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"As I pondered these things, it seemed more and more incomprehensible why precisely I should have been chosen as the guinea pig for a whim of God's favor. It was an extremely odd way of going about things, to leap over the whole human race in order to arrive at me."

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CHARACTERS:

CAROL
COMMERCIAL
JOAN
GOVERNOR
FLOUNDER
BRENDA
PAUL
ROOSTER
HARV
ANCHOR
MALE REPORTER
FEMALE REPORTER
PHOTOGRAPHER

The roles of JOAN, ANCHOR, MALE REPORTER, FEMALE REPORTER and PHOTOGRAPHER may be played by a single actor.

GOVERNOR may be cast as a male or female.

NOTE:

The occasional appearance of an asterisk (*) indicates that the next line of dialogue begins to overlap at that point.

Scenes that are “on TV” may be staged live or filmed and shown on a TV. In a perfect world, the characters would be filmed and on TV simultaneously.

Pace is fever pitch.

ACT I

Scene 1:

Lights up on CAROL's apartment. There is a tattered mattress at center. There is also a microwave, a TV, and an old stereo system. In another part of the room is FLOUNDER's stuff; a cardboard box and some trampled clothes.

CAROL enters. She's fat, wearing hospital scrubs. She is sobbing hysterically, make-up smeared. She collapses, raked with grief.

She gets up, crosses, exits to the bedroom. Her sobs can be heard, off. She re-enters, now donning sweats and a dirty t-shirt, still sobbing. She removes a packet of microwave popcorn from the cabinet beneath the microwave. She pops it into the microwave. She crosses to the mattress, sits, buddha style. Calmer now, she removes a makeup kit from beneath the mattress. From it, she removes a baggie of heroin, a syringe, a spoon, and an eyedropper.

SFX: popcorn begins to pop beneath the scene.

CAROL taps a small amount of heroin from the baggie, into the spoon.

A brief silence.

CAROL looks around her apartment, eyes dead.

CAROL: Fuck it.

CAROL dumps a huge amount of the heroin onto the spoon. She prepares the syringe as the popcorn begins popping faster. CAROL holds up the syringe, taps it. She makes a fist, raises her arm, and injects herself. At this moment, the TV pops on spontaneously, the sound of popping corn fades; although the microwave remains lit through the play.

COMMERCIAL (on TV): Omaha beware! The monsters are here for one night and one night only! One night of car-crunching, metal-smashing destruction! Don't miss the awesome spectacle as the world's largest monster truck shoots a one hundred foot pillar of flame

into The Car-Pyramid-o'-Death! Saturday, June 8th at the Cheetos Center! One night and one night only! Be there . . . if you dare!

Joan's Theme is heard, then . . .

JOAN: Welcome back. We are talking with Nebraska Governor Pat Brown. Now, Governor Brown, if I may, I would like to move away, for a moment, from your sexual proclivities. Lets discuss, instead, some of the, well, radical politics you espouse.

GOVERNOR: Certainly, Joan.

JOAN: Share with us your views as to how America should be fighting the war on drugs.

GOVERNOR: Winning the war. America should not be fighting the war on drugs, we should be winning it. The time has come for America to stop approaching the war on drugs as a social disease or some right-wing *cause celeb*. We must start fighting the war on drugs the way it should be fought, as a war!

JOAN: And your idea of fighting that war is that we . . .

GOVERNOR: Kill the bastards. (*a beat*)

JOAN: Governor, your critics, and you do have a few . . .

GOVERNOR: Arrr!

JOAN: Your critics feel you have no support for these ideas. That, while your average American would like to see an end to drug abuse, they understand that an addict is a sick person.

GOVERNOR: Let me explain something. If drug addiction *is* a disease, it is an incurable one. Only a very small number of these people ever rehabilitate. Joan, they don't want to become like us. What do they want? Rights. They want special minority status. Not that of a legitimate racial minority like the Blacks and the Jews and the Chinamen, no. They want minority status defined solely by their behavior. Much like homosexuals, drug addicts are an invisible, immoral minority seeking to promote their own dark agenda. Like their homosexual compatriots, many are indeed prostitutes, muggers, child molesters, and waiters. Yet, these are their rank and file, not their leaders. Their

leaders are people who look very much like you and me, Joan. And they have infected every aspect of our society. They are librarians, gas station attendants and taxi drivers. They are lawyers and nurses, and, yes Joan, politicians. It is *these* addicts we must uproot and eliminate if we are ever to see an end to the drug problem. No, Joan. America's drug addicts are not victims. America is the victim of drug addicts!

