



**Book and Lyrics by Tom Jones**

**Music by Joseph Thalken**

*Based on the film by Colin Higgins*

Based on the 1971 film, *HAROLD & MAUDE* is sub-titled “An Intimate Musical.” Though it has a large cast of characters, it employs only five actors: Harold, Maude, Harold’s mother Mrs. Chasen, and one man and one woman who play all the other roles. It should be pointed out that there are a number of changes from the film. Although the basic story is the same and the writers have kept a lot of the dark humor, this version attempts to dig deeper into the character of Maude and the impact of the love affair upon her as well as the young boy. They are, as she sings in one of the songs, “strolling along two sides of a river — a river known as Time.”

*“HAROLD & MAUDE is smart, funny, irreverent, tuneful and fairly faithful to the movie’s story and spirit but different enough to claim its own vibrant identity.”*

*--- San Francisco Chronicle*

# SYNOPSIS

AND

## A SAMPLING OF SONGS

*Harold is a strange kid. He lives in near isolation in his expensive home with his socially ambitious mother. When he isn't busy preparing fake suicides, he likes to go to funerals. At one of them he meets Maude, an equally eccentric old woman who also likes to go to funerals. Though he tries to avoid her, they keep meeting at funerals and eventually he finds himself visiting her home.*

**HAROLD**

Wow! Just look at this “stuff.”

**MAUDE**

I decorated it myself. Sort of early Joseph Campbell, if you know what I mean. Well . . . How about a toke?

**HAROLD**

I'm sorry. I don't usually -

**MAUDE**

Oh, it's all right. I grow it myself in the backyard. It's organic.

**HAROLD**

Well . . .

**MAUDE**

That's the spirit. (She rolls and lights the joint, takes a deep drag and hands it to Harold, who does the same.) Now, tell me about yourself. What do you like best in the whole world? Besides funerals, I mean.

**HAROLD**

Well. (Takes a puff.) Demolition derbies.

**MAUDE**

**Demolition derbies. How interesting. (Takes a puff.) What's a demolition derby?**

**HAROLD**

**Car crash.**

**MAUDE**

**Like bumper cars at the carnival?**

**HAROLD**

**Not exactly. The things I like, you wouldn't like at all.**

**MAUDE**

**You might be surprised, Harold. You might be very surprised.**

**(TRACK #1 - TWO SIDES OF A RIVER)**

**WE'RE STROLLING ALONG  
TWO SIDES OF A RIVER,  
A RIVER KNOWN AS "TIME."  
I'M OVER HERE IN MY FINAL YEARS.  
YOU'RE OVER THERE IN YOUR PRIME.**

**SOMETIMES WE'RE SO CLOSE  
WE CAN ALMOST TOUCH.  
SOMETIMES WE SEEM MILES APART.  
BUT STILL, TO KEEP TRYING  
CAN BE SATISFYING.  
THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO START.**

**WE'RE STROLLING ALONG  
TWO SIDES OF A RIVER  
AND UNTIL IT ENDS,  
THOUGH NOT EYE TO EYE,  
AT LEAST WE CAN TRY  
TO BE WONDERERS  
AND WANDERERS  
AND FRIENDS.**

**MAUDE**

**(As MUSIC continues.)**

**Come over here. I want to show you something.**

**HAROLD**

**Wow! That's terrific! What is it?**

**MAUDE**

**My Odorifics Machine. We have music for the ears and paintings for the eyes, but nothing for the old schnozollz, so I created this. Let's see. (Picks up a disc.) "Texas Barnyard." I don't think you're ready for that yet. What about this? "Christmas in New York." (Inserts disc, cranks maching, and hands him a mask, which he holds to his nose.) All right. What do you smell?**

**HAROLD**

**Chestnuts, roasting chestnuts, mixed with someone drinking coffee . . . Holly wreaths and evergreens. Christmas trees and boughs! You can even smell the resin on the pine! Wait a minute. I can't believe it.**

**I . . . SMELL . . . SNOW!**

**MAUDE**

**WE'RE STROLLING ALONG  
TWO SIDES OF A RIVER.**

**HAROLD**

**I SMELL SNOW!**

**MAUDE**

**AND UNTIL IT ENDS,  
THOUGH NOT EYE TO EYE,**

**HAROLD**

**I SMELL SNOW!**

**MAUDE**

**AT LEAST WE CAN TRY  
TO BE WONDERERS . . .**

**HAROLD**  
**WONDERERS . . .**

**MAUDE**  
**AND WANDERERS . . .**

**HAROLD**  
**AND WANDERERS . . .**

**BOTH**  
**AND FRIENDS.**

*Later on, as they get to know each other better, Maude persuades Harold to talk about his fake suicides.*

**HAROLD**  
 Well, the first time wasn't even planned. I was at school trying out some experiments in the chemistry lab when suddenly there was an explosion. Boom! It blew a hole in the floor, knocked me down, singed my hair. So I decided I'd better go home. My mother was "giving a party" - blah, blah, blah - so I crept up the back stairs to my room. Then the police came. They told my mother that I had died at an accident at school. I couldn't see her face, but she began to stagger - - (acting it out.) She put one hand to her forehead, like this. Then she began to cry. She began to sob. - - That's when I decided I liked being dead.

