

F'All

By Ryan McFadyen
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For Brendon and Molly.

When I find myself in times of trouble,
Mother Mary comes to me,
Speaking words of wisdom,
Let it be.

The Beatles, of course

LIST OF CHARACTERS

- ANGEL 23 years old. Thinks he is an angel.
- STATION 23 years old. Angel's flatmate, aiming to be top of his field in his a career as a kid's book salesman.
- JESUS Age unknown. Their new next door neighbour.
- RICKI Counsellor to everyone everywhere.
- NUDIE GIRLS Station's playing cards.
- JESUS' DAD
- STATION'S BOSS
- A POLICEMAN
- A POLICEWOMAN
- A LANDLORD

Scenes are divided so that the piece can be staged with four performers - two women and two men - covering all ten of the roles. The roles break down as follows;

MALE	MALE	FEMALE	FEMALE
Station	Angel	Ricki	Jesus
Policeman	Station's Boss	Nudie Girls	
Jesus' Dad	Landlord	Policewoman	

PRELUDE

ANGEL teeters on the edge of a chair, hoping any second he will lift off and fly. He is in a shaft of light.

STATION (voice over) When you're falling asleep, and just before you wake up, there is a space where God lives. I don't mean that as if it should be frightening, because it's not. But in between falling asleep and dreaming, and dreaming and being awake, it's just that place where you don't know where you are, and that it's possible you could be everywhere. And that's what God is. That's what the feeling of God is. Belonging to something.

RICKI is revealed somewhere near ANGEL. She resembles Ricki Lake in her dress and stance. She has just arrived, carries a manilla folder. She takes in her surroundings, then flicks through the folder. As she does...

RICKI: Do you really think you're an angel?

ANGEL: Well..I...yes.

RICKI: And you're sure you're not crazy?

ANGEL: Definitely. Probably, at least.

RICKI: And how did you arrive at this?

ANGEL: Well, at first I thought it was just a metaphor. People would say to me 'oh, you're an angel'- nothing to suggest the supernatural or even slightly lofty at all. Then I had...I dunno...hints that there might be something in it. Do you know what I mean?

RICKI: Not really, but I'll try to stick with you.

ANGEL: Look, basically, weird stuff happened which could probably could have been rationalised away or had excuses made for it, but I decided to assume that it wasn't coincidence or accident. Or boring, human, everyday stuff, right. I decided to assume they really were signs from Him.

RICKI: Right.

ANGEL: Until one day I said, like I meant it but without entirely believing it, 'I am an angel'.

RICKI: And did anything change after that?

ANGEL: Well. I guess I..um..I feel safer when I know that I really am under the direction of a higher purpose. It gives me a protection I haven't felt before. So I keep saying it in case it stops.

RICKI: Hmm. I got it. So, if you were an angel, what do you think your responsibilities would be?

ANGEL: Well, I think it would mean being generally polite towards everyone, helping whenever I can, allowing myself to be helpful and being compassionate. Whenever I can.

RICKI: And you feel that by having these qualities it will, or in fact, does...make you an angel?

ANGEL: Well, I guess... no. See, I think now that those things are just the basics of being a person. They don't really begin to touch on what being an angel really is.

RICKI: And what is an angel, truly?

THE FIRST DAY

Choric music plays

We are in the kitchen/ living room of ANGEL and STATION's flat.

It is a one bedroomed flat, with bedroom and bathroom through a door to the right of the stage. It is one of several identical apartments, in a high-rise apartment block in Mount Victoria. The kitchen dates to the late seventies, orange formica everything. There is a row of cupboards under the sink and a mediocre view from a small kitchen window. In the centre of the room is a large kitchen table, also formica. To the right of the room is the lounge area, with a large comfortable couch that ANGEL uses as a bed. There is a TV in front of the couch. The front door is on the left side of the stage, and is the only way out of the house.

ANGEL sits at the kitchen table, a pair of home-made giant wings in front of him. The music is deafening. STATION stands with a letter in his hand, he is shouting something at ANGEL but we can't hear it. ANGEL is watching the television, attempting to be oblivious. STATION switches off the TV and the music stops. STATION is white with shock. ANGEL shifts uncomfortably, tries to look peaceful.

STATION: What is this?

ANGEL: Hmm?

STATION: Our rent is a month overdue.

ANGEL: Oh, um, yep?

STATION: Well, what happened? Why hasn't our money transferred?

ANGEL is silent.

STATION: Where's the flat account?

STATION searches through drawers looking for it. ANGEL takes it out from under his bum, where he has been hiding it. STATION sees it, takes it off him. He reads the account, the balance shows an overdrawn number.

STATION: (shaking) There's..there's nothing in here. Where's our rent money?

ANGEL: I paid the rent with...some of it.

STATION: What do you mean 'some of it'?

ANGEL: And I used some of it to buy some things I needed.

STATION: Like?

ANGEL: Food, a jumper, some material, some chicken wire. I gave some of it to charities.

STATION: You'd better be fucking joking.

ANGEL: Nope.

STATION: So. Then. Well. OK. When are you going to pay the rent back?

ANGEL: Soon.

STATION: Soon is not an answer. Soon is not a time. At what time are you paying the rent?

ANGEL: I don't know!

STATION: You don't know?

ANGEL: He didn't say, exactly.

STATION: What? Who didn't say?

ANGEL: God.

STATION: God?

ANGEL: God. He hasn't said when he just said...no, wait...(ANGEL closes his eyes for a second) Friday, by Friday. By the end of the week.

STATION: God says you'll pay the rent by the end of the week?

ANGEL: (very pleased with himself) Yes.

STATION has really lost the plot. He thinks he might be sick. He sits down and tries to grasp the situation.

ANGEL: You don't have to worry about it, everything's alright. I'm a full-time

angel now, there's nothing to worry about.

STATION: I...I don't understand. What happened to your job?

ANGEL: What job?

STATION: Your job at Work and Income New Zealand, your nice morning job. Your perfectly secure job...at the office...your job.

ANGEL: Oh, that job. I quit that ages ago.

STATION Ages...ago...

ANGEL: Yes, one, two...five weeks ago. I left.

STATION: But where do you work now?

ANGEL: I told you, I'm a full-time angel. I'm working for the Big Man. The Big Cheese. The Head Honcho. Mr. Whole-Lotta-Love. I'm waiting for a sign. I'm in preparation for something. He didn't say what, but it's gonna be big big big. Bigger than Diana. Could even be Armageddon. Don't know. But big. You've gotta make sacrifices for something as big as that. My job, well it was fine, but I wasn't supposed to be at Income Support, I wasn't helping enough people. I needed to be out here where I'm useful.

STATION: Who told you that?

ANGEL: God did. Well, I think it was God. Or maybe another angel, somewhere up in the hierarchy. I wouldn't like to try and label it. I guess you could say I had a spiritual calling, like..like a vision.

STATION: (looking decidedly ill) I don't understand.

Time passes.

It is night time. STATION is sitting on the couch, talking to RICKI. The television is on. ANGEL can be heard offstage brushing his teeth in the bathroom.

STATION: What does he mean he's an angel?

RICKI: He could be crazy.

