

**AUGUST: OSAGE COUNTY**

**INT. WESTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

**91**

Finds Violet still at the table, lighting a cigarette.

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**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.  
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91 CONTINUED:

**BARBARA**

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

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**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.

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**BARBARA**

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

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**VIOLET**

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

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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)**

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91 CONTINUED:

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**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. She  
takes a moment. Then:

**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:  
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**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.