

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOLFE – Martha mono

You're all flops. I am the Earth Mother, and you're all flops. I disgust me. I pass my life in crummy, totally pointless infidelities... would-be infidelities. That's a laugh... A bunch of boozed-up... impotent lunk-heads. Martha makes goo-goo eyes, and the lunk-heads grin, and roll their beautiful, beautiful eyes back, and grin some more, and Martha licks her chops, and the lunk-heads slap over to the bar to pick up a little courage, and they pick up a little courage, and they bounce back over to old Martha, who does a little dance for them, which heats them all up, mentally... and so they slap over to the bar again, and pick up a little more courage, and their wives and sweethearts stick their noses up in the air... right through the ceiling, sometimes... which sends the lunk-heads back to the soda fountain again where they fuel up some more, while Martha sits there with her dress up over her head... suffocating - you don't know how stuffy it is with your dress up over your head - suffocating! waiting for the lunk-heads; so finally they get their courage up... but that's all, baby! Oh, my, there is sometimes very nice potential, but, oh my! My, my, my! (Brightly) But that's how it is in civilized society. All the gorgeous lunk-heads. Poor babies... There is only one man in my life who has ever... made me happy. Do you know that? One! I meant George, of course. Uh... George; my husband.

...George who is out somewhere in the dark... George who is good to me, and whom I revile; who understands me, and whom I push off; who can make me laugh, and I choke it back in my throat; who can hold me, at night, so that it's warm, and whom I will bite so there's blood; who keeps learning the games we play as quickly as I can change the rules; who can make me happy and I do not wish to be happy, and yes I do wish to be happy. George and Martha: sad, sad, sad.

...whom I will not forgive for having come to rest; for having seen me and having said: yes, this will do; who has made the hideous, the hurting, the insulting mistake of loving me and must be punished for it. George and Martha: sad, sad, sad.

...who tolerates, which is intolerable; who is kind, which is cruel; who understands, which is beyond comprehension...

Some day... hah! some night... some stupid, liquor-ridden night... I will go too far... and I'll either break the man's back... or push him off for good... which is what I deserve.