STATION: How can you just 'forget' about the rent? How can you quit your job

and not tell someone for five weeks? How can you quit your job for that matter?

RICKI: People do it all the time.

STATION: Only the ones who can't stick at anything. You know, I sold three copies of 'Benny the Brown Bear' before ten o'clock this morning? And I set up a meeting with Carol from the Karori Kindy about them possibly purchasing the entire 'Sam the Truck' series. I'm well on my way to a very substantial bonus. And there are people who look down on the job I do. At least I've got a pride in my product. Children's books help thousands of people, you know. Dyslexics and things.

RICKI: And you think that if you can stick to your job, then he should have stuck to his, right?

STATION: You have to fight to have a job. It's survival. I'd kill for my job if I came to it. I'm a survivor in the business world. A Tiger of a Salesman.

RICKI: Who taught you that?

STATION: The advisors from work. At the Team Skills Building Weekend.

RICKI: Really?

STATION: I'm getting a headache.

STATION lies down on the couch, puts a pillow over his head. ANGEL emerges from the bathroom, sees STATION on the couch. Smiles. He exits to sleep in STATION's room. RICKI is confused and annoyed. She takes a cigarette out and picks up the phone, doesn't dial.

RICKI: (into phone) Yeah, hi it's me...look, I'm out on this job and I've...fuck I don't know what's happened but I think I've been given the wrong story here. Yeah. Yeah angels. What do you know about it? Nothing. Right. No...no problem, I'll just have to wing it. If you find anything lying around could you send it through, Gabs must have just left a couple of pages out in her rush to get out of the office. Ta, appreciate it. Hey how did we go with those refugees?...oh, bummer. Okey doke, I'll see you in a few days. Yeah. Happy Easter to you too. Ciao.

She hangs up.

THE SECOND DAY

ANGEL and STATION's flat.

STATION lies on couch, asleep. We hear an alarm clock ringing from off. ANGEL's arm comes through the door to the bedrooms, places alarm clock on the ground in the lounge. Arm retreats. STATION wakes with a start and rugby tackles the alarm clock, switching it off. STATION has woken up with a headachy flu. He goes to the fridge and takes out a bottle of water. STATION walks around kitchen, shielding his eyes from the light. Finds a container and empties it. Scrabbles about until he finds some headache pills. Takes them with the water. ANGEL enters and switches on the television, which plays annoyingly joyous music, he leaves and re-enters with a comb and garish tie. Combs STATION's hair and changes his tie while STATION sits with his hand over his eyes. Hands STATION a lunchbox and briefcase and waits for him to go. STATION takes his hand off his eyes and quickly runs to the bathroom. Is sick.

Time passes.

ANGEL is on the telephone to STATION'S BOSS.

ANGEL: The flu, yes. I kn...I know that. Yes, he said he was very sorry to have to miss the Power Team Mission Briefing Thing tonight. Yes... and the new book launch. Yes and the video special. Yes. Mmmm. That too, very much.

STATION: (from off) Especially.

ANGEL: Especially that, did you hear that? Yes. Thank you Mr. Freeman. I will. Yep. Thanks.

Hangs up the phone.

ANGEL: He said that it's alright, Brian is going to sort it all out.

Silence.

ANGEL: So that's good, eh?

Silence.

ANGEL: So you just take it really easy and don't worry about anything, OK?

Silence.

ANGEL: OK, so I'm going out now to help some people if I can find any. I'll be gone until lunchtime. So. So maybe we can watch the talkshows together, eh? Is there anything I can get you while I'm out?

STATION: (offstage) Get a fucking job, you bastard.

ANGEL: (fingers crossed, partly apologetic to God) OK I'll try. OK then I'll see you later.

Silence. ANGEL puts on some small wings, like the children's dress-up kind. ANGEL leaves. STATION comes into the kitchen, carrying a pack of NUDIE GIRL playing cards. Turns down the lights in the kitchen. Clears the kitchen table and puts the cards out in the 'Patience' formation.

STATION: (To cards) Good morning... good morning. Good morning Liz, good morning Naomi, good morning Ruth, Jezebel.

NUDIE GIRLS: Good morning handsome.

STATION: And a special good morning to you, Mary M.

NUDIE GIRLS: What are you up to, sweet thing?

STATION: I have the flu. I'm staying home

NUDIE GIRLS: Not going to work?

STATION: I'm afraid not.

NUDIE GIRLS: You don't look sick

STATION: (defensive) I am, alright?

NUDIE GIRLS: Poor Pumpkin, is there anything we can do?

STATION: No, I'll be alright. And Brian will cover for me. I'll be alright.

NUDIE GIRLS: You're so brave.

STATION: Thank you.

NUDIE GIRLS: So Tiger, have you found yourself a nice grrrl yet?

STATION: No, not yet.

NUDIE GIRLS: Ah, it's always the Don Juan story with you.

STATION: What do you mean?

NUDIE GIRLS: Always such a tease.

STATION: I'm not. Am I?

NUDIE GIRLS: All those poor women missing out on you.

STATION: Oh, not all of them. I've had a few girlfriends.

NUDIE GIRLS: When?

STATION: After I left school. I had a few girlfriends

NUDIE GIRLS: And broke their hearts, right?

STATION: Well...they never seemed to work out. And also they were financially not that good.

NUDIE GIRLS: Whatever do you mean?

STATION: They cost a lot. You know movies and that. The last girl I went out with cost me five hundred and fifteen dollars and fifty three cents, all together.

NUDIE GIRLS: How do you remember that?

STATION: I kept a record. I thought that if I kept receipts for everything, that if it didn't work out that I could send her, like, a bill. At The End, I mean.

NUDIE GIRLS: A bill?

STATION: Yes. Because whatever money I spent on her was my expenses, right? We had an unwritten contract that we would try to be together for the rest of our lives. And I invested five hundred and sixteen dollars and fifty three cents into our relationship on that understanding. If she reneged on that arrangement then she was liable to cover any expenses incurred during our relationship.

NUDIE GIRLS: Uh huh. And where is this girl now?

STATION: Tina? One day she moved to Invercargill and went to work at the Comalco smelter. I called her, sometimes, so her bill went up a bit. But then she wasn't home anymore. Her flatmate said she'd gone to Indonesia with...someone. Or Perth. Somewhere, I don't know. They couldn't give me a forwarding address for her account, so I kept it as a tax write-off.

NUDIE GIRLS: Right. You're really quite a cock, aren't you?

STATION: What?

NUDIE GIRLS: Well, if you're happy-dandy living your life like that then yippie-aye-oh-kae-eh for you Roger Douglas. But darlin', girls aren't stupid. We're not a sort of special rebate for your ego. Seems pretty clear that the reason you aren't with anyone is that you probably don't deserve to be. Money hungry megalomania just isn't attractive to your average gal.

STATION: You can talk about 'average girls', you're all prostitutes and drug addicts selling their bits to be perved at by old men over seedy games of five hundred.

NUDIE GIRLS: Maybe. But we do what we do. And even an idiot could forgive themselves for what we do. It's more interesting that you were the one who bought us. Though really, we all know why that was.

STATION: Why's that?

NUDIE GIRLS: All work and no play makes a dull boy jack.

STATION: What are you picking on me for? I've got a headache.

