

Punch & Judy Get Divorced

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COPY

PUNCH AND JUDY GET DIVORCED

MINUS: DEVIL, RED DOG.

JUNE 1997

PUNCH AND JUDY GET DIVORCED IS THE NAME OF A THREE PART THEATER EVENT WITH MUSIC AND DANCE. PART ONE IS ALSO CALLED **PUNCH AND JUDY GET DIVORCED**. PART TWO IS CALLED **LIFE WITHOUT MEN** AND PART THREE IS CALLED **ONE MAN SHOW**. THE THREE PARTS ARE PERFORMED WITHOUT AN INTERMISSION.

PART ONE: **PUNCH AND JUDY GET DIVORCED** IS A FAST PACED ENTERTAINMENT RELATED TO PUNCH AND JUDY SHOWS. THE ENTRANCE OF PUNCH 1 AND JUDY 1 IS PRECEDED BY A DOG DANCE. HISTORICALLY, A REAL DOG DID TRICKS TO ATTRACT THE AUDIENCE BEFORE THE SHOW BEGAN.

PUNCH 1 AND **JUDY 1** ARE ENTERTAINERS, MASTER AND MISTRESS OF CEREMONY, KING AND QUEEN OF BICKERING, THE KNOW-IT-ALLS, THE JUDGE AND JURY OF DIVORCE.

PUNCH 2 AND **JUDY 2** ARE A RELATIVELY ORDINARY MARRIED COUPLE WITH VERY ORDINARY PROBLEMS, ONE ORDINARY CHILD, AND AN ORDINARY TALKING DOG.

JUDY BABY, THE CHILD, IS SEARCHING FOR AN IDENTITY. SHE IS A WITNESS TO THE PREDICTABLE PROBLEMATIC BEHAVIOR OF MOM AND DAD. HER BEST FRIENDS ARE A PUNCH JUNIOR DOLL AND TOBY, THE DOG.

TOBY, THE TALKING DOG, HAS PROBLEMS OF HER OWN.

THERE ARE TWO NON SPEAKING/DANCING ROLES WHICH OCCUR THROUGHOUT. THERE ARE DANCES DURING SONGS, IN WHICH THE ACTORS MAY BE INVOLVED, AND SCENE CHANGE DANCES AND DANCES BETWEEN THE SCENES.

PUNCH 1 AND JUDY 1 CARRY PUPPET PARAPHERNALIA AND THE ACTION IS OFTEN
"FRAMED" AS IN A PUPPET BOOTH.

PART TWO: THE SCENE FOR **LIFE WITHOUT MEN** IS SET UP BY THE ACTORS AND
DANCERS DURING THE FINAL SONG OF PART ONE. THERE IS A BACK
WALL WITH FOUR DOORS LEADING TO THE BEDROOMS, THE BATHROOM,
THE KITCHEN AND THE OUTSIDE. A GREAT MANY FOLDING METAL
CHAIRS ARE DOTTED AROUND "THE LIVING ROOM" WHERE ALL THE
ACTION TAKES PLACE. **LIFE WITHOUT MEN** RESEMBLES A "ONE SET"
TELEVISION SIT COM OR A "ONE SET" PLAY.

THE ACTION TAKES PLACE THIRTY SIX YEARS AFTER PART ONE.

(SUNG/SPOKEN)

PUN1/JUD1:STEP UP STEP UP STEP UP

Ladeeees and gentlemen -

STEP UP STEP UP STEP UP

THE SHOW'S ABOUT TA START.

THE PUNCHES ARE READY,

THE JUDYS ARE READY,

THEY'LL BREAK EACH OTHER'S HEART.

PUNCH 1:A vaudeville!

JUDY 1:A burlesque!

PUNCH 1: A melodrama with nothing mellow.

JUDY 1:A kinda love story only a kind mother could love.

PUNCH 1:The hops, skips and jumps that propel ordinary couples over the
rainbow, down the aisle...

BOTH:AND INTO DIVOOOOORCE COURT!

STEP UP STEP UP STEP UP

TO WITNESS THE GROANING AND GRINNING.

JUDY 1:THE TRAGICAL COMEDY!

PUNCH 1:COMICAL TRAGEDY!

BOTH:EVERYONE'S LOSING AND NO ONE IS WINNING.

JUDY'S READY ALREADY,

BUT PUNCH IS IMPATIENT,

THE WEDDING WAS LOVELY, A CHARMING BEGINNING -

BUT STAYING TOGETHER THROUGH THICK AND HAIR THINNING,

THROUGH LOVING AND SHOIVING AND OUTING AND INNING

AND INNING AND INNING - IS THIS THE TENTH INNING?

STEP UP STEP UP STEP UP. (THEY EXIT)

PUNCH 2:(ENTERS) Judy, it's 7:30.

JUDY 2:(OFFSTAGE) I know Punch.

PUNCH 2:You wanted to go and now we're gonna be late.

JUDY 2:(ENTERS WITH BABY WHO LUGS PUNCH JR. DOLL)

The baby's ready, I'm ready.

PUNCH 2: Oh.

BABY:Uh oh.

JUDY 2:What?

PUNCH 2:Nothing.

TOBY:(ENTERS) Arf.

BABY:(TO TOBY) Is that what you're wearing?

