

# Side 3 (pg 31-33) Leonard / Hildegard

created sex. And He watches it, why shouldn't we?

FELICITY. You know, I have to go ... *(Can't think what to say.)*  
see my mother about ... a horse.

ZAMIR. A horse?

FELICITY. Yeah I ... am going to take riding lessons. May I have  
my credit cards back?

ZAMIR. I left them in our apartment.

FELICITY. OK. Well, I'll see you later, Zamir. Nice to meet you,  
Reverend Mike. Next time don't marry someone who's nodding  
off.

REVEREND MIKE. Sorry, but I don't want to discriminate against  
heroin addicts. I know a lot of them. They're sweet but troubled.

FELICITY. Never mind. *(Felicity exits.)*

REVEREND MIKE. Gee, I'm a bit worried about your marriage,  
bro.

ZAMIR. I'm an optimist. Her father is going to give her and me  
money, or else maybe he'll die and leave her his money. And she'll  
learn to adore me. Everybody does. Except my fuckin' parole officer.

REVEREND MIKE. Hey. We'll work that out, bro.

ZAMIR. Really? Good. Let's get drunk first, OK? I'm feelin' stressed.

REVEREND MIKE. Bacchus, the god of wine.

ZAMIR. Not wine, beer. *(Calls out.)* Two beers.

VOICE. *(Responding from offstage via the sound system.)* Two beers,  
coming up. And meanwhile, we wonder what Felicity's father is up  
to. *(Zamir and Reverend Mike frown, not quite sure what they've  
heard.)*

## Scene 7

START

*Darkness at first. We hear the voice of Hildegarde.*

HILDEGARDE. *(In darkness.)* Hello? Hello?

LEONARD. *(In darkness.)* Scooby-Doo? Is that you?

HILDEGARDE. What?

LEONARD. It's 3:10 to Yuma. Permission to enter.

HILDEGARDE. What?

LEONARD. Push the door.

HILDEGARDE. Hello? I'm here.

LEONARD. Push the door!

HILDEGARDE. Push it. It won't move. Oh, yes it will. I think I'm in.

LEONARD. Yes, I think so.

HILDEGARDE. Hello, 3:10 to Yuma. Scooby-Doo is here, reporting for duty.

LEONARD. Wait. Let me clap the lights on. *(He claps. Lights up. We are in a room. There should be many, many guns in a case and/or mounted on the wall. Maybe grenades scattered around too. Maybe big cans that say "gasoline" and "ethyl." We see Leonard and Hildegard. Hildegard is a pleasant-faced, conservatively dressed woman of 40 to 50. A nice, neat hairdo. Maybe a navy blue skirt, a navy blue jacket, a white blouse and pearls.)* Thanks for getting here so fast.

HILDEGARDE. I used the secret entrance so your wife wouldn't see me.

LEONARD. She's watching some theatre thing on *Great Performances* now anyway.

HILDEGARDE. *(Referring to the guns, gleefully tongue-in-cheek.)* I like your butterfly collection. Very pretty.

LEONARD. Yes, it is pretty, isn't it? *(Points to an assault rifle.)* This is my new Solomon Island Birdwing. Do you like it?

HILDEGARDE. Oh, very much. *(Friendly, changing the topic.)* I brought you a little card. Because we haven't seen one another in a while. *(Hildegard hands him a card.)*

LEONARD. Another card, huh? You and these cards.

HILDEGARDE. It's a way of saying hello.

LEONARD. Right, hello. *(Opens the card.)*

HILDEGARDE. Do you like the picture?

LEONARD. A little girl holding her heart in her hand, and offering it to a little boy. Although her chest isn't bleeding, how can she be holding the heart?

HILDEGARDE. It's not a violent card. It's a friendship card.

LEONARD. I like the violent cards better.

HILDEGARDE. They're hard to find. *(Encourages him.)* Read what I wrote inside.

LEONARD. *(Reads.)* I am so glad I know you. You are the best! With admiration and affection, Hildegard.

HILDEGARDE. Do you like the sentiment? Because that's how I

feel! You are the best. The United States is lucky to have you as part of its shadow government. And in time maybe the coup will finally be completed.

LEONARD. Sssssh. Don't say that kind of thing out loud. What if the room was bugged?

HILDEGARDE. Oh, I didn't think of that. *(Speaks loudly.)* "I am a Democrat! I hate all these conservative judges." *(During the previous lines, Hildegard's panties fall down around her ankles, but she doesn't seem to notice. Leonard does notice, but isn't sure how to bring it to her attention.)*

LEONARD. Well, never mind, I don't think I'm bugged. *(Looks back down at her panties around her ankles.)* Hildegarde. Are you feeling a draft?

HILDEGARDE. What? *(Smiles, enamored of him.)*

LEONARD. I think your panties are showing.

HILDEGARDE. Oh my goodness, are they? *(Looks down at her ankles, genuinely surprised.)* Oh my goodness, I'm so embarrassed. The elastic in the waist has been loosening, I'm so sorry. *(Hildegarde reaches down and pulls her panties back up under her dress. She has no self-consciousness doing this.)* There! Hope they stay up for a while.

LEONARD. For a while? Has this been happening all day?

HILDEGARDE. Yes, but don't let it bother you. Just something about how the Chinese are making the elastic in panties these days, it just seems to stretch too far in, like, six minutes.

LEONARD. I see. Well, I called you because I need your help. I think my daughter has married a terrorist, and I have a hunch — but my hunches are good, as you know ...

HILDEGARDE. I do know. I think your hunches are very good. *(Her underwear falls down again around now.)*

LEONARD. And my hunch says he knows something about the terrorists' plans ... *(Looks down at her underwear.)* Hildegarde, your panties have fallen down again.

HILDEGARDE. Oh dear, I'm so sorry. I feel so embarrassed. But you know the elastic is just totally gone, maybe I should just leave them there, and forget it.

LEONARD. Well if you're going to leave them there, why don't you just take them off entirely?

HILDEGARDE. Well, I don't feel comfortable not wearing underwear.

LEONARD. But you're not *wearing* it. ~~They're down about your~~