

I Am Angel

By
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- 2 -

Dedication

To Cousin Isabel and the Drifting Theatre gang.

STORY OF THE PLAY

When Angel was a child, she knew she had wings. She knew she could fly. After telling everyone and enduring mockery, she left her wings on the ground in exchange for fitting in. Now she is in high school, and when she sees her friend Hunter being teased for sharing honest feelings, Angel is torn. Standing up for Hunter now means no longer fitting in, giving up her new possible boyfriend Isaac and alienating the few friends she has. But Angel gains one of the most important insights of all — that she is already loved just for being herself. An Angel Chorus uses rhythm and movement to create a unique theater experience. Flexible cast of 11 to 26+ allowing for doubling or expanding. Runs approximately 40 minutes.

PREMIERE PERFORMANCE

Produced by The Drifting Theatre
In partnership with Kingsport Theatre Guild.
Kingsport Renaissance Center, Kingsport TN.
June 23rd – 25th, 2011

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 m, 8 w, 16+ flexible or with doubling 3 m, 6 w, 2 flexible)

ANGEL

MOTHER

MS. HAMPTON-BRIDGES

NURSE WHITE

ANGEL CHORUS 1: A part of Angel with big dreams, hopes
and a lot of confidence

ANGEL CHORUS 2: A part of Angel that is open and
welcoming, with no fear of rejection

ANGEL CHORUS 3: A part of Angel that is fearless, strong,
and ready to take risks

ANGEL CHORUS 4: A crazy part of Angel that is filled with
love for all and revels in beauty

ANGEL CHORUS 5: The princess inside of Angel

ANGEL CHORUS 6: A sensitive part of Angel that longs to
fly

ANGEL CHORUS 7: A part of Angel that longs for the past

ANGEL CHORUS 8: Angel's private thoughts

ANGEL CHORUS 9: Angel's private thoughts

ANGEL CHORUS 10: Angel's private thoughts

YOUNG ANGEL: A younger version of Angel

DARCY

YOUNG CLASSMATE 1

YOUNG CLASSMATE 2

YOUNG CLASSMATE 3

NATE

LAURA

SAM

HUNTER

ISAAC

TEEN 1

TEEN 2

TEEN 3

** The "Angel Chorus" lines can be further divided to allow for
more speaking roles.*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene 1: "Angel"

Scene 2: "When I Could Fly"

Scene 3: "Advice"

Scene 4: "Choices?"

Scene 5: "Creepy Angel"

Scene 6: "War"

Scene 7: "Party Time"

Scene 8: "The Dragon"

Scene 9: "The Garden"

Scene 10: "A Poet"

Scene 11: "Me"

Scene 1: "Angel"

(AT RISE: Drumming offstage grows louder and louder. The source of the drumming, the ANGEL CHORUS, enters, moving and pounding in unison. The noise grows until it is nearly too much to bear, then at once it stops and all is silent. ANGEL steps out from the ANGEL CHORUS.)

ANGEL: My name is Angel.

ANGEL CHORUS: My name is Angel.

ANGEL: I'm an average, ordinary teenage girl.

AC1: I am Angel.

AC2: I am Angel.

AC3, 4 and 5: I am Angel.

ANGEL: My name is Angel. I'm just me. I don't really have any talents to speak of. I'm not one of the pretty girls, or the ugly girls, or the in-crowd. I'm just me. Average. Angel.

AC 1: I am Angel. I live in the sky. I fly on the wind. I am free. I am graceful. I have wings.

ANGEL: I go to school. I keep my head down most of the time. Stay under the radar.

AC 6: I fly above everyone. They wish I would land. They beg me to land, to keep my feet on the ground—

ANGEL: Head down—

AC 1: But my eyes are pointed skyward. A breath of wind lifts me up, up, up...

AC 6 and 1: Up to the heavens.

ANGEL: Average—

AC 1: I have wings.

ANGEL: Not to say I don't have friends. I have my little group. I like to keep it that way. A few people I can trust, you know?

AC 2: I open my arms to the world.

ANGEL: I'm not one of those people they make movies about, not popular or cool or...I don't know...at the center of anything.

AC 1: Up.

ANGEL: I'm open to finding new friends—

AC 2: Welcome world.

ANGEL: It's just...it's hard to make real connections, find people who actually care about you, you know what I mean? It was horrible in middle school. I guess that kind of scared me.

AC 4: Open.

AC 2: Welcome.

ANGEL: And the fact that I found a few people that accept me, tolerate me...

AC 3: I'm not scared.

ANGEL: Well, I don't want to lose the friends I've got.

AC 3: Risks don't scare me. I eat risks. I love the taste of them.

AC 2: Come in, world.

ANGEL: It's good to have a place to...fit in...a niche. To know someone has my back.

AC 3: I can stand alone. I'm strong.

AC 2 and 3: I open my arms to the world.

AC 4: If you're hurting, come. If you're lonely, come.

ANGEL: I'm...Angel. Just Angel.

AC 5 and 6: I am Angel. Welcome world.

ANGEL and AC 1: I am Angel.

Scene 2: "When I Could Fly"

(The action continues without interruption.)

ANGEL: I haven't always been this way. This...planted in the ground.

AC 7: When I was a small child I could fly.

AC 1: Fly.

AC 7: I could float on the wind.

(SOME ANGEL CHORUS MEMBERS become a larger-than-life winged creature.)

SOME ANGEL CHORUS MEMBERS: Watch me fly! Watch me ride the waves of sky! I am Angel! I can fly!

AC 7: When I was a small child I could breathe magic, in and out, like oxygen.

