



# Confessions of *DIRTY* Old Women



(A Play in Two Acts)

By  
Sidney Goldberg

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**Sidney Goldberg**  
20 West Palisade Avenue #3120  
Englewood NJ 07631  
201 567-6533  
Sidneyg6@gmail.com  
[www.SidneyGoldbergWriter.com](http://www.SidneyGoldbergWriter.com)



# Confessions of *DIRTY* Old Women



## Cast

**ENNIE.....78 years old, speaks with very European, Jewish accent; Adorable.**

**KIM.....73 years old, speaks with Chinese accent, cute.**

**BESSIE.....75 years old, black, hip ex-madam.**

**MARGARITE.....67 years old, speaks with Irish brogue.  
Uptight.**

**CONSUELO.....74 years old, speaks with Mexican accent. Has personality.**

**MARIE.....75 years old, Italian, alcoholic.**

# Confessions of Dirty Old Women

## ACT I

### Scene 1

**8 P.M.: ENNIE'S VERY ORNATE LIVING ROOM: TWO COUCHES, ARM CHAIRS, A GRANDFATHER CLOCK, PHOTOS, PAINTINGS, A COFFEE TABLE FILLED WITH GOODIES AND LIQUOR. ALL ARE INDULGING, SOME HOLDING BOOKS AND TALKING. SOME USE CANES AND ENNIE USES A WALKER. AT DIRECTORS DISCRETION SOME WILL GYRATE WHEN RECALLING ROMANTIC PAST.**

#### **ENNIE**

**(Heavy, European, Jewish accent throughout.)**

Order, order in *dhe* court. It's my pleasure, it's been my pleasure for *dhe* last 42 years, but who's counting, to welcome you to *dhe* 72nd Street and Fifth Avenue International book club. *Ve* call it our International book club, because I came from Poland, Kim from, I think Fong shun nun, Consuelo from Mexico, Margarite from Ireland, Bessie from Mississippi and Marie from *dhe* Bronx.

**(ALL CHEER.)**

#### **ENNIE (cont'd)**

Before *ve* get started, I personally *vant* to *dhank* Kim for picking "*Snow in August*," because Pete Hamil, an Irishman wrote a gorgeous, gorgeous book about '*Yidlachs*,' Jews. I hate to admit it, but I love reading about '*Yidlachs*' and again *dhank* you, *Kimeleh*.

#### **ALL**

Kim, Kim, Kim!

**KIM**

**(Stands and speaks with Chinese accent throughout.)**

Thank you, thank you *bery* much. I glad you like "*Snow in August*," I like *bery* much too. It not powerful like book Marie pick long time ago, "*The Prince of Tides*," but I like *bery* much. I can't wait to read "*Divine Secrets of the Ya Ya Sisterhood*," because Bessie say sisterhood *bery* much like us. I also want thank Ennie for use of beautiful brownstone, all delicious food and for always being wonderful hostess.

**ALL**

**(Chant and applaud.)**

Three cheers for Ennie, hip, hip, hooray.

**ENNIE**

So, *what would* you like?

**BESSIE**

Now that you asked, I'd like vodka with a twist, if you don't mind, Ennie...?

**ENNIE**

Help yourself '*Buhbaleh*,' next.

**CONSUELO**

**(Spanish accent throughout.)**

'*Por favor*,' Ennie, I have Tequila with Kosher salt and lime.

**ENNIE**

I'll give you a '*por favor*.' Haven't I taught you English Consuelo? '*Nu*,' I'm *vaiting*, Marg, *vhat* do you *vant*?

**MARGARITE**

**(Irish accent throughout.)**

That's *Margarite*, thank you and I think I'll have a bit of Scotch, if you don't mind, love...?

**ENNIE**

You know *where* it is and you my Italian princess?

**MARIE**

Funny lady, you know I don't indulge anymore.

**ENNIE**

Ev'rybody, you'll have to *soive* yourself, except you '*buhbaleh*.' *Vhat* can I get you *Kimeleh*?

(ALL EXCEPT MARIE HAVE DRINK.)

**KIM**

I think I smoke little pot, *Enneleh*. See, I talk Jewish too.

**ENNIE**

*Oy*, even *dhough* I'm against all drugs, my daughter Rivka, may, she rest in peace always *wanted* me to try it. Maybe it's time.

**MARGARITE**

And what about my asthma? You know how it always makes me cough.

**BESSIE**

Man, let the woman smoke her jive in peace. In fact, I think I'm goin' to join you, Kim. Man, I'm so nervous, might as well have a taste. Might mellow me out and do my *personal chamber* some good.

**KIM**

I have one joint and if it good for my *bagina*, it good for your *bagina* too, Bessie. Lewie get it from big doctor. He give Lewie pot and Lewie do laundry, very good for free. Hawaiian, *bery* green and purple, I like *bery* green and purple.

**MARIE**

Man, I sure wish I could get stoned.

**MARGARITE**

What's that they say, once a drunk, always a drunk? I guess you'll always be a drunk, won't you Marie?

**MARIE**

Thanks for reminding me sister. I'll make sure to do the same for you when you pass out, sweetheart. Think that pot's any good Bess?

**KIM**

How many times I tell you, what I smoke is *bery* good Marie. Better than the best Russian vodka you used to drink. One joint of this is like six glasses of fine champagne.

**MARIE**

Sure wish I could, 'cause I am in the mood.

**MARGARITE**

Don't do it, Marie. They say smoking reefer is bad for an alcoholic's soul.

**BESSIE**

Talk about alcoholic souls, Margarite, you oughta forget about your romance novels and move in with your freakin' priest. Who knows, if you're lucky you may get more from him than all your books. I mean, like all of us, you haven't gottin' laid since John... Maybe, that's why you developed asthma at your age, because you're so *nervous*? *Shit*, I call it horny.

**KIM**

I no have asthma, but I nervous, *bery* nervous, because he no want my *dim sum*. No laid for 10, 15 years. So long I don't think I remember how. Do you remember how Bessie?

**BESSIE**

What the hell do you mean, do I remember how? I just don't know if my *personal chamber* remembers, that's all...

**ENNIE**

I remember how, in fact to tell you *dhe* truth...

**KIM**

...You tell truth Ennie, Confucius say, truth good for soul, maybe good for your chop suey too...?

**ENNIE**

...All right... I hate to say *dhis*, but even *dthough* I'm 78, I still think about '*schtupping*' plenty. *Vhy*, there's something else to think about...? You see, *when* Abie and I used to make love, they *vere dhe* most exciting, fulfilling moments in my life, and *vhy* not...? Abie has *dhe* biggest '*schvontz*' I ever saw and let me tell you, I saw a few '*veinies*' in my time.

(Shakes)

Nothing to write home about, but in London, Paris and *Hollywood*, I did a *rumba* or two.

**MARIE**

Well, Carmine ain't too small either, know what I'm saying, Ennie? I mean the man carries six large ones and I mean '*large*.'

**ENNIE**

Six large ones is good...

**MARIE**

I told you, Carmine wasn't lacking, didn't I? And there was a time when that sonofabitch knew how to use it. Now, he has a freaking stamp collection instead. I mean, even though those old bastards get old, they still pee with it, don't they? So why can't they...?

**ENNIE**

I hate to say *dhis*, but Abie says, *vhen* he was 'Bar Mitzvahed' even before, his '*schvontz*' *vas* at least six large...

**BESSIE**

YOU MEAN A HALF A FOOT?! YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING...? I mean, Leon maybe got five and that's pushin' it. Six inches, what I wouldn't give for six big ones...

**ENNIE**

Now, even *dthough* he hasn't used it since, it's still, if I remember correctly, and at my age I have a hard time remembering *vhat* I had for super last night, at least 11 inches. It was so big, can you imagine me, with my big mouth, couldn't handle *dhe* whole thing. I tried, a thousand times and no matter how I tried, I just couldn't. So, *ve* '*schupted*,' '*nu?*' Believe me, I didn't complain, not *vonce*, because I loved '*schtuping*,' tell me, who doesn't?

**KIM**

Oh, my G-d, how can it be that big? My Lewie has little one, maybe four inches, and he used to make me take whole thing, even won tons. I no like won tons, even in egg drop soup.

**MARGARITE**

I'm sure won tons means balls and I never liked to touch Johns balls, may he rest in peace and I didn't think penises grew that large.

**BESSIE**

At Macy's, peckers with a side of won tons come in small, medium and large. Ennie, just happens to be fortunate enough to have gotten an extra large, '*Super deluxe*,' if I say so myself. Ooh we, 11 inches, I love it!

**CONSUELO**

Even though I did it in Mexico, Miami and Honduras, I never had one that big before I marry Pablo... '*Once*' inches must be...

**ENNIE**

(Sings.)

..."*Heaven, I vas in Heaven*," because not only did it look like King Kong's, it *vas* just as hard. But *dhat vas* yesterday, '*nu?*'

**BESSIE**

Man, I seen and had a lot of snappers in my life, that used to be my business, remember? And if I ever met a cat that was built like that, I would have never gotten out of bed.

**ENNIE**

And I did? *Oy*, I remember *vhen* I used to be *dhe* happiest *voman*, and now, I'm so nervous I don't even talk to him. '*Nu?*' are *ve* smoking or are *ve* just talking about it, *Kimeleh?*

**KIM**

You smoke, you smoke too? I so happy, *Enneleh*, Jewish, right?

**ENNIE**

*What* else should I do? I figure, maybe I *von't* be so *noivous*. You know, since *ve* stopped playing house, *which* must be at least 15 years, I've been a '*nervouseh chorlehrya*.' And *vhat's* going on here? By this time, because you're all usually so *noivous* too, you always have two or three drinks by now... So, *vhat* are you *vaiting* for, '*Tishabov*'?

**(ALL REFILL GLASSES AND DOWN DRINK WITH MUCH GUSTO.)**

**MARGARITE**

Are you happy now, Ennie?

**ENNIE**

How could I be happy? My poor Rivka died 25 years ago.

**(KIM LIGHTS JOINT, INHALES AND PASSES IT TO BESSIE, WHO TAKES A COUPLE OF LONG DRAGS AND PASES IT TO ENNIE.)**

**ENNIE (cont'd)**

You know how I'm against drugs, do you think I should?

**BESSIE**

If you're nervous, 'cause you're thinkin' about your daughter, maybe it'll help you forget, know what I mean?

**(ENNIE NODS YES.)**

**BESSIE (cont'd)**

Well, what are you waitin' for woman? Time's a wastin' and you ain't gettin' any younger.

**(ENNIE TAKES ONE DRAG.)**

**KIM**

How you like, how you like?

**ENNIE**

**(Takes three more puffs.)**

Oy... I think I'm floating? Am I floating?

**MARGARITE**

I hate to interrupt your euphoric escapade, but this is a meeting of our book club, is it not? And we are supposed to be discussing Pete Hamil's, wonderful book, "*Snow in August*."



