

The Watchers

A Play

By

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*They say Angels came down to Earth with legitimate hard-ons.
These were Spiritual Beings from above, called Watchers.
They penetrated our women and created a race of Giants.*

Characters:

RACHEL: A beautiful young woman.

SARAH: Her mother.

GABRIEL: An Angel.

VOICES OFF.

Scene: *A bare stage, where the beautiful RACHEL stands holding a loaf of ancient bread. The Angel GABRIEL spins down next to her from the sky.*

RACHEL: Oh! What happened to you?

GABRIEL: I fell to Earth.

RACHEL: My goodness! How could that happen?

GABRIEL: I saw you. Suddenly I had a body and it was out of control. Spinning. Falling.

RACHEL: I didn't see you fall!

GABRIEL: Usually you don't see us. You look right through us, as though we weren't there. But now I can be seen, and I can see you.

RACHEL: You look like an old man, dressed in a shroud.

GABRIEL: The shroud is a material we aquired in our descent through your atmosphere.

RACHEL: Is it a liquid?

GABRIEL: Yes. Like water. Like rain or snow. A watery garment, like dew.

RACHEL: Can you breathe?

GABRIEL: I think so.

RACHEL: Surely you would know if you were breathing.

GABRIEL: Yes, I'm breathing. Oxygen.

RACHEL: Take another breath.

GABRIEL: My breathing is fast. My heart is pounding.

RACHEL: Take a big, deep breath. Slowly. There. Don't hold your breath. That's right. Don't hold your breath.

GABRIEL: I'm not holding my breath.

RACHEL: Exhale. Good.

GABRIEL: I can do it. I'm breathing, or being breathed.

RACHEL: What's breathing you?

GABRIEL: The atmosphere of the Earth.

RACHEL: Keep it up, or you'll die.

GABRIEL: No, I can't die here.

RACHEL: Why not?

GABRIEL: I'm an Angel.

RACHEL: Angels die.

GABRIEL: How do you know?

RACHEL: I heard about it.

GABRIEL: You heard wrong.

RACHEL: Everything dies.

GABRIEL: Not me.

RACHEL: You have a body?

GABRIEL: Certainly.

RACHEL: You have a skin?

GABRIEL: Yes, I have weight, or I couldn't fall.

RACHEL: You'll explode into thin air.

GABRIEL: No, the gravity will hold me together.

RACHEL: So far.

GABRIEL: And it gives me a shape.

RACHEL: Like a man, more or less.

GABRIEL: Yes, so far, so good, thanks to the gravity of the Earth.

RACHEL: I would say Thanks, then, if I were you.

GABRIEL: Thanks.

RACHEL: For the power of Gravity.

GABRIEL: Thanks again.

RACHEL: Good. Now I would remember to breathe.

GABRIEL: I am breathing. The atmosphere is breathing me.

RACHEL: That's good. Say a blessing for the atmosphere.

GABRIEL: There's a blessing for the atmosphere?

RACHEL: There's a blessing for everything. You're an Angel. You should know.

GABRIEL: Nobody told me.

RACHEL: My parents taught me all the blessings.

GABRIEL: Nobody told me any blessings.

RACHEL: Never mind. (*He spins.*) What are you doing now?

GABRIEL: I'm spinning.

RACHEL: Why?

GABRIEL: I'm gathering material so I can weigh more. So I don't fly off the Earth.

RACHEL: Oh!

GABRIEL: See, now I weigh a little more and I can stay here. And I wanted to see if I could spin. And I can. So, that's good. I weigh more. And I've discovered another power also. While spinning.

RACHEL: What's that, say?

GABRIEL: A power has taken over me at the sight of you. That is to say: When I come near you, like this, I feel a physical yearning, like a pull.

RACHEL: Step away. *(He does so.)*

GABRIEL: It's painful.

RACHEL: Take it easy.

GABRIEL: I want to touch you, embrace you.

RACHEL: Take another step back. *(He does.)*

GABRIEL: I can't help it.

RACHEL: That's not my fault.

GABRIEL: You must have done something.

RACHEL: Nothing. One more step please. Thank you.

GABRIEL: Something.

RACHEL: Don't scare me.

GABRIEL: Seductive?

RACHEL: No. Not me.

GABRIEL: Not seductive?

RACHEL: Never.

GABRIEL: You get attention that way.

RACHEL: I get plenty of attention already.

GABRIEL: I'm quivering.

RACHEL: So I don't need any attention from you.

GABRIEL: You feel nothing from me?

RACHEL: Desire. I do feel desired.

GABRIEL: You are.

RACHEL: And I feel watched.

GABRIEL: We are the Watchers.

RACHEL: And I feel interest, as though being gazed upon.

GABRIEL: We have eight wings, and many eyes.

RACHEL: I don't see them.

GABRIEL: There are inside and outside eyes.

RACHEL: And the wings?

GABRIEL: We have fallen too hard. Stripped our wings.

RACHEL: Desire?

GABRIEL: Not exactly desire, more like curiosity or wonderment. It's like the gravity. Or electro-magnetism. It's a force, like Desire.

RACHEL: It was definitely not Desire, I can tell you, on my part.

GABRIEL: Not wanting to be touched?

RACHEL: Wanting and not wanting, I would say, in equal measure. So, good-bye again. Have a nice day.

GABRIEL: I felt helpless, as though played like a string on a puppet. I had no will, no substance of my own. I could not choose. I felt humiliated.

RACHEL: When was this?

GABRIEL: I mean Now.

RACHEL: Now?

GABRIEL: Now. Yes.

RACHEL: Not then?

GABRIEL: Then and now.

RACHEL: You sound confused.

GABRIEL: Let's say "Now," then.

RACHEL: You get your times mixed up.

GABRIEL: I do.

RACHEL: So you better get your head straight.

GABRIEL: I'm sorry. It's the dimensions. In the higher spheres. Mixed up.

RACHEL: That's your problem.

GABRIEL: I'm sorry.

RACHEL: So I think I'll go now. Not yesterday or tomorrow, but now.

GABRIEL: Please don't go.

RACHEL: Good-bye.

GABRIEL: Stay.

RACHEL: See you later.

GABRIEL: Please.

RACHEL: Then stop making me so uncomfortable -- avert your gaze a little. (*He looks away.*) Thank you.

GABRIEL: (*Dancing*) It's the little things. Like this, I turn away, like this, a movement, looking away, jaw rising, a twist, a half-step, shoulders high, heels up, like this.

RACHEL: Is what?

GABRIEL: A sheepish move, I would say, not a wolf nor a lion, a sheep. With maybe a grin, or a half-smile, like this. (*Demonstrates*)

RACHEL: Very interesting.

GABRIEL: Thank you.

RACHEL: Up to a point. What's your name?

GABRIEL: Gabriel.

RACHEL: What started all this, Gabriel?

GABRIEL: I would say, speaking of the Cause, a feeling, no, a sense, a pervasive prejudice, I would say, an attitude, properly speaking, of being lesser, unworthy of respect, unequal before one's betters.

RACHEL: Is what?

GABRIEL: The Fallen Angel.

RACHEL: What do you do?

GABRIEL: We watch.

RACHEL: You were watching?

GABRIEL: Yes. The move, the quick move, the gesture of deference.

RACHEL: This was something you observed?

GABRIEL: That I observed, yes.

RACHEL: Gabriel?

GABRIEL: Yes.

RACHEL: Are we speaking of the Angel, Gabriel?

GABRIEL: Yes.

RACHEL: You should feel honored, then.

GABRIEL: I don't. I mean, I do.

RACHEL: You should.

GABRIEL: I feel both: honored and low down. I'm an Angel. We feel everything. Every contradiction, paradox or contrary. I think it's the gravity.

RACHEL: You can't keep blaming the gravity.

GABRIEL: Why not?

RACHEL: Get your mind straight. There's other things going on.

GABRIEL: Good point. Let me try something.

RACHEL: What?

