**MARISOL AUDITION SIDES:**

**ANGEL**

Monologue:

ANGEL: A man is worshiping a fire hydrant on Taylor Avenue, Marisol. He’s draping rosaries on it, genuflecting hard. An old woman’s selling charmed chicken blood in see-through Ziplock bags for a buck. They’re setting another homeless man on fire in Van Cortlandt Park. Cut that shit out you fucking Nazis! I swear, best thing that could happen to this city is immediate evacuation followed by fire on a massive scale. Melt it all down. Consume the ruins. Then put the ashes of those evaporated dreams into a big urn and sit the urn on the desks of a few thousand oily politicians. Let them smell the disaster like we do. So what do you believe in, Marisol? You believe in me? Or do you believe your senses?

**MARISOL**

Monologue:

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. 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 my friends? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MOON? Where did the moon go? How come nobody’s seen it in nearly nine months . . . ?

**ANGEL/MARISOL**

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.
MARISOL: Okay, I wanna wake up now!

ANGEL: There’s going to be war. A revolution of angels.

MARISOL: GOD IS GREAT! GOD IS GOOD! THANK YOU FOR OUR NEIGHBORHOOD!

ANGEL: Soon we’re going to send out spies, draft able-bodied celestial beings, raise taxes . . .

MARISOL: THANK YOU FOR THE BIRDS THAT SING! THANK YOU GOD FOR EVERYTHING!

ANGEL: Soon we’re going to take off our wings of peace, Marisol, and put on our wings of war. Then we’re going to spread blood and vigor across the sky and reawaken the dwindling stars!

**MAN WITH GOLF CLUB/MARISOL**

GOLF CLUB: It was the shock that got me. I was so shocked all I could see was pain all around me: little spinning starlights of pain ’cause of the shocking thing the angel just told me. (He waits for a reaction. Marisol refuses to look at him.) You see, she was always there for me. I could count on her. She was my very own god-blessed little angel! My own gift from God! (No response. He makes a move toward Marisol. She looks at him, quickly sizing him up . . .)

MARISOL: God help you, you get in my face.

GOLF CLUB: But last night she crawled into the box I occupy on 180th Street in the Bronx. I was sleeping: nothing special walking through my thoughts ’cept the usual panic over my empty stomach, and the windchill factor, and how, oh how, was I ever gonna replace my lost Citibank MasterCard?

MARISOL: I have no money. (Marisol tries to slide away from the Man, trying to show no fear. He follows.)

GOLF CLUB: She folded her hot silver angelwings under her leather jacket and creeped into my box last night, reordering the air, waking me up with the shock, the bad news that she was gonna leave me forever . . .

MARISOL (Getting freaked): Man, why don’t you just get a job?!

GOLF CLUB: Don’t you see? She once stopped Nazi skinheads from setting me on fire in Van Cortlandt Park! Do you get it now, lady?! I live on the street! I am dead meat without my guardian angel! I’m gonna be food . . . a fucking appetizer for all the Hitler youth and their cans of gasoline . . .

**MAN WITH ICE CREAM/MARISOL**

ICE CREAM: I was in the movie Taxi Driver with Robert De Niro and the son-of-a-gun never paid me.

MARISOL: Uhm. Are you looking for someone?
ICE CREAM: The Second A.D. said this is where I go to collect my pay for my work in Taxi Driver.
MARISOL: This isn’t a film company, sir. We publish science books. I think there’s a film company on the tenth floor.

ICE CREAM: No, this is the place. I’m sure this is the place.
MARISOL: Well . . . you know, sir . . . maybe if I called security for you . . .

ICE CREAM: I worked real hard on that picture. It was my big break. And of course, working with a genius like De Niro is like Actor Heaven, but, c’mon, I still need the money!
MARISOL: I’m a busy woman, sir, I have a department to run—

ICE CREAM: I mean, I don’t want to get temperamental, but Taxi Driver came out a long time ago and I still haven’t been paid! MARISOL: Yeah, I’ll call security for you—

ICE CREAM (In despair): Christ, I have bills! I have rent! I have a toddler in a Catholic preschool! I have an agent screaming for his ten percent! And how the fuck am I supposed to pay for this ice cream cone? Do you think ice cream is free? Do you think Carvel gives this shit out for nothing?
MARISOL (Calling out): June?! Is somebody on this floor?!

ICE CREAM: Don’t fuck with me, lady. I once played a Nazi skinhead in a TV movie-of-the-week. I once set a man on fire in Van Cortlandt Park for CBS! And I really liked that role!

MARISOL/JUNE

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: What’s the matter?

JUNE: You died! You died! It was all over the networks last night! You’re on the front page of the Post! “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 11:00 P.M.” 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 freak. 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: 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/JUNE/MARISOL

MARISOL: I really appreciate this, June.

