

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

ANGELS IN AMERICA

HARPER

Where were you?

JOE

Out.

HARPER

Where?

JOE

Just out. Thinking.

HARPER

It's late.

JOE

I had a lot to think about.

HARPER

I burned dinner.

JOE

Sorry.

HARPER

Not my dinner. My dinner was fine.
Your dinner. I put it back in the
oven and turned everything up as
high as it could go and I watched
till it burned black. It's still
hot. Very hot. Want it?

JOE

You didn't have to do that.

HARPER

I know. It just seemed like the kind of thing a mentally deranged sex-starved pill-popping housewife would do.

JOE

Uh huh.

HARPER

So I did it. Who knows anymore what I have to do?

JOE

How many pills?

HARPER

A bunch. Don't change the subject.

JOE

I won't talk to you when...

HARPER

No. No. Don't do that! I'm...I'm fine, pills are not the problem, not our problem, I WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU'VE BEEN! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!

JOE

Going on with what? The job?

HARPER

Not the job.

JOE

I said I need more time.

HARPER

Not the job!

JOE

Mr. Cohn, I talked to him on the phone, he said I had to hurry...

HARPER

Not the...

JOE

But I can't get you to talk sensibly about anything so...

HARPER

SHUT UP!

JOE

Then what?

HARPER

Stick to the subject.

JOE

I don't know what that is. You have something you want to ask me? Ask me. Go.

HARPER

I...can't. I'm scared of you.

JOE

I'm tired, I'm going to bed.

HARPER

Tell me without making me ask. Please.

JOE

This is crazy, I'm not...

HARPER

When you come through that door at night your face is never exactly the way I remembered it. I get surprised by something...mean and hard about the way you look. Even the weight of you in the bed at night, the way you breathe in your sleep seems unfamiliar. You terrify me.

JOE

I know who you are.

HARPER

Yes. I'm the enemy. That's easy. That doesn't change. You think you are the only one who hates sex; I do; I hate it with you; I do. I dream that you batter away at me till all my joints come apart, like wax, and I fall into pieces. It's like a punishment. It was wrong of me to marry you. I knew you...(she stops herself) It's a sin, and it's killing us both.

JOE

I can always tell when you've taken pills because it makes you red-faced and sweaty and frankly that's very often why I don't want to...

HARPER

Because...

JOE

Well, you aren't pretty. Not like this.

HARPER

I have something to ask you.

JOE

Then ASK! ASK! What in the hell are you...

HARPER

Are you a homo? (pause) Are you?
If you try to walk out right now
I'll put your dinner back in the
oven and turn it up so high the
whole building will fill with smoke
and everyone in it will asphyxiate.
So help me God I will. Now answer
the question.

JOE

What if I...
(pause)

HARPER

Then tell me, please. And we'll
see.

JOE

No. I'm not. I don't see what
difference it makes. I think we
ought to pray. Ask God for help.
Ask him together...

HARPER

God won't talk to me. I have to
make up people to talk to me.

JOE

You have to keep asking.

HARPER

I forgot the question. Oh yeah.
God, is my husband a ...

JOE

Stop it. Stop it. I'm warning you.
Does it make any difference? That I
might be one thing deep within, no
matter how wrong or ugly that thing
is, so long as I have fought, with
everything I have, to kill it. What
do you want from me? What do you
want from me, Harper? More than
that? For God's sake, there's
nothing left, I'm a shell. There's
nothing left to kill. As long as
my behavior is what I know it has
to be. Decent. Correct. That alone
in the eyes of God.

HARPER

No, no, not that, that's Utah talk,
Mormon talk, I hate it, Joe, tell
me, say it...

JOE

All I will say is that I am a very
good man who has worked very hard
to become good and you want to
destroy that. You want to destroy
me, but I am not going to let you
do that.

HARPER

I'm going to have a baby.

JOE

Liar.

HARPER

You liar. A baby born addicted to pills. A baby who does not dream but hallucinates, who stares up at us with big mirror eyes and who does not know who we are.

JOE

Are you really...

HARPER

No. Yes. No. Yes. Get away from me.
Now we both have a secret.