GABRIEL: Let me jump! I'll jump!

RACHEL: Be sure you land again! Be sure you don't fly off the Earth!

GABRIEL: Right! I rise above! *(He leaps into the air. Lands.)*

RACHEL: That was good! Good jump! Good gravity!

GABRIEL: Thank you. Another example is: the voice, a certain intonation, or rise and fall, a hoarseness, or a shrillness, a slip of tone, or pitch. A huge study could be made of the voice. Arising from interest and observation. Authority and submission.

RACHEL: Not because of the gravity.

GABRIEL: The Cause is fear. Intimidation.

RACHEL: Yes. Hard for you to endure, I'm sure.

GABRIEL: It's my Calling. I'm an Angel.

RACHEL: You said that.

GABRIEL: Fallen.

RACHEL: Say again: What's an Angel like you do?

GABRIEL: We watch. *(Pause)*

RACHEL: Will you say more?

GABRIEL: Yes. *(A silence)*

RACHEL: Well?

GABRIEL: There's fear there, deep down, but mainly it's a prejudice. And a feeling of unworthiness, and of being discovered as such. Of being seen by you, and others. In the flesh, as it were.

RACHEL: I'm shocked.

GABRIEL: Why?

RACHEL: Well, I'm not the kind of person who would hurt you like that.

GABRIEL: No. But I think there are a lot of other people running around out here who would.

RACHEL: True.

GABRIEL: I've heard them, running about, yelling things.

RACHEL: Homeless people, crazy people, naked people.

GABRIEL: I've heard them. I've seen them.

RACHEL: So you'd better be careful. I know I am.

GABRIEL: Of course.

RACHEL: God knows why they do that.

GABRIEL: I certainly don't.

RACHEL: There are better ways to participate in life, then to run around screaming.

GABRIEL: Yes. *(Pause)* Or killing.

RACHEL: A little happiness, once in a while. Couldn't hurt.

GABRIEL: What is happiness?

RACHEL: You don't know?

GABRIEL: No. Not anymore. I mean, I do but I was.

RACHEL: Let's not do that again, please, with the time thing. So. You don't have happiness anymore?

GABRIEL: We merely suffer now.

RACHEL: So do we.

GABRIEL: The anguish, the intensification of Life.

RACHEL: For the most part.

GABRIEL: That's it. The walk. A stroll turning into a hip-hop. Or a skip, or a pivot.

RACHEL: Nice.

GABRIEL: I'm not being precise. A quickening, or a slowing down.

RACHEL: I missed that.

GABRIEL: (*Showing*) A little dropping of the head, you might say, a dip or a nod, looking away, looking up, looking down.

RACHEL: Avoiding eye contact?

GABRIEL: Yes. The eyes. Looking away, looking down. And then the shoulders, hunching up, a hitch up, hardly know it, shoulders by the ears.

RACHEL: Nice.

GABRIEL: It's a mechanism, a reaction, does what it does.

RACHEL: Very precise.

GABRIEL(*Showing*) Yes. Amounts to a bow, in this case, the servant to his master, the lesser to the greater. Various little bows. A twitching of the eye. A flinch.

RACHEL: Very good.

GABRIEL: I meant to add: Can't step out of place, hide the ego, no right to an ego, watch your step. Right eye twitches.

RACHEL: One question, please.

GABRIEL: Ask.

RACHEL: You are talking about yourself?

GABRIEL: Myself, mainly. Apologies follow. Impulse to apologize. For what? One's own existence. Taking up space. How'd I get born?, and so on.

RACHEL: How did I get born, and for what? Good question.

GABRIEL: Right. Your father mated with your mother. It's the biological imperative. On Earth. So the Earth can keep on making the bodies.

RACHEL: The bodies?

GABRIEL: Fertilization, vibration, christyization, digestion. Electromagnetism. And so on. Uh. There's more. But I don't want to get out of my realm here, my circle of expertise, but it seems to me. *(Pause)* Now I've forgotten the whole thing. Yes. That's how it works. The feeling of unworthy, so you'll want to choose wisely, you'll want to choose.

RACHEL: You lost me there.

GABRIEL: A mate.

RACHEL: I don't want a mate. *(Pause)*

GABRIEL: Right conduct. Tradition. Not that you're a virgin entirely, but you'll need to be clean. Mind, body, and spirit.

RACHEL: Back up a minute.

GABRIEL: So much is at stake here, that I can barely stand it.

RACHEL: I can see that.

GABRIEL: What do you see?

RACHEL: A trembling and a twitching.

GABRIEL: *(Showing)* The little dance that occurs. Must give a sign, but can't show interest. Must allow a glance, but look away quickly. And then the little touching of hands. Hands. You don't know your own hands. Do their work. Don't need instruction. Carry on dutifully. So.

RACHEL: So, what?

GABRIEL: Animal Nature and Divine longing. I have the latter but learning the former. It's Desire, the famous desire, from which, or from whom, no one is spared. As far as I know. No one is spared. The desire for love, for the actual act, for the

species to continue, the Earth to survive. *(Pause)* They say pleasure is an attribute of Paradise.

RACHEL: Who says? The tribal elders? The Fathers?

GABRIEL: It's not what it's cracked up to be. In my opinion. Except for the freaks. *(Pause)* You talk now.

RACHEL: I'm not sure I understand what you're going on about, sir.

GABRIEL: Your hopes and desires, your wishes and dreams, the events of daily life, your parents or ancestry, your friends and allies, allegiances and partners, walks and talks, jobs and leisure activities, likes and dislikes, secrets and lies, resentments, unthought thoughts – feelings unfelt – senseless sensations --

RACHEL: Good God.

GABRIEL: Don't say that word, we don't know what it means, it's forbidden by the tribe, by the Fathers, and there must be many other reasons, like not taking His Name in vain, and it's a mis-used word, a misunderstood concept. In my opinion.

RACHEL: I AM a virgin.

GABRIEL: You were walking along, you were taking a stroll, you were taking a breather – there's another thing, the shortness of breath, the gasp, the wheeze from somewhere, the deep breath, the not breathing, the not knowing that I'm breathing – You were saying?

RACHEL: I wasn't saying.

GABRIEL: Say on, Darling.

RACHEL: Darling?

GABRIEL: Dearest.

RACHEL: Don't use those words.

GABRIEL: I'll try not to.

RACHEL: They're absurd.

GABRIEL: Please. *(Pause)*

RACHEL: I came out of my house. I came through the door. I was aware of myself coming through the door. "This is me coming through the door." I could feel the

fresh air. I was glad for a moment. I thought I heard someone calling. It was twilight. My favorite time of day. Birds were singing. I took a deep breath. Yes. I didn't know I was doing that. I was looking through my eyes, but they were my own eyes, themselves, enjoying the light. My own eyes. Sounds. Cattle and horses. Screaming. Dogs. My own ears. I heard a voice. Something landed next to me. Turned out to be you.

GABRIEL: That was me.

RACHEL: You looked like an Angel, obviously. A sunny glow around you. Whiteness. No wings.

GABRIEL: You made a sound from your throat, a little cry of surprise and delight. Men have lost their integrity and self-will, hearing such a sound.

RACHEL: There was a huge BANG, as well.

GABRIEL: Speed of sound through the atmosphere.

RACHEL: And a flash of light. A shattering and a clattering.

GABRIEL: That was me.

RACHEL: So I ran out into the yard. And there you landed.

GABRIEL: We were here. We're here now.

RACHEL: Here we are.

GABRIEL: Am I handsome?

RACHEL: For God's sake – I mean, for Goodness sake –

GABRIEL: Well, I have no reflection. I can't see myself in the glass. Perhaps the angle of light, or the singularity, or the transubstantiation, or the lack of material correspondence.

RACHEL: You have white hair to your shoulders, shiny blue eyes, strong legs, and a big erection. (*He gasps*) Don't gasp. This you should know for yourself.

