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Who 's Afraid of Virginia Wolf?

By Ernest Lehman

- Good night.
- Good night.

- It's 2:

- Oh, George.
Well, it is.
What a cluck.
What a cluck you are.
It's late, you know. It's late.
No kidding.
What a dump.
Hey, what's that from? "What a dump!"
How would I know?
Oh, come on, what's it from?
You know.
Martha.
What's it from, for chrissake?
What's what from?
I just told you. I just did it.
"What a dump!"
- What's that from?
- I haven't the faintest idea.
Dumbbell.
It's from some damn
Bette Davis picture...
...some goddamn Warner Bros. Epic.
Martha, I can't remember all the pictures
that came out of Warner Bros.
Nobody's asking you to remember
every goddamn Warner Bros. Epic.
Just one. Just one single little epic.
That's all.
Bette Davis gets peritonitis at the end.
She wears this black fright wig
throughout the picture.
And she's married to Joseph Cotten
or something.
- Somebody.
- Somebody.
And she wants to go to Chicago
all the time...
...because she loves that actor
with the scar.
But she gets sick, and she

sits down in front of her dressing table...

What actor? What scar?

I can't remember his name,
for God's sake. What's the picture?

I want to know
what the name of the picture is.

She gets this peritonitis...

...but she decides to go
to Chicago anyway. And...

Chicago. It's called Chicago.

What? What is?

I mean the picture.

It's called Chicago.

Oh, good grief.

Don't you know anything?

Chicago was a '30s musical...

...starring little Miss Alice Faye.

Don't you know anything?

This picture...

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

She works in a grocery store?

She's a housewife. She buys things.

She comes home with the groceries...

...and she walks into
the modest living room...

...of the modest cottage
modest Joseph Cotten set her up in.

- Are they married?

- And...

Yes, they're married.

To each other, cluck.

And she comes in,

and she looks around this room...

...and she sets down her groceries.

And she says:

"What a dump!"

She's discontent.

Well, what's the name of the picture?

I really don't know, Martha.

Well, think!

Well, I'm tired, dear. It's late.

I don't know what you're tired about.

You didn't do anything today.
- I'm tired.
- You didn't have any classes.
Well, if your father didn't set up
these damned Saturday-night orgies...
That's just too bad about you, George.
Well, that's how it is anyway.
You didn't do anything.
You never do anything. You never mix.
You just sit around and talk.
Well, what do you want me to do? Bray
at everyone all night, the way you do?
I don't bray!
All right, you don't bray.
I did not bray.
I said you didn't bray.
Fix me a drink.
Haven't you had enough?
I said, fix me a drink.
Well, I don't suppose a nightcap
would kill either one of us.
A nightcap? Are you kidding?
We've got guests.
We've got what?
Guests. Guests.
Guests.
Yeah, guests. People.
We've got guests coming over.
When?
Now.
Good Lord, Martha,
do you know what time it is?
Yeah.
- Who's coming over?
- What's-their-name.
- Who?
- What's-their-name!
Who's what's-their-name?
I don't know their name, George.
You met them tonight. They're new. He's
in the Math Department or something.
I don't remember
meeting anybody tonight.
Well, you did.

Of all the asinine...

Who are these people?

- He's in the Math Department.

- Who?

He's in the Math Department.

He's young and he's blond.

He's good-looking, well-built?

Yes, good-looking, well-built.

- It figures.

- What?

Nothing. Nothing.

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

Do you remember them now?

I guess so. But why in hell
do they have to come over here now?

Because Daddy said
we should be nice to them.

- That's why.

- For God's sake.

- Daddy said we should be nice to them.

- But why now?

Because Daddy said
we should be nice to them.

I'm sure he didn't mean we were
supposed to stay up all night with them.

We could have them over
some Sunday or something.

Well, never mind.

Besides, it is Sunday.

Very early Sunday.

- It's ridiculous.

- Well, it's done.

Okay, where are they?

If we've got guests, where are they?

They'll be here soon.

What'd they do, go home and
get some sleep first or something?

They'll be here.

I wish you'd tell me about things
sometimes.

I wish you'd stop springing things on me
all the time.

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

- Yes, you do.
You really do.
You're always springing things on me.
- Oh, George.
- Always.
Poor Georgie Porgie, put-upon pie.
What are you doing? Are you sulking?
Let me see. Are you sulking?
Is that what you're doing?
Never mind.
Just don't bother yourself.
Hey.
- Hey.
- What?
Who 's afraid of Virginia Woolf?
Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf?
Who 's afraid of Virginia Woolf?
What's the matter?
Didn't you think that was funny?
- I thought it was a scream.
- It was all right.
You laughed when you heard it
at the party.
- I smiled. I didn't laugh my head off.
- You laughed your goddamn head off.
- It was all right.
- It was a scream.
It was very funny, yes.
You make me puke.
- What?
- You make me puke.
- Wasn't a very nice thing to say, Martha.
- That wasn't what?
A very nice thing to say.
Oh, I like your anger.
I think that's what I like
about you most.
Your anger.
You are such a simp.
You haven't even got the...
The what?
Guts?
Phrasemaker.
You never put any ice in my drink.

Why is that, huh?

I always put ice in your drinks, Martha.

You eat it, that's all.

It's this habit you've got of chewing
on your ice cubes like a cocker spaniel.

You'll crack your big teeth.

Well, they're my big teeth.

Yeah, some of them, some of them.

- I've got more teeth than you have.

- Two more.

Well, you're going bald.

So are you.

Hello, honey.

Hey, go on,

give your mommy a big sloppy kiss.

- No.

- I want a big sloppy kiss.

I don't wanna kiss you

right now, Martha.

Where are these people

you invited over?

Where is this good-looking, well-built

young man and his slim-hipped wife?

Stayed on to talk to Daddy.

They'll be here.

Why didn't you want to kiss me?

George?

- George?

- Yes, love?

Why didn't you want to kiss me?

Well, dear, if I kissed you I'd get

all excited. I'd get beside myself...

...and then I'd have to take you by force,

right here on the living-room rug.

And our little guests

would walk in...

...and, well, what would

your father say about that?

Oh, you pig.

Fix me another drink, lover.

My God, you can swill it down,

can't you?

- Well, I'm thirsty.

- Oh, Jesus.

Look, sweetheart, I can drink you
under any table you want...
...so don't worry about me.
I gave you the prize years ago, Martha.
There isn't an abomination award going
that you haven't won.
I swear if you existed, I'd divorce you.
- Just stay on your feet for your guests.
- I can't even see you.
If you pass out or throw up...
And try to keep your clothes on too.
- No more sickening sight you drunk...
- You're a blank.
...and your skirt over your head.
- A cipher. A zero.
Your heads, I should say.
Party. Party.
Oh, I'm really looking forward to this,
Martha.
- Go answer the door.
- You answer it.
- Get to that door, you.
- To you.
Come on in!
I said get over there
and answer that door.
All right, love. Whatever love wants.
- Just don't start on the bit, that's all.
- The bit?
The bit? What kind of language is that?
Imitating one of your students?
Just don't start in on the bit
about the kid, that's all.
- What do you take me for?
- Much too much.
Yeah? Well, I'll start in
on the kid if I want to.
- I'd advise against it, Martha.
- Well, good for you.
Come on in!
Get over there and open that door.
- You've been advised, Martha.
- Sure. Get over there.
All right, love. Whatever love wants.

It's nice,
some people still have manners...
...and don't come breaking into
other people's houses.
Even if they do hear some subhuman
monster yowling at them from inside.
Goddamn you!

Hi there.

- Hello. Here we are.

- Come on in.

- We made it.

- You must be our little guests.

Just ignore old sourpuss here.

Come on in, kids.

Just hand your coat and stuff
to old sourpuss here.

- Well, perhaps we shouldn't have come.

- Yes, yes, it is late and l...

Late? Are you kidding? Just throw your
stuff down anyplace and come on in.

Anywhere. Furniture, floor. Doesn't make
any difference around this place.

- I told you we shouldn't have come.

- I said, come on in. Now, come on.

- Oh, dear.

- Oh, dear.

Look, muck-mouth, you cut that out.

Martha. Martha's a devil with language.

She really is.

Kids, sit down.

Isn't this lovely?

- Oh, yes, indeed. Very handsome.

- Oh, well, thank you.

Who did the painting?

That? Oh, that's by...

Some Greek with a mustache

Martha attacked one night in a...

It's got a...

- Quiet intensity?

- Well, no, a...

Well, then a certain noisy,
relaxed quality maybe?

- No, what I meant was...

- A quietly noisy relaxed intensity?

