

Punch & Judy Get Divorced

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COPY

LIFE WITHOUT MEN/JUNE 1997

(MINUS: DEVIL, RED DOG, DR.JUDY, JUDY JR., BABY JUDY)

DAY ONE:

(OFFSTAGE ALARM CLOCK RINGS, STOPS. JUDY BABY ENTERS)

JUDYBABY:I found the perfect red. It wasn't easy. Clairol has so many damn reds. Don't try carrot, take it from me, or pumpkin or persimmon. No fruits or vegetables. Hair is not meant to look edible. This is just called "Red!" I think it works. It really ...oh, where's my notebook? I have to write down what I'm saying.

(SUNG)

I write everything down. I write what I hear.
What goes in one ear comes out of my pen.
I notate the minute, the hour, the day.
A notebook a month keeps the doctor away.
I hear something again - I write "something again".
And again and again. And again and again.

(SPOKEN)

I'm Judy baby. I grew up and tattooed my breast and left home when I was twenty to marry my dream Punch. He worked for the phone company and I was a housewife and I thought we were happy but he ran away so we got divorced and I moved back home. I'm forty. That's my whole life story.

(SUNG)

I write everything down. I write what I see.
I'm lost with no list - I don't get the gist.
Things do not exist if they're not black on white.

I write everyday and when I can't sleep at night - I write. I don't sleep well at night.

So I write. (TOBY ENTERS)

(SPOKEN)

You remember Toby, our dog? Morning Toby.

TOBY: Arf.

JUDYBABY: (WRITING) Toby has been out and done her morning doo doo. (TO TOBY)

Isn't that right old girl, old girl?

TOBY: Arf, arf.

JUDYBABY: Toby lives with us and does her doo every morning before we get up.

Toby always barks once, then twice. (MA ENTERS FROM BEDROOM,

PLACES SWEATER ON BACK OF CHAIR AND SLIPPERS IN FRONT OF IT)

Remember my ma? Morning ma.

MA: Morning Judy. You're up earl...you're already writing?

JUDYBABY: Are you okay ma?

MA: I've got a very big headache. I have to take Tylenol. (STOPS) Are you writing I'm going to take Tylenol?

(SUNG)

JUDYBABY: I write everything down - I don't like to choose,

To me it's all news, I write it all down.

I notate the minute, the hour, the day.

A notebook a month keeps the doctor away.

I write it all down, I write everything down,

Everything, everything, everything - down.

(SPOKEN)

It's interesting ma. You used to take Excedrin.

MA: Judy, that's not interesting to anyone but me and it's not interesting to me.

JUDYBABY: You remember aspirin ma? Before Excedrin? (TO AUDIENCE) In my book I call those the Bayer years.

MA: I'm going to the medicine cabinet. (EXITS TO BATHROOM)

JUDYBABY: Ma has a headache every morning. I'll read yesterdays headache. "I've got a very big headache. I have to take Tylenol. I'm going to the medicine cabinet." Ma always forgets she keeps the Tylenol in the kitchen now.

MA: (ENTERS) I always forget I keep the Tylenol in the kitchen now. (EXITS TO KITCHEN)

JUDYBABY: I write everything down. (AUNT JUDY ENTERS FROM BEDROOM) Morning auntie Judy. (AUNT JUDY SNORTS)

TOBY: Arf arf. (AUNT JUDY EXITS TO KITCHEN, MA ENTERS)

MA: Your aunt is up. Another lucky day. I'm going back to bed until the Bayer works. (EXITS TO BEDROOM)

JUDYBABY: You see she said Bayer. I'm an archaeologist of morning behavior. Ma always says, "your aunt is up, another lucky day." Actually, last month ma said, (TO AUDIENCE) "She's up, is this a lucky day or what?" At Easter she said "Your aunt Judy has risen!" I wrote it down.

(AUNT JUDY ENTERS FROM KITCHEN WITH COFFEE, SITS)

Auntie Judy doesn't talk until she has her coffee and when she finishes her coffee she slams her cup into her saucer and says "I can't talk until I have my coffee." (SHUTS NOTEBOOK) as if anybody asked her.

(SUNG)

Houses of women. Families of Judys. Happens a lot.

TOBY:Happens a lot.

JUDYBABY:Widowed, abandoned. Never been married. Like it or not.

TOBY:Like it or not.

JUDYBABY:Staying together. For love or for money. That's all -

BOTH:That's all they got.

JUDYBABY:What happened to the spring?

TOBY:What happened to the spring?

BOTH:What happened? (GRAMMA JUDY ENTERS FROM BEDROOM)

(SPOKEN)

JUDYBABY:Morning gramma.

GRAMMA: Morning Judy baby. (GRAMMA EXITS TO BATHROOM)

JUDYBABY:That's my gramma Judy. My mother's mother. Not aunt Judy's mother.
Aunt Judy's my father's sister. (WRITES) Aunt Judy is sixty and
she's a widow. (TO AUDIENCE) Actually, she's four widows. She
married and buried four Punches so far. She came to help with me
when ma kicked Punch out. She just never left.