NUDIE GIRLS: Just a little chat while you play.

STATION: I'm not playing anymore.

Piles the cards up on the table and sits back. There is a loud knock at the door, sounds like a very big person. STATION jumps, gets up and answers it. Behind the door is JESUS. She is wearing overalls and is a little tired.

STATION: Hello.

JESUS: Hello, I've just moved in next door and I just wanted to hang something up but I don't own a hammer, so I was wondering if maybe you had one I could borrow? I'll return it

STATION: I don't know, I don't like lending my tools out to people.

JESUS: I'll take very good care of it.

STATION: I don't know, how do I know you're really my neighbour?

JESUS: You'll just have to believe me.

STATION: I don't believe you.

JESUS: Oh. Well. Alright then. Thank you anyway. Dad Bless You.

JESUS exits. STATION is left alone for a second. He leans out of the front door.

STATION: Excuse me?

JESUS: (offstage) Yes?

STATION: Look, I'm sorry about not lending you a hammer, but it's just that I've lost a lot of really very good tools over the years. It's made me weary of just lending them out willy nilly It's really nothing personal. I'd like to believe you, honestly.

JESUS: What about if I let you see my apartment, would you believe me then?

STATION: I guess so.

JESUS appears at the door again.

JESUS: Come on then, I'll show you.

JESUS and STATION exit. We hear them from offstage.

JESUS: I'm sorry about the mess, I'm just in the middle of moving in, you see.

STATION: Yes I see. You don't own very much, do you?

JESUS: No, I've just left home. I don't really own anything.

STATION: Is that what you want to hang up?

JESUS: Yes. I thought above the table might be nice.

STATION: That's quite big, you'll need a hand.

JESUS: Yes, probably.

STATION: Hmm. Alright then, you can borrow my hammer, but only if you're careful with it.

JESUS: I'll be careful, I promise.

STATION: Hmm. Alright then. But you'll have to be quick.

STATION and JESUS enter. STATION goes over to the sink, starts looking underneath it.

JESUS: And could I have some water? I'm very thirsty.

STATION: There's some in the fridge.

JESUS goes to fridge, takes a bottle of water. Has a large mouthful and finishes the bottle. STATION hits his head on the sink.

STATION: Fucking Jesus.

JESUS almost chokes on her water. Puts the bottle down on the floor.

STATION: (coming out with hammer) Here it is.

JESUS calms herself down again. STATION is oblivious.

STATION: Actually, can I ask you a favour?

JESUS: What?

STATION: Just a little thing. Um. Sort of like as a trade I suppose, for this hammer lend, could I..

JESUS: What?

STATION: Could I just give you a kiss?

JESUS: Oh, hey...

STATION: Just on the cheek.

JESUS: That's what they all say.

STATION: What?

JESUS: Oh fuck it. Yes, alright. But I've got a bad feeling about this.

STATION: What?

JESUS: Deja vu. Forget it. Come on then.

STATION leans over, gives her a kiss on the cheek

JESUS: (mid peck) OK then lets go.

JESUS goes to leave, sees the NUDIE GIRL cards.

JESUS: (to cards) Hey there.

NUDIE GIRLS: Hey.

JESUS and STATION exit. We hear them from offstage.

JESUS: So, can you just hold that up...there and...if I can just get in underneath you...yeah...

STATION: This is very heavy.

JESUS: Tell me about it, I've lugged it a fair way myself. Hold still and I'll make a pencil mark, OK?

STATION: (Straining) Yeah.

JESUS: Have you got a good hold on it?

STATION: (lying) Yeah. Oh, um...careful.

There is a loud crash of something about the size of a crucifix falling to the floor offstage.

Courtney Place.

ANGEL is walking along, talking to RICKI.

ANGEL: I've been walking around all morning and everyone I try to help tells me to stop being nosey. Sometimes I don't know what I'm doing this for.

RICKI: Why do it then?

ANGEL: I don't know. I have to I guess.

RICKI: Why do you have to?

ANGEL: It's my calling, isn't it? It's what I'm here for. We're all put here to do something important.

RICKI: Who said that?

ANGEL: Mum.

RICKI: I think you'll find she said 'it's a sin to waste your talents'.

ANGEL: Yeah.

RICKI: Don't you think she was talking about other talents?

ANGEL: Um. Maybe. I think it was just something she said to scare me into finishing school.

RICKI: And why would she want to do that?

ANGEL: So I could get a good job.

RICKI: Why would she want you to have a good job?

ANGEL: So I could have a nice house like she never had.

RICKI: Why would she want that?

ANGEL: Because she thought it would make me happy, I suppose

RICKI: And why did she want you to be happy?

ANGEL: Because she loves me. I suppose. But...

RICKY: Why did you decide to be an angel?

ANGEL: Because I wanted to feel useful.

RICKY: Hmm.

ANGEL: Because I wanted to be good.

ANGEL and STATION's flat.

STATION enters, dragging a very unmoving JESUS by the arms. Pushes everything off the table. Lays JESUS down flat on it, she falls with her arms out to each side, in a horizontal crucifixion .

STATION: Oh shit. Shit. Shit shit shit shit shit shit don't be dead. No no. You're fine. Bit of a bump. Nothing broken. Nothing too serious. You're fine.

JESUS moans and moves a bit.

STATION: Hello, are you alright? Can you hear me?

JESUS: Thirsty.

STATION: Thirsty. OK. Thirsty. maybe some nice water. Nice, cold water.

STATION goes to the fridge. Takes out what he thinks is a bottle of water, but it is in fact vinegar. He pours some of it onto a kitchen sponge to try to transfer it to JESUS' mouth. He squeezes some of the liquid out. JESUS coughs and splutters.

STATION: (looking at bottle) Vinegar. Shit.

Goes back to the fridge to look for the water.

STATION: I could have sworn there was a bottle of water in here before.
Where's the water bottle?

JESUS half points to the empty water bottle she left on the floor.

JESUS: It is finished.

Loud knocking at the front door. STATION freezes.

STATION: Hello?

LANDLORD: (Off) Hello yerself. Open this door.

STATION: (demure) Uh, who is it?

LANDLORD: It's the Queen of England, son. I've come for me rent money.

STATION: Shit

He looks around frantically for somewhere to hide JESUS. Spots the cupboards under the kitchen sink. Starts stuffing her inside, pots and pans clatter.

STATION: I'm just in the bath..I ...er...

Knocking louder and louder.

STATION: I won't be a second...I'm just taking something out of the oven now...I'm just on the phone, I'll be...er...

Gets JESUS inside. Slams the cupboard door. Turns his back to the cupboard and smiles broadly.

STATION: Coming!

Much later. JESUS is nowhere to be seen. STATION is on the couch, holding his head. ANGEL enters and sees him, RICKI enters behind him.

ANGEL: How's your headache?

STATION groans.

ANGEL: Much better?

STATION: No.

ANGEL: I got you some more Panadol. At the chemist.

STATION: It won't make any difference.

ANGEL: It might help.

STATION: No no no no, it won't help

ANGEL: Why? What's up? Are you depressed again?

.STATION takes a deep breath.

STATION: The landlord just came around. If we don't give him the money he's going to have us evicted.

