:

George makes everybody sick...When our son was just a little boy--

GEORGE:

Don't, Martha...

MARTHA:

--he used to throw up all the time because of George...

GEORGE:

I said, don't!

MARTHA:

It got so bad that whenever George came into the room he'd start right in retching, and--

GEORGE:

(interrupts)

The real reason our son used to throw up all the time, wife and lover, was because he couldn't stand you fiddling at him all the time, breaking into his bedroom with your kimono flying, fiddling--

MARTHA:

(interrupts)

YEAH? And I suppose that's why he ran away from home twice in one month, too.

(turning to the back seat)

Twice in one month! Six times in one year!

GEORGE:

(also to the guests)

Our son ran away from home all the time because Martha here used to corner him.

(CONTINUED)

33 (Cont. 2)

MARTHA:

(braying)

I NEVER CORNERED THE SON OF A BITCH IN MY LIFE!

GEORGE:

He used to run up to me when I'd get home, and he'd say, "Mama's always coming at me." That's what he'd say.

MARTHA:

Liar! Liar!

GEORGE:

Well, that's the way it was...She was always coming at him. I thought it was very embarrassing.

NICK:

If you thought it was so embarrassing, what are you talking about it for?

HONEY:

(admonishing)

Dear...!

MARTHA:

(to Nick)

Thanks, sweetheart.

GEORGE:

I didn't want to talk about him at all...

HONEY:

Oh, I wish I had some brandy...I love brandy...

(tapping Martha on shoulder)

I really do...

MARTHA:

Good for you.

HONEY:

It steadies me so...

GEORGE:

(pensively)

I used to drink brandy.

MARTHA:

(privately)

You used to drink bergin, too.

George's violent reaction to this becomes:

34. QUICK CLOSE SHOT FRONT TIRES (LOCATION)
squealing as they take a curve dangerously.

35. INT. CAR (PROCESS)

MARTHA:
(hand over mouth)
Oooooops.

NICK: (something having vaguely clicked)
Say...!

GEORGE: (quickly burying it)
Nothing, nothing...

MARTHA:
(to Nick)
Did he tell you about that? Come on.
He must have said something...

NICK:
Well...

MARTHA:
Didn't he tell you how he would have
amounted to something of it hadn't been
for Daddy...that kind of crap?

GEORGE:
Actually what we did is, we sort of
"danced around" a little...

HONEY:
(giddily)
Oh, I love dancing!

NICK:
(at Honey)
He didn't mean that!

HONEY:
Well, I didn't think he did. Two grown
men dancing...

MARTHA:
You mean he didn't start in on how he
tried to publish a book, and Daddy wouldn't
let him...?

GEORGE:
Please, Martha.

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.)

NICK:
(egging Martha on)
A book? What book?

GEORGE:
(pleading)
Please. Just a book.

MARTHA:
(mock incredulity)
Just a book!

HONEY:
(suddenly)
Oh, look! Dancing!

CUT TO:

36. MOVING P.O.V. SHOT (FROM CAR) EXT. ROADHOUSE (LOCATION)

A neon sign: "COCKTAILS...DANCING" on a ROADHOUSE on the outskirts of the sleeping village. Over the SHOT:

HONEY'S VOICE:
Why don't we dance? I'd love some dancing...!

NICK'S VOICE:
Honey...We're almost home.

37. INT. CAR (PROCESS)

HONEY:
I want some! I want some dancing!

MARTHA:
(with a covetous glance
at Nick)
Say...that's not a bad-idea...

HONEY:
(to Martha)
I just love dancing. Don't you?

MARTHA:
(at Nick)
With the right man...yeah...

HONEY:
I dance like the wind.

(CONTINUED)

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85.

37 (Cont.)

MARTHA:
(quietly)
Stop the car, George...

GEORGE:
Martha:

MARTHA:
We're going dancing...

GEORGE:
For heaven's sake!

MARTHA:
Did you hear me?

GEORGE:
(cheerily)
Whatever love wants.

He slams on the brakes violently.

38. CLOSE SHOT WHEELS OF CAR (LOCATION)
skidding to a noisy stop.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

39. CLOSE SHOT HONEY INT. ROADHOUSE
whirling wildly as she cries:

HONEY:
I dance like the wind!

40. WIDER ANGLE INT. ROADHOUSE

The front room is a small, coffee-counter type of place with a few booths, leading into a dance hall where students have dances on weekends. It contains a juke box, a dinky bandstand with a few glittering drums and a white upright piano. On the walls are college gags and announcements of folk singers, poetry readings, etc. Around the edges of the dilapidated dance floor are some small tables. The place is deserted, save for a balding BARTENDER and a bespectacled WAITRESS. Honey, shoes off, is leaping about the dance floor. George is at the juke box. Martha is seated at a table. Nick is missing. There are drinks for all, left by the waitress who is walking away without expression.

(CONTINUED)

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86.

40 (Cont.)

MARTHA:
(impatiently, at George)
Well, put one on, will you?

GEORGE:
(examining juke box)
Yes, love...
(he puts a coin in the box)
How are we going to work this? Mixed
doubles?

MARTHA:
You don't think I'm going to dance with
you, do you?

Nick is coming out of the Men's Room now, as Honey continues
her leaps and whirls.

GEORGE:
(pushes a lever to
start the record)
Nooooo....not with him around...that's
for sure...
(indicating Honey)
And not with twinkle-toes here, either.

The juke box record falls to the turntable.

HONEY:
(whirling)
I'll dance with anyone...I'll dance by
myself...

NICK:
You'll get sick again...

HONEY:
(whirling)
I dance like the wind...

The needlehead descends.

GEORGE:
All right, kiddies...choose up and hit
the sack.

MUSIC STARTS...A LUGUBRIOUS SPIRITUAL, SOMETHING COMPLETELY
UNRHYTHMIC AND NON-DANCEABLE.

HONEY:
(flitting about)
Whee!...Wonderful...: Whee...:

(CONTINUED)

40 (Cont. 1)

NICK:
(embarrassed)
Honey...

MARTHA:
All right, George! Cut that out!

Nick tries physically to stop Honey. She dances away,
SHOUTING AND SINGING WILDLY.

HONEY:
Wheeee!

She is whirling madly now...has no idea where she is, or
where Nick is.....

MARTHA:
Cut it out, George!

GEORGE:
(as though not hearing)
What, Martha? What?

NICK:
HONEY!

Martha jumps up, moves quickly, threateningly, at George. HE
REJECTS THE RECORD FROM THE BACK OF THE JUKE BOX AND THE
MUSIC STOPS JUST AS MARTHA SHOUTS:

MARTHA:
All right, you son of a bitch!

GEORGE:
What did you say, love?

HONEY:
It stopped!...Why did it stop?

GEORGE:
(to Martha)
I thought you'd like it...

MARTHA:
Give me some change.

GEORGE:
What?

MARTHA:
I said, give me some change!

(CONTINUED)

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88.

40 (Cont. 2)

George will give her change. She will select another record, put a coin in the juke box. Meanwhile, George will go back to the table.

NICK:
(moving towards Honey)
Honey...

HONEY:
Stop that! You...are always AT me when I am having a good time!

NICK:
(carefully)
I'm sorry, Honey.

HONEY:
Just leave me alone...I...like...to dance... and you...don't...want me to!

NICK:
I like you to dance.

HONEY:
Just leave me alone!

She goes to the table, puts on her shoes.

41. ANOTHER ANGLE

GEORGE:
(to Honey)
Hi, sexy.
(to Martha)
Choose it, Martha. Do your stuff.

MARTHA:
You're damned right.

GEORGE:
(to Honey)
You want to dance, angel boobs?

NICK:
What did you call my wife?

GEORGE:
(derisively)
Oh boy!

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
89.

41 (Cont.)

HONEY:

No! If I can't do my interpretive dance,
I don't want to dance with anyone. I'll
just sit here and...

She shrugs and drinks. Martha has started another record.
Martha walks out onto the dance floor and stops. MUSIC
BEGINS AGAIN...A JAZZY POP TUNE. She looks at Nick.

MARTHA:

Okay, stuff, let's go.

Nick glances at George, then approaches Martha on the dance
floor.

MARTHA:

Hi.

NICK:

Hi.

They begin to dance, close together, slowly. (WE WILL
INTERCUT BETWEEN THE DANCE FLOOR AND THE TABLE.)

HONEY:

We'll just sit here and watch...

GEORGE:

That's right!

MARTHA:

(after awhile)

Hey, you are strong, aren't you?

NICK:

Unh hunh.

MARTHA:

I like that.

NICK:

Unh hunh.

HONEY:

(sadly, drunkenly)

They're dancing like they've danced before...

GEORGE:

It's a familiar dance, monkey nipples...
they both know it...

HONEY:

I...don't know what you mean...

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
90.

41 (Cont. 1)

Nick and Martha move apart now, and dance facing each other.

MARTHA:
(suggestively)
I like the way you move.

NICK:
(the same)
I like the way you move, too.

GEORGE:
(to Honey)
They like the way they move.

HONEY:
That's nice.

MARTHA:
(to Nick)
I'm surprised George didn't tell you
his side of things.

GEORGE:
(to Honey)
Aren't they cute?

NICK:
Well, he didn't.

MARTHA:
That surprises me.

Her statements are more or less in time to the music now.

NICK:
Does it?

MARTHA:
He usually does when he gets the chance.

NICK:
I don't think he trusts me.

MARTHA:
It's really a very sad story.

GEORGE:
You have ugly talents, Martha.

NICK:
(to Martha)
Is it?

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont. 2)

MARTHA:
It would make you weep.

GEORGE:
(to himself)
Hide us gifts.

NICK:
(to Martha)
Is that so?

GEORGE:
(aloud)
Don't encourage her.

MARTHA:
Encourage me.

NICK:
Go on.

They undulate toward each other and then move back.

GEORGE:
I warn you....don't encourage her.

MARTHA:
He warns you...don't encourage me.

NICK:
I heard him...tell me more.

MARTHA:
(consciously making
rhymed speech in time
to the music)
Well, Georgie-boy had lots of big ambitions
In spite of something funny in his past...