GABRIEL: Truth is, I don't know. I can only see myself through your eyes. That's all I know.

RACHEL: You should feel it, then.

GABRIEL: I do. It's painful.

RACHEL: I'm sorry I brought it up. No pun intended.

GABRIEL: Say more.

RACHEL: Skinny, nice little beard. Talk funny. Maybe absent-minded. Lose your chain of thought. Yes, you're handsome.

GABRIEL: So, I'm an Angel, not a Man. I can't see my image, I have no self-image, I don't have that famous self-love. My history is simple and hard to understand.

RACHEL: So is mine.

GABRIEL: Maybe it's growing in your bones. Maybe it's growing in your flesh. Maybe it's gotten into your blood. And you're young and quick and frisky as a faun, and you can see yourself in a mirror. So, it's complicated.

RACHEL: You're guessing now.

GABRIEL: You're right. I am.

RACHEL: You don't know.

GABRIEL: Correct.

RACHEL: But you observe.

GABRIEL: Yes. We are Watchers. *(Pause)* The old books rant and rave. Tribes are massacred and women defiled. Towns and temples burned to the ground. Saviours coming and disappearing. Messengers from Above. Coming and going. Idolotry. Believing in things. Complicated.

RACHEL: I'm still young.

GABRIEL: I suppose that means something. There's hope there, with perserverence, endurance.

RACHEL: And you?

GABRIEL: I have hope. But I don't have time. Not that it's running out, just that it doesn't apply, because I'm not young nor old. I'm just here. We see the light changing. The glow on the horizon. The darkening night.

RACHEL: Yes.

GABRIEL: The birds singing their last songs of the day, the insects swarming, the breeze in the trees. Very nice for me. And you?

RACHEL: Me?

GABRIEL: Yes. What's your name again?

RACHEL: Rachel. And I have things to do, duties to perform, meals to cook, floors to sweep, shelves to dust, dishes to wash, clothes to mend, and on and on.

VOICE OFF: Kill the Messengers! Kill all the Messengers!

GABRIEL: What was that?

RACHEL: A voice in the wilderness.

GABRIEL: *Who* was that?

RACHEL: Sounded like Alexander. He wanders around in the desert, a homeless beggar, yelling things. *(Pause)*

GABRIEL: Why?

RACHEL: Only God knows why.

GABRIEL: We shouldn't use that word.

RACHEL: No?

GABRIEL: No. "Whereof thou cannot speak, thereof thou shalt be silent." Ludwig Wittgenstein. What were we speaking of just now?

RACHEL: Duties to perform, beds to be made, barley to be planted, water to be carried, and so on. *(Pause. They listen.)* Well, he's still around here somewhere. Alexander. *(Pause)* As an Angel, do you know the Past and the Future?

GABRIEL: I knew it before. I thought I knew it all before, and it was all simultaneous, but now I'm not so sure. And the reason is because I'm here with you now. I think. I'm not in this world or the next. And I wasn't thinking then. And I'm not so sure I'm thinking now.

RACHEL: I couldn't follow that.

GABRIEL: Excuse me. People lived a long time in the Past, and in the Future, soon there will be Giants on the Earth. Giants, progeny. In the sky, an incomprehensible immensity. And then, here, now and then, there were flashes, there are flashes,

sparks, scenes, memories – like an old tree, in a clearing, behind a Temple, a child’s holy place, a certain place, and he knows it well, and he speaks to his God there.

VOICE OFF: Kill the gods! Kill all the gods!

RACHEL: That was him. Alexander. He wants everything to be killed.

GABRIEL: It could happen.

RACHEL: No, it can’t!

GABRIEL: Okay. Shall we pretend we never heard him?

RACHEL: Yes. Let’s pretend.

GABRIEL: Shall we truly avoid that word?

RACHEL: Alexander?

GABRIEL: No. “God.”

RACHEL: God?

GABRIEL: Yes. A suggestion from the Fathers.

RACHEL: Sure.

GABRIEL: Now, you try.

RACHEL: Well, before I came outside, I was speaking with my mother. About marriage. Which you alluded to earlier.

GABRIEL: Yes.

RACHEL: And probably observed.

GABRIEL: I did. (*Rachel’s mother, SARAH, appears.*)

SARAH: If you wait much longer, you won’t be able to have children.

RACHEL: Who says?

SARAH: I say.

RACHEL: Who says I want to have children?

MOTHER: God says.

RACHEL: Don't use that word.

SARAH: You want to be a slut all your life?

RACHEL: Don't use that word.

SARAH: Why not?

RACHEL: It's not the right word.

SARAH: I'll use my own words: God says.

RACHEL: Who says I want to get married?

SARAH: God says, and the Village says and the Ancestry cries out to you.

RACHEL: The Ancestry is not crying out to me.

SARAH: In your body.

RACHEL: It's my body.

SARAH: It's my body, too.

RACHEL: No, it isn't.

SARAH: I gave you birth and life.

RACHEL: Nobody is crying in my body. Nobody.

SARAH: And that's the truth and that's the problem.

RACHEL: And there are no men here.

SARAH: Then what's this creature?

GABRIEL: I'm an Angel. Gabriel. I can take care of the problem.

SARAH: Take a hike, Pal.

GABRIEL: There'll be a race of Giants.

RACHEL: You see what I mean?

SARAH: That's what you get for walking around out here like that.

RACHER: Like what?

SARAH: Like that! It's a *shonda!* (*Exits*)

RACHEL: But me, I'm the one that's crying!

GABRIEL: *She sweats ands wipes her brow. She feels the earth beneath her feet. She looks above for help. Gabriel responds.* Here I am.

RACHEL: And then you arrived. I feel stupid now, and clumsy. I feel heavy and fat.

GABRIEL: You're a lovely biblical maiden, not too big, not too small, just right. (*He gazes.*)

RACHEL: What are you looking at?

GABRIEL: I'm looking at you.

RACHEL: Don't look at me.

GABRIEL: I love you.

RACHEL: Don't use that word.

GABRIEL: I like to look at you.

RACHEL: Look at yourself, why don't you.

GABRIEL: I can't see myself. It's an Angelic aberration. Something about the water, or the chemistry of images. I'm not sure what I mean by that. Let's take a walk.

RACHEL: No.

GABRIEL: We'll fool around a little.

RACHEL: No.

GABRIEL: I'll touch you in all the right places.

RACHEL: Don't get too carried away with yourself.

GABRIEL: You're so beautiful.

RACHEL: You have big eyes. Your eyes are bigger than your head. You're not so handsome as you think. It's disgusting. Look what it's come to, life on Earth. Angels with big heads making big eyes at the girls. Are those eyes or bubbles?

GABRIEL: We can't help it.

RACHEL: Are those eyes or beach balls?

GABRIEL: We need our eyes. We are Watchers.

RACHEL: Look at your own weird selves.

GABRIEL: We have tried and tried. Our Fathers told us, even in our youth, though we were never young. I don't know if we were ever young, or old. Like I said. Or had Fathers, for that matter.

RACHEL: You made all that up about the Fathers.

GABRIEL: Time –

VOICE OFF: Kill the Fathers! Kill all of the Fathers!

GABRIEL: The man is out of his mind. Someone should put him out of his misery.

RACHEL: Someone will.

GABRIEL: I sincerely hope so.

RACHEL: We've been told a lot about the Fathers, too, but I doubt if any of them ever existed.

GABRIEL: The Fathers?

RACHEL: Yes.

GABRIEL: You wouldn't be here if they didn't exist, Rachel.

RACHEL: And you?

GABRIEL: Truly, Time doesn't seem to apply to us.

RACHEL: So how were you born?

GABRIEL: I think I came in with the original burst of Light.

RACHEL: Are you made of light?

GABRIEL: Something like light, but more than light.

SARAH OFF: Look what he 's wearing! The man 's unclean!

RACHEL: My mother.

GABRIEL: Pay her no mind.

RACHEL: Well, you look real to me. You look almost like a person. And you do shine.

