

Once Upon An Angel

by Bill Creighton

CHARACTERS
MISTY BLUE (AN ANGEL)
MICHAEL LOGAN

SETTING:

The bedroom in the apartment of Michael Logan. The room is quite large for a bedroom, against one wall is a piano. Opposite the piano, stage left, is a door that opens and closes leading to the rest of the apartment. Various other musical instruments are scattered about the room—some in stands, some hanging from the wall. Toward the rear of the room is a bed, beside that a desk with books scattered about. A large wall window is immediately behind the bed. The room is well decorated, well kept, and well lit.

TIME:

The Present.

A one act play, Scene 1; A late evening, wintertime.

(A single spot rises on MISTY BLUE. After a pause, MISTY begins to speak.)

MISTY BLUE: (Facing the audience) Yes, that I understand. (Pause) I agree. (Pause) I was fifteen, how old is he? (Pause) So young. (Pause) Yes, I understand it to be a privilege, but I— (Pause) It is not your judgement I question, it's the necessity of his death. (Pause) Yes, I will help him to understand.

(Light fades. After a pause, lights rise to a half-dim apartment bedroom. MICHAEL LOGAN enters the room and turns on the lights, revealing MISTY, now in the far corner, to the audience. MICHAEL doesn't notice MISTY until she speaks.)

MISTY: Michael Logan?

MICHAEL (turning in a panic.) Who are you?— Never mind, I know who you are. How'd you get in here?

MISTY: If you know who I am, then you should also know the answer to that question.

MICHAEL: True. (Pause) Do you want what I think you do?

MISTY: If you are Michael Logan.

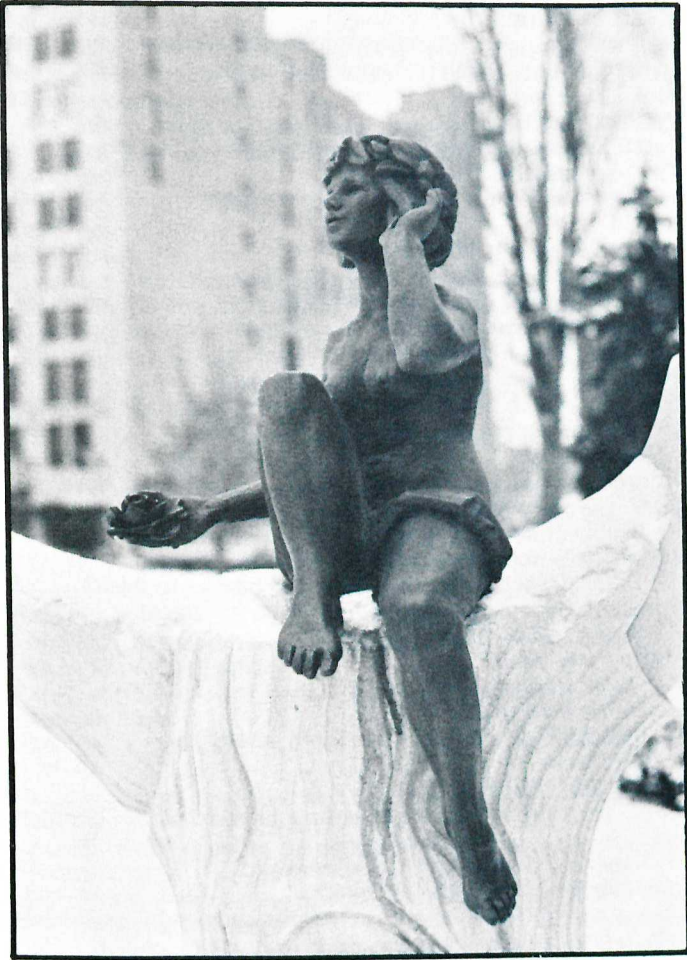
MICHAEL: Oh yeah, 'bout that, there's no one here by that name anymore.

MISTY: Oh, there's not?

