

HEAVEN'S DOOR
Sample Pages

ACT 2, Scene 6 (continues)

FREDDIE, a gay bathhouse performer (he considers himself a star) and BEULAH, a black woman who owned a beauty salon, are in the waiting area just outside HEAVEN'S DOOR. TRIXIE, a very Jewish retiree, who just died is about to enter.

TRIXIE (offstage L)

Hello, hello. Anybody here? Hello.

FREDDIE

Sounds like company.

TRIXIE enters. Heavy make-up, 70's, Fake everything: big boobs, wig, tight leopard pants and top. Heavy duty make-up. TRIXIE epitomizes a Jewish grandmother.

TRIXIE

Oi. Quite a hike. So no elevator. I'm farklempt.

BEULAH

I never thought I'd make it up that long hall either. Come, sit.

FREDDIE

How about something to drink.

TRIXIE

You got pineapple seltzer?

FREDDIE

Actually we have water.

TRIXIE

Got any pineapple flavored water then?

FREDDIE

No. Just plain water.

TRIXIE

Give me some, I'll drink it.

TRIXIE takes a drink. Looks at them.

Ah. Just like being home in Miami. (*gestures to BEULAH*) Blacks (*gestures to FREDDIE*) Gays (*gestures to herself*) Jews.

FREDDIE (*as though insulted at being called gay*)
WAIT A SECOND. (*a beat*)

TRIXIE
Oh, and you're not gay?

FREDDIE
That's not it. Who told you she was black?

TRIXIE
What?

FREDDIE
I'm joking, I'm Freddie.

BEULAH
Beulah.

TRIXIE
Miriam. My friends call me Trixie. You call me Mrs. Horowitz.
Freddie and Beulah both look at her as if to say "What the..."

I'm kidding, already. What you think you're the only one with the jokes, twinkle toes?
Anything to nosh on I'm starving?

FREDDIE
I'm afraid there's only a skimpy selection.

TRIXIE
No problem I eat anything. Egg salad. Oh, and on wheat, I'm watching my carbs.

FREDDIE shakes his head "no"
Tuna salad?

FREDDIE shakes his head "no"
Chicken salad?

FREDDIE shakes his head "no"
What, the next thing, no bagels?

BEULAH

No bagels.

TRIXIE

Tell me what you got, we go from there.

BEULAH

Candy bars, chips, popcorn. That's pretty much it.

TRIXIE

Weight Watchers it ain't.

FREDDIE

How 'bout Twinkies?

TRIXIE

How 'bout I should a guessed you'd say that? Okay, Twinkies it is.

BEULAH

What brings you here, Trixie?

TRIXIE

Long story short, I told Sam, my husband Sam, he should drive me to the soup kitchen. I volunteer at St. Anthony's soup kitchen in North Miami every Tuesday and Thursday.

End of Act 2, Scene 6

ACT 2, Scene 7

Horowitz Home

Earlier that day.

TRIXIE (*offstage*)

Sam, come on. We'll be late.

SAM (*offstage, opposite side*)

Not going today.

TRIXIE enters.

TRIXIE

What you talking, not today. It's Thursday. It's St. Anthony's soup kitchen day. They need our help.

SAM (*offstage*)

I already told you, Trixie. I'm not going. I want to sit and watch the news a little.

TRIXIE enters.

TRIXIE

What you think the world's not in worse shape, you got to sit, watch it get worse?

SAM (*offstage*)

There's always hope, Trixie, there's always hope.

TRIXIE

Yeah, yeah. Okay, I'm going.

Searches for keys in her
pocketbook.

Make me guilty I didn't make you any lunch. So what you eating for lunch?

SAM (*offstage*)

Anything. I'll make peanut butter and jelly. Okay? Now go.

TRIXIE

You never opened a jar in your life.

SAM (*offstage*)

About time I learned. Go already.

TRIXIE

Sam, you got my keys?

SAM (*offstage*)

Lose your keys again?

TRIXIE

No, I did not lose my keys, Samuel. Simply misplaced them.

SAM (*offstage*)

Take the caddy. I won't need it.

TRIXIE starts to exit, turns
back.

TRIXIE

I hate driving that thing. It's so big. Oi. If the boys call, tell them ...ah... forget about
it.

SAM (*offstage*)

Forget about what?

TRIXIE

If the boys call, tell them I'm not home.

SAM (*offstage*)

Yes, dear.

TRIXIE

Better, tell them their mother with a broken heart is at Beth Moses Cemetery picking out
my grave.

SAM (*offstage*)

When they called last week you already had me tell them you was at Beth Moses picking
out your site.

TRIXIE

Tell them I changed my mind. I didn't like the view.

.TRIXIE leaves

End of Act 2, Scene 7

ACT 2, Scene 8

A Room
Outside Heaven's Door

TRIXIE

On the way to St. Anthony's I had to stop at the bank. I was in a rush so I went through the drive through. You know the drive through? I mean it; I went through the drive through. Right through the teller's booth, through the wall, right through into the lobby of the bank. Next thing I'm walking up the hall to get here.

BEULAH: That's awful.

FREDDIE: What a way to go.