ANGEL: Oh. That's not good.

STATION: And also there's a woman under our sink.

ANGEL has a quick double take. Goes and looks under the sink.

ANGEL: Oh my goodness.

STATION: She's dead.

ANGEL: Oh my goodness.

STATION: At least, she hasn't seemed to breathe in three hours or so.

There is a pause as ANGEL digests the scene. RICKI is disturbed, looks under the sink herself.

ANGEL: This is it. The sign.

STATION: What sign?

ANGEL: It's the sign from God. It's my mission.

ANGEL feels decidedly unwell. He thinks he might be sick. Sits at the table to steady himself

STATION: I don't think it's a sign from God. I think I killed her when I stuck her under the sink. I probably should have called a doctor. I don't know. I wasn't thinking. And now there's a dead person where the pots were. Which...it's a bit unnerving, really. But I'm not sure that it's a sign from God.

Looks across at ANGEL, who is staring very blankly up through the ceiling.

ANGEL: I don't think I'm ready for this.

Much later that night. STATION is sitting at the kitchen table looking at the cupboards. ANGEL is asleep on the couch.

RICKI: So, what do you plan to do about it?

STATION: I don't know. If she were a goldfish I could flush her down the toilet.

RICKI: But she's not a goldfish.

STATION: No. She's not. Which makes things more difficult for me. Normally when people die I pretend that they've gone away on holiday somewhere nice. Forever. And that they're hopeless at writing and have no phone. Because they're in some hacienda in the middle of the desert. But they're having fun.

RICKI: But this is a bit different, isn't it?

STATION: Yes. She's definitely not having fun. She not even having f.., she's dead. Very very dead.

RICKI: What are you going to do about it?

STATION: I'm going to bed. I'll think about it tomorrow.

STATION leaves. RICKI sits alone, looks up and out through ceiling. Lights a cigarette.

RICKI: (still looking up, long exhale of smoke) Wanker.

THE THIRD DAY

ANGEL asleep on the couch. He wakes up, takes in his surroundings. Goes and turns on the kettle. Goes under the sink to get some cups out, sees JESUS. Quickly closes cupboard and uses two dirty cups from the sink to make a cup of tea. STATION returns with a bottle of wine, some sardines in a tin and a wallet.

STATION: Good morning.

ANGEL: Mmmppfff. There..ah, there really is a dead person under our sink, isn't there?

STATION: Yes.

ANGEL: Mmm. Thought so.

STATION is looking through the wallet, takes out some very unusual credit cards.

ANGEL: So, I'm sorry to bring this up so, er, so early in the morning, but, well, what should we do about it?

STATION: (not paying attention) Do?

ANGEL: What are we going to do about the dead person under our sink? We shouldn't really leave her there.

STATION: What else should we do?

ANGEL: We could call the Police.

STATION: I tried. I got hung up on twice because they thought I was a prank caller, and the third time they said they would send a squad car, but they haven't yet.

ANGEL: When did you call them?

STATION: Before. Earlier.

ANGEL: I'll call them again, eh?

STATION: Do you think I'm lying about calling them?

ANGEL: No. I don't. I just, I think I should give them another call, just in

case.

STATION: There's no point. They'll send a car soon.

ANGEL: But...

STATION: For fuck's sake...

STATION looks like he could do something violent if he's pushed. ANGEL changes tack.

ANGEL: What have you got?

STATION: It's her wallet. I got it from next door. I'm trying to find a contact address to get in touch with her family. In want to apologise to them.

ANGEL: What will that do?

STATION: It'll make me feel better.

ANGEL: But what about her?

STATION: It may make her feel better too.

ANGEL: Do you think so?

STATION: I can't read any of this stuff. I can't find anything that looks like an address .(holds out a card for ANGEL to look at) What does this say?

ANGEL : I don't know. It's in Hebrew or something. She doesn't look like a Hebrew. Person.

STATION: Jewish.

ANGEL: Jewish person. Hey, why don't you give me that wallet?

STATION: Why?

ANGEL: I can walk to the Police station.

STATION considers this for a moment, then hands ANGEL the wallet.

STATION: They're sending a car, I promise.

ANGEL: Well then it won't matter, will it? I feel like a little walk, anyway.

ANGEL leaves.

STATION starts drinking JESUS' bottle of wine. He goes and plays Patience with the NUDIE GIRLS. RICKI is watching him. STATION eats a sardine.

We see ANGEL walking along Courtney Place to the Police Station. He has his wings on.

We see STATION walking around the flat. He is eating the sardines. He opens the sink cupboards and looks. Shuts the door again. RICKI is smoking a cigarette at the table.

We see ANGEL walking along Courtney Place, somebody very large and invisible punches him. He falls down.

We see STATION and RICKI sitting at the kitchen table playing Gin Rummy with the NUDIE GIRLS.

STATION: I probably owe her, really.

RICKI: Owe her?

STATION: Well, I dropped that thing on her head, it was my mistake. I owe her. Or her family and her friends at least. I'll have to make it up somehow.

RICKI: And maybe try to be a better person?

STATION: Maybe. If I have to.

RICKI: Play you for it.

STATION: (suddenly feeling cocky) You're on.

Pigeon Park.

ANGEL is sitting wearing his wings. He is talking to a POLICEMAN and POLICEWOMAN.

POLICEWOMAN: And so...why did he hit you again?

ANGEL: He said that I wasn't allowed to walk around in New Zealand wearing wings. He said that you weren't allowed to do that, especially in Wellington.

POLICEWOMAN: Why Wellington especially I wonder.

POLICEMAN: Why are you wearing little wings, mate?

ANGEL: Because I like them.

POLICEWOMAN: Did you tell him that?

ANGEL: Yes. I said I wore them because they made me happy.

POLICEWOMAN: And what did he say?

ANGEL: He asked if I was gay

POLICEMAN: Fair enough.

ANGEL: But I'm not. I'm not even. I just like to wear wings.

POLICEMAN: Like a fetish or something?

POLICEWOMAN: (quietly) Shut up Stu.

POLICEMAN: Do you get off on it?

ANGEL: No.

POLICEMAN: Then why do you do it? Dress up as a fairy?

ANGEL: I'm not being a fairy. I'm not a fairy. I'm an angel you idiot.

POLICEMAN: Oh. An angel. Like a wee Cupid, am I getting the picture?

ANGEL: No, I don't think so.

POLICEMAN: What have you taken, mate? LSD, maybe a bit of the old reefer?

POLICEWOMAN: Lay off him Stewart.

POLICEMAN: It's a standard question...

POLICEWOMAN: I said lay off him Stewart. Jeez you're a dozy bugger.

POLICEMAN shuts up.

POLICEMAN: Sorry Tessa.

POLICEWOMAN gestures at ANGEL with her head.

POLICEMAN: Yeah, sorry mate.

POLICEWOMAN : Now, what did the offender look like, Mr...?

ANGEL: Actually, forget it.

POLICEWOMAN: Forget...?

ANGEL: Everything. I don't want to file a complaint.

POLICEMAN: Report an assault.

ANGEL: Report an assault, file a report, sing a song of sixpence. I don't want to.

