

Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf? - Clip 1 - 1966 UK/US c.7 min. Richard Burton, George Segal: [28 - Clip 1: The men talk while Martha changes - YouTube](#) [IMDb](#) [Chi ha paura di Virginia Woolf?](#)

- **grammar points:** 1st & 2nd conditional, emphatic do, imperative, let me, let's, will, wish/hope, would, present/past perfect, should, (was) going to, not much, very much, must/mustn't, perfect, would you like? may, reported speech, like to
- **phrasal verbs:** come back, calm down, sit down, get/over, take over, grow old, figure out, find out, hang on, right down, go on, get home, keep s.o. up, leave to
- **idioms:** actually, here, still, let me, mean, that's all, pay attention, other people's affairs, musical beds, around here, never mind, forty-something, Well, look, somewhat more, my boy, the one, one of you, make trouble/the same, run, not at all, like. hip-happy, slim-hipped, That's for me to know and you to find out, what's the matter? settled, fall in the line of duty, foam at the mouth, left, wonder, such a, for Christ's sake, heavens, see about that, just a drop, by all means, not even, in a little while, all right / fine, why, what the hell do you mean

GEORGE:

Very good...very good...

NICK:

And **when** my wife **comes back**, I think we'll **just**...

GEORGE:

Now, **calm down**. **Just calm down**. **All right?** Do you want another drink? **Here**, **let me** have your glass.

NICK:

I **still** have one and I **do** think that **when** my wife comes...

GEORGE:

Let me freshen it for you, you **stay** there.

NICK:

What I **mean** is, you 2, you and your wife, you seem to be having some sort of a...

GEORGE:

Martha and I are having nothing.

Martha and I are merely exercising, **that's all**.

We're merely walking what's **left of** our wits. Don't **pay** any **attention** to us.

NICK:

Still I...

GEORGE:

Now **let's sit down** and talk, huh?

NICK:

It's **just** that I **don't like to** become involved in **other people's affairs**.

GEORGE:

Oh, you'll **get over** that. Small college and all...
Musical beds is the faculty sport **around here**.

NICK:

Sir?

GEORGE:

I said, musical...oh, **never mind**. I **wish** you **wouldn't go** "sir." **like** that.
How old are you?

NICK:

Twenty-eight.

GEORGE:

I'm **forty-something**.

Well, aren't you surprised? I **mean**, don't I **look** older?

NICK:

I think you **look** fine.

GEORGE:

I've **always been** lean. I use the handball courts. How much do you weigh?
155, 60, something like that? Do you play handball?

NICK:

Not very well.

GEORGE:

Then, we **should** play sometime.
Martha is 108... years old.
She weighs **somewhat more** than that.
How old is your wife?

NICK:

She's twenty-six.

GEORGE:

Martha is a remarkable woman.
I **would** imagine she weighs around 110.

NICK:

Your wife...?

GEORGE:

No, **my boy**, your wife. My wife is Martha.

NICK:

Yes, I know.

GEORGE:

Yes, yes, **well, if you were** married to Martha, you **would know** what it **means**.
And **if I were** married to your wife, I **would know** what that **means** too,
wouldn't I?

NICK:

Yes.

GEORGE:

Martha says you are in the Math Department or something.

NICK:

No, I'm not.

GEORGE:

Oh? Martha is seldom mistaken.

Maybe you **should** be in the Math Department or something.

NICK:

I'm a biologist. I'm in the Biology Department.

GEORGE:

Oh. Oh!

NICK:

Sir?

GEORGE:

You're **the one**...you're **the one** that **is going to make** all that **trouble, making**
everyone **the same**.

Rearranging the chromozoNes, or whatever it is, isn't that right?

NICK:

Not exactly. ChromosoMes.

GEORGE:

I'm very mistrustful.

I...Do you believe people learn nothing from history?

I'm in the History Department.

NICK:

Yes, I know.

GEORGE:

Martha tells me often that I am **IN** the History Department...

as opposed to **BEING** the History Department,

in the sense of **running** the History Department.

I do not **run** the History Department.

NICK:

Well, I don't run the Biology Department.

GEORGE:

You're twenty-one.

NICK:

Twenty-eight.

GEORGE:

Twenty-eight.

Perhaps when you're forty-something, you WILL run the History Department.

NICK:

Biology.

GEORGE:

Biology Department, of course.

I'm really very mistrustful!

I read somewhere that science fiction is not really fiction at all.

