

DIE MOMMIE DIE

Angela, Tony (1 man, 1 woman)

Former singing star, Angela Arden, married to a fading Hollywood producer, has a clandestine conversation with her lover, tennis pro, Tony Parker. She has just had an altercation with her rebellious daughter Edith.

ANGELA

I seem to have a green thumb for everything but raising children.

TONY

It's just a phase, Angie. All kids go through it.

ANGELA

When did it start? When did it all go wrong?

TONY

After your sister Barbara died?

ANGELA

Why should you say that?

TONY

Sometimes a death in the family, the death of a beloved Aunt, can be a traumatic experience for a child.

ANGELA

Perhaps something did happen that summer. One can feel the memory lingering like the smog over the canyon. Whatever it was, I've paid for it dearly. What about you, Tony? Have I paid enough for you?

TONY

Stop it! Stop it right there. That's not funny. You know you're my girl.

ANGELA

Am I? You ask me to throw away everything safe and secure for a man whose reputation is that of a highly paid gigolo.

TONY

I've always been the sort of guy people spread rumors about. Hell, there was a certain "big" rumor about me that made you reach for the phone in the first place.

(She starts to slap him but he catches her arm.)

ANGELA

Who are you, Tony Parker? You've slipped into my life as easily as Vermouth into a glass of Gin. Quickly and just a bit too smooth. Your life is a locked file cabinet of dark ugly secrets.

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TONY

(He grabs her violently) What have you heard?

ANGELA

I have it on excellent authority, by way of every hair burner in West Hollywood that the favors you've received were not only courtesy of the ladies but les garcons as well.

TONY

Get this straight. I'm no fag. I've torn men apart for saying less.

ANGELA

Darling, listen to us. We were nearly arguing. I've never desired any man as I've desired you.

(They kiss.)

TONY

Now listen, Angela. A friend of mine found us a townhouse in New York. It's small and quite intimate, with no room for secrets. Oh and I nearly forgot. There's a magnificent grand piano in the music room where you can practice your singing and rehearse that new act.

ANGELA

The new act. The mere mention of it is enough to fill me with terror.

TONY

Tony's here to hold your hand. When can you meet me in New York? Next week?

ANGELA

Next week? I don't know. There's so much to consider.

TONY

The only thing to consider is our happiness.

ANGELA

Happiness? I doubt I'd even recognize it.