

scene (combined) from page 74 of screenplay of *Martha Marcy May Marlene*

for IVANA CHUBBUCK Wednesday CLASS:

INT. FARM HOUSE BATHROOM - LATER

Martha sits in the bathroom, knees pulled up to her chest as she rests on the edge of the bathtub. Someone knocks at the door. She pretends not to be in there. There is another gentle knock.

ZOE (O.S.)

Martha, it's me, can I come in?

Martha unlocks the door for Zoe. Patrick bursts in, slams the door and corners Martha and yells at her.

PATRICK

Haven't you learned anything?!

MARTHA

I have.

PATRICK

I felt like we had a connection!

MARTHA

(desperate)

We do!

PATRICK

That's not what you're showing me!!

Patrick calms down. He sits.

PATRICK

Look at me. Do you like it here?

MARTHA

Yeah, it's really nice.

PATRICK

I want you to feel at home.

MARTHA

I do. Thanks.

PATRICK

People have abandoned you your whole life. I don't blame you for not trusting anyone.

MARTHA

What?

PATRICK

If you ever want to have a meaningful relationship, you need to let your guard down. It's not your fault, but it's there. We just want to help you. You okay?

MARTHA

Uh huh.

There is a long silence. Martha is clearly not okay. He goes to her.

PATRICK

You know that death is the most beautiful part of life, right? Death is beautiful because everyone fears death. And fear is the greatest human emotion of all because it creates complete awareness. When you're scared it forces you to be completely aware of your surroundings and the moment you're in. It brings you to NOW and that makes you truly present. And when you are truly present, that's nirvana, that's pure love. So, death is pure love.

(rises, looks out window)

I could spend my life being selfish, living alone, using this gift for me but I've sacrificed myself to be what you all need me to be. You need to trust me.

MARTHA

I trust you.

PATRICK

Then you shouldn't need me to explain everything. Maybe I asked too much from you too soon. You have potential but you're just not there yet. I'll expect less of you from now on.

Martha is upset, like a trained animal, she runs back to his side, sits next to him and rests her head on his shoulder.

MARTHA

I'm sorry.

He runs his hand through her hair.

PATRICK

Shhh. It's okay.

(puts his hand on the inside of her thigh)

You're my favorite. I won't lose you.

END OF SCENE