GABRIEL: Thank you. And so do you.

RACHEL: I AM a real person.

GABRIEL: And there 's a light in you. I can see it in your eyes.

RACHEL: Not me. I'm flesh and bones. I'm meat and blood. Flesh and bones. People invent all kinds of stories about our origins. That we are made of earth and fire. Air and water.

GABRIEL: And blood. Blood of the Fathers.

RACHEL: Do you think of blood as sacred?

GABRIEL: I do. What do you think?

RACHEL: I don't know what to think. That's what they say. That's what my mother says. Generation to generation. It's a miracle. And once a month I bleed. Not much of a miracle. They didn't ask me about it.

GABRIEL: Why do you think you're here?

RACHEL: To bleed.

GABRIEL: Yes. Sexual reproduction.

RACHEL: To bleed, not breed. I don't know why I'm even talking to you.

GABRIEL: You don't have much choice.

RACHEL: Bye, bye. *(Can't move.)* I can't move.

GABRIEL: I won't hurt you.

RACHEL: You're not a man. You don't even know what you're made of.

GABRIEL: Something very, very fine.

RACHEL: Something gaseous. Why don't you do something? Help me to move.

GABRIEL: I can't.

RACHEL: Angels are supposed to help people.

GABRIEL: There's nothing we can do. We watch.

RACHEL: You only watch?

GABRIEL: We are the Watchers.

RACHEL: What good is that?

GABRIEL: Someone has to do it.

RACHEL: Are you hypnotizing me?

GABRIEL: Yes.

RACHEL: Because I can't seem to turn. Away.

VOICE OFF: Kill the Watchers! Kill all the Watchers!

RACHEL: Alexander.

GABRIEL: Ignore him.

RACHEL: Why can't I move?

GABRIEL: Your feet are heavy. Lovely little feet. Your butt is rounded and high. You have long arms and delicate hands. Your eyes are large and brown and translucent. Your eyebrows are placed exactly on your face, your ears are close to your head, your hair is a shiny blonde, from the North. Your walk could pause an army.

RACHEL: Stop that.

GABRIEL: Your legs are long and taper perfectly from the waist, where your hips are just wide enough, the waist tiny and firm, and your breasts are perfectly proportioned, and soft but firm, and your neck invites the bites of an Angel, like me.

RACHEL: Are you done?

GABRIEL: Your heavenly door, in your tight, revealing costume, which reminds me of the Greek Egyptians, the Ptolemys, in times yet to come. Even Cleopatra. And –

RACHEL: That's enough.

GABRIEL: Alright, say something about me.

RACHEL: No.

GABRIEL: Eventually the Earth will die, cracked like a cinder-block. The waters will be gone, and the atmosphere, and all the arable land. Only the molten rock remains. And caverns and ice. Caves. Nothing in the caves.

RACHEL: Why don't you do something about it?

GABRIEL: We get a little free will, even less than you, doesn't mean much, limits our options.

RACHEL: So what are you here for?

GABRIEL: We will make the Giants.

RACHEL: And what will they be good for?

GABRIEL: Hard to say. They could be either good or bad. I'd do some breathing, if I were you. While we have this lovely atmosphere. All kinds of elements in the air. Balance could change, you know, take a little oxygen out and you have a whole new ballgame.

RACHEL: What's a ballgame?

GABRIEL: It's a game you play with a ball.

RACHEL: How do you know?

GABRIEL: I pick up things, here and there, from Historical Time, as I explained. Glimpses, visions in the air. Chrystals. Like visual chrystals. No, chrystals with images on them. I'm not supposed to tell all, and I don't see that well.

RACHEL: Who tells you what to do?

GABRIEL: No, it's not like that. It's more fragmentary than that. I see shards of things, splinters of things, pictures of things, like that. The past is different. You got Adam and Eve and Noah and the Flood, and images like that. It's a picture of murder and mayhem and fratricide and stupid mistakes. I'm sure you know the stories.

RACHEL: We do.

GABRIEL: Pride and Lust. Greed and power. And ignorance supreme.

RACHEL: And the Giants?

GABRIEL: Who knows about the Giants, because we've never seen a Giant yet, and we don't know what these Giants will be, except large and ugly.

RACHEL: Tell me this: How did you get here to this Hell on Earth?

GABRIEL: Our wings were clipped. By the wind. You see any wings?

RACHEL: No.

GABRIEL: No wings.

RACHEL: You don't need wings. You can transmigrify. You can go here or there on a spit or a wave.

GABRIEL: No. We can't fly so well in this atmosphere.

RACHEL: What's wrong with it?

GABRIEL: Gravity.

RACHEL: You have gravity where you come from?

GABRIEL: Good question.

RACHEL: Yes or no?

GABRIEL: We have weight. Everything is material.

RACHEL: You have weight?

GABRIEL: We do have weight. We have a little weight. Not much.

RACHEL: You're just not made of the same material?

GABRIEL: No. Take a look.

RACHEL: I'm looking. Very fine.

GABRIEL: And?

RACHEL: It's not the same, not the same. It's made of lighter stuff than us. It's fine.

GABRIEL: Of course, it is.

RACHEL: So, what's wrong with you?

GABRIEL: We are hopelessly attracted to human girls. It's a shame, really. It's not that we don't know – how they are, how they act. We are in love anyway – how they walk and how they dance. How they talk and how they glance.

RACHEL: You like to rhyme in the Heavenly Spheres?

GABRIEL: Yes. It's also the density of the atmosphere on Earth.

RACHEL: Is what?

GABRIEL: Arousing us to gaze at girls.

RACHEL: That's no excuse. What's wrong with how we act?

GABRIEL: You talk too much and giggle too much and think too much. Of yourselves. And tease. But we are all in love with all of you.

RACHEL: I'm going to call my mother.

GABRIEL: Go ahead.

RACHEL: I'm going to call my mother. *(Pause)* Did you hear me? *(Pause)* I'm going to call my mother.

GABRIEL: We love your mother. She is a beautiful woman. We are Angels. We don't discriminate. By age.

RACHEL: How many of you are you?

GABRIEL: Many. And all our names end with El.

RACHEL: What's yours again?

GABRIEL: Gabriel.

RACHEL: You should go back to where you came from, Gabriel. You should go back to Heaven, wherever that is. Get on a cloud or something and ride on back. Can you do that?

GABRIEL: Watch.

RACHEL: Go on.

GABRIEL: There. *(Pause)*

RACHEL: You didn't do anything.

GABRIEL: I went there and came back. You didn't notice.

RACHEL: You didn't move.

GABRIEL: You see how hard it is. To see. To see anything, even when it's right in front of you.

RACHEL: I didn't see a thing.

GABRIEL: I went and came back.

RACHEL: Where?

GABRIEL: You wouldn't understand.

RACHEL: Tell me.

GABRIEL: The heavenly spheres.

RACHEL: Oh, bullshit.

GABRIEL: I went as far as the Door.

RACHEL: What door?

GABRIEL: I mean the Gate. But it didn't open.

RACHEL: It didn't open?

GABRIEL: It didn't open.

RACHEL: Why not?

GABRIEL: I don't know. Maybe we're unclean now. That could be it. We're sullied now by lust for women and girls. As I said previously. And the dirty dust of the desert.

RACHEL: Previously?

GABRIEL: Before.

RACHEL: I'm sorry.

GABRIEL: Thank you for that.

RACHEL: Don't thank me. I didn't mean it.

GABRIEL: Why say you're sorry?

RACHEL: I'm not sorry. You didn't do anything or go anywhere. And you can't fly.

GABRIEL: I don't need to fly. I just go and I'm there. *(Pause)*

RACHEL: Hard to believe.

GABRIEL: In a millisecond.

RACHEL: You don't say?

GABRIEL: I do.

RACHEL: So what's it like?

GABRIEL: In the Heavenly Spheres?

RACHEL: That's what I'm talking about. What are *you* talking about?