TOBY:Arf arf arf arf.

JUDYBABY:Four arfs! Let's not discuss it. Ma gets conniptions.

(SUNG)

Houses of women. Sharing the rent. All of them came -

BOTH:None of them went.

(SPOKEN)

MA:(ENTERS) I feel better. I'm going to make tea. (TOILET FLUSHES, GRAMMA
ENTERS, MA SHOUTS) Anybody want tea?

AUNTJUDY: (SLAMS CUP INTO SAUCER) I can't talk until I have my

coffee and when I have my coffee I have to go to the
toilet. (EXITS TO BATHROOM)

JUDYBABY: (WRITING) Ma is sixty.

MA:Fifty eight, don't make me old. (EXITS TO KITCHEN)

GRAMMA: Very weak. I'm constipated.

JUDYBABY: (WRITING) Gramma just turned eighty.

GRAMMA: (SITS) What did you say Judy baby?

JUDYBABY: (WRITING) And she can't hear. (SHUTS NOTEBOOK)

(SUNG)

GRAMMA:Houses of women.

Sitting and waiting - for something to happen.

ALL:What happened?

AUNTJUDY:(AUNT JUDY OPENS BATHROOM DOOR) Lying around.

Giving up life. Letting it not happen. (SHUTS DOOR)

ALL:What happened?

MA:(OPENS KITCHEN DOOR) Never noticing. Years are passing - and nothing

ALL:Nothing.

MA:Has happened...(SHUTS DOOR)

JUDYBABY:What happened to the spring?

TOBY:What happened to the spring?

ALL:What happened? (TOILET FLUSH, AUNT JUDY ENTERS)

(SPOKEN)

AUNTJUDY:That was a big one Gramma Judy, I did some for you.

GRAMMA:Ooh, I gotta go. (EXITS TO BATHROOM)

AUNTJUDY:I'm gonna write a letter. (EXITS TO BEDROOM, DOORBELL)

JUDYBABY:Aunt Judy's gonna write a...(SHOUTS) Someone's at the door. Will somebody get that? I have to finish this sentence. (WRITES) Actually, now I have to write I said will somebody get that? I have to finish...Oh, now I have to write actually, now I have to...(DOORBELL)

AUNTJUDY:(OFFSTAGE) I'm in the middle of a letter. (DOORBELL)

MA:(OFFSTAGE) I'm in the kitchen. (DOORBELL)

GRAMMA: (OFFSTAGE) I'm on the toilet.

MRS.JUDY:(JUDYBABY OPENS DOOR) Hello, I'm your new neighbor from down the hall. I'm Mrs. Judy. I'm a married woman with a living husband and a great many lovers over the years and more than one at once.

JUDYBABY: Mind if I write this down?

MA: (COMING FROM KITCHEN, SHOUTING) Mama, tea's made. GRAMMA: (FROM BATHROOM) Is that tea made yet?

MA: Tea, mama, tea. (TOILET FLUSHES, GRAMMA ENTERS)

JUDYBABY: This is my ma Judy and my gramma Judy. This is...

MRS.JUDY: Mrs. Judy.

MA:(SHOUTS) Mama, say hello to Mrs. Judy.

GRAMMA: Hello. Very weak. I'm constipated.

JUDYBABY:Mrs. Judy's our new neighbor.

MRS.JUDY: From down the hall. I'm a married woman...

JUDYBABY: (READING FROM NOTEBOOK) with a living husband...

MRS.JUDY: and a great many lovers over the years...

BOTH: and more than one at once.

GRAMMA: Is this a door to door Judy? Where are her samples?

MA: (SHOUTS) No mama. Mrs. Judy's not selling anything.

JUDYBABY:Go on Mrs. Judy. I write other people's problems down.

MRS.JUDY:Well, this was none of this a problem until I began to
wonder when my husband and I are making love and I'm imagining
one of my lovers...

GRAMMA:Oooh, I have to go.

MRS.JUDY: who does my husband think about?

GRAMMA:No, I don't think so.

JUDYBABY: I'm writing who does he think...

MRS.JUDY: about. All I can think about when we're making love...

JUDYBABY: (WRITING) making love...

MRS.JUDY: is who does he think about when we're making love...

GRAMMA:Ooh, I think this is it! (HURRIES TO BATHROOM)

MRS.JUDY:and I'm not thinking of him?

JUDYBABY:Oh Mrs. Judy, you remind me of me. I'm divorced.

MA:Long divorced.

GRAMMA:(OFFSTAGE) I'm working at it. I just squeezed out -

MA: (SHOUTS) Mama, Judy writes down everything you say.

JUDYBABY:I do. I'm a non fiction writer. I'm writing the stories of life
without men.