Dear, you're being joshed.
I'm aware of that.
I'm sorry. What it is, actually...
...it's a pictorial representation
of the order of Martha's mind.
Fix the kids a drink, George.
What would you like to drink?
Honey...
- What would you like?
- Oh, I don't know, dear.
A little brandy maybe.
Never mix, never worry.
Brandy? Just brandy.
Simple, simple.
What about you...?
- Bourbon on the rocks, if you don't mind.
- Mind? I don't mind. Don't think I mind.
Martha, rubbing alcohol for you?
Sure. Never mix, never worry.
Never mix, never worry.
Hey. Hey.
Who 's afraid of Virginia...?
Virginia Woolf?
Wasn't that funny?
- That was so funny, huh?
- Yes, it was.
I thought I'd bust a gut. I really did.
George didn't think it was funny at all.
Martha thinks that unless you, as she
puts it, bust a gut, you're not amused.
Unless you carry on like a hyena,
you're not having fun.
Well, I certainly had fun.
It was a wonderful party.
- Yes, it certainly was.
- And your father, oh, he is so wonderful.
- Yes, yes, he is.
- Yeah.
- Oh, I tell you.
- He's quite a guy, isn't he?
- Quite a guy.
- You better believe it.
- Oh, he's a marvelous man.
- I'm not trying to tear him down.

- He's a god. We all know that.

- You lay off my father.

Yes, love. I mean, when you've had
as many faculty parties as I have...

- I rather appreciated it.

- You what?

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

Meeting everyone,
getting introduced around.

The way he had us put up out at the inn
till our place is ready.

- Why, when I was teaching in Kansas...

- You won't believe it...

...but we had to make our way
all by ourselves. Isn't that right, dear?

- Why, yes...

- We had to make our own way.

I would have to go up to the wives
in the library or the supermarket...

...and say, "Hello, I am new here.

You must be Mrs. So-and-So,
Dr. So-and-So's wife."

It really wasn't very nice at all.

Daddy knows how to run things.

- He's a remarkable man.

- You bet your sweet life.

Let me tell you a secret, baby.

There are easier things in this world...

...if you happen
to be teaching at a university...

...easier than being married
to the daughter...

...of the president of that university.

There are easier things in this world.

It should be an extraordinary opportunity.

For some men

it would be the chance of a lifetime.

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

Some men would give their right arm
for the chance.

Alas, in reality

it works out that the sacrifice...

...is of a somewhat more private portion of the anatomy.

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

Are you all right?

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

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

What?

I'm sorry.

I want to show you the house anyway.

We'll be back, dear.

- Honestly, George, you burn me up.

- All right.

- You really do, George. You really do.

- Okay, Martha, just trot along.

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

I'll talk about

any goddamn thing I want to.

Okay, okay, vanish.

- Any goddamn thing I want.

- Vanish.

Come on.

What'll it be?

I'll stick to bourbon, I guess.

So you're in the Math Department?

No.

No.

Martha said you were.

I think that's what she said.

What made you decide to be a teacher?

Well, the same things

that motivated you, I imagine.

- What were they?

- Pardon?

What were they?

What were the things that motivated me?

Well, I'm sure I don't know.

You said the things that motivated you and me were the same.

- I said I imagined they were.

- Oh, did you?

Oh, well.

You like it here?

- Yes, it's fine.

- I meant the university.

Oh, I thought you meant...

I could see you did.

I meant the university.

Well, I like it fine.

Just fine.

You've been here for quite a long time,
haven't you?

What?

Oh, yes. Yes, ever since I married
what's-her-name. Martha.

Even before that. Forever.

Dashed hopes and good intentions.

Good, better, best, bested.

- How's that for a declension?

- Sir, I'm sorry...

- You didn't answer my question.

- Sir?

Don't condescend to me.

I asked how you liked that declension:

Good, better, best, bested.

Well?

- I really don't know what to say.

- You really don't know what to say?

Want me to say it's funny, so you
can contradict me and say it's sad?

Or shall I say it's sad
so you can say it's funny?

You can play that game
any way you want to.

Very good, very good.

When my wife comes back,
I think we'll...

Now, calm down. Just calm down.

All right?

- Another drink? Let me...

- I still have one.

- And I think when my wife comes down...

- Let me freshen it. Stay there.

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

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.

- Still, I think we...

- Well, now, let's sit down and talk.

It's just that I don't like to become involved in other people's affairs.

You'll get over that. Small college.

- Musical beds is the faculty sport here.

- Sir?

I said, musical... Never mind. I wish you wouldn't go, "Sir." How old are you?

- Twenty-eight.

- I'm 40-something.

Well? Aren't you surprised?

I mean, don't I look older?

I think you look fine.

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

Hundred fifty-five, 60, something like that? Do you play handball?

Not very well.

We should play sometime.

Martha is 108...

...years old.

She weighs somewhat more than that.

How old is your wife?

She's 26.

Martha is a remarkable woman.

I would imagine she weighs around 110.

- Your wife weighs...?

- No, my boy...

...your wife. My wife is Martha.

- Yes, I know.

- Yes.

Yes, well, if you were married to Martha you would know what it means.

And if I were married to your wife,

I would know what that means too.

Yes.

Martha says you're in

the Math Department or something.

No, I'm not.

Martha's seldom mistaken. Maybe
you should be in the Math Department.
I'm a biologist.
I'm in the Biology Department.
- Sir?
- You're the one.
You're the one's gonna make
that trouble, making everyone the same.
Rearranging the "chromozones,"
or whatever it is. Isn't that right?
Not exactly. Chromosomes.
I'm very mistrustful.
Do you believe
we learn nothing from history?
- I'm in the History Department.
- Yes, I know.
Martha tells me often that
I'm in the History Department...
...as opposed to being the History
Department, in the sense of running it.
I do not run the History Department.
I don't run the Biology Department.
- You're 21.
- Twenty-eight.
Perhaps when you're 40-something
you will run the History Department.
- Biology.
- Biology Department, of course.
I'm really very mistrustful.
I read somewhere that science fiction
is not really fiction at all.
That you people are
rearranging my genes...
...so that everyone will be
like everyone else.
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.
Don't know much about science,
do you?
I know something about history.

I know when I'm being threatened.
Your wife doesn't have
any hips, does she?
What?
Oh, I didn't mean to suggest
that I'm hip-happy.
I was implying
that your wife is slim-hipped.
Yes, she is.
You got any kids?
No, not yet. You?
That's for me to know
and you to find out.
Indeed.
No kids, huh?
What's the matter?
Nothing. We just...
We wanted to wait till we're settled.
Do you think you'll be happy
here at New Carthage?
Well, we hope to stay here.
I don't mean forever.
Well, I wouldn'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...
...and fall in the line of service.
One man, a professor of Latin
and elocution...
...actually fell in the
cafeteria line one lunch.
But the old man is not gonna fall
anywhere. The old man is not gonna 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 200 years old.
There's probably an irony there, but
I'm not drunk enough to figure it out.
Martha!
Damn it.
I wonder what women talk about when
the men are talking. I must find out.

What do you want?

Isn't that a wonderful sound?

- George!

- How many kids you gonna have?

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

Slim-hipped.

Well, there's one of you at least.

You must see this house, dear.

- This is such a wonderful old house.

- Yes.

- Martha!

- For chrissake, hang on a minute!

She'll be right down, she's changing.

- She's changing? What, her clothes?

- Yes.

- Her dress.

- Why?

I imagine that she wants

to be comfortable.

Oh, she does, does she?

- Well, heavens, I should think...

- You don't know.

- You all right, dear?

- Yes, dear, perfectly fine.

So she wants to be comfortable,
does she?

Well, we'll see about that.

I didn't know that you had a son.

- What?

- A son. I hadn't known.

- You to know and me to find out, huh?

- Tomorrow is his birthday.

- He will be 16.

- Well.

- She told you about him?

- Well, yes.

- She told you about him?

- Yes.

- You said she's changing?

- Yes.

- And she mentioned...

- Your son's birthday, yes.

Okay, Martha. Okay.

You look pale. Would you like...?

Yes, dear, a little more brandy maybe.

- Just a drop.

- May I use the...?

- Okay, Martha. What?

- Bar.

What? Yes, yes. By all means, drink away. You'll need it as the years go on.

Damn destructive...

Oh, what time is it, dear?

- Two-thirty.

- So late.

Maybe we should be getting home.

For what? You keeping the babysitter up or something?

I told you we didn't have children.

Oh, yeah, I'm sorry.

I wasn't even listening.

Or thinking.

Whichever one applies.

We'll go in a while.

Oh, no. No, you mustn't.

Martha is changing,

and Martha is not changing for me.

Martha hasn't changed for me in years.

Her changing means we're

gonna be here for days.

You're being accorded an honor.

You mustn't forget Martha is the daughter of our beloved boss.

She is his right arm.

I'd use another word,

but we leave that sort of talk to Martha.

What sort of talk?

Well, now.

Why, Martha, your Sunday chapel dress.

Oh, that's most attractive.

You like it? Good.

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

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

Well, you just trot over to the bar-i-poo and...

And make your little mommy

a great big drink.
That's right.
Say, you must be quite a guy...
...getting your master's
when you were, what, 12?
- Hear that, George?
- Twelve and a half, actually.
No, 19, really.
Honey, you needn't
have mentioned that.
I'm proud of you.
- I'm very impressed.
- You're damn right.
I said I was impressed.
Beside myself with jealousy.
What do you want me to do, throw up?
That's really very impressive.
You should be right proud.
Oh, he's a pretty nice fella.
You might take over
the History Department.
Biology Department.
Biology Department, of course.
I seem preoccupied with history.
What a remark.
"I am preoccupied with history."
George is not preoccupied
with history.
George is preoccupied
with the History Department.
George is preoccupied
with it because...
Because he's not
the History Department...
...but is only in the History Department.
We went through all that
while you were upstairs getting up.
That's right, baby, you keep it clean.
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.

