Who’s afraid of Virginia Woolf?

Martha: Jesus

George: .....shhhh

M: ..........H. Christ

G: For God’s sake, Martha, its 2:00 in the......

M: Oh George

G: Well, I’m sorry, but...

M: What a cluck! What a cluck you are.

G: It’s late you know? Late

M: (Looks about the room, Imitates Bette Davis) What a dump. Hey, what’s that from? “What a dump!”

G: Hiow would I know what.....

M: Aww c’mon what’s that from, you know

G: ....Martha...

M: WHAT’S IT FROM, FOR CHRIST SAKE?

G: (wearily) What’s what from?

M: I just told you; I just did it “What a dump” Hunh? What’s that from?

G: I haven’t the faintest idea what...

M: Dumbbell! It’s some goddamn Bette DAvis piicture....some goddamn Warner Brothers epic...

G: I can’t remember all the pictures that I...

M: nobody’s asking you to remember every single goddamn warner brothers epic...just one! one single epic! Bette Davis gets peritonits 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.

G: ....somebody...

M: ....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...

G: What actor? What scar?

M: 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 sits down in front of her dressing table...and she’s got this peritonitis...and she tries to put her lipstick on but she can’t...and she gets it all over her face...but she decides to go to Chicago anyway, and ...

G: Chicago!!! Its called Chicago!!

M: Hunh, What....what is?

G: The picture....it’s called Chicago...

M: Good grief don’t you know anything? Chicago was a 30s musical starring little Miss Alice Faye. don’t you know anything?

G: Well that was probably before my time...but....

M: Can it! Just cut that out! This picture...Bette Davis comes home from a hard day at the grocery store...

G: she works in a grocery store?

M: 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....

G: are they married?
M: (impatiently) yes they’re married, to each other. Cluck! And she comes in, and she looks around, and she puts her gorceries down, and she says, “What a dump!”

G: (pause) oh

M: (pause) she’s discontent

G: (pause) oh

M: (pause) well, what’s the name of the picture?

G: I really don’t know, martha....

M: Well think!

G: I’m tired, dear...its late...besides...

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

G: Well I’m tired ...if you’re father didn’t set up these goddamn saturday day orgies all the time...

M: Well, that’s too bad for you, George...

G: (grumbling) well? that’s how it is, anyway

M: You didn’t do anything; you never do anything; you never mix. you just sit around and talk

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

M: (braying) I DON’T BRAY!!

G: (softly) alright ....you don’t bray

M: (hurt) I do not bray

G: all right I said you didn’t bray

M: (pouting) Make me a drink
G: What?

M: (softly) I said, make me a drink

G: (moving to the portable bar) well I don’t suppose a nightcap’d kill either one of us...

M: a nightcap! Are you kidding? we’ve got guests

G: (disbelieving) we’ve got what?

M: Guests, GUESTS~!!!

G: GUESTS!?

M: Yes...guests...people...we’ve got guests coming over.

G: When?

M: Now!

G: Good lord, Martha...do you know what time it...Who’s coming over?

M: What’s-their-name

G: who?

M: WHATS-THEIR-NAME

G: Who is what’s-their-name

M: I don’t know what their name is, Goerge....you met them tonight....they’re new...he’s in the math department or something.

G: Who...who are these people?

M: You met them tonight, George.

G: I don’t remmeber meeting anyone tonight...

M: Well you did...Will you give me my drink, please...he’s in the math department...about 30, blond, and....
G: ...and good-looking...

M: Yes...and good-looking...

G: It figures

M: ...and his wife’s a mousey little type, without any hips, or anything.

G: (vaguely) oh

M: You remember them now?

G: Yes, I guess so, Martha... But why in God’s name are they coming over here now?

M: (in a so-there voice) Because Daddy said we should be nice to them, that’s why.

G: (defeated) Oh, Lord.

M: May I have my drink, please? Daddy said we should be nice to them. Thank you.

G: But why now? Its after 2:00, in the morning, and....

M: Because Daddy said we should be nice to them

G: Yes, but I’m suer 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...

M: well, nevermind...besides, it is sunday. Very early sunday.

G: I mean.....it’s ridiculous.

M: well, its done!

G: (resigned and exasperated) All right. Well...where are they? if we’ve got guests, where are they?

M: They’ll be here soon

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

M: They’ll be here!
G: I wish you’d tell me about something, sometimes.... I wish you’d stop springing things on me all the time.

M: I don’t spring things on you all the time.

G: Yes, you do... you really do... you’re always springing things on me.

M: (friendly-patronizing) Oh, George!

G: Always.

