

aren't you? You biologists. Babies. What will become of the tax deduction? Has anyone figured that out yet? (*Nick, who can think of nothing better to do, laughs mildly.*) But you *are* going to have kids ... anyway. In spite of history.

NICK. (*Hedging.*) Yes ... certainly. We ... want to wait ... a little ... until we're settled.

GEORGE. And this ... (*With a hand sweep taking in not only the house, but the whole countryside.*) ... this is your heart's content — Illyria ... Penguin Island ... Gomorrah ... You think you're going to be happy here in New Carthage, eh?

NICK. (*A little defensively.*) I hope we'll stay here.

GEORGE. And every definition has its boundaries, eh? Well, it isn't a bad college, I guess. I mean ... it'll do. It isn't M.I.T ... it isn't U.C.L.A ... it isn't the Sorbonne ... or Moscow U., either, for that matter.

NICK. I don't mean ... forever.

Start

GEORGE. Well, don't you let that get bandied about. The old man wouldn't like it. Martha's father expects loyalty and devotion out of his ... staff. I was going to use another word. Martha's father expects his ... staff ... to cling to the walls of this place, like the ivy ... to come here and grow old ... to fall in the line of service. One man, a professor of Latin and Elocution, actually fell in the cafeteria line, one lunch. He was buried, as many of us have been, and as many more of us will be, under the shrubbery around the chapel. It is said ... and I have no reason to doubt it ... that we make excellent fertilizer. But the old man is not going to be buried under the shrubbery ... the old man is not going to die. Martha's father has the staying power of one of those Micronesian tortoises. There are rumors ... which you must not breathe in front of Martha, for she foams at the mouth ... that the old man, her father, is over two hundred years old. There is probably an irony involved in this, but I am not drunk enough to figure out what it is. How many kids you going to have? **Stop**

NICK. I ... I don't know ... My wife is ...

GEORGE. Slim-hipped. (*Rises.*) Have a drink.

NICK. Yes.

GEORGE. MARTHA! (*No answer.*) DAMN IT! (*To Nick.*) You asked me if I knew women ... Well, one of the things I do *not* know about them is what they talk about while the men are talking. (*Vaguely.*) I must find out some time.

MARTHA'S VOICE. WHADD'YA WANT?

GEORGE. Isn't that a do you think they reall

NICK. Themselves, I

MARTHA'S VOICE.

GEORGE. (*To Nick.*)

NICK. Well ... yes an

GEORGE. (*With a ki*

hall, almost bumps into

you, at least. (*Honey m*

HONEY. (*To George.*)

see this house, dear ...

NICK. Yes, I ...

GEORGE. MARTHA

MARTHA'S VOICE.

MINUTE, WILL YOU

HONEY. (*To George.*)

GEORGE. (*Incredulous*

HONEY. Yes.

GEORGE. Her clothe

HONEY. Her dress.

GEORGE. (*Suspicious.*

HONEY. (*With a nerv*

to be ... comfortable.

GEORGE. (*With a thr*

does she?

HONEY. Well, heaven

GEORGE. YOU DON

NICK. (*As Honey start*

HONEY. (*Reassuring, b*

tone.) Oh, yes, dear ...

GEORGE. (*Fuming ..*

able, does she? Well, we

HONEY. (*To George, t*

ago that you had a son.

GEORGE. (*Wheeling,*

HONEY. A son! I had

NICK. You to know an

big ...

HONEY. Twenty-one

birthday.

NICK. (*A victorious sm*