A swamp.
Hey, swamp. Hey, swampy.
Yes, Martha?
Can I get you something?
Well, sure.
You can light my cigarette
if you're of a mind to.
No. There are limits.
A man can put up with only so much
without he descends a rung or two...
...on the old evolutionary ladder,
which is up your line.
Now, I'll hold your hand when it's dark
and you're afraid of the bogeyman.
I'll tote your gin bottles
out after midnight so no one can see.
But I will not light your cigarette.
And that, as they say, is that.
Jesus.
Hey, you played football, huh?
Well, yes, I was a quarterback.
But I was much more adept
at boxing, really.
- Boxing? You hear that, George?
- Yes, Martha.
You must've been good.
Don't look like you got hit in the face.
He was intercollegiate state
middleweight champion.
- Honey.
- Well, you were.
Still look like you have a
pretty good body now too. Is that right?
- Martha, decency forbids...
- Shut up.
Is that right?
Have you kept your body?
- It's still pretty good. I work out.
- Do you?
- Yeah.
- Yes, he has a very firm body.
Have you? Well, I think that's very nice.
Well, you never know.
You know, once you have it...

You never know
when it's gonna come in handy.
I was gonna say,
why give it up until you have to?
I couldn't agree with you more.
I couldn't agree with you more.
Martha, your obscenity
is beyond human...
George here doesn't cotton
too much to body talk.
Paunchy here isn't too happy
when the conversation...
...moves to muscle.
How much do you weigh?
A hundred and fifty-five, 150...
Still at the old middleweight limit, huh?
That's pretty good.
Hey, George.
Tell them about
the boxing match we had.
Christ.
George, tell them about it.
You tell them, Martha, you're good at it.
- Is he all right?
- Him? Oh, sure.
See, George and I had this boxing match
a couple of years after we were married.
- A boxing match? The two of you?
- Oh, really?
Yeah, the two of us. Really.
I can't imagine it.
Well, it wasn't in a ring
or anything like that, you know.
See, Daddy was on this
physical-fitness kick.
So he had a couple of us
over one Sunday...
...and we all went out in the back...
...and Daddy put the gloves on himself...
...and he asked George to box with him.
- Yeah.
- And George didn't want to.
- Yeah.
So Daddy was saying,

"Come on, young man.
What sort of a son-in-law are you?"
And stuff like that.
And while this is 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 yelled, "Hey, George!"
And let go with
a sort of roundhouse right.
- Just kidding, you know.
- Yeah, yeah.
And George wheeled around real quick
and caught it right in the jaw.
He caught it right in the jaw.
And he was off-balance...
He must have been.
- And then he landed
flat in a huckleberry bush.
Yeah.
It was awful, really. It was funny.
It was...
I think it's colored our whole lives.
- Pow, you're dead.
- Lord.
Oh, my goodness.
- Where'd you get that, you bastard?
- Let me see that.
I've had it a while.
- Liked that, did you?
- Oh, you bastard.
- I've never been so frightened.
- You liked that?
Oh, that was pretty good.
Hey, give me a kiss.
- Later, sweetie.
- Give me a kiss.
Oh, boy.
So that's what you're after?
- We having blue games for the guests?
- You son of a...
Everything in its place, Martha.
Everything in its own good time.
Drinks now. Drinks for all.

Martha, you've nibbled
away at your glass.

I have not.

I think I need something.

I was never so frightened in my life.

Weren't you frightened,
just for a second?

- I don't remember.

- Now, I bet you were.

Did you really think

I was gonna kill you?

- You kill me? That's a laugh.

- Well, now, I might someday.

- Fat chance.

- Where's the john?

Oh, it's down the hall and to the right.

Now, don't you come back
with any guns or anything.

Oh, no.

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

I'll bet not.

- No fake gun for you.

- May I leave my drink here?

Why not? We've got half-filled glasses
all over, wherever Martha left them.

In the closet, the bathtub.

I found one in the freezer once.

- You did not.

- Yes, I did.

- You did not.

- Yes, I did.

- Brandy doesn't give you a hangover?

- I never mix.

- And then, I don't drink very much either.

- Oh, good, good.

Your husband was telling us
all about chromosomes.

- What?

- Chromosomes, Martha. He's a biologist.

- He's in the Math Department.

- Biologist.

He's in the Math Department!

Biology.

- Are you sure?
- Well, I ought to be sure.
So he's a biologist. Good for him.
Biology's even better.
It's right at the meat of things.
You're at the meat of things, baby.
She thought that you were
in the Math Department.
Maybe I ought to be.
You stay right where you are.
You stay right at the meat of things.
You're obsessed by that phrase, Martha.
It's ugly.
You stay right there.
You can take over
the History Department...
...just as easy from there
as anyplace else.
Somebody's gotta take over
the History Department someday.
And it ain't gonna be Georgie-boy
over there, that's for sure.
Are you swampy? Are you?
Martha, in my mind, you are
buried in cement right up to the neck.
No, up to the nose. It's much quieter.
When is your son...?
- What?
- Something about your son.
- Son?
- When is your son...?
Where is your son coming home?
- Martha, when's our son coming home?
- Never mind.
No, no, I want to know.
You brought it out into the open.
When's he coming home, Martha?
I said, never mind.
I'm sorry I brought it up.
"Him" up, not "it." You brought him up.
Well, more or less.
When's the little bugger appearing?
Isn't tomorrow his birthday?
I don't want to talk about it.

- But, Martha...
- I don't want to talk about it.
I bet you don't.
She doesn't wanna talk about it. Him.
Martha is sorry she brought it up. Him.
When's the little bugger coming home?
Yes, now that you've had
the bad taste to bring it up...
...when is the bugger coming?
George talks disparagingly
about the little bugger because...
Well, because he has problems.
What problems has the little bugger got?
Not the little bugger.
Stop calling him that!
You. You've got problems.
Never heard of anything more ridiculous.
- Neither have I.
- Honey...
George's biggest problem
about the little...
About our son.
About our great big son...
...is that deep down
in the private pit of his gut...
...he is not completely sure
that it's his own kid.
My God, you're a wicked woman.
And I told you a million times, baby,
I wouldn't conceive with anyone else.
- You know that, baby.
- A deeply wicked person.
- Oh, my, my, my.
- I'm not sure that this is a subject for...
Martha's lying.
I want you to know that right now.
Martha is lying.
There are few things
I am certain of anymore.
But 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.

Oh, I'm so glad.

- That was a very pretty speech, George.

- Thank you, Martha.

You rose to the occasion good.

Real good.

- Well. Real well.

- Honey.

- Martha knows. Martha knows better.

- That's right.

I've been to college

like everybody else.

George, our son does not have blue hair.

Or blue eyes for that matter.

He has green eyes like me.

- Beautiful, beautiful green eyes.

- He has blue eyes, Martha.

- Green.

- Blue, Martha.

Green, you bastard.

Tut-tut-tut yourself, you old floozy.

He's not a floozy.

He can't be a floozy.

You're a floozy.

Now you just watch yourself.

All right.

I'd like another little nipper

of brandy, please.

- I think you've had enough.

- Nonsense.

- We're all ready, I think.

- Nonsense.

Okay.

George has watery blue eyes,

kind of milky-blue.

Make up your mind, Martha.

I was giving you the benefit of a doubt.

Daddy has green eyes too.

He does not. He has tiny red eyes.

Like a white mouse.

In fact, he is a white mouse.

You wouldn't dare say that if

he was here. You're a coward.