JOAN: Governor, your approval rating among your colleagues in the Nebraska legislature is the lowest in the state's history. Yet, your high approval rating among your constituency almost makes you the holder of the reverse record, second only to Orrin Hatch. How do you account for this apparent dichotomy?

FLOUNDER enters.

GOVERNOR: Joan, it's simple.

FLOUNDER: Carol, hey!

FLOUNDER switches on his boom box. Elvis Presley's "Surrender" is on repeat; plays beneath the following scene.

GOVERNOR: The people of Nebraska are good people.

CAROL: God, Christ, you're killin' me *with that.

GOVERNOR: With good, solid, *Christian-American values.

FLOUNDER: Shut up, it's Elvis.

GOVERNOR: They know right *from wrong.

CAROL: You've been playin' it for weeks!

FLOUNDER: *(switching off TV)* Hey, Carol, listen!

CAROL: Flounder!

FLOUNDER: You're not gonna fuckin' *believe this!

CAROL: I'm watchin' that!

FLOUNDER: You are not gonna believe what just fuckin' happened to me!

CAROL: Turn it on and turn *that shit off!

FLOUNDER: All you do's watch CNN, see, Carol, see, you gotta check this out! You ain't gonna fuckin' believe it, Carol!

CAROL: Fine, what already, Jesus!

FLOUNDER prepares a syringe.

FLOUNDER: So I'm over at Jack's, right, an' he says he got this new guy he been dealin' with, down at the bench. Says Rooster hooked him up with this whore he been fuckin', right, an' she hooked Jack up with this guy down at the bench who's got this shit that Rooster's sayin's like the greatest fuckin' shit ever, right. Like, sayin' this guy's got, like, the best fuckin' shit in town, right.

CAROL: Cool, lemme see.

FLOUNDER: No, no, wait, so I'm over at Jack's an' I'm checkin' out the shit, right. An' it's this fuckin' wierd-ass dark greenish-black sorta color, right. An' I'm tellin' Jack how I never seen no fuckin' shit like this, right. An' Jack says that's prob'ly 'cause I been in fuckin' Nebraska too long gettin' off on fey shit, right. Says how this shit's'pose'ta be like the harshest shit goin', right, an' how it's, like, the real fuckin' thing an' how it's gonna, like, make me come in my fuckin' pants, right!

CAROL: Flounder, gross. *Please turn that off!

FLOUNDER: Jack says this shit's, like, *vintage*, right. Like how, like, wine gets better if you let it just fuckin' sit around a long, long time an' how odd years is better'n even ones an' how if this shit was wine it'd be, like, totally fuckin' expensive an', like, fuckin' French people'd be, like, droolin' an' fuckin' lickin' my asshole tryin' ta get a taste, right, an' like, um, callin' me up all the time, like in the middle a the night, like, "Hi, I heard you got some really bomb shit," right.

CAROL: It's good, okay already.

FLOUNDER: No, no, no, no, no, see, so I'm checkin out this freaky

lookin' shit an' tellin' Jack how I wanna, like, get a taste a some a what he got, right. But you know Jack. I mean, Jack's a fuckin' dope fiend!

CAROL: Yeah.

FLOUNDER: So Jack says he ain't gonna fuckin' gimme a taste, right, like not even one little fuckin' taste! Nothin'!

CAROL: Fuckin' dopers!

FLOUNDER: Yeah, huh, yeah, huh, so, like, I'm, like, gettin' pissed, right, an' I say I think Jack's a fuckin' prickface fiender fucker an', an', oh, yeah, oh, yeah, oh, yeah!

CAROL: What?!

FLOUNDER: Did I say Jack an' Rooster got this wierd-ass bitch in the back room?

CAROL: Don't say "bitch" like that. *Can you turn it down, at least?!

FLOUNDER: Wait, no, wait, check this out. So all'a sudden this whore comes outta the back room with a fuckin' gun, right! Says, says, sayin' I don' got no right callin' Jack no dope fiend in his own house an' shit, right, ha, ha, ha, ha. So I'm like, fine, okay, alright, right, 'cause, I mean, this bitch's got a fuckin' gun!

CAROL: Stop sayin' that! *Christ!

FLOUNDER: This, this whore, like, 's pointin' this little pearly-handled fuckin' revolver, like, right at my fuckin' head, right. Like she's gonna put a fuckin' bullet in my fuckin' head! Like she's gonna put a fuckin' *bullet* in my fuckin' *head*!

CAROL: This story's gettin' long.

