

# ANGEL DUST

Diayn Day, Glendale Community College  
Honorable Mention, One-Act Play

CHARACTERS: WILLY, a boy around 8.  
GABE, a man, middle-aged, well-dressed.  
HITCH, RAKE, SCREECH, boys, around 12.

WILLY and the other boys are dressed in shabby clothes. It's been a while since they've seen soap and water.

SETTING: An inner-city street with trash scattered around. In the rear of the stage is an entrance to an alley between buildings. The action takes place on the sidewalk.

TIME: Anytime.

AT RISE: WILLY kicks trash along the sidewalk near the alley. GABE walks out of the alley, stops and looks around. He sees WILLY a few feet away.

GABE: Boy! Hey, you! Boy! Over here.

WILLY: (*looks GABE up and down*) What you want, mister?

GABE: You ever seen me before, boy?

WILLY: Nah, I ain't never seen you before. What you want?

GABE: You ever seen me before, boy?

WILLY: Hey, man, I just said I ain't never seen you before.

GABE: I'm the angel Gabriel.

WILLY: Man, you crazy. Ain't no angel Gabriel. Even if there was, you ain't him.

GABE: How you know? You ain't never seen me before. You just said. Lay odds you ain't never seen no angel neither .

WILLY: Ain't no angels. Ain't no such of a thing.

GABE: Is so. I'm him. Angel Gabriel. I like you, boy. You call me Gabe.

WILLY: Man, you crazy. (*WILLY turns to go*)

GABE: (*louder*) Hey! Boy! Got somethin' t'show you. Prove I'm him. Somethin' pretty. Somethin' sparkly. C'mere.

WILLY: I knew it. You just some creep pusher. You stay 'way from me or I...I...call a cop.

GABE: You ain't callin' no cop. You hate cops. 'Sides, them cops can't hurt me. Prove to you I'm a angel. Bet I know your name.

WILLY: Everybody 'round here know my name. That ain't nothin'.

GABE: You ain't never seen me before, remember?

WILLY: Say my name then.

GABE: Willy.

WILLY: *(turns away again)* Don't prove nothin'. You guessed.

GABE: Ulysses.

WILLY: How you know that, mister? How you know my name Ulysses?

GABE: Told you. I'm angel Gabriel. C'mere. Got somethin' for ya'.

WILLY: Don't want no dope.

GABE: Ain't nothin' like that. Somethin' real pretty. Somethin' you can keep. Show your friends.

WILLY: What you got?

GABE: Come over here. Come on. Can't show you from way over there.

WILLY: I ain't stupid! I know about the likes o' you.

GABE: What you know, boy?

WILLY: I know. Well...I just know, that's all.

GABE: You a disappointment to me, boy. A big disappointment. Guess I have t'make an acquaintanceship of some other little Willy. Yessir. That's what I'll do. Find me some other little Willy t'give my pretties to. So long, Ulysses. Don't take no wooden nickels. *(he turns to go back down the alley)*

WILLY: Hey! You so smart. You say my mama's name. Go on! You say my mama's name!

GABE: *(he turns back to WILLY)* How in hell I know that? I'm the angel Gabriel. I ain't no phone book. Wait. Wait. Somethin' comin' t'me. Somethin'... Lemme see. Harriet? Nah. Winnie? Nah. Marthy? Marthy? Yeah, you got a mama name Marthy. Ain't that right, boy?

WILLY: You a angel for real, mister?

GABE: Ain't that what I been tellin' ya'? See ya' around. Gotta find me a boy name of Willy.

WILLY: *(pointing to himself)* Hey, that *my* name. You forget already? What you got, huh? I never met no angel before. What you got?

GABE: *(walks over to WILLY. He takes out a big, gaudy star covered in silver and gold foil and sprinkled with glitter. It might have been pinched from a cheap department store Christmas tree. GABE twirls the star on the end of a string just over WILLY's head.)*

I got this. Like it? Took it outta heaven, Willy boy. Yessir. Right outta heaven. There's a patch of stars just inside them pearly gates and I says to myself, I says, Gabe, what star you 'spose little brother Willy like best? And I picked this one here, Willy boy, just for you, right outta heaven.