**KIM**

You like "*Snow in August?*" My daughter Sun Yi love it.

**MARGARITE**

I adored it, an Irish boy, helping a poor Jewish Rabbi in Brooklyn. I thought it was wonderful, except for the part about the '*Golem.*' That monster scared me out of me bloomers.

**KIM**

I like everything except ending...

**ENNIE**

And *what's* wrong *vit dhe* ending?

**KIM**

I think when '*Golem*' show up, full-of-crap. Bad spirit very, very scary.

**BESSIE**

I kind of felt the same way, I mean monsters... There ain't no freakin' monsters in Brooklyn, maybe the Bronx, but Brooklyn?

**MARIE**

Oh yeah? To me, Carmine is worse than a freakin' monster. Gives me this crap that he can't do it, because he got diabetes. What the hell does diabetes have to do with his meat? I mean, they're miles apart. I told him, if he don't get a penile implant for his erectile dysfunction, I'll give that lazy sonofabitch a heart attack and then he can shove his dysfunction up his diabetic ass. Then, I'll leave him, that's what I'll do, leave that worthless, impotent guinea.

**BESSIE**

If you leave Carmine, after, how long you married Marie?

**MARIE**

52 years...

**BESSIE**

52 years? Well, baby, I'm only married 43 years. And if you can cut out, I sure as hell can too, 'cause Leon the loser and me sure ain't been hittin' no pillows lately. Get me a young stud that will appreciate my *personal chamber*. Maybe me-and-you'll get an apartment together? How's that sound Marie?

**KIM**

Maybe I come too. I come too, funny no? I no like Lewie no more. He no want my *dim sum* and I no like his eyes, too squinty. I think, because he loser too. I want big salami like Ennie has. Maybe this time I find Jew? All Jews have big salami, no?

### BESSIE

Forget it Kim. Not all Jews have a big anything except maybe their ego. And let me tell you about them Jews, not that I have anything against them, except, maybe for the fact that they all want head. I mean, I never saw anything like it. I used to work at Smalls in Harlem and the boss was this fat, old Jew and all he wanted me to do was go down on him... Hey, money's money. 1956, I had 32 of the finest chicks working for me and when those old, rich Jews use to come by, they'd take one look at my big, juicy lips and instead of choosin' one of my fine lookin' bitches, they'd choose me and you know what I had to do, don'tcha? Except for Ennie's Abie, I never saw a kosher hot dog bigger than five, maybe six inches tops and that's pushin' it.

### KIM

I change my mind. I no want Jew, except Abie and Abie no good, because Ennie just as nervous as me. I want Tarzan, Tarzan have big, strong banana... I need banana, I want banana.

### BESSIE

I had Tarzan and you can forget about his Chiquita.

### MARGARITE

Is that what you think life's all about? Ten inch, six inch and four inch penises with won tons? Tarzan with his banana, I think you're all crazy to give up your marriages over an orgasm. Believe me, despite the fact that I rarely moan and groan about not getting it anymore, it still bothers me, but I couldn't say goodbye to John, even though he stopped wanting me. Remember, when I had a break down and they took me to the funny farm, and then we had to fly back to Killarney to bury my poor mother, Rose? When they said John Jr. was killed in Mi Lai, they never found his body. I couldn't have weathered the storm with out my Dear John... So, now I have a couple of drinks, put on a Sinatra record and turn to my good old vibrator and pretend it's still John, or Frank.

(Sings.)

*"I'm gonna love you, like nobody's loved you, come rain or come shine."*

### ENNIE

I think Margarite's right, I mean, who had it better *dhan* me? Nobody, *dhat's why* I *dhan* G-d, Abie's still *vith* me. All right, I don't talk to him, because maybe he frustrates me too, after all, you're not *dhe* only one *mit* a *personal chamber* Bessie, but '*ah zoy gehtus.*' He's my husband and even *dhough* I've seen a few guys *dhat* I *vouldn't* mind giving a tumble to; *dhat* Michael Douglas and *dhat* Jack Nicholson, I'm telling you, but I'm sure

*dhey* don't have *vhat* Abie still has. I *cootchy* his beauty *vhen* he sleeps... And all *dhose* actors have little ones. I know, I *vas dhere* Charley.

**MARIE**

But if Abie doesn't utilize his endowment, what good does it do you?

**ENNIE**

**(Sings.)**

*"Mem'ries, like dhe corner of your mind."* I *vas vonce dhe* luckiest woman in *dhe void*. It's his fault that it stopped *voiking*? My Caddy stopped *voiking* too.

**BESSIE**

Yeah, but they just came out with a new and improved model and that's exactly what I need, a new and improved Leon.

**KIM**

Did you read that article in the New Yorker about Hugh Hefner and Bob Dole? Seem they try new drug called Diagra and they say it really work. Picture show wives smiling, dancing, really happy.

**MARGARITE**

And, may I ask what is Diagra?

**KIM**

According to Hefner and Dole, it put lead in pencil, make hard, very hard.

**CONSUELO**

Oh, I heard about it, it no called Diagra, it called Biagra. It's supposed to be the hottest drug on market. Men, millions of men want it, they kill for it. They want to do it, except my Pablo.

**MARIE**

I think it's called Miagra, Connie and I sure as hell would like to get a dose or two for his sausage.

**BESSIE**

It ain't Miagra, Diagra, or Biagra, it's called Viagra and it's supposed to be fantastic. I tried to talk to Leon about it, but he said he would rather watch the Mets.

**ENNIE**

*Biagra, Diagra, Miagra, Schmiagra...* All I care is *dhat* it *voiks*, because of how big it is, I bet Abie will have to take two or three pills, and I *dhink* I read some *vhare dhat* it costs \$10 a pill, *dhose gonifs*, those thieves.

**KIM**

**(Smokes joint.)**

I, pay thousand dollars if it work? What money do if you crazy and I *bery* crazy. I hope you get Diagra like you get pot?

**MARGARITE**

Well, according to the papers and T.V., you need a prescription for whatever you call it. You see, instead of leaving your husbands, perhaps all you need is...

**KIM**

Diagra

**BESSIE**

Viagra

**CONSUELO**

Biagra

**MARIE**

Miagra

**ENNIE**

*Schmiagra*

**MARIE**

What ever, just lets get it.

**BESSIE**

And what happens if we get it and they don't want to take it? Leon says, if Mother Nature wanted it to still get hard, it would still get hard. That's why he ain't takin' nothin'.

**CONSUELO**

And if Mother Nature give him cancer, would he go for Chemo? You tell him he needs help, you tell him if he no take Biagra, you find somebody else... And I got another one of those freakin' threatening letters.

**ENNIE**

**(Rises and walks.)**

Forget about *dhose* letters. Look, I'm *valking vithout* my walker.

**KIM**

**(High, sings and laughs.)**

Look at her she's walking, look at her she's talking...

**BESSIE**

Congratulations Ennie and you know there's more than one-way to skin a cat. I'm gonna get me a prescription and I'm gonna put it in his sweet potatoes, and then, one night when he gets real hard, I sure hope it don't scare him, and he wants a taste of my *personal chamber*, I'm gonna tell him that Mother Nature just ain't in the mood. Now, I remember when Leon really wanted it, the cat would do anything, I mean, one time I asked him to get me a roast pork sandwich, three o'clock in the morning, and when he came back and I asked him did he get the duck sauce and the Chinese mustard? By this time it was four in the morning, he didn't say a word, just got back in his Caddie and got me what I wanted...

**KIM**

...And then you give him personal chamber, right?

**BESSIE**

You bet your sweet ass I did... That's why he bought me two houses, the brownstone on 84th, one in Bay Point in Miami, oh yeah, I almost forgot about my duplex in Tahiti. Guess you could say he was pussy whipped, couldn't you and once I start feedin' him some Viagra, and let me tell you, they say all you need is one pill, I'm gonna put three of them suckers in his sweet potatoes and make him buy me the Empire State Buildin'. I'll have him climbin' the walls, I'll have him beggin' for my *personal chamber* and that's only the beginnin'!

**MARGARET**

Oh, how I wish I could still discuss it with my beloved John. He'd go for it, because he was such a reasonable man.

**MARIE**

I'll get the New Yorker and I'll show Carmine the article on Bob Dole. He's a staunch Republican, you know. He's given hundreds of thousand of dollars to the party and when he finds out what it did for Dole, why he'll probably buy the company. I don't think I'll put it in his sweet potatoes, because why waste it, he never eats them.

**KIM**

And what about my Lewie? Not only won't he eat sweet potatoes, he won't even take a Tylenol. Only take Chinese herbs. He'll say Diagra, American poison. I give anything if he take poison, I mean Diagra. I tell him he need it, because I so nervous, he say talk to Buhda. I tell him I talk to Buhda, but I still nervous. He say talk to Confucius. I tell Confucius to tell Lewie to take Diagra, Confucius, like Buhda will say, take left testicle of black bull, red beet and Ginseng...

**ENNIE**

...*Oy*, and *vhat?* *Vhat* are you supposed to do *mit* a testicle from a black bull, a beet and Ginseng?

**KIM**

I wish I knew, but, just to be on the safe side, I got ten testicles from ten black bulls, cost me a fortune, ten red beets and ten Ginseng and I didn't know what the hell to do with them. I tell you, Confucius and Buddha drive me crazy. That's why one billion Chinese people walk around saying, '*Ne how ma, ne how ma?*' which means, how are you? They don't know how they are, because they don't know what to do with testicles from those black bulls, the red beets and the Ginseng, so they ask, "*How are you?*" Because they no want tell how they are, crazy, Chinese people *bery* crazy.

**MARIE**

At least you have someone to talk to. All I have is Carmine. Bad enough he gave up screwing, now, he doesn't hear. The man's as deaf as a G-d damn doornail. You say how are you and all he does is smile like a freakin' idiot and shake his head. You ask him what time is it and he smiles and shakes his head. You ask him if he wants to see a movie and all he does is smile and shake his head. You know that beer commercial where that stupid looking dummy bobs his head? I wanted to kill that dummy and Carmine together. He refuses to get a hearing aid. What can I tell you? I just don't have any freakin' luck when it comes to dummies.

**MARGARITE**

**(Starts to sob.)**

Talking about dummies, I'm the biggest and most deceitful dummy that ever lived... I'm jealous of all of you, because you still want it. I haven't wanted it since I went through my changes. When my period stopped and John, may he rest in peace, thought it was some kind of signal, I mean the man became a sex maniac and I turned him away. The more I turned him away, the more he seemed to want it. Remember my break down? Hello. I thought there was something wrong with me, because all of you, were still sexually active. I never told you, but I hated all of you. I was jealous, I was neurotic and I thought I was going crazy...

**ENNIE**

...*'Neboch,*' you poor thing...