MICHAEL: He moved.

MISTY: Where to?

MICHAEL: Kansas.



MISTY: To a farm I suppose? Bad try, Michael. Terrible try. I know who you are.

MICHAEL: Why bother to ask?

MISTY: To see if you'd lie to me.

MICHAEL: What is this, an entrance exam?

MISTY: If it was, you would've failed.

MICHAEL: Too bad. (Moves to window.)

MISTY: What are you looking for?

MICHAEL: I'm not sure. (Pause.) There were signs. I had an idea you were coming, but I'm still looking for anything that'll help prove that you're only a nightmare.

MISTY: A nightmare? Nay child, I am the Angel of the Lord come to take you to your final destination. Rejoice thee in that day, and leap for joy; for, behold, . . . behold, . . . your reward is great in heaven.

MICHAEL: Profound.

MISTY: Thank you, I agree. If, in fact, my speech were to prove too profound for comprehension, I shall be happy to translate.

MICHAEL: Please!

MISTY: Pack your bags.

MICHAEL: What would happen if I wasn't quite ready to go?

MISTY: Everybody has their turn.

MICHAEL: Yeah? Well is it alright if I give up my turn and go last?

MISTY: No.

MICHAEL: Not even a little delay?

MISTY: It's your turn, Michael.

MICHAEL: My turn? That's bullshit. I'm only twenty years old. What happened to my turn at marriage, at having kids, at fun things. Doesn't my turn at dying kind of eliminate everything else?

MISTY: It's not so bad where you're going.

MICHAEL: It's not so bad here either. Matter of fact I kinda like it here.

MISTY: You'll be happy.

MICHAEL: Are You?

MISTY: Well . . . yes.

MICHAEL: But you were happier here.

MISTY: That's not necessarily true.

MICHAEL: That's not necessarily false either.

(MICHAEL softens his tone and pauses to think.)

What's your name?

MISTY: Misty. . . Misty Blue.

MICHAEL: Misty Blue?

MISTY: You don't approve?

MICHAEL: What's it mean?

MISTY: Nothing really, it's just a line from a song.

MICHAEL: Gotcha.

MISTY: You don't like it.

MICHAEL: Yea, I like it, but whatever happened to names like Eternity and Gabriel?

MISTY: They ran out of those a long time ago.

MICHAEL: That many people up there?

MISTY: No, not really. It's been kind of slow lately, but we have been more selective lately—you're lucky you got in.

MICHAEL: Lucky like Bonnie and Clyde.

MISTY: Yes, they got in too.

MICHAEL: Bonnie and Clyde? In Heaven? They're criminals!

MISTY: So was Al Capone, but they all asked to be forgiven.

MICHAEL: (Rises.) Well maybe the boss'll forgive me when I don't show up at those golden gates.

MISTY: That's pearly gates.

MICHAEL: I don't care if it's a picket fence, I'm staying right fucking here!

MISTY: Have you always spoken so rudely in front of women?

MICHAEL: I apologize. . .

MISTY: I accept your apology.

MICHAEL: . . . but I'm still not going.

MISTY: Bullshit!

MICHAEL: Pardon me?

MISTY: You heard me. I said bullshit. Whether you want to or not, you have to come with me.

MICHAEL: Listen Misty Blue—

MISTY: Misty's fine.

MICHAEL: Misty, why can't you go back to where you came from and explain to them that . . . I don't know, tell them there's been a mistake. Tell them there's been a computer error.

MISTY: Are you kidding? We don't use computers.

MICHAEL: Then tell them their heads are fucked up.

MISTY: Michael!

MICHAEL: Sorry. Tell them—

MISTY: Michael . . .

MICHAEL: What?

MISTY: . . . I can't go back without you.

MICHAEL: What do you mean? What if I go without you?

MISTY: You can't.

MICHAEL: I can't die without you?

MISTY: You can't get to heaven without me, I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight.

MICHAEL: You better get started if you're going before me.

