**COUPLE OF WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING**

Hi. My name is Hannah Mae Bindler. I live right across there, across that little patch of grass. My back door faces your back door. If you saw someone painting our place last week and figured someone was moving in, well, Honey, you were a hundred percent right, cause we just did. Me and my lug Carl Joe. We\*re your new next door neighbors. How about a cup of coffee? *(Takes cup out of purse.)* I brought my own cup. I don\*t leave you much choice, do I? If I was you, I\*d fill my cup and ask me to sit down. Already we couldn\*t be happier with Westchester County and we only hope Westchester County can be happy with us.Back home in little ol\* Austin, Tcxas, Westchester County is notorious for its opulent homes, proximity to the Big City, and wives constantly messing around.Saw you mowing your lawn last night. Immediately I became intrigued. I love physical activity, but Carl Joe doesn\*t permit me. Then you were done. The light goes on in your TV room. You sit down, but you don\*t turn it on. You just sit there looking at the blank screen. "Goddang," says me to myself, "this is one Westchester honey who\*s different. Must be some kind of unique thoughts filling up her head." Boy, am I excited. When I get excited, I have trouble breathing. It\*s a common occurrence with people of passion. Finally your light goes out. I don\*t go upstairs to Carl Joe, no ma\*am. I sleep right there on the couch near the window. When 1 wake up, Carl Joe\*s already on the train to work, and Goddang if my smile wasn\*t better than ever. That\*s when I knew that little ole me had to come knock at your door and say "Hi!" Hi! You\*re just like my sister Lucy Sue. Boys used to say she was born to moan. Anyway, Lucy Sue wasn\*t much of a talker either. The more you want her to say something, the quieter she gets. Standing there like she knew a whole lot of stuff about you that was way over your head. One day I figured her out. She didn\*t have any secrets. Just didn\*t really trust the thoughts she did think and was afraid that saying ‘em out I wouldn\*t look up to her no more. *(Phone rings. After third ring.)* Honey, your phone\*s ringing.Sure you got yourself a sweet-looking kitchen. Everything where it oughta be. Right out of *Better Homes and Gardens.* Got to bring Carl Joe by and show it to him. We\*re remodeling and we still haven\*t landed on the right color scheme. Wait till you see the shoulders on Carl Joe! A guy\*s body ain\*t supposed to mean as much to us as ours do to them, but on our second date he took off his shirt and that was it. Carl Joe played tackle for Texas football back in the late *‘50s* and like he says,"Except you, Hannah Mae, everything since then\*s been a real anti-climax. Really love the lug.