GRAMMA: (OFFSTAGE) Say that again.

MA: (SHOUTS) Life without men mama. (TOILET FLUSHES)

GRAMMA:(ENTERS) It's terrible.

JUDYBABY:(TO MRS.JUDY) I was the wife of a man who came out of the closet and
ran off with his lover.

MA: You're just a little bit bitter, baby.

GRAMMA:What is she?

MA:Bitter.

(SUNG)

JUDYBABY I'm not bitter, I'm haunted, haunted by my blindness.

All those handsome young men, so refined...

and such kindness.

Always handsome young men - they all ate my dinner.

Guys from the office - he said. The gym - he said.

Old school pals - my husband said...and we dined.

(SPOKEN)

MA: Judy baby -

(SUNG)

JUDYBABY: We dined.

(SPOKEN)

MRS. JUDY: Was he lying? Were they lovers?

MA: She'll never know. Judy, I'm sure Mrs. Judy...

(SUNG)

JUDYBABY: Handsome young men, all without wives,

I'd be dressed up and cooking. I thought they were looking.

I thought they thought I was good looking

And they envied my husband - I was out of my mind.

They were envying me and flirting with him...when we dined.

(SPOKEN)

MA: Nevermind, Judy baby -

(SUNG)

JUDYBABY: We dined.

(SPOKEN)

MRS. JUDY: So you loved a man who also loved men.

MA:A woman can't defend herself against rivals she doesn't know she has.

Judy, baby, I'm sure Mrs. Judy has bet..

(SUNG)

JUDYBABY: Coming back in the room. Coming in from the kitchen.

Catching a glimpse - of interrupted movement.

Seeing smiles. I still see those smiles.

Coming in with dessert. Coming back with the coffee. Mistaking those smiles

- for greetings, I thought.

For approval, I thought. I can't think what I thought. The behavior of

handsome, hungry young men

Toward beautiful, dressed up cooking women...

When we dined. I was blind.

(SPOKEN)

MA: Just a wee bit bitter.

(SUNG)

JUDYBABY:I'm not bitter, I'm haunted, haunted by my blindness.

All those handsome young men, so refined...

and such kindness.

Always handsome young men - they all ate my dinner.

Off my best china...when we dined.

JB/MA:Nevermind, nevermind.

(SPOKEN)

MRS.JUDY: So you want to know what I want to know? Who?

JUDYBABY:Yes, who? Who was he thinking about when we made love?

MRS.JUDY:Who do you think he was thinking about and who were you thinking
about?

JUDYBABY:Him.

MRS.JUDY:Everytime?

JUDYBABY:Most of the time.

MRS.JUDY:But sometimes you imagined some handsome young man?

JUDYBABY: Yes.

MA:Judy!

MRS.JUDY: And now you imagine that he sometimes imagined some
handsome young man?

JUDYBABY: Yes.

MRS.JUDY: Maybe even the same handsome young man.

JUDYBABY: Yes.

MRS.JUDY:Well, that's one for your book, dear. I'd better go.

JUDYBABY:(MRS. JUDY EXITS) Goodbye, Mrs. Judy.

TOBY:Arf arf.

MA:Well, mama was right. She is like a door to door Judy. She's selling
something or she's giving something away or she's pretending to
give something away which, in fact, we'll have to pay for.

JUDYBABY:What do you mean ma?

MA:I don't trust anybody who right away is my best friend. What do they want?

AUNTJUDY:(ENTERS W/LETTER) I finished my letter. Who was that?

MA:Well, she wore me out. I'm going to bed. (EXITS)

JUDYBABY:(WRITING) Ma is going to bed.

AUNTJUDY:Who was that?

GRAMMA:Love talk bullshit. I'm going to the toilet. Then
I'm going to bed. (EXITS)

AUNTJUDY:Who - was - that?

JUDYBABY:(WRITING) Bullshit, toilet, Gramma, bed.

AUNTJUDY:Okay, don't tell me. I'll mail my letter tomorrow. I'm going to

bed. (EXITS)

JUDYBABY: (WRITING) Letter. Tomorrow. To bed.

TOBY:Arf.

JUDYBABY: I'm going to bed. (EXITS)

TOBY:Arf, arf. (TOILET FLUSHES)

GRAMMA: (ENTERS) I know what love is. I'm deaf - I ain't dead. When you get to be grandma nobody thinks you weren't always grandma. Nobody thinks grandma and grampa once wanted each other. In my day a girl didn't admit she wanted it. You waited until he was in the mood. Until he was ready. My mother told me "you won't much like it Judy but it's your job." She was dead wrong. I liked it. I loved it. Sometimes when we were eating dinner I'd be thinking about it. Maybe he wants it tonight. Oooh, I hope he wants it. I got into bed and I waited. He said my name. "Judy." The way he said Judy. Oooh, he wants it. I hope it isn't finished too fast. I hope he takes his time. I loved that man. I loved making love with that man. I can still remember. (WALKS TO BEDROOM DOOR) When I was pregnant he wouldn't touch me. Who did he go with when he didn't go with me? Judy! It's none-a-ya business. A man isn't like a woman. He has ta do what he has ta do. A man's thing is like a water glass. He takes it out, he uses it, he washes it off, puts it away and who knows the difference?