GABRIEL: It's just what you might envision or imagine. A heavenly sphere. Only it's not exactly a circle or a line, not exactly a space, or an orbit -- it's more like a dimension.

RACHEL: You can move faster than I think?

GABRIEL: Yes. I am an Angel. I've been and gone and now I'm back.

RACHEL: You can move faster than I blink?

GABRIEL: Been and gone and now I'm back.

RACHEL: Just now?

GABRIEL: Yes.

RACHEL: Can you say more? *(Pause)*

GABRIEL: No. We suffer.

RACHEL: In Heaven?

GABRIEL: On Earth as it is in Heaven.

RACHEL: How long? I mean, for how long?

GABRIEL: We suffer for all Eternity. *(Pause)* It's like this. See, I'm standing here and there's a beautiful woman. She's standing right next to me. Like this. I watch her mouth. I want to taste her. I want to embrace her. And she knows. She knows I'm near. I want to touch her. I touch her. So smooth. So soft. But forbidden. It is forbidden. Why? Timing, bad timing. And I'm being watched. Who is watching me? Another Angel, higher than me. I see this entity out of the corner of my eye. A terrible struggle ensues. I want to talk to this woman. I want to grab this woman. But I'm not allowed. A higher entity is watching. I lose all my power, all my substance. All my excitement and all my happiness. Because I'm an Angel. I must obey, and return. *(Pause)*

RACHEL: I'm going to call my mother and father and the Police and the Army. They can kick the shit out of anybody. Which reminds me. Do you do that stuff? Eat and shit and all of that? Fight? Kill people? Drink? Breathe? Do you bleed?

GABRIEL: We don't have to eat and we don't have to clean or wash the dishes or go to the bathroom. So that's something. It's sexier here. The material is denser and wetter. The atmosphere. And the beings are divided into pairs. So we tend to gravitate toward that.

RACHEL: You must, or you wouldn't be gazing at my crotch. Gaze at your own crotch if you want to gaze at something. What are you made of?

GABRIEL: Right now I am flesh, as you can see, if you look. As you can hear, if you listen. As you can feel, if you touch.

RACHEL: Forget about it.

GABRIEL: I can't.

RACHEL: Then there is definitely something wrong with you. Pay attention.

GABRIEL: I am.

RACHEL: I mean to your own self.

GABRIEL: I see us both. We're both here now. I'm suffering.

RACHEL: Include me out.

GABRIEL: I can't help it. I'm drawn to you like a magnet. Like water to the ocean.

RACHEL: You have brains in your heads?

GABRIEL: We are all brains -- finer than you and lighter than you and smarter than you. By a long shot.

RACHEL: Excuse me. Your brains are in your dick. If you have a real dick.

GABRIEL: That's not nice, Rachel.

RACHEL: It wasn't meant to be nice.

GABRIEL: Take a look.

RACHEL: Could be a codpiece made of leather. Could be a stump covered with cat-skin. Could be a large rat covered with rat.

GABRIEL: It's not any of those. You'd see that if you could see. And I'm kinder than you.

RACHEL: I don't see kindness myself, so far. For myself. I can't see kindness for myself.

GABRIEL: I'm not myself here. I don't know what's going to happen. I don't even know what I mean by that. Have mercy on me.

RACHEL: I'll try.

GABRIEL: Thank you.

RACHEL: It's a question.

GABRIEL: Thank you.

RACHEL: So. *(Pause)* What happened to you?

GABRIEL: We have fallen. In love.

RACHEL: Horseshit. Take a hike.

GABRIEL: People want to see that. People falling in love. You can see it in the air, in the sky. There's a screen there. On the clouds. Screens on the clouds. People fall in love in the pictures. On the screens. You know what a screen is? In a frame?

RACHEL: I know what a picture is.

GABRIEL: Good. We became enraptured by that. And so will you. Then Giants will be born.

RACHEL: Excuse me?

GABRIEL: Giants will be born. Never mind. We were captured by that. We were enraptured by that. Ask the Priests. We'll kill all the Priests.

RACHEL: Oh! Why would you do such a thing?

GABRIEL: So we're not interfered with or bothered or yelled at. Bunch of lunatics ranting and raving. Best to get rid of them.

VOICE OFF: Kill the Angels! Kill all the Angels!

RACHEL: That was him. Alexander.

SARAH (OFF): He's an infidel! And he wants to co-habitate with women. Him and all his friends. He's a bum!

GABRIEL: Was that your mother?

RACHEL: That was my mother.

VOICE OFF: It's a preacher. Kill all the preachers!

RACHEL: That was Alexander.

GABRIEL: That's one thing to do we really have to do.

RACHEL: What's that?

GABRIEL: Kill the preachers.

RACHEL: It will cause a lot of trouble.

GABRIEL: And then we'll have our Giants.

SARAH (OFF:) What's he wearing? Is he made of silk?

GABRIEL: Your mother?

RACHEL: That was her again.

GABRIEL: She sounds obsessed. Shut up over there! *(Pause)*

RACHEL: That wasn't nice, Gabriel.

GABRIEL: I love the way you say my name.

RACHEL: I agree with you about my mother.

GABRIEL: Gives me a certain validity.

RACHEL: She has a one-track mind.

GABRIEL: As I was saying, there will be a race of Giants.

RACHEL: Yes, but will they be good?

GABRIEL: People like to kill each other, burn each other, torture each other, starve each other, pull each other's teeth out, and so on, so it's hard to say.

RACHEL: So what do you do?

GABRIEL: We are the Watchers.

RACHEL: What a bunch of malarkey

GABRIEL: The touch. That's the thing. Touch. We want to be touched. It's a new idea for us. Where we come from, it's too fine there, and we're never touched, physically, and so we suffer.

RACHEL: Time to go, Gabriel. You don't look good to me. And you don't sound right in the head.

GABRIEL: Bye, bye.

VOICE (OFF): Kill the Mullahs! Kill all the Mullahs!

RACHEL: What's a Mullah?

GABRIEL: Pay no attention to him.

RACHEL: I'm going. *(Can't move.)* Seems hard to move right now.

GABRIEL: Come sit on my lap.

RACHEL: I can't do that right now.

GABRIEL: Come on.

RACHEL: What'd I just tell you?

GABRIEL: I'll let you move.

RACHEL: Wait a minute.

GABRIEL: You bet.

RACHEL: Let's give it a minute --

GABRIEL: Gabriel. Forget the particles.

RACHEL: What Particles?

GABRIEL: Think waves.

RACHEL: I can't think right now. Particles nor waves.

GABRIEL: Think numbers.

RACHEL: Is that what you do?

GABRIEL: We don't do anything. We just are.

RACHEL: Forget the Giants. Fly away. Bliss out somewhere else. Back where you came from.

GABRIEL: Can't.

RACHEL: Why not?

GABRIEL: Don't you feel it? Lift your foot, lift your other foot, lift your arm, lift your other arm, turn your head, jump around, walk and skip, run, run, run. (*No one moves.*) There will be a race of Giants. Titans will roam the Earth. And they will do bad things.

RACHEL: How do you know now?

GABRIEL: They have the Evil Inclination. I mean, not yet, but they will. To be more precise, they do now, because in the sense of Time, they're already here. I mean, it's just a matter of Time.

RACHEL: Angels are supposed to be holy creatures.

GABRIEL: I meant the Giants. Our progeny.

VOICE (OFF): Kill the prophets! Kill all the prophets!

RACHEL: You hear that?

GABRIEL: Yes.

RACHEL: What does he mean?

GABRIEL: Alexander?

RACHEL: Yes. What does he mean?

GABRIEL: There will be prophets. They'll come around and proscribe and tell you what's what and whether you'll go to heaven or hell, or not, and what's kosher and what's not, and what's good and what's not. And--

RACHEL: What for?