**MARGARITE**

...My psychiatrist told me, there comes a time in life, when there's no one to turn to, we must find other things to supersede our sexual desires... I tried to tell that to Dear John, who didn't seem to understand... I think that's when he had that affair with his secretary that I told you about... I always felt it was my fault, because he wanted something that I just couldn't give him. For the next ten years, every time he tried, I wanted to hide, kill myself, jump off the Brooklyn Bridge, anything to relieve the inadequacy I felt. I had been going to seven o'clock mass every morning in hope of finding some salvation. You turned to black bulls and testicles, Kim and I turned to Jesus and Father O'Ryan, the all-knowing Father O'Ryan told me to pray and let Jesus' will, not my will be done... Poor John, he died in need.

**BESSIE**

...Keep goin' baby, I'm all ears...

**MARGARITE**

...A miracle occurred, John's desire abated and he gave up his mistress. He began to

understand how tormented I was. He'd hug and kiss me as much as he could... He asked my forgiveness about his unfaithfulness and a new intimacy occurred. Every three months he'd leave his computer business and we'd go on vacation to London, Paris, Greece, Israel, China, oh how I wish I could please him now... I could go on, but I don't want to bore you.

**KIM**

**(High, laughs.)**

But I still have Lewie. That's why I need Diagra, lot of Diagra. GIVE ME DIAGRA!

**MARGARITE**

You know, I read somewhere that there's a possibility that it just might do the same for women.

**MARIE**

Well, I sure hope so.

**CONSUELO**

What do you mean, you hope so.

**MARIE**

I never went to a funny farm, not that I didn't need it and I don't think Carmine, rather, I hope he didn't have an affair, but Marg, I mean Margarite, I haven't had the urge since Warren Beatty did "*Shampoo*." I haven't had anything to do with Carmine since my hysterectomy. I also saw a psychiatrist. Excuse me, now that I'm finally going to let my hair down, I saw ten psychiatrists and as far as I'm concerned, they all suck. All they do is prescribe tranquilizers; I took Xanax and Valium 'til it was coming out of my ass. All it did was make me feel doopey and sleepy and no matter how much damn wine and booze I drank, I still didn't want to get laid, because I was a freaking, walking Zombie. Carmine didn't understand why I was always drooling, delirious, angry, isolating. So, he started coming home late, going to Met, Jet, Giant games whenever they were home and then I got scared that maybe he didn't want me, didn't need me, because he stopped trying to nail me. When I looked in the mirror and saw I was no longer a size six, when I saw that the gray I had touched up, needed touching up, when the wrinkles and my double chin were more prominent than my suddenly large nose... Talk about becoming insecure. I sure hope that that Biagra, Diagra, Miagra, Schmiagra sure works on women too, because this woman sure would like to feel like a woman in need again.

**KIM**

Since we all be honest, I be honest too. I miss *bery* much Lewie not want my fortune cookie, but what I miss more is the kissing, hugging, touching and sharing that Lewie always give. See, when I 14, father die fighting with Chiang Kai Shek and mother die two years later in Communist prison. I raised by mean old aunt and uncle. They no love me, they no want me, so I run away... I meet Lewie when I, 21. He bring to America and we get married and have five children... He wash lot of shirt and give me everything I ever needed, ever wanted. He was my sun, my moon, my world, my life... But more important than

whole world, hearing Lewie say how much he love and need me, mean more than all money and with 20 laundries all over country, he have lot of money... I miss his closeness, his passion. More than anything, I miss his loving touch.

**BESSIE**

**(Starts to sob.)**

Tell it like it is Kim tell it like it is. Guess, that's what I miss too, his sweetness. Damn, Leon use to kiss me day and night, day and night, you hear? The man worshipped me. There was a time I was the only thing that mattered to him, because he loved me. From my toes to my heinie, the man loved little ole Bessie. Now, he goes his way and I go mine. I don't give two craps about gettin' laid, 'cause to tell you the truth, I'm all talk. I don't feel like shakin' my *personal chamber*. Seems I'm just not in the mood, but I sure as hell would like to be kissed and loved the way he used to kiss and love me. Even though I have you girls, and like in the book that you're gonna read about the "*Ya Ya Sisterhood*," you are the best friends a girl could ever have... I still miss what I used to have with my Leon. Damn, Mets, Jets, and Giants... Damn sports.

**ENNIE**

Even *dhough* I talk like a big shot, how my Abie has an 11 inch '*schvontz*' and how *ve* used to do it, I hate to admit it, but I also miss *dhe* closeness, *dhe varmth* and companionship *ve* used to share. Sex *vas* important, very important, but it isn't *dhe* most important thing, not by a long shot. He made me a mother and he *vas dhe* perfect father, more important, he was *dhe* perfect partner. He made tens of millions of dollars and he gave it all to me. He used to tell my children *dhat vithout* Mama, he vouldn't have become so successful. *Vithout* me, he *vas* nothing and that's how I feel... *Vithout* Abie touching and kissing me, *vithout* him telling me how much he needs me, I'm also a nothing. I'm nothing, you hear? Sure, I talk how I *vant* to do it. I *vant* to do it? I haven't *vanted* to do it in years. I say it, because you say it. You know, I have a big mouth and I brag, because I *vant* to be like you, my best friends.

**CONSUELO**

Do I have to go now?

**MARGARITE**

Only if you want too, love...

**CONSUELO**

I, 75 *jears* old. I meet Pablo in Mexico City 55 *jears* ago and we get married in two weeks. When I first met him, he was this '*magnifico hombre*,' six feet tall, black hair, black '*mustachio*,' and he could dance. '*Caramba*,' he sweep me off my feet. He was so sexy, that we do it first night. He was more beautiful than Fernando Lamas. I loved to hear him talk, sing, play the guitar, recite poetry. He was so '*romantico*,' and his family love Consuelo. They had this '*grande hacienda*,' with five thousand acres. His father was a millionaire ten times over and when he die, Pablo inherit all. He raise sheep and cattle. Pablo became the richest man in all of Mexico, and can you imagine, he marry me, a



girl who was so poor that she did not have '*zapatos*,' shoes when she a little girl. Oh, Pablo was a wonderful lover, but in my old age, what I miss more is his '*compassione*' his kindness and caring. You see I really am not in the mood to make love, I'm in the mood to be loved, to be caressed, to be wanted and needed, to feel his warmth, feel his large hands touching me all over, kissing my breasts, to smell his breath when he's a little '*tormentosa*' after drinking too much sangria. I cry when he'd kiss me... I cry for that moment. That is what I miss, dear friends... Pablo's *amour*.

#### MARIE

I'd miss it too, Connie. I hate to tell you this, but Carmine is no Don Juan, never was. Since he was born, he's used money to get everything he wanted, including me. He was the richest sonofabitch I ever met and my mother said, you can fall in love everyday, but a millionaire only happens once in a lifetime. Like a fool I listened to her and married Carmine. I've had everything money could buy, except falling in love... I know I have two beautiful children with him, a mansion in Greenwich, a ten room condo in Trumps, diamond rings, Mercedes, yachts, but I never had what you girls had and it looks like I'm never going to get it. I'd give it all up for just one moment of the tenderness you all talk about, one moment of the caring and sharing you all have had. Want me to tell you how Carmine cared and shared? Every time we balled, I'd find a thousand dollars under my pillow. When Tony and Angela were born, he gave me a hundred thousand dollars. I may be a rich, old bat, but emotionally, I'm starving to death. And as far as me wanting to ball that fat, old wop, I'd rather read a good book and is there any more of that pot left?

#### KIM

(Gives joint.)

Just roach, but enough to do trick here, I know you not supposed to, but little roach no hurt.

#### MARIE

(Smokes.)

I know I shouldn't, I haven't smoked this since I went to Yale and you know what, it still smells and tastes good.

#### ENNIE

(High, she gyrates.)

I don't know *what* it is, but I *dhink* my *poisonal chamber* got a *twitch*. Can you imagine, I got a *twitch*... *Oy*, if only my *Abie would* get a *twitch*, then *ve* could *twitch* together. They say, those *dhat twitch* together stay happily married, forever and ever.

#### MARGARITE

And you did it with out taking the Viagra. Maybe I should smoke a little of that reefer, too.

#### MARIE

You can't, I just finished it.

**KIM**

So, how you feel?

**MARIE**

Better and happier than all that freaking *grappa* and vodka I used to drink. Jesus, I sure missed getting high.

**MARGARITE**

Alcoholics always miss getting high, don't they?

**MARIE**

That's why I still go to A.A., *sweetheart*.

**MARGARITE**

And that's only because you need it, *sweetheart*.

**KIM**

Maybe I go with you. I smoke too much pot and I drink too much, too. Maybe I need help? See, I blame my smoking and drinking on Lewie, but Lewie only smoke at night, when he come home from laundry. I smoke in morning, I smoke and drink for lunch and I never stop. Eight joints a day. I ask Buddha, Confucius, how can Chinese be addict? They say, no ask them, ask myself. I blame it on I so horny.

**BESSIE**

You ain't horny, you're just a damn addict, like all of us.

**ENNIE**

Are you saying I'm an addict?

**BESSIE**

How much of your Merlot do you drink everyday?

**ENNIE**

Two, three glasses with dinner.

**MARGARITE**

And before dinner Ennie?

**ENNIE**

I have a glass or two for lunch, maybe a glass at three o'clock, four o'clock, five o'clock and *dhen* it's time for dinner, *dhat's* all.

**BESSIE**

That's all? Sure sounds like somebody's got a problem.

**MARIE**

I say we all go to A.A. We'll have our book club meeting there. I can introduce you to all my friends. Sounds like fun, doesn't it?

**KIM**

Instead of calling it International book club, we call it A.A. book club. Funny no?

**CONSUELO**

You're all crazy. You're not addicts, addicts sleep in the street, they rob people. You're all rich. Who ever heard of rich people being addicts, especially Jews and Chinese. What you girls need is Biagra. Once you feel like making push, you forget about drinking, smoking, tranquilizers. You take Biagra and you give to your husbands and believe me, it New Years Eve.

**End of ACT I**

# Confessions of *DIRTY* Old Women

## ACT II

### Scene 2

ONE MONTH LATER.

MARIE'S BEAUTIFUL LIVING ROOM. THE TABLE IS FILLED WITH GOODIES AND WE SEE EXPENSIVE FURNITURE. THERE IS A PAINTING OF JESUS.

BESSIE

(Laughs, gyrates.)

I mean, really Marie, with all this delicious food, how do you expect me to keep my girlish figure?

KIM

(Chinese accent throughout.)

You have good caterer, cake cookie, flied lice...

MARIE

...That's fried rice and I made it Kim, also the egg rolls.

CONSUELO

(Scats to "Tequila.")

*Ju* can keep cake, cookie and fried rice, *yust* give me *Tequila!* "*Da dada dada da, Biagra...!*" I don't understand it. I got another one of those threatening letters again. This shit's been going on for *jears* and I can't take it.

MARGARITE

(Toasts.)

As my favorite Jewish princess would say, '*L' chaim*' and forget about the letter.