I had his baby. I kept myself for him and I waited... and soon in bed I
heard, "Judy." Back in business and business is better than ever.
Let me tell you, maybe he learned something from her, whoever
she was, the bitch! (EXITS)

TOBY: Arf, arf.

JUDYBABY: (CALLS FROM BEDROOM) Toby, here girl. Here girl.

TOBY: Here girl, girl!

(SUNG)

I'm a mamma - I'm a grandma.

Pups and pups - and grandpups.

Human women - have one baby,

Obstetricians - nice conditions.

Dogs have five - or six or more, on the floor - in a drawer.

Z'that your definition of a girl? Don't call me girl!

(SPOKEN)

JUDYBABY: (FROM OFFSTAGE) Here girl, here girl.

(SUNG)

TOBY: I'm a mama - I'm a grandma.

Pups and pups - and grandpups.

Lick 'em, love 'em, nurse 'em, wean 'em,

After which I never seen 'em.

Never touch 'em, never kiss 'em.

Don't know who they are to miss 'em.

Z'this then a definition of a girl? Don't call me girl!

Call me Lucky, Rocky, Bucky, call me Fido.

Call me Queenie, Pookie, Cookie, call me Jocko.

Call me anything you can think of - be real clever!

But there's one thing that I'm never - no, never!

(SPOKEN)

I'm fourteen thousand human years old - what the hell does a dog have to do
to be called a woman?

(SUNG)

Don't call me girl!

(DAY TWO: ALARM RINGS, STOPS, JUDYBABY ENTERS)

JUDYBABY: Morning Toby.

TOBY: Arf.

JUDYBABY: Done your doo doo old girl, old girl?

TOBY: Arf, arf. (MA ENTERS FROM BEDROOM)

JUDYBABY: Morning Ma.

MA: Morning Judy.

JUDYBABY: You okay Ma?

MA: I've got a very big headache. I have to take Tylenol. (EXITS TO BATHROOM, ENTERS) I always forget I keep the Tylenol in the kitchen now.

(MA EXITS TO KITCHEN, AUNT JUDY ENTERS FROM BEDROOM)

JUDYBABY: Morning Auntie Judy. (SHE SNORTS, EXITS TO KITCHEN)

TOBY: Arf arf. (MA ENTERS FROM KITCHEN)

MA: Your aunt is up. Another lucky day. I'm going back to bed until the Bayer works. (EXITS TO BEDROOM, AUNT JUDY ENTERS WITH COFFEE, SITS, GRAMMA ENTERS FROM BEDROOM)

JUDYBABY: Morning Gramma.

GRAMMA: Morning Judy Baby. (EXITS TO BATHROOM, MA ENTERS)

MA: I feel better. I'm going to make tea. (TOILET FLUSHES, GRAMMA ENTERS, MA SHOUTS) Anybody want tea?

AUNTJUDY: (SLAMS CUP INTO SAUCER) I can't talk until I have my coffee and when I have my coffee I have to go to the toilet. (EXITS TO BATHROOM)

GRAMMA: Very weak. I'm constipated. I'm not sleeping. As soon as my head hits the pillow I'm wide awake.

MA: Why can't you sleep, mama? Are you nervous?

GRAMMA: I'm not nervous. I'm not nervous. I'm angry.

MA: What are you angry about? Why are you?

(SUNG)

GRAMMA: I'm angry at him. I yell at his picture.

I yell at him - in our wedding picture.

He promised me - he'd never leave me.

I trusted him - what good did it do me?

I yell at him - in our wedding picture.

I lay in the bed - I yell at that picture.

He looks so young - so tall and handsome.

Holding me close in our wedding picture. I can remember.

I'm so angry he left me alone! (TOILET FLUSHES)

(SPOKEN)

AUNTJUDY: (ENTERS FROM BATHROOM SHOUTING) That was a big one

Gramma Judy. I did some for y...what's the matter?

(SUNG)

GRAMMA: He didn't fight. He could have fought.

He made me a promise - made me a vow.

He promised "forever! Till death do us part!"

I sat next to that bed - said "Ya know who I am?"

He said "Y o u a r e m y w i f e."

I said "You bastard, Punch - don't you leave me alone."

(SPOKEN)

MA: Mama, aren't you glad his suffering is over?

(SUNG)

GRAMMA:No! I'm glad in my head. But not in my heart.

Not glad in my heart - I want my husband back.

Sure, he'll never come back - I know what's what.

He got worn out - couldn't take anymore.

But he left me alone - with my constipation.