POLICEWOMAN: But... people shouldn't be allowed to hurt other people, you should file a complaint.

ANGEL: Should I? Why?

POLICEWOMAN: Because it would help the community. And us.

ANGEL: No. Forget it. I don't want to help you.

POLICEWOMAN: But...

POLICEMAN: Alrighty mate, saves us a bit of paperwork.

POLICEWOMAN: Stewart!

POLICEMAN: Nice to talk to you, have a nice day.

ANGEL: Get fucked.

Courtney Place.

ANGEL is walking back to home. RICKY is following. ANGEL looks up at the sky.

ANGEL: And you can get fucked, too.

RICKI smiles

Later that day, at STATION and ANGEL's flat. STATION sits at the table, playing Gin Rummy with himself and the NUDIE GIRL cards. ANGEL lies along the edge of the front door as a draught stopper, sewing his giant wings.

STATION: (fairly liquored) Gin. Ha ha. Another game? (thinks) No thank you sport, you're too good for me. What about you, ladies? Another game? (holds cards up a la Big Ted, no reply). Ah well then. (over to kitchen sink) How about you, missy? Another game of Gin? Ooops no. Sorry, how insensitive.

ANGEL: Stop joking about it.

STATION: I'm not joking, I forgot she was dead. Don't you forget that?

ANGEL: I keep trying to.

STATION: Hey, you don't have to lie there, you know. The draught isn't that bad.

ANGEL: I want to.

STATION: I didn't mean it as a complaint. It's really nice that you want to keep me warm, but honestly it's not necessary. I can put on an extra layer or some socks or some..something.

ANGEL: I want to. Would you just let me be useful, please?

STATION: Ok. Suit yourself. Mr. Grumpy Angel.

ANGEL: How can you be playing cards?

STATION: I'm bored.

ANGEL: You're just evil.

STATION: Yes alright, alright. I'm a real bad egg.

ANGEL: You are. You couldn't care less about that poor person under our sink. You lied about the Police coming. I think you're a very bad egg indeed. In fact, you're not even as good as a bad egg. You're just plain f..flipping crazy.

STATION: You didn't get the Police, either.

ANGEL: I ...I didn't feel like it. It was too late by then anyway. You should

have called them when it happened. Now you're a criminal something and I'm your accomplice.

STATION: Yes alright, alright, I'm a terrible person. But you needn't think I don't care about anything. In fact I've been thinking this afternoon and I've decided that from today onwards I am going to try to be a better person.

ANGEL: Well...what...what a fantastic start.

STATION: I said from today onwards, I'm allowed a little drink and a little game of cards, and then tomorrow it's a new me. I owe that to her, at least.

ANGEL: I don't think it was right to take her wine and her food.

STATION: It's not stealing, she's dead.

ANGEL: Still, I can't help feeling a little guilty.

STATION: Fuck it. Tomorrow. What are you making, anyway?

ANGEL holds up the wings to show STATION.

ANGEL: For my mission.

STATION: Which mission?

ANGEL: The mission. From God. Can't be far away now, I've had the sign. I need to be prepared

STATION: Do you want a hand?

THE FOURTH DAY

ANGEL and STATION's flat.

The telephone is ringing. ANGEL wakes with a start, his wings fall to the floor, he is looking straight up and out through the ceiling, like he is being spoken to be God. Suddenly realises where he is and pulls himself back to reality. ANGEL picks up telephone. Jesus' DAD is on the telephone, he has the manner of a Southern Preacher in full flight.

ANGEL: Hello?

DAD: Where's my damn daughter?

ANGEL: I'm sorry?

DAD: You heard me, where's my damn daughter?

ANGEL: I don't know what you mean.

DAD: Don't bullshit me young man, I know you know where my daughter is. Quit messing me around and tell me where she's at.

ANGEL: (just waking up properly) How did you get this number?

DAD: Let's just say I've got contacts. Now are you going to tell me where she is or am I going to have to come down there and rough you up?

ANGEL: I don't know what you're talking about. I think you have the wrong number.

DAD: Don't you lie to me you filthy fucking hippie. I'm not stupid. I know where you live. I can make life very difficult for you, boy. Very difficult indeed. And not just your life, either. I can make things difficult for you for a very long time. So you stop acting the giddy goat and tell me where she is.

ANGEL: She's....gone out. For a while. Can I leave her a message?

DAD: Are you trying to humour me? Because you don't have any idea who you're fucking with here, buddy. Now, if I don't hear from my daughter in the next forty eight hours, I'm going to come down there and I'm gonna bust you balls so wide open you'd think they was hubba bubba, do we understand each other?

ANGEL: I.I...

DAD: Good. Y'all have a nice day.

DAD hangs up. ANGEL is left very confused. STATION enters from the bedroom.

STATION: Who was that?

ANGEL: (shaken) I don't know, wrong number I think.

STATION: It wasn't the Police, was it?

ANGEL: No. No.

STATION: Good. That's good. How did you sleep?

ANGEL: (thrown by this interest) Fine. For the couch, you know.
You?

STATION: Very well. I had.... beautiful...funny dreams. I don't remember them.

ANGEL: I didn't dream at all. Are you going to work today?

STATION: No. I thought I might go to church, actually.

ANGEL: To church? Why?

STATION: I feel like I ought to. Can't explain.

ANGEL: Do they even have church on a Thursday?

STATION: I don't know. It'll be open though, surely. I just want to go to see it.
Will you come with me?

ANGEL: No, it's just about time for the talk shows. Are you really not going to work today?

STATION: This is more important, I think. One more day off won't hurt them, and I want to go to church, so I'm not going to work.

ANGEL: Neither. I don't think anyone will need any help today. Even angels need a morning off, you know.

ANGEL goes to the TV, switches it on, puts his giant wings aside and wraps up in a blanket. STATION puts on a big jacket.

STATION: It's starting to get f..flipping cold.

ANGEL: It'll be winter soon.

STATION: Mmm. See you later.

ANGEL is transfixed by the TV. STATION exits through front door.

Long silence. ANGEL looks around.

ANGEL: Oh. Seeya.

Saint Mary of the Angels, Boulcott Street.

STATION has arrived and is talking to RICKI, who stands as the Virgin Mary.

STATION: (to RICKI): Good afternoon. I feel a little stupid saying this but, you look very nice. Today. Quite..er..radiant.

RICKI: Thank you. What are you doing here?

STATION: I just. I don't actually know. It's..it's not like me to be here. I just..er..felt like I should come.

RICKI: Are you looking for a Priest? To make a confession about...

STATION: What? Oh, no. I'd forgotten about it, really. What can I do about it now, after all?

RICKI: You could say you were sorry.

STATION: To who?

RICKI: Anyone. Me.

STATION: What would I want to do that for?

RICKI shrugs.

ANGEL and STATION's flat.

ANGEL is sitting on the couch, bouncing up and down and watching TV. He glances quickly at his wings, then back to the TV.

Saint Mary of the Angels.

STATION: But I'm not. I'm not sorry. There's no point feeling sorry for her, she's dead.

RICKI: You can't figure it out, can you? It's not about feeling sorry for her, it's about being sorry for what you've done.

STATION: Well. Then. Yes, OK actually. I'm sorry for what I've done. I'm very, very sorry.