You know that great shock of white hair

and those beady red eyes?
A great big white mouse.
George hates Daddy. Not for anything
Daddy's done to him, but for his own...
Inadequacies?
That's right.
You hit it right on the snout.
Wanna know why the SOB
hates my father?
When George first came to the History
Department about 500 years ago...
...Daddy approved of him.
And do you wanna know what I did,
dumb cluck that I am?
I fell for him.
Oh, I like that.
Yes, she did. You should have seen it.
She'd sit outside my room at night on
the lawn and howl and claw at the turf.
I couldn't work, and so I married her.
I actually fell for him.
- It. That. There.
- Martha's a romantic at heart.
That I am.
I actually fell for him.
And the match seemed practical too.
For a while Daddy thought
George had the stuff to take over...
...when he was ready to retire.
We both thought that...
- Stop it, Martha.
- What do you want?
- I wouldn't go on if I were you.
- You wouldn't? Well, you're not.
You've already sprung a leak
about you-know-what.
- What? What?
- About the little bugger. Our son.
If you start in on this, I warn you...
- I stand warned.
- Do we have to go through all this?
So anyway, I married the SOB.
I had it all planned out.
First he'd take over

the History Department...
...then when Daddy retired,
the whole college.
That was the way it was supposed to be.
Getting angry, baby?
That was the way it was supposed to be.
All very simple.
Daddy thought it was a good idea too.
For a while.
Until he started watching
for a couple of years.
You getting angry?
Until he watched for a couple years...
...and started thinking maybe
it wasn't such a good idea after all.
That maybe Georgie-boy
didn't have the stuff.
That maybe he didn't have it in him.
- Stop it, Martha.
- Like hell, I will.
You see, George didn't have much push.
He wasn't particularly aggressive.
In fact, he was sort of a flop.
A great big, fat flop.
I said stop it, Martha.
I hope that was an empty bottle, George.
You can't afford to waste good liquor.
Not on your salary.
Not on an associate professor's salary.
So here I am, stuck with this flop...
...this bog in the History Department.
- Oh, go on, Martha.
Who's married
to the president's daughter.
Don't.
- Who's expected to be somebody.
- Who 's afraid of Virginia Woolf?
- A bookworm who's so complacent...
- Who 's afraid of Virginia Woolf?
...that he can't make anything
out of himself.
That doesn't have the guts
to make anybody proud of him!
- In the morning

Who 's afraid of Virginia Woolf?
- Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf?
- All right, George, stop it!
I'm gonna be sick. I'm gonna be sick.
Jesus.
She'll be all right.
I'll make some coffee.
- You sure?
- She'll be okay.
I'm really very sorry.
She really shouldn't drink. She's frail.
Slim-hipped, as you'd have it.
Where's my little yum-yum?
Where's Martha?
I think she's going to make some coffee.
She...
She gets sick quite easily.
Martha? No, she hasn't been sick
a day in her life.
Unless you count time
she spends in the rest home.
No, no. My wife.
My wife gets sick quite easily.
Your wife is Martha.
Why, yes.
I know.
She doesn't really spend any time
in a rest home?
Your wife?
No, yours.
Mine?
Oh, no. No, she...
She doesn't. I would.
I mean, if I...
If I were her... She.
- I would.
But then I'm not and so I don't.
I'd like to, though.
It gets pretty bouncy
around here sometimes.
Yes, I'm sure.
- Your wife throws up a lot, huh?
- I didn't say that.
I said she gets sick quite easily.

By "sick," I thought
that you meant she...
It's true, actually.
She does throw up a lot.
The word is "often."
Once she starts
there's practically no stopping. I mean...
...she'll go right on for hours.
Not all the time.
Regularly.
- You can tell time by her?
- Just about.
May I...?
Oh, sure.
I married her because she was pregnant.
But you said you didn't have
any children when I asked you.
She wasn't really. It was...
...a hysterical pregnancy.
She blew up and then she went down.
And when she was up, you married her?
Then she went down.
Bourbon.
Bourbon.
When I was 16...
...and going to prep school,
during the Punic Wars...
...a bunch of us used to go to town
the first day of vacation...
...before we fanned out to our homes.
And in the evening,
this bunch of us would go to a gin mill...
...owned by the gangster father
of one of us...
...and we would drink with the grownups
and listen to the jazz.
And one time, in the bunch of us...
...there was this boy who was 15...
...and he had killed his mother
with a shotgun some years before.
Accidentally. Completely accidentally...
...without even
an unconscious motivation...
...I have no doubt. No doubt at all.

And this one time,
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."
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.
The waiter told people
at the next table...
...what the boy had said
and 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.
Soon everyone in the gin mill
knew what the laughter was about...
...and everyone started ordering bergin
and laughing when they ordered it.
Soon, of course,
the laughter became less general...
...but did not subside entirely
for a very long time.
For always at this table or that...
...someone would order bergin...
...and a whole new area
of laughter would rise.
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 next day...
...each of us alone,
on his train away from the city...
...and each of us
with a grownup's hangover.

But it was the grandest day...
...of my...
...youth.
What...?
What happened to the boy?
The boy who had shot his mother.
I won't tell you.
All right.
The following summer on a country road,
with his learner's permit...
...and his father on the front seat to his
right, he swerved to avoid a porcupine...
...and drove straight into a large tree.
He was not killed, of course.
In the hospital, when he was
conscious and out of danger...
...and when they told him
his father was dead...
...he began to laugh, I have been told.
His laughter grew and would not stop.
And it was not until after
they jammed a needle in his arm...
...not until his consciousness
had slipped away from him...
...that his laughter subsided and stopped.
And when he was recovered
from his injuries enough...
...so he could be moved without damage
should he struggle...
...he was put in an asylum.
That was 30 years ago.
Is he still there?
Oh, yes.
I'm told that for these 30 years...
...he has not uttered...
...one sound.
Must be Martha.
She's making coffee.
For your hysterical wife,
who goes up and down.
Went up and down.
Oh, went? And no more?
No more. Nothing.
Martha doesn't have

hysterical pregnancies.
My wife had one.
Martha doesn't have pregnancies at all.
Do you have any other kids?
Do you have any daughters or anything?
Do we have any what?
Do you have any...?
I mean, do you only have the one...
...kid, your son?
No, no, just one.
One boy.
Our son.
Well...
That's nice.
Yeah, well...
...he's a comfort.
He's a beanbag.
- A what?
- Beanbag. You wouldn't understand.
A beanbag!
I heard you. I didn't say I was deaf,
I said I didn't understand.
You didn't say that at all.
I meant I was implying
I didn't understand.
- Chrissake.
- You're getting testy.
- I'm sorry.
- All I said was our son...
...the apple of our three eyes,
Martha being a Cyclops...
Our son is a beanbag,
and you get testy.
I'm sorry, it's late. I'm tired.
I've been drinking since 9:00.
My wife is vomiting.
There's been a lot of screaming here.
You get testy, naturally.
Don't worry about it.
Anybody who comes here gets testy.
It's expected.
- Don't be upset.
- I'm not upset.
- You're testy.

- Yes.

I'd like to set you straight
about something while we're out here.

- About something Martha said.

- Hey!

Hark. Forest sounds.

- Animal noises.

- Hey!

Oh, well, here's nursie.

We're setting up.

We're having coffee.

Is there anything I should do?

No, you just stay there
and listen to Georgie's side of things.

Bore yourself to death.

You clean up the mess
you made in here, George?

No, Martha,

I did not clean up the mess I made.

I've been trying for years
to clean up the mess I made.

Have you been trying for years?

Accommodation, adjustment.

Those do seem to be
in the order of things.

Don't put me in the same class with you.

No? No, of course not.

I mean, things are simpler for you.

You marry a woman
because she's all blown up.

Whereas I, in my clumsy,
old-fashioned way...

- There was more to it than that.

- Sure. Sure.

I bet she has money too.

Yes.

Yes?

Yes?

- You mean I was right? I hit it?

- Well...

My God, what archery. First try too.

How about that?

- You see...

- There were other things.

- Yes.
- To compensate.
- Yes.
- There always are. There always are.
Allow me.
Tell me about your wife's money.
- No.
- Okay, don't.
My father-in-law was a man of the Lord.
And he was very rich.
- What faith?
- He...
My father-in-law...
...was called by God
when he was 6 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...
...some of them...
...but pretty famous.
And when he died,
he had a lot of money.
- God's money?
- No, his own.
- What happened to God's money?
- He spent God's money...
...and saved his own.
Well, I think that's very nice.
Martha has money because
Martha's father's second wife...
Not Martha's mother,
but after Martha's mother died.
- Was a very old lady...
...who had warts, who was very rich.
She was a witch.
She was a good witch, and she married
the white mouse 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.
And all that was left,
apart from some wart medicine...

...was a big fat will.
Maybe...
Maybe my father-in-law...
...and the witch with the warts
should have gotten together.
Because he was a mouse too.
- He was?
- Sure. Sure.
He was a church mouse.
Your wife never mentioned a stepmother.
Well, maybe it isn't true.
You realize that I've been
drawing you out on this stuff...
...because you're a direct threat to me
and I want to get the goods on you.
- Sure, sure.
- I've warned you. You stand warned.
I stand warned.
You sneaky types worry me the most,
you know.
You ineffectual sons of bitches,
you're the worst.
I'm glad you don't believe me.
After all, you got history on your side.
You got history on your side.
I got biology on mine.
History. Biology.
- I know the difference.
- You don't act it.
We decided you'd take over the History
Department first, then the whole works.
You know, one step at a time.
No. What I thought I'd do is sort of
insinuate myself generally, you know.
Find all the weak spots.
Like me.
Become sort of a fact
and then turn into a...
- A what?
- An inevitability?
Exactly. An inevitability.
Take over a few courses
from the older men.
Plow a few pertinent wives.

Now that's it.
You can shove aside
all the older men...
...but until you're plowing pertinent
wives you're not working.
That's the way to power. Plow them all.
Yeah.
The way to a man's heart...
...the wide, inviting avenue to his job
is through his wife...
...and don't you forget it.
And I'll bet your wife's
got the widest...
...most inviting avenue
on the whole campus.
No, I mean,
her father being president and all.
You bet your historical inevitability.
Yessiree, I just better get her off
into the bushes right away.
Why, you'd certainly better.
I almost think you're serious.
No, baby, you almost think you're serious
and it scares you.
Me?
- Yes, you.
- You're kidding.
I wish I were. I'll give you some
good advice if you want me to.
Good advice? From you? Oh, boy.
You haven't learned yet.
Take it wherever you can get it.
- Listen to me now.
- Come off it.
- I'm giving you good advice now.
- Good God.
There's quicksand here and you'll be
dragged down before you know it.
Sucked down.
You disgust me on principle,
and you're a smug son of a bitch...
...but I'm trying to give you
a survival kit. Do you hear me?
I hear you. You come in loud.