WILLY: *(stares up at it with his mouth slightly open. He reaches for it)*

GABE: *(pulls it from WILLY's fingers)* Like it, boy? Knew you would. Want it? Tell Gabe you want it.

WILLY: I can give it to my mama, mister. She don't have nothin' like that. Gimme it for my mama.

GABE: No sirree, Willy boy. I got somethin' nicer'n this for your mama. This little baby just for you. You take it. Show your friends. You tell 'em angel Gabriel want to meet 'em. Old Gabe got somethin' real nice for all of 'em. You tell 'em that. Keep your big eyes peeled for me, now, Ulysses. I be seein' you real soon.

*(GABE lowers the star enough for WILLY to grab. WILLY holds the star in his hands and stares at it. GABE walks quietly down the alley. WILLY stands on the sidewalk twirling the star. A ray of light flashes off the foil)*

*(Boys' voices are heard offstage. Three boys enter, talking and laughing. They walk toward WILLY and see the star)*

HITCH: Hey, now. If it ain't ol' Willy Jackson. What you got, Silly Willy? You stealin' from the Army again?

WILLY: Don't you call me that. That ain't my name. I got me a present.

RAKE: Oooh, Silly got him a present. I want me a present too.

SCREECH: Silly got a present. Silly got a present. Lemme see your present, boy.

WILLY: *(pulls away)* You get away. This my present from a real angel. Angel Gabriel gimme it for Chrissmas.

RAKE: A angel? You hear that? Silly Willy got hisself a present from a angel.

HITCH: Silly sniffin' his daddy's paint again.

SCREECH: Silly ain't got no daddy.

HITCH: He sniffin' somethin'. Lemme see what you got, dumbshit. *(HITCH grabs the star from WILLY)*

WILLY: Gimme it back. That *my* present. Gabe said so. Gabe picked it outta heaven just for me. I want my star back!

HITCH: Oooh, a star outta heaven. Hey man, I got me a star. Who wants t'touch my star? Twenty bucks t'touch my star outta heaven.

*(HITCH holds the star up high while the two other boys and WILLY try to take it away from him. The three older boys laugh at WILLY. As the boys scuffle, the star drops and breaks on the sidewalk. One of the bigger boys kicks at it and the star slides across the sidewalk leaving a thin trail of white powder under it. The boys are suddenly still. They look down)*

SCREECH: *(speaks reverently)* Oooooe. You seein' what I see?

RAKE: Man, my eyes seein' it. My brain sayin' no way.

HITCH: Somebody taste it. Rake, you taste it. Go on. Quick.

RAKE: Hey man, why me? You wanna taste it, you go ahead.

HITCH: You full of yella shit, Rake. (*HITCH bends down and puts a finger in the powder, raises the finger to his mouth, then stands up quickly*) This stuff pure all right.

RAKE: Hell, how you know what pure tastes like, Hitch? You ain't tasted nothin' pure in your whole life.

HITCH: I say pure. Now shut up. We takin' it. Find somethin' t'put it in.

*(The boys search their pockets and look around at the street trash. SCREECH picks up a crumpled piece of paper and wraps the star in it. HITCH turns to WILLY and grabs his arm.)*

Where you get this boy? An' don't gimme no crap about no angel.

WILLY: I told you, a angel give it to me. Angel Gabriel, he...

HITCH: (*pulls Willy's arm behind him*) Don't be fuckin' with me, boy or...

WILLY: I ain't lyin'. Honest. Back there in that alley. He say his name Gabe. He gimme this star. I ain't lyin', Hitch. Lemme go. It hurts.

HITCH: (*he lets WILLY go and walks to the alley entrance. HITCH looks quickly around and walks back to the group*) Ain't nobody there. (*he turns back to WILLY*) You listen good, chicken shit. Next time you see that Gabe, you come find me. You stop whatever you doin' and you find me. Hear me boy? You don't and mama's little Silly gonna wake up dead. Get that, chicken shit? You don't tell nobody what you seen, neither, or you got one dead mama. This star now my star. Don't you forget it.

*(The three boys turn away and walk down the alley.  
HITCH looks back at WILLY and shouts)*

MERRY CHRISMAS, DUMBSHIT.

*(The boys laugh)*

*(WILLY watches the boys walk away. He follows to the entrance of the alley and stands watching them. After a few seconds he starts to kick trash along the sidewalk)*