GEORGE:
(quietly warning)
Martha....

MARTHA:
Which Georgie-boy here turned into a novel...
His first attempt and also his last....
Hey! I rhymed! I rhymed!

GEORGE:
I warn you, Martha.

NICK:
Yeah...you rhymed. Go on, go on.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
92.

41 (Cont. 3)

MARTHA:

But Daddy took a look at Georgie's novel....

GEORGE:

You're looking for a punch in the mouth...
You know that, Martha.

MARTHA:

Do tell! ... and he was very shocked by
what he read.

NICK:

He was?

MARTHA:

Yes...he was... A novel all about a
naughty boy-child....

GEORGE:

(rising to his feet)
I will not tolerate this!

NICK:

(offhand, to George)
Oh, can it.

George rushes toward the juke box.

MARTHA:

....ha, ha!
naughty boy-child
who...uh...who killed his mother and his
father dead.

GEORGE:

STOP IT, MARTHA!

MARTHA:

And Daddy said....Look here, I will not
let you publish such a thing....

George rejects the record and the MUSIC STOPS.

GEORGE:

That's it! The dancing's over. That's
it!

NICK:

(angrily)
Hey, what do you think you're doing?

HONEY:

(happily)
Violence! Violence!

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont. 4)

MARTHA:

(loud: a pronouncement)
And Daddy said...Look here, kid, you don't think for a second I'm going to let you publish this crap, do you? Not on your life, baby...not while you're teaching here....You publish that book and you're out...on your keister!

GEORGE:

DESIST! DESIST!

MARTHA:

Ha, ha, ha, HA!

NICK:

(laughing)
De....sist!

HONEY:

Oh, violence...violence!

GEORGE:

I will not be made mock of!

NICK:

(laughing derisively)
He will not be made mock of, for cry sake.

GEORGE:

I will not!
(infuriated)
THE GAME IS OVER!

MARTHA:

(pushing on)
Imagine such a thing! A book about a boy who murders his mother and kills his father, and pretends it's all an accident!

HONEY:

(gleefully)
An accident!

NICK:

(remembering something related)
Hey...wait a minute....

MARTHA:

(her own voice now)
And you want to know the clincher? You want to know what big brave Georgie said to Daddy?

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont. 5)

GEORGE:
NO! NO! NO! NO!

NICK:
(remembering)
Wait a minute now...

MARTHA:
Georgie said...but Daddy...
(Nick laughs)
I mean...ha, ha, ha, ha...but Sir, it
isn't a novel at all....
(other voice)
Not a novel?
(mimicking George's voice)
No, sir...it isn't a novel at all....

GEORGE:
(advancing on her)
You will not say this!

NICK:
(sensing the danger)
Hey.

MARTHA:
The hell I won't. You keep away from
me, you bastard!
(backs off a little...
uses George's voice again)
No, sir, this isn't a novel at all...this
is the truth...this really happened....
TO ME!

GEORGE:
(on her)
I'LL KILL YOU!

He grabs her by the throat. They struggle.

NICK:
(comes between them)
HEY!

HONEY:
(wildly)
VIOLENCE! VIOLENCE!

George, Martha and Nick struggle.

MARTHA:
IT HAPPENED! TO ME! TO ME!

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont. 6)

GEORGE:
YOU SATANIC BITCH!

NICK:
STOP THAT! STOP THAT!

HONEY:
VIOLENCE! VIOLENCE!

Nick grabs George, tears him from Martha, throws him on the floor, stands over him as Martha, to one side, her hand on her throat, gasps for breath.

NICK:
That's enough now!

HONEY:
(disappointment in her voice)
Oh...oh...oh....

George lies there. They watch him.

GEORGE:
(a pause)
All right....all right....very quiet
now....we will all be....very quiet.

MARTHA:
(softly, with a slow
shaking of her head)
Murderer. Mur....der....er.

NICK:
(softly to Martha)
Okay now...that's enough...

A brief, tense silence. The bartender appears.

BARTENDER:
What's going on here?

GEORGE:
(cheerfully, rising
from the floor)
Nothing...no trouble...Just...playing
a game...

BARTENDER:
(coolly)
Well, we're...uh...closing...

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont.7)

GEORGE:
(with manic intensity)
One more round...same for everybody,
hunh? Just give us one more round, and
we'll be on our merry way...
(the bartender stares at him)
Good...good...thanks!

The bartender gives a reluctant nod, leaves. George turns to the others, even more manic now.

GEORGE:
Well! That's one game. What shall we
do now?
(silence)
Oh come on...let's think of something
else. We've played Humiliate the Host...
we've gone through that one...what shall
we do now?

NICK:
Aw....look....

GEORGE:
AW LOOK!
(whines it)
Awww...loooooook.
(alert)
I mean, come on! We must know other
games, college-type types like us....
that can't be the limit of our vocabulary,
can it?

NICK:
Haven't you had enough!

GEORGE:
(rapidly)
Now let me see. There are other games.
How about....how about....Hump the Hostess?
HUNH?? How about that? How about Hump the
Hostess?
(to Nick)
You wanna play that one? You wanna play
Hump the Hostess? HUNH? HUNH?

NICK:
(a little frightened)
Calm down, now.

GEORGE:
Or is that for later...get her off in
the bushes?

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont. 8)

HONEY:
(drunkenly toasting every-
body with an empty glass)
Hump the Hostess!

(The waitress, approaching with drinks, is slightly
astounded.)

NICK:
(to Honey...sharply)
Just shut up...will you?

GEORGE:
You don't wanna play that now. You wanna
save that for later. What're we gonna
play now? We gotta play a game.

MARTHA:
(quietly)
Portrait of a man drowning.

GEORGE:
(affirmatively, but
to none of them)
I am not drowning.

HONEY:
(to Nick)
You told me to shut up!

NICK:
I'm sorry.

HONEY:
No you're not.

NICK:
I'm sorry.

GEORGE:
(claps his hands together)
Okay! I know what we'll do! Now, we're
through with Humiliate the Host...we're
through with that one for this round
anyway...and we don't want to play Hump
the Hostess yet...not yet...so I know
what we'll do... How about a little round
of Get the Guests? How about that? How
about a little game of Get the Guests?

MARTHA:
(disgusted and alarmed)
Jesus...George!

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont. 9)

GEORGE:
(quickly)
Book dropper! Child mentioner!

HONEY:
(trying to get to her feet)
I can't like these games...

NICK:
No, I think we've had enough games...

GEORGE:
(pushing Honey down)
Oh, no... We've only had one game.... Now
we're going to have another. You can't
fly on one game.

NICK:
--And anyway, we have to be--

GEORGE:
(with great authority)
SILENCE!
(it is respected)
Now, how are we going to play Get the
Guests?

MARTHA:
For God's sake!

GEORGE:
(quickly)
YOU BE QUIET!
(Martha stops)
Now...I wonder....I wonder.
(puzzles...then...)
Ah...Oh! Yeah, yeah! Well, now...Martha...
in her indiscreet way...told you about my
first novel. True or false? I mean, true
or false that there ever was such a thing.
HA! Anyway, Martha told you about it...my
first novel, my...memory book...which I'd
sort of preferred she hadn't, but hell,
that's blood under the bridge. BUT! what
Martha didn't do...what Martha didn't tell
you about...Martha didn't tell us all
about...my second novel.
(Martha looks at him
with puzzled curiosity)
No, you didn't know about that, did you,
Martha? About my second novel, true or
false. True or false?

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont. 10)

MARTHA:
(cautiously)

No.

GEORGE:

Ah!

(he starts quietly but
as he goes on, his tone
becomes harsher, his
voice louder)

Well, it's an allegory, really -- probably...
and it's all about this nice young couple
who come out of the middle west. It's a
bucolic, you see. AND, this nice young
couple comes out of the middle west, and
he's blond...and he's about thirty, and...
he's a scientist, a teacher, a scientist...
and his mouse is a wifey little type who
gargles brandy all the time...

NICK:

Just a minute here--

GEORGE:

This is my game! You had your game....
you people. This is my game!

HONEY:

(dreamy)

I want to hear this story....I love stories.

GEORGE:

AND!...And Mousie's father was a holy man,
see, and he ran sort of a traveling clip
joint, and he took the faithful...that's
all...he just took 'em...

HONEY:

(puzzling)

This is familiar....

NICK:

No kidding...

GEORGE:

Anyway, Blondie and his frau out of the
plain states came....

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont. 11)

MARTHA:
Very funny, George....

GEORGE:
(chuckles)
...thank you...and they settled in a town
just like nouveau Carthage here....

NICK:
(threatening)
I don't think you'd better go on, mister...

GEORGE:
Do you not!

HONEY:
(closing her eyes)
Oh, I love familiar stories....they're
the best.

GEORGE:
How right you are. But Blondie was in
disguise, really, all got up as a teacher,
because his baggage ticket had bigger
things writ on it....H.I. HI! Historical
inevitability.

NICK:
Look, there's no reason for you to go
any further--

HONEY:
(puzzling to make sense
out of what she is hearing)
Let them go on.

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont. 12)

GEORGE:

We shall. And he had this baggage, and part of his baggage was in the form of his mouse....

NICK:

We don't have to listen to this!

HONEY:

Why not?

GEORGE:

Your bride has a point. And what nobody could figure out about Blondie was his baggage...his mouse, I mean, here he was, pan-Kansas swimming champeen, or something, and he had this mouse, of whom he was solicitous to a point that faileth human understanding...given that she was sort of a simp, in the long run...

NICK:

Now look, this isn't fair of you...

GEORGE:

Perhaps not. Like, as I said, his mouse, she tooted brandy immodestly and spent half her time in the upchuck...

HONEY:

(almost a cry, as she
begins to focus)

I know these people...

GEORGE:

Do you? ... but she was a money baggage amongst other things...Godly money ripped from the golden teeth of the unfaithful... and she was put up with...!

HONEY:

(some terror)

I don't like this story...

NICK:

Please...please don't.

MARTHA:

You better stop, George...

GEORGE:

...and she was put up with...STOP? Ha-ha.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
102.