All right.

You want to play it by ear, right?

Everything's gonna work out anyway

because the timetable's history, right?

Right. Just tend to your knitting,

grandma. I'll be okay.

I've tried to...

Tried to reach you, to...

- Make contact?

- Yes.

- Communicate?

- Yes, exactly.

That's touching. That's downright

moving, that's what that is.

- Up yours.

- What?

You heard me.

Honey?

Honey?

Take the trouble

to construct a civilization...

...to build a society based on

the principles of...

- Of principle.

- Honey?

You make government and art and realize

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.

Bravo.

Thank you. Thank you.

Here we are.

A little shaky, but on our feet.

- It wasn't too bad, really.

- Put this on.
- I'm not cold.
- Just put it on, we're leaving.
- You're what?
- We're leaving, going home.

Wait a minute,

what's been going on here?

- What have you been up to?
- I'll get the car.
- I'll call a cab.
- I insist.
- George.
- Yes, love?

Just what the hell

do you think you're doing?

Now, let me see.

I think what I'm doing is...

...I'm getting the car to take
our little guests home.

Well, aren't you going to apologize?

The road should've been straight.

Not that. For making her throw up.

- I did not make her throw up.
- You certainly did.
- I did not.
- Who do you think did, sexy back there?

Think he made his own wife sick?

- Well, you make me sick.
- That's different.

No, now, please. I throw up.

I get sick occasionally all by myself,
without reason.

- Is that a fact?
- You're delicate, Honey.

I've always done it.

- Like Big Ben, huh?
- Just watch it.

George makes everybody sick.

- When our son was a little boy...
- Don't, Martha.

...he always threw up
because of George.

I said don't.

It got so bad that whenever George came

into a room, he'd start right in retching.
Our son used to throw up all the time,
wife and lover...
...because you were always
fiddling at him.
Breaking into his bedroom,
kimono flying, fiddling.
I suppose that's why he ran away
twice in one month.
Twice in one month.
Six times in one year.
Our son ran away from home
because Martha used to corner him.
I never cornered
the son of a bitch in my life.
He used to run up to me
when I'd get home and say:
"Mama's always coming at me."
- Liar. Liar!
- That's the way it was.
She was always coming at him.
Very embarrassing.
If it was so embarrassing,
why are you talking about it?
- Thank you.
- I didn't want to talk about it at all.
Oh, I wish I had some brandy.
I love brandy, I really do.
- Good for you.
- It steadies me so.
I used to drink brandy.
You used to drink bergin too.
Shut up, Martha.
- What?
- Nothing, nothing.
- Did he tell you about that?
- Well...
- Come on, he must have said something.
- Actually, what we did is...
...we sort of danced around a little.
Oh, I love dancing. I really do.
- He didn't mean that.
- Well, I didn't think that he did.
Two grown men dancing. Heavens.

He didn't start in on how
he tried to publish a book...
...and Daddy wouldn't let him?

- Please, Martha.
- A book? What book?
- Please, just a book.
- Just a book?

Oh, look, dancing.

- Why don't we dance? I'd love dancing.
- Honey, Honey.
- We're almost home.
- I want some dancing.
- That's not such a bad idea.
- I love dancing, don't you?
- With the right man, yeah.
- I dance like the wind.
- Stop the car. We're going dancing.
- Martha.
- For heaven's sakes.
- Did you hear me?

All right, love. Whatever love wants.

I dance like the wind

Well, put one on, will you?

Yes, love. How are we gonna
work this, mixed doubles?

You don't think I'd dance with you?

Not with him around, that's for sure.

And not with twinkle-toes either.

I'll dance with anyone

I'll dance by myself

- Honey, you'll get sick again.
- I dance like the wind.

Wonderful

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

All right, George, cut that out.

- Honey.
- Cut it out, George!

What, Martha? What?

All right, you son of a bitch!

- What'd you say, love?
- It stopped.

Why did it stop?

- Give me some change.

- What?
- I said give me some change.
- No.
Honey. Honey. Honey.
Stop that!
You are always at me
when I'm having a good time!
- I'm sorry, Honey.
- Just leave me alone.
I like to dance
and you don't want me to.
- I would like you to dance.
- Just leave me alone!
Choose it, Martha. Do your stuff.
You're damn right.
Hi, sexy.
You wanna dance, angel boobs?
- What'd you call my wife?
- Oh, boy.
No, if I can't do my interpretive dance,
I don't wanna dance at all.
I'll just sit here.
Okay, stuff, let's go.
- We'll just sit here and watch.
- That's right.
- Hi.
- Hi.
You are strong, aren't you?
I like that.
They dance like they've danced before.
It's a familiar dance, monkey nipples,
they both know it.
I don't know what you mean.
- I like the way you move.
- I like the way you move too.
- They like the way they move.
- That's nice.
I'm surprised George didn't tell you
his side of things.
- Well, he didn't.
- That surprises me.
- Does it?
- Aren't they cute?
He usually does

when he gets the chance.
I don't think he trusts me.
It's really a very sad story.
- Is it?
- Oh, it would make you weep.
You have ugly talents, Martha.
Is that so?
Don't encourage her.
- Encourage me.
- Go on.
I warned you, don't encourage her.
He warned you.
- Don't encourage me.
- I heard him. Tell me more.
Well...
Georgie-boy had lots of big ambitions...
...in spite of something funny
in his past...
...which Georgie-boy here
turned into a novel.
His first attempt and also his last.
- Hey, I rhymed. I rhymed.
- Yeah, yeah, you rhymed. Go on.
I warn you, Martha.
But Daddy took a look
at Georgie's novel.
You're looking for a punch in the mouth.
Do tell.
And he was very shocked
by what he read.
- He was?
- Oh, yes, he was.
A novel all about a naughty boy-child.
- I will not tolerate this.
- Can it.
A naughty boy-child...
...who killed his mother...
...and his father dead!
Stop it, Martha!
And Daddy said, "Look here.
I will not let you
publish such a thing."
- All right, the dancing's over.
- Violence, violence.

And Daddy said, "Look here, kid.
You don't think for a second I'm gonna
let you publish this kind of crap?
Not on your life,
and not while you're teaching here.
You publish that
and you're out on your ass."

- Desist, desist.

- Desist.

I will not be made mock of.

He will not be made mock of...

...for chrissake.

- I will not. The game is over.

- Just imagine...

- Yeah.

...a book all about a boy who
murders his mother and kills his father...
...and pretends it's all an accident.

Hey. Hey, wait a minute.

- You wanna know the clincher?

- Yeah.

You wanna know what
big, brave Georgie said to Daddy?

- Yeah. Hey.

- No, no, no.

- Hey, wait a minute.

- Georgie said, "But, Daddy...

I mean, but, sir,
this isn't a novel at all."

- You will not say this.

- The hell I won't. Keep away.

"No, sir, this is no novel at all.

This is the truth.

This really happened to me.

- I'll kill you.

- It happened."

Hey.

Violence!

Violence, violence.

Stop that.

Where are you?

All right. Very quiet now.

We'll all be very quiet.

Murderer.

- That's enough.
- What's the trouble in here?
Honestly, nothing.
No trouble. Just playing a game.
Well... Well, we're closing.
One more round.
Same for everybody. Give us one more
round and we'll be on our merry way.
All right? Good, good.
Thanks. Thanks.
Well, that's one game.
What shall we do now?
Come on.
I mean, let's think of something else.
We played Humiliate the Host.
What should we do now?
- Oh, look...
- Oh, look. Oh, look.
Come on. We must know other games,
college-type types like us.
- Can't be the limit of our vocabulary.
- Haven't had enough?
There are other games.
How about...?
How about Hump the Hostess?
How about that?
Wanna play that one?
- Wanna play Hump the Hostess?
- Calm down.
Or you wanna wait till later,
off in the bushes?
- Hump the Hostess.
- Just shut up, will you?
You don't wanna play that now. Save
that for later. What shall we play now?
- Portrait of a Man Drowning.
- I'm not drowning.
- You told me to shut up.
- I'm sorry.
- No, you're not.
- I'm sorry!
Okay. I know what we do.
Now that we're through with
Humiliate the Host for this round...

...and we don't want to play

Hump the Hostess yet...

...I know what we'll do. How about
a little round of Get the Guests?

- How about that? Get the Guests?

- Jesus, George.

- Book-dropper, child-mentioner.

- I don't like these games.

We've only had one game, we've got to
have another. You can't fly on one.

- Look, anyway, l...

- Silence!

How will we play Get the Guests?

- Oh, good God.

- You be quiet!

I wonder. I wonder.

Yeah. Yeah.

Martha, in her indiscreet way,
told you all about my first novel.

