

Angels in America

Act II, Scene 7

Joe: Can I...?

Louis: Oh sure, sure. Crazy cold sun.

Joe: Have to make the best of it. How is your friend?

Louis: My...? Oh, He's worse. My friend is worse.

Joe: I'm sorry.

Louis: Yeah, well. Thanks for asking. It's nice. You're nice. I can't believe you voted for Reagan.

Joe: I hope he gets better.

Louis: Reagan?

Joe: Your friend.

Louis: He won't. Neither will Reagan.

Joe: Let's not talk politics, OK?

Louis: (pointing to Joe's lunch) You're eating there of those?

Joe: Well...I'm...hungry.

Louis: They're really terrible for you. Full of rat-poo and beetle legs and wood shavings 'n' shit.

Joe: Huh.

And... um... irridium, I think. Something toxic.

Joe: You're eating one.

Louis: Well, the shape, I can't help myself, plus I'm trying to commit suicide, what's your excuse?

Joe: I don't have an excuse. I just have Pepto-Bismol. (takes a bottle of Pepto-Bismo and chugs it.) Yeah I know but then I wash id down with Coke. (He does this. Louis mimes barfing in Joe's lap.) Are you always like this?

Louis: I've been worrying a lot about his kids.

Joe: Whose?

Louis: Reagan's Maureen and Like and little orphan Patti and Miss Ron Reagan Jr., the you-should-pardon-the-expression heterosexual.

Joe: Ron Reagan Jr. is not.... You shouldn't just make these assumption about people. How do you know? About him? What he is? You don't know.

Louis: Well darling he never sucked my cock but...

Joe: Look, if you're going to get vulgar...

Louis: No no really man.... What's it like to be the child of the Zeitgeist? To have the American Animus as your dad? It's not really a family, the Reagans, I read People, there aren't any connection there, no love, they don't ever even speak to each other except through their agents. So what's is like to be Reagan's kid? Enquiring minds want to know.

Joe: You can't believe everything you...

Louis: But... I think we all know what that's like. Nowadays. No connections. No responsibilities. All of us...falling through the cracks that separate what we owe to ourselves and... and what we owe to love.

Joe: You just... Whatever you feel like saying or doing, you don't care, you just... do it.

Louis: Do what?

Joe: It. Whatever. Whatever it is you want to do.

Louis: Are you trying to tell me something?

(little pause, sexual)

Joe: No, I'm just observing that you...

Louis: Impulsive.

Joe: Yes, I mean it must be scary, you...

Louis: Land of the free. Home of the brave. Call me Irresponsible.

Joe: It's kind of terrifying.

Louis: Yeah, well, freedom is. Heartless too.

Joe: Oh you're not heartless.

Louis: You don't know. Finish your weenie.

(He pats Joe on the knee, starts to leave.)

Joe: Um.

(Louis turns.)

Joe: Yesterday was Sunday. But I've been a little unfocused recently and I thought it was Monday. SO I came here like I was going to work. And the whole place was empty. And at first I couldn't figure out why, and I had this moment of incredible...fear and also...It just flashed through my mind: The whole Hall of Justice, it's empty, it's deserted, it's gone out of business. Forever. The people that make it run have up and abandoned it.

Louis: Creepy.

Joe: Well yes but. I felt that I was going to scream. Not because it was creepy, but because the emptiness felt so fast. And...well, good. A happy scream. I just wondered what a thing that would be...if overnight everything you owe anything to, justice, or love had really gone away, Free. It would be... heartless terror. Yes. Terrible, and...Very great. To shed your skin, every old skin, one by one and then walk away, unencumbered, into the morning. (little pause.) I can't go in there today.

Louis: Then don't.

Joe: I can't go in, I need...I can't be this anymore. I need... a change, I should just...

Louis: What some company? For whatever?

(pause)

Louis: Sometimes, even if it scares you to death, you have to be willing to break the law. Know what I mean?

(pause)

Joe: Yes.

Louis: I moved out. I moved out on my... I haven't been sleeping well.

Joe: Me either.

(Louis licks his napkin and dabs at Joe's mouth.)

Louis: Antacid moustache. Maybe the court won't convene. Ever again. Maybe we are free. To do whatever. Children of the new morning, criminal minds. Selfish and greedy and loveless and blind. Reagan's Children. You're scared. SO am I. Everybody is in the land of the free. God help us all.