BESSIE

(Drinks.)

Damn, Ennie's my favorite Jew, too. I drink to her and to all the still horny women in America. You drinkin' Margarite, Marie...?

**MARIE**

Up yours, Bessie...

**MARGARITE**

Just because you're getting it Bessie, you don't have to rub it in.

**BESSIE**

My Leon rubs it in real good and, even though you're a baby, 67 Margarite, I'm sure you know, that frustration can kill you woman. I don't understand it I'm eight years older than you and since me and my man started takin' Viagra, my vibrator ain't no where to be seen, 'cause let me tell you girl, there ain't nothin' like the real thing. I'm partying like there's no tomorrow. Far as I'm concerned, the hell with tomorrow, I'm partying today, tomorrow and

**(Sings.)**

for as long as this old lady can party, *"I'm havin' a party, Bessie's really swingin'!"* See, partying is the most satisfying, the most pleasurable thing I know and it sure beats all them tranquilizers you take Margarite. Take my word, party and you'll throw out your vibrator and all your freakin' tranquilizers.

**KIM**

**(Eating.)**

I throw my vibrator away too and I like cake better than *flied lice*, I tired of *flied lice*.

**BESSIE**

**(Eating – laughs.)**

What I like is these egg rolls... Maybe you oughta try puttin' somethin' up your egg roll Marg, I mean Margarite?

**MARGARITE**

My Lord, that's all you ever think of, isn't it Bessie, doing it?

**CONSUELO**

I no understand, but since Pablito become *'macho'* man again, that's all he want is my egg roll and I'm glad, too...

**KIM**

I no want to change subject but, what you think of *"Ya Ya Sisterhood,"* Marie?

**MARIE**

I loved it, but we really should wait for Ennie...

**BESSIE**

...Damn, we could be here all night long, waiting for that horny chick. I mean, there's no stopping her.

**CONSUELO**

*'Caramba, ju,'* know why she's late, don't *'ju?'*

**MARGARITE**

I certainly do and I think it's disgusting, don't you? I mean a woman her age...

**BESSIE**

Disgusting my ass. If my old man was as endowed as Ennie's Abie, I'd be singin' all the  
(Sings.)  
time too. I always liked them big, big and strong, and 11 inches... *"Oh, sweet mystery of life  
I wish I screwed you."*

**KIM**

My Lewie, not big like Abie, but my Lewie, he okay.

**MARIE**

And since we're comparing sausages, let me tell you, Carmine has always been built like a bull, but he hasn't used it since the last rodeo came to town. Even though I hate his guts, I tried to get him to take some Miagra, but he said he'd rather take Rogaine. I said, what the hell does your bald head have to do with my needs? He just smiled and bobbed his baldhead. I swear I could kill him.

**MARGARITE**

I thought we came to discuss *"The Divine Secrets of the Ya Ya Sisterhood?"*

**CONSUELO**

We did, but *'Oye,'* my *pecata* is important, no? And Biagra make *pecata* want to *'Yatta, yatta, yatta.'* Biagra make me feel like hot tamale. I born again. Too bad Marie can't get her *'esposo'* to take Biagra.

**BESSIE**

That's Viagra, Mrs. *'Oye'* and as far as my hot *pecata* and Viagra is concerned,

(Sings.)

*"Smile, though your heart is aching."*

**KIM**

(Bows.)

I like smiling too and I thank Confucius for Diagra *bery* much.

**BESSIE**

That's Viagra, not Diagra for you too, Mrs. Confucius.

**KIM**

Even though I in country 50 years, have doctorate and read plenty books, I no too good speaking English, I still like to do it, I love to do it. Sorry Margarite, sorry Marie.

**BESSIE**

What the hell are you sorry about and what the hell does speaking English have to do with getting it on?

**(ALL EXCEPT MARGARITE AND MARIE LAUGH.)**

**CONSUELO**

I think we should ask Ennie, she doesn't speak English too good either, but she's been walking around singing and her smile's as big as Viagra Falls.

**MARIE**

That's Niagara Falls...

**CONSUELO**

But, Bessie said it was Viagra Falls...

**(ALL LAUGH.)**

**MARIE**

Even though he got diabetes, I told him to forget about his freaking sugar and get a prescription, I mean, even though I'm 75, this woman still has needs too, know what I mean?

**KIM**

If you got what I got, you pay \$20 for pill. I pay \$100 for Diagra, it worth it. I, 73 years old. No make *nooky hooky* 10 years. I no arrive ten years. Now, I arrive and have something to live for. I want to live forever. As long as I arrive, I want to live forever.

**BESSIE**

**(Sings and laughs.)**

*"I'm a comin', sorry if I made you wait..."*

**CONSUELO, KIM and BESSIE**

**(Sings.)**

*"...I'm a comin', sorry if I came too late."*

**(CONSUELO, KIM AND BESSIE SLAP FIVE AND LAUGH.)**

**MARGARITE**

Are you all saying that just because I don't indulge anymore, I have nothing to live for?

**BESSIE**

Margarite, you are the most up tight broad I ever met. Damn, you get up tight when I say the word shit, and let me tell you woman, Viagra is G-d's gift to old broads like us. I'm 75 years old and I ain't felt this good or wanted to have anything to do with Leon for years. Now, I can't wait to get into bed with him. He may be an old hootch, but the man sure knows how to please this woman, and it feels good, real good. Remember when it used to feel good?

**KIM**

When was the last time you get it, Margarite?

**MARGARITE**

I don't remember...

**BESSIE**

You don't remember? Ain't that a bitch...?

**CONSUELO**

What Margarite need is my Pablo. He no big like Abie, he have little Pablito. Little but, *bery* smart. Since he take Biagra, little Pablito, '*mucho caliente*.' He want to push and when he want to push, he push. '*Tu sabe?*' Margarite, '*tu sabe?*' Find somebody, take Biagra and push and you arrive and you be happy like me.

**MARGARITE**

You know what you can do with your push, your arriving and your little Pablito, Consuelo. Shove it up your...

**CONSUELO**

...Oh, he do that too. Right up my '*quista*' and '*ju*' know what? I love it. I told you, his little '*Pablito, es muey inteligente*.' It know where to go and I like it.

**(ENNIE, EUPHORIC, ENTERS SINGING.)****ENNIE**

**(Sings.)**

"OH, SVEET MYSTERY OF LIFE AT LAST I FOUND YOU." My nephew *dhe* doctor gave me 30 prescriptions, so I just spent \$2,000 and I sent 50 pills to my friend Sylvie in Beverly Hills, 50 pills to my other friend, Gitel in Brooklyn, 50 pills to her daughter, Stacy in Florida. Her husband hasn't '*schtupted*' her in five years and 50 pills to my brother, Eddie. He's 80 and I think, he even forgot that he has a '*schmeckle*,' *what a 'putz*.'



**MARIE**

Talk about being generous, Ennie.

**ENNIE**

Oh, I'm so sorry, Marie. I forgot you still have needs, too.

**MARIE**

**(Crosses self in front of picture of Jesus.)**

Lead me not into temptation, Father. I'm 76 years old and sure I want it, but I don't want it if it's going to kill the diabetic.

**KIM**

I no hear anybody die in saddle.

**ENNIE**

Are you kidding? I should have a dollar for how many actors and I mean big time movie stars I knew, that died in *dhe* saddle.

**BESSIE**

You sure got around didn't you?

**ENNIE**

*When Abie met me in Hollywood, even dthough I had an accent, dhey said I vas going to be a big movie star, Goldwin, Mayer, dhey voishipped me, and dhen I met Abie and no more Hollywood, and you know vhat? I'm glad. You dhink I vanted one of those 'momzes' dying in my saddle? And dhey all got little 'pishers.' I couldn't believe it, deh bigger dhe star, dhe smaller dhe 'pisher.'*

**CONSUELO**

When you talk about little pissers, I think right away of my Pablo. Since he take Biagra, his little pisser become big pain in my '*cooloo*.' He don't leave me alone. I tell him, I not 18 *jeers* old. I tired, I want to go to sleep. He no care, he no care because he become '*animale*.' He kiss my bongo bongos, then he rub and kiss my *pecata*. I tell him leave my *pecata* alone. He no care, because he hard all the time. I hate that Biagra more than anything, because it make Pablo crazy. He no leave me alone, I mean, I fall asleep, and I find him on top of me. I push him away and I scream, '*Tu loco de cabeza!*' He just laugh and push. All right, I like to push, but, '*oye*,' not six times a day. *Ju* see I make mistake, big mistake. I make Pablo take four pills, big mistake. He have erection 36 hours. We do six times, he want to do ten. So, I run away and he follow me. I so embarrassed. When we walk in Bloomingdale, everybody look at his... his pants stick out like have rocket in pocket. Big rocket in pocket hurt. My *pecata* hurts, maybe I need lubricant, no?

**MARGARITE**

I wish I still had a use for a lubricant. In fact, now that I think about it, if I would have thought of a lubricant when Dear John was alive, perhaps I wouldn't have pushed him away. It always hurt... Then, the poor man had a heart attack and passed. Sometimes it seems I hurt him more than he hurt me. That's why I blame myself for his passing, for I think he

(Sobs.)

died because, he was as lonely as I am now. Even though it hurt, I should have given it to him and I bet he'd still be alive today... I think he died because of frustration. I believe frustration killed John, not the heart attack... I've gone to confession since John died. Six years I've asked Jesus to forgive me, six-long years. Did you hear from him? Well, I certainly didn't...

**CONSUELO**

Letter say, if we don't give *'mucho dinero,'* 10 million dollars to charity, they tell F.B.I. everything. I don't know what to do, the letters are getting scarier and scarier.

**KIM**

Well, my Lewie make sure he no frustrated. I tell you, 15 year my fortune cookie pray for Lewie. Lewie no want fortune cookie. Lewie take Diagra and I no take. I wait and see if Diagra work. Diagra work *bery* good, Diagra work too good, Lewie become wild bull. Too bad he not black bull, I cut his balls off, because he make me give him chop suey on kitchen table, he take fortune cookie in bathroom, dim sum in bed room, smorgasbord drive me crazy. To fix him, I take four Diagra, nothing, I take four more and I go crazy. Then I make him do it on kitchen table. Lewie get tired, I scream, no get tired and I take him in bathroom and I swallow everything, even won ton, because I want Lewie hard. Lewie scream, *'wan ban don, wan ban don.'* He called me devil and I smile. Then I take him in garage and I bang him in garage, I bang him good. Lewie say no more. We drink *Tzing tzao* beer and fall asleep, same thing, everyday for week. I wish I have *bery* big family, I send them all Diagra and make them *bery* happy.

**MARGARITE**

I'm jealous Kim, I'm damn jealous. I never did it to John on the kitchen table, or in the bathroom, or in the garage. How was it?

**KIM**

How you say, multiple orgasm? I get rash from multiple orgasm, but I come three times in three hours. You have rash, Bessie?