True or false that there
ever was such a thing.

She told you about my first novel,
my memory book.

I preferred she hadn't,
but that's blood under the bridge.

But what Martha didn't do,
didn't tell you...

...what Martha didn't tell us all about
was my second novel.

No, you didn't know about that, did you?

- True or false? True or false?

- No.

Well, it's an allegory, really. Probably.

It's all about this nice, young couple
who comes out of the Middle West.

It's a bucolic, you see.

This nice, young couple
comes out of the Middle West.

He's blond and he's about 30.

And he's a scientist...

A teacher, a scientist.

His mouse is a wifey thing,
gargles brandy...

Just a minute here.

This is my game.
You've had your game.
I wanna hear this. I love stories.
And mousy's father was a holy man, see.
And he ran a traveling clip joint,
and he took the faithful, just took them.
- This is familiar.
- No kidding.
Anyway, blondie and his frau
out of the Plains states came.
Very funny, George.
Thank you, Martha. They settled
in a town like Nouveau Carthage.
- I don't think you better go on.
- Do you not?
I love familiar stories.
They're the best.
How right you are. But blondie
was all in disguise as a teacher...
...because his baggage ticket had
bigger things writ on it: H.I.
Historical Inevitability.
- There's no reason to go any further.
- Let them go on.
We shall. He had this baggage.
Part of his baggage
was in the form of his mouse.
We don't have to listen.
- Why not?
- She has a point.
But nobody could figure out
blondie's baggage, his mouse.
I mean, here he was Pan-Kansas
swimming champion or something...
...and he had this mouse.
Of whom he was solicitous to a point
that faileth human understanding...
...given that she was
something of a simp.
- Look, this just isn't fair of you.
- Perhaps not. Like I said...
...his mouse tooted brandy immodestly
and spent half her time in the upchuck.
- I know these people.

- Do you?

But she was a money baggage,
amongst other things.

Godly money from the golden teeth of
the unfaithful, and she was put up with.

- I don't like this story.

- And she was put up with.

- Stop, George.

- Stop?

- Please. Please, don't.

- Beg, baby.

George.

And now a flashback
to how they got married.

- No!

- Yes!

- Why?

- How they got married was this:

The mouse 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."

- I don't like this.

- Stop it.

"Look at me, I'm all puffed up."

"Oh, my goodness," said blondie.

- And so they were married.

- And so they were married.

- And then? What? And then what?

- And then?

And then the puff went away again
like magic.

The puff went away?

Honey, I didn't mean to.

Honestly, I didn't...

You told.

- Honey. Baby.

- You couldn't have told them. Please.

No. No, you couldn't have told them. No.

And that's how you play Get the Guests.

Please. I'm gonna be sick.

- Leave me alone, I'm gonna be sick.

- Honey.

You shouldn't have done that.

- I hate hypocrisy.
- That was cruel and vicious.
She'll get over it. She'll recover.
- Damaging to me.
- To you?
- To me.
- To you?

Yes!

Beautiful. My God,
you gotta have a swine...
...to show you where the truffles are.
Rearrange your alliances.
Look around and make the best of things.
Put your wife in the car.
I've had enough rides tonight.
We'll walk home.

That's right,
you go plan some new strategy.
- You're gonna regret this.
- No doubt. I regret everything.
- No, I mean I'll make you regret this.
- Go clean up the mess.

You just wait, mister.

- Very good, George.
- Thank you, Martha.
- Really good.
- I'm glad you enjoyed it.

I mean, you did a good job.

You really fixed it.

That's the most life
you've shown in a long time.

You bring out the best in me, baby.

You really are a bastard.

That's all right for you, you can
go around like a hopped-up Arab...

...slashing at everything,
scarring up half the world if you want...

...but let somebody else try it? Oh, no.

- You miserable...

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 sort of get excited.

Sort of heave and pant and come running
at me, your melons bobbling.

You have really screwed up, George.

- Come on, Martha.

- I mean it. You really have.

You can sit, gin running out of
your mouth. You can humiliate me.

You can tear me to pieces all night.

That's perfectly okay.

- You can stand it.

- I cannot stand it!

You can stand it. You married me for it!

That's a desperately sick lie.

Don't you know it even yet?

Martha.

- My arm has gotten tired whipping you.

- You're mad.

- Year after year.

- Deluded, Martha.

- Deluded.

- It's not what I wanted.

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

- Onto myself.

- No. You're sick.

I'll show you who's sick.

I'll show you who's sick.

- All right, Martha.

- I'll show you.

- Show you. I'll show...

- Stop it! Stop it!

Oh, boy.

You really are having
a field day, aren't you?

Well, I'm gonna finish you
before I'm through with you.

You and that quarterback?

You both gonna finish me?

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

And you'll wish you never
mentioned our son.

- I warned you.

- I'm impressed.

- I warned you not to go too far.

- I'm just beginning.

I'm numbed enough so I can take you
when we're alone. I don't listen anymore.

If I do listen I sift everything
so I don't really hear...

...which is the only way to manage it.

But you've taken a new tack
in the last century or two...

...which is just too much. Too much.

I don't mind your dirty underthings in
public. I do, but I've reconciled to that.

- You move into your own fantasy world.

- You're nuts.

- Well, you have.

- Nuts!

You can go on saying that...

Have you ever listened
to your sentences?

You're so convoluted,
that's what you are.

You talk like you're writing
one of your stupid papers.

Actually, I'm rather worried about you.
About your mind.

Don't you worry about my mind,
sweetheart.

- I'll think I'll have you committed.

- You what?

I think I'll have you committed.

Baby, aren't you something?

I've got to find a way to get at you.

You've got at me.

You don't have to do anything, George.

A thousand years of you
has been quite enough.

You'll go quietly then?

Do you wanna know what's happened?

Do you wanna know

what's really happened?

It snapped. Finally. Not me, it.

The whole arrangement.

Boy, you can go on forever and ever.

Everything is manageable.

You make all sorts of excuses:
To hell with it, this is life.
Maybe tomorrow he'll be dead.
Maybe tomorrow you'll be dead.
All sorts of excuses.
Then one day...
...one night, something happens
and, snap...
...it breaks and you just don't
give a damn anymore.
I tried with you, baby. I really tried.
Come off it, Martha.
I really tried.
You're a monster. You are.
I'm loud and I'm vulgar...
...and I wear the pants in the house
because somebody's got to.
But I am not a monster. I'm not!
You're a spoiled, self-indulgent,
willful, dirty-minded, liquor-riddled...
Snap. It went snap.
I am not gonna try to
get through to you anymore.
There was a second back there.
There was a second
when I could've gotten through to you.
When maybe we could've cut
through all this crap.
But it's past.
And I'm not going to try.
Once a month, Martha.
I've gotten used to it.
Once a month we get
Misunderstood Martha...
...the good-hearted girl
beneath the barnacles.
The little miss that the touch of kindness
will bring to bloom again.
I believed it more times than I'd admit.
I hate thinking I'm that much of a sucker.
But I don't believe you.
I just don't believe you.
There is no moment, no moment anymore
when we could come together.

Maybe you're right. You can't
come together with nothing...
...and you're nothing.
Snap.
I looked at you tonight
and you weren't there.
I finally snapped.
And I'm gonna howl it out. And I'm
not gonna give a damn what I do.
And I'm gonna make the biggest
goddamn explosion you've ever heard.
Try and I'll beat you at your own game.
- Is that a threat, George?
- That's a threat, Martha.
You're gonna get it, baby.
Be careful, Martha, I'll rip you to pieces.
You're not man enough.
You haven't the guts.
Total war?
Total.
Oh, come on, Martha.
No. No. No.
Bells.
I've been hearing bells.
Bells ringing.
Bells ringing.
I've been hearing bells.
- Jesus.
- And I couldn't sleep for the bells.
They woke me up.
What time is it?
Don't bother me.
Bells.
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.
- It was so cold. The wind...
- I'm gonna get you, Martha.
- The wind was so cold.
- Somehow, Martha.
And there was someone there,
and, oh, I didn't want someone there.

I was naked.
You don't know
what's going on, do you?
I don't wanna know.
Listen to them.
- I don't want to.
- Look at them!
I don't want to. Please leave me alone.
No. I just...
I don't want any children.
I don't want any children, please.
I'm afraid. I don't wanna be hurt.
Please. Please.
- I should have known.
- What?
Does the stud you married
know about it?
About what? Stay away.
How do you make your
secret little murders? Pills?
You got a secret supply of pills?
Apple jelly? Willpower?
- I feel sick.
- Gonna throw up?
Where is he? I want my husband.
I want a drink.
- That's right, go at it!
- I want something!
You know what's going on up there,
little miss?
I don't wanna know anything.
You leave me alone.
- Who rang?
- What?
What were the bells? Who rang?
- He's up there and you ask who rang?
- Who rang? Someone rang.
- Someone...
- Rang.
Someone rang.
- Yes.
- Bells rang.
- Yes, the bells rang and it was someone...
- Somebody.

