

# Bourbon at the Border

Rosa: I hate it when movies use the N-word. That's why I hate renting those Italian gangster movies. I'm sure they use that word in real life, but it pisses me off in the movies because soon as I hear it, I get mad and miss half the movie till I can calm down. I hate that. I was watching this Woody Allen movie one time. It was pretty good, too. All about a bunch of sisters – blood sisters, not soul sisters – sleeping with each other's husbands and driving each other crazy. And right in the middle, when I had already picked one I sort of identified with, here comes the black maid at the party. Sister was dressed in that Hollywood maid outfit – little apron, white orthopedic shoes like a damn nurse in case somebody fell out or something. But it made me mad. She didn't have one line and nobody even said anything directly to her. They took what she was offering on that little silver tray and she glided on by and then back out in to the kitchen. That was it. But I couldn't stop thinking about her. Was she pissed off because she had to work? Was she tired? Where they paying her extra to work the holiday since she was there serving the Christmas dinner instead of home serve in our own? So, they can say what they want, but I don't have to pay them my three dollars to hear it.