

ANGEL AUDITION SIDE (P. 14-16)

ANGEL: I kick-started your heart, Marisol. I wired your nervous system. I pushed your fetal blood in the right direction and turned the foam in your infant lungs to oxygen. When you were six and your parents were fighting. I helped you pretend you were underwater: that you were a cold-blooded fish, in the bottom of the black ocean, far away and safe. When racists ran you out of school at ten, screaming. . .

MARISOL: . . . "kill the spik" . . .

ANGEL: . . . I turned the monsters into little columns of salt! At last count, one plane crash, one collapsed elevator, one massacre at the hands of a right-wing fanatic with an Uzi, and sixty-six-thousand-six-hundred-and-three separate sexual assaults never happened because of me.

MARISOL: Wow. Now I don't have to be so paranoid. . . ?

(The Angel suddenly gets out of bed. Marisol curls up in a fetal position. The Angel is nervous, full of hostile energy, anxious)

ANGEL: Now the bad news.

(The Angel goes to the window. She's silent a moment as she contemplates the devastated Bronx landscape.)

MARISOL: *(Worried)* What?

(The Angel finds it very hard to tell Marisol what's on her mind.)

ANGEL: I can't expect you to understand the political ins and outs of what's going on. But you have eyes. You asked me questions about children and water and war and the moon: the same questions I've been asking myself for a thousand years.

(We hear distant explosions: Marisol's body responds with a jolt.)

MARISOL: *(Quiet)* What's that noise?

ANGEL: The universal body is sick, Marisol. Constellations are wasting away, the nauseous stars are full of blisters and sores, the infected earth is running a temperature, and everywhere the universal mind is wracked with amnesia, boredom, and neurotic obsessions.

MARISOL: *(Frightened)* Why?

ANGEL: Because God is old and dying and taking the rest of us with Him. And for too long, much too long, I've been looking the other way. Trying to stop the massive hemorrhage with my

little hands. With my prayers. But it didn't work and I knew if I didn't do something soon, it would be too late.

MARISOL: (*Frightened*) What did you do?

ANGEL: I called a meeting. And I urged the Heavenly Hierarchies --the Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominions, Principalities, Powers, Virtues, Archangels, and Angels--to vote to stop the universal ruin. . .by slaughtering our senile God. And they did. Listen well, Marisol: angels are going to kill the King of Heaven and restore the vitality of the universe with His blood. And I'm going to lead them.

JUNE AUDITION SIDE (P. 19-20)

(June turns off the radio. Marisol enters the office in the change of clothes. June sees her and lets out a yell of joy. She goes to Marisol and embraces her.)

JUNE: Marisol! Thank God! I couldn't sleep all night because of you!

(Marisol, still shaken by the night's strange visions, is dazed, unhappy. She pulls away from June.)

MARISOL: *(Wary)* What's the matter?

JUNE: *(Grabbing her)* You died! You died! It was all over the networks last night! You're on the front page of the *Post*!

(June shows Marisol the paper, On the cover is a closeup of a young woman's battered corpse.)

JUNE: *(Reading)* "Twenty-six-year-old *Marisol Perez* of 180th Street in the Bronx was bludgeoned to death on the IRT Number Two last night. The attack occurred at 11:00PM.

(Marisol tries to remain calm as she looks at the hideous picture.)

JUNE: I thought it was you. And I tried to call you last night but do you have any idea how many *Marisol Perezes* there are in the Bronx phone book? Only seven pages, I couldn't sleep.

MARISOL: *(Barely Calm)* How did he kill her?

JUNE: Fucking barbarian beat her with a golf club, can you believe that? Like a caveman kills its dinner, fucking freek, I'm still upset.

(Marisol, numb, gives the paper back to June.)

MARISOL: It wasn't me, June.

JUNE: It could have been you, living alone in that marginal neighborhood, all the chances you take. Like doesn't this scare you? Isn't it past time to leave the Bronx behind?

(Marisol looks at June fully for the first time, trying to focus her thoughts.)

MARISOL: But it wasn't me. I didn't die last night.

