

DIE MOMMIE DIE

Angela, Sol (1 woman, 1 man)

Former singing star Angela Arden finds herself alone with her estranged husband, Sol, upon his return from Europe. Their daughter Edith has just left the room.

SOL

My God, I'm proud of my little girl. Edith is my legacy.

ANGELA

Your son was cast in the lead in his college musical "Oklahoma".

SOL

Was he?

ANGELA

Yes, Lance phoned last week with the big news. He was so excited.

SOL

"Oklahoma," a good show.

ANGELA

He's breaking new ground. He got the Theatre Department to cast him as Ado Annie.

SOL

Why is this not a surprise?

ANGELA

He can never please you, can he? You'll destroy him as you've destroyed everyone else.

SOL

I've destroyed him? You turned the kid into a pathetic weakling with your smothering. Not to mention the screwed up wiring in his brain.

ANGELA

I will not have you malign my son.

SOL

Face it. He's a wierdo. The headaches. The sudden rages. You did this to him.

ANGELA

By loving him too much?

SOL

It was all those goddam pills you were taking when you were pregnant. The Benzadrine, the Dexadrine, the Seconals. The doctors warned you it might hurt the baby. It's a miracle the kid didn't end up with two noses.

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ANGELA

It's a miracle he didn't end up with your nose. *(beat)* Lance isn't the only one with big news. I've received an offer to sing in New York.

SOL

At a nightclub?

ANGELA

No, at a resort in the Catskills.

SOL

The Borscht Belt?

ANGELA

After being away so long, I thought it prudent to break in a new act away from the scrutiny of the New York critics.

SOL

How much money is this place offering?

ANGELA

We haven't worked out all the details but I 'm sure it won't --.

SOL

When will you be leaving?

ANGELA

By the end of the week, I imagine. The top arrangers and musicians are all in New York.

SOL

You're a rotten liar.

ANGELA

Sol!

SOL

Nobody would hire you to sing at a dogfight. Not with that wobble.

ANGELA

That's not true. I've been practicing every day with my vocal coach, Madame Finzi-Contini. I no longer crack on that high F over middle C. Now if you'll excuse me, I have peonies screaming for attention.

SOL

I know why you're so eager to get to New York and it ain't to sing at any bar mitzvahs. You've got a lover. And he's rented a townhouse for you both in Greenwich Village. Care to know the floor plan?

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ANGELA

No, though I'm mildly curious to know the identity of my secret paramour.

SOL

Does the name Tony Parker ring a bell?

ANGELA

Tony? Tony Parker? (She bursts into laughter)

SOL

Don't you dare laugh.

ANGELA

But really, it's so amusing. Me. Run off with Tony, a failed TV actor and a notorious lothario. You should give me more credit than that.

SOL

Tony Parker is known to have the biggest cock west of the San Andreas fault. I should've known a tramp like you would come begging for it.

ANGELA

I will not remain here to be insulted.

SOL

You're not going anywhere. I had a detective follow you. He's taken pictures, lots of pictures. Pictures that made even a hard-boiled gumshoe reach for a Pepto Bismal. All these years you played the great lady with me. I thought you were frigid and here I see Parker schtupping you like a cocker spaniel. Take a gander.

(He takes a folder of photos out of his briefcase and hands it to her. She glances at the explicit photos.)

ANGELA

Well, these are certainly grounds for a divorce?

SOL

Never. I'm sentencing you to life imprisonment, baby and I'll be the warden. What I've got on you would destroy any hope of a career outside of a Tijuana brothel. We're a famous couple, Angela. We're gonna stay that, in public if not in private.

ANGELA

And that will bring you happiness?

SOL

Nobody makes a laughingstock out of Sol P. Sussman.

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ANGELA

You don't know what you're saying.

(Sol slaps her across the face.)

SOL

You're my possession. I own you the same as I own every toilet in this house.

ANGELA

What did I do to make you hate me so? It began long before Tony came into our lives.

SOL

Don't dredge up the past. A bad strategic move.

ANGELA

After my sister died, there was that brief moment when there seemed to be a cease-fire in our war with each other. I thought there might be a chance that we could have a life together.

SOL

It came too late. Too much blood had been shed.

(He feels a sudden pain in his stomach.)

ANGELA

Sol, are you all right?

SOL

Don't get your hopes up. It's not a heart attack. Just this damn constipation. I haven't taken a decent crap since I landed in Madrid. Now you will excuse me, Mrs. Sussman. I don't want to keep our daughter waiting. *(Sol starts to leave but then turns back with an after thought.)* Oh, and Angela, if you think you'll forget your troubles by indulging in a shopping spree, think again. I'm canceling all of your charge cards. From now on, all requests come through the warden's office.

(He exits. Alone, Angela feels trapped. She knows in her heart what she must do.)