(Maude says nothing for a long time and then she reaches out and caresses his head softly, pushing back his hair so she can see his face.)

**MAUDE**  
 It's a funny thing. Whoever you are - whatever you do - it all gets written in your face. When I first met you, Harold, I thought there wasn't anything written there yet. I thought your face was still a blank page. But I was wrong. Now that I look closer, I see there's a lot written there . . . a lot.

**HAROLD**

**(Making a sudden decision.)**

**Just a minute. (Gets his backpack.) I've never showed this to anybody before. It's my special secret. (Music as he opens his backpack and takes out a small package.)**

**(TRACK #2 - THE REAL THING)**

**PRETENDING THAT YOU'VE KILLED YOURSELF  
IS NOT AS EASY AS IT LOOKS.  
YOU HAVE TO ORDER SPECIAL BLANKS  
FROM STAGE MAGICIAN'S BOOKS.  
I WORK SO HARD, SOMETIMES I WONDER,  
WHY GO ON AND PLAY?  
WHEN THERE IS ANOTHER  
MUCH, MUCH SIMPLER WAY.**

**(He removes a shiny, lethal-looking, and very real,  
revolver and holds it up, mesmerized by its beauty.)**

**THE REAL THING.  
THAT IS EASY.  
THE REAL THING.  
THAT IS FAST.  
YOU SIMPLY  
MOVE YOUR FINGER  
AND THE FUTURE  
IS THE PAST.**

**THE SILENCE  
THAT SURROUNDS YOU,  
THE SILENCE  
IS YOUR FRIEND.  
YOU'D LIKE TO FIND THE SILENCE  
THAT WILL NEVER END.**

**YOU STEP OUT OF THE WINDOW.  
YOU WATCH THE NIGHT SLIDE BY.**

**HAROLD (cont.)**

**YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES  
AND REALIZE  
IT SIMPLIFIES  
TO DIE.**

**THE REAL THING,  
THEN IT'S OVER.  
THE REAL THING,  
AND GOODBYE.  
SOMEDAY I THINK  
I'D LIKE TO TRY  
THE REAL THING.**

**MAUDE**

**(As Music continues "under.")**

**I understand, Harold. I, too, have wanted to be dead.**

**HAROLD**

**You have?**

**MAUDE**

**A long time ago. I used to imagine that I was dead.**

**I TRIED NOT TO FEEL ANYTHING.  
NOT ANYTHING AT ALL.  
I DREAMT OF HOW WONDERFUL LIT WOULD BE  
TO SIMPLY JUST - LET GO.**

**MAUDE (& HAROLD)**

**YOU STEP OUT OF THE WINDOW.  
(YOU STEP OUT OF THE WINDOW.)  
YOU WATCH THE NIGHT SLIDE BY.  
(YOU WATCH THE NIGHT SLIDE BY.)**

**BOTH**

**YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES  
AND REALIZE  
IT SIMPLIFIES  
TO DIE!**

HAROLD (& MAUDE)

THE REAL THING!

(THEN THE DARKNESS - )

THEN IT'S OVER!

(WILL BE GONE . . . )

THE REAL THING!

(THEN YOU TAKE FLIGHT:

GOODBYE! GOODBYE! GOODBYE!)

AND GOODBYE!

HAROLD

SOMEDAY I THINK

I'D LIKE TO TRY

THE REAL THING!

*Eventually, Harold asks Maude to teach him how to play an instrument. She has given away the banjo and her piano, but she does find a couple of spoons.*

MAUDE

Here we are. Try these.

HAROLD

What am I supposed to do with them?

MAUDE

Hit them.

HAROLD

On what?

MAUDE

On anything. Knees. Elbows. Coffee tables. Whatever is around. My friend Pigmeat Murphy, who was an authentic blues player, taught me a song which he said was a good way for a person to start "grooving." That's jazz talk for - well, you know, "gemustlichkeit-machen." I'll sing - and when I point to you - (Harold clinks spoons.) Exactly. And don't be afraid to improvise. Ready?