41 (Cont. 13)

NICK:
Please...please don't.

GEORGE:
Beg, baby.

MARTHA:
George....

GEORGE:
...and...oh, we get a flashback here,
to How They Got Married.

NICK:
NO!

GEORGE:
(triumphant)
YES!

NICK:
(almost whining)
Why?

GEORGE:
How They Got Married. Well, how they
got married was this.... The House got
all puffed up one day, and she went over
to Blondie's house, and she stuck out her
puff, and she said...look at me.

HONEY:
(white-faced)
I...don't...like this.

NICK:
(to George)
Stop it!

But Nick knows it is too late....George has gone too far.

GEORGE:
Look at me...I'm all puffed up. Oh my
goodness, said Blondie...

HONEY:
(as from a distance)
...and so...they were married....

GEORGE:
...and so they were married....

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont. 14)

HONEY:
....and then....?

GEORGE:
....and then....

HONEY:
WHAT?...and then, WHAT?

NICK:
NO! NO!

GEORGE:
(as if to a baby)
...and then the puff went away...like
magic....pouf!

NICK:
(almost sick)
Oh, Jesus...God...

HONEY:
....the puff went away...

GEORGE:
(softly)
....pouf.

NICK:
Honey...I didn't mean to...honestly, I
didn't mean to....

HONEY:
You...you told them....

NICK:
Honey...I didn't mean to....

HONEY:
(with outlandish horror)
You...told them! You told them! OOOHHHH!
Oh, no, no, no! You couldn't have told
them...oh, noooo!

NICK:
Honey, I didn't mean to....

HONEY:
(sobbing)
Ohhhhh...nooooo.

NICK:
Honey...baby...I'm sorry...I didn't mean to....

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont. 15)

There is a moment of terrible silence.

GEORGE:

(abruptly and with some
disgust for himself)

And that's how you play Get the Guests.

HONEY:

(grabbing her belly)

I'm going to be...sick...

GEORGE:

Naturally!

NICK:

(moving toward Honey)

Honey...

HONEY:

(hysterical)

Leave me alone...!

(starting away)

I'm going to...to...be...sick...!

She runs out of the roadhouse.

MARTHA:

God Almighty...

GEORGE:

The patterns of history.

Nick has started after Honey. He stops, turns on George.

NICK:

You shouldn't have done that...you
shouldn't have done that at all.

GEORGE:

(calmly)

I hate hypocrisy.

NICK:

That was cruel...and vicious...

GEORGE:

She'll get over it.

NICK:

...and damaging...!

GEORGE:

She'll recover.

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
10/20/65
105.

41 (Cont. 16)

NICK:
DAMAGING!! TO ME!!

GEORGE:
(with wonder)
To you!

NICK:
TO ME!!

GEORGE:
TO YOU!!

NICK:
YES!!

GEORGE:
Oh beautiful... By God, you gotta have a
swine to show you where the trufflcs are.
(so calmly)
Well, you just rearrange your alliances,
boy. You just pick up the pieces where
you can. You look around and make the
best of things.

MARTHA:
(to Nick)
Better put your wife in the car.

NICK:
(with anger)
No thanks. I've had enough rides for
tonight. We'll walk home.

GEORGE:
That's right. Go pick up the pieces and
plan some new strategy.

NICK:
(at George)
You're going to regret this.

GEORGE:
No doubt. I regret everything.

NICK:
(intensely)
No, I mean, I'm going to make you regret
this.

GEORGE:
Go clean up the mess.

NICK:
You just wait, mister.

He goes out after Honey.

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont. 17)

MARTHA:
(rising)
Very...good, George.

GEORGE:
Thank you, Martha.

Martha has gone to a window. She looks out, SEES NICK FOLLOWING HONEY, CATCHING UP WITH HER, GETTING PUSHED AWAY, THEN HOLDING HER AS SHE SWAYS.

MARTHA:
(turning)
Really good.

GEORGE:
(putting money on the table)
Well, I'm glad you enjoyed it.

MARTHA:
I mean....You did a good job...you really fixed it.

GEORGE:
Unh hunh.

He starts away. Martha follows.

MARTHA:
It's the most...life you've shown in a long time.

GEORGE:
You bring out the best in me, baby.

MARTHA:
You really are a bastard.

42. TRAVELING SHOT GEORGE AND MARTHA
(LOCATION: NEED PROCESS PLATES FOR PROTECTION)

as they leave the roadhouse, emerging to the PARKING LOT adjacent to the roadhouse, where their car stands waiting. DURING THIS MOVING SHOT, ABOVE SCENE CONTINUES UNINTERRUPTED.

GEORGE:
It's all right for you...You can go around like a hopped-up Arab, slashing at everything in sight, scarring up half the world if you want to. But let somebody else try it...oh no!

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.)

MARTHA:
You miserable, dirty--

GEORGE:
(mocking)
Why baby, I did it all for you. I thought you'd like it, sweetheart...it's to your taste...blood, carnage and all. I thought you'd get all excited...sort of heave and pant and come running at me, your melons bobbling--

MARTHA:
You have really screwed up, George...

GEORGE:
Come on, Martha!

MARTHA:
I mean it...you really have.

They have emerged to:

43.

EXT. PARKING LOT
(LOCATION: NEED PROCESS PLATES FOR PROTECTION)

The station wagon is nearby, but the pull of Martha's and George's emotions is stronger than the waiting car. They square off now, in an eerie, deserted arena, with only the roadhouse and the echo of their own voices around them.

(DURING FOLLOWING SCENE, SOUND OF AN OCCASIONAL PASSING CAR WILL BE HEARD; PASSING HEADLIGHTS WILL FLASH ON MARTHA AND GEORGE. WAITRESS WILL LEAVE ROADHOUSE, GET IN JALOPY AND DRIVE OFF. ROADHOUSE LIGHTS WILL GO OFF; BARTENDER WILL EMERGE, DRIVE OFF. INTERRUPTIONS, PASSING PRESENCE OF OTHERS, WILL FORCE MARTHA AND GEORGE TO LOWER VOICES.)

GEORGE:
You can sit around with the gin running out of your mouth...you can humiliate me, you can tear me to pieces ALL NIGHT... that's perfectly all right...that's okay...

MARTHA:
YOU CAN STAND IT!

GEORGE:
I CANNOT STAND IT!

MARTHA:
YOU CAN STAND IT!! YOU MARRIED ME FOR IT!!

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.)

There is a long silence. George turns away.

GEORGE:

(quietly)

That...is a...desperately sick lie.

MARTHA:

(a cry)

DON'T YOU KNOW IT, EVEN YET?

GEORGE:

(shaking his head)

Oh...Martha.

MARTHA:

My arm has gotten tired whipping you...

GEORGE:

You're mad.

MARTHA:

Year after year!

GEORGE:

Deluded...Martha, deluded.

MARTHA:

IT'S NOT WHAT I WANTED!

GEORGE:

I thought at least you were...on to yourself. I didn't know. I...didn't know.

MARTHA:

(anger taking over)

I'm on to myself.

GEORGE:

No...no...you're...sick.

MARTHA:

(comes at him, screaming)

I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S SICK!

GEORGE:

All right, Martha...you're going too far.

MARTHA:

I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S SICK. I'LL SHOW YOU.

GEORGE:

(shoves her against the car)

Stop it! Now, stop it!

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont. 1)

MARTHA:

(beginning to cry)

I'll show you who's sick. Oh boy, you're really having a field day, aren't you? Well, I'm going to finish you before I'm through with you....

GEORGE:

...you and that quarterback...you both gonna finish me...?

MARTHA:

...before I'm through with you you'll wish you'd died in that automobile, you bastard.

GEORGE:

And you'll wish you'd never mentioned our son!

MARTHA:

(dripping contempt)

You....

GEORGE:

Now, I said I warned you.

MARTHA:

I'm impressed.

GEORGE:

I warned you not to go too far.

MARTHA:

I'm just beginning!

GEORGE:

I'm numbed enough so that I can take you when we're alone. I don't listen anymore... or if I do listen, I sift everything, so that I don't really hear you, which is about the only way to manage it. But you've taken a new tack, Martha, that is just too much... too much. I don't mind your dirty under-things in public...well, I do mind, but I've reconciled myself to that...but you've moved, bag and baggage, into your own fantasy world--

MARTHA:

(quickly through tears)

NUTS!

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont. 2)

GEORGE:

Well, you have.

MARTHA:

NUTS!

GEORGE:

Well, you can go on like that as long as you want to. And when you're--

MARTHA:

Have you ever listened to your sentences, George? You're so frigging...convoluted... that's what you are. You talk like you were writing one of your stupid papers...

GEORGE:

Actually, I'm rather worried about you. About your mind.

MARTHA:

Don't you worry about my mind, sweetheart!

GEORGE:

I think I'll have you committed.

MARTHA:

You WHAT?

GEORGE:

(quietly...distinctly)
I think I'll have you committed.

MARTHA:

Oh baby, aren't you something?

GEORGE:

I've got to find some way to really get at you.

MARTHA:

You've got at me, George...you don't have to do anything. A thousand years of you has been quite enough.

GEORGE:

You'll go quietly, then?

MARTHA:

Do you want to know what's happened, George? You want to know what's really happened?
(snaps her fingers)

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont. 3)

MARTHA: (Cont.)

It snapped, finally. Not me...it. The whole arrangement. Boy...you can go along forever, and everything's...manageable. You make all sorts of excuses to yourself... to hell with it...this is life...maybe tomorrow he'll be dead...maybe tomorrow you'll be dead...all sorts of excuses. And then, one day, one night something happens...and SNAP! It breaks. And you just don't give a damn anymore. I've tried with you, baby...I've really tried.

GEORGE:

Come off it, Martha.

MARTHA:

I've tried...I've really tried.

GEORGE:

You're a monster...you are.

MARTHA:

(deeply hurt)

I'm loud, and I'm vulgar, and I wear the pants in our house because somebody's got to, but I am not a monster. I am not.