I'm angry at him. I yell at his picture.

I yell at him - in our wedding picture.

He left me here. I want him back.

I want him back even dying!

I want that bastard back.

I want everything just how it was!

(SPOKEN)

AUNTJUDY:Oh come on please. What does "just how it was" mean? You couldn't go anywhere. You couldn't do anything. You were a prisoner. He made you crazy. You said so.

GRAMMA:It's true. He made me crazy. But crazy was something. My life had something in it. Him and me and crazy. Now it's only me. Me in the night, me in the morning. I used to get outta bed in the morning and he was already up and dressed. "Whatta time to get up." First words outta his mouth. "Whatta time to get up!"

AUNTJUDY: And you miss that greeting?

GRAMMA:What time I got up mattered to him. It doesn't matter to anybody now what time I get up. I could just not get up and it wouldn't matter.

AUNTJUDY:Okay, what about when he wouldn't talk? The silent treatment. You

wouldn't talk to each other for days. What about that?

GRAMMA: It's different now.

MA: What's different now mama?

GRAMMA: I think about the "not talking" in another way.

AUNTJUDY:What other way is there to think about not talking?

GRAMMA:It's true. I did think then that not talking was like something not happening, like nothing. But now I think sometimes something not happening is like something happening.

MA: Judy baby, write this down.

GRAMMA:When we didn't talk the house was full of our "not talking." Full!

The house was full of our war. You

could do "not talking" in so many different ways. To not answer the

telephone.(PHONE RINGS) He hated to answer the telephone. (PHONE RINGS) He hated the telephone. (PHONE RINGS) If I didn't answer in the first three rings (PHONE RINGS) I forced him to pick it up or if he didn't (PHONE RINGS) then by the fifth ring I hadda pick it up. Then he would win the war. You see?

MA:(ANSWERS PHONE) Hello, hello. This phone's busted (HANGS UP) I see, mama.

GRAMMA:Or I wouldn't say supper's ready. I'd bang the plates. I'd put lots of food on his plate and he couldn't say no. He couldn't talk. That way I could get him to eat a little more. He was getting so skinny. You see?

MA: I see, mama. I see.

GRAMMA:Or I, or he, would disappear into another room for too long and we'd have to make a reason to go and see if everything was okay. We were so busy with each other.

MA: Oh mama.

GRAMMA: Now what? Now I turn on the T.V. and I watch anything I want.
I don't have to watch goddamn nature programs. Wildlife Kingdom.
Goddamn animals. I hate those goddamn animals. "Why d'ya go to
sleep?" I can hear him now. "I turn on a program and ya go to
sleep." It's boring. "How can nature be boring?" To me it's
boring. Now I watch the nature programs on purpose. I hope
they'll put me to sleep. I can't sleep.

(SUNG)

I yell at him - in our wedding picture.
I lay in the bed - I yell at that picture.

(SPOKEN)

It's your goddamn nature program, d'ya hear it? Where are you ya bastard?
Why did you leave me here alone?

(GRAMMA EXITS TO BEDROOM, AUNT JUDY EXITS TO BATHROOM)

JUDYBABY:(WRITING) What was the last thing?

MA:Why did you leave me here alone. (EXITS TO KITCHEN)

JUDYBABY:(WRITES) Leave me...here...alone. (DOORBELL) Someone's at the door.

I have to finish this sent...

MA: (DOORBELL) I'm in the kitchen.

GRAMMA: (DOORBELL) I'm in the bedroom.

AUNTJUDY: (DOORBELL) I'm in the bathroom.

JUDYBABY:I'll get it. (LEAVES NOTEBOOK, GOES TO DOOR) Who is it?

JUDYBELL:(OFFSTAGE) Phone company.

JUDYBABY:Ma, it's the phone company.(GETS NOTEBOOK)

JUDYBELL:(ENTERS) I'm from the phone company.

MA:(ENTERS WITH ONE CUP) Hello.

GRAMMA:(ENTERS) What is that?

MA:Tea, mama.

GRAMMA:Who is that?

MA:The phone company, mama.

JUDYBABY:We never have women coming to fix the phone.

JUDYBELL:Well this is my old job. I had it when I was a Punch.

GRAMMA:You were a what?

JUDYBELL:A Punch.

GRAMMA:You mean a man?

JUDYBELL:Yes ma'am.

MA:You worked for the phone company and you were a man?

JUDYBELL:And I became a woman and sued to keep my job.

MA:You became a woman and sued the phone company?

JUDYBELL:I won. What seems to be the trouble?

JUDYBABY:(WRITING) To be the trouble.

MA:Were you married?

JUDYBELL:I was married.

JUDYBABY:He used to fix phones. She still does. He was married.

(LOOKS UP) You look familiar.

AUNTJUDY:(TOILET FLUSHES, ENTERS) That was a big one gramma Judy. I did some
for...who is
this?

MA:A phone repair...person.