(Marisol sits at her desk. June looks at the paper.)

JUNE: *(Not listening)* Goddamn vultures are having a field day with this, vast close-ups of *Marisol Perez's* pummeled face on TV, I mean what's the *point*? There's a prevailing sickness

out there, I'm telling you, the Dark Ages are here, Visigoths are climbing the city walls, and I've never felt more like raw food in my life. Am I upsetting you with this?

(Marisol rubs her throbbing head.)

MARISOL: Yeah.

JUNE: Good. Put the fear of God in you, Don't let them catch you not ready, okay? You gotta be prepared to really fight now!

LENNY AUDITION SIDE: (P. 34-35)

LENNY: So how can you live in this neighborhood? Huh? You got a death wish, you stupid woman?

MARISOL: What are you doing here?

(Marisol goes to her bed and scrambles for the knife underneath her pillow.)

LENNY: Don't you love yourself? Is that why you stay in this ghetto? Jesus, I almost got killed getting here?

(Marisol points the knife at Lenny.)

MARISOL: Get out or I'll rip out both of your fucking eyes, Lenny!

LENNY: God, I missed you.

(Lenny closes the door and locks all the locks.)

MARISOL: This is not going to happen to me in my own house! I still have God's protection!

(Lenny holds out the flowers.)

LENNY: Here, I hadda break into the Bronx Botanical Garden for them, but they match your eyes. . .

(Lenny hands Marisol the flowers.)

MARISOL: Okay--thank you--okay--why don't we--turn around--and go--down to Brooklyn--okay?--let's go talk to June--

LENNY: We can't. Impossible. June *isn't*. Is *not*. I don't know who she is anymore! She's out walking the streets of Brooklyn! Babbling like an idiot! Looking for her lost mind!

MARISOL: What do you mean? Where is she?

LENNY: She had an accident. Her head had an accident. With the golf club. It was weird.

MARISOL: *(Looking at the bloody club)* What did you do to her?

LENNY: She disappeared! I don't know!

MARISOL: *(Panicking)* Please tell me June's okay, Lenny. Tell me she;s not in some body bag somewhere--

LENNY: Oh man, you saw what it's like! June *controlled* me. She had me *neutered*. I squatted and stooped and served like a goddamn house eunuch!

MARISOL: Did you hurt her?

(Lenny starts to cry, He sobs like a baby, his body wracked with grief and self-pity.)

LENNY: There are whole histories of me you can't guess. Did you know I was a medical experiment? To fix my asthma when I was five, my mother volunteered me for a free experimental drug on an army base in Nevada. *I was a shrieking experiment in army medicine for six years!* Isn't that funny?

(He laughs, trying to fight his tears)

LENNY: And that drug's made me so friggin' loopy, I can't hold down a job, make friends, get a degree, *nothing*--and June?--June's had *everything*. She loved you. That's why she never brought you home to meet me *even after I begged her for two years*.

(Marisol is silent--and that silence nearly makes him explode.)

LENNY: DON'T BE THIS WAY. We don't have to be enemies. We can talk to each other the right way--

MARISOL: We have no right way, Lenny.

SCAR TISSUE AUDITION SIDE (P. 46-48)

MARISOL: She, she was trying to kill me. . .thank you. . .

SCAR TISSUE: Used to be able to sleep under the moon *unmolested*. Moon was a shield. Catching all the bad karma before it fell to earth. All those crater holes in the moon? Those ain't rocks! That's bad karma crashing to the moon's surface!

MARISOL: (*Really shaken*) She thinks I belong out here, but I don't. I'm well educated. . . Anyone can see that. . .

SCAR TISSUE: Now the moon's gone. The shield's been lifted, Shit falls on you randomly. Sleep outside, you're fucked. That's why I got this! Gonna yank the moon back!

(*From inside his wheelchair, Scar Tissue pulls out a magnet. He aims his magnet to the sky and waits for the moon to appear.*)

MARISOL: She's crazy, that's all! I have to go before she comes back.

