

Losing An Angel

by Greg Urbaitis

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“If I got rid of my demons, I’d lose my angels.”

– Tennessee Williams

CAST:

MAN

WOMAN

DEMON #1

DEMON #2

DEMON #3

ACT I SCENE 1

Set in an apartment’s main room. There are two chairs and a small table. There is the opening to a kitchen off to one side. MAN is seated center stage, WOMAN moves around him.

WOMAN: Do you need another beer Honey?

MAN sucks his beer, looks at it, shakes it. He looks at WOMAN, holding the empty beer but not saying anything. WOMAN hesitates.

MAN: Now was that so hard? Oh wait. It’s *getting* the beer.

MAN laughs, giving her an evil look. He finishes his beer.

MAN: Yes, now I *need* one. Do you think it'd be too much trouble to get me one? I mean, you're not going to be possessed or sucked into a black hole or something just by going into the kitchen.

MAN laughs. Woman takes his empty beer, heads towards the kitchen, but stops.

WOMAN: Didn't our vows say something about honoring the other person – or something like that?

MAN: Yea. And – okay – you got me there. I'll admit it. They said "Til death do you part," but they didn't say "til she loses her mind." But they shoulda!

WOMAN turns to MAN.

WOMAN: How can you be so mean, when all I've ever done is take care of you and love you and watch out for you?

MAN leans forward and looks at WOMAN.

MAN: Are you going to get me a beer, or do I need to do it myself – again!

WOMAN looks at MAN, then leans into the kitchen, and looks around.

WOMAN: No. I'll get it.

WOMAN goes into the kitchen, then comes back with a beer. WOMAN hands it to MAN. MAN opens the beer. It fizzes up.

MAN: Damnit!

MAN stands up, puts the beer down on the table, and brushes the liquid off his lap.

MAN: It never fails.

MAN walks into the kitchen. WOMAN rushes over and peeks in, then rushes back and stands behind the chairs. MAN comes in with another beer. He sits, and opens it.

MAN: See how simple that was?

WOMAN comes from behind the chairs and sits in hers.

WOMAN: Of course. They don't mess with you. They only mess with me.

MAN: They they they. Honey, it's getting really old.

WOMAN: I know!

MAN turns to WOMAN.

MAN: Well then *stop* it!

WOMAN jumps up, startled. MAN sighs. He pats her chair seat.

MAN: Come on. Sit down. It's okay.

WOMAN slowly sits down. MAN hands her the beer in his hand, then picks up the one from the table for himself.

MAN: Look. I don't mind you being a klutz, but this thing about why makes me worried.

WOMAN turns the beer in her hand around and around without drinking it.

WOMAN: And I still can't believe you don't believe me! Why would I make something like this up?

MAN: That's what *I've* been wondering.

WOMAN: Because I'm not. Haven't I always been good to you? Even from the start. Haven't I always been the one who's defended you? Even . . .

MAN: We said we weren't going to talk about that.

WOMAN: I know. And I wouldn't. But don't you think that maybe it has something to do with it.

MAN: With *what*? Whatever is going on with you is all in your mind. It has nothing to do with . . .

MAN stares at WOMAN.

WOMAN: Look. I know you made a mistake. I knew that before I married you. I'm just trying to find a reason why . . .

MAN: The only reason is because you're losing your mind! Yea, like there's such a thing as actual *demons*.

WOMAN: Well, then how else do you explain it?

Frustrated, MAN stands up and begins to pace.

MAN: Look, if I have a guilty conscience for what I did, for what I got away with . . .

WOMAN goes and gives MAN a hug.

WOMAN: Honey, it was an accident. It's not like you're a bad person.

MAN pulls away.

MAN: You think I'm a bad person?

WOMAN reaches out to MAN.

WOMAN: No no no! Honey, I know that wasn't the real you. And I know you must feel guilty. But you going to jail won't bring them back to life.

MAN pulls away.

MAN: Look. I didn't know that stuff was laced. They wanted me to cop for them. I was doing them a *favor*.

MAN slows down. Sits down. His head goes into his hands and he sighs. WOMAN walks up behind him and puts her hands on his shoulders.

WOMAN: I know. And that's why I didn't hold it against you.

MAN: They were idiots anyway. Serves them right.

WOMAN is startled. She straightens up, and moves quickly around to face him.

WOMAN: Hey!

MAN: I'm sorry. They were. (Laughs) And you know what? They didn't even offer to turn me on. Like I do them a favor and they don't even invite me to share? Serves them right.

WOMAN: Honey!

MAN: No I mean it! Look how it's messed with *my* life. All the cops and reporters and nosy a-holes.

WOMAN sits down resignedly.

WOMAN: I'm just glad they *didn't* offer you any, or you might be in the same boat.

MAN: I didn't expect them to. Though I *did* expect them to give me a little finder's fee. Cheap bastards.

MAN takes a swig off his beer, puts it down and tries to light a cigar but the lighter won't light.

MAN: Besides. I didn't *vouch* for the guy they got it from. I told them my guy was out.

WOMAN: Then why did you get involved at all?

MAN: Cause I needed the money, and those idiots had no idea what it cost, so . . .

WOMAN: I thought you didn't get a finder's fee? You mean you made money off it?

MAN: Yea, but they didn't *know* that! So to them I made nothing off it. (Scoffs) Like my time is free.

WOMAN: Honey, they *died*!

MAN sucks at the cigar that didn't get lit enough. He puts it down in frustration.

MAN: *I* didn't make them take it! *I* didn't sell them crap!

MAN Stands up and walks off the other side.

WOMAN: Where are you going?

MAN: (OS) I gotta pee! Is that okay?

WOMAN gets up and walks towards the bathroom. She leans her head in to listen. She pulls away, startled. She bangs on the wall.

WOMAN: It wasn't his fault!

MAN comes out of the bathroom, zipping up his fly. Woman backs away.

MAN: Jeez, can't a guy pee in peace?

MAN looks down at his pants.

MAN: Christ! Look what you made me do!

MAN walks to the kitchen to get a towel.

WOMAN: Wait!

MAN stops mid-step. He looks behind at WOMAN, Shakes his head, and continues into the kitchen. MAN returns with a beer and a towel, wiping his pants. MAN sits down.

WOMAN is mumbling something unintelligible at the edge of the edge of the kitchen.

MAN notices after a bit and turns his head.

MAN: What the hell are you doing now?

WOMAN: You're just making them mad!