SOME ANGEL CHORUS MEMBERS: (*Moving magically as they speak.*) Feel it dancing, in and out, in and out, like breath.

AC 3 and ANGEL: I feel it.

AC 7: I could travel through space and time.

ANGEL: But that was then. When I was small. And that can't last.

ANGEL CHORUS: In and out, in and out. Magic. Space. Time.

AC 1: Wings.

ANGEL: I tried to tell them I could fly.

AC 7: But they wouldn't listen.

ANGEL: I tried to show them I could shake the universe.

AC 7: But they laughed at me.

ANGEL: They told me I was crazy.

AC 4: I am crazy. I'm fantastically, brilliantly, beautifully crazy.

ANGEL: I told my mom...

YOUNG ANGEL: Mom! I did it! I flew! I can fly!

(MOTHER enters or emerges from the ANGEL CHORUS.)

MOTHER: What?

YOUNG ANGEL: I can fly!

MOTHER: Fly, huh?

YOUNG ANGEL: Yes. Right up to the clouds.

MOTHER: You have a lovely imagination.

(MOTHER exits or fades back into ANGEL CHORUS.)

AC 7: But it wasn't imagination.

AC 4: I really could.

AC 6: I could fly. Honest to goodness fly.

ANGEL: I told my teacher and my class...

(MS. HAMPTON-BRIDGES and YOUNG CLASSMATES enter or emerge from ANGEL CHORUS. They are sitting in a classroom and YOUNG ANGEL is standing in front of the class giving a report.)

YOUNG ANGEL: And yesterday, I flew seven times!

MS. HAMPTON-BRIDGES: What do you mean, you flew?

YOUNG ANGEL: You know, like birds do.

(YOUNG CLASSMATES laugh.)

AC 7: But they laughed at me.

YOUNG ANGEL: I did!

MS. HAMPTON-BRIDGES: Angel, we don't tell fibs, remember?

YOUNG ANGEL: I'm not fibbing. I flew.

YOUNG CLASSMATE 1: How?

YOUNG ANGEL: I just did. I believed it really hard and I lifted from the ground and I flew.

YOUNG CLASSMATE 2: You can't do that! You don't have wings.

YOUNG ANGEL: But I did!

YOUNG CLASSMATE 3: Liar, liar pants on fire, all dressed up in chicken wire!

(YOUNG CLASSMATES laugh and mock.)

MS. HAMPTON-BRIDGES: That's enough! Now, Angel, you know it's impossible for humans to fly.

YOUNG ANGEL: If it's impossible, how did I do it?

MS. HAMPTON-BRIDGES: God made birds to fly and bats to fly—

AC 7: And angels.

AC 2: God made angels to fly.

MS. HAMPTON-BRIDGES: Little girls can't fly.

YOUNG ANGEL: Why not?

MS. HAMPTON-BRIDGES: Because it's not logical. It doesn't make sense.

YOUNG ANGEL: Does everything make sense?

AC 7: I could breathe magic too, back then.
SOME ANGEL CHORUS MEMBERS: But they laughed at me.

(MOTHER enters or emerges from the ANGEL CHORUS.)

YOUNG ANGEL: Mom! I feel magic inside me! Like fire.
MOTHER: *(Chuckling.)* My creative Angel.

(MOTHER fades back.)

YOUNG ANGEL: Ms. Hampton-Bridges! I feel it moving inside my whole body!
MS. HAMPTON-BRIDGES: Let's take you down to the nurse.
YOUNG ANGEL: It's not germs. It's magic.

(NURSE WHITE enters or emerges from the ANGEL CHORUS. MS. HAMPTON-BRIDGES leads YOUNG ANGEL to NURSE WHITE.)

NURSE WHITE: Stick out your tongue.

(YOUNG ANGEL does this.)

YOUNG ANGEL: I'm not sick. See Nurse White. It's just magic inside me.
NURSE WHITE: Silly. There's no magic in little girls.
AC 4: There's magic in me.
AC 6: There's magic in angels.

(MS. HAMPTON-BRIDGES and NURSE WHITE fade back.)

ANGEL: Darcy, she was my best friend back then. I told her about my flights—

(DARCY enters or emerges from the ANGEL CHORUS.)

DARCY: I think you're crazy, Angel.

AC 4: Beautifully, brilliantly, wonderfully crazy.

YOUNG ANGEL: *(To Darcy.)* But you're my best friend.
You have to believe me.

DARCY: Angel, we won't be in third grade forever. We're going to have to act a little more mature if we want the fourth graders to accept us.

YOUNG ANGEL: But—

DARCY: If you won't stop your stupid flying talk, I can't be your friend anymore, Angel.

YOUNG ANGEL: But—

DARCY: You're acting like a child. It's just no good. This imagination of yours—

MOTHER: Active imagination—

MS. HAMPTON-BRIDGES: Lying.

NURSE WHITE: Silly, silly.

DARCY: It's going to get us both ostrich-sized in fourth grade.

ANGEL: I didn't know what ostrich-sized meant, but I figured it had something to do with turning into a bird, because I flew too much.

AC 7: So I quit.

AC 6: I stayed on the ground.

ANGEL: I forgot about flying.

AC 7 and DARCY: It's not socially acceptable, after all.

SOME ANGEL CHORUS MEMBERS: I wanted to fly—

ANGEL: But I needed my friends.

AC 6: So I left my wings on the ground.

AC 7: Cut them off.

AC 1: Dirty and trampled.

ANGEL CHORUS: Goodbye wings.

YOUNG ANGEL: Goodbye.

(The ANGEL CHORUS again takes up its drumming. ALL exit, leaving ANGEL alone on the stage.)

ANGEL: Goodbye.

End of Freeview

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