

ACT THREE

THE EXORCISM

Martha enters, talking to herself.

MARTHA. Hey, hey ... Where is everybody...? (*It is evident she is not bothered.*) So? Drop me; pluck me like a goddamn ... whatever-it-is ... creeping vine, and throw me over your shoulder like an old shoe ... George? (*Looks about her.*) George? (*Silence.*) George! What are you doing: hiding, or something? (*Silence.*) GEORGE!! (*Silence.*) Oh, fa Chri ... (*Goes to the bar, makes herself a drink and amuses herself with the following performance.*) Deserted! Abandon-ed! Left out in the cold like an old pussycat. HA! Can I get you a drink, Martha? Why, thank you, George; that's very kind of you. No, Martha, no; why I'd do anything for you. Would you, George? Why I'd do anything for you, too. Would you, Martha? Why, certainly, George. Martha, I've misjudged you. And I've misjudged you, too, George. WHERE IS EVERYBODY!!! "Hump the Hostess!" (*Laughs greatly at this, falls into a chair; calms down, looks defeated, says, softly.*) Fat chance. (*Even softer.*) Fat chance. (*Baby-talk now.*) Daddy? Daddy? Martha is abandon-ed. Left to her own vices at ... (*Peers at a clock.*) ... something o'clock in the old A.M. Daddy White-Mouse; do you really have red eyes? Do you? Let me see. Ohhhhhh! You do! You do! Daddy, you have red eyes ... because you cry all the time, don't you, Daddy. Yes; you do. You cry alllll the time. I'LL GIVE ALL YOU BASTARDS FIVE TO COME OUT FROM WHERE YOU'RE HIDING!! (*Pause.*) I cry all the time too, Daddy. I cry alllll the time; but deep inside, so no one can see me. I cry all the time. And Georgie cries all the time, too. We both cry all the time, and then, what do we do, we cry, and we take our tears, and we put 'em in the icebox, in the goddamn ice trays (*Begins to laugh.*) until they're frozen (*Laughs even more.*) and then ... we put them ... in our ... drinks. (*More laughter, which is something else, too. After sobering silence. Sadly.*) I've got windshield wipers on my eyes, because I married you ... baby!... Martha, you'll be a

song-writer yet. (*Jiggles the ice in her glass.*) CLINK! (*Does it again.*)
CLINK! (*Giggles, repeats it several times.*) CLINK!... CLINK!...
CLINK!... CLINK! (*Nick enters while Martha is clinking; he stands
in the hall entrance and watches her; finally he comes in.*)

NICK. My God, you've gone crazy too.

MARTHA. Clink?

NICK. I said, you've gone crazy too.

MARTHA. (*Considers it.*) Probably ... probably.

NICK. You've all gone crazy: I come back downstairs, and what happens ...

MARTHA. What happens?

NICK. ... my wife's gone into the can with a liquor bottle, and she winks at me ... winks at me!...

MARTHA. (*Sadly.*) She's never wunk at you; what a shame ...

NICK. She is lying down on the floor again, the tiles, all curled up and she starts peeling the label off the liquor bottle, the brandy bottle ...

MARTHA. ... we'll never get the deposit back that way ...

NICK. ... and I ask her what she's doing, and she goes: shhhhhh! nobody knows I'm here; and I come back in here, and you're sitting there going Clink!, for God's sake. Clink!

MARTHA. CLINK!

NICK. You've all gone crazy.

MARTHA. Yes. Sad but true.

NICK. Where is your husband?

MARTHA. He is vanish-ed. Pouf!

NICK. You're all crazy: nuts.

MARTHA. (*Affects a brogue.*) Awww, 'tis the refuge we take when the unreality of the world weighs too heavy on our tiny heads. (*Normal voice again.*) Relax; sink into it; you're no better than anybody else.

NICK. (*Wearily.*) I think I am.

MARTHA. (*Her glass to her mouth.*) You're certainly a flop in some departments.

NICK. (*Wincing.*) I beg your pardon...?

MARTHA. (*Unnecessarily loud.*) I said, you're certainly a flop in some ...

NICK. (*He, too, too loud.*) I'm sorry you're disappointed.

MARTHA. (*Braying.*) I didn't say I was disappointed! Stupid!

NICK. You should try me some time when we haven't been drinking for ten hours, and maybe ...