That you people are rearranging my genes so that everyone will be like everyone else.

NICK:

Oh, now..

GEORGE:

I suspect we will not have much music, much painting.

But we will have a civilization of sublime young men very much like yourself.

Cultures and races will vanish. The ants will take over the world.

NICK:

You don't know much about science, do you?

GEORGE:

I know something about history.

I know when I'm being threatened.

Your wife doesn't have any hips, has she, I mean does she?

NICK:

What?

GEORGE:

Oh, I didn't mean to suggest that i'm hip-happy, I was implying that your wife is slim-hipped.

NICK:

Yes, she is.

GEORGE:
Have you got any kids?

NICK:
No. Not yet. You?

GEORGE:
That's for me to know and you to find out.

NICK:
Indeed...

GEORGE:
No kids, huh? What's the matter?

NICK:
Nothing. We just...we wanted to wait till we're settled.

GEORGE:
Do you think you'll be happy here at New Carthage?

NICK:
Well, we hope to stay here. I don't mean forever.

GEORGE:
Well, I wouldn't let that get bantered about; The Old Man wouldn't like it. Martha's father expects his staff to come here and grow old...and fall in the line of service. One man, a professor of Latin and Elocution actually fell in the cafeteria line one lunch. But the Old Man is not gonna fall anywhere; the Old Man is not gonna die. 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's probably an irony there someplace, but I'm not drunk enough to figure out what it is. Martha! Damn it! I wonder what women talk about when the men are talking; I must find out sometime.

MARTHA:
What do you want?

GEORGE:
Isn't that a wonderful sound?

MARTHA:
George!

GEORGE:
How many kids are you going to have?

NICK:

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

GEORGE:

Slim-hipped. Ah, *well*, there's *one of you* at least.

HONEY:

You *must* see this house, dear...Oh, this is *such a* wonderful old house.

NICK:

Yes

GEORGE:

Martha!

MARTHA:

For Christ's sake, *hang on* a minute, *will* you?!

HONEY:

She'll be *right down*, she's changing.

GEORGE:

She's what? She's changing?

HONEY:

Yes.

GEORGE:

What, her clothes?

HONEY:

Her dress.

GEORGE:

Why?

HONEY:

I imagine that she wants to be comfortable.

GEORGE:

Oh, she does, does she?

HONEY:

Well, heavens, I *should* think...

GEORGE:

YOU don't know!

NICK:

Are you **all right**, dear?

HONEY:

Yes, dear, perfectly **fine**.

GEORGE:

So, she wants to be comfortable, does she?

Well, we'll see about that!

HONEY:

I **didn't know** that you **had** a son.

GEORGE:

What?

HONEY:

A son. I **hadn't known**.

NICK:

You to know and me to find out, huh?

HONEY:

Tomorrow is his birthday. He **will** be sixteen.

NICK:

Well...

GEORGE:

She told you about him?

HONEY:

Well, yes.

GEORGE:

She told you about him?

HONEY:

Yes.

GEORGE:

You said she's changing?

HONEY:

Yes.

GEORGE:

And she mentioned...

HONEY:
your son's birthday, yes.

GEORGE:
Ok, Martha, ok...

NICK:
You look a little pale, honey; would you like a...

HONEY:
Yes, dear, a little more brandy maybe; just a drop.

NICK:
May I use the...bar?

GEORGE:
Yes, by all means, drink away. You'll need it as the years go on.
Damn destructive...

HONEY:
What time is it, dear?

NICK:
Two-thirty.

HONEY:
Oh, so late! Maybe we should be getting home.

GEORGE:
For what? Are you keeping the baby sitter up or something?

NICK:
I told you we didn't have children.

GEORGE:
Oh yeah, I'm sorry, I wasn't even listening...or thinking...whichever one applies.

NICK:
We'll go in a little while.

GEORGE:
Oh no, you mustn't!
Martha is changing, and Martha is not changing for me.
Martha hasn't changed for me in years.
If Martha is changing, it means we're going to be here for days.
You're being accorded an honor, and you mustn't forget that Martha is the
daughter of our beloved boss... she is his right...arm.
I was going to use another word, but we'll leave that sort of talk to Martha.

MARTHA:
What sort of talk?

NICK:
Well, now...

GEORGE:
Why, Martha, your Sunday chapel dress!

HONEY:
Oh, that's most attractive!

MARTHA:
You like it? Good.
What the hell do you mean...