PUNCH 2:Is that what you're wearing?

TOBY:Arf arf.

BABY:Why?

JUDY 2:Why? You want me to wear something else?

BABY:He does.

PUNCH 2:I don't care.

BABY:He cares.

JUDY 2:You want me to change?

BABY:Yes.

PUNCH 2:Not if you don't wanna change.

BABY:She don't.

JUDY 2:Is something wrong with what I have on?

BABY:Yes.

PUNCH 2:No. I always like that getup. It's twenty to eight.

JUDY 2:It's a quarter to eight, Punch.

BABY:She has no time.

JUDY 2:I have no time to change now!

BABY:He's not dressed up.

JUDY 2:You're not dressed up. Why do I have to dress up?

TOBY:Arf.

BABY:She didn't know.

JUDY 2:I didn't know we were dressing up.

TOBY:Arf arf.

BABY:We're not!

PUNCH 2:We're not dressing up.

BABY:Who said?

PUNCH 2:Who said anything about dressing up?

BABY:If I were you...

PUNCH 2:If I were you, I might wanna put on...

BABY:Something else.

PUNCH 2:Something else!

JUDY 2:SOMETHING ELSE? MY HUSBAND ALWAYS GIVES ADVICE,

HE STARTS OUT NICE ENOUGH, "IF I WERE YOU, DEAR."

I WIND UP DOING EVERY DAMN THINK TWICE.

SINCE HE KNOWS BETTER WHAT I OUGHTA DO, DEAR.

PUNCH 2:DON'T WANNA TELL YOU WHAT YOU OUGHTA DO, DEAR.

BABY:He wantsa tell her what she oughta do. Oh dear.

JUDY 2:MY HUSBAND ALWAYS HAS SUGGESTIONS,

PUNCH 2:WHY DON'T YOU MOVE THAT OVER THERE, DEAR?

JUDY 2:HIS ORDERS ALWAYS SOUND LIKE QUESTIONS.

PUNCH 2: THAT THE WAY YOU'RE GONNA WEAR YOUR HAIR, DEAR?

BABY:Why don't you fix your hair?

PUNCH 2: WHY DON'T YOU FIX YOUR HAIR? WEAR A HAT?

BABY:Bet she didn't thinka that.

JUDY:Oh, I didn't think of that.

PUNCH 2:WE'RE GOING TO BE LATE. JUDY. (HE EXITS)

JUDY 2:I'M SURE MY HUSBAND ONLY WANTS WHAT'S BEST,
SUPREMEELY BLEST - I AM!

BUT GETTING DRESSED BECOMES AN AWFUL TEST.

I NEED A REST.

I'M SO DEPRESSED...

PUNCH 2:(CALLS FROM OFFSTAGE) Judy.

JUDY 2: Coming, Punch.

THANKS, I HAD TO GET THAT OFF MY CHEST.

C'mon Judy baby, we have to make ourselves pretty for daddy. (EXITS)

JUDYBABY:(TO DOLL) C'mon Punch Junior. We have to make ourselves pretty
for daddy.

I WANNA BE BEAUTEEFUL.

I WANNA BE BEAUTEEEFUL.

I WANNA BE BEAUTEEFUL, AND SMART.

BUT IF I CAN'T BE SMART IT'S NOT GONNA BUST MY HEART

AS LONG AS I'M BEAUTEEFUL.

YOU GOTTA GROW UP TO LOOK OKAY, UNDRESSED,

MY MAMA SAYS,

THAT'S WHAT MAMA SAYS.

AND AN UNDRESSED REDHEAD - THE BOYS LIKE BEST.

SO I'LL PAINT MY HAIR RED

AND GET READY FOR BED.

PLEASE MAKE ME BEAUTEEFUL.

PLEASE MAKE ME BEAUTEEFUL.

PLEASE MAKE ME BEAUTEEFUL, AND KIND -

BUT I WOULDN'T MIND BEING KINDA UNKIND

LONG AS I'M BEAUTEEFUL.

IT WON'T BE FAIR IF I DON'T HAVE RED HAIR -

LYING THERE BARE

NOT BEING BEAUTEEEFUL.

LIFE DO YOUR DUTY AND MAKE ME A CUTIE -

A RED HAURED PATOOTIE

I WANNA BEEE BEAUTEEE - FUL!

And I wanna meet the most good looking Punch with the best job and the most money and I want him to love me to pieces and I wanna have lots of babies. All girls. All very pretty with bows and curls, all always dressed in pink, I think. I wanna have two washing machines, one for the light things and one for the dark things so my Punch never shouts about lint. I hope he won't. I hope he won't want me to iron. You have too much ironing you get mad at your babies. I like wash and wear. You like milk? Hey, baby ya like milk? (HITS DOLL) Neither do I. I do not like milk and I do not like butter. I don't like cream of anything anything. I hope I don't get a Punch who likes dairy products. I want a Punch who buys me presents. Presents that I want.