MISTY: I'm not leaving without you.

MICHAEL: Then it's settled, you can stay here with me.

MISTY: (Laughing, impressed with his efforts.) Michael, I can't stay here with you.

MICHAEL: Why? Don't you like me?

MISTY: Sure I—

MICHAEL: I can change, I'll even read the Bible.

MISTY: No, it's not that. I have a job to do.

MICHAEL: A job to do? What job?

MISTY: The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

MICHAEL: Misty. . .

MISTY: What?

MICHAEL: . . . you go around and tell people that they're about to die.

MISTY: So?

MICHAEL: So who's going to be disappointed if you don't show up?

MISTY: (Hurt) Thanks.

MICHAEL: (Rising and moving toward her.) I'm sorry Misty, but in the popularity polls you rank right up there with Jack the Ripper and Richard Nixon. (Moving past Misty, Michael unintentionally brushes against her breast. She in turn slaps him.)

MISTY: Michael!

MICHAEL: I'm sorry! I didn't mean to! You're an angel, I didn't think I could touch you. How was I supposed to know you had boobs? I mean, I knew you had boobs, but I didn't think that they were real . . . touchable boobs.

MISTY: I'm no ghost, of course you can touch them.

MICHAEL: I can?

MISTY: No! That's not what I meant. I meant yes, they are touchable—a physical presence.

MICHAEL: You can say that again.

MISTY: I can't believe this! You're supposed to be dead and on your way out, and instead we're talking about my boobs!

MICHAEL: Now isn't this much more fun?

MISTY: Michael, you're making this hard.

MICHAEL: I know what you mean.

MISTY: Michael, this is serious.

MICHAEL: How serious?

MISTY: More serious than you're taking it.

MICHAEL: I'm sorry Misty, but understand, if I have to die, there's nothing I'd like more than to go to heaven. But at this particular time in my life, death isn't one of the things I'd like to experience.

MISTY: I don't mean to make you feel normal, but there aren't many people who do want to.

MICHAEL: Maybe you're right. Maybe I would like it, but until you came here I wasn't even sure there was a heaven—I'm still not convinced this isn't a bad dream, now you want me to go to a better place when I'm more than happy right where I am. I have faith enough in a God to let it be a part of my life—honoring my mother and father, not stealing, not committing adultery. Doesn't that entitle me to some right of self-preservation?

MISTY: I understand Michael—

MICHAEL: I'm only twenty years old—I've got a lot going for me.

MISTY: I understand. I was only fifteen when I was called into service. That's why they sent me; they thought you'd cause problems.

MICHAEL: Fifteen?

MISTY: Five days before my sixteenth birthday.

MICHAEL: How old are you now?

MISTY: Very.

MICHAEL: Only as old as the song you're named after.

MISTY: Very observant.

MICHAEL: So how old are you?

MISTY: Many years older than you, young one.

MICHAEL: Oh, you're so intimidating.

MISTY: I should be.

MICHAEL: Misty, the only thing intimidating about you are your. . . physical presences.

MISTY: It's obvious to me that you have no capability, in that small mind of yours, for respecting a woman's mind.

MICHAEL: That's not true.

MISTY: Oh no?

MICHAEL: I can't help but respect a woman who's met kings and queens, presidents, and all kinds of stars.

MISTY: Thank you.

MICHAEL: Bet they were happy as shit to meet you.

MISTY: Enough!

MICHAEL: I'm sorry, I couldn't help it.

MISTY: Actually, I haven't met very many people.

MICHAEL: You're new at this?

MISTY: Very.

MICHAEL: A little unsure?

MISTY: Yes.

MICHAEL: Content?

MISTY: What?

MICHAEL: Do you like what you're doing?

MISTY: Would you like this job?

MICHAEL: Oh, looks like I've hit a sensitive area.

MISTY: A little bit.

MICHAEL: I won't push it. (Pause) What's your favorite color?

MISTY: White.