JUDYBELL:My name is Judy Bell.

GRAMMA:Is this big girl gonna fix the phone or what?

JUDYBABY:What happened to her?

JUDYBELL:To who?

JUDYBABY:To your wife?

AUNTJUDY:What wife?

JUDYBELL:I think she's a writer.

AUNTJUDY:What wife?

JUDYBABY:And did you find a Punch for yourself?

AUNTJUDY:What wife?

JUDYBELL:I like Pollys.

AUNTJUDY:Okay, don't tell me. (EXITS TO BEDROOM)

JUDYBELL:Where's the trouble?

JUDYBABY:(HANDS JUDYBELL PHONE) Here. So you changed everything?

JUDYBELL:Can't always take things as they come.

(SUNG)

Let's say a man loves a woman like an "ordinary" man

But he finds he feels like a woman

And he wants to have an operation

So he has the operation and she wakes up in the hospital

But during her recuperation she finds she goes for the nurses -What's there

to say about that?

What's there to say about that?

JUDYBABY:Let's say a woman loves a man like any "ordinary" woman

But the man she loves loves men and she overcooks the pasta

And has a nervous breakdown when he runs off with his lover

And during her recuperation she runs home to mama -

What's there to say about that?

What's there to say about that?

JB/JBLL:What's there to say about that?

ALL:Let's say a woman's tired of living with

MA:A family that keeps growing

And she doesn't wanna seem ungenerous but

She wishes some of'em were going.

ALL:Let's say a woman's tired of living

GRAMMA:Without the man who used to pet her

And she's waiting here impatiently for

God to come and get her.

ALL:Let's say a woman's tired of living life

AUNTJUDY:(ENTERS) As this family's third wheel

And she's beginning to feel like a total loser

In the sex appeal department.

ALL:Let's say a woman's tired of living life

TOBY:As a dog who's brown and furry - and

Would like to find a new persona - and

Stop cow towing to a human owner - in a hurry.

ALL:What's there to say about that?

What's there to say about that?

What's there to say about that?

There's nothing to say about that!

(SPOKEN)

JUDYBELL: (LISTENS TO PHONE) I think this line is clear now.

JUDYBABY: (WRITING) Clear now...thanks, thank you very much. Goodbye. (AUNT

JUDY WALKS JUDYBELL TO DOOR, MA SITS)

AUNTJUDY: (JUDYBELL EXITS) Goodbye. (TO MA) Are you sitting in that chair
again Judy?

MA: Do you want me not to sit in this chair Judy?

AUNTJUDY: No, Judy. I don't care where you sit. You can sit anywhere, Judy

JUDYBABY: Oh, no, this is the "it's your house" routine.

MA: It's our house Judy. It's all our house. If you want this chair just say
you want this chair. A chair is a chair. A chair is a chair to
me. I could sit anywhere.

JUDYBABY: (OVERLAP) Anywhere. Now she says "I could go in... MA:

(OVERLAP) I could go in my room.

AUNTJUDY: I could go in my room.

(SUNG)

But if a chair is a chair - if any chair is any chair

How come you don't sit - anywhere but that chair?

When you get up from that chair

You leave something on that chair

Your glasses, or a book

Or your knitting where you're sitting

Or a magazine, a sweater,

Or a hat where you sat.

Or your SLIPPERS!

(SPOKEN)

Every morning you put your slippers in front of the chair. Then you sit in
the chair with the slippers on the floor and your feet on the
floor and when you get up you get up barefoot. You leave your
slippers in front of the chair and when you walk you walk
barefoot. Who ever heard of walking barefoot in a house?

JUDYBABY: (OVERLAP) House. Now she says "Well it's your house."

AUNTJUDY: Well, it's your house.

(SUNG)

I suppose you can walk - how you want in your house.

I suppose you can sit - where you want in your house.

A person certainly should do

What a person thinks they would do

If there wasn't another person - in their own house.

(SPOKEN)

JUDYBABY: (AUNT JUDY BEGINS TO EXIT) Atha-lete's foot.

AUNTJUDY: (RETURNS) My second husband used to walk barefoot and he gave me
atha-lete's foot. He had atha-lete's foot and he gave me atha-
lete's foot by walking barefoot in the house.

JUDYBABY: One more time - well, it's your...

AUNTJUDY: (OVERLAP) House. I certainly would not tell a person what to do in
their own house. (BEGINS TO EXIT)

JUDYBABY: Far be it from me - (AUNT JUDY RETURNS)

(SUNG)

AUNTJUDY:Far be it from me - never let it be said
I'd tell a person - what to do - in her own house.

I would rather drop dead then tell a person - who is you
In her own house - what she should do. Far be it from me.

(SPOKEN)

MA:(AUNT JUDY EXITS TO BEDROOM) My sister-in-law Judy is so sour. Too many
Punches. It's one thing to never be a Judy but it's something
else to be a Judy too many times.(DOORBELL, OPENS DOOR) Oh, Mrs.
Judy you're back.

