

Stop

ACT THREE
THE EXORCISM

Martha enters, talking to herself.

Start

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. Ohhhhh! You do! You do! Daddy, you have red eyes ... because you cry all the time, don't you, Daddy. Yes; you do. You cry allllll 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 allllll 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.)*
CLINK! *(Giggles, repeats.)*
CLINK!... CLINK!
(in the hall entrance and)
NICK. My God, yo
MARTHA. Clink?
NICK. I said, you've
MARTHA. *(Considering.)*
NICK. You've all go
happens ...
MARTHA. What ha
NICK. ... my wife's
she winks at me ... v
MARTHA. *(Sadly.)*
NICK. She is lying d
and she starts peelin
bottle ...
MARTHA. ... we'll
NICK. ... and I ask
nobody knows I'm h
ting there going Clin
MARTHA. CLINK!
NICK. You've all go
MARTHA. Yes. Sad
NICK. Where is you
MARTHA. He is va
NICK. You're all cra
MARTHA. *(Affects a*
the unreality of the
(Normal voice again.)
body else.
NICK. *(Wearily.)* I t
MARTHA. *(Her glas*
departments.
NICK. *(Wincing.)* I
MARTHA. *(Unneces*
some ...
NICK. *(He, too, too*
MARTHA. *(Braying*
NICK. You should tr
ing for ten hours, and