SCAR TISSUE: Good thing I'm not planning to get married. Why would a honeymoon be like that now? Some stupid cardboard cut-out dangling out your hotel window? What kind of inspiration is that? How's a guy supposed to get it up for *that*?

(*Scar Tissue fondles himself, hoping to manufacture a hard-on, but nothing happens and he gives up.*)

MARISOL: (*Noticing what he's doing*) I have to get to Brooklyn. I'm looking for my friend. She has red hair.

SCAR TISSUE: And did you know the moon carries the souls of dead people up to Heaven? Uh-huh. The new moon is dark and empty and gets filled with new glowing souls--until it's a bright full moon--then it carries its silent burden to God. . .

MARISOL: Do you know which way is South?!

(*Marisol continues to walk around and around the stage, looking hopelessly for any landmark that will tell her which way is South. Scar Tissue watches her, holding his magnet up.*)

SCAR TISSUE: Give it up, princess. Time is crippled. Geography's deformed. You're permanently lost out here!

MARISOL: Bullshit, Even if God is senile, He still cares, He doesn't play dice you know. I read that.

SCAR TISSUE: Shit, what century do you live in?

(Marisol keeps running around the stage.)

MARISOL: June and I had plans. Gonna live together. Survive together. I gotta get her fixed! I gotta get Lenny buried!

(Scar Tissue laughs and suddenly drops his magnet and jumps out of his wheelchair. He runs to Marisol, stopping her in her tracks. He looks at the shocked Marisol fully for the first time. He smiles, very pleased.)

SCAR TISSUE: You look pretty nice. You're kinda cute, in fact. What do you think this all means, us two, a man and woman, bumping into each other like this?

MARISOL: *(Wary)* I don't know. But thank you for helping me. Maybe my luck hasn't run out.

SCAR TISSUE: *(Laughs)* Oh, don't trust luck! Fastest way to die around here. Trust gunpowder. Trust plutonium. Don't trust divine intervention or you're fucked. My name is Elvis Presley, beautiful, what's yours?

MARISOL: *(Wary)* . . . Marisol Perez.

(Scar Tissue nearly jumps out of his rags.)

SCAR TISSUE: *What?!!* No! Your name can't be that! Can't be Marisol Perez!

MARISOL: It is. It has to be.

SCAR TISSUE: You're confused! Or are the goddamn graves coughing up the dead?!

MARISOL: I'm not dead! That was her! I'm--me!

SCAR TISSUE: You can't prove it!

MARISOL: I was born in the Bronx. But--but--I can't remember the street!

SCAR TISSUE: A-ha! Dead!

MARISOL AUDITION SIDE (P. 13-14)

(Marisol is momentarily relieved--then she suddenly starts touching her stomach as she gets a wild, exhilarating idea:)

MARISOL: *Am I pregnant with the Lord's baby?! Is the new Messiah swimming in my electrified womb? Is the supersperm of God growing a mythic flower deep in the secret greenhouse inside me? Will my morning sickness taste like communion wine? This is amazing--billions of women on earth, and I get knocked up by God!*

ANGEL: No baby, no baby, no baby, no baby--No. Baby.

(Beat. Marisol is a little disappointed.)

MARISOL: No? Then what is it? Are you real or not? 'Cause if you're real and God is real and the Gospels are real, this would be the perfect time to tell me. 'Cause I once looked for angels, I did, in every shadow of my childhood--but I never found any. I thought I'd find you hiding inside the notes I sang to myself as a kid. The songs that put me to sleep and kept me from killing myself with fear. But I didn't see you then.

(The Angel doesn't answer. Her silence--her very presence--starts to unhinge Marisol.)

MARISOL: C'mon! Somebody up there has to tell me why I live the way I do! What's going on here, anyway? Why is there a war on children in this city? Why are apples extinct? Why are they planning to drop human insecticide on overpopulated areas of the Bronx? Why has the color blue disappeared from the sky? Why does common rainwater turn your skin bright red? Why do cows give salty milk? Why did the Plague kill half of my friends? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MOON? Where did the moon go? How come nobody's seen it in nearly *nine months*. . .?

(Marisol is trying desperately trying to keep from crying.)