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HUD:

Pick up my beer?

ALMA:

Two six packs. That oughta see you to tomorrow.

HUD:

Keeping count on me?

ALMA:

I keep trippin' over those empties, I know that. (pause) Boy, somebody in this car smells of Chanel No. 5. It isn't me. I can't afford it. You sure weren't riding the range this afternoon, were ya?

HUD:

I sure wasn't.

ALMA:

Well, I sure wish I knew where some gals get the time during the day. I don't know. By the time I get through scrubbin' the kitchen floor, cleanin' out the bathtub, hangin' up the clothes...

HUD:

They just drop everything, honey.

ALMA:

I suppose it does beat housework. (pause) Want an orange?

HUD:

No.

ALMA:

I'll peel it for you.

HUD:

No thanks.

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ALMA:

Hey look, it says Florida on it. We grow them right here in Texas and then they send them in all the way from Florida. That makes sense, doesn't it.

HUD:

(pause) Yeah.

ALMA:

(pause) Oh, the checker, at the A&P Market, he said it's Truman Peter's wife you're seeing.

HUD:

Is that what he said?

ALMA:

Uh-huh. He said she's got a bad temper. He said her maid quit her 'cause she hollers so much.

HUD:

Well, our maid's gonna get fired 'cause she's talkin' too much.

ALMA:

Hey, you want a fig newton?

HUD:

Nope. (pause) Just leave a little something for dinner, will ya?