RICKI: She might have a mother, you know...

STATION: Or a father.

RICKI: Or a father. If you were a father how would you feel if one of your children disappeared like that?

STATION: I would feel...

RICKI: What?

STATION: Angry. Very angry.

RICKI: Why?

STATION: Because I would miss them, of course.

RICKI: Why would you miss them?

STATION: Because I...

STATION looks up at RICKI suddenly.

RICKI: What are you doing here?

STATION: Look, I just wanted to come to church, to see what it was like. Forget it, I'm going to go.

RICKI: Going to work?

STATION: No. No, not today. I don't feel like it

RICKI: You'll lose your job with an attitude like that.

STATION: Oh, my jobs not really that great. I could get by without it.

RICKI: You have to fight to get a job, you should kill for your job if it comes to it. It's survival.

STATION: It's not enough.

RICKI: That's what you wanted.

STATION: Well it's not anymore. I don't want to just survive. I want to do something with myself. Something useful.

RICKI: Like what?

ANGEL and STATION's flat.

ANGEL is wearing his giant wings (which are now completed). He is standing on the kitchen chair and jumping/bouncing off, trying to fly. He has one eye on the TV.

Saint Mary of the Angels.

STATION: Like...like offering to clean this whole church twice a week. Like going to Kindys and reading them the books instead of just making them buy them. Like actually doing something important.

RICKI: Is that what you think would make you useful? Odd jobs?

STATION: I don't know. It's a start, don't you think?

RICKI: Yes, it's a start. Anything you need from me?

STATION: Some patience. For me. And...look after my crazy flatmate. And everybody everywhere.

RICKI: No problem.

STATION: And would you...possibly...forgive me?

RICKI: Yeah. Eventually.

STATION: Good. That's good. Thank you.

RICKI: (kneels down) You're welcome.

ANGEL and STATION's flat.

STATION arrives home. ANGEL is lying on the floor looking at the ceiling. He is exhausted from all of his jumping.

STATION: What are you doing?

ANGEL: I've been trying to fly.

STATION: And did you?

ANGEL: No. I got too hungry. I ran out of energy.

STATION: Why don't you eat something?

ANGEL: There's no food. There's no more food.

STATION: Are you tired?

ANGEL nods. STATION goes over and tenderly picks up ANGEL. Puts him on the couch and covers him with a blanket.

Later that night. STATION sits on the floor, leaning against the couch channel surfing. RICKI lies along the top of the couch, watching TV with him, ANGEL is asleep on the couch.

RICKI: (singing to ANGEL) Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

ANGEL: (still asleep) Mum?

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THE FIFTH DAY

ANGEL and STATION's flat.

The telephone is ringing. ANGEL has gone from the couch. STATION rushes out from the bedrooms, wrapped in a sheet from the bed. He answers the telephone.

STATION: Hello?

BOSS: (sugary) Ah, hello there. So nice to hear your voice.

STATION: Mr Freeman, how are things?

BOSS: Oh things are going alright, yes. How are things with you?

STATION: Incredible. Quite incredible. I couldn't explain.

BOSS: Oh you couldn't? That's really such a shame because I'd really like to know what's been happening with you.

STATION: Heaps. You wouldn't believe it if I told you.

BOSS: I'll bet. It sounds like things have been very exciting for you.

STATION: They are.

BOSS: Mmm, yes.

STATION: Listen, I guess you're probably a bit confused about me not coming to work for the last day or two.

BOSS: Three days, yes.

STATION: And it's that, well, some pretty amazing things have been happening to me and, I guess I just forgot to come to work.

BOSS: Goodness me that's a funny old thing to forget, isn't it?

STATION: Funny. Yes. Look, I'm really sorry Mr Freeman. It's been quite intense.

BOSS: It's been a bit tense here, too. We certainly weren't expecting you to just disappear like this.

STATION: I know.

BOSS: And neither were our clients. Carol from the Karori Kindy has rung a few times wondering just where you got to with all of her Sam the Truck books.

STATION: Oh yes Carol. How is she?

BOSS: Well, I actually don't know. I couldn't tell you. She's decided to stop purchasing our products you see, and it seems she doesn't want to talk to us anymore.

STATION: Goodness.

BOSS: Goodness is right.

Uncomfortable silence.

BOSS: So what the fuck do you think you're playing at, Sonny-Jim?

STATION: I'm sorry?

BOSS: After everything this company has done for you, you decide right in the middle of your week to just fuck off and not tell us what you're up to?

STATION: Like I said, things have been pretty full on.

BOSS: Full on? I don't care if your fucking house burnt down, we're not here to wipe your arse when you stuff up. You've cost this company serious money with your farting around. We've lost three major accounts in the last two days alone. I'll be very lucky to ever see Island Bay Primary again, and I suspect even the Twinkle Dust Fairy Gift Shoppe will be thinking twice about shopping with us. Now, I don't want to know it was full on, I don't care if it was intense. I don't care. All I want to know just why exactly you think you can turn around and shit on Freemans Educational Books For Greater Joy like we were just nothing. Why did you do that, exactly?

STATION: Well..

BOSS: Why?

STATION: Mr Freeman, I don't expect you to understand this. I doubt you will. But something very important is happening to me. Very

important. And if you really want to know Mr Freeman,I think that I am turning into an angel.

BOSS: You will be very realistically turning into an angel if you try and play silly buggers with me young man.

STATION: I'm not playing silly buggers. I.....am an....angel.

Long silence.

BOSS: You're fired.

STATION: What?

BOSS: You heard me. You're fired.

STATION: But..

BOSS: Filthy fucking hippy.

BOSS hangs up.

STATION stands for a second. Becomes aware of RICKI, who has entered quietly. He starts to smile.

STATION: Nice.

RICKI winks at him.

ANGEL enters with a loaf of bread. He has a thick jacket on. It is very cold outside.

ANGEL: What are you smiling at?

STATION: I just lost my job.

ANGEL: Wh..how?

STATION: I just told my boss that I was an angel.

ANGEL: What did you do that for?

STATION: Don't know.

ANGEL: But...what about your job?

STATION: What about it

ANGEL: What will you do?

STATION: I don't know. Make us some toast, I suppose.

STATION takes the loaf of bread from ANGEL.

STATION: How did you afford this?

ANGEL: Stole it. I was hungry.

ANGEL goes to the couch, turns on the TV. STATION puts the kettle on, some toast in the toaster.

STATION: (conversational) What's on the TV at this time of day?

ANGEL: Talk shows.

STATION: Ooh, talk shows. (imitating audience members) Fat Ricki, Fat Ricki, Fat Ricki...

ANGEL: Hey stop it. There's no need for that.

STATION: For what?

ANGEL: Hassling Ricki, she's a very good woman.

STATION: Yeah, but she is fat.

ANGEL: No she's not. Not anymore. She dieted and dieted. She worked really hard to get that weight off.

STATION: Nah nah, that's Oprah.

ANGEL: And Ricki too.

STATION: She probably only did it for the publicity.

ANGEL: What do you know about it? Maybe she just wanted to lose weight.

STATION: I was only trying to be funny.

ANGEL: Well you're not.