MICHAEL: Stupid question.

MISTY: Actually there's not many of us whose favorite color is white.

MICHAEL: Probably cause it makes 'em look pale.

MISTY: Very funny. . . get ready we're leaving.
MICHAEL: (Moving to the piano.) Can't, I have to practice.
MISTY: Don't worry, you'll have lots of time. (Pause) Michael, I don't know why you think you can just say "No thanks."
MICHAEL: No thanks please?
MISTY: It's not like I'm here to ask you out.
MICHAEL: Fantastic idea! I got cash. We can go anywhere you like—sound good?
MISTY: Michael, I told you I have a job to do.
MICHAEL: Sound good or not?
MISTY: Yes it sounds good, but—
MICHAEL: What would happen?
MISTY: What would happen what?
MICHAEL: If you stayed here— just for a while.
MISTY: What?
MICHAEL: Just for a little while.
MISTY: Michael . . .
MICHAEL: What would happen?
MISTY: It's only happened once before.
MICHAEL: And what happened?
MISTY: Familiar with the name Lucifer?
MICHAEL: Oh. (Pause) Can't you take a vacation or a leave of absence?
MISTY: This isn't K-mart, dummy. This isn't a job I applied for.
MICHAEL: Can't you just ask real nice if you can stick around for a while?
MISTY: That I could do.
MICHAEL: Seriously?
MISTY: People have asked for more impossible things.
MICHAEL: Nothing is impossible for God.
MISTY: I'll pray for you.
MICHAEL: Pray? I don't mean pray. I mean walk up and ask; use some clout. I been sayin' my prayers all along and look what kind of mess I'm in.
MISTY: First of all, Michael, I pray in respect of my Lord just like everyone, and, may I add, you are in no mess.
MICHAEL: I'm afraid we disagree strongly on that one vital point.
MISTY: And who knows better?
MICHAEL: (Long pause) At least say some heavyweight prayers.
MISTY: Promise.
MICHAEL: If you stick around, I'll make dinner here. I'll even do the dishes.
MISTY: Why are you doing this?
MICHAEL: Doing what?
MISTY: Treating me like I'm a normal person.
MICHAEL: Aren't you?
MISTY: No, Michael, I'm not. Open your eyes.
MICHAEL: You talk don't you?
MISTY: Yes.
MICHAEL: Walk?
MISTY: Of course.
MICHAEL: Sleep?
MISTY: On occasion.
MICHAEL: Make love?
MISTY: I beg your pardon?
(Misty picks up a pillow from off of the bed and moves toward Michael ready to strike.)
MICHAEL: Just curious! God, you take everything so seriously! **Gosh**, you take

everything so seriously.

MISTY: What do you mean "curious?"

MICHAEL: Just that! I was wrong about your. . . physical presence, so I was curious to see if angels might have . . . the capability.

MISTY: That will never be any of your business.

MICHAEL: It will if I'm going to heaven.

MISTY: There's no "if" in that sentence, you are going.

MICHAEL: I like it when you act stern.

MISTY: (Pause) I'm not very consistent am I?

MICHAEL: Not at all, but that's what makes you unpredictable. (Pause) Well?

MISTY: Well what?

MICHAEL: Can you make love or not?

MISTY: Michael!

MICHAEL: You can't can you? You can't, and you're too embarrassed to admit it.

MISTY: It's part of being an angel.

MICHAEL: The worst part I hope.

MISTY: Unless you're afraid of heights.

MICHAEL: No way.

MISTY: Yes.

MICHAEL: You have to be kidding.

MISTY: I wish I were.

MICHAEL: This is a joke, isn't it? You aren't an angel, you can't be. An angel who's scared of heights—a horny angel who's scared of heights.

MISTY: Who said anything about being horny?

MICHAEL: I can see it in your eyes.

MISTY: You have a gift.

MICHAEL: And what is that?

MISTY: You can be such an asshole.

MICHAEL: At least I'm a consistent asshole.