**BESSIE**

No, but Leon is sure working on it and three times in three hours, huh? Not bad. How many times do you think you would come if it was bigger than four inches?

**KIM**

If big like Abie, I come 100 times, maybe 200 hundred times. What all-Chinese women need, especially Communists is Abie. If Abie go to China, they forget about Mao, Confucius, they forget about Buhda right away, because they no have what Abie has. All women pray for such blessing. Ennie so lucky, she so blessed.

**ENNIE**

Three times is good, but it's not *dhe* record.

**MARIE**

Mind, telling me what the record is?

**ENNIE**

I don't want to make anyone jealous, especially you Margarite...

**MARGARITE**

Oh, you don't have to worry about me becoming jealous.

**MARIA**

I hear when you're frustrated, you're always jealous.

**ENNIE**

*Ve* took *dhe Schmiagra* twelve o'clock last night and eight o'clock this morning, Abie gave me a 'zetz' and I'm talking about some 'zetz,' because you know how big it is that he *vas 'zetz' me vith*. I arrived ten times. I almost '*platzed*.' It's *dhe* most I ever arrived. Before I started taking *dhe 'schmiagra*,' it was two, three times tops, *which vas plenty*. Now, *vith* Abie taking *dhe schmiagra* and me taking *dhe schmiagra*, *ve're* both going '*meshugeh*' over *dhe schmiagra*. I'm telling you, I never arrived, that's come so much in my life. I'll tell you

(Laughs.)

*dhe* truth, there's nothing like arriving again and again and I didn't have to fly Continental, you know *vhat* I mean?

**MARGARITE**

Again-and-again. What can I tell you Ennie, some women are truly blessed.

**MARIE**

Poor *buhby*, do you want us to feel sorry for you Margaritte?

**MARGARITE**

You don't have to feel sorry for me Marie, in fact I feel sorry for you. I married John

because I loved him, not because he was rich.

**MARIE**

And when you found out he was screwing his secretary, I suppose you loved him then too, you loved him all right! All the way to the funny farm, you had a damn nervous break down because you loved him so much. I'll give you love, all right. You can take your love and bury it next to your old man.

**MARGARITE**

But, he said he was sorry, that he would never do it again... I always loved him. 'Til the day he passed, I loved and forgave him.

**ENNIE**

I don't think this is *dhe* time *ve* should be playing, "*Dhis is your life.*" *Ve* came here to discuss "*Dhe Devine Secrets of dhe Ya Ya Sisterhood.*" A book about 50-year old friendships *mit* a lot of devine secrets. I'm sure *ve* have a few divine secrets also. *Dhe* last three, four books, fantastic, but I *dhink*, "*Dhe Ya Ya,*" is my fav'rite. *Vhat* a book. Those *vomen*, *dhe vay dhey* loved and stayed friends all those years remind me of us.

**KIM**

Hey, best friends like us, but they no have book club. Maybe, someone write book or play about International Book club that meet all over city...

**CONSUELO**

...They no have '*mucho dinero*' like us...

**BESSIE**

...Nor, did anyone of them ever as Ennie puts it, '*Arrive*' ten times. I mean, give me a break.

**KIM**

**(Laughs.)**

She belong in Guinness book of World Records... Can I have autograph, Ennie?

**BESSIE**

I mean really Ennie, is you jivin' us about the ten times?

**ENNIE**

*Dhis* morning 10 times. *Vhat* about five *dhis* afternoon?

**MARIE**

You hear that Marg? 15 times in one day...

**ENNIE**

...*What* 15 times, at night doesn't count? At night counts, six times is six times... *Dhat* Abie is a miracle *voiker*. Gorgeous, just gorgeous, now you see *why* I left *Hollywood*?

**CONSUELO**

Ennie, did you go to school in Poland? I mean did you learn to count?

**ENNIE**

Like ev'rybody in my family, I *vent* to school 'til *dhe toid* grade and of course I learned to count. *Ve* all did. *What* kind of question is *dhat*? One, two, seven, eight, ten, eleven. You want me to go *foither*? 15, 18, 20. *What* do you mean do I know how to count? Any dope knows how to count.

**(ALL LAUGH.)**

**KIM**

You know, after two, come three...

**MARGARET**

...And after three comes four...

**CONSUELO**

...And after four comes five and six...

**ENNIE**

...Go on...

**MARIE**

...And then comes, seven...

**BESSIE**

...And after eight comes nine, ten and eleven...

**ENNIE**

...*Oy*...

**KIM**

...And after eleven comes 12, 13, 14 and then comes 15...

**ENNIE**

...Go on, you mean there's also 12, 13, 14? *Oy*, I don't believe it...

**MARGARET**

...And after 15 comes 16, 17, 18, 19 and then 20.

**ENNIE**

*Dhen dhat* means...

**KIM**

...Abie, no have 11 inches...

**ENNIE**

...*Oy*, I don't believe it...

**BESSIE**

...And you, young lady didn't arrive 21 times... I knew it was impossible.

**ENNIE**

... *Oy*, and *dhat* means his '*schvontz*' is only...

**MARGARITE**

...According to the latest Kinsey report, merely six inches, if that...

**BESSIE**

I told you I never saw a Jewish snapper bigger than six inches, didn't I? And am I glad you didn't arrive 21 times! Whew, I thought there was something wrong with my *personal chamber*.

**ENNIE**

All right, so I don't count so good, big deal.

**BESSIE**

**(Laughing hugs Ennie.)**

That's why me-and-all my children, Buck, Janet, Genna love you, your million arrivals and Abie's 40 inches. I love you woman.

**ALL**

**(Cheer)**

ENNIE! ENNIE! ENNIE!

**CONSUELO**

That's three Ennies, Ennie. *'Tu sabe? Uno, dos, tres, uno, dos, tres?'*

**ENNIE**

I'll give you, '*uno dos tres, uno, dos, tres.*' Enough *vith dhe* numbers. I'm sick and tired of numbers! I hate ev'ry G-d damn number in *dhe voild*. I'm more int'rested in your rash. So, *vhat* did you do for it '*buhbaleh?*'

**KIM**

Why, you have rash too?

**ENNIE**

Don't ask and does it itch...

**MARGARITE**

**(Rises.)**

I've had it with the rashes, the thousand orgasms, the Pablitos and the Lewies. I think you're all crude, vulgar and disgusting. You're nothing but, and they should call your book, "*Confessions of dirty old women*" and I will have nothing to do with you or this book club

**(Starts to exit.)**

anymore, I'm leaving.

**BESSIE**

Hold on there, Miss Goody Two-shoes. Are you sayin' you never thought about what we were sayin'? The only difference between us-and-you is, you are still frustrated. And if I remember correctly, there was a time me and you got really soused and you told me some crap that I couldn't believe that a church goin', G-d fearin', Jesus freak would ever do. Now, that's between me and you woman, but don't try and give us this jive that your crap don't stink.

**CONSUELO**

I'm sorry that you don't have a Pablo. Every woman need a Pablo. Whether to make push, or hear him whisper in your ear, that he loves you, he needs you. We all have to feel we are needed, wanted, desired. I tell you Margarite, before Pablo become '*macho*' man again, for the last ten, fifteen jears or so, he hardly ever talk to me and I don't think he kiss my *bongo bongos* even once and even though I get those letters, I feel so much better when he touch me, when he make love to me.

**ENNIE**

Forget about *dhe* letters. Sure *ve* make a big '*tsimes*,' a big deal about arriving, but believe me, *dhat's* not *dhe* most important thing. *Dhe* most important *dhing* is to feel, as Consuelo says, needed, *vanted*. *Vithout dhat*, who can live, who *vould vant* to live?

**KIM**

You know Marg., we not only one consumed with sex. What about President and poor Hillary? He, not as old as us, and all he think of is, I sorry for bringing it up, not budget, health, education and welfare, not Israel and the Palestinians, not Bosnia or Biafra, only sex. The whole world wonder why we not proud of young President, Rhodes scholar who strong like bull, with much desire. French President Mitterrand had child with mistress, nobody care, no Larry King, no C.N.N. This country ashamed when President have good time. Hebrews in Old Testament very horny, have orgy. Hear of Sodom and Gomorrah? Some of the greatest writers, my favorite, Henry Miller spend entire life writing about sex. I'm sure you read "*Lady Chatterley's Lover*," Shakespeare, Tennessee Williams, even Mel Brooks

write about sex, because they want it, they need it like everybody else. It is what makes the world go round. It is common denominator between all people. Beautiful seven foot Zulu from Africa, meet small, cute, intellectual professor from Yale, Woody Allen on Safari. What you think they do after they smoke ganja? Believe me they no talk about India detonating nuclear device. And reason why Indians so interested in bomb is because Indians no get chop suey. If Lone Ranger there, he teach all those Tontos about fortune cookie and chop suey.

#### ENNIE

*Dhe* Old Testament is filled *vith* plenty chop suey. They all did it and they did it good, too. Since time and memorial, they've been getting plenty chop suey. Sideways, crossways, *dhe* old-fashioned way, up and down. Maybe *dhey* don't talk about it like *ve* do and *dhat's* because *dhey* don't have girls friends like me, *dhey* don't have an international book club like me. Believe me, if more people, like *dhat* bastard, Sadaam Hussein in Iraq, that Ayatollah in Iran, Castro and *dhe* Chinese arrived more, *dhere would* be a hell of a lot less killing. Did you ever hear anyone killing, raping, mutilating *while dhey vere 'schtuping?'* I rest my case.

(ALL APPLAUD.)

#### KIM

All these years, I thought we were best friends, Marg.? I tell you everything; How Lewie make so much money taking numbers. Who, he work for... Who I have affair with and how I had to have abortion 40 years ago so Lewie don't know. I tell you every dark secret and you don't tell me what you tell Bessie? I very disappointed, I very hurt, because I think of you as sister.

#### MARGARITE

You are my sister, my other sister and the reason I didn't tell you or anyone, besides Bessie, is because I was always ashamed, embarrassed... It was the only secret I kept from... I married John when I was 30. A few years before that, when my father was dying in Killarney and he could no longer work and there just wasn't enough for my parents or my three brothers to survive, while going for my masters, I... I started turning tricks to make

(Crosses self.)

money to help them. Lord, forgive me. I only did it for two years, Kim. The most horrible two years in my life... The only reason I felt comfortable telling Bessie was, we both got drunk and she did the same thing. You know what they say about birds of a feather? I knew she wouldn't judge me, she'd understand. I apologize for not confiding in you Kim, but I always wanted you to respect me.