STATION: Don't know what's so bad about being fat anyway.

ANGEL: (exasperated) It's an important issue for some women.

STATION: Really?

ANGEL: And some men, too.

STATION: Goodness.

ANGEL: You've really got no idea about people, do you?

STATION: What do you mean I've got no idea about people?

ANGEL: You don't. You don't know how to communicate like a nice person to other people.

STATION: I do so, I try.

ANGEL: How come you've got no friends then?

STATION: Eh?

ANGEL: You haven't got any friends. Besides me. And we're not even proper friends.

STATION: We're proper friends.

ANGEL: No we're not, you're always mean to me.

STATION: But only as a joke. Because I know you can take it.

ANGEL: That's not what friends is.

STATION: Anyway, I've had other friends. Girlfriends and stuff.

ANGEL: You've haven't had a girlfriend since we moved in together and that was...two years ago.

STATION: Neither have you.

ANGEL: I haven't been looking.

STATION: I haven't been looking either. And anyway, you don't have any

friends either and you're an angel, so it can't be to do with if I'm a nice person or not.

ANGEL: I've got friends. I've got heaps of friends. They're just in heaven and I haven't met them yet.

STATION: OK, OK...I shouldn't have brought it up.

ANGEL: And Mum, my Mum's my friend.

STATION: I dunno. Don't see much of old Mum these days.

We hear talk show theme music from the TV

ANGEL: She's been very busy.

STATION: Ah.

ANGEL: Anyway. I don't want to talk about my Mum.

The show has started. STATION waits to see if the conversation will continue, then exits to the bedrooms.

RICKI: (voice-over from the TV) So, we're talking today to families who say they've lost touch. Many families have rifts in them for a number of reasons, but most of us find the time and the care to patch up these disputes and move together.

STATION enters from the bedrooms, wearing ANGEL's miniature wings over a big jacket. He walks to the front door.

STATION: Seeya. Back soon.

ANGEL waves but does not look up.

RICKI: (voice-over from TV)...but the families we are talking to today feel they have drifted apart. These are families who say 'Mom, I Don't Know You Anymore'.

Courtney Place.

STATION is walking along quickly, he is very cold. He is humming something religious.

ANGEL and STATION's flat.

RICKI: What do you think?

ANGEL: Oh it's all shit, they're all siding with the mother because she's a woman.

RICKI: How?

ANGEL: Well, look at them. They only ever boo a woman when she comes on if it's someone who's supposed to have slept with another man or deserted their kids. All the guys get the hardest time on these shows, they walk on and it's just 'boo boo boo, you're no good to ha', you ain't got no right ta have a mutha'.

RICKI: Maybe some of them don't.

ANGEL: Have a right to have a mother? That's bullshit. That's bullshit man. Your mother is your mother. You've always got the right to have a mother. They should tell each other they're sorry and get on with it.

RICKI: Maybe they haven't been bothered enough to put a bit of effort in.

Income Support Offices, Courtney Place.

STATION is in a queue. He is quite cold, rubbing his hands, breathing on them and putting them on his face. He gets to the front of a queue.

STATION: Hello, I'd like to register for the dole, please.

ANGEL and STATION's flat.

ANGEL: You do the best you can . And..and if their mothers doesn't notice when they're making a special effort to...act how they know she wants them to act and live their lives how she wants them to then...well then that's the mother's fault.

RICKI: It's her fault?

ANGEL: Yes.

RICKI: Because she doesn't want him just trying to impress her forever? Because she doesn't spend her entire life saying 'yes darling I see, it's alright, yes I am looking at you aren't you a brave boy?'. All of those men on there, they're grown men. Their mothers raised them

to live in the world as grown men. Support themselves and have pride in who they were. For themselves. That's part of what mothering is. If they don't want to take that and be who they can be, that's their decision to turn it down.

ANGEL: But...

RICKI: What?

ANGEL: But she should have taught them that that was what they were supposed to do next.

RICKI: Aren't they allowed to learn anything for themselves?

ANGEL: Why are you picking on me? I'm only young.

RICKI: You're an angel, you can take it.

ANGEL: I'm not being an angel today. I'm having the day off.

RICKI: There aren't days off.

ANGEL: I'm too pissed off to be an angel today. I'm too hungry.

RICKI: Angel's don't get pissed off.

ANGEL: Well I fucking am today so..so too bad. I can't help other people all the time. Anyway no-one wants me to help them so what does it matter? I'm doing nothing either way.

RICKI: Angels have more patience.

ANGEL: Well I'm not a fucking angel then, am I?

RICKI: Aren't you?

ANGEL: No.

Long pause as that sinks in.

ANGEL: I think I just made it up to make myself feel more interesting, anyway

Much later that night. STATION arrives back home. ANGEL has fallen asleep watching TV, wrapped up in his giant wings. STATION comes and looks at him for a while. Turns

off the TV. He crawls under the wings and he and ANGEL fall asleep, wrapped up together.

RICKI is watching from the table. She is smoking again. She sings over to STATION and ANGEL, but mostly to herself.

RICKI: (singing) Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

There is a rumble of an earthquake and JESUS climbs out from under the sink, she goes and sits at the table with RICKI. JESUS is moderately surprised to see her.

RICKI: Nice sleep?

JESUS: Mmph. Sore head.

RICKI: You had quite a nasty bash.

JESUS: How long was I gone?

RICKI: Three days.

JESUS: Same old same old. He doesn't get any more original with time does he?

RICKI: He's just...doing what he knows I suppose.

JESUS: Doing what he knows. He isn't the one who has to die all the time. I don't even think anyone notices the significance anymore.

RICKI: Maybe not. But we've got obligations.

JESUS: Well, I'm sick of it. I don't want obligations anymore. And you, you must be as sick of this shit as I am. What are you even doing here, for that matter?

RICKI: I've been trying to look after these two. (motions over to ANGEL and STATION)

JESUS turns to look at them.

JESUS: Who are they?

RICKI: Just some boys. Just boys.

JESUS: Right.

RICKI: I've been, you know, talking to them. Keeping myself busy.

JESUS: Why bother?

RICKI: I need to do something.

JESUS: Look at us, we look like some religious joke. 'The Virgin Mary and Jesus were talking around the kitchen table one night...'

They laugh half-heartedly

JESUS: Have you seen my Dad? How is he?

RICKY: OK. It's not a good time of year for him, it takes it's toll. I think he gets a bit exhausted, not that he'd admit it.

JESUS: No, not him. My other Dad.

RICKI: Joe? We don't see each other that much. I bumped into him a few months ago, he seemed pretty happy. He's remarried, of course. We talked about maybe catching up, but, it's difficult when we have such difficult schedules. When I have such a difficult schedule. But yeah, he's alright. Sends his love.

JESUS: It'd be nice to see him again.

RICKI: You will.

JESUS: It's good to see you. It's been ages.

RICKI: Good to see you, too.

Long silence.

JESUS: Yeah. Well I suppose that's it for this time. Are these two going to be alright?

RICKI: Yeah, they'll be alright. In The End. Have you got somewhere to sleep tonight?

JESUS: I'll be fine.

RICKI: You're so much like your father when you talk like that.

JESUS: He's not my father.