GABRIEL: Visibility. Of women. The eyes are in there, but they can't see out. You're supposed to behave yourself and not be attractive, so the men can concentrate on *God*. I'm sorry I said that word. But there are other rules and prohibitions and codes and if you do have sexual thoughts, bad things will happen.

RACHEL: Like what?

GABRIEL: Purgatorio.

RACHEL: I think that's completely idiotic.

GABRIEL: So do I.

RACHEL: Where are babies supposed to come from?

GABRIEL: Sandstorms. Ha, ha. I didn't mean that.

RACHEL: You're one of them. Yes, or no?

GABRIEL: I'm an Angel, not a sandstorm.

RACHEL: That's what I meant.

GABRIEL: Look over there. *(She looks)*

RACHEL: I see nothing but sand. *(Sound of wind)*

GABRIEL: There's one of them.

RACHEL: Where?

GABRIEL: He's on his way.

RACHEL: No. That's probably Alexander.

GABRIEL: Look the other way. *(She looks)*

RACHEL: That's my mother.

GABRIEL: Now look this way. *(Steps behind her.)*

RACHEL: I see sand and wind, and that's all I see.

GABRIEL: This is me.

RACHEL: And invisible. Unseen. *(Steps in front of her.)*

GABRIEL: Here I am.

RACHEL: Oh. Did you go somewhere again?

GABRIEL: Yes.

RACHEL: Where to?

GABRIEL: A million light years away.

RACHEL: Not helpful.

GABRIEL: So you can see that we mean no harm.

RACHEL: That's not what you said.

GABRIEL: What did I say?

RACHEL: You mentioned Giants. Things can go terribly wrong with Giants.

GABRIEL: They can.

RACHEL: So I fail to see the connection there, whether Harm is intended or not.
(Pause)

GABRIEL: We are not earthbound.

RACHEL: So?

GABRIEL: So harm is not intended.

RACHEL: You're talking out of both sides of your mouth. It stinks.

GABRIEL: It does.

RACHEL: Let me step back a bit. Come on.

GABRIEL: Okay. *(She takes a step away.)*

RACHEL: Are you then not captured by gravity?

GABRIEL: Yes. We are captured. We're hypnotized. By beautiful women. Ask anyone. *(Enter Sarah)* Ask your mother. You have tribes around here, they're afraid to look at a woman's face. You have big problems around here.

RACHEL: You follow him, Mom?

SARAH: We do have problems. The men are afraid to look at you, especially if you're beautiful. If you're too beautiful, you'd better get out of town.

GABRIEL: That's what I'm saying.

SARAH: They wrap you up in black blankets, for goodness sake! If you're beautiful, like me. Can you imagine that? Walking around in a black blanket? How can you go anywhere or do anything?

RACHEL: I don't know how. I can't move anyway with this Angel hanging around, gazing at me.

SARAH: Smack him in the head.

RACHEL: I can't move. I'm trapped by his Gaze.

SARAH: Look away, then, why don't you?

RACHEL: I am looking away.

SARAH: What's that he's wearing?

RACHEL: He's wearing a cloud.

SARAH: He's wearing a white, diaphonous cloud.

RACHEL: It looks like silk.

GABRIEL: It's not silk.

SARAH: You call that a garment?

GABRIEL: That is a garment.

SARAH: What's underneath it?

GABRIEL: I am.

RACHEL: Forget about it.

SARAH: Looks like nothing is underneath it.

GABRIEL: You'd be surprised.

SARAH: I would be, yes.

GABRIEL: You'd be very surprised.

SARAH: But I'm not interested.

RACHEL: Me, niether. Take a swipe at him. (*SARAH swings and misses.*) You missed.

GABRIEL: Nothing happened.

SARAH: Yeah, it did.

GABRIEL: Nothing happened.

SARAH: I swang and missed.

GABRIEL: No, you didn't.

RACHEL: She swang and missed.

GABRIEL: Try again. (*She tries, can't move, grunts.*)

SARAH: Let's go home.

RACHEL: Let's go.

GABRIEL: Wait a minute.

SARAH: We're on our way.

GABRIEL: You were going to ask me about the sheets.

RACHEL: The sheets?

GABRIEL: Not the sheets, the screens.

SARAH: The screens?

GABRIEL: First they were fragments, or shards, or chrystals, and now they're screens.

SARAH: Are what?

GABRIEL: Images and thoughts.

SARAH: When was this?

GABRIEL: On our way down. How we Angels became captured.

RACHEL: He read my mind.

SARAH: Did you read her mind?

GABRIEL: Yes. Well, it stands to reason. It's common sense. It's the way things are between humans and Angels. At any rate, things change, in Time.

RACHEL: Do you get stuck occasionally? In a groove, let's say, or a rut, or a slide, or a slot?

GABRIEL: Yes, but then I'm saved, I'm saved by an observation of my actual situation, which is all there is, in fact, though I didn't mean to say that. In truth, I meant something else entirely. I think I'm saved by the beauty of earthly women. And so I'm caught like a fish on a hook. I, and my cohort, we are captured by an image. And the image is in the sky, the deep, deep sky. Deep as the sky can be, the vast universal depth of sky....*(Pause)* The endlessly deep...

RACHEL: Yes?

GABRIEL: Is why. *(Pause)*

RACHEL: You have fish up there?

SARAH: What kind of stupid question is that?

GABRIEL: There are fish in some places, of course, where they have water, but I have never been caught like a fish, and I've never caught a fish, but I know what fishing is, because I've watched it happen a hundred times. Fish are interesting. But where I come from, there are no fish.

SARAH: What do you have up there?

GABRIEL: You should take care of those splendid fish, by the way, because we don't have them everywhere and they are a diminishing resource where you come from.

SARAH: Which is here.

GABRIEL: Obviously. Some very nice fish. But the women are even better. The women are superb.

SARAH: Okay, okay. So what else do you have up there in Heaven?

GABRIEL: Stars and moons and sky and very fine gases and some lovely music. The Music of the Spheres.

SARAH: No women?

GABRIEL: No women. Therefore, no Giants.

SARAH: I find that hard to believe.

GABRIEL: Well, we have the feminine. We do have the feminine. The ephemeral feminine. The female spirit. Dancing around the maypole in flowery dresses, cooking in the kitchen, dusting the dust, sweeping the floors, chattering away, giving advice, hysterically hysterical, and so on.

RACHEL: That didn't sound right.

SARAH: No. That don't sound right at all. You got to have some kind of romance up there or there'd be nothing going on.

GABRIEL: They are not corporeal, like you.

SARAH: There'd be no confusion about right or wrong, or up and down, or who 's with who, or what was what! Just diaphanous dust floating around! And meaningless sand! Not for me, Pal.

RACHEL: On that note, we're leaving now.

SARAH: Don't follow us.

GABRIEL: Bye, bye. Pleasure to meet you. *(No one moves.)*

RACHEL: We still can't move.

SARAH: We're stuck. Is it the gravity?

RACHEL: No, it's the Gaze.

SARAH: Let us go, you fucking Angel!

RACHEL: See -- that's how we were captured.

SARAH: Who cares? I'll get my fucking ancestors in here who will kick his ass! You think we're nothin' but a bunch of desert wanderers? That's not us, Pal. We are the Chosen Ones! We take shit from nobody!, so there!

GABRIEL: I'm not Chosen, like you, although I do feel something, I have to say, I'm bound, there is a force, but not like you, something like gravity. But not that. Not chosen, not gravity. Something finer, something stronger, something that contains pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow.

RACHEL: Oh, shut the fuck up. I'm sick of this guy.

GABRIEL: Mixed. Images in the heavens. I guess you could call it that. What called to us, what captivated us, what guided us here, to you? Where did they come from? How did they arise? Why did they entertain us and enrapture us? We don't know. We have no idea. It is a mystery to us.

SARAH: I'm sick of him, too.

GABRIEL: It's not the gravity. I can't explain it, but it has to do with my special Gaze. It is riveting, so to say.

RACHEL: Riveting, indeed!

