

SIDE 1

HANNAH MAE: Carl Joe arrives on the five-forty-seven. I'm dressed perfect. Dinner's a killer, He stuffs his face. I wipe his mouth. My plan's going perfect, I'm leading the sucker to slaughter! Next I take off his shoes—I'm on the verge of doing a job on his insteps—only I can't hold my anger back another second. I smash his shoes to the floor and I scream, "Lug, the wandering hands is one thing but this next-door hustling's gotta stop!" He screams back, "What next-door hustling?!" I smile and say real quiet and slow, "I know about you and Miss Maude." He smiles and says real quiet back, "Nothing happened between us. She's got no proof!"

I grab his shoe and wack him hard on the side of his head. "Goddang liar!" He bolts out of the chair. For twenty years every day I've been afraid of pushing him too far...I mean, to live all that time threatened by something that never comes but at any minute could...only now it's here! Before he can even make fist, *WHAP!* I get him with the shoe again. It's him that's afraid of me. Twice more I hit him. *WHAP, WHAP.* He rolls over and the chase begins. Ain't never felt so good in my life. Only trouble is I wrecked my eye falling against the coffee table in the living room and my wrist, well, that got broke falling down the back stairs trying to tackle the lug. Self inflicted, but sure feels good. So!

SIDE 2

HANNAH MAE: Hi. My name is Hannah Mae Bindler. I live right across there, across that little patch of grass. My back door faces your back door. If you saw someone painting our place last week and figured someone was moving in, well, Honey, you were a hundred percent right, cause we just did. Me and my lug Carl Joe. We're your new next door neighbors.

Sure do got yourself a sweet-looking kitchen. Everything where it oughta be. Right out of *Better Homes and Gardens*. Got to bring Carl Joe by and show it to him. We're remodeling and we still haven't landed on the right color scheme. Wait till you see the shoulders on Carl Joe! A guy's body ain't supposed to mean as much to us as ours do to them, but on our second date he took off his shirt and that was it. Carl Joe played tackle for Texas football back in the late '50s, and like he says, "Excepting you Hannah Mae, everything since then's been a real anti-climax." Really love the lug.

SIDE 3

MAUDE: Look, you're Hannah Mae and I'm Maude. Let's keep it right there. No more "Sugar, Honey Child," or any of that Southern stuff, O.K.? Also, I want you to stop spying on me. I don't need any extra eyes looking right now. I couldn't squeeze you in even if I wanted to. Every free minute not spent with friends and/or the less fortunate is filled with reading. I love books. I belong to three different book-of-the-month clubs. I subscribe to two psychological journals. I'm voracious. I never stop. I live a life of the mind. I am not like the rest of the women on Charlemagne Lane. I'm totally happy by myself. I love to be alone. Privacy is my middle name. Come around tomorrow and see if I'm even here. If you wonder why I cut the grass so late at night, that's how busy I am! Say, 'Good-bye, Maude. I've worn out my welcome and I must learn to mind my own business.'

SIDE 4

MAUDE: *[Answering the phone]* Yes, this is Maude Mix! Okay, operator, I'll accept...Hi, Produgal, get yourself a nice tan? ...I'll bet, I'll just bet...Listen, Produgal, what's the number of the flight, when's it scheduled to land, and YES or NO—do you want me to drive in and pick you up?...Tyler, what's all that whispering going on?...Her name's Mona...Yes, of course I still have my monumental sense of humor...Tyler be serious...Tyler, I want you to stop all this and--...Honey, please don't. Please come home and we'll try one more time. We'll find some dogs to raise...Hello?...Hello?? *[Hangs up]* Mona?! Can you imagine a woman with the name Mona taking a man away from me?

SIDE 5

MAUDE: I have got to take a shower, I have to get some water on me.

HANNAH MAE: You go ahead, Honey. I'll just flip through some of your magazines while I'm waiting.

MAUDE: Hannah Mae, I committed ADULTERY with your husband!!

HANNAH MAE: You couldn't help it. He's one big fella. Even a strong woman don't stand a cow cud's chance against that kind of stampede.

MAUDE: This is not how you feel! You're in a rage, you feel like killing me. Stop all this crap and start feel like killing me. Start screaming at me, scream!

HANNAH MAE: Maude, I know just how you feel. When it first started happening, I used to go up the goddang walls too.

MAUDE: How often does this happen?

HANNAH MAE: Oh, the guy's got the wandering hands bad. What am I going to do, chop them off at the wrists?

MAUDE: You mean I'm just another on a long list? Oh, this is the absolute pits.

HANNA MAE: Maude, you're getting excited. Take deep breaths.

MAUDE: Of course I'm getting excited.

HANNAH MAE: *[Takes deep breaths]*

MAUDE: I don't know why I did it! The minute I heard the knock at the door, I knew who it was, what he wanted, and that I was going to give it to him! I just did it because I did it. I can't get hold of the reason why. Maybe I did it because I was lonely, maybe I did it because...

HANNAH MAE: No one else cares why you did it, why should you?

MAUDE: I think maybe we shouldn't see each other again for a very long time.

HANNAH MAE: Carl Joe's just putting us to the test. This is no time to be getting silly.

MAUDE: Silly? You are calling me silly? Well, let me tell you a thing or two that may have passed you by in all those years cheerleading back in Texas. Up here we don't...

HANNAH MAE: All you're getting, Honey, is sillier by the minute!

MAUDE: My name is Maude!

HANNAH MAE: All you are getting, Maude, is sill—

MAUDE: I don't want your intensity. I don't need all your feeling. I know all about what that does. Intensity and feeling do nothing but confuse people. For our purposes, they are absolutely unnecessary. Is that clear?

Side 6

HANNAH MAE: How come you and Tyler sleep in separate beds?

MAUDE: I beg your pardon?

HANNAH MAE: Sex. Do you get laid a lot, a little, or none at all?

MAUDE: A lot when we're raising dogs.

HANNAH MAE: Dogs?

MAUDE: He'll find a rare breed of female dog he likes. He'll buy it and bring it home. Next, he pays a stud fee to bring a male in. That's the high point. We'll watch them smell each other out. The heat rubs off on us. For the time the stud's there, we can't keep our hands off each other. Then one day one of us will reach out and the other will make touching a terrible sin—it's both of us.

HANNAH MAE: I guess that's why you don't have any kids?

MAUDE: We're waiting for the right time.

HANNA MAE: Reason I got none is bad plumbing.

MAUDE: I've never understood kids much. Always thought I'd have one or two and learn to understand them. We still have plenty of time.

HANNAH MAE: Who needs kids? You got me. Maude, wanna know how far growing up in Texas set me back? I never know women snored. I mean loud, like guys.

MAUDE: Do they?

HANNAH MAE: You do.

MAUDE: I do not!

HANNAH MAE: Like a chainsaw. *[Makes chainsaw sounds]* That's you, only louder. *[More sounds]*

MAUDE: I wonder if she snores too?

HANNAH MAE: Who?

MAUDE: Tyler's secretary that he took to Puerto Rico. He's down there with her deciding.

HANNAH MAE: Deciding what?

MAUDE: Whether to come back to me or go off with her.

HANNAH MAE: Are you worried?

MAUDE: Nope. Every two years he runs off. He's like a clock. Loves bimbos: blonde, stacked, chew gum, moan a lot, but in the end I'm what he needs!