**HAROLD**

**Ready!**

**(TRACK #3 - SONG IN MY POCKET)**

**MAUDE**

**I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY POCKET.  
I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY SHOES.  
I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY TABLESPOONS  
AND WHEN I GET THE BLUES,  
I JUST TAP MY FEET,  
UNTIL I FEEL THE BEAT,  
AND THEN I REPEAT  
UNTIL IT'S NICE AND SWEET.  
I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY SPOONS  
AND IN MY SHOES.**

**(Shouts out.)**

**Break!**

**(She points and he bangs away. Then she returns  
to the song.)**

**I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY WAKING UP!  
I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY AFTERNOON!  
I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY COFFEE CUP!  
I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY SILVER SPOON!  
I'VE GOT A SONG IN THE RHYTHMS  
OF MY LIFE.**

**(As Music continues "under.")**

**Now, dance.**

**HAROLD**

**I can't just start dancing -**

**MAUDE**

**Of course you can. Come on, move!**

**HAROLD**

**Move what?**

**MAUDE**

**Move anything! It doesn't matter. Just let yourself go!**

**MAUDE (& HAROLD)**

**(As Harold copies her moves.)**

**I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY POCKET.**

**(I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY POCKET.)**

**I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY SHOES.**

**(I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY SHOES.)**

**I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY TABLESPOON,**

**(I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY TABLESPOON,)**

**AND WHEN I GET THE BLUES,**

**(AND WHEN I GET THE BLUES,)**

**BOTH**

**I JUST TAP MY FEET**

**UNTIL I FEEL THE BEAT,**

**AND THEN I REPEAT**

**TIL IT'S NICE AND SWEET.**

**I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY WAKING UP!**

**I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY AFTERNOON!**

**I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY COFFEE CUP!**

**I'VE GOT A SONG IN MY SILVER SPOON!**

**I'VE GOT A SONG -**

**IN THE RHYTHMS -**

**OF MY LIFE!**

**YEAH!**

**(Number over, they both laugh and he hands her  
back the spoons.)**

**MAUDE**

**Now I am going to pack up a few things. And you - you can be  
my assistant. Just hand me those so I can box them.**

**HAROLD**

**Maude - these frames. They don't have any photographs in them.**

**MAUDE**

**Oh, the photographs were all destroyed in the war. The people, too.**

**HAROLD**

**Then why do you keep the frames?**

**MAUDE**

**Well, you see, Harold. I still see them: the people, the photographs. And I keep the frames to remind me not to stop looking.**

**TRACK #4 - MAUDE'S WALTZ**

**DEEP,  
DEEP DOWN INSIDE,  
WHERE NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE,  
I KEEP ONE TINY ROOM  
THAT IS ONLY FOR ME.**

**THERE,  
SHELTERED FROM CARE,  
I'M WITH MY FAMILY.  
THEY'RE ALL ALIVE JUST AS THEY USED TO BE.**

**ALL THEIR FACES ARE SHINING SO BRIGHT!  
THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE NIGHTMARE OUTSIDE US!**

**SAFE,  
AT LAST THEY'RE SAFE,  
HIDING INSIDE OF ME.  
I KEEP THEM FAR FROM THE SHATTERING GLASS.  
FAR FROM THE SHATTERING GLASS . . .**

**(She begins to weep. Not sobbing. Not moving much at all. Instead, she stands there motionless as the tears come welling up from some deep subterranean grief. Harold stands paralyzed, wanting to help but not knowing how.)**

## HAROLD

DON'T CRY, MAUDE.  
 PLEASE, DON'T CRY.  
 I DON'T KNOW HOW TO HELP YOU.  
 I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.  
 I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF YOU AS STRONG,  
 BUT REALLY, THAT'S NOT TRUE.  
 YOU'RE FRAGILE, TOO.  
 YOU NEED SOMEONE TO HOLD YOU  
 WHEN YOU CRY.  
 I'VE NEVER CARED FOR ANYONE,  
 BUT MAYBE I COULD TRY.

(Harold gently brushes the tears from her cheek.  
 She looks up, grateful. Leaning forward, he kisses  
 her on the lips. Music continues to swell as Harold  
 takes her in his arms. He kisses her again and she  
 responds hungrily as the lights dim out.)

*Then, after a scene in which Harold's Analyst and his Priest both  
 express dismay, lights come back up on Maude's house, where  
 Harold is decorating for her surprise birthday party.*

(TRACK #5 - HAROLD AND MAUDE)

## HAROLD

THEY THINK I'M CRAZY.  
 MAYBE IT'S TRUE.  
 BUT IF I'M CRAZY,  
 WHAT CAN I DO?  
 I KNOW I'M HAPPY  
 AS I CAN BE.  
 AND WHAT'S MORE,  
 I AM SURE  
 THAT THIS WAS MEANT TO BE.

HAROLD AND MAUDE.  
 ISN'T IT STRANGE.  
 TABLES CAN TURN.  
 PEOPLE CAN CHANGE.