RICKI: Whatever you say. It wouldn't hurt to get in touch with him. He's been asking after you.

JESUS says nothing.

RICKI: Would you give him a call? Just to say 'hello'.

JESUS: Maybe.

RICKI: Good. Well, I'll be off then.

RICKI starts packing a small red handbag with her cigarettes, lighter, takes the playing cards. Takes out some red lipstick, puts it on.

JESUS: Where are you going?

RICKI: Wherever.

JESUS: Look after yourself.

RICKI: I will.

JESUS: Maybe you can come and stay when I'm settled somewhere.

RICKI: That would be nice.

RICKI goes to leave.

JESUS: Hey?

RICKI: Yes baby?

JESUS: I love you Mum.

RICKI walks back, she and JESUS embrace. RICKI exits through the front door. JESUS exits to the bedroom.

The telephone rings. ANGEL wakes up and answers it

ANGEL: (mostly asleep) Hello? Oh...heya Mum. Nah, nah nah nah I was just sleeping. A what? A earthquake? No, no I didn't feel it. No I'm fine.... Mum? How are you?

THE SIXTH DAY

ANGEL has just woken up and stands in the kitchen, looking at the open cupboard door and space where JESUS was. STATION wakes up, lifts his head up.

STATION: What is it?

ANGEL: She's gone.

STATION: What do you mean by 'gone'?

ANGEL: She's not there any more. The door's open and she's gone.

STATION: Someone must have taken her out. Maybe it was the Police.

ANGEL: I think the Police would have let us know if they were coming into our house to take out a dead person from under our sink in the middle of the night.

STATION: She didn't just get up and walk away.

JESUS enters from the bedrooms, she has had a shower and looks much better.

JESUS: (to STATION) Hello again.

STATION and ANGEL jump out of their skins.

STATION: H...how...?

ANGEL: How are you? Would you like a cup of tea? The jug's on.

JESUS: No thanks, I'm actually just on my way off.

STATION: But, you were dead.

JESUS: Was I?

STATION: Yes, very. You've been dead under our sink for days.

JESUS: Well, I've had a shower and I feel a lot better now.

ANGEL: You really were dead, you know, he's not making it up.

JESUS: I probably was. This sort of thing's happening to me all the time. I'm a bit used to it.

STATION: Are you sure you're alright?

JESUS: Yeah. No bones broken. Well, I'd better be off.

ANGEL: Where are you going?

JESUS: I've decided I don't want to live here, after all. I'm thinking I might go away for a bit. Up the coast or to Nelson, maybe.

STATION: Are you leaving because of us?

JESUS: No, why would you think that?

STATION: Maybe you think we're perverts or something. Keeping you under our sink for so long. Plus all that shit I was pulling the other day with wanting to kiss you on the cheek. But honestly, I'm not like that anymore. I don't know what came over me.

JESUS: It's fine. If you hadn't done it then someone else would.

STATION: Still, I'm sorry.

JESUS: I forgive you.

ANGEL: Are you sure you won't stay for a cup of tea? We've got Earl Grey.

JESUS: Oh lovely. Actually you've tempted me. Just one cup, though and then I'll have to hit the road. I want to hitch while the holiday traffic is still going.

STATION: Of course, it's Easter, isn't it?

JESUS: Yep.

STATION: Happy Easter.

JESUS: Good Friday?

STATION: Yeah, it wasn't bad.

ANGEL brings them their cups of tea and a sugar bowl. JESUS and STATION both have far too much sugar.

ANGEL: Oh, you're Dad's looking for you, I think.

JESUS: Did he ring?

ANGEL: Yes.

STATION: When?

JESUS: He wasn't too hard with you, was he?

ANGEL: He was a little.

JESUS: Did he call you a filthy hippie?

ANGEL: Yeah.

JESUS: He doesn't mean anything by it, truly. He just gets a bit... excitable. It's just because...just because. But I'll talk to him.

ANGEL: Oh there's really no need. I didn't worry about it too much.

JESUS: Good. Oh, hey (takes a cheque out of her pocket) have this.

STATION: What is it?

JESUS: The money I stole off him to cover my bond. I faked the signature.

JESUS hands the cheque to STATION, who hands it to ANGEL.

STATION: What an unusual signature.

ANGEL: This is a lot of money, won't you get in trouble?

JESUS: Nah ,he's loaded. he won't miss it.

STATION: So we can cover our rent.

ANGEL: Actually, I've been thinking about that. I think I'm going to move back home.

STATION: With your Mum?

ANGEL: Yeah. I'm going to go and stay for a few nights first, but yeah, I think so.

STATION: Is that going to be alright?

ANGEL: (nods) We had a big talk on the phone.

STATION: That's great.

ANGEL: But what about you?

STATION: I'm a full-time angel now, there's nothing to worry about. If you can get by, I can.

JESUS: Did you guys think you were angels?

STATION: Yes.

ANGEL: For a while.

JESUS laughs.

ANGEL: What's so funny?

JESUS: It's just so cute. I can just see it.

STATION: Do you think that's stupid?

JESUS: No. Not at all. You both seem like perfect candidates for the job.

STATION: Really?

ANGEL: I think you'll do a better job than me anyway.

They simultaneously finish their teas.

JESUS: Right then, I must be off.

ANGEL: Walk you to the bus stop?

JESUS: Sure. I'll go grab my backpack from next door. Some guys are coming to pick up the rest of my stuff and take it back to Dad's this afternoon.

ANGEL: Cool.

STATION: You're not taking your(makes a criss-cross pattern with his finger)...thing?

JESUS: Nah. It's no good for travelling with.

JESUS leaves, goes next door to get her backpack.

STATION: So, I'll see you soon?

ANGEL: In a few days. I'll let you know if I decide to move out so you can find a new flatmate.

STATION: I don't think I'll need one.

ANGEL: But the rent...

STATION: It'll be alright. I've got good feelings.

ANGEL: Yay.

Beat. They look at each other. They embrace.

ANGEL: Hey?

STATION: Yes?

ANGEL: You're my best friend.

STATION: (quietly) You're my best friend too.

ANGEL: (like something is just occurring to him) And that's important.

STATION: Mmm. I think so.

JESUS: (from offstage) You ready?

ANGEL: Yeah, I'm coming. (to Station) I'll see you soon, eh?

STATION: Look after yourself.

ANGEL: (Going out the door) I will.

STATION is left alone in the house. He climbs up onto the chair like ANGEL did in the prelude and closes his eyes. RICKI is heard as a voice-over from the TV.

RICKI: Do you really think you're an angel?

STATION: Yes.

RICKI: And you're sure you're not crazy?

STATION: Definitely. Probably, at least.

RICKI: If you were an angel, what do you think your responsibilities would be?

STATION: Well , I guess being generally polite towards everyone, helping whenever I can, allowing myself to be helpful and being compassionate. Whenever I can.

RICKY: And you feel that by having these qualities it will, or in fact, does...make you an angel?

STATION: Not really. That's just the basics of being a person. That's not really even touching on what being an angel truly is.

RICKY: And what is an angel, truly?

Long pause

STATION: I couldn't...I really couldn't say that in words.

OH, AND THE SEVENTH DAY WAS A DAY OF REST.