

MARTHA: Well, you figure it out, and you let me know when you do.

GEORGE [*cheery*]: All right, love.

HONEY: Why don't we dance? I'd love some dancing.

NICK: Honey. . . .

HONEY: I would! I'd love some dancing.

NICK: Honey. . . .

HONEY: I *want* some! I want some dancing!

GEORGE: All right. . . ! For heaven's sake. . . we'll have some dancing.

HONEY [*all sweetness again*] [*To MARTHA*]: Oh, I'm so glad. . . I just love dancing. Don't you?

MARTHA [*with a glance at NICK*]: Yeah. . . yeah, that's not a bad idea.

NICK [*genuinely nervous*]: Gee.

GEORGE: Gee.

HONEY: I dance like the wind.

MARTHA [*without comment*]: Yeah?

GEORGE [*picking a record*]: Martha had her daguerrotype in the paper once. . . oh, 'bout twenty-five years ago. . . Seems she took second prize in one o' them seven-day dancin' contest things. . . biceps all bulging, holding up her partner.

MARTHA: Will you put a record on and shut up?

GEORGE: Certainly, love. [*To all*] How are we going to work this? Mixed doubles?

MARTHA: Well, you certainly don't think I'm going to dance with *you*, do you?

GEORGE [*considers it*]: Noooooo. . . not with him around. . . that's for sure. And not with twinkle-toes here, either.

HONEY: I'll dance with anyone. . . I'll dance by myself.

NICK: Honey. . . .

HONEY: I dance like the wind.

GEORGE: All right, kiddies. . . choose up and hit the sack.

[*Music starts. . . . Second movement, Beethoven's 7th Symphony.*]

HONEY [*up, dancing by herself*]: De, de de da da, da-da de, da da-da de da. . . wonderful. . . !

NICK: Honey. . . .

MARTHA: All right, George. . . cut that out!

HONEY: Dum, de de da da, da-da de, dum de da da da. . . Wheeeee. . . !

MARTHA: Cut it out, George!

GEORGE [*pretending not to hear*]: What, Martha? What?

NICK: Honey. . . .

MARTHA [*as GEORGE turns up the volume*]: CUT IT OUT, GEORGE!

GEORGE: WHAT?

MARTHA [*gets up, moves quickly, threateningly, to GEORGE*]: All right, you son of a bitch. . . .

GEORGE [*record off, at once. Quietly*]: What did you say, love?

MARTHA: You son of a. . . .

HONEY [*in an arrested posture*]: You stopped! Why did you stop?

NICK: Honey. . . .

HONEY [*to NICK, snapping*]: Stop that!

GEORGE: I thought it was fitting, Martha.

MARTHA: Oh you did, hunh?

HONEY: You're always *at* me when I'm having a good time.

NICK [*trying to remain civil*]: I'm sorry, Honey.

HONEY: Just. . . leave me alone!

GEORGE: Well, why don't *you* choose, Martha? [*Moves away from the phonograph. . . leaves it to MARTHA.*] Martha's going to run things. . . the little lady's going to lead the band.

HONEY: I like to dance and you don't want me to.

NICK: I like you to dance.

HONEY: Just. . . leave me alone. [*She sits. . . takes a drink.*]

GEORGE: Martha's going to put on some rhythm she