Hey, how long ya been a baby? (HITS DOLL) Four years? Me too! In all those years did anybody ever buy you anything you want? Hey. (HITS DOLL) Since ya been a baby did ya ever get a present ya

want? (HITS DOLL) No. Me neither. That's one thing about growing up. If my Punch buys stupid presents I can always take them back and get something I want, or credit, or get something for one of my babies, if I have a good one. One thing I'm never gonna do is hit my babies. Unless they're bad. Or if they talk back. Or they don't talk back but they look at me the wrong way or they don't look at me when I'm talking. Or if they do look at me when I'm not talking to them. Or they touch something without asking or they ask me for too many things or when I'm busy. Or they won't eat or they eat too much or they eat in between which spoils the appetite. Or if they won't go to bed or they won't get up - then I'll hit them! What about you? Hey! Punch Junior!

(HITS DOLL) What about you? (SHE SINGS FOR DOLL)

PUNCH JR:I WANNA BE BIG AND TOUGH

I WANNA CHECK MY FLY,

SWING MY ARMS AND SPIT

HIT THE OLD BULLS EYE,

I WANNA BE BRAVE AT NIGHT

WHEN THEY TURN OFF THE LIGHT.

I WANNA BE A MAN. WANNA BE A MAN!

JUDYBABY:What else?

PUNCH JR:I WANNA GREAT BIG CAR.

JUDYBABY:I WANNA GREAT BIG HOUSE.

PUNCH JR:WITH A BIG GARAGE.

JUDYBABY:WITH A BIG UPSTAIRS.

PUNCH JR:I WANNA BIG OLD DOG.

JUDYBABY:OH, I WANNA CAT. WE WANT THE SAME THINGS BABY.

PUNCH JR:NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

JUDYBABY:Oh.

PUNCH JR:I WANNA HAIRY CHEST.

JUDYBABY:I WANNA GREAT BIG BREAST.

PUNCH JR:AND A BIG TATTOO.

JUDYBABY:ME TOOOOOOO. A little heart on my big breast.

PUNCH JR:On this arm "mother" with a knife and blood dripping and on this
arm "Father" with a knife.

And blood dripping.

JUDYBABY:If ya wanna be a father then ya wanna be a husband.

PUNCH JR:NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! I wanna be a stud.

Make lotsa babies with lotsa Pollies.

JUDYBABY:Polllllleeeeeeeeees!

POLLYS:(ENTER) Someone call me? Ohhh. (BOTH EXIT)

PUNCH JR:AND THEY'LL ALL BE BOYS,
all in navy blue - not pink like you.

AND THEY'LL ALL BE BIG
EVEN WHEN THEY'RE LITTLE
AND THEY'LL ALL EAT STEAK!

BIG HUNKSA STEAK!

JUDYBABY:I'LL TEACH MY GIRLS TO BAKE,
COOKIES AND CAKE.

PUNCH JR:I'LL TEACH MY BOYS TO BOX
AND TO WRESTLE
AND TO WHISTLE.

JUDYBABY:GONNA TEACH MY GIRLS TO IGNORE YOUR BOYS.

But what if you meet a really nice pretty

Judy-type Polly?

POLLYS:(ENTER) Someone call me? Ohhhhh. (BOTH EXIT)

PUNCH JR:Maybe then I'd get married. But I won't let my Polly Judy me
around. I'm the boss.

I WANNA BE A MAN. I WANNA BE A MAN.

JUDYBABY:WANNA BE BEAUTEEEFUL. PLEASE MAKE ME BEAUTEEEFUL.

PLEEEZE! (EXITS W/DOLL. PUNCH 1, JUDY 1 ENTER)

PUNCH 1:Is she gonna grow up just like mommy Judy?

JUDY 1:Is he gonna be like daddy Punch? Maybe she'll try to not be like
mommy Judy.

PUNCH 1:Maybe he'll try to not be like daddy Punch.

BOTH:Either way - baby will fail!

PUNCH 1:You're the spitting image of your ma!

JUDY 1:She never liked you either. (EXITS, PUNCH 2 ENTERS)

PUNCH 1:I AM PUNCH. I LOVE TO TANGO.

IF NO ONE LIKES IT - I DON'T GIVE A...(POKES PUN 2)

PUNCH 2:HANGO.

PUNCH 1:IF THEY TRY TO STOP ME I GIVE THEM...(POKES PUN 2)

PUNCH 2:BANGO. I GIVE THEM BOPPO.

PUNCHES: BUT I DON'T STOPPO.

PUNCH 2: IF SOMEONE HATES ME - I DON'T GIVE A HOOTO.

PUNCH 1: IF THEY'RE IN MY WAY - THEY GET THE BOOTO.

PUNCH 2: I GIVE THEM WHAMMO.

PUNCH 1: I DON'T GIVE A DAMMO.

PUNCHES: I DO MY TANGO. PUNCHES TANGO.

(THEY EXIT, JUDYS ENTER W/MOPS)

JUDY 1:Punch!

JUDYS:Punch, lunch!

JUDY 1:I'm in the kitchen making lunch,

JUDY 2: Making lunch.

JUDY 1:I've spent the whole morning,

JUDY 2: The whole damn morning

JUDY 1:Toiling

JUDY 2:And boiling.

JUDY 1: Boiling and chopping.

JUDY 2: Chopping and stirring.

JUDY 1: And the food's getting cold.

JUDY 2:The food's getting cold.

JUDYS:It's hot in here. And the food's getting cold.

JUDY 1:I have to get to my cleaning.

JUDY 2: My cleaning and sweeping.

JUDY 1:My sweeping and shining.