SARAH: Stop that stupid gazing!

GABRIEL: I will, if you promise to stay.

SARAH: Don't promise.

RACHEL: I promise. I don't know why I said that.

GABRIEL: And then we'll cohabit.

RACHEL: I didn't hear that.

SARAH: Fucking angel wearing a cloud and a dick. I never heard of such a thing. We got guys who wear wool in the Summer, and skulls on their heads, and feathers in their crotches, and leather in their armpits, and arrows up their asses, but I never seen anything like this.

RACHEL: Me, neither. Funny. So take off the gaze and we'll talk. Never mind. We'll just stand here. *(Long pause)* Stupidly. *(Another long pause)* Seems grandiose to me, I mean "The Watchers," I mean the whole idea.

SARAH: Take off the Gaze, motherfucker.

GABRIEL: It's off.

RACHEL & SARAH: Oh! *(They move.)*

GABRIEL: Stay a moment. I'll show you some watching. These are four or five things I saw a minute ago, as evidence of good faith and goodness and certain personality traits that I have, and these are also related, Sarah, to your ideas of a material garment. So, look up. First, I was helping out in a meeting, by speaking through this fellow Alexander, giving him a few ideas, so to speak, so he would act sanely in the meeting, namely that the rains would come, and that the rains implied wisdom and attention from above, and also, rain, and then I ran into a fellow Angel of mine, and we had a wonderful conversation concerning what fools we were, at the moment, and becoming worse, and then I walked away, I simply walked away, leaving him dumbfounded and confused about my behaviour, and the next thing I did was -- I walked by Sarah here and touched her arm -- did you feel that, Sarah?

SARAH: No, not really.

GABRIEL: I touched her shoulder lightly and she shrugged slightly as if to shrug off a bug of some kind, or an unwanted touch of some kind, connected with some kind of an unknown material that I was wearing, and then, thirdly, I ran into another Angel I know and made inquiries about his health, which we admirably discussed at length, before entering another room where I felt heartily disliked by everyone -- except the one whose health had been discussed, who seemed neutral -- and I was bothered, pained by all these events for various reasons, all of them irrational, until I recounted them to you just now.

RACHEL: Thanks a lot.

GABRIEL: And they pain me still.

SARAH: Not sorry to hear it.

GABRIEL: You see the problem of meaning here?

SARAH: No. No meaning here, as was said.

GABRIEL: There's a problem of meaning. What seems to be meaningful for you, has no meaning for me. I should say this another way. *(Pause)*

RACHEL: So say it.

GABRIEL: You seem to have meaning. No, you seem to ascribe meaning to things that are meaningless.

SARAH: Like what?

GABRIEL: Like everything that happens.

RACHEL: And you don't?

GABRIEL: No.

SARAH: Why not?

GABRIEL: Things have no meaning.

RACHEL: Not for you.

GABRIEL: No. We watch is all. And things happen. We watch and they happen. Things happen because we watch. This is a level of meaning for you, so you have that, the meaning of things, like a layer of reality, like a skin. We don't have that skin. So, good for you. The only drawback of that, the consequence, as it were, in terms of Good and Evil, is that you suffer.

RACHEL: Did you get that?

SARAH: No. What living being could manage to get that?

GABRIEL: Ordinarily, we don't have that skin, that body, that shroud of meaning, so we don't suffer it.

SARAH: Good for you.

GABRIEL: We suffer other things.

RACHEL: We're sorry to hear it.

SARAH: We are NOT sorry to hear it.

GABRIEL: And because of the Giant situation we have to go through all this. The falling and stalling, the balling and calling, the sailing and wailing.

SARAH: What Giants situation?

GABRIEL: The one that is coming to Earth.

SARA: Stay away from us, Pal!

GABRIEL: You've heard these crazy murderers running around, these crazy people running around, they are the beginning of the end of this Age, and now we have come to the Age of Giants.

SARAH: Oh, no!

GABRIEL: But I feel that my good intentions should be, and have been, expressed.

RACHEL: Bravo.

GABRIEL: Okay?

SARAH: No. It's not okay.

GABRIEL: We are The Watchers.

RACHEL: You said that already. A hundred times.

GABRIEL: Because otherwise, everything would be different. Balls wouldn't spin and birds wouldn't fly. As I tried to explain. Rain wouldn't fall, and Angels would die. Wheels wouldn't turn, water wouldn't boil, and the fire goes out. Maidens wouldn't marry and then the Moms commit suicide.

SARAH: Oh, come on!

GABRIEL: And also revelations, personalities, paranoias and selfish judgments and negativities, and so on.

RACHEL: So what?

GABRIEL: Exposed. By the way, you're as good-looking as your Mom, but I find her more interesting. She's seasoned. She has salt and spices.

SARAH: This person is Satan in disguise.

GABRIEL: And all I have is myself.

RACHEL: Which is not much.

SARAH: Satan.

GABRIEL: No, that refers to Adam and Eve and the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

RACHEL: What is the Knowledge of Good and Evil?

GABRIEL: The Knowledge of Good and Evil.

RACHEL: But what does it mean?

SARAH: The Spirit became Flesh?

GABRIEL: That's one idea.

RACHEL: You had to work for a living.

GABRIEL: That was a consequence. So you'll never get to the bottom of it.

SARAH: Because there is no bottom.

GABRIEL: Because the bottom is a void, on the bottom of the tree of life. An abyss. Right. There's no bottom on the bottom.

RACHEL: We don't want no stinking Giants hanging around.

GABRIEL: It is written.

SARAH: So what? People write all kinds of shit.

GABRIEL: In the book of Enoch.

SARAH: I don't read the Book of Enoch.

RACHEL: I never read the Book of Enoch.

GABRIEL: King David fought a Giant.

RACHEL: Never heard of him.

GABRIEL: That was later.

SARAH: Og was a Giant.

GABRIEL: Forget Og.

RACHEL: I don't want to give birth to a Giant. Must hurt like Hell.

GABRIEL: He comes out small and then he grows up into a Giant.

RACHEL: And then he calls me, "Mom?"

GABRIEL: Yes. "Mom."

RACHEL: Let's go home.

SARAH: And say you're sorry, first.

GABRIEL: We don't apologize.

SARAH: Why not?

RACHEL: They don't apologize. They're Angels.

GABRIEL: That is correct. And there must be a good reason for that, which has come down through the ages, generation to generation, about apology, the uselessness of apologizing. Especially for Angels.

SARAH: Which is?

GABRIEL: The reason is this. *(Pause)*

RACHEL: Yes?

SARAH: Where were we?

GABRIEL: You're here now.

SARAH: Right.

RACHEL: Is the Gaze back on? *(No reply)*

SARAH: You were saying?

GABRIEL: We don't apologize. Because you can't take it back and you might as well suffer for it. Is what I'm saying. But down here everybody is always apologizing, so they think they're over the mistake or the insult or the injury, they're forgiven, they're shriven, they're okay, it's all good again. So they don't get a chance to enjoy

the moment, as it were, or at least recognize their situation, being an earthly creature who doesn't exactly know what he's doing.

SARAH: He's said a mouthful there. But don't encourage him to say any more.

RACHEL: We'll see what happens.

SARAH: Maybe you will, and maybe you won't.

RACHEL: What?

SARAH: See what happens.

GABRIEL: I'm delighted, absolutely delighted.

SARAH: Good for you.

GABRIEL: To have this energy coursing through me, vital energy, seed energy coursing through me, sex energy coursing through me. Seeds. Of Giants. Coursing.

SARAH: Can we step aside?

GABRIEL: Step aside.

SARAH: We won't go far.

GABRIEL: You can't go far.

RACHEL: Stop that stupid gazing. I'm sick of it. The biology of it. The constant lust, lust, lust. Look away, old man.

SARAH: I think we have to bring this Old Man into the real world. *(Pause)*

GABRIEL: This *is* the real world.

SARAH: I mean down to Earth.