**CONSUELO**

*Ju* think *ju* have secret, *ju* have story? I have story, big story. Do *ju* know how Pablo really make all his money? Not from the hacienda and the 5,000 acres his father leave him, not from the cattle and sheep I told you he raised, Pablo make his money from drugs. Do you know where all the marijuana and little heroin that came into this country 20 *years* ago came from? He don't do it no more, because he too old, he lost his '*juevos*,' balls and the young '*banditos*' push him out. But for '*trenta anos*,' 30 *years*, Pablo was even bigger than the Medellin cartel in Columbia. He made over 500 million dollars, but he *bery* smart. He invest in real estate. Buy five buildings on Fifth and Madison Avenue, he own restaurants, banks in Miami and *ju* know what? Because I get him Biagra, because he love my bongo bongos, my *pecata*, I, Consuelo Rivera is *la patron*. I tell him I am the big boss or he get '*nada*.' That is a story, no? As my '*judeo*' friend Ennie say, next!

**ENNIE**

Do you want to go, or should I Marie?

**MARIE**

Age before beauty, '*buhbaleh*.'

**ENNIE**

All right, I'll go I'll go. I don't know if I should go there and tell you, but I'll go. You know how I always told you I was going to be a movie star...? Some movie star... I did *vhat* you did Margarite. Only I did it *vith* only rich movie stars, Gable, Bogart, Cagney, Garfield, Tracey. *Dhat* Tracey was something. And even *dhough dhey vere* all great actors, remember *vhat* I told you about their small '*pishers*?' ev'ryone of *dhem* and you know how I met my Abie, he *vas* my richest customer, Serge suit, a top hat, gold chain; a regular fancy Dan. *Vhen* he saw me, he started singing and dancing, a regular Fred Astaire. He told me I *vas dhe* most beautiful *voman* he ever saw, and I thought he was pretty good looking too. *Vhen* I saw *dhe* size of his '*schvontz*,' *dhe* Caddie he was driving, all *dhe* fancy nightclubs and restaurants he took me too and *vhen* he asked me to marry him, I figured, *vhat dhe* hell. So, *ve* drove to Las Vegas and *ve* got married. *Dhat vas* 56 years ago and *dhanks* to *schmiagra*, he still doesn't leave me alone. 21 times I arrived last night, you hear, 21 times.

**ALL**

Ennie...?

**ENNIE**

All right, two, three times. Are you counting? I never count.

**BESSIE**

We know you hate numbers.

**(ALL LAUGH.)**

**ENNIE**

*Nu*, Marie...?

**MARIE**

I hope someone has a handkerchief, 'cause I know I'm going to start crying... You know when you asked me if I'm an alcoholic and I told you I go to A.A. Well, the court ordered me to and I've been going to A.A. for the past 12 years. I never told anyone, 'cause like a fool, I was so embarrassed by my disease. 12 years ago I was driving on Second Avenue, stoned-out-of-my-mind, I was always stoned out-of-my-mind. That was the only way I thought I could exist. Anyway, this woman, wheeling this carriage, crossed in the middle of the block and I... tried to hit my breaks, but I was too drunk and I... I killed a little girl. Fortunately a policeman saw the whole thing. He arrested me for drunk driving, but he testified that it wasn't my fault. Funny, 'til this day I still see the face of that little girl and I still blame myself for killing her. No matter how many tricks you've turned, how much dope you sold, killing someone, an innocent baby is the worst thing a person can do and sure, I have a taste now and then, but I no longer drive. Now, who has that handkerchief?

**End of Act 2**

## Confessions of *DIRTY* Old Women

### ACT III

#### Scene 3

A MONTH LATER.

**BESSIE'S BEAUTIFUL LIVING ROOM: ALL IS EXACTLY AS BEFORE, EXCEPT FOR A PAINTING OF MARTIN LUTHER KING, WHICH REPLACES PAINTING OF JESUS. BESSIE AND MARGARITE ARE DRINKING AND COMMISERATING.**

#### **MARGARITE**

My heart breaks for Consuelo. From having everything and I mean everything, now, according to the Times, she's going to have nothing, nada, zilch. The Federal government's going after him and when they're after you, Lord help you.

#### **BESSIE**

Yeah, I read they're going to impose the Rico law and they're going to confiscate everything Pablo has. Poor Consuelo, he'll probably have to do some time too. Guess, those letters meant somethin' after all.

#### **MARGARITE**

Those sonofabitches are heartless, that's what they are. He must be close to 80 years old, isn't there a Statue of Limitations? He hasn't sold dope in over 20 years. I wonder who ratted on him?

#### **BESSIE**

There certainly is a Statue of Limitations and I'm going to ask Leon to call up an old friend of his. F. Lee use to be the top attorney in this country and I'm sure he knows all about the Statue of Limitations. He probably wrote the damn law.

**MARGARITE**

This government is going haywire. They're having an inquiry concerning the abusive nature of the I.R.S.; well, the damn attorney generals office should be looked into also.

**BESSIE**

Somebody that really hates them wrote those letters.

**(BUZZER SOUNDS AND BESSIE BUZZES BACK.)**

**BESSIE (CONT'D)**

I hope its Kim, 'cause I can't wait to find out what happened to her dim sum.

**MARGARITE**

A woman of her intelligence, I'll, never understand why she's stayed with Lewie all these years. And who could hate Consuelo?

**(AFTER A BEAT THE DOOR BELL RINGS, BESSIE OPENS DOOR AND USHERS IN ENNIE.)**

**BESSIE**

...My girl Ennie, I was hoping it was you.

**ENNIE**

**(Entering.**  
*'Nu,* ' did you hear?

**BESSIE**

No, only you heard.

**ENNIE**

Abie and I saw Consuelo and Pablo on *dhe* six o'clock news. *'Neboch.'* So, *what* should we do?

**MARGARITE**

Bessie said she's going to ask Leon to call F. Lee.

**ENNIE**

Abie already called him. He's too busy, so he called, I forgot his name, but he represents all those guys in *dhe* Mafia. He said he'll call him back. My Abie's some *'knocker.'*

**BESSIE**

He knows all those big time attorneys, doesn't he?

**ENNIE**

For years, Abie knows everybody and anybody, including Kissinger even Sinatra, may he rest in peace. Now he had a piece of equipment that was gorgeous.

**MARGARITE**

Are you telling me that you had relations with Sinatra?

**ENNIE**

**(Sings.)**

*"I did it my way" and did I love, "Dhe Color Vater," what a book.*

**(BUZZER SOUNDS, BESSIE BUZZES BACK.)**

**BESSIE**

It was so honestly touching and I hope its Marie.

**(AFTER A BEAT THE DOOR BELL RINGS AND BESSIE USHERS IN KIM, WHO ENTERS WALKING BOWLEGGED.)**

**BESSIE (CONT'D)**

I was hoping it was you, woman.

**ENNIE**

Look at Tex and how she's *valking*. *What's dhe matter vit you?*

**KIM**

Damn rash, rash drive me crazy. Lewie no give crap about itching rash. Lewie no care about anything except, Lewie.

**ENNIE**

Sounds just like Abie. Abie's also a selfish sonofabitch. *Always vas, always vill be.*

**BESSIE**

They're all selfish sonsabitches, egotists, with no humility and grandiose up the kazoo. Men, you can't live with them and now that Leon's taking Viagra, I sure don't want to live without him.

**KIM**

Sound just like my Lewie. You hear what happened to Consuelo?

**ENNIE**

*What happened?*

**KIM**

F.B.I. bust Pablo for selling drugs. They say he used to be the biggest smuggler. It make no sense. Newspaper say he no smuggle for 15, 20 years. Don't they know about Statue of Limitations?

**BESSIE**

I'm afraid the only statue they know about is the Statue of Liberty and somebody that knows all about Pablo ratted on him to the fuzz.

**(BUZZER RINGS AND BESSIE RINGS BACK.)**

**ENNIE**

I hope its Consuelo, and who could hate him that much that they would do such a terrible thing?

**(AFTER A BEAT THE DOOR BELL RINGS AND BESSIE USHERS IN MARIE WHO LOOKS SLIGHTLY SEEDY.)**

**ENNIE (cont'd)**

Marie, I was hoping it was you...

**BESSIE**

What happened to you baby? You look like you've been through the mill.

**MARIE**

I've been to hell and back, fourteen times.

**MARGARITE**

Want to talk about it love?

**MARIE**

Not really.

**KIM**

You talk and you feel better, Marie.

**MARIE**

Remember when I smoked that roach with you last month? Getting high sure felt good, felt so good that when I went home, I stopped of at the liquor store and bought a bottle of Stoli. Drank the sucker in an hour and as usual this old broad never has enough, so, heading back to the liquor store, I got into my Jag and hauled ass out of my garage and hit Carmine dead on as he was pulling in.

**ENNIE**

**BESSIE**

**KIM**

Oy...

Holy Toledo...

No luck, no luck...

**MARIE**

I took one look at him and I wanted to kill myself. His glasses were smashed, his eyes were bleeding, I think a couple of teeth were knocked out, his face was totally covered with blood and he was unconscious... Even though I was blitzed, at that moment, the whole thing came back to me and I saw the little girl that I killed 12 years ago. I couldn't take it, I just couldn't take it.

**ENNIE**

Oy, not again?

**BESSIE**

You poor thing.

**KIM**

I so sorry.

**MARIE**

I sure as hell didn't want to get busted for another D.W.I., so, I scarfed a piece of bread, brushed my teeth three times, splashed my body with Shalimar and then I gathered my composure and called for an ambulance. Fortunately, no cops came. Thank G-d no cops came, Carmine was in a coma for two days, now, he's incommunicado.

**KIM**

Why you no call?

**MARIE**

Because, I've been drunk since then. What's that you said, Marg, I mean Margarite? Once a drunk always a drunk. How true, how fucking true. I'm still soused, but I had to come, I had to talk to somebody.

**ENNIE**

Maybe we should go see him?

**MARIE****(Loud.)**

He's incommunicado. I told you he was incommunicado, didn't I? Are you deaf too? Bad enough that impotent sonofabitch is deaf, don't tell me you're deaf too? Jesus, I'm surrounded by a bunch a deaf bastards!

**KIM**

He's still impotent, because he no take Biagra, right?

**MARIE**

The ass hole said he didn't want to have anything to do with it.

**KIM**

Why you no put Biagra in sweet potato like Bessie?

**MARIE**

Forget the sweet potatoes, will you? I've been frustrated this long, I'm sure I'll survive. But whose survival I'm worried about is Consuelo's. Who ever wrote all those threatening letters really meant business. She must be just as bananas as I am.

**BESSIE**

She hasn't even called. I wonder how's she doing?

**MARIE**

She's doing like I'm doing, rotten.

**ENNIE**

I'm hope she's doing better. If I was you, I'd be more concerned for yourself. You look terrible and you're drunk. Why are you drunk?

**MARIE**

Because like you, once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic.

**ENNIE**

I beg your pardon.

**MARIE**

Pardon my ass, will you please? You call me an alcoholic, but you drink everyday day, all day too, don't you?

**BESSIE**

I drink all day too. What the hell does that mean?

**MARIE**

It means you're all as uncomfortable, as afraid and have that pain in your heart, just like me.  
(Sobs.)