GEORGE:

You're a spoiled, self-indulgent, willful, dirty-minded, liquor-ridden--

MARTHA:

SNAP! It went snap. I'm not going to try to get through to you anymore...There was a second back there, yeah, there was a second, just a second, when I could have gotten through to you, when maybe we could have cut through all this crap. But it's past, and I'm not going to try.

GEORGE:

Once a month, Martha! I've gotten used to it...once a month and we get "misunderstood Martha," the good-hearted girl underneath the barnacles, the little Miss that the touch of kindness'd bring to bloom again. And I've believed it more times than I'd like to admit, because I don't like to think I'm that much of a sucker. But I don't believe you...I just don't believe you. There is no moment...there is no moment any more when we could...come together.

(CONTINUED)

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112.

43 (Cont. 4)

MARTHA:

Yeah, well...maybe you're right. You can't come together with nothing, and you're nothing. SNAP!

(dripping contempt, but there is sadness and loss under it)

I looked at you tonight and you weren't there! It snapped! It finally snapped! And I'm going to howl it out, and I'm not going to give a damn what I do, and I'm going to make the biggest goddamn explosion you ever heard!

GEORGE:

You try it and I'll beat you at your own game.

MARTHA:

Is that a threat, George? Hunh?

GEORGE:

That's a threat, Martha.

MARTHA:

You're going to get it, baby.

GEORGE:

Be careful, Martha...I'll rip you to pieces.

MARTHA:

You aren't man enough...you havon't got the guts.

GEORGE:

Total war?

MARTHA:

Total!

Suddenly she bolts for the car, opens the door, slides behind the wheel and starts the motor. George runs around the car to the other side, is just opening the other front door when Martha steps on the accelerator and the car pulls away, literally torn out of George's hand. He gives a cry of pain, grabs his hand, looks after the car.

44. LONG SHOT P.O.V. FROM GEORGE (LOCATION)

The car speeds off in the direction Nick and Honey have taken. They can be seen in distance, Nick practically holding up the swaying Honey. The car stops alongside. The curbside door opens. Nick stares at the car for a moment, apparently listening. Then he moves towards the car, opens back door, puts Honey in the back, gets in the front seat, and the car continues off in the same direction, away from George and CAMERA. Just before car disappears, it comes to a stop, stands there for several long moments. Then it starts again, makes a sharp U-turn and speeds towards CAMERA. When car is almost abreast of George, there is a BLAST of its HORN, and car speeds past CAMERA, very close to George, who has moved into the SHOT, back of head to CAMERA. He turns his head to follow the car's flight and we see his small, rueful smile.

CUT TO:

45. INT. CAR CLOSE ON MARTHA AND NICK (PROCESS)

Behind them we see Honey curled up on the back seat. Martha and Nick stare straight ahead, without expression. Martha turns her head, looks at Nick. He does not turn his head. She stares straight ahead again. Presently her right hand leaves the steering wheel, disappears. They continue to stare straight ahead. After a moment, Nick's glance goes down.

46. INSERT

Martha's hand is on Nick's left thigh.

47. INT. CAR CLOSE ON MARTHA AND NICK (PROCESS)

Nick's glance holds for a moment on Martha's hand. He stares straight ahead, without expression, then turns his head, looks at Honey.

NICK:

(solicitously)

Sweetheart, are you okay?

48. QUICK CLOSE SHOT HONEY (PROCESS)

She just moans, oblivious to everything.

49. CLOSE ON MARTHA AND NICK (PROCESS)

Nick turns away, stares straight ahead. After a moment, a small exultant smile comes to Martha's face.

50. INSERT

Nick's hand is now covering her hand on his thigh.

SHOCK CUT TO:

51. THE CAR (LOCATION)

speeding close to PANNING CAMERA and off into the darkness with MUCH SOUND. As the car disappears into the darkness and silence -

CUT TO:

52. MED. LONG SHOT THE CAR EXT. HOUSE LATER (LOCATION)

The car is parked near Martha's house, apparently empty. For a moment we hear only the sound of wind in the trees. Then silence. Then, from the car, a voice, MOANING. CAMERA STARTS CLOSER (as though it were a moving P.O.V. of someone approaching the car). When VERY CLOSE to station wagon, CAMERA STOPS, a hand reaches into the SHOT, abruptly opens the door and we see Honey on the back seat, writhing in a drunken dream.

HONEY:

(in her sleep)

No...no...NO!

53. ANOTHER ANGLE GEORGE (LOCATION)

The hand that opened the door was his. He stares at Honey a moment, then turns away, starts toward the house, peering ahead intently, CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM (PERHAPS INTERCUT WITH MOVING P.O.V. OF HOUSE, LIGHTS ON IN BEDROOM). He arrives at the front door, starts to open it, and with a CRUNCH, finds himself stopped by a door-chain on the inside. His lips tighten. He steps back and kicks the door in, smashing the chain and sending the door flying back against the door chimes on the wall. THE CHIMES CRASH AGAINST ONE ANOTHER AND BEGIN TO RING WILDLY. George enters.

54. INT. HALL

George stands just inside the doorway, looking up towards the bedroom. From upstairs he HEARS a BURST OF RAUCOUS LAUGHTER FROM MARTHA AND NICK. He quickly goes outside again.

55. EXT. HOUSE (LOCATION)

George backs away from the house, looking up towards the bedroom window. At the same time, Honey has stumbled out of the car, half asleep, still sick, weak and staggering in her dream world.

HONEY:

Bells. Ringing. I've been hearing bells.

GEORGE:

Jesus!

HONEY:

I couldn't sleep...for the bells. Ding-ding, bong...it woke me up. What time is it?

GEORGE:

(quietly beside himself)

Don't bother me.

HONEY:

I was asleep, and I was dreaming of... something...and I heard the sounds coming, and I didn't know what it was...and it FRIGHTENED ME!

GEORGE:

(quietly...to Martha, as if she were beside him)

I'm going to get you...Martha.

(DURING THIS, THERE WILL BE OCCASIONAL BURSTS OF SOUND FROM THE BEDROOM.)

HONEY:

And it was so...cold. The wind was...the wind was so cold!...

GEORGE:

Somehow, Martha.

HONEY:

...and there was someone there...and I didn't want someone there...I was naked...

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

GEORGE:
(grabs her)
You don't know what's going on, do you?

HONEY:
(still with her dream)
I DON'T WANT ANY...NO...!

GEORGE:
Look up there! Listen to them!

HONEY:
NO!...I DON'T WANT ANY...I DON'T WANT
THEM....GO AWAY....
(begins to cry)
I DON'T WANT...ANY...CHILDREN....I...don't...
want...any...children. I'm afraid! I
don't want to be hurt....PLEASE!

Suddenly she stops, stares at him, realizing what she has revealed.

GEORGE:
I should have known.

HONEY:
(evasively)
What! What?

GEORGE:
Does he know that? Does that...stud
you're married to know about that, hunh?

HONEY:
About what? Stay away from me!

GEORGE:
How do you do it, hunh? How do you make
your secret little murders? Pills? PILLS?
You got a secret supply of pills? Or what?
Apple jelly? WILL POWER?

HONEY:
I feel sick.

GEORGE:
You going to throw up again?

HONEY:
(panicked)
Where is he? I want my husband! I want
a drink!

FROM THE BEDROOM, LAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont. 1)

GEORGE:
(yelling)
That's right! Go at it!

HONEY:
I want...something....

GEORGE SEES THE BEDROOM LIGHTS GO OUT.

GEORGE:
You know what's going on up there, little
Miss? Hunh?

HONEY:
(trying to escape him)
I don't want to know anything! You leave
me...alone. Who...WHO RANG?

GEORGE:
What?

HONEY:
What were the bells? Who rang?

GEORGE:
Your husband is up there...and you want
to know who rang?

HONEY:
Who rang? Someone rang!

GEORGE:
(his jaw drops open...he
is whirling with an idea)
...Someone....

HONEY:
RANG!

GEORGE:
...someone...rang...yes...yesss....

HONEY:
The...bells...rang....

GEORGE:
(his r racing ahead)
The bells ran...and it was someone....

HONEY:
Somebody....

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont. 2)

GEORGE:

...Somebody rang...it was somebody...
with...I'VE GOT IT: I'VE GOT IT, MARTHA...!
Somebody with a message...and the message
was...our son...OUR SON!

(almost whispered)

It was a message...the bells rang and
it was a message, and it was about...
our son...and the message...was...and
the message was...our...son...is...DEAD!

HONEY:

(almost sick)

Oh...no.

GEORGE:

(cementing it in his mind)

Our son is...dead....And...Martha doesn't
know...I haven't told...Martha.

HONEY:

No...no...no.

GEORGE:

(slowly, deliberately)

Our son is dead, and Martha doesn't know.

HONEY:

Oh. God in heaven...no.

GEORGE:

(to Honey...slowly,
deliberately, dis-
passionately)

And you're not going to tell her.

HONEY:

(in tears)

Your son is dead.

GEORGE:

I'll tell her myself...in good time. I'll
tell her myself.

HONEY:

(so faintly)

I'm going to be sick.

GEORGE:

(softly)

Are you? That's nice.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont. 3)

HONEY:
(staggering towards house)
I'm going to die.

GEORGE:
(quite by himself now)
Good...good...you go right ahead.

56. VERY CLOSE ON GEORGE (LOCATION)

GEORGE:
(very softly)
Martha? Martha? I have some terrible
news for you.
(there is a strange
mixture of soft laughter
and crying in his voice)
It's about our...son. He's dead. Can
you hear me, Martha? Our boy is dead.

SHOCK CUT TO:

57. VERY CLOSE SHOT MARTHA (IN MOONLIT BEDROOM)

On the word "dead," laughing. Nick's head comes into SHOT,
his lips at her neck. Martha turns her face aside, TO
CAMERA, and we see tears in her eyes. She is looking
towards the window.

58. P.O.V. FROM MARTHA (LOCATION & SPECIAL EFFECTS)

The moon is seen through the window. CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY
until it clears the window, then HOLDS. Slowly, the moon
moves across the sky, passing the tree and out of SHOT. THE
SKY TURNS SUBTLY LIGHTER. And then, we hear:

MARTHA'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
Hey!...

