

fun and games, don't you? You're a sport from way back, aren't you?

MARTHA. (*Quietly, giving in.*) All right, George; all right.

GEORGE. (*Seeing them both cowed; purrs.*) Gooooooooood; gooooooooood. (*Looks about him.*) But we're not all here. (*Snaps his fingers a couple of times at Nick.*) You; you ... uh ... you; your little wifelet isn't here.

NICK. Look; she's had a rough night, now; she's in the can, and she's ...

GEORGE. Well, we can't play without everyone here. Now that's a fact. We gotta have your little wife. (*Hog-calls toward the hall.*) SOOOOWWWIIIEEE! SOOOOWWWIIIEEE!

NICK. (*As Martha giggles nervously.*) Cut that!

GEORGE. (*Swinging around, facing him.*) Then get your butt out of that chair and bring the little dip back in here. (*As Nick does not move.*) Now be a good puppy. Fetch, good puppy, go fetch. (*Nick rises, opens his mouth to say something, thinks better of it, exits.*) One more game.

MARTHA. (*After Nick goes.*) I don't like what's going to happen.

GEORGE. (*Surprisingly tender.*) Do you know what it is?

MARTHA. (*Pathetic.*) No. But I don't like it.

GEORGE. Maybe you will, Martha.

MARTHA. No.

GEORGE. Oh, it's a real fun game, Martha.

MARTHA. (*Pleading.*) No more games.

GEORGE. (*Quietly triumphant.*) One more, Martha, one more game, and then beddie-bye. Everybody pack up his tools and baggage and stuff and go home. And you and me, well, we gonna climb them well-worn stairs.

MARTHA. (*Almost in tears.*) No, George; no.

GEORGE. (*Soothing.*) Yes, baby.

MARTHA. No, George; please?

GEORGE. It'll all be done with before you know it.

MARTHA. No, George.

GEORGE. No climb stairs with Georgie?

MARTHA. (*A sleepy child.*) No more games ... please. It's games I don't want. No more games.

GEORGE. Aw, sure you do, Martha ... original game-girl and all, 'course you do.

MARTHA. Ugly games ... ugly. And now this new one?

GEORGE. (*Stroking her hair.*) You'll love it, baby.

MARTHA. No, George.

GEORGE. You'll have a ball.

MARTHA. (*Tenderly; moves to touch him.*) Please, George, no more games; I ...

GEORGE. (*Slapping her hand with vehemence.*) Don't you touch me! You keep your paws clean for the undergraduates! (*Martha makes a cry of alarm, but faint. George grabs her hair, pulling her head back.*) Now, you listen to me, Martha; you have had quite an evening ... quite a night for yourself, and you can't just cut it off whenever you've got enough blood in your mouth. We are going on, and I'm going to have at you, and it's going to make your performance tonight look like an Easter pageant. Now I want you to get yourself a little alert. (*Slaps her lightly with his free hand.*) I want a little life in you, baby. (*Again.*)

MARTHA. (*Struggling.*) Stop it!

GEORGE. (*Again.*) Pull yourself together! (*Again.*) I want you on your feet and slugging, sweetheart, because I'm going to knock you around, and I want you up for it. (*Again; he pulls away, releases her; she rises.*)

MARTHA. All right, George. What do you want, George?

GEORGE. An equal battle, baby; that's all.

MARTHA. You'll get it!

GEORGE. I want you mad.

MARTHA. I'M MAD!!

GEORGE. Get madder!

MARTHA. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!

GEORGE. Good for you, girl; now, we're going to play this one to the death.

MARTHA. Yours!

GEORGE. You'd be surprised. Now, here come the tots; you be ready for this.

MARTHA. (*She paces, actually looks a bit like a fighter.*) I'm ready for you. (*Nick and Honey reenter; Nick supporting Honey, who still retains her brandy bottle and glass.*)

NICK. (*Unhappily.*) Here we are.

HONEY. (*Cheerfully.*) Hip, hop. Hip, hop.

NICK. You're a bunny, Honey? (*She laughs greatly, sits.*)

HONEY. I'm a bunny, Honey.

GEORGE. (*To Honey.*) Well, now; how's the bunny?

HONEY. Bunny funny! (*She laughs again.*)

NICK. (*Under his breath.*) Jesus.

GEORGE. Bunny funny? Good for bunny!