You're all just lucky, that's all, you all drive just as drunk as me, and you just didn't kill a little girl.

**ENNIE**

And what about your husband, didn't you make him delirious?

**MARIE**

He was unconscious, and now he's incommunicado and yes I did it. I killed that little girl and I almost killed Carmine. I'm a murderer, a drunken murder. They should have arrested me instead of poor Pablo.



**ENNIE**

It serves him right. Pablo sold heroin. Do you know how many people died because of his dope?'

**KIM**

Consuelo say he sold pot and little heroin and you hypocrite. Didn't you smoke pot with us last month and you didn't die, did you?

**ENNIE**

My daughter Rivka, may she rest in peace started out smoking pot. She thought it was so much fun. She used to laugh all the time. I loved hearing her laugh more than anything. Then she tried sniffing cocaine. Cocaine, 'nu?' After awhile, she took sleeping pills, she sniffed heroin... and then she shot it one time... one time... heroin... she shot it one time... They said it was very pure and she over dosed and died. She *vas* 29 *vhen* she died.

**BESSIE**

How come you never told us?

**ENNIE**

There's a lot of things I didn't tell you like, how I hate my accent. I'm in this country a million years and I still have an accent. I'm an American and I still sound like I just came off *dhe* boat. *Vhat* I *would* give to get rid of my rotten accent and talk like you...

**KIM**

**(Laughs.)**

You only person I know that want to talk like me.

**ENNIE**

You know how many people laugh at me because of my rotten accent? Even you make fun of me sometimes, don't you, don't you?

**MARGARITE**

That's because we love you, Ennie...

**ENNIE**

Certain things *hoit* too much to talk about... I never told you, but in 1933, when I was 13 years old, because my father knew Hitler was trouble, sent me and my brother to my uncle Noah and my aunt Monya who was living in *dhe* Bronx. A couple of years later, *dhey* told us *dhat* my parents *vent* to *dhe* ovens in Auschwitz... I never *vanted* to leave my parents, especially Mama. Never and *dhat's vhy* I still miss *dhem* so much... I also didn't tell you I have a bad...

**(BUZZER SOUNDS AND BESSIE BUZZES BACK.)**

**MARGARITE**

That's Consuelo. Let's not all inundate her, let's give her a chance.

**MARIE**

Poor Consuelo.

**(DOOR BELL SOUNDS AND BESSIE OPENS DOOR AND USHERS IN  
CONSUELO.)**

**ALL**

Hi.

**CONSUELO**

*'Buenos noches.'* I'm sorry I'm late.

**BESSIE**

We all heard what happened and we're sorry.

**KIM**

How is Pablo?

**CONSUELO**

Out on seven million dollars bail. *'Caramba,'* he find out that somebody ratted on him. And you know how the government gives rewards? The government offer one million dollar and this person no want reward. He give five, he give ten million to find out who ratted on him.

**MARGARITE**

Talk about a vendetta, this person sure had it in for the both of you.

**ENNIE**

*I vonder why? What could dhe two of you have done dhat's so terrible dhat dhey vant to punish you so much?*

**CONSUELO**

This person has to know me *bery* good, because he tell about all our holdings. The buildings, the banks, the yachts, jewelry, *'todo enmass.'* Only my *'familia,'* know what I have.

**BESSIE**

So, what's the next move?

**CONSUELO**

The attorney said that Pablo's going to beat it, because something about some statue...

**BESSIE**

The Statue of Limitations...

**CONSUELO**

That's it, the Statue of Limitations.

**ENNIE**

In *dhis* country *dhey* have all kind of '*meshugeneh*' laws. Statue or no statue, how can he get *away vith* selling dope?

**KIM**

He sell pot over 20 years ago.

**ENNIE**

And *vhat* about *dhe* heroin?

**KIM**

Oh yes, he sell little heroin, but lot of pot.

**CONSUELO**

Pablo sold very little heroin, maybe, a kilo or two a week. He, made most of his money selling '*yelbita,*' tons of grass. You see, he had to smuggle in the heroin, because the big boys threaten him.

**BESSIE**

You mean the Mafia?

**CONSUELO**

*Si.*

**KIM**

I hope Mafia leave Lewie alone.

**MARGARITE**

What do they want with him?

**KIM**

Because, he take numbers for them in all stores. Lewie always-afraid Cosa Nostra think he gyp them.

**ENNIE**

If you want, I'll ask Abie to talk to them.

**KIM**

I don't want Abie to get into trouble.

**ENNIE**

Don't worry about Abie, *Kimeleh*, he can take care of himself.

**BESSIE**

Boy, for a little guy, he sure carries a big stick.

**MARGARITE**

If I remember correctly, its 11 inches, or is it more like five Ennie?

**ENNIE**

I care and who's counting? I don't like to count. As long as it fills my *poisonal chamber*, I'm happy and *dhat's* all *dhat* counts.

**BESSIE**

Tell it like it is, woman.

**CONSUELO**

You know, I didn't tell you but, just before they arrested Pablo, he took three Diagra. I was so worried.

**KIM**

What were you worried about?

**CONSUELO**

His rocket in pocket, remember the last time rocket didn't go down for 36 hours.

**MARGARITE**

And this time?

**CONSUELO**

When they let him out, still rocket.

**BESSIE**

**(Sings.)**

*"Fly me to the moon and let me play among the stars."*

**(ALL LAUGH.)**

**MARIE**

Hey Kim, have any more of that reefer?

**KIM**

Maybe.

**MARIE**

**(Stoned, angry.)**

What the hell does maybe mean? I want to get high, damn it!

**MARGARITE**

Haven't you had enough? Don't you remember what happened the last time you smoked that garbage?

**MARIE**

Why don't you refresh my memory sister...

**MARGARITE**

You nearly killed your husband, besides nearly killing yourself, and what about getting another D.W.I. I feel sorry for you, because you must live in such agony... You couldn't stand the fact that you thought about the little girl you killed while you were driving drunk, you drunk! And you want to do it again?

**MARIE**

Anything else?

**BESSIE**

Hold on there, I think we've heard enough...

**MARGARITE**

...You're an alcoholic, an addict. You go to A.A., because you can't indulge.

**MARIE**

That's my excuse, but what's your excuse for not indulging anymore? Do you still like men, Margarite? Do you still want some guy ramming it up your personal chamber, like we do? Or are you full of it? I saw you holding hands with that woman in Le Perigord last month. You've become a freaking dike, haven't you?

**ENNIE**

Oy, Margarite a dike? Go on...

**MARGARITE**

You are the most disgusting, vile, despicable human being I have ever come across.

**MARIE**

Like wise, I'm sure.

**MARGARITE**

For your edification, that woman you saw me holding hands with and kissing last month was my sister Janet, who was in from Milwaukee. Unfortunately, because she is a very busy doctor, I haven't seen her since John's funeral, six years ago. And sorry you're not my type, Marie. Beside, having an aversion for drunks that reside in la la land, I sure would like to fuck you where you breathe.

**CONSUELO**

*'Tu habla es muy malo,' Marie? 'es muy malo.'* You are a mean and vindictive person. We are supposed to be friends, you are not Margarite's friend.

**KIM**

She nobody friend.

**BESSIE**

With friends like her, who needs enemies? If I remember correctly, about 25, 26 years ago, you invested about five or six mil in an oil well off the coast of Mexico. You never forgave Pablo or Consuelo, did you?

**ENNIE**

And I *think dhat's when* Consuelo started getting *dhose* letters. *Oy*, how could you do such a thing?

**MARIE**

**(Pours vodka and drinks.)**

You're out of your tits! Are you accusing me of sending those letters to Consuelo, of having Pablo busted?!

**CONSUELO**

I never knew you hated me so much. It wasn't our fault, Marie. The surveyors assured Pablo there was oil. You only lost six million, Pablo lost a 100 million dollars. It wasn't his fault.

**KIM**

How could you do that to Consuelo?

**MARIE**

Blow it out of your ass!

**ENNIE**

I don't believe it, we've been friends for over 40 years.

**MARIE**

**(Has another drink.)**

Believe shit, will you, believe shit! You know what? I'm not going to listen to any  
**(Staggers as she starts to exit.)**  
more of this shit, I'm leaving!

**BESSIE**

Where are you going?

**MARIE**

To see my impotent, deaf fucking husband, that's where I'm going.

**KIM**

Don't go Marie. You want to have another accident? You too drunk to drive.

**(MARIE SITS DOWN AND CRIES. MARGARITE TRIES TO CONSOLE HER.)**

**MARGARITE**

It's all right... You don't have to go, I forgive you.

**MARIE**

Fuck you and fuck you too Kim!

**ENNIE**

*What do you vant from Kim, what did she do to you?*

**MARIE**

**(Has another drink and becomes really stoned.)**

Oh, she didn't do anything to me, but ask her what she did to Consuelo. She, tried to steal her fucking husband, that's what she did, didn't you? Well, didn't she Margarite? Remember when she told you she had to have an abortion, about 40 years ago? Well, who do you suppose was the fuckee?

**CONSUELO**

My Pablo screw around plenty, but he'd never do anything like that to my best friend.

**MARIE**

Oh no, why don't you ask Kim?

**(CRYING, KIM RUSHES INTO BATHROOM.)**

**MARIE (cont'd)**

Still think it was me that's been sending you all those letters, Consuelo?

**CONSUELO**

'*Caramba... A yude me Jesus, a yude me.*'

**BESSIE**

There's nothing like a woman's scorn...

**MARGARITE**

Only a vindictive person would send all those letters and who would be more vindictive than a discarded woman... I'm sorry for accusing you, Marie. Please forgive me.

**MARIE**

**(Slurs words.)**

Forget it, will you...?

**ENNIE**

Who ever thought my *Kimeleh* would do such a thing...?

**BESSIE**

...Or Pablo, I can't believe it. If I were you, I'd forgive and forget it, Connie. Man, no matter how kind, sweet or loving they are I believe all men, at one time or another have a piece of the forbidden fruit, and tell you the truth, I don't blame Kim. Lewie's this little guy, with squinty eyes and she said he only got four inches. Four inches wouldn't do crap for my *personal chamber* and Pablo was gorgeous.