CAMERA PANS DOWN, REVEALS:

59. MARTHA ON FRONT LAWN (IN THE GRAYING LIGHT)
(LOCATION: NEED PROCESS PLATES FOR PROTECTION)

She has changed to a sweater and jeans. She has a half-
empty glass in her hand.

MARTHA:
Hey!

60.

ANOTHER ANGLE MARTHA
(LOCATION: NEED PROCESS PLATES FOR PROTECTION)

DURING FOLLOWING SOLILOQUY, she will wander about, CAMERA MOVING WITH HER, as she peers into the deserted car, searches elsewhere:

MARTHA:

Where is everybody...? So? Drop me...
pluck me like a lousy...whatever-it-is...
creeping vine, and throw me over your
shoulder like an old shoe... George?

(looks about her)

George?

(silence. She
finishes her drink)

Oh, for cry--

(she stops, sees the
bottle of bourbon left
outside by Nick and George)

Deserted! Abandon-ed! Left out in the
cold like an old pussycat! HA!

(she picks up the bottle,
pours, amuses herself with
the following performance:)

Can I get you a drink, Martha? Why,
thank you, George. That's very kind of
you. No, Martha, no...why I'd do anything
for you. Would you, George? Why, I'd do
anything for you, too. Would you, Martha?
Why, certainly, George. Martha, I've mis-
judged you. And I've misjudged you, too,
George. WHERE THE HELL IS EVERYBODY!!!

(with a sad laugh)

Hump the Hostess!

(softly, moving on)

Fat chance.

(even softer)

Fat chance.

(baby talk)

Daddy? Daddy? Martha is abandon-ed.
Left to her own vices at...

(peers off)

...something o'clock in the old A.M.
Daddy White-Mouse, do you really have
red eyes? Do you? Let me see!

(SHE OPENS A LOCKET SHE
HAS BEEN WEARING, PEERS AT
IT, POINTS TO IT:)

Ohhhh! You do! You do! Daddy, you have
red eyes...because you cry all the time,
don't you, Daddy. Yes, you do. You cry
alllll the time.

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.)

MARTHA: (Cont.)

(calls out)

I'LL GIVE YOU BASTARDS FIVE TO COME OUT
FROM WHERE YOU'RE HIDING!

(pause)

I cry all the time too, Daddy. I cry
alllll the time...but deep inside, so no
one can see me. I cry all the time. And
Georgie cries all the time, too. We both
cry all the time, and then, what we do,
we cry, and we take our tears, and we put
'em in the icebox, in the goddamn ice trays...

(begins to laugh)

...until they're all frozen...

(laughs even more)

...and then...we put them...in our...drinks...

(more laughter, which has
tears in it, too)

I've got windshield wipers on my eyes,
because I married you...baby!

(moving back towards house)

Martha, you'll be a song-writer yet.

(jiggles the ice in her
glass as she nears the house)

CLINK!

(does it again)

CLINK!

(repeats it)

CLINK!...CLINK!...CLINK!...CLINK!

On the last "clink," she stops as she sees someone.

61. EXT. HOUSE (LOCATION)

Nick is seated on the steps, looking up at her, a glass in
his hand. He seems chastened, strangely defeated. There is
sadness, weariness, emptiness in both of them now.

NICK:

My God, you've gone crazy too.

MARTHA:

Clink?

NICK:

I said, you've gone crazy too.

MARTHA:

(considers it)

Probably...probably.

She sits down near him.

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont.)

NICK:

You've all gone crazy: I come downstairs,
and what happens...

MARTHA:

(after a pause)

What happens?

NICK:

(remembering)

Oh...my wife's in the can with a liquor
bottle, and she winks at me...winks at me...

MARTHA:

(sadly)

She's never wunk at you; what a shame....

NICK:

She's lying down on the floor, the tiles,
all curled up, and she starts peeling the
label off the liquor bottle, the brandy
bottle....

MARTHA:

Maybe she'd be more comfortable in the tub.

NICK:

...and I ask her what she's doing, and she
goes: shhhhh!, nobody knows I'm here; and
I come out here, and you're stumbling
around going Clink!, for God's sake. Clink!

MARTHA:

CLINK!

NICK:

You've all gone crazy.

MARTHA:

Yes. Sad but true.

NICK:

Where is your hus-band?

MARTHA:

He is vanish-ed. Pouf!

NICK:

You're all crazy: nuts.

(CONTINUED)

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61 (Cont. 1)

MARTHA:
(affects a brogue)
Awww, 'tis the refuge we take when the
unreality of the world weighs too heavy
on our tiny heads.
(normal voice again)
Relax; sink into it; you're no better
than anybody else.

She rises.

NICK:
(wearily)
I think I am.

MARTHA:
(disappearing into
the house)
You're certainly a flop in some departments.

Nick winces. He gets to his feet, goes inside after her,
shutting the door behind him.

62. INT. HALL, LIVING ROOM AND LIBRARY

NICK:
What did you say?

Martha is at the bar, looking for ice.

MARTHA:
(unnecessarily loud)
I said, you're certainly a flop in some--

NICK:
(even louder)
I'm sorry you're disappointed! Maybe
sometime when we haven't been drinking
for ten hours--

MARTHA:
(interrupting, sadly)
Baby, you sure are a flop.

She starts through the library to the kitchen to get ice from
the refrigerator.

NICK:
(snapping it out as he follows her)
Everybody's a flop to you! Your husband's
a flop, I'm a flop--!

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.)

MARTHA:
You're all flops. I am the Earth Mother,
and you're all flops.
(more or less to herself)
I disgust me...
(a pause)
There is only one man in my whole life
who has ever...made me happy. Do you
know that? One!

63. INT. KITCHEN

NICK:
What? The gym instructor, or something?

MARTHA:
No, no, no, no...
(shakes her head)
George.
(no response from Nick)
My husband.

NICK:
(disbelieving)
You're kidding.

MARTHA:
Am I?

NICK:
You must be. Him?

MARTHA:
Him.

NICK:
(as if in on a joke)
Sure; sure.

MARTHA:
You don't believe it.

NICK:
(mocking)
Why, of course I do.

MARTHA:
You always deal in appearances?

NICK:
(derisively)
Oh, for God's sake....

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont.)

MARTHA:

...George who is out somewhere there in the dark...George who is good to me, and whom I revile; who understands me, and whom I push off; who can make me laugh, and I choke it back in my throat; who can hold me, at night, so that it's warm, and whom I will bite so there's blood; who keeps learning the games we play as quickly as I can change the rules; who can make me happy and I do not wish to be happy, and yes I do wish to be happy. George and Martha: sad, sad, sad.

NICK:

(echoing, still not believing)

Sad.

MARTHA:

...whom I will not forgive for having come to rest; for having seen me and having said: yes; this will do; who has made the hideous, the hurting, the insulting mistake of loving me and must be punished for it. George and Martha: sad, sad, sad.

NICK:

Sad, sad, sad.

MARTHA:

Some day...hah! some night...some stupid, liquor-ridden night...I will go too far... and I'll either break the man's back...or push him off for good...which is what I deserve.

NICK:

I don't think he's got a vertebra intact.

MARTHA:

(laughing at him)

You don't, huh? You don't think so. Ch, little boy, you got yourself hunched over that microphone of yours....

NICK:

(annoyed)

Microscope....

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont. 1)

MARTHA:

...yes...and you don't see anything, do you? You see everything but the goddamn mind; you see all the little specs and crap, but you don't see what goes on, do you?

NICK:

(getting angry)

All right, now...

MARTHA:

Oh...you know so little. And you're going to take over the world, hunh?

NICK:

I said, all right!

MARTHA:

Ohhhh! The stallion's mad, hunh. The gelding's all upset. Ha, ha, ha, HA!

NICK:

(softly; wounded)

You...you swing wild, don't you.

MARTHA:

Aw! You poor little bastard.

NICK:

Hit out at everything.

THE DOOR CHIMES SOUND.

MARTHA:

Go answer the door.

NICK:

(amazed)

What did you say to me?

MARTHA:

I said, go answer the door. What are you, deaf?

NICK:

(trying to get it straight)

You...want me...to go answer the door?

MARTHA:

That's right, lunk-head: answer the door. There must be something you can do well; or are you too drunk to do that, tee?

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont. 2)

NICK:
Look, there's no need--

DOOR CHIMES AGAIN.

MARTHA:
(shouting)
Answer it!
(softer)
You can be houseboy around here for a while. You can start off being houseboy right now.

NICK:
Look, lady, I'm no flunky to you.

MARTHA:
Sure you are! You're ambitious, aren't you? You didn't come back here with me out of mad, driven passion, did you now? You were thinking a little bit about your career, weren't you? Well, you can just houseboy your way up the ladder for a while.

NICK:
There's no limit to you, is there?

DOOR CHIMES AGAIN.

MARTHA:
(calmly, surely)
No, baby; none. Go answer the door.
(Nick hesitates)
Go on. Git!

NICK:
(starts moving slowly)
Aimless...wanton...pointless...

64. INT. HALL

They are both in the hall now.

MARTHA:
Now, now, now; just do what you're told; show old Martha there's something you can do. Hunh? Atta boy.

Nick considers, gives in, moves toward the door. CHIMES again.

NICK:
I'm coming, for cry sake!

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont.)

MARTHA:
(claps her hands)
HA HA! Wonderful; marvelous.
(sings)
"Just a gigolo, everywhere I go, people
always say...."

NICK:
STOP THAT!

MARTHA:
(giggles)
Sorry, baby; go on now; open the little
door.

NICK:
(with great rue)
Chri--!

He flings open the door. George is standing there, a great
bunch of snapdragons covering his face.

MARTHA:
Oh, how lovely!

George walks in. There is a slightly manic quality about him.

GEORGE:
(in a cracked falsetto)
Flores...flores para los muertos...
Flores...

Martha laughs with relief. George lowers the flowers, sees
Nick. His face becomes gleeful. He opens his arms..

GEORGE:
Sonny! You've come home for your birth-
day! At last!

NICK:
(with anger)
Stay away from me.