TRIXIE

It could a been worse.

FREDDIE and BEULAH
look at TRIXIE like "How?"

TRIXIE

Yeah, worse. I could a been driving my brand new Lexus instead of Sam's caddy. The putz. I hope my Sam lives to be a hundred fifty years old. And every day he should think about not coming with me and driving.

FREDDIE

I'm sure he was so upset at your passing.

TRIXIE

Upset? When he finds out I gave all our money away, that's upset. We had a jewelry business in Brooklyn. Nothing expensive, cheap stuff, costume jewelry for big companies like Viva. I handled all the books. Over the years, thanks to God, we did okay. All right we did better than okay, we did very good. Ten years ago, we wanted to retire, move to Miami. That's what old Jews do, move to Miami. My boys ungrateful as they are didn't want the business so we sold for a couple a million. No, I'm lying, who am I kidding? We sold for 17 million including the land.

BEULAH

Wow. 17 million bucks.

TRIXIE

What can money do? I gave it all away.

FREDDIE

All of it?

TRIXIE

Except for a million. I gave to all the charities even the Catholic Charity appeal. They gotta live too.

BEULAH

You are a wonderful lady.

TRIXIE

Wonderful-smunderful, It's money, it comes, it goes. What I'm going to leave it for my boys? They don't even pick-up the phone to find out if we're dead or we need a glass of water. And their meshugine wives, don't get me started.

To Beulah, notices her curlers.

Going dancing? Why you got them curlers in your hair?

FREDDIE

See, I told you to take them out.

BEULAH (touches her head)

They're permanent rods. I forgot to take them out. I'm a hairdresser, I had my own beauty shop. I went in early this morning to give myself a perm, guess I was struck by lightening.

TRIXIE

A perm for a black woman? Eshh. Ever hear of overkill?

BEULAH

Funny isn't it. Most of the heads I did wanted their hair straitened.

TRIXIE

All right Miss Hairdresser, you think you could do something with this mishigas? (*gestures to hair*) You'd think the undertaker should spend a little more time making your hair look half-way decent, what they charge for the funeral will kill ya.

BEULAH

Let me try.

BEULAH has a comb and brush in her pocket. She works on TRIXIE's hair.

TRIXIE

And, you, goyim. How did you end up here?

FREDDIE

It's a very long story, Trixie.

TRIXIE

You hear a taxi tootin? We going anywhere soon?

FREDDIE

It was a Saturday night and I was performing my second show --

TRIXIE

An entertainer?

FREDDIE

Can't you tell?

TRIXIE

Now this is exciting. You hear that, Beulah, we got a star over here.

FREDDIE

Anyway, it was just after my second show at The Torrid Palace Bathhouse on West 28th. You ever been there?

TRIXIE

To a gay bathhouse? Sure. A bunch of us Jewish grandmothers use to meet there every Wednesday for canasta.

FREDDIE

Forget it, anyway, I kept telling them to put like rubber mats around the pool because with the splashing and what not, it gets sooooo slippery. But, hey, what do I know, I'm only the star, only headlined there for 23 years. I was all through with my last performance Saturday night, the guys were applauding. I was doing these pirouette type of bows and I pirouetted right into the deep end of the pool. I can't swim, I guess everyone thought it was part of my act when I was screaming help, help. So I drowned.

TRIXIE

Drowning in a gay bathhouse. It's every gay guy's dream.

GOD (voice)

Trixie, come home.

TRIXIE (to Freddie)

So who should know I'm hear?

FREDDIE looks up.

FREDDIE

It's Him, Trixie.

TRIXIE

Him? Who?

BEULAH

Time to go, sweetie.

TRIXIE

But I just got here.

TRIXIE calls “up”

Listen, I’m still resting. My hair’s not even done already. Not even finished with my Twinkie. Relax, I’ll come later.

GOD (*voice*)

Trixie.

FREDDIE

I think you’d better go now, Trixie. Sounds like He means business.

TRIXIE

Okay, okay. I’m coming. You going to let me go without a kiss?

They go to TRIXIE

BEULAH

Bye, Trixie.

BEULAH and TRIXIE kiss
on the cheek.

FREDDIE

See you, hon.

FREDDIE and TRIXIE kiss
on the cheek.

TRIXIE (*to both of them*)

Maybe you can stop by and see me once you get over there. We can play a little Yahtzee, have some pineapple seltzer.

GOD (*voice*)

TRIXIE!!!

TRIXIE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I heard you the first time. Old I am, not deaf. I’m coming. Be right there. Cheesh.

TRIXIE exits.

Door closes.
Couple of beats.

FREDDIE
What was that?

BEULAH
Quite a spitfire, ain't she?

FREDDIE
I'll tell you, Beulah, not many people can wear leopard like that.

Door opens.
TRIXIE returns talking as
though continuing her
conversation..

TRIXIE
Listen, kids.. Far be it for me to meddle. You want I should put in a good word with the boss for you two?

BEULAH:
That would be great.

FREDDIE:
Thanks, Trixie.

TRIXIE (*turns to exit*)
Done. Don't mention it.

TRIXIE exits. Door closes.

ACT 2, Scene 8 Continues...

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