**HAROLD (cont.)**

**ALL AT ONCE, TO MY SURPRISE,  
I START FEELING GROOVY.  
EVERY MORNING WHEN I RISE,  
I AM SOMEONE NEW.  
AND IT IS WONDERFUL!**

**HAROLD AND MAUDE.  
OH, WHAT A BLAST!  
LUCKY IN LOVE.  
HAPPY AT LAST!**

**USED TO BE SO  
GLOOMY AND LOW,  
BUT ISN'T IT ODD.  
NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY.  
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY:  
HAROLD AND MAUDE!  
HAROLD AND MAUDE!**

**(He hums as he dances around in his awkward  
way while “fixing up” the room for her birthday.)**

**ALL AT ONCE,  
INSTEAD OF ONE,  
I FEEL DOWNRIGHT TWO-ISH.**

**NO MORE SOLOS,  
I'VE BEGUN  
TO SING HARMONY - ON KEY!  
AND IT IS BEAUTIFUL!**

**HAROLD AND MAUDE.  
OH, WHAT A TEAM.  
GIN AND VERMOUTH.  
PEACHES AND CREAM.**

**HAROLD (cont.)**

**USED TO BE SO  
GLOOMY AND LOW,  
BUT ISN'T IT ODD.  
NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY.  
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY:  
HAROLD AND MAUDE . . .  
HAROLD AND MAUDE . . .  
HAROLD AND MAUDE!  
(As he brings her in.)  
Happy Birthday, Maude!  
HAROLD AND MAUDE!**

*At her birthday party, as they're both having champagne, Maude tells Harold that she is going to die. Now. Tonight. She has already taken the pills. He tries to go for a doctor, but she persuades him to stay - to help her "make her passage."*

**HAROLD**

**(Simply quietly.)  
Don't die, Maude. Please - don't die.**

**MAUDE**

**I'm not afraid of dying, Harold. I've been afraid of not living, but I've never been afraid of dying. (Smiles.) It's organic.**

**(TRACK #6 - THE CHANCE TO SING)**

**WE'RE LIKE BIRDS  
WHO ARE PERCHED  
ON THE LIMBS OF A TREE.  
WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT,  
WE SIMPLY FLY AWAY.  
THEN OTHER BIRDS COME  
AND TAKE OUR PLACES,  
BUT THEY WON'T STAY.**

**WE COME, WE GO.  
IT WAS ALWAYS SO,  
AND SO IT WILL ALWAYS BE.**

**MAUDE (cont.)**

**WE'RE LIKE A FLOCK OF BIRDS  
MOVING ENDLESSLY.  
BUT LISTEN TO ME.  
I WANT YOU TO KNOW  
THE MOST IMPORTANT THING.**

**BEFORE THE TIME  
WHEN WE MUST FLY AWAY,  
WE HAVE THE CHANCE TO SING.  
DON'T MISS THE CHANCE -  
THE CHANCE TO SING.**

**(Speaks over Music.)**

**I've been planning this for a long time, but I kept putting it off.  
I was waiting for something and I didn't know what it was. But  
now I do know. I was waiting for you. You're my tree, Harold. I  
need for you to grow.**

**DON'T MISS THE CHANCE -  
THE CHANCE . . .  
TO SING . . .**

**(Her eyes close.)**

**HAROLD**

**Maude . . . ? Maude!**

**(He cradles her in his arms and rocks back and forth.  
Then as he opens his mouth, we hear the scream of a  
siren as it gets louder and louder until it suddenly  
cuts off and the lights black out.)**

*The next morning, when the lights come back up, the room is  
empty. Harold comes in, looking totally burnt out and dead, but  
determined. He opens his backpack and removes the revolver.  
Then, looking down, he sees the spoons lying on the table. Putting  
down his gun for a moment, he picks up the spoons and shakes his  
head, smiling.*

**(TRACK #7 - FINALE)**

**HAROLD**

**(Very softly.)**

**HAROLD AND MAUDE.  
ISN'T IT STRANGE?  
TABLES CAN TURN.  
PEOPLE CAN CHANGE.**

**ALL AT ONCE, TO MY SURPRISE,  
YOU DECIDE TO LEAVE ME.  
STILL, I SEE YOU BY MY SIDE,  
STILL, I HEAR YOUR SONG.  
AND IT IS BEAUTIFUL.**

**HAROLD AND MAUDE.  
HOW CAN IT BE?  
I'M HERE WITH YOU.  
YOU'RE HERE WITH ME.**

**HERE IN MY HANDS.  
HERE IN MY HEART.  
HERE IN MY SONG.**

**SO, AS LIFE PASSES BY,  
I WILL GIVE IT A TRY.  
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY,  
HAROLD AND MAUDE.**

**(Very slowly and deliberately, he clinks the two  
spoons together and the lights - black out.)**