JUNE: Good, ’cause now I have to issue you a warning about my fucked-up brother who lives with me.

MARISOL: You do?

JUNE: Uhm. Lenny’s a little weird about women. His imagination? It takes off on him on the slightest provocation and, uh, he doesn’t know, you know, a reasonable way to channel his turbulent sexual death fantasies . . .

MARISOL: This is a long warning, June.

JUNE: He knows about you. Shit I’ve told him for two years. And so he’s developed this thing for you, like he draws pictures of you, in crayon, covering every inch of his bedroom. He’s thirty-four, you know, but he has the mental capacity of a child.

LENNY (Indicating window): Wrong. It’s a federally funded torture center where they violate people who have gone over their credit card limit.

JUNE (Wary): Marisol, this is Lenny, the heat-seeking device. Lenny, this is Marisol Perez and you’re wrong.

LENNY (At window): I’ve seen them bring the vans, June. So shut up. People tied up. Guards with truncheons. Big fat New York City police with dogs. It happens late at night. But you can hear the screams. They cremate the bodies. That’s why Brooklyn smells so funny.

MARISOL (Nervous): I owe a lot of money to the MasterCard people. (Lenny suddenly turns to Marisol. He is utterly focused on her.)

JUNE (To Marisol): What he says is not proven.

LENNY: Everybody knows, June. It’s a political issue. If you weren’t so right wing—

JUNE: I am not right wing, you punk, don’t EVER call me that! I happen to be the last true practicing communist in New York! (Lenny keeps staring at Marisol.)
LENNY: You were on the news. You died on the news. But that was a different one.

MARISOL: She and I have the same name. Had.

LENNY (Approaching Marisol): I’m so glad you didn’t die before I got a chance to meet you. (Lenny suddenly takes Marisol’s hand and kisses it. June tries to step in between them.)

JUNE: That’s enough, Lenny—I didn’t bring her here to feed on . . .

LENNY (Holding Marisol’s hand): I went to your neighborhood this morning. To see the kind of street that would kill a Marisol Perez. I walked through Van Cortlandt Park. I played in the winter sunlight, watched perverts fondling snowmen, and at high noon, the dizziest time of the day, I saw a poor homeless guy being set on fire by Nazi skinheads—

JUNE: That’s it, Lenny.

(June pulls Lenny aside. He knows he’s in for a lecture.)

LENNY: What?

JUNE: We had a hard day. We came here to relax. So take a deep breath—

LENNY: She talked to me first—

JUNE: Listen to me before you say anything more. Are you listening?

LENNY: Yes. Okay.

JUNE: Let’s cool our hormones, okay? Before the psychodrama starts in earnest?

LENNY: Yes. All right.

JUNE: Are we really?

MARISOL/LENNY

MARISOL: Who is it?

(Before Marisol can move, her door is kicked open. Lenny comes in wielding a bloody golf club and holding an armful of exotic wildflowers.)

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 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) 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.

MAN WITH SCAR TISSUE/MARISOL

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. (Marisol starts going back and forth, looking for south.)

SCAR TISSUE: Good thing I’m not planning to get married. What would a honeymoon be like 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?!

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: 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?


**Option II**

SCAR TISSUE: Who are you for real and why do you attract so much trouble?! I hope you don’t let those Nazis come near me!
MARISOL: I don’t mean to—

SCAR TISSUE: What are you!? Are you protection? Are you benign? Or are you some kind of angel of death?

MARISOL: I’m a good person.

SCAR TISSUE: Then why don’t you do something about those Nazis?! They’re all over the place. I’m getting out of here— (Scar Tissue tries to leave. Marisol stops him.)

MARISOL: Don’t leave me!

SCAR TISSUE: Why? You’re not alone, are you? You got your faith still intact. You still believe God is good. You still think you can glide through the world and not be part of it.

MARISOL: I’m not a Nazi!

SCAR TISSUE: I can’t trust you. Ever since the angels went into open revolt, you can’t trust your own mother . . . oops. (Marisol looks at him.)

MARISOL: What did you say? You too? Did angels talk to you too?


MARISOL: You didn’t dream it—

SCAR TISSUE (Scared): I had enough punishment! I don’t wanna get in the middle of some celestial Vietnam! I don’t want any more angelic napalm dropped on me!

MARISOL: But I saw one too—I did—what do all these visitations mean? (Marisol suddenly grabs Scar Tissue’s hands—and he screams, pulls away, and cowers on the ground like a beaten dog.)

SCAR TISSUE: NOT MY HANDS! Don’t touch my hands! (Scar Tissue rips his gloves off. His hands are covered in burn scars. He blows on his boiling hands.)

MARISOL: Oh my God.

SCAR TISSUE (Nearly crying): Heaven erupts but who pays the price? The fucking innocent do . . . !