JUDYS:Get in here.

JUDY 1: Get on in here.

JUDYS:Get on in here. Now, Punch.

(THEY EXIT, PUNCHES ENTER)

PUNCHES: I AM PUNCH. I REALLY TRY-O.

PUNCH 2:I DON'T KNOW HOW TO BE A NICER GUY-O.

PUNCHES:I BELIEVE IN MOM - THE GOOD OLD APPLE PIE-O.

PUNCH 1: BUT JUDY MAKES A CRACKO - UP GOES MY BACKO.

I WANNA GIVE HER WHACKO - ALAS ALACKO.

JUDYS:(ENTER) Alack alasso.

PUNCHES:I'm just a man! (PUNCHES EXIT)

JUDYS:Men!

JUDY 1:DON'T THINK I DIDN'T TRY TO BE THE WOMAN HE WANTED

I TRIED! I TRIED! (POKES JUDY 2)

DID YOU TRY? SHE TRIED!

DON'T THINK I DIDN'T TRY TO BE THE WOMAN HE NEEDED

I TRIED! I TRIED! (POKES JUDY 2)

DID YOU TRY? SHE TRIED!

DON'T THINK I DIDN'T TRY TO BE THE WOMAN OF HIS DREAMS,

JUDYS: MAKE A BEAUTIFUL HOME, FALL IN LOVE WITH HIS SCHEMES,

LISTEN TO HIS SPEECHES, VARIATIONS AND THEMES,

EVERY SHREWISH JUDY AIN'T AT ALL WHAT SHE SEEMS!

JUDY 2:(JUDY 1 POKES JUDY 2) NOT AT ALL WHAT SHE SEEMS!

JUDYS:DON'T THINK I DIDN'T TRY TO BE A PERFECT GOOD WIFE

I'VE BEEN TRYING ALL MY LIFE TO BE A PERFECT GOOD WIFE.

JUDY 1:I TRIED! I TRIED!

DID YOU TRY? (POKES JUDY 2) SHE TRIED!

JUDY 2:DID YOU TRY? (POKES JUDY 1) SHE TRIED!

JUDYS:DID WE TRYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY?

WEEEEEEEE TRIIIIIIED! (JUDY 1 EXITS, PUNCH 2 ENTERS)

PUNCH 2:Judy? Where are you?

JUDY 2:Here Punch. Ya having a good time?

PUNCH 2:I never have a good time. Where's the dog? I hate that damn
dog. Damn dog! (HE EXITS, SHE FOLLOWS)

TOBY:(ENTERS) Punch is my master.

PUNCH 2: (OFFSTAGE) Here, here, Toby. Toby.

TOBY:That's me. Toby Toby. Toby Toby fetch fetch
catch catch sit sit down down...

EVERYONE, EVERYONE.

SAYS EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING.

TWICE!

TO A DOG. TO A DOG.

THEY SAY IT TWICE.

PUNCH 2:(OFFSTAGE) Heel heel.

TOBY:THEY MUST THINK, THEY MUST THINK

WE'RE DEAF DEAF. WE'RE DEAF DEAF.

THEY MUST THINK, THINK,

WE'RE VERY DUMB DUMB. DUMB! DUMB!

DO THEY THINK IN TWOS? DO PEOPLE THINK? IN TWOS?

PUNCH 2:Toby. Toby.

TOBY:YES BOSS. YES BOSS. HERE I COME. HERE I COME.

You can't teach an old human new tricks.

EVERYONE, EVERYONE

SAYS EVERYTHING, YEAH EVERYTHING,

TWICE.

TO A DOG. TO A DOG. THEY SAY IT - TWICE!

It's a dogs life. Arf, arf. (EXITS, PUNCH 1 ENTERS)

PUNCH 1: Judy? Judeeee! She's not here. Good. A Judy is one thing but a
Polly is something else. Sometimes a man just needs a Polly.
Polleee? (EXITS)

POLLYS: (ENTER) Did someone call me? Ohhhh.

THERE ARE POLLY'S AND THERE ARE POLLY'S - BUT

POLLY 2: ONE THING WE HAVE IN COMMON - IS

POLLY 1: POLLYS ALWAYS HAVE TO BE - THE

POLLYS: OTHER WOMAN.

HISTORICALLY, POLITICALLY, BIOLOGICALLY - THE

OTHER WOMAN.

POLLY 2: POLLYS WILL BE POLLYS WILL BE POLLYS - THOUGH

POLLY 1: SOMETIMES WE MARRY PUNCHES - BUT

POLLY'S KNOW WE HAVE NO CHANCE - TO

BE REAL JUDYS.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY, ASTROLOGICALLY, AUTOMATICALLY - WE

AIN'T NO JUDYS.

POLLY 2: EVERYTHING'S GREAT TILL A POLLY'S - TWENTY-EIGHT.

POLLY 1: PERFECTLY FINE TILL THE AGE OF - TWENTY-NINE.

POLLYS: THEN ONE DAY YA WAKE UP - THIRTY.

POLLY 2: I met my first husband on a train when I was twenty two.

POLLY 1: A baby.

POLLY 2: He was bald. I didn't take bald men seriously in those days so I
don't see he's on the make till the conductor pulls the brake
and Punch falls in my lap with his big nose between my
breasts and tears my dress. The rest is history.