MISTY: No arguments here.

MICHAEL: Look Misty, I'm sorry.

MISTY: Then why are you still laughing?

MICHAEL: I can't help it.

MISTY: You're playing with the wrong woman little boy.

MICHAEL: There it is again! Say some more please!

MISTY: That's it!

(Misty strikes Michael repeatedly with the pillow.)

MICHAEL: Ow! Blessed are the meek!

MISTY: (Each time she hits him.) Bless you, bless you, bless you. . .

MICHAEL: Oh that was real funny. That how I'm supposed to die?—at the hands of a horny angel with a feather pillow?

MISTY: If it could only be my pleasure.

MICHAEL: Ouch! Enough! That's it, just for that I'm not gonna do the dishes!

MISTY: Don't sweat it, I never planned on staying.

MICHAEL: That's a lie. You know you wanted to stay.

MISTY: Don't flatter yourself.

MICHAEL: Over who?

MISTY: This most beautiful angel.

MICHAEL: I must've missed that vote.

MISTY: Don't worry, you won't miss the next one.

MICHAEL: I tell you what you're gonna miss. . . me!

MISTY: Dark humor, Michael. You know what else you're going to miss, don't you?

MICHAEL: What now?

MISTY: Your twenty-first birthday.

MICHAEL: Very funny. You're having a good day, aren't you?

MISTY: Until I got here.

MICHAEL: Don't act like I'm keeping you!

MISTY: Don't act like I want to be here!

MICHAEL: Then why are you here?

MISTY: The Lord God has, somewhat questionably, chosen to open unto thee his good treasure.

MICHAEL: In disguise obviously.

MISTY: I have less desire to be here than you do to have me here.

MICHAEL: Then leave!

MISTY: Pride allows me no need to be asked twice.

MICHAEL: Great!

MISTY: And I'll tell you something Michael Logan, . . .no, no I won't.

MICHAEL: What were you going to tell me? That I've been deemed unworthy?

MISTY: If only it were up to me. As far as I'm concerned, you can go hell!
(Misty slams the door as she leaves.)

MICHAEL: (Yelling after her.) Coming from you I find that hard to take seriously! Virgin! (Pause) If face to face with death, try and piss her off.
(Michael moves back toward the piano, mumbling to himself. Moments pass before Misty re-enters in a huff.)

MISTY: Did you really think it was going to be that easy? No way, not for you. Nothing's going to be easy—

MICHAEL: Don't you know how to knock?

MISTY: Knock? Are you too stupid to realize who you're talking to? I'll show you knock! I'll knock on your fat head!

(Misty moves toward Michael as if to hit him with her fist. Michael raises his hands in surrender.)

MICHAEL: (Laughing.) Okay! Okay! I'm sorry. (Misty remains ready to strike.) Honest! (Pause) Oh come on, look at yourself.

MISTY: (Pause) I look pretty stupid, huh? (Michael nods in agreement while laughing softly. Misty moves back to sit on the bed.)

MISTY: (Long pause) You know what?

MICHAEL: What?

MISTY: It's not that I'm not supposed to make love, or be in love, I can. It's that I've never had the chance. It's one of the few things I've never gotten to experience—love, I mean. I love my fellow beings and my Lord, but that's different.

MICHAEL: Don't worry, you're not missing much.

MISTY: I believed that, I really did. But when I saw you, I wasn't so sure anymore. You seem different. Love for life burns so brightly in your eyes, bright like I've never seen. I belong here, yet I feel out of place. (Pause) Right people, wrong time. . . wrong dimension.

MICHAEL: Maybe. (Pause) Hungry?

MISTY: Yes.

MICHAEL: Stay for dinner?

MISTY: Okay, then we're leaving.

MICHAEL: We'll see. (Michael gets up and starts to move.)

MISTY: Hey!

MICHAEL: What?

MISTY: You're doing the dishes.

MICHAEL: Of course.

(Lights fade.)