



Angels in America Part II - Perestroika

Written By Tony Kushner

Belize

What did you drag me out here for, Louis, I don't have time for you. You walk out on your lover. Days don't pass before you are out on the town with somebody new. But this...this is a record low: sharing your dank and dirty bed with Roy Cohn's buttboy. Doesn't that bother you at all? Your little friend didn't tell you, huh? You and Hoss Cartwright, it's not a verbal kind of thing, you just kick off your boots and hit the hay. I don't know whether Mr Cohn has penetrated more than his spiritual sphincter. All I'm saying is you better hope there's no GOP germ, Louis, 'cause if there is, you got it ... And he's a clerk for a Republican federal judge ... You know what your problem is, Louis? Your problem is that you are so full of piping hot crap that the mention of your name draws flies. Just to set the record straight: I love Prior but was never in love with him. I have a man, uptown, and have since long before I first laid my eyes on the sorry-ass sight of you. But you didn't know 'cause you never bothered to ask. Up in the air, just like that angel, too far off the earth to pick out the details. Louis and his Big Ideas. Big ideas are all you love. "America" is what Louis loves. Well I hate America, Louis. I hate this country. It's just big ideas, and stories, and people dying, and people like you. The white cracker who wrote the National Anthem knew what he was doing. He set the word "free" to a note so high nobody can reach it. That was deliberate. Nothing on earth sounds less like freedom to me. You come to room 1013 over at the hospital, I'll show you America. Terminal, crazy and mean. *(Pause)* I live in America, Louis, that's hard enough, I don't have to love it. You do that. Everybody's got to love something.