POLLY 1: When I married my first Punch...

POLLY 2: How old were you?

POLLY 1:Old enough to know better. I thought it was for life. The almost perfect husband meets the perfect wife. I didn't understand I hadda lose my name and become his Judy and get up at six thirty.

POLLY 2:Six thirty?

POLLY 1:Six thirty to serve his breakfast and six thirty..

POLLY 2:Six thirty?

POLLY 1:Six thirty to serve his dinner.

IT WASN'T THE WORK THAT GOT ME DOWN,

IT WAS THE ROUTINE. YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

POLLY 2:I know just what you mean.

EVERY NIGHT AT TEN

JUDY PUTS ON POLLY'S NIGHTIE

AND GOES TA BED AND SAYS:

POLLYS:"COME AND GET IT!"

POLLY 1:EVERY MORNING AT SIX THIRTY

POLLY PUTS ON JUDY'S APRON

AND BURNS THE BREAD AND SAYS:

POLLYS:"COME AND GET IT!"

POLLY 1:We were married six months before the divorce and six months later I met a Punch with a "mama."

POLLY 2:Oh, honey, not one of those Punches. How long?

POLLY 1:Too long. What about baldy?

POLLY 2:Ya wouldn't suppose it but that Punch could do things with his big nose to drive a girl wild.

POLLY 1:No, what? (WHISPERS AND GIGGLES) So what happened?

POLLY 2:HE WORKED AND I WORKED

AND I CLEANED AND I COOKED

AND WE SAVED MY MONEY.

POLLY 1:Funny the way that happens.

POLLY 2:TWO WEEK VACATIONS EVERY YEAR

THAT HE SLEPT THROUGH AND IT GOT CLEAR,

And it got clearer,

MY BALD, BIG NOSED PUNCH WAS A BORE

SO I WALKED OUT THE DOOR

AT AGE TWENTY-FOUR...

POLLY 1:No!

POLLY 2:Yes. And I didn't stop walkin' till I met one of them Punches ya

think ya can cure.

POLLY 1:Oh, honey, not one of those Punches. How long?

POLLY 2:Too long. You alone?

POLLY 1:Uh huh. You too?

POLLY 2:Uh huh.

BOTH:BUT NOT FOR LOOOOONG!

THERE ARE POLLY'S AND THERE ARE POLLY'S - BUT

POLLY 1:ONE THING WE CAN'T HELP BEING - IS

POLLYS:A WOMAN OTHER WOMEN CALL - THE

OTHER WOMAN.

METAPHYSICALLY, PATHOLOGICALLY,

CHOREOGRAPHICALLY, HORIZONTALLY - THE

OTHER WOMAN.

OHHH PUNCHEEE. (POLLY 1 EXITS)

PUNCH 2:(ENTERS) Judy? Where are you?

JUDY 2:Here Punch. Ya having a good time?

PUNCH 2:Uh huh.

JUDY 2:See! I knew it.

PUNCH 2:Uh huh.

JUDY 2:I knew you could have a good time.

PUNCH 2:Uh huh.

JUDY 2:You just had to let yourself have a good ti... you're not having a good time. You wanna go. You wanna go and you're annoyed because I am having a good time. What is wrong with me having a good...

PUNCH 2:Nothing. I have no problem with your having a good time. Your problem is my not having a good time. I have a different problem.

JUDY 2:What is your problem?

PUNCH 2:I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING. I DON'T LIKE GOING OUT.

I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE, DON'T LIKE CROWDS,

DON'T LIKE PARTIES, BIG OR SMALL.

I DON'T LIKE RESTAURANTS OR BARBECUES,

OR EATING OUT AT ALL.

I'M ANTISOCIAL, HATE THE FUSS,

LET SOMEONE ELSE GO OUT, NOT US

I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING, NOT ANYTHING AT ALL.

JUDY 2:Oh Punch.

PUNCH 2:I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING. I CAN'T COMMUNICATE.

I DON'T LIKE E MAIL OR THE INTERNET,

THE TELEPHONE'S A TRAP

DON'T LIKE WHEN STRANGERS WANNA HUG ME

GET YOUR CAT OUTTA MY LAP!

DON'T WANT NO GREETING CARDS - ON "MY SPECIAL DAY"

IT'S JUST A LOADA CRAP

I HATE THE SUMMER, IT'S TOO HOT

I HATE THE WINTER CAUSE IT'S NOT

I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING, NOT ANYTHING AT ALL.

You knew I didn't wanna talk about it.

JUDY 2:What am I? A mindreader?

PUNCH 2:I said "uh huh" three times.

JUDY 2:So I can never talk about anything I like if you don't like it?

Right? And you don't like...

PUNCH 2:ANEEEEETHING. YA JUST CAN'T WIN WITH ME.

WHATEVER HAPPENS, I WON'T LIKE IT

DOESN'T MATTER WHAT OR WHY.

I GOT GOOD REASONS, I'LL CONVINCEN YOU

YOU CAN'T HELP, DON'T EVEN TRY.

NOTHING YA DO WILL EVER CHANGE ME

I'M AN ANGRY KINDA GUY

I'M NOT LOOKING FOR A SAVIOR

I DON'T LIKE MY OWN BEHAVIOR.