MARISOL: What happened to you?

SCAR TISSUE (Crying): I was an air-traffic controller, Marisol Perez. I had a life. Then I saw angels in the radar screen and I started to drink. (Marisol gets closer to the whimpering Scar Tissue. She has yet to really

WOMAN WITH FURS/MARISOL

MARISOL (To herself): The Empire State Building? . . . what's it doing over there? It's supposed to be south. But that's . . . north . . . I'm sure it is . . . isn't it? (In her panic, Marisol runs to the
Woman With Furs and tries to grab her arm.) You have to help me! (The Woman With Furs instantly recoils from Marisol's touch. She starts to wander away.)

WOMAN WITH FURS: I have to go. But I can't find a cab. I can't seem to find any transportation.

MARISOL: You’re not listening! There’s no transportation; forget that; the city’s gone. You have to help me. We have to go south together and protect each other.

(Marisol grabs the Woman With Furs’s arm roughly, trying to pull her offstage. The Woman With Furs seems to snap out of her trance and pull back. The Woman With Furs is suddenly shaking, tearful, like a caged animal.)

WOMAN WITH FURS: Oh God, I thought you were a nice person!

MARISOL (Grabbing the Woman): I am a nice person, but I’ve had some bad luck—

WOMAN WITH FURS (Struggling): Oh God, you’re hurting me—

MARISOL (Letting go): No, no, no, I’m okay; I don’t belong out here; I have a job in publishing; I’m middle—

WOMAN WITH FURS (Freaking out, pointing at golf club): Oh please don’t kill me like that barbarian killed Marisol Perez! (Marisol lets the Woman With Furs go. The Woman With Furs is almost crying.)

MARISOL: I’m not what you think.

WOMAN WITH FURS: . . . Oh God, why did I have to buy that fucking hat?! God . . . God . . . why?

MARISOL: Please. June’s not used to the street, she’s an indoor animal, like a cat . . .

OPTION II

WOMAN WITH FURS: A lot of things can't happen that are happening. Everyone I know’s had terrible luck this year. Losing condos. Careers cut in half. Ending up on the street. I thought I’d be immune. I thought I’d be safe.

MARISOL: This is going to sound crazy. But I think I know why this is happening. (The Woman With Furs looks at Marisol, suddenly very afraid.)

WOMAN WITH FURS: No. No. (The Woman With Furs tries to get away from Marisol. Marisol stops her.)

MARISOL: It’s angels, isn’t it? It’s the war.

WOMAN WITH FURS (Panicking): God is great! God is good! It didn’t happen! It didn’t happen! I dreamed it! I lied!

MARISOL: It did! It happened to me!
WOMAN WITH FURS: I'm not going to talk about this! You're going to think I'm crazy too! You’re going to tell the Citibank MasterCard people where I am so they can pick me up and torture me some more!

MARISOL: I wouldn't! (The Woman With Furs grabs the golf club out of Marisol’s hand.)

WOMAN WITH FURS: I know what I'm going to do now. I'm going to turn you in. I'm going to tell the Citibank police you stole my plastic! They'll like me for that. They'll like me a lot. They'll restore my banking privileges! (The Woman With Furs starts swinging wildly at Marisol. Marisol dodges the Woman With Furs.)

MARISOL: I am not an animal! I am not a barbarian! I don't fight at this level!

WOMAN WITH FURS (Swinging): Welcome to the new world order, babe!

MONOLOGUE:

WOMAN WITH FURS: There is no protection. I just got out of hell. Last month, I was two hundred dollars over my credit card limit because I bought a hat on sale. And you know they're cracking down on that kind of thing. I used to do it all the time. It didn't matter. But now it matters. Midnight. The police came. Grabbed me out of bed, waving my credit statement in my face, my children screaming, they punched my husband in the stomach. I told them I was a lawyer! With a house in Cos Cob! And personal references a mile long! But they hauled me to this . . . huge windowless brick building in Brooklyn . . . where they tortured me . . . they . . .

RADIO/SUBWAY ANNOUNCER

SUBWAY ANNOUNCER: . . . and a pleasant evening to all the ladies. 180th Street will be the next and last stop. Step lively, guard your valuables, trust no one.

RADIO VOICE: . . . sources indicate the president's psychics believe they know where the moon has gone to. They claim to see the moon hovering over the orbit of Saturn, looking lost. Pentagon officials are considering plans to spend billions on a space tug to haul the moon back to earth. The tug would attach a long chain to the moon so it never strays from its beloved earth again. One insider has been quoted as saying the White House hopes to raise revenues for Operation Moon Rescue by taxing lunatics. Responding to allegations that cows are giving salty milk because grass is contaminated, government scientists are drafting plans to develop a new strain of cow that lives by eating Astroturf.