FLOUNDER: No, no, so like, so I go down to the bench an' I got ninety-three bucks on me, right, 'cause a how I sold my couch to my sister, an' 'course your fifteen, right. An', Jack says he, for ninety-three, he figures this new guy'll spot me four bags a this dark green roun'-the-world-in-eighty-fuckin'-days shit, right. An' I'm thinkin', four, rock! Carol, this shit fuckin' reeks!

CAROL: So, you've got it? *You got it?

FLOUNDER: No, no, no, so I see this guy standin' there, an' he's, like, sportin' this, ha, ha, this, fuckin' check it out, the guy's sportin' a fuckin' Clippers cap! So I'm thinkin' to myself, like, five-oh, right. I mean, the guy's gotta be a fuckin' cop, right, 'cause he sure ain't no beat boy sportin' a fuckin' Clippers cap. I mean, L.A. fine, but the Clippers! They suck dick! *(a beat)*

CAROL: I don't know!

FLOUNDER: Okay, okay, so I'm standin' there an', an' I remember what that whore a Jack's was sayin' how, how she told us 'bout she seen this gig one time, who, like, didn't have no garbage can in the fuckin' bathroom, right. Ha, ha, ha, how dumb ya gotta be? I mean, everyone in the fuckin' world 'cep maybe a cop's smart enough ta put a fuckin' garbage can in the bathroom, right, ha, ha, ha, ha. I mean, what're you gonna do with no fuckin' garbage in the bathroom? Walk through the kitchen with some waxy fuckin' Q-tip! *(a beat)*

CAROL: *(end of her rope)* Okay, where is it?

FLOUNDER: Wait, wait, okay, so I'm like, checkin' out Mr fuckin' Clipper cap, right, an' like, . . .

CAROL: Flounder!

FLOUNDER: Wait, okay so, like, I'm gettin' ready ta like, split, right, when this guy turns an' flashes me this bag he got comin' out his sleeve an' it's wrapped, like, just the same as the dark green shit Jack got, right.

CAROL: How many'd'ja get?

FLOUNDER: That's the thing, Carol.

FLOUNDER pulls a red bandana-wrapped package from his pocket.

FLOUNDER: Five, Carol. The guy gives me five!

CAROL: *(reverence)* Wow.

FLOUNDER: Yeah.

CAROL: D'ja get a taste at Jack's.

FLOUNDER: No! None! Says he's savin' up for some, I don't know, big fuckin' holiday er somethin'.

CAROL: What a fuckin' fiender! Dope fiends don't *hang on* to dope.

FLOUNDER: Yeah, right. Fuckin' spare shit, right!

CAROL: Yeah, fuckin' extra!

They laugh.

CAROL: Got some extra for me?

FLOUNDER: I tol' you 'course I, I'm, wha'cha think, I'm gonna fuckin' hold out on you like I'm a fuckin' fiender, too.

CAROL: I didn't say none a that.

FLOUNDER: 'Course I got some for you. *(a beat)* But, like, you're lookin' pretty loaded *already, though.

CAROL: Oh, shut up, shut, Christ.

FLOUNDER: Was Louie here?

CAROL: *(angry)* No! An' I probably had as much dope this month as you had tonight at Jack's.

FLOUNDER: Okay, sure. That's right, Carol, I'm a fuckin' dope fiend. Yep, uh-huh, *uh-huh.

CAROL: Whatever, dork.

FLOUNDER: ...uh-huh, sure, right, *uh-huh.

CAROL: That is some crazy lookin' shit, in'it.

FLOUNDER: I tol'ja. Okay, looks like we're ready for take off. Will you?

CAROL: *(next to FLOUNDER, helping him fix)* In preparation for loading, please double check that your lap belt is securely fastened and that your seat back is in the upright position, . . . *et voila!*

FLOUNDER, making an airplane noise, pushes the needle into his arm as CAROL releases tubing. With an enormous inhale, he tips over. Dead.

A silence.

CAROL: Woah.

CAROL checks FLOUNDER's pulse.

CAROL: Shit.

Scene 2:

Lights up on BRENDA and PAUL.

BRENDA is seated on a metal stool, a mirror behind her. She is chewing gum.

PAUL is nearby, donning S&M gear, a zipper-mouthed mask.

BRENDA: I'll tell ya what I got in mind, then you can tell me what you wanna do, okay?

PAUL: Shhhh . . . *(a beat)*

BRENDA: Okay. I picked up a can of whip cream on the way over here an' I'm gonna take it an' I'm gonna squirt it on that big, fat cock a'yours. Then I'm gonna top it off with a plump, red cherry. Then I'm gonna take my tongue and lick off every bit, real slow-like. An' when I take your cock in my mouth, I'm gonna take in that cherry, too. An' I'm gonna roll 'em roun' an' aroun' an' aroun' . . .