

SIDE 4 MAVIS MONOLOG

MAVIS is moody, tired, and isn't in the mood to be out in the woods at night. She's been burying bodies for years, and now she wants to retire and live a simple life as an elderly woman.

MAVIS enters dragging a body bag through the forest, she drops the body-bag. Bending over, catching her breath.

Thank God! I don't remember this path being so hard, and bodies being so heavy.

Sometimes I really feel my age, or my age feels me! My body is angry at me all the time. Every bone aches. AND I'm getting absentminded. I was in the shower the other day, and I couldn't remember if I'd conditioned my hair, and then I realized I was using the conditioner to wash my face! I tell you what, Gladys, we'll be lucky to survive our golden years, so long as we don't turn on the stove and burn our houses down. (She rubs her arm) Ouch! Son-of-a-bitch! A damn tree snagged me, scratched my arm and I'm bleeding. Great. Just great!

I bet the bears in these woods can smell the blood. *[calling out]* Bear! Here, bear, come and get it! You smell me, bear? Old, leathery hide for you to chew on! I can see the headlines in the local paper "Two old broads get lost in woods, eaten by bear. Their chewed-up remains scattered for half a mile".

This is why we can't keep doing this. We're ancient, feeble women! When we were younger, and crazier, yeah, no problem. But now I'm too old to dig graves. My sciatica flares up, and I'm hanging upside down on my Teeter inversion table for a week! I want to retire from our late-night, covert rendezvous in this forest. I want to sit on my porch, get hammered drinking wine out of a box, and yell at kids to stay off my lawn! Now, can we just get this over with so we can go home.