He moves towards the living room.

MARTHA:
(laughs)
That's the houseboy, for God's sake.

GEORGE:
Really? That's not our own little sonny-
Jim? Our own little all-American something-
or-other?

65. INT. LIVING ROOM

As they enter:

MARTHA:

(giggling)

Well, I certainly hope not; he's been acting awful funny, if he is.

GEORGE:

(almost manic)

Ohhhh! I'll bet! Chippie-chippie-chippie, hunh?

(affecting embarrassment)

I...I brungya dese flowers, Mart'a, 'cause I...wull, 'cause you'se...awwwww hell. Gee.

MARTHA:

Pansies! Rosemary! Violence! My wedding bouquet!

NICK:

(starting to move away)

Well, if you two kids don't mind, I think I'll just--

MARTHA:

Ach! You just stay where you are. Make my hubby a drink.

NICK:

I don't think I will.

GEORGE:

No, Martha, no; that would be too much; he's your houseboy, baby, not mine.

NICK:

I'm nobody's houseboy....

GEORGE and MARTHA:

...Now!

(sing)

I'm nobody's houseboy now...

They both laugh.

NICK:

Vicious....

GEORGE:

(finishing it for him)

...children. Hunh? That right? Vicious children, with their oh-so-sad games, hopscotching their way through life, etcetera, etcetera. Is that it?

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.)

NICK:
Something like it.

GEORGE:
Screw, baby.

MARTHA:
Him can't. Him too fulla booze.

GEORGE:
Weally?
(handing the snapdragons
to Nick)
Here; dump these in some gin.

Nick takes them, looks at them, drops them on the floor at his feet.

MARTHA:
(sham dismay)
Awwwww.

GEORGE:
What a terrible thing to do...to Martha's snapdragons.

MARTHA:
Is that what they are?

GEORGE:
Yup. And here I went out in the moonlight all the way to Daddy's greenhouse just to pick 'em for Martha...

MARTHA:
There is no moon now. I saw it go down from the bedroom.

GEORGE:
(feigned glee)
From the bedroom!
(normal tone)
Well, there is a moon.

MARTHA:
(with finality)
There is no goddamn moon; the moon went down.

GEORGE:
That may very well be, Chastity...but it came back up.

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont. 1)

MARTHA:

BULL!

GEORGE:

Once...once, when I was sailing past Majorca, the moon went down, thought about it for a little...and then, POP, came up again. Just like that.

MARTHA:

That is not true! That is such a lie!

GEORGE:

You must not call everything a lie, Martha.
(to Nick)
Must she?

NICK:

Hell, I don't know when you people are lying, or what.

66. TWO SHOT MARTHA AND GEORGE

turning on Nick, in startling "complicity."

MARTHA:

You're damned right!

GEORGE:

You're not supposed to.

MARTHA:

Right.

67. ANOTHER ANGLE

Nick is slightly bewildered.

GEORGE:

At any rate, I was sailing past Majorca...

MARTHA:

You never sailed past Majorca....

GEORGE:

Martha....

MARTHA:

You were never in the Mediterranean at all...ever....

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.)

GEORGE:
I certainly was! My Mommy and Daddy took me there as a college graduation present.

MARTHA:
Nuts!

NICK:
Was this after you killed them?

68. TWO SHOT MARTHA AND GEORGE

swinging around and looking at Nick during a brief, ugly pause.

GEORGE:
(defiantly)
Maybe.

MARTHA:
Yeah. Maybe not, too.

69. ANOTHER ANGLE

NICK:
(it's too much)
Jesus!

George swoops down, picks up the bunch of snapdragons, shakes them like a feather duster in Nick's face.

GEORGE:
Truth and illusion. Who knows the difference, eh, toots? Eh, houseboy?

NICK:
I am not a houseboy.

GEORGE:
Look! I know the game! You don't make it in the sack, you're a houseboy.

NICK:
I AM NOT A HOUSEBOY!

GEORGE:
No? Well then, you must have made it. Yes?
(he is breathing a little heavy; behaving a little manic)
Yes? Someone's lying around here; somebody isn't playing the game straight. Yes? Come on; come on; who's lying? Martha? Come on!

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.)

NICK:
(to Martha, quietly
with intense pleading)
Tell him I'm not a houseboy.

MARTHA:
(after a pause, quietly,
lowering her head)
No; you're not a houseboy.

GEORGE:
(with great, sad relief)
So be it.

MARTHA:
(pleading)
Truth and illusion, George; you don't
know the difference.

GEORGE:
No; but we must carry on as though we did.

MARTHA:
Amen.

GEORGE:
(flourishing the flowers)
SNAP WENT THE DRAGONS!:

NICK:
(tenderly, to Martha)
Thank you.

MARTHA:
Skip it.

GEORGE:
I said, snap went the dragons!

MARTHA:
(impatiently)
Yeah, yeah. We know.

GEORGE:
(taking a snapdragon,
throwing it, spear-like,
stem-first at Martha)
SNAP!

MARTHA:
Don't, George.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
134.

69 (Cont. 1)

GEORGE:
(throws another)
SNAP!

NICK:
Don't do that.

GEORGE:
Shut up, stud.

NICK:
I'm not a stud!

GEORGE:
(throws one at Nick)
SNAP! Then you're a houseboy. Which is
it? Which are you? Hunh?

MARTHA:
Does it matter to you, George?

GEORGE:
(throws one at her)
SNAP! No, actually, it doesn't. Either
way...I've had it.

MARTHA:
Stop throwing those damn things at me!

GEORGE:
Either way.
(throws another at her)
SNAP!

NICK
(to Martha)
Do you want me to...do something to him?

MARTHA:
You leave him alone!

GEORGE:
Which are you, baby, houseboy or stud?

NICK:
Oh for God's sake!

MARTHA:
(a little afraid)
Truth or illusion, George. Doesn't it
matter to you...at all?

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 2)

GEORGE:
(without throwing anything)

SNAP:
(silence)
You got your answer, baby?

MARTHA:
(sadly)
Got it.

GEORGE:
You just gird your blue-veined loins, girl.
Now; we got one more game to play. And
it's called Bringing up Baby.

NICK:
(more or less under
his breath)
Oh, for Lord's sake....

MARTHA:
George....

GEORGE:
I don't want any fuss.
(to Nick, who is moving
towards hell)
You don't want any scandal around here,
do you, big boy? You want to keep to your
timetable, don't you? Then sit!
(Nick sits; to Martha)
And you, pretty Miss, you like fun and
games, don't you? You're a sport from
way back, aren't you?

MARTHA:
(quietly, giving in)
All right, George; all right.

GEORGE:
(seeing them both cowed;
purrs)
Gooooooooood; gooooocd.
(looks about him)
But, we're not all here.
(snaps his fingers a
couple of times at Nick)
You; you...uh...you; your little wifelet
isn't here.

NICK:
Look; she's had a rough night, now; she's
in the can, and she's--

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 3)

GEORGE:

Well, we can't play without everyone here. Now that's a fact. We gotta have your little wife.

(hog-calls toward the bathroom)

SOOOWWIIIIIEEE!! SOOOWWIIIIIEEE!!

NICK:

Cut that!

GEORGE:

Then get your butt out of that chair and bring the little dip back in here.

(as Nick does not move)

Now be a good puppy. Fetch, good puppy, go fetch.

Nick rises, opens his mouth to say something, thinks better of it, exits toward bathroom.

GEORGE:

One more game.

MARTHA:

(after Nick goes)

I don't like what's going to happen.

GEORGE:

(surprisingly tender)

Do you know what it is?

MARTHA:

(pathetic)

No. But I don't like it.

GEORGE:

Maybe you will, Martha.

MARTHA:

No.

GEORGE:

Oh, it's a real fun game, Martha.

MARTHA:

(pleading)

No more games.

GEORGE:

(quietly triumphant)

One more, Martha. One more game, and then beddie-bye. Everybody pack up his tools and baggage and stuff and go home. And you and me, well, we gonna climb them well-worn stairs.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 4)

MARTHA:
(almost in tears)
No, George; no.

GEORGE:
(soothing)
Yes, baby.

MARTHA:
No, George; please?

GEORGE:
It'll all be done before you know it.

MARTHA:
No, George.

GEORGE:
No climb stairs with Georgie?

MARTHA:
(a sleepy child)
No more games. It's games I don't want.
No more games. Please.

GEORGE:
Aw, sure you do, Martha...original game-
girl and all, 'course you do.

MARTHA:
Ugly games...ugly. And now this new one?

GEORGE:
(stroking her hair)
You'll love it, baby.

MARTHA:
No, George.

GEORGE:
You'll have a ball.

MARTHA:
(tenderly; moves to
touch him)
No, George, no more games. I--

GEORGE:
(slapping her moving hand)
Don't you touch me! You keep your paws
clean for the undergraduates!
(grabs her hair, pulls
her head back)

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 5)

GEORGE: (Cont.)

Now, you listen to me, Martha; you've had yourself an evening...you've had yourself quite a night, and you can't cut it off just whenever you've got enough blood in your mouth. We're going on, and I'm going to have at you, and it's going to make your performance tonight look like an Easter pageant. Now I want you to get yourself a little alert.

(slaps her lightly with
his free hand)

I want a little life in you, baby.

MARTHA:

(struggling)

Stop it!

GEORGE:

(another slap)

Pull yourself together!

(again)

I want you on your feet and slugging, sweetheart, because I'm going to knock you around, and I want you up for it.

Slap! Martha pulls free.

MARTHA:

All right, George. What do you want?

GEORGE:

An equal battle, baby; that's all.

MARTHA:

You'll get it!

GEORGE:

I want you mad.

MARTHA:

I'M MAD!!

GEORGE:

Get madder!

MARTHA:

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!

GEORGE:

Good girl! We're going to play this one to the death!

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
139.

69 (Cont. 6)

Yours: MARTHA:

 GEORGE:
You'd be surprised. Now, here come the
little tots; you be ready for this.

 MARTHA:
I'm ready for you.

Nick and Honey re-enter, Nick supporting Honey, who still
retains her brandy bottle and glass.