Somebody.
Somebody rang.
Bells rang and it was somebody...
With...
I've got it.
I've got it, Martha.
It was a message.
And the message was...
...our son...
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.
- Oh, no.
Our son is dead and Martha
doesn't know. I haven't told her.
- Our son is dead. Martha doesn't know.
- Oh, God.
- And you're not gonna tell her.
- Your son is dead.
I'll tell her myself.
In good time, I'll tell her myself.
I'm gonna be sick.
Are you? That's nice.
- I'm gonna die.
- Good, good. Go right ahead.
Martha.
Martha, I have some...
...terrible news.
It's about our son.
He's dead.
Do you hear me, Martha?
Our boy is dead.
Hey.
Hey!
George?
Where the hell is everybody?
George?
I'll give you bastards five to come out
from wherever you're hiding!

George.

George!

By God, you've gone crazy too.

I said, you've gone crazy too.

Probably.

Probably.

You've all gone crazy.

I come downstairs and what happens?

What happens?

My wife's in the can with a liquor bottle
and she winks at me.

Winks at me.

She's never wunk at you?

What a shame.

She's lying down on the floor,
on the tiles, all curled up.

And she starts peeling the label
on the liquor bottle, the brandy bottle.

Maybe she'd be

more comfortable in the tub.

And I ask her what she's doing

and she goes:

"Nobody knows I'm here."

And I come down here...

...and you're stumbling around
going "clink" for God's sake.

- You've all gone crazy.

- Yeah.

Sad but true.

Where is your husband?

He is vanished.

You're all crazy.

Nuts.

'Tis the refuge we take
when the unreality of the world...
...sits too heavy on our tiny heads.

Relax. Sink into it.

You're no better than anybody else.

I think I am.

Well, you're certainly a flop
in some departments.

What'd you say?

I said you certainly are a flop

in some departments.
I'm sorry you're disappointed.
Maybe sometime
when I didn't drink for 10 hours.
Baby, you sure are a flop.
Boy, you're something. You know that?
I mean, you're really something.
Boy, you know, to you...
To you, everybody's a flop.
Your husband's a flop, I'm a flop.
You're all flops. I am the earth mother,
and you are all flops.
I disgust me.
You know...
...there's only been one man in my
whole life who's ever made me happy.
You know that? One.
That the gym instructor or something?
No, no, no.
George.
- My husband.
- You're kidding.
- Am I?
- You must be. Him?
- Yeah.
- Sure, sure.
You don't believe it.
Why, of course I do.
You always deal on appearances?
Oh, for God's sake.
George, who is out somewhere
there in the dark.
Who is good to me. Whom I revile.
Who can keep learning the games we
play as quickly as I can change them.
Who can make me happy
and I do not wish to be happy.
Yes, I do wish to be happy.
George and Martha.
- Sad, sad, sad.
- Sad.
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.
Sad, sad, sad.
Someday...
Some night, some stupid
liquor-ridden night I will go too far.
I'll either break the man's back or I'll
push him off for good, which I deserve.
I don't think he's got
a vertebra intact.
Oh, you don't, huh?
You don't think so?
Oh, little boy.
You've got yourself so hunched over
that microphone...
Microscope.
Yeah. And you don't see anything,
do you?
You see everything
but the goddamn mind.
You see all the specks and the crap,
but you don't see what goes on, do you?
- All right, now.
- You know so little.
And you're gonna take over
the world, huh?
I said, all right.
The stallion's mad, huh?
The gelding's getting all upset, huh?
Boy, you swing wild, don't you?
- You poor little bastard.
- Hit out at everything.
Go answer the door.
What'd you say to me?
I said, go answer the door.
What are you, deaf?
You want me to go answer the door?
That's right, lunkhead,
go answer the door.
Must be something you do well.

You too drunk to do that too?
There's no need for you to...
Answer it!
You be houseboy
around here for a while.
You can start in being
houseboy right now.
Look, lady, I'm no flunky to you.
Sure, you are.
You're ambitious, aren't you?
You didn't come back here with me
out of mad, driven passion, did you?
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.
- There's no limit to you, is there?
- No, baby, none. Go answer the door.
Go on, get!
Aimless. Wanton.
Now, you just do as you're told.
You show old Martha
there's something you can do.
I'm coming, for chrissake!
Wonderful. Marvelous.
Just a gigolo, everywhere I go
Stop that!
Sorry, baby.
Now, you go answer the little door, huh?
Christ.
Oh, how lovely.
Why, sonny, you came home
for your birthday at last.
Stay away from me.
- That's the houseboy, for God's sake.
- Really?
That's not our own little sonny, Jim?
Our own all-American
something or other?
I certainly hope not.
He's been acting awful funny if he is.
I'll bet. Chippy, chippy, chippy, huh?
Martha...
...I brung these flowers...

...because I... Because you...
Hell, Martha, gee.
Pansies, rosemary, violets.
My wedding bouquet.
Well, if you two kids don't mind,
I'll just get my wife...
You stay right where you are.
Make my hubby a drink.
I don't think I will.
No, Martha, no. That would be too much.
He's your houseboy, baby, not mine.
I'm nobody's houseboy!
- Now.
- Now.
- I'm nobody's houseboy now
- I'm nobody's houseboy now
- Vicious.
- Children? That right?
Vicious children with their sad games
hopscotching their way through life?
Something like that.
Screw, baby.
Him can't. Him too full of booze.
Really? Here! Dump these in some gin.
What a terrible thing to do
to Martha's snapdragons.
Is that what they are?
Yep. And I went by moonlight to Daddy's
greenhouse to pick them for her.
There is no moon.
I saw it go down from the bedroom.
From the bedroom?
Well, there is a moon.
There is no goddamn moon,
the moon went down.
That may be, chastity,
but it came back up.
Bull!
Once when I was sailing past Majorca,
the moon went down...
...thought about it for a while,
and then, pop, came up again.
That is not true. That is such a lie.
You must not call everything a lie,

Martha. Must she?

I don't know when you people are lying.

- You're damn right.

- You're not supposed to.

Right.

- I was sailing past Majorca...

- You never sailed past Majorca.

- Martha.

- You were never...

...in the Mediterranean at all, ever!

My mommy and daddy took me

as a college-graduation present.

- Nuts.

- Was this after you killed them?

Maybe.

Yeah. And maybe not too.

- Jesus.

- Truth and illusion.

Who knows the difference, eh, toots?

Houseboy?

- I'm not a houseboy.

- You don't make it in the sack...

...you're a houseboy.

- I am not a houseboy!

Then you must have made it, yes? Yes?

Somebody's lying around here,

not playing the game straight.

Who's lying? Martha?

Tell him I'm not a houseboy.

No, you're not a houseboy.

So be it.

Truth and illusion, George.

You don't know the difference.

No, but we must carry on

as though we did.

Amen.

- Snap went the dragons.

- Thank you.

- Skip it.

- I said, snap went the dragons!

- Yeah, yeah, we know.

- Snap.

Don't, George!

- Snap.

- Don't do that.
- Shut up, stud.
- I'm not a stud.
Snap. Then you're a houseboy.
Which is it? Which are you?
- Snap.
- Does it matter to you, George?
Snap. No, actually it doesn't.
Either way I've had it.
Stop throwing those damn things at me!
- Either way. Snap.
- Shall I do something to him?
You leave him alone.
- Which are you, baby, houseboy or stud?
- For God's sake.
- Snap.
- Truth or illusion, George?
Doesn't it matter to you at all?
Snap. You got your answer, baby?
Got it.
You just gird your blue-veined loins, girl.
There's one more game to play.
It's called Bringing up Baby.
Oh, for Lord's sake.
I don't want a fuss. Don't want
any scandal around here, do you?
You want to keep to your timetable?
Then sit!
And you, pretty miss, you like fun and
games? You're a sport from way back.
- All right, George. All right.
- Good, good. But we're not all here.
You... You, you, you.
Your little wifelet isn't here.
Look, she's had a rough night...
We can't play without everybody here.
We gotta have your little wife.
Cut that!
You just get off your butt
and bring that little dip back in here.
Now be a good puppy, go fetch.
Fetch, good puppy. Go fetch.
One more game.
I don't like what's gonna happen.

Do you know what it is?
No. But I don't like it.
- Maybe you will, Martha.
- No.
It's a real fun game.
No more games.
One more, Martha. One more game
and then beddy-bye.
Everybody pack up his tools
and baggage and stuff and go home.
And you and me...
...well, we're gonna climb
them well-worn stairs.
Oh, no, George, no.
Yes, baby.
- No, George. Please, no.
- It'll all be done before you know it.
- No.
- No climb stairs with Georgie?
No more games. It's games I don't want,
George. No more games, please.
Oh, sure, you do. Original game girl
and all. Of course you do.
No, George, please. I don't...
Don't you touch me!
Keep your paws clean
for the undergraduates.
Listen to me, Martha!
You've had yourself an evening.
You've had quite a night.
You can't stop when there's enough
blood in your mouth. We're going on.
I'm having at you, and your performance
will look like an Easter pageant.
Get yourself a little alert.
- Get some life in you.
- Stop that!
Pull yourself together!
On your feet. I'm gonna knock you
around and I want you up for it.
All right, George. What do you want?
- An equal battle, baby.
- You'll get it.
- I want you mad. Get madder.

