

DIE MOMMIE DIE

Angela, Bootsie, 2 women

Scene 5

Beverly Hills, 1960's. Former singing star, Angela Arden, has murdered her abusive husband. After the funeral, she has informed her son and daughter that she intends to sell the house and move to New York. They rush off. She is then confronted by her southern housekeeper, Bootsie, who was madly in love with Angela's late husband.

ANGELA

Everything will be better once we're in New York.

BOOTSIE

She who transgresses the laws of man shall dwell forever in the fires of Beelzebub.

ANGELA

That's a rather odd thing to say, Bootsie. Even from you.

BOOTSIE

Heathen! Purge thy sins! After twenty-five years in this house, I know all your dirty little secrets. And I mean all of 'em.

ANGELA

And after twenty-five years, you finally show your true colors. I must say, it's not terribly attractive.

BOOTSIE

Lady, I'm going to be an albatross around your neck till the day you leave this green earth.

ANGELA

Lissen sister, I don't take threats from maids.

(Angela takes a cigarette from the box on the coffee table and lights up.)

BOOTSIE

Now it's you who's showing her true colors. You never fooled me. Not for a minute. I always knew you were nothing but trash washed across the Canadian border. You're never going to write a book about Mr. Sussman because I won't let you. You're not gonna make a penny soiling his good name.

ANGELA

What's your price? Your kind of people always have a price, usually foolishly low.

BOOTSIE

I don't need your blood money. Golden coins culled from the calf of Sodom and Gomorrah. When you have your appointment tomorrow with the lawyer to read Mr. Sussman's will, you're in for a mighty big surprise. Oh, yes, a mighty big surprise. The surprise of the century. A bigger surprise than ---

ANGELA

Oh, shut up. What are you talking about? What kind of surprise?

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BOOTSIE

How's this one? You've been completely cut out of Mr. Sussman's will, or as much as the law allows. The children have irrevocable trusts but all the rest of Mr. Sussman's estate and worldly possessions goes to his devoted employee and bosom friend, Miss Bootsie Carp.

ANGELA

Wills can be contested.

BOOTSIE

I don't think you're gonna do that. Mr. Sussman stipulated that anyone who contests this will and its codicils is automatically cut off without a cent. Oh yes, I'm gonna enjoy seeing Mr. Sussman's lying harlot of a wife gets her just desserts.

ANGELA

You floor scrubbing old hag. You've got nothing on me. Missy, you're playing way above your class. You're a lonely, bitter souse, Bootsie.

BOOTSIE

I dried out at one of them fancy sanitariums years ago.

ANGELA

I know how much of our booze you've been knocking back alone in your pitiful little maid's room. As for me? You're looking at a gal who'd got connections in this burgh. The Mayor, the Chairman of Proctor and Gamble, Bob Hope. You'll never get the best of me and I mean never.

BOOTSIE

Woe unto ye who makes mockery of the righteous. Every step you take, I'll be right there beside you, making sure you fail.

ANGELA

It takes great courage to murder the first time. That's when you can no longer claim your soul as your own. After that, it becomes remarkably simple. You'd never be quite sure what lay around the corner, would you, dear?

(Angela starts to exit up the stairs.)