GABRIEL: We can't change anything. Everything has to happen the way things happen and that's it, period. Everything that's going to happen is going to happen and we can't do anything about that, either.

SARAH: I don't think this Angel knows what he's talking about.

GABRIEL: And you don't want to know some of what's going to happen, take my word for it.

SARAH: Then don't tell us.

GABRIEL: Because we don't know, either. And a lot of the things that happened in the past are not so great.

RACHEL: We know.

GABRIEL: Take the flood, for example.

RACHEL: We heard.

GABRIEL: The past and the future are equally doomed. Why?

SARAH: Okay, tell us why.

GABRIEL: Come back and I'll tell you. *(They inch towards him.)* Closer.

RACHEL: Lighten the Gaze.

GABRIEL: It's light, it's light. Light as a feather. *(They walk to him almost normally.)* Good. Light as light. Where were we?

SARAH: The Flood. Oh, the Flood.

GABRIEL: The flood. Sodom and Gemorrah. Massacre and false gods. The Lord got tired of it and destroyed the city and turned what's-his-name into salt. Lot. Why? These creatures like to kill and torture and make other people miserable, and they think they're right in doing so. They're doing the right thing. They're not doing the wrong thing, they're doing the right thing -- always, always. In fact, nobody does the wrong thing, ever. So they keep on doing it. I'll skip a few of the hard parts, but they are going to destroy the Earth. They don't give a damn, basically, so long as they can feed their faces or their children, or parade around the Plaza. *(Pause)*

RACHEL: Are you lost again?

GABRIEL: Yes.

RACHEL: The Plaza.

GABRIEL: Yes, the Plaza. *(Pause)* People like to parade around the Plaza. Especially if there's a girl on their arm. Especially if their kids are on their arm. Especially then. And so on. Around the Plaza.

SARAH: Jeez.

GABRIEL: Or the courtyard. Or the square. The City Center. The roundabout. No, not really. *(Pause)* Tell me about yourselves, your world, your reality, as they say, what you care about, what you think.

SARAH: That's nice.

GABRIEL: Isn't that interesting and true?

RACHEL: Yes, so interesting and true. But what good would it do?

SARAH: Good rhyming. We need tension and conflict right about now, honey. We need tension and conflict about sex. No more stupid rhyming.

GABRIEL: THE MURDEROUS SONSOFBITCHES. *(Pause)*

SARAH: Where did that come from?

GABRIEL: I'm going to rape you now.

RACHEL: I don't think so.

GABRIEL: I'm going to rape you now.

RACHEL: I don't think so.

GABRIEL: I'm going to rape you now.

SARAH: Let go!

GABRIEL: I'm going to rape you now.

SARAH: That's what you think.

GABRIEL: It will mean the beginning of the Race of Giants, the era of Giants, the age of the Giants on Earth.

RACHEL: Oh, no!

GABRIEL: Yes, I'm going to grab you by the neck – Sarah first, she's got what I like – she's moist and hot and she can carry a Giant –

SARAH: No!

GABRIEL: I'm going to grab you by the neck and by your hair and force you down and make you touch me and make you be nice and soft and loving and blissful --

SARAH: Let go!

GABRIEL: One at a time, but first Sarah and then you, the little one. I like little ones too, like Rachel, she's tight and horny and won't admit it – That there'll be a race of Giants on this earth!

RACHEL: Call the Priest! Call Alexander the Priest, Mom! Call him!

GABRIEL: We'll burn all the priests. We'll pile them up and burn them. So I wouldn't call a priest now, if I were you. We're going to burn them all and send their chemicals into the air. We're going to turn them into smoke. And remember, you're under my Gaze, so you can't resist. You can't move and you can't resist. You can yell if you want, but it won't do you any good, for you remain under my Gaze, and I will penetrate you both and then you will have bliss and then you will have Giants in your wombs. And they will grow and want to get out onto the Earth in order to dominate the Earth and you will die giving birth to them. So that's the way it'll be, that's the way it will go for you. *(Music)*

VOICE OVER: Kill the believers! Kill all the believers!

RACHEL: It's all about sex.

SARAH: Just as I thought.

GABRIEL: I'll tell you what happened. Someone didn't like all the touching and dancing, all the nuzzling and kissing, the singing and petting, the pinching and groping, all the foreplay and the fucking. So they started in on the religion. And that is why we have massacres to this day.

SARAH: Before the Fathers, we were thought of as Prey. They hunted us down and raped us, like you are trying to do now.

GABRIEL: How did you live?

SARAH: We stayed together as mothers and daughters and sisters. Like elephants.

GABRIEL: Like prey?

SARAH: Like prey. And then we were brought the Commandments, down from the mountains, and the Fathers started organizing things. So now we're hunted down like mates.

RACHEL: Sometimes we do the hunting.

SARAH: A woman has to live.

RACHEL: She has to go mating.

SARAH: She has to go dating.

GABRIEL: They will kill all the elephants.

VOICE (OFF): Kill the elephants!

SARAH: So it's a big hunt out there. To have enough to live on.

RACHEL: To have enough to feed on.

SARAH: To get laid once in a while.

RACHEL: To have a roof over your head.

SARAH: To have a family, to know Love.

RACHEL: Love, love, love.

SARAH: It's a rough deal. So why do you want to get in on it?

GABRIEL: I love you.

SARAH: Oh, stop.

GABRIEL: I'm a hundred and thirty-six years old, Earthtime.

SARAH: *Mazeltov.*

GABRIEL: I've been selfish and negative in my many days.

RACHEL: So have we all.

GABRIEL: And alone. That's why they sent us down here. To find someone. To make giants.

RACHEL: I thought you fell.

GABRIEL: Don't prolong your agony.

RACHEL: What does that mean?

GABRIEL: It means respecting the *mores* of others.

SARAH: All they want to do is eat and drink and tell jokes and have a good time.

RACHEL: Is he still gazing?

GABRIEL: This is the Gaze that penetrates.

RACHEL: And then?

GABRIEL: And then you eat me, like a bug, and then the Giants grow inside you.

RACHEL: What about the sex?

GABRIEL: Sex, too. Nice and slow.

SARAH: Let's take a minute.

GABRIEL: I am overcome. I have discovered my chief weakness, with which, as an Angel, I must struggle mightily, but I have failed, I can't do it, it is complete and I can't stand it anymore.

RACHEL: Say again?

GABRIEL: I want you so much, I can't stop looking at you, my Gaze is as thick as water, I can't win, there is no mercy, and I can't win, I want to touch you, eat you, absorb you, as they say. And I can feel the reciprocity, it's just not me, it's you, too, yes, we are caught, we are caught by Lust. We didn't create it, we are not the cause, but we are seen naked, helpless, with no hope, no mercy offered, and you are so beautiful to me.

RACHEL: I couldn't follow that.

GABRIEL: I can't take my eyes off you. I struggle and look away. Even though you are different, we could never be together, we are aliens, even so, even then, we're looking and looking away, over and over, until my suffering is unbearable and the struggle is merciless.

SARAH: I have mercy on you.

GABRIEL: Lord have mercy on us.

VOICE (OFF): Kill the Angels! Kill all the Angels!

RACHEL: They're not worth the horse they rode in on.

GABRIEL: The Giants will rape all the girls and burn everything down and poison the wells and heat up the atmosphere and make thunderous arrows and provoke monstrous wars and kill each other from the mountains to the sea and the volcanoes

will erupt and the sea will overwhelm the land – nobody except Noah will have heard or seen these things – until the Last Days.

VOICE (OFF): Kill all the Giants! Kill the Giants!

GABRIEL: Needed will be kindness and mercy and toleration and forgiveness and help and forbearance and thanksgiving and grace and humility and sacrifice and courage and will -- and there will be none of that left on Earth.

VOICE (OFF): Kill the people! Kill all the people!

SARAH: Lift up thy gaze! To the mountains! From whence cometh our help!

Amen!

The End

Murray Mednick
7/10/16