

AUGUST: OSAGE COUNTY

INT. WESTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

91

Finds Violet still at the table, lighting a cigarette.

"August" 9/21/12 FINAL WHITE Draft 132.

91 CONTINUED:

91

VIOLET

We couldn't let Ivy run off with Little Charles. Just wouldn't be right.

Barbara doesn't respond, keeps her distance.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

She'll be back. She's a sweet girl, Ivy, and I love her to death. But she isn't strong. Not like you. Or me.

BARBARA

You knew about Daddy and Mattie Fae?

VIOLET

Oh sure. I never told them I knew. But your father knew. He knew I knew. But we never talked about it. I chose the higher ground.

(and then)

If I'd had the chance, there at the end, I would've told him, "I hope this isn't about Little Charles, cause you know I know all about that." If I'd reached him at that motel, I would've said, "You'd be better off if you quit sulking about this ancient history."

BARBARA

...what motel?

VIOLET

I called over there on Monday after I got into that safety deposit box. But it was too late, he'd checked out.

BARBARA

How did you know where he was?

Violet is growing agitated with the interrogation.

VIOLET

The note. He said I could call him over at the Country Squire Motel --

BARBARA

He left a note?

VIOLET

And I did, I called him on Monday.
"August" 9/21/12 FINAL WHITE Draft

133.
91

91 CONTINUED:

BARBARA

After you got the money out of your
safety deposit box...

*

VIOLET

We had an arrangement. You have to
understand, for people like your
father and me, who never had any
money, ever, as kids, people from our
generation, that money is important.

*
*
*
*
*

BARBARA

If you could've stopped Daddy from
killing himself, you wouldn't have
needed to get into your safety deposit
box.

*
*
*
*
*

VIOLET

Well, hindsight's always twenty-
twenty, isn't it?

*
*
*

Barbara stares at her mother for a long moment. Then --

BARBARA

Did the note say he was going to kill
himself?

No response.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Mom?

VIOLET

If I had my wits about me, I might've
done it different. But I was, your
father and me both, we were...

Barbara looks off, quietly:

BARBARA

You were both fucked-up... You were
fucked-up... You are fucked-up.

*
*

VIOLET

You'd better understand this, you
smug little ingrate. There's only
one reason Beverly killed himself and
that's you. Think there's any way he
would've done what he did if you were
still here? No, just him and me, here
in this house, in the dark, left to

ourselves, abandoned, wasted lifetimes
devoted to your care and comfort.

(MORE)

"August" 9/21/12 FINAL WHITE Draft 134.

91 CONTINUED:

91

VIOLET (CONT'D)

So stick that knife of judgment in me,
go ahead, but make no mistake, his
blood is just as much on your hands as
it is on mine.

Barbara is reeling, trying to comprehend.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

He did this though, not us. Can you
imagine anything more cruel, to make
me responsible? Just to weaken me,
make me prove my character? So I
waited, to get my hands on that safety
deposit box. But I would have waited
anyway. You want to show who's
stronger, Bev? Nobody's stronger than
me, goddamn it. When nothing is left,
when everything is gone and
disappeared, I'll be here.

Violet YELLS up to the empty house.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Who's stronger now, you son-of-a-
bitch?!

Barbara feels sick, the floor giving away beneath her.
takes a moment. Then:

She

BARBARA

You're right, Mom. You're the
strong one.

She goes to her mother, kisses her. Turns, heads into the
hall, grabs her purse and Bev's keys from the dish.

Violet only slowly realizes Barbara's gone.

VIOLET

...Barbara?

Hears the sound of the screen door opening and SLAPPING shut.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Barbara?

Violet follows her into the hall, stops at the screen door.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

You and me. We're alike.

Barb doesn't turn around, keeps moving. Quietly:
"August" 9/21/12 FINAL WHITE Draft 135.
91 CONTINUED: 91

BARBARA

No...

Sees Barb heading across the yard for Beverly's pick-up.

VIOLET

Barbara, please.

BARBARA

I'm nothing like you...

VIOLET

Please, Barbara.

Watches Barbara climb into the truck, back slowly out, go.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

...Barbara?

Barbara drives off. The driveway now empty again. Violet alone outside on the walkway. She turns back to the house, yelling, moving from empty room to empty room.