 NICK:
 (unhappily)
Here we are.

 HONEY:
 (cheerfully)
Hip, hop. Hip, hop.

 NICK:
You a bunny, Honey?

 HONEY:
 (laughs, sits)
I'm a bunny, Honey.

 GEORGE:
 (to Honey)
Well, now; how's the bunny?

 HONEY:
Bunny funny!

 NICK:
 (under his breath)
Good God!

 GEORGE:
Bunny funny? Good for bunny!

 MARTHA:
Come on, George!

 GEORGE:
 (to Martha)
Honey funny bunny!

Honey screams with laughter.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 7)

NICK:

Oh, for cry--

GEORGE:

(slaps his hands
together, once)

All right! Here we go! Last game!
All sit.

(Nick sits)

Sit down, Martha. This is a civilized
game.

MARTHA:

(she sits)

Just get on with it.

GEORGE:

Now...I think we've been having a...a real
good evening...all things considered...
We've sat around and we've got to know each
other; we've had fun and games...curl-up-
on-the-floor, for example....

HONEY:

...the tiles....

GEORGE:

...the tiles....Snap the Dragon.

HONEY:

...peel the label....

GEORGE:

...peel the...what?

MARTHA:

Label. Peel the label.

HONEY:

(apologetically, holding
up her brandy bottle)

I peel labels.

GEORGE:

We all peel labels, sweetie; and when you
get through the skin, all three layers,
and through the muscle, and slosh aside
the organs--

(an aside to Nick)

them which is still sloshable--

(back to Honey)

and get down to the bone...you know what
you do then?

(CONTINUED)

HONEY:
(terribly interested)
No!

GEORGE:
When you get down to the bone, you haven't
got all the way, yet. There's something
inside the bone...the marrow...and that's
what you gotta get' at...

HONEY:
Oh! I see.

GEORGE:
The marrow. But bones are pretty resilient,
especially in the young. Now, take our son....

HONEY:
(strangely)
Who?

GEORGE:
Our son...Martha's and my little joy.

MARTHA:
George...

GEORGE:
(too kindly)
Yes, Martha?

MARTHA:
Just what are you doing?

GEORGE:
Why love, I was talking about our son.

MARTHA:
Don't.

GEORGE:
But I want to, Martha. It's very important
we talk about him...
(to Honey)
You, my dear? You want to hear about our
bouncy boy, don't you?

HONEY:
(pretending not to
understand)
Whom?

GEORGE:
Martha's and my son.

HONEY:
(nervously)
Oh, you have a child?

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 9-10)

GEORGE:

Oh, indeed, do we ever? Do you want to talk about him, Martha, or shall I? Huhh?

MARTHA:

Don't, George.

GEORGE:

All rightie. Well, now; let's see. He's a nice kid, really, in spite of his home life; I mean, most kids'd grow up neurotic, what with Martha here carrying on the way she does; sleeping till four in the P.M., climbing all over the poor bastard, trying to break down the bathroom door to wash him in the tub when he's sixteen; dragging strangers into the house at all hours--

MARTHA:

(interrupting, rising)

OKAY, YOU!

GEORGE:

(with mock concern)

Martha!

MARTHA:

That's enough!

GEORGE:

Well, do you want to take over?

HONEY:

(to Nick)

Why would anybody want to wash somebody who's sixteen years old?

NICK:

(slamming his drink down)

Oh, for cry sakes, Honey!

HONEY:

(stage whisper)

Well, why?

GEORGE:

Because it's her baby-poo.

MARTHA:

ALL RIGHT! Our son. You want our son? You'll have it.

GEORGE:

You want a drink, Martha?

MARTHA:

(pathetically)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
11/23/65
140D.

69 (Cont. 11)

NICK:
(to Martha, kindly)
We don't have to hear about it...if you
don't want to.

GEORGE:
Who says so? You in a position to set
the rules around here?

NICK:
(pause; tight-lipped)
No.

GEORGE:
Good boy; you'll go far. All right,
Martha; your recitation, please.

MARTHA:
(from far away)
What, George?

GEORGE:
(prompting)
"Our son..."

MARTHA:
(by rote; a kind of
almost tearful recitation)
All right. Our son. Our son was born
in a September night, a night not unlike
tonight, though tomorrow, and sixteen...
years ago.

GEORGE:
(beginning of quiet asides)
You see? I told you.

MARTHA:
It was an easy birth...

GEORGE:
Oh, Martha; no. You labored...how you
labored.

MARTHA:
It was an easy birth...once it had been...
accepted, relaxed into.

GEORGE:
Ah...yes. Better.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 12)

MARTHA:

It was an easy birth, once it had been accepted, and I was young, and he was a healthy child, a red, bawling child...

GEORGE:

...Martha thinks she saw him at delivery...

MARTHA:

...with slippery, firm limbs, and a full head of black, fine, fine hair which, oh, later, later, became blond as the sun, our son.

GEORGE:

He was a healthy child.

MARTHA:

And I had wanted a child...oh, I had wanted a child.

GEORGE:

(prodding her)

A son? A daughter?

MARTHA:

A child!

(quieter)

A child. And I had my child.

GEORGE:

Our child.

MARTHA:

(with great sadness)

Our child. And we raised him...

(laughs, briefly, bitterly)

Yes, we did; we raised him....And his eyes were green...such green, green eyes!

GEORGE:

...blue, green, brown...

MARTHA:

...and he loved the sun!...He was tan before and after everyone...and in the sun his hair...became...fleece.

GEORGE:

(echoing her)

...fleece....

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 13)

MARTHA:
...beautiful, beautiful boy.

GEORGE:
Absolve, Domine, animas omnium fidelium
defunctorum ab omni vinculo delictorum.

MARTHA:
So beautiful; so wise.

GEORGE:
(laughs quietly)
All truth being relative.

MARTHA:
It was true! Beautiful; wise; perfect.

GEORGE:
There's a real mother talking.

HONEY:
(suddenly; almost tearfully)
I want a child.

NICK:
Honey....

HONEY:
(more forcefully)
I want a child!

GEORGE:
On principle?

HONEY:
(in tears)
I want a child. I want a baby.

MARTHA:
(waiting out the inter-
ruption, not really
paying it any mind)
Of course, this perfection...couldn't
last. Not with George...not with George
around.

GEORGE:
(to the others)
There; you see? I knew she'd shift.

HONEY:
Be still!

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
11/12/65
140G.

69 (Cont. 14)

GEORGE:
(mock awe)
Sorry...mother.

NICK:
Can't you be still?

GEORGE:
(making a sign at Nick)
Dominus vobiscum.

MARTHA:
Not with George around. A drowning man
takes down those nearest. George tried,
but, oh, God, how I fought him. God,
how I fought him.

GEORGE:
(a satisfied laugh)
Ahhhhhhh.

(BOTH TOGETHER)

MARTHA:
...the one thing...the
one thing I tried to
carry pure and unscathed
through the sewer of this
marriage; through the
sick nights, and the
pathetic, stupid days,
through the derision and
the laughter...God, the
laughter, through one
failure after another,
each attempt more sick-
ening, more numbing than
the one before; the one
thing, the one person I
tried to protect, to
raise above the mire of
this vile, crushing
marriage; the one light
in all this hopeless....
darkness....our SON.

GEORGE:
Libera me, Domine, de morte
aeterna, in die illa tremenda:
Quando caeli movendi sunt et
terra: Dum veneris judicare
saeculum per ignem. Tremens
factus sum ego, et timeo, dum
discussio venerit, atque ventura
ira. Dies illa, dies irae,
calamitatis et miseriae; dies
magna et amara valde...

(NICK (to George):
"WHAT IS THIS? WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?")

Dum veneris judicare saeculum
per ignem. Requiem aeternam
dona eis, Domine: et lux
perpetua luceat eis. Libera me
Domine de morte aeterna in die
illa tremenda: quando caeli
movendi sunt et terra; Dum
veneris judicare saeculum per
ignem.

(END TOGETHER)

HONEY:
(her hands to her ears)
STOP IT!! STOP IT!!

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 15)

GEORGE:
(with a hand sign)
Kyrie, eleison. Christe, eleison.
Kyrie, eleison.

HONEY:
JUST STOP IT!!

GEORGE:
Why, baby? Don't you like it?

HONEY:
(quite hysterical)
You...can't...do...this!

GEORGE:
(triumphant)
Who says!

HONEY:
I! Say!

GEORGE:
Tell us why, baby.

HONEY:
No!

NICK:
Is this game over?

HONEY:
Yes! Yes, it is.

GEORGE:
Ho-ho! Not by a long shot.
(to Martha)
We got a little surprise for you, baby.
It's about sunny-Jim.

MARTHA:
No more, George.

GEORGE:
YES!

NICK:
Leave her be!

GEORGE:
I'M RUNNING THIS SHOW!
(to Martha)
Sweetheart, I'm afraid I've got some
bad news for you...for us, I mean. Some
rather sad news.

Honey begins weeping, head in hands.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
142.

69 (Cont. 9)

MARTHA:
(afraid, suspicious)
What is this?

GEORGE:
(oh so patiently)
Well, Martha, while you were busy...while
the two of you were busy...I mean, I don't
know where, hell, you both must have been
somewhere...
(little laugh)
While you were busy...for a while...Missey
and I were havin' a little talk, you know:
a chaw and a talk...and the doorbell rang....

HONEY:
(head still in hands)
Chimed.

GEORGE:
Chimed...and...well, it's hard to tell
you, Martha....

MARTHA:
(a strange throaty voice)
Tell me.

HONEY:
Please...don't.

MARTHA:
Tell me!

GEORGE:
Well...what it was...it was good old
Western Union, some little boy about
seventy.

MARTHA:
(involved)
Crazy Billy?

GEORGE:
Yes, Martha, that's right...crazy Billy...
and he had a telegram, and it was for us,
and I have to tell you about it.

MARTHA:
(as if from a distance)
Why didn't they phone it? Why did they
bring it; why didn't they telephone it?

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
143.

69 (Cont. 10)

GEORGE:
Some telegrams you have to deliver,
Martha; some telegrams you can't phone.