DON'T LIKE ANYTHING, NOT ANYTHING AT ALL.

I'm not gonna come home right now, Judy. (EXITS)

JUDY 2:Maybe you shouldn't come home at all, Punch.

PUNCH 2:(ENTERS) Don't threaten me. I don't like anything but I don't
like threats more than anything.

JUDYBABY:(ENTERS) Hello mommy, hello da...

JUDY 2:So, this is that argument?

JUDYBABY:Uh oh.

PUNCH 2:What arguement?

JUDY 2:I say I can't deal with things the way they are.

TOBY:(ENTERS) Arf.

JUDYBABY:No Judy.

PUNCH 2:No Judy. I say I can't deal with things the way they are.

TOBY:Arf arf.

PUNCH 2:You say things could change.

JUDY 2:And you say they could but they won't.

JUDYBABY:They won't.

PUNCH 2:They won't.

JUDY 2:And you say I always say that.

JUDYBABY:She does.

PUNCH 2:And you say I always tell you what you always say.

JUDYBABY:He does.

JUDY 2:And you say you don't always do anything.

PUNCH 2:Yes Judy, this is that argument. Go ahead, tell me the last time
I said you always -

JUDYBABY:Anything!

PUNCH 2:Anything!

JUDYBABY:She can't.

JUDY 2:I can't.

PUNCH 2:Now you say I say "you can never think of examples."

JUDY 2:No! This is when you say I say "you know I can never think of examples" and you always -

JUDYBABY:Take advantage.

JUDY 2:Take advantage of that.

JUDYBABY:It's true.

JUDY 2:You do, Punch.

JUDYBABY:Don't yell!

PUNCH 2:Don't yell! This is a conversation.

JUDY 2:This is no conversation. It's an oration. It's a harangue. It's a..it's a..it's a...

JUDYBABY:Filibuster!

JUDY 2:Filibuster. What you do to counteract interaction. Shout loud enough, talk fast enough, you win! You don't have conversation or negotiation.

PUNCH 2:No?

JUDYBABY:No.

JUDY 2:No! You make war.

JUDYBABY:This is when she cries.

PUNCH 2:This is when you cry. This is when you always cry.

JUDYBABY:He said "always."

JUDY 2:You see, you said "always."

PUNCH 2:You cry because you can never argue.

JUDY 2:Not this time.

PUNCH 2:No? Not this time? Not this time what?

JUDY 2:This time I won't cry.

PUNCH 2:Oh yes you will. You always..

JUDY 2:Not this time. (PUNCH 1, JUDY 1 ENTER)

PUNCH 2:Oh Judy, what will you do this time?

JUDY 2: This time I'm going to kill you.

JUDYBABY:She never said that before.

TOBY:Arf arf.

PUNCH 2:Very funny, be serious.

JUDY 2:I am serious Punch. I'm going to kill you.

PUN1/JUD1:STEP UP STEP UP STEP UP

THEY'RE ABOUT TO RESORT TO FORCE

JUDY'S ALREADY READY

AND PUNCH IS IMPATIENT

THIS MARRIAGE HAS RUN IT'S COURSE

IT'S TIME FOR THE DIVORCE.

STEP UP STEP UP STEP UP

ORRRRDER IN THE COURT!

PUNCH 2:Order!

JUDY 2:Order!

JUDYBABY:Order!

TOBY:Order!

JUDY 1:Order!

PUNCH 1:Order! Punch and Judy, what are your grounds?

JUDY 2:Miscarriage -

PUNCH 2:Of marriage.

PUNCH 1:Witness. Are you Toby the dog?

TOBY:Arf, arf.

PUNCH 1:Testify.

TOBY:Well, he hit me. Then she hit me.

Then she hit him. Then I bit her.

Then I bit him and baby bit me. Then he hit baby.

Or I hit baby. Or baby hit me. Then he hit her.

PUNCH 1:Dismissed. Next witness. Are you the baby?

JUDYBABY:Wah.

PUNCH 1:Testify.

JUDYBABY:Well, he hit me. Then she hit me. Then she hit him. Then I bit
her. Then I bit him and Toby bit me. Then he hit Toby.

PUNCH JR:No. I hit Toby.

JUDYBABY:No. You hit me. Then he hit her.

PUNCH 1:Dismissed. Next. Polly the other woman.

POLLYS:Did someone call me?

PUNCH 1:Testify.

POLLY 2:Set this man free

POLLY 1:To marry me.

POLLYS:Ohhhhh.

PUNCH 1:Dismissed! Punch and Judy?

PU2/JU2:Yes?

PUNCH 1:You're divorced.

PU2/JU2:Oh.

(WALL AND CHAIRS FOR NEXT SCENE BEGIN TO BE PLACED)

JUDY 1:SHE TAKES THE COUCH AND THE KID AND THE BED.

PUNCH 1:AND THE C.D.'S. HE KEEPS THE T.V. INSTEAD.

HE TAKES THE BUREAU AND HIS RECLINER,

JUDY 1:HE TAKES THE STEAK KNIVES, SHE KEEPS THE CHINA.

PUNCH 1:SHE TAKES THE DOG AND THE STOVE

ALTHOUGH HE PAID FOR IT

JUDY 1:HE TAKES THE POT AND THE POTHOLDER

SHE MADE FOR IT.