**CONSUELO**

He always liked exotic woman and Kim is and was so beautiful... I remember when we went to Russia, Yugoslavia and Rumania, he thought I didn't know that he slept with the Queen of the gypsies in Rumania, but I knew, I always knew. So, you know what I did to fix his ass? Even though he was short and fat, I screwed the king of the gypsies... Because he *was always so 'romantico,'* he probably had 20 affairs these past 50 years. So, did I. Tell you the truth, it's great to screw the man you love and it's not so bad making it with someone you don't love, especially if he's built like Abie. He probably played his guitar, sang and recited poetry to her. That was always his con. I guess that's why I fell for him too. Opened a bottle of his personal Cabernet Sauvignon and then he banged her. Poor Kim, she was always so gullible. The thing that bothers me most is, Kim is one of my oldest friends. '*Carajo,*' how could he do that? Some how I still and always have loved Pablo and now that he's taking Viagra, you see Bessie, I learn, I've never loved him more. I believe he hasn't had an affair the last 15 years. Since '*it*' went to sleep, he not only stopped fooling around with me, he didn't fool around with anybody. I know, I always know... And now that he become a macho man again, he doesn't leave me alone. Now that he's old, who, would have him, but me? He doesn't play his guitar any more, he was never a Carlos Montoya to begin



with, he forgot most of the poems he used to recite, Wadsworth he's not and his singing, like Sinatra, he also lost his voice. Despite all, I still love him, and Kim, she's not the only '*muchacha*' that fell for him. Tell her to come out, tell her I forgive her. It happened 40 years ago, 40 years ago I also fooled around.

**BESSIE**

Ain't that the truth.

**ENNIE**

You fooled around too?

**BESSIE**

They didn't call me madam for nothing, and Leon didn't give a damn about me turning tricks. The more money I made, the more he had to spend on his ponies. 40 years ago, all he thought about was his '*horses.*' Because I was on my back, he became the number one breeder of thoroughbreds in the country, and once he started winning the Derby, Santa Anita, the Belmont Stakes, you name it, he won it. Once he started making millions, all he cared about, was when he wanted some nooky, he got it. Tell you the truth, I was living like a princess and who would ever have thought that me, a black mammy from Mississippi would ever be so rich? See, even though I was the madam, I liked ballin' all those fine lookin' studs and I didn't give two craps about Leon and his freakin' horses, but all that stopped once he realized how much he loved me, and when he did, he didn't want no man having my *personal chamber*. That's when we decided to have children. Raising children was the most fulfilling, the happiest moments in my life, and much to my surprise, Leon became quite a dad. When I was pregnant with Buck, Leon Jr., I sold all my girls and let me tell you I had 60 of the finest lookin' broads in the city to Rocky Lee. He was this bad Chinese pimp that worked the East side for a cool three quarters of a mil. Leon took the bread and invested it in A.T. and T. and I.B.M. and you know the rest of the story, zillions.

**(CONSUELO GOES TO BATHROOM DOOR AND KNOCKS ON IT.)**

**CONSUELO**

Kim, Kim please come out, I'm not mad at you. I forgive you, in fact, I want you to forgive me, for the way Pablo used you, for making you '*preñada,*' pregnant. Please, come out...

**(BATHROOM DOOR OPENS AND KIM ENTERS. AFTER A BEAT, SHE AND CONSUELO EMBRACE AND CRY.)**

**KIM**

I'm so sorry, Consuelo.

**CONSUELO**

Forget it, will you please? Do you think you're the only woman he knocked up? Because of how much money he has, all the others, we had to pay off. It cost me '*mucho dinero, mucho,*' millions.

**ENNIE**

Now, *dhat* ev'rybody's happy and *ve're* all friends again, I also have something to say. I'm through *vith dhe schmiagra*. Sure, in *dhe* beginning it *vas* fun, but you know what happened? I started seeing blue, ev'rything looked blue; My scrambled eggs, *dhe kishke, dhe* television, *dhe* sand on *dhe* beach, I couldn't stand it and when I took a look at Abie's beauty, it *vas* also blue. I *vanted* to run away and you know *what* Abie told me? *Dhat* his face was very red. To me it looked blue, but he told me it *vas* very red. He said he was very embarrassed.

**BESSIE**

So, what happened?

**ENNIE**

He said, even *dthough* he had a good time, he didn't like *dhe* fact *dhat* all his friends knew he *vas* taking *schmiagra* and laughing at him and calling him red and to tell you *dhe* truth, I never liked blue or red. So, *ve* both decided *ve're* not going to take any more *schmiagra*. *Anyvay*, I'm tired. *Ve* have about 30 pills left, I'm *vondering*, does anyone *vant* them?

**KIM**

Funny, just the opposite happened to me. My skin and face turned red and Lewie said he saw blue, but I didn't care that he saw blue, what I cared about is my rash. I tried ev'rything, nothing worked and Lewie said his knees hurt. I tell you, even though dim sum very happy, I not happy. My face is not red now, because I stopped taking Diagra last week. Lewie stopped also and he's not seeing blue, anymore. As far as I'm concerned, we're better off just thinking about it. At our age, reverie, memories, are far better than action. If I want action I go see a Shwartenazger movie and I tired and so is Lewie. I have about 20 pills left, who want them?

**CONSUELO**

I would take them, but for what? Pablo is so depressed, I don't think he'll use his *chimi churi* again. Funny, how things work out, no? For *years* we pissed at '*esposo*' for not doing it, then we get Biagra and we do it. We do it and we complain; See blue, face red, tired, knees hurt, friends laugh. '*Que pasa,*' how come we're not happy, now that we have orgasm?

**ENNIE**

Because, as I said, as *ve* all said, *dhe* most important *dhing*, *dhat ve* all *vant*, *dhat ve* all need is *dhe* closeness, *dhe* companionship, *dhe varmeth*. *Arriving's* good, *arriving's* good, but at my age, I don't know if I'm coming or going? At my age, I'd rather have a cold bowl of borsht...

**CONSUELO**

...I'd like '*arroz compoyo*...'

**MARIE**

...Spaghetti with white clam sauce...

**KIM**

**(Laughs.)**

...Dim sum, but not my dim sum...

**MARGARITE**

...Corned beef and cabbage...

**BESSIE**

...Some hog maws and collard greens and I'll take those pills, ladies. See, I'm not through with Leon just yet. Tell you the truth, give me some time and hopefully I'll arrive more times than Ennie. If I don't, it's sure gonna be fun tryin'!

**(ENNIE TOUCHES HEART AND GASPS.)**

**ALL**

ENNIE, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

**ENNIE**

Remember the triple bypass I had six years ago? *Dhe* doctor said some arteries have closed. My luck, they closed, *nu*?

**KIM**

So, you have another operation.

**MARGARITE**

It happens all the time. I have a friend that had it done three times...

**ENNIE**

**(Sighs.)**

...Oy, three times I couldn't take.

**CONSUELO**

Maybe we should call a doctor?

**MARIE**

Ennie, if you die on me, I swear I'm going to kill you.

**ENNIE**

I'm not dying so fast, I'm not dying so fast.

**MARIE**

At least not until we find out who ratted on Pablo, you're not.

**(ENNIE COLLAPSES. CONCERNED, ALL HOVER ABOVE HER.  
BESSIE CALLS DOCTOR ON PHONE.)**

**BESSIE**

**(On phone.)**

Doc...? Bessie. You better come to my house real fast. We got a problem... Good and

**(Hangs up.)**

hurry. He's on his way. Can I get you anything, Ennie?

**ENNIE**

I don't *vant* anything, except maybe, I *would* like to go to sleep.

**KIM**

No, don't go to sleep Ennie, don't go to sleep.

**ENNIE**

I'm very tired *Kimeleh*.

**MARGARITE**

Would you like to sit up?

**ENNIE**

I just *vant* to lay here... I'm so tired.

**CONSUELO**

Bessie called her doctor, he'll be here right away.

**ENNIE**

I don't *vant* a doctor... It's too late for a doctor.

**BESSIE**

What the hell do you mean it's too late for a doctor?

**ENNIE**

I'm dying, '*Buhbaleh*,' I know, I can feel it.

**KIM**

Oh, please don't die, *Enneleh*. Who else teach me Jewish?

**ENNIE**

It's my time *Kimeleh*, G-d is calling me, it's my time, I know and before I go, I have to tell you all something. It *vasn't* Marie or *Kimeleh dhat* told *dhe* F.B.I. on your Pablo, Consuello, it *vas* me. I told them, because all these years I blamed him for my Rivka's death. Like a dope, I thought all *dhe* heroin came from him. I wrote you *dhose* letters, because I hated him and you Consuello. Unfortunately, hate kills old ladies... Please forgive me.

**(LYING ON COUCH, ENNIE GASPS, HER HEAD FALLS AND SHE APPEARS TO HAVE DIED. ALL CRY AS THEY ARE STUNNED.)**

**ALL**

ENNIE! ENNIE!

**KIM**

Poor Ennie gone, she go to land of Confucius.

**BESSIE**

What kind of Confucius? She was Jewish.

**KIM**

Then she go to land of Ur, land of Abraham and Moses. They now have the best friend I ever had.

**BESSIE**

Ain't that the truth... Even though she ratted on you Connie, to me she was the sweetest, funniest and the most giving chick I ever met. When Buck was ten years old, not to show up Leon, because the two of them really dug each other, she gave my little boy the son of Man of War. Must of cost her fifty grand...

**MARGARITE**

...And when John died and I was so distraught, she made me stay with her for two weeks. My own my mother couldn't have done more for me. She fed me, washed my underwear drank with me until I passed out. Then, I'm sure you remember she took me to her home in

**(Kisses Ennie and cries.)**

Hawaii, I'll never forget her and I'll always love her. I love you Ennie. Do you hear? I love you.

**MARIE**

The woman meant more to me than all the freakin' psychiatrists I ever went to. When the kids were small, she knew how unhappy I was, that I wanted to leave. She told me, when the children are grown is the time I should leave. When I killed that sweet little girl, I couldn't look at myself in the mirror, my kids, Carmine, I just wanted to end this drunk's life. Ennie kissed and hugged me, told me that things happen and if G-d wanted me to die, then let Him do it, HE doesn't need anybody's help... Funny, I met her at the Rockefeller skating ring about 50 years ago. I kept on falling and she picked me up. She's been picking me up ever since.

**CONSUELO**

She's been picking me up too. The first time I knew Pablo was having an affair, I wanted to kill him and then run away, but she told me he had an affair because he needed something, he wanted something that he thought he could not live with out. She said, like a little boy, he'll come home with his tail between his legs and beg my forgiveness and that's exactly what he did. If he had 20 affairs, I turned to Ennie 20 times. She always knew what to say, she was always there for me... You know, I understand the pain and torment that poor woman must have lived with all these years thinking her one and only daughter Rivka, died because of Pablo. Just before she died, she realized how wrong she was, that Pablo was as

**(Kisses Ennie.)**

she used to say just a '*pisser*' when it came to heroin. DO YOU HEAR? I FORGIVE AND LOVE YOU!

**ALL**

WE ALL FORGIVE AND LOVE YOU!

**(ENNIE SCRATCHES HERSELF AND RISES.)**

**ENNIE**

I'm glad you forgive me, but this damn rash is killing me, it's killing me.

**BESSIE**

Ennie, you old faker, you're alive.

**ALL**

SHE'S ALIVE, SHE'S ALIVE.

**ENNIE**

Of course I'm alive. You *dhink vith* a rash like *dhis*, I could die in peace? Come *Kimeleh*, *ve'll* scratch together.

**(ALL EMBRACE ENNIE AND LAUGH.)**

**THE END**