MARTHA:
(rising)
What do you mean?

GEORGE:
Martha....I can hardly bring myself to
say it....

HONEY:
Don't.

GEORGE:
(to Honey)
Do you want to do it?

HONEY:
(defending herself against
an attack of bees)
No no no no no.

GEORGE:
(sighing heavily)
All right. Well, Martha...I'm afraid our
boy isn't coming home for his birthday.

MARTHA:
Of course he is.

GEORGE:
No, Martha.

MARTHA:
Of course he is. I say he is!

GEORGE:
He...can't.

MARTHA:
He is! I say so!

GEORGE:
Martha...
(long pause)
...our son is...dead.
(silence)
He was...killed...late in the afternoon...
(silence; a tiny chuckle)

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
144.

69 (Cont. 11)

GEORGE: (Cont.)

...on a country road, with his learner's permit in his pocket, he swerved, to avoid a porcupine, and drove straight into a....

MARTHA:

(rigid fury)

YOU...CAN'T...DO...THAT!

GEORGE:

...large tree.

MARTHA: .

YOU CANNOT DO THAT!

NICK:

(softly)

Oh my God.

Honey is weeping louder.

GEORGE:

(quietly, dispassionately)

I thought you should know.

NICK:

Oh my God; no.

MARTHA:

(quivering with rage
and loss)

NO! NO! YOU CANNOT DO THAT! YOU CAN'T
DECIDE THAT FOR YOURSELF! I WILL NOT LET
YOU DO THAT!

GEORGE:

We'll have to leave around noon, I
suppose....

MARTHA:

I WILL NOT LET YOU DECIDE THESE THINGS!

GEORGE:

...because there are matters of identifi-
cation, naturally, and arrangements to be
made....

MARTHA:

(leaping at George, but
ineffectual)

YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 12)

Nick rises, grabs hold of Martha, pins her arms behind her back.

MARTHA:

I WON'T LET YOU DO THIS, GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

GEORGE:

(as Nick holds on; right
in Martha's face)

You don't seem to understand, Martha; I haven't done anything. Now, you listen to me. Our son is DEAD! Can you get that into your head?

MARTHA:

YOU CAN'T DECIDE THESE THINGS.

NICK:

Lady, please.

MARTHA:

LET ME GO!

GEORGE:

Now listen, Martha; listen carefully. We got a telegram; there was a car accident, and he's dead. POUF! Just like that! Now, how do you like it?

MARTHA:

(a howl which weakens
into a moan)

NOOOOOOoooooo.

GEORGE:

(to Nick)

Let her go.

(Martha slumps to the floor
in a sitting position)

She'll be all right now.

MARTHA:

(pathetic)

No; no, he is not dead; he is not dead.

GEORGE:

He is dead. Kyrie, eleison. Christe, eleison. Kyrie, eleison.

MARTHA:

You cannot. You may not decide these things.

(CONTINUED)

7/30/65
146.

69 (Cont. 13)

NICK:

(leaning over her;
tenderly)

He hasn't decided anything, lady. It's
not his doing. He doesn't have the power....

GEORGE:

That's right, Martha; I'm not a God. I
don't have the power over life and death,
do I?

MARTHA:

YOU CAN'T KILL HIM! YOU CAN'T HAVE HIM
DIE!

NICK:

Lady...please....

MARTHA:

YOU CAN'T!

GEORGE:

There was a telegram, Martha.

MARTHA:

(up; facing him)

Show it to me! Show me the telegram!

GEORGE:

(long pause; then, with
a straight face)

I ate it.

MARTHA:

(a pause; then with the
greatest disbelief possible,
tinged with hysteria)

What did you just say to me?

GEORGE:

(barely able to stop ex-
ploding with laughter)

I...ate...it.

Martha stares at him for a long moment, then spits in his
face.

GEORGE:

(with a smile)

Good for you, Martha.

(CONTINUED)

NICK:

(to George)

Do you think that's the way to treat her
at a time like this? Making a lousy
goddamn joke like that? Hunh?

GEORGE:

(snapping his fingers at Honey)

Did I eat the telegram or did I not?

HONEY:

(terrified)

Yes; yes, you ate it. I watched...I
watched you...you...you ate it all down.

GEORGE:

(prompting)

...like a good boy.

HONEY:

...like a...g-g-g-good...boy. Yes.

MARTHA:

(to George, coldly)

You're not going to get away with this.

GEORGE:

(with disgust)

YOU KNOW THE RULES, MARTHA! FOR CRY
SAKE, YOU KNOW THE RULES!

MARTHA:

NO!

NICK:

(with the beginnings of a
knowledge he cannot face)

What are you two talking about?

GEORGE:

I can kill him, Martha, if I want to.

MARTHA:

HE IS OUR CHILD!

GEORGE:

Oh yes, and you bore him, and it was a
good delivery....

MARTHA:

HE IS OUR CHILD!

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 15)

GEORGE:
AND I HAVE KILLED HIM!

MARTHA:
NO!

GEORGE:
YES!

Long silence.

NICK:
(very quietly)
I think I understand this.

GEORGE:
(same)
Do you?

NICK:
(same)
Oh my God...I think I understand this.

GEORGE:
(same)
Good for you, buster.

NICK:
(violently)
OH MY GOD, I THINK I UNDERSTAND THIS!

MARTHA:
(great sadness and loss)
You have no right...you have no right
at all....

GEORGE:
(tenderly)
I have the right, Martha. We never spoke
of it; that's all. I could kill him any
time I wanted to.

MARTHA:
But why? Why?

GEORGE:
You broke our rule, baby. You mentioned
him...you mentioned him to someone else.

MARTHA:
(tearfully)
I did not. I never did.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 16)

GEORGE:
Yes, you did.

MARTHA:
Who? WHO?!

HONEY:
(crying)
To me. You mentioned him to me.

MARTHA:
(crying)
I FORGET! Sometimes...when it's night,
when it's late, and everybody else is
talking...I forget and I want to mention
him...but I HOLD ON...I hold on...but I've
wanted to mention him so often...oh,
George, you've pushed it...there was no
need...there was no need for this. I
mentioned him...all right...but you
didn't have to push it over the EDGE.
You didn't have to...kill him.

GEORGE:
Requiescat in pace.

HONEY:
Amen.

MARTHA:
You didn't have to have him die, George.

GEORGE:
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.

HONEY:
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

MARTHA:
That wasn't...needed.

A long silence, broken only by the sound of Martha's sobbing

GEORGE:
(softly)
It will be dawn soon. I think the party's
over.

NICK:
(to George; quietly)
You couldn't have...any?

GEORGE:
We couldn't.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 17)

MARTHA:
(a hint of communion in this)
We couldn't.

GEORGE:
(to Nick and Honey)
Home to bed, children; it's way past
your bedtime.

NICK:
(his hand out to Honey)
Honey?

HONEY:
(rising, moving to him)
Yes.

Martha is sitting on the floor by a window seat.

GEORGE:
You two go now.

NICK:
Yes.

HONEY:
Yes.

NICK:
I'd like to....

GEORGE:
Goodnight.

NICK:
(pause)
Goodnight.

Nick and Honey leave. George closes the door after them, looks around the room, sighs, picks up a glass or two, takes it to the bar. THIS WHOLE LAST SECTION VERY SOFTLY, VERY SLOWLY.

GEORGE:
Do you want anything?

MARTHA:
(still looking away)
No...nothing.

GEORGE:
All right.
(pause; he turns out a lamp)
Time for bed.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 18)

MARTHA:
Yes.
GEORGE:
Are you tired?
MARTHA:
Yes.
GEORGE:
I am.
MARTHA:
Yes.
GEORGE:
Sunday tomorrow; all day.
MARTHA:
Yes.

During a long silence between them, he turns out another lamp and we now realize that the balance of light in the room has changed drastically. The main source of illumination is no longer artificial light, but rather, the brightening sky outside.

70. MED. TWO SHOT

George sits down on the window seat behind Martha, and she rests her head against his legs. The window is behind them.

MARTHA:
Did you...did you have to?

GEORGE:
(pausé)
Yes.

MARTHA:
It was...? You had to?

GEORGE:
Yes.

MARTHA:
I don't know.

GEORGE:
It was time.

MARTHA:
Was it?

GEORGE:
Yes.

71. VERY CLOSE SHOT MARTHA

MARTHA:
(pause)
I'm cold.

GEORGE'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
It's late.

MARTHA:
Yes.

GEORGE'S VOICE:
(long silence; o.s.)
It will be better.

MARTHA:
(long silence)
I don't know.

72. MED. TWO SHOT

GEORGE:
It will be...maybe.

MARTHA:
I'm...not...sure.

GEORGE:
No.

MARTHA:
Just...us?

GEORGE:
Yes.

MARTHA:
I don't suppose, maybe, we could--

GEORGE:
No, Martha.

MARTHA:
Yes. No.

GEORGE:
Are you all right?

MARTHA:
(automatically)
Yes...

(the truth)
No.

(CONTINUED)

72 (Cont.)

He puts his hand gently on her shoulder. She puts her head back, and he begins to stroke her hair. During this, Martha and George, CLOSE IN F.G., have become deepeningly silhouetted against the window by the increasing brighter rays of the morning sun behind them.

GEORGE:

(singing, very softly)

Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf...
Virginia Woolf...
Virginia Woolf...

MARTHA:

I...am...George...

She raises her hand out of the darkness and into the light. His hand moves from darkness into light, joins hers, and their hand-embrace tightens fiercely. Now CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE IN SLOWLY.

GEORGE:

Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf...

MARTHA:

I...am...George...

CAMERA IS MOVING PAST THEM.

MARTHA'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

...I...am...

CAMERA HAS GONE UP TO WINDOW AND HOLDS ON:

73. LONG SHOT EXT. AREA BEYOND HOUSE (AS SEEN THROUGH WINDOWPANES) (LOCATION AND SPECIAL EFFECTS)

Outside, buildings are black in silhouette as sun rises behind them. Now, sun comes into view, dazzles us with light glinting on the many panes of glass, dazzling our eyes more and more until the screen goes white.

FADE OUT.

THE END