MRS.JUDY: (ENTERS) I'm leaving.

JUDYBABY: With one of your lovers?

MRS.JUDY: Alone.

JUDYBABY:Alone?

MRS.JUDY: I don't know who I am. Someone should be able to say -hello, I'm
someone. Someone should be able to say "I live with who I love,
or am in love with, or make love with and fight with and laugh
the most with." I would like to be able to say that and until I
can say that...

JUDYBABY:What?

MRS.JUDY:I have to be alone.

MA:(SPELLS) A-l-o-n-e. Write it down Judy.

MRS.JUDY:Goodbye. (EXITS)

MA:Goodbye.

JUDYBABY:Goodbye. (WRITES) Mrs. Judy is going away. She doesn't know who she
is. It's very hard to know who anybody is. Things change. I knew
who my husband was...wait! Wait!

(SUNG)

What's happening? What am I saying?

What am I singing? Did you hear what I wrote?

I wrote something - something about something.

(SPOKEN)

Life without men.

(SUNG)

Houses of women. Families of Judys. Happens a lot.

Widowed, abandoned. Or never been married. Like it or not.

Staying together. For love or money. That's all they got.

What happened to the spri..

(SPOKEN)

Wait a minute. Not every Judy gets the wrong man. Some Judy if she wants a

man at all gets the right man. Gramma got the right man.

GRAMMA:(OFFSTAGE) He just died at the wrong time.

MA:And not every Judy wants a man, Judy.

(SUNG)

I'd like more than anything - to live alone

But "no" was always difficult - for me to say.

Punch decided I would be his bride - I couldn't say no My family smiled - I

reconciled myself.

When they said "Now how about - a child?"

JB/MA:"Child" this - "Child" that -

The family clucked "When will you have a child?"

"Child" this - "Child" that - "Child" "Child" "Child"

MA:So now I was a mother and a wife - what a life!

The baby all day long - Punch at night - was I lucky or what? I
stayed with Punch - I won't lie - I don't know why.
Until I finally got the nerve for - a divorce.

JB/MA:"Divorce" this - "Divorce" that _
The girls crowed "Punch and Judy get divorced"
"Divorce" this - "Divorce" that - "Divorce" "Divorce" "Divorce"

MA:My father died - my ma moved in - could I say no?

JUDYBABY:There's a flaw in the old "two become one" equation.

MA:My daughter Judy's husband ran away - what could I say?

JUDYBABY:Two do not become one unless - one surrenders.

MA: My ex-sister-in-law Judy wouldn't leave - can you believe?

JUDYBABY:Who wants one and one to add up to one - anyway?

(SPOKEN)

AUNTJUDY:(ENTERS) The thing about that chair is if you don't want anyone else
to sit in it all you have to do is say "No! This is my chair. I
don't want anyone else to sit in it." I won't sit in it. No one
will sit in it.

MA:Okay. No! It's my chair. It's mine. I don't want anyone else to sit in my
chair. (AUNT JUDY EXITS, MA EXITS)

(SUNG)

JUDYBABY:Spring this, spring that, spring, spring, spring.
Spring this, spring that...

What happened to the spring? - Spring happened.

(JUDYBABY EXITS)

(DAY THREE: ALARM RINGS, ALARM STOPS)

TOBY: (ENTERS) Arf.

MA: (ENTERS) Good morning Judy ba...where are you?

TOBY: Arf arf.

MA: (JUDYBABY ENTERS WITH BAG) Judy baby!

TOBY: Arf.

JUDYBABY: Goodbye ma.

TOBY: Arf, arf.

JUDYBABY: Goodbye Toby.

MA: Goodbye? What's that bag?

JUDYBABY: I'm leaving ma.

MA: You're leaving?

JUDYBABY: Where's aunt Judy? (AUNTJUDY ENTERS WITH BAG)

MA: Judy!

JUDYBABY: Goodbye auntie Judy. Auntie Judy what's that bag?

MA: What's that bag?

AUNTJUDY: Judy baby...what's that bag?

MA: She's leaving.

JUDYBABY: I'm leaving auntie Judy.

AUNTJUDY: You're leaving? I'm leaving Judy baby.

MA: You're leaving?

AUNTJUDY: I'm leaving Judy.

TOBY: Arf, arf, arf, arf. (EXITS)

JUDYBABY: Four arfs! Where are you going?

MA: Where are you going? Where are you all going?

AUNTJUDY: I answered an ad. Lonely, middle aged man, respectable and good, a widower, would like to meet a woman to share his life, what's left of it, and be his wife.

MA:And be his wife?

AUNTJUDY:I had four husbands. Four. In sickness and in health, till death do us part - uh oh - he's dead! To love, honor - uh oh - he's sick - uh oh - he's dead!

MA: You're going off to marry husband number five?