PUNCH 1:SHE KEEPS THE DRAPES. HE TAKES THE VID-E-O TAPES,

JUDY 1:THE PAN-A SONIC VCR. SHE TAKES THE CARPET

BOTH:AND THE CAAARRRRR!

PUNCH 1:AND HE GOES ONE WAY

JUDY 1:AND SHE GOES THE OTHER.

BOTH:EACH LOADED UP WITH THEIR BAGGAGE AND THEIR BOOTY

ALL:IT'S NOT WHAT THEY INTENDED

SHE WON'T BEND AND HE'S OFFENDED.

AND THEIR FRIENDS

ALL ERASE THEIR NAMES FROM ROLLADEX AND MEMORY.

THE HOLES COULD NOT BE MENDED.

NEGOTIATIONS ARE SUSPENDED.

THE RELATIONSHIP IS ENDED BETWEEN THIS PUNCH AND JUDY.

PUN1/JUD1:STEP UP STEP UP STEP UP

GOODBYE PUNCH

AND GOODBYE JUDY

PUN2/JUD2:OUR RELATIONSHIP IS ENDED

ALL:THE RELATIONSHIP IS ENDED

THE RELATIONSHIP IS ENDED

THE RELATIONSHIP IS ENDED

EVERY SINGLE THING IS OVER BETWEEN THIS PUNCH AND JUDY.

JUDY 2:(CALLS OUT AS SHE EXITS) C'mon Judybaby, c'mon Toby. You're
coming with me.

PART TWO:ALARM CLOCK RINGS. ALARM CLOCK STOPS.

JUDY BABY ENTERS FROM BEDROOM DOOR.

JUDYBABY:I found the perfect red. It wasn't easy. Clairol has so many
damn reds. Don't do carrot or pumpkin or persimmon. No
vegetables or fruits. 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.

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.

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.

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.

SOOOOO IIIIIII WRITE. (TOBY ENTERS FROM OUTSIDE)

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?

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.

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 till 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.

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 WE GOT.

JUDYBABY:WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SPRING?

TOBY:WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SPRING?

BOTH:WHAT HAPPENED?

(GRAMMA JUDY ENTERS FROM BEDROOM)

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
never left!

TOBY:Arf arf arf arf.

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

HOUSES OF WOMEN.

SHARING THE RENT.

ALL OF THEM CAME -

BOTH:NONE OF THEM WENT.

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)

GRAMMA:HOUSES OF WOMEN.

SITTING AND WAITING

FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN.

ALL:WHAT HAPPENED? (AUNT JUDY OPENS BATHROOM DOOR)

AUNTJUDY:LYING AROUND.

GIVING UP LIFE.

LETTING IT NOT HAPPEN. (SHUTS DOOR)

ALL:WHAT HAPPENED? (MA OPENS KITCHEN DOOR)

MA: 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)

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 RINGS)

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 writing a letter. (DOORBELL)

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

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

MRS.JUDY>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...

JUDYBABY:Wonder what?

MRS.JUDY:When my husband and I are making love and I'm imagining one of
my lovers...

GRAMMA:Oooh, I have to go. (STANDS)

MRS.JUDY: Who does my husband think about?

GRAMMA:No, I don't think so. (SITS)

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 is...

MRS.JUDY: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...

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.

JUDYBABYI'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.

MA:Judy baby -

JUDYBABY:WE DINED.

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

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

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.

MA:Nevermind, Judy baby -

JUDYBABY:WE DINED.

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...

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 THING WHAT I THOUGHT.

THE BEHAVIOR OF HANDSOME, HUNGRY YOUNG MEN

TOWARD BEAUTIFUL, DRESSED UP COOKING WOMEN...

WHEN WE DINED. I WAS BLIND.

MA: Just a wee bit bitter.

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.

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

JUDYBABY:Yes, 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:(PAUSE) 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 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 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) 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, GIRRRRRL!

I'M A MAMMA - I'M A GRAMMA.

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!

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

TOBY:I'M A MAMA - I'M A GRAMMA.

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 ANY NAME YOU CAN THINK OF - BE REAL CLEVER! BUT THERE'S ONE THING

THAT I'M NEVER - NO NOT EVER!

I'm fourteen thousand human years old - what the hell does a dog have to

do to be called a woman?

DON'T CALL ME GIRL!

(DAY TWO: ALARM RINGS, STOPS, JUDY BABY 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?

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)

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

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

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."

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

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!

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:How about when he didn't talk? The silent treatment. Ya didn't talk to each other for days. How about it?

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. Ta not answer the telephone.(PHONE RINGS) He hated ta answer the telephone. (PHONE RINGS) He hated the telephone. (PHONE RINGS) If I didn't answer in the first three rings (PHONE RINGS) he hadda pick it up or if he didn't (PHONE RINGS) then by the fifth ring I hadda pick it up. Then he would win. Ya see?

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

GRAMMA:Or I didn't say supper's ready. I'd bang the plates. I'd put lotsa 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. Ya see?

MA: I see, mama. I see.

GRAMMA:Or I, or he, would disappear into another room for too long and we hadda 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.

I YELL AT HIM - IN OUR WEDDING PICTURE.

