

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: AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!

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 nice 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 TEETH!

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 down, can'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 gave 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!!