- I'm mad. Don't worry about it!

Good girl.

We'll play this one to the death.

- Yours?

- You'll be surprised.

- Here come the tots. Be ready.

- I'm ready for you.

- Hip, hop. Hip, hop. Hip, hop.

- Here we are.

- Are you a bunny, Honey?

- I'm a bunny, honey.

- Well, now, how's the bunny?

- Bunny funny.

- Bunny funny. Good for bunny.

- Come on.

Honey funny bunny.

- Oh, for chrissake.

- All right, here we go.

Last game. All sit.

Sit down, Martha.

This is a civilized game.

Just get on with it.

Now, I think we've been having a real good evening, all things considered.

We've got to know each other, and we've had fun and games.

- Curl Up on the Floor, for example.

- The tiles.

The tiles. Snap The Dragon.

- Peel the Label!

- Peel... Peel the what?

Label. Peel the Label.

I peel labels.

We all peel labels, sweetie.

When you get through the skin, and through the muscle...

...and slosh aside the organs, down to the bone, you know what you do?

- No.

- When you get down to the bone...

...you aren't all the way.

Something's inside the bone.

The marrow.

That's what you got to get at.

- Oh, I see.

- The marrow.

But bones are resilient,
especially in the young.

Now, take our son...

- Who?

- Our son. Martha's and my little joy.

- George?

- Yes, Martha?

Just what are you doing?

- Why, I'm talking about our son.

- Well, don't.

But I want to.

It's important we talk about him.

You, my dear, you want to hear about
our bouncy boy, don't you?

- Whom?

- Martha's and my son.

- You have a child?

- Oh, yes, indeed, do we ever.

- Will you talk about him or shall I?

- Don't.

Alrighty, well, now, let's see.

He's nice, in spite of his home life.

Most kids would grow up neurotic,
Martha carrying on the way she does.

Sleeping till 4 in the p.m.

Climbing all over the poor bastard...

...trying to break the bathroom door
to wash him in the tub when he's 16.

Dragging strangers

to the house at all hours.

- Okay, you.

- Martha?

- That's enough.

- Well, do you want to take over?

Why would anyone want to wash
somebody who's 16 years old?

- Oh, for chrissake, Honey.

- Well, why?

Because it's her baby-poo.

All right.

Our son, you want our son?

You'll have it.

Do you want a drink?

Yes.

We don't have to hear about it
if you don't want to.

Who says so? You in a position
to set the rules around here?

No.

Good boy. You'll go far.

All right, Martha. Your recitation, please.

What?

- Our son...

- All right.

Our son.

Our son was born in a September night,
a night not unlike tonight...

...though tomorrow...

...and 16 years ago.

See, I told you.

- It was an easy birth.

- No, you labored. How you labored.

It was an easy birth.

Once it had been...

...accepted.

- Relaxed into.

- That's better.

It was an easy birth,

once it had been accepted.

And I was young.

And he was healthy...

...a red, bawling child.

Martha thinks she saw him at delivery.

With slippery, firm limbs.

And a full head of black, fine, fine hair.

Which only later...

Later it became...

...blond as the sun.

Our son.

He was a healthy child.

And I had wanted a child.

Oh, I had wanted a child.

A son? Daughter?

A child!

A child.

I had my child.

- Our child.
- Our child.
And we raised him.
Yes, we did. We raised him.
And he had green eyes.
Such green, green eyes.
Blue, green, brown.
And he loved the sun.
And he was tan
before and after everyone.
And in the sun...
...his hair became...
...fleece.
Fleece?
Beautiful, beautiful boy.
So beautiful, so wise.
All truth being relative.
It was true.
Beautiful, wise, perfect.
There's a real mother talking.
I want a child.
- Honey.
- I want a child.
On principle?
I want a child. I want a baby.
Of course, this perfection could not last.
Not with George.
- Not with George around.
- There, you see, I knew she'd shift.
- Be still.
- Sorry, Mother.
Can't you be still?
Not with George around. A drowning man
takes down those nearest, and he tried.
And, oh, God, how I fought him.
God, how I fought him.
The one thing...
...I tried to carry pure and unscathed
through the sewer of our marriage...
...through the sick nights
and the pathetic, stupid days...
...through the derision and the laughter.
Oh, God, the laughter.
Through one failure after another.

Each attempt more numbing,
more sickening 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!
Stop it!
Stop it!
- Just stop it.
- Why, baby? Don't you like it?
- You can't do this.
- Who says?
- I say.
- Tell us why, baby.
No.
- Is this game over?
- Yes, it's over.
Oh, no. No, not by a long shot.
I've got a surprise for you, baby.
It's about sonny Jim.
- No more, George.
- Yes.
- Leave her be.
- I'm running this show!
Sweetheart...
...I'm afraid I've got
some bad news for you.
For both of us, I mean.
Some rather sad news.
What is this?
Well, Martha, while you were busy,
while the two of you were busy...
I don't know where,
but you must have been somewhere.
While you were busy for a while...
...missy and I were having a little talk.
You know, a chaw and a talk.
And the doorbell rang.
- Chimed.
- Chimed.
And...
Well, Martha, I...

- It's hard for me to tell you.

- Tell me.

Please don't.

Tell me.

Well, what it was, it was good old
Western Union, some little boy about 70.

- Crazy Billy?

- Yes, Martha, that's right. Crazy Billy.

And he had a telegram and it was for us.

I have to tell you about it.

Why didn't they phone it? Why did they
bring it? Why didn't they telephone it?

Some telegrams

you have to deliver Martha.

Some telegrams you cannot phone.

What do you mean?

Martha...

- I can hardly bring myself to say it.

- Don't.

- You want to do it?

- No, no, no.

All right.

Well, Martha, I'm afraid our boy
isn't coming home for his birthday.

- Of course he is.

- No, Martha.

- Of course he is. I say he is.

- He can't.

- He is. I say...

- Martha!

Our son...

...is...

...dead.

He was killed late in the afternoon...

...on a country road

with his learner's permit.

He swerved to avoid a porcupine

and drove straight into...

You can't do that.

- A large tree.

- You cannot do that!

- Oh, my God.

- I thought you should know.

- No. No.

You cannot do that!
You can't decide these things
for yourself.
I will not let you do that.
Have to leave around noon, I suppose.
I will not let you decide these things.
There are matters of identification,
arrangements to be made.
You can't do this!
I won't let you do this!
- Get your hands off me!
- I haven't done anything.
Now, you listen to me. Our son is dead!
- Can you get that through your head?
- Let go of me!
Listen carefully. We got a telegram.
There was a car accident and he's dead!
Just like that! Now, how do you like it?
No!
Let her go now. She'll be all right.
No.
No. He is not dead.
He is not dead.
He is dead.
You cannot...
You cannot decide.
He hasn't decided anything, lady.
It's not his doing.
He doesn't have the power.
That's right. I'm not a god. I don't have
any power over life and death, do I?
- You can't kill him.
- Lady.
- You can't let him die!
- Lady, please.
You can't.
There was a telegram, Martha.
Show it to me. Show me that telegram.
I ate it.
What did you just say to me?
I ate it.
Good for you, Martha.
That's the way to treat her
at a time like this? Making a joke?

Did I eat the telegram or not?

Yes, you ate it. I watched you
and you ate it all down.

- Like a good boy.

- Like a good boy, yes.

You're not gonna get away with this.

You know the rules,

Martha, for God's sake.

- No.

- What are you two talking about?

- I can kill him if I want to.

- He is our child.

Yes, you bore him.

It was a good delivery.

He is our child.

And I have killed him.

- No.

- Yes.

Oh, my God, I think I understand this.

- Do you?

- Oh my God, I think I understand this.

Good for you, buster.

Oh, my God, I think I understand this.

You've no right. You've no right at all.

I have the right, we never spoke about it.

I could kill him any time I wanted to.

Why? Why?

You broke our rule, Martha.

You mentioned him.

You mentioned him to somebody else.

- I did not.

- Yes, you did.

Who? Who?

To me, you mentioned him to me.

I forget.

Sometimes when it's night and 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 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.
Amen.
You didn't have to have him die.
That wasn't needed.
It's dawn.
I think the party's over.
You couldn't have any?
We couldn't.
We couldn't.
Home to bed, children.
It's way past your bedtime.
Honey.
Yes?
You two go now.
- Yes.
- Yes.
- I'd like to...
- Good night.
You want anything?
No. Nothing.
All right.
Time for bed.
Yes.
- Tired?
- Yes.
I am.
Yes.
Sunday tomorrow.
All day.
Yes.
Did you...?
Did you have to?
Yes.
It was...
You had to?
Yes.
I don't know.
- It was time.
- Was it?
Yes.
I'm cold.
It's late.

Yes.

It will be better.

I don't know.

It will be. Maybe.

I'm not sure.

No.

Just us?

Yes.

- You don't suppose maybe...

- No.

Yes.

No.

- You all right?

- Yes.

No.

Who 's afraid of Virginia Woolf?

Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf?

I am, George.

Who 's afraid of Virginia Woolf?

I am, George.

I am.