AUNTJUDY:I hope he stays alive. Goodbye Judy baby, Goodbye Judy.
Goodbye. (EXIT)

MA/JB:Goodbye.

MA:Goodbye Judy. Judy baby, did you answer an ad too?

JUDYBABY:No ma.

MA:Then where are you going?

JUDYBABY:I don't know. I'm going to see if I can write something new, and live somewhere else and I'm going to see if I can meet someone new.

MA:What if you can't?

JUDYBABY:I won't move in again ma, don't worry. I'll come and visit.

(DOORBELL, TAXI JUDY ENTERS)

TAXIJUDY:Your car's downstairs.

JUDYBABY:Wait a minute...

MA:Wait a minute, aren't you...

MA/JB:Judy Bell?

TAXIJUDY:Things change.

JUDYBABY:But I'm sure I know you.

TAXIJUDY:You do Judy. I was your husband.

JUDYBABY:My husband?

TAXIJUDY:Punch.

JUDYBABY:Punch?

TAXIJUDY:It's me.

JUDYBABY:But you're a...

TAXIJUDY:Woman!

(SUNG)

Let's say a man marries a woman

Runs off with a man. Turns into a woman.

Runs away from the man. To find another woman.

What's there to say about that?

MA/TJ:What's there to say about that?

ALL:What's there to say about that?

(SPOKEN)

JUDYBABY:(TO AUDIENCE) I hope I can sell this story.

TAXIJUDY:I'll tell you all about it on the way to the airport.

Here, let me take your bag. (EXITS)

JUDYBABY:Goodbye ma. I hope your headache goes away. Goodbye.

(EXITS)

MA:Where's mama? (SHOUTING) Mama, are you up? Where are you? (EXITS TO
BEDROOM, PAUSE, ENTERS, GRAMMA'S GHOST ENTERS, MA CAN'T SEE HER)
She's gone. My ma is gone. (MA USES HANDKERCHIEF TO WIPE HER
EYES)

GRAMMA:I got tired of waiting. I thought my Punch would send me a message. If
he's out there somewhere I'll find him. On the way I better find
a toilet, I think I have ta go. (SLOW EXIT)

MA: (MA SITS, PAUSES) Toby? Where's that dog. Toby? Toby, here girl. Here
old...woman. (TOBY ENTERS WITH JUDY BABY'S NOTEBOOK) Oh, Judy
baby left her notebook.

(TAKES JUDYBABY'S NOTEBOOK AND READS ALOUD)

Some Judywoman likes or loves some Punch, some man,
or not.

He likes or loves her back as best or worst he can. They get together, stay
together, or they don't.

They tolerate or celebrate their differences.

They recognize or reconcile their differences.

Or their differences do them in. And if undone -
they come away respecting or detesting themselves
or each other - ready to give up - or ready to begin again.

TOBY:Arf arf.

MA:I'll never understand that girl.

(CURTAIN)

NEW THIRD PART

HOMELESS PUNCH

PUNCH:I don't like anything, I don't like anything.

I don't like potpourri or incense or coconut shampoo

I don't like lavender sachet,

Or scented toilet paper too

(SPOKEN)

I hate guys with too much cologne. I hate Aramus and I hate the smella last
nights garlic. Like Koreans and French people. I don't like
French people. I sniff under my arms about twenty times a day and
I don't like that smell neither. I gotta sensitive nose.

(SUNG)

Don't like the odor of room freshener,

Don't like the odor of mildew - it's true...

I don't like anything, not anything at all.

(SPOKEN)

Ya know what I don't like? I don't like cashiers with long fingernails. It
takes 'em twice as long to ring up anything and I hate the
cashiers who talk to each other over my head - like I'm not
there.

(SUNG)

Don't like the ones who say, "How're you today?"

And expect an answer back.

I hate the ones who grab the groceries

And throw 'em in the sack

I hate 'em when I'm in the market

Hate 'em more when I unpack

I don't like anything, not anything at all.

I don't like anything, there's not a thing I like.

Don't like sauces made with butter
Don't like breads that have no crust
Don't like cherry flavored seltzer

(SPOKEN)

What the hell is going on? The thing about seltzer is it isn't soda. If you
flavor seltzer you make it soda. If you want a goddamn soda go
and buy one, goddamn it!

(SUNG)

I hate barbecues and picnics,
Don't like the country, it's a bust
Sidewalk cafes on city streets.
I'll have coffee, cake and dust!
Fed up with nouveau noodle restaurants
Who said eating is a must?
I don't like anything, not anything, at all.

I don't like anything
I don't like anything
Don't like wrestling, don't like boxing
Don't like watching guys hit guys
Don't like country invitations
Hate mosquitos, ants and flies
Hate the fool who spits out chewing gum
I hope the bastard dies
I don't like anything, not anything at all.
I hate pants with too short pockets

I hate people who say is it hot enough for you or somebodies in a good mood
aren't they.