I LAY IN THE BED - I YELL AT THAT PICTURE.

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. Who is it?

JUDYBELL: (OFFSTAGE) Phone company.

JUDYBABY: Ma, it's the phone company.

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:I worked for the phone company when I was a Punch.

GRAMMA:You were a what?

JUDYBELL:A Punch.

MA: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 SHOUTING) That was a big one grandma 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 your life?

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

LET'S SAY A MAN LOVES A WOMAN

LIKE ANY "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 PERSONNA - 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!

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

JUDYBABY:(WRITING) Clear now...thanks, thank you very much. G'bye.

(JUDYBELL EXITS, MA SITS)

AUNTJUDY:G'bye.(TO MA) You sitting in that chair again Judy?

JUDYBABY:Uh oh.

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

AUNTJUDY:I don't care where you sit, Judy. You can sit anywhere. It's
your house after all.

JUDYBABY:This is the "it's your house" routine.

MA:It's our house Judy. It's all our house. Ya want this chair just say
ya want this chair. A chair is a chair to me. I can sit
anywhere.

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

(OVERLAP) I can go in my room.

AUNTJUDY:I can go in my room.

BUT IF A CHAIR IS A CHAIR

IF ANY CHAIR IS ANY CHAIR

HOW COME YOU NEVER 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!

JUDYBABY:Every morning...

AUNTJUDY: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 walk -

YOU WALK 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.

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.

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. (EXITS)

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

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.

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:(WRITES) Alone.

MRS.JUDY:I don't know who I am. A person 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 till 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 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!

WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT AM I SAYING?

WHAT AM I SINGING?

DID YOU HEAR WHAT I WROTE?

I WROTE "SOMETHING"

"SOMETHING" ABOUT "SOMETHING."

Life without men, ma!

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..

Wait a minute! (GRAMMA OPENS BEDROOM DOOR)

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:He just died at the wrong time! (CLOSES DOOR)

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

I'D LIKE MORE THAN ANYTHING TO LIVE ALONE

BUT "NO" WAS ALWAYS DIFFICULT FOR ME TO SAY.

PUNCH DECIDED I SHOULD BE HIS BRIDE. I DIDN'T SAY NO.

MY FAMILY SMILED. I RECONCILED MYSELF.

THEN 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:WHAT'S WRONG WITH 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.

COULD YOU BELIEVE?

JUDYBABY:WHO WANTS ONE AND ONE TO ADD UP TO ONE ANYWAY?

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 GATHERS HER THINGS, SHE EXITS)

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. (JUDYBABY ENTERS WITH BAG)

JUDYBABY: Goodbye ma.

TOBY: Arf, 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! (TO TOBY) Where are you going?

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

AUNTJUDY: I answered an ad. Lonely, middle aged man, a widower,
respectable and good, 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 to marry husband number five?

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

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!

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?

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

TAXIJUDY:Tell you all about it on the way to the airport.

Here, let me take your bag. (EXITS)

JUDYBABY:G'bye ma. I hope your headache goes away. Goodbye. (EXITS)

MA:Goodbye Judy baby. Goodbye baby.

LET'S SAY A WOMAN'S TIRED OF LIVING WITH

A FAMILY THAT KEEPS GROWING

AND SHE DOESN'T WANNA SEEM UNGENEROUS BUT

SHE WISHES SOME OF 'EM WERE GOING.

WHAT'S THERE TO SAY ABOUT...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. WHILE SHE READS, CHAIRS ARE REMOVED, THE STAGE DARKENS. OLD PUNCH, RECOGNIZABLE BY THE RAGGED VERSION OF HIS PART ONE CLOTHING, ENTERS)

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. C'mon Toby, let's go for a walk.

(MA STANDS AND SLOWLY EXITS THROUGH FRONT DOOR INTO DARKNESS AS WALL IS FOLDED, FOLLOWED BY TOBY)

PART THREE: ONE MAN SHOW (PUNCH SITS IN MA'S CHAIR)

PUNCH:I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING. I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING.

DON'T LIKE THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING

DON'T LIKE THE LIGHT. DON'T LIKE THE SUN.

DON'T LIKE RAINY DAYS. OR GRAY DAYS.

DON'T LIKE THE GLOOM. DON'T LIKE THE DUSK.

DON'T LIKE THE DARK. I HATE THE NIGHT.

I HATE TA GO TA BED AT NIGHT.

I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING, NOT ANYTHING AT ALL.

I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING. I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING.

DON'T LIKE WALKING, DON'T LIKE RUNNING.

DON'T LIKE TRAFFIC, HATE RED LIGHTS.

HAVING TA LINE UP, HAVING TA WAIT AROUND
GETS ME SO MAD I GET INTO FIGHTS.

I HATE ANYONE TELLING ME WHERE TA GO.

DON'T YA TOUCH ME. I HAVE MY RIGHTS.

I DON'T LIKE YOU. I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING AT ALL.

I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING. I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING.

DON'T LIKE FEELING. I HATE CARING.

DON'T LIKE THINKING. DON'T LIKE KNOWING.

DON'T LIKE SEEING. I HATE SEEING.

DON'T LIKE WRITING, DON'T LIKE TALKING.

DON'T LIKE SINGING...

(FADE TO BLACK)

THE END