M: Poor Georgie-Porgie, put-upon pie! (as he sulks) AWWWW...... what are you doing? Are you sulking? Hunh? Let me see... are you sulking? Is that what you’re doing?

G: (very quietly) Never mind, Martha.

M: AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!

G: Just don’t bother yourself....

M: AWWWWWWWWWW! (no reaction) Hey! (no reaction) HEY! (George looks at her, put-upon.) Hey. (She sings.)

Who’s afraid of Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woof, Virginia Woolf...

Ha, ha, ha, HA! (no reaction.) What’s the matter... didn’t you think that was funny? Hunh?

(Defiantly) I thought it was a scream... a real scream. You didn’t like it, hunh?

G: it was all right, Martha...

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

G: I smiled. I didn’t laugh my head off... I smiled, you know?.... it was all right.

M: (gazing into her drink)You laughed your goddamn head off.

G: It was all right....

M: (ugly) It was a scream!
G: (patiently) It was very funny, yes.

M: (after a moment’s consideration) You make me puke!

G: What?

M: Uh... you make me puke!

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

M: That wasn’t what?

G: ... a very ice thing to say.

M: I like your anger. I think that’s what I like about you most... Your anger. You’re such a... such a simp! You don’t even have the .... the What?...

G: ... guts?....

M: PHRASEMAKER! (pause... then they both laugh) Hey, put some more ice in my drink, will you? You never put any ice in my drink. Why is that, hunh?

G: (takes her drinks) I always put ice in your drink. You eat it, that’s all. It’s that habit you have... chewing your ice cubes... like a cocker spaniel. You’ll crack your big teeth.

M: THEY’RE MY BIG THEETH!

G: Some of them... some of them.

M: I’ve got more teeth than you’ve got.

G: Two more.

M: Well, two more’s a lot more.

G: I suppose it is. I suppose it is pretty remarkable... considering how old you are.

M: YOU CUT THAT OUT. (pause) You’re not so young yourself.
G: (with boyish pleasure... a chant) I’m six years younger than you are... I always have been and I always will be.

M: (glumly) Well... you’re going bald.

G: So are you. (pause... they both laugh) Hello, honey.

M: Hello. C’mon over here and give your Mommy a big sloppy kiss.

G: ....oh, now.....

M: I WANT A BIG SLOPPY KISS!

G: (preoccupied) I don’t want to kiss you, Martha. Where are these people? Where are these people you invited over?

M: They stayed on to talk to Daddy.... They’ll be here... Why don’t you want to kiss me?

G: (too matter-of-fact) Well, dear, if I kissed you I’d get all excited.. I’d get beside myself, and I’d take you, by force right here on the living room rug, and then our little guests would walk in, and... well, just think what your father would say about that.

M: You pig!

G: (haughtily) Oink! Oink!

M: Ha, ha, ha, Ha! Make me another drink... lover

G: (taking her glass) My God, you can swill it donw, cna’t you?

M: (imitating a tiny child) I’m firsty.

G: Jesus!

M: (swinging around) Look, sweetheart, I can drink you under any goddamn table you want... so don’t worry about me!

G: Martha, I ave you the prize years ago... There isn’t an abomination award going that you....
M: I swear... if you existed I’d divorce you....

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

M: I can’t even see you... I haven’t been able to see you for years....

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

M: .... I mean, you’re a blank, a cipher....

G: .... 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...

M: .... a zero.....

G: .... your heads. I should say.... (the front door bell chimes.)

M: Party! Party!

G: (murderously) i’m really looking forward to thing, Martha....

M: (same) Go answer the door.

G: (not moving) you answer it.

M: Get to that door, you (he does not move.) I’ll fix you, you...

G: (fake-spits)...to you... (door chime again)

M: (shouting....to the door) C’MON IN!! (to George, between her teeth) I said, get over there!

G: (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.

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

G: The bit. Just don’t start in on the bit.

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

G: Just don’t start in on the bit about the kid, that’s all
M: What do you take me for?

G: Much too much

M: (really angered) Yeah? Well, I’ll start in on the kid if I want to.

G: Just leave the kid out of this.

M: (threatening) he’s mine as much as he is yours. I’ll talk about him if I want to.

G: I’d advise against it, Martha.

M: Well, good for you. (knock) c’mom in. Get over there and open the door!

G: You’ve been advised

M: Yeah...sure. Get over there.

G: (moving toward the door) All right, love...whatever love wants. Isn’t it nice the way some people have manners, though, even in this day and age? Isn’t it nice that some people won’t just come breaking into other people’s houses even if they do hear some sub-human monster yowling at ‘em from inside...?

M: SCREW U!!!!