

Angel Prayers

by

Joseph Arnone

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Cast of Characters

MILANI:

Teens

SEAMUS:

Teens

Place

Connecticut

Time

Any

Setting: Woods.

At Rise: Milani sits on a log in the middle of a forest.

Milani: *(to herself)* Angels...where's my angel? They say it's my mother's brother but he must be crazy to look out for me...how can an angel keep up? How can an angel, *my* angel not get tired of my behavior?

...I should pray for my angel instead. I should care more about him than he does for me. Is he getting enough sleep? Does he even need to sleep where he is? Does he stress over the bad choices I've made? Does he cry for me when I cry? Bleed when I bleed?

What made him choose me? *(beat)* I don't deserve to have an angel...not sure if he can even make a difference...I wonder if he hears me, when I try speaking to him...I wish I knew.

(talking aloud) Do you hear me Uncle Edward? Do you ever listen? *(beat)* *(to herself)* Maybe if there was a sign, if there was some way he could show me that he's real, maybe then I can believe; maybe then I will be strong enough to be better.

Seamus: Milani??

Milani: Seamus?

Seamus: What, what are you doing here?

Milani: This is my spot.

Seamus: So deep in the woods?

Milani nods.

Who were you talking too?

Milani: I wasn't talking to anybody.

Seamus: I thought I heard you talking, though.

Milani: I was talking out loud to myself, I suppose.

Seamus: Why?

Milani: Don't you ever talk to yourself?

Seamus: No.

Milani: Do you think it's weird that I do?

Seamus: ...Not really.

Milani: I'm not crazy, you know.

Seamus: No, I know, I don't---

Milani: Just cause I talk outside myself sometimes, don't make me a light brain. It's a way to organize.

Seamus: What you organizing?

Milani: My mind.

Seamus: *(beat)* Teach me.

Milani: There's nothing to learn, you just talk to yourself.

Seamus: Talk to...*me*?

Milani: That's the only way.

Seamus: *(to himself)* Hello, Seamus. *(beat)* *(to Milani)* I feel stupid.

Milani: It's not for everyone.

Seamus: Hmm. *(beat)* What were you saying to yourself?

Milani: It's private.

Seamus: Oh.

Milani: What are you doing this far into the woods?

Seamus: I go on adventure walks.

Milani: All alone?

Seamus: Yeah. *(beat)* This spot is a pretty good spot.

Milani: You like it?

Seamus: Yeah, actually.

Milani: We can share it.

Seamus sits alongside Milani.

Seamus: So quiet.

Milani: I love it.

Seamus: Me, too.

Milani: I love not hearing anything but the occasional breeze against the trees.

Seamus: Hmm. *(beat)* You ain't ever afraid?

Milani: Afraid of what?

Seamus: Being out here alone. You don't get spooked?

Milani: Nah. I feel at home here...more so than my own house.

Seamus: Ha! Yeah, I know what you mean.

Milani: Where have you gone on your adventure walks?

Seamus: Oh, I've gone as far as Huggins Creek.

Milani: That far out?

Seamus: Yep.

(pause.)

Can I be honest with you?

Milani: Okay.

Seamus: I have an angel, too.

Milani: You what?

Seamus: I heard you earlier.

Milani: Were you listening in on me?

Seamus: I was.

Milani: That ain't right, Seamus.

Seamus: I couldn't help it. I was nosy but didn't mean to---I didn't know it was private talk. But I just want you to know that I have an angel, also.

Milani: I'm not happy with you.

Seamus:...You want me to leave?

Milani: ...No, but---it's fine. *(beat)* Who's your angel?

Seamus: I've seen him. It's a him.

Milani: How? Where?

Seamus: He was hiding behind a tree once and caught my eye.

Milani: Are you making fun of me?

Seamus: Absolutely not.

Milani: What makes you so sure what you saw was an angel?

Seamus: Well, I found this...

Seamus pulls out a large white feather from his pocket.

You see? I went and looked behind the tree and what I found was this feather.

Milani takes the feather. She holds it and smells it.

Milani: Is this real?

Seamus: Of course it's real. I keep it in my pocket for good luck on my adventure walks but when I get back home I put it in my red lock box under my bed where I keep other cool things like my coin collection and comics and things.

Milani: Can you show me the tree?

Seamus: Sure. Not far from here...

Milani and Seamus walk.

Milani: Maybe we all have an angel...

Seamus: ...maybe some people just ignore theirs.

Milani: Yeah, but every time I don't, I always sense something around me, I can't really explain that feeling but I feel *something*. Like just before I saw you, I sensed something.

Seamus: Like a presence?

Milani: Yeah, exactly...a presence, and all those bad feelings go away, like all that panic, what do people call it? Anxiety?

Milani (cont'd): My Mother use to have these panic attacks, she said it was all caused from her *anxiety*. Well, all those feelings kinda leaves my body and I just feel more calm, you know? I just hope it's all real.

Seamus: Yeah, me too...

Milani: Like, what if it ain't real? What if there were no angels? What then? I mean, that's a scary thought...with all the bad things we hear in the world...it'd just be so scary to not have any angels to protect us, wouldn't it?

Seamus: I think I couldn't live that long if I really believed there weren't anything else out there...

Milani: Yeah, yeah I guess you're right. It just puts all the bad in the world into perspective, don't it? Like, they ain't ever gonna get away with all the bad things they've done, cause they'll be something meeting them on their way out, that's it, they'll be karma to get em'...the angels will make sure of it.

Seamus: Exactly...there's the tree – that's where I found it.

During this moment, the sun breaks through the forest, illuminating the large oak tree.

Milani: Oh it's beautiful, just beautiful.

END OF PLAY