

HEDDA

You two, going through this circular exercise in obliviousness. Over and over. It's like trying to talk sense to Sisyphus. Or Hillary Clinton. Of course Eilert will come, and of course it will result in disaster.

BRACK

Is that so? And what gives you such gifts of foresight?

HEDDA

Me? What about you? Both of you? Why can't your characters ever learn one damn thing? Why am I the only one around here who doesn't suffer from short term memory? Why is it always up to me?

GEORGE

You must forgive Hedda, Judge. As I said, she's not quite herself today.

BRACK

Yes, I saw some evidence of that while you were gone.

HEDDA

Oh, up yours, you slimy old pervert.

BRACK

I suggest you put Hedda to bed, Tesman. She's downright delirious. I'll come back for you this evening.

GEORGE

By all means, Judge Brack. I look forward to it.

BRACK leaves the room.

Start →

Perhaps we need to think about adjusting our belts a bit, Hedda.

HEDDA

Oh, here it comes.

GEORGE

We may find ourselves living above our means.

HEDDA

No way. I'm not going to take in college students or move to some condominium where I have to attend HOA meetings. Do you hear me, George? I won't have that.

GEORGE

Then maybe reconsider a few of the things you were planning on. Such as your new saddle horse.

HEDDA

Screw the horse, George. I want you to develop a backbone, and not crap in your pants at the slightest sign of competition. You're just as worthy as Eilert Lovborg.

GEORGE

Do you really think so?

HEDDA

Of course not, you idiot. I'm trying to buck you up.

GEORGE

Very kind of you.

HEDDA

Don't make me bored, George. You know what I do when I get bored.

GEORGE

Well, I believe you lie in the bathtub and you -

HEDDA

Besides that. I amuse myself with my father's pistols.

GEORGE

No, not those pistols!

HEDDA

Yes, General Gabler's pistols. They feel warm and firm in my hands.

GEORGE

They frighten me, Hedda. Please don't play with those pistols.

HEDDA

We shall see, George. We shall see!

She leaves, laughing maniacally. GEORGE  
calls after her.

GEORGE

For God's sake, Hedda! Don't touch those dangerous things! I beg you!

HEDDA quickly returns.

HEDDA

It's okay, George. I'm just fucking with you.

BLACKOUT. *end*