

**Arc's Angels**

*a 10-minute battle of conscience*

by Jeff Goode  
copyright © 2010

*(A sanctuary in France. A FEMALE ANGEL paces impatiently. JOAN OF ARC arrives.)*

**ANGELA.** There you are! Where have you been? You're late!

**JOAN.** I apologize, bright angel. But the English are camped all around. I barely eluded their reconnaissance.

**ANGELA.** All right, hurry up, get in here.

*(Joan kneels and prays.)*

**JOAN.** Our father who art in heaven....

**ANGELA.** *(quickly)* Hallowed be thy name. C'mon, c'mon!

**JOAN.** Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done.

**ANGELA.** For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory and the yadda yadda yadda, amen. Okay, you gotta get ready. This Talbot is coming and you gotta be ready for him.

**JOAN.** Is it God's will that I vanquish this man? As his will has allowed me to vanquish so many others before him?

**ANGELA.** Yes, only worse. You gotta vanquish the hell outta this guy.

**JOAN.** And it is God's will?

**ANGELA.** It's everybody's will. This is one bad dude. You don't know the half of what he's got coming to him. Trust me, if you kill him the minute he walks in here, without even saying hello, you'd be doing him a favor. Because that would be one less minute of sinning for him to have to explain to St. Peter.

**JOAN.** God willing, then, I shall do it.

**ANGELA.** That's what I like to hear! Now get your sword.

*(Enter TALBOT, an English warrior.)*

**TALBOT.** Hello?

**JOAN.** Who goes there? Who are you?

**TALBOT.** I am Talbot, Lord of Shrewsbury.

**ANGELA.** That's the guy. Get him!

**JOAN.** Why have you come here?

**ANGELA.** No more talk, kill, kill, kill.

**JOAN.** Be your purpose peaceful, you shall go in peace. Be it baleful, you shall answer to the Almighty.

**ANGELA.** He's baleful, go get him!

**TALBOT.** I seek the one they call Joan of Arc.

**JOAN.** I am that one.

**TALBOT.** I come to you bearing tidings of peace.

**JOAN.** You do? Of peace?

**ANGELA.** It's a lie! It's a trap! I don't see any bears!

**TALBOT.** Will you hear them?

**JOAN.** Well, I suppose...

**ANGELA.** No!

*(Angela grabs Joan's sword out of her hands and attacks Talbot with it.)*

**ANGELA.** Yagh!!

**TALBOT.** She-devil! You have bewitched your blade against me, as if by some act of sorcery!

**JOAN.** No, it's not me. It's doing that on its own.

*(Angela attacks Talbot furiously, then hands the sword back to Joan.)*

**ANGELA.** Okay, you take it from here.

**JOAN.** In the name of heaven, if you surrender now, I may yet spare you.

**TALBOT.** You dare talk of heaven, when you have attacked me unprovoked under flag of parley?

**JOAN.** I can explain.

**ANGELA.** No, no! No talk. Breath control. You gotta kick this guy's derriere. That's a word, right?

*(Joan attacks Talbot. They fight. A MALE ANGEL enters.)*

**ANGELO.** Sorry I'm late. Somebody gave me completely wrong directions to— Joan! What are you doing?

**JOAN.** I am vanquishing this Talbot, God willing.

**ANGELO.** No! God's not willing! There's been a change of plans. He wants you to make peace with this guy.

**JOAN.** He does?

**ANGELA.** I tried to stop her, but she went crazy!

**JOAN.** I went crazy?!

**TALBOT.** Who are you talking to?

**ANGELA.** But can you blame her? This guy tried to ravage her. Right?

**JOAN.** What?

**ANGELA.** You should have been here! He was all over her. She's totally defending her honor right now.

**JOAN.** Why do you say such things?

**TALBOT.** What things?

**ANGELA.** Ahem, Joan, this is angel business. You're supposed to be fighting.

**ANGELO.** *(to Angela)* I thought we discussed this—

**ANGELA.** You discussed. Nobody asked me—

**ANGELO.** And I thought we agreed we were gonna give this guy a chance.

**ANGELA.** Look, a fight broke out. I can't help it the guy's violent. And now it's too late to stop it, so, let's just let her finish up here, and we can discuss this later.

**ANGELO.** No!

*(Angelo grabs the sword out of Talbot's hand and fights off Joan.)*

**TALBOT.** Now you have enspelled my own weapon with your unholy witchery!

**JOAN.** I told you, it's not me.

*(Angela tackles Angelo from behind. He drops the blade. Talbot picks it up again.)*

**TALBOT.** You fight like the very devil!

**JOAN.** I fight on behalf of the angels.

**TALBOT.** What angel would dress in such a manner?

**JOAN.** I'm dressed like a man!

**TALBOT.** No man would dress like a woman dressed like a man.

**ANGELA.** Oh! You see? What a pig.

*(Angela shoves Joan into Talbot. They fight again. Angela attacks Angelo. They wrestle. Joan disarms Talbot. She prepares to kill him.)*

**ANGELO.** Joan, don't do it!

*(Joan hesitates. While she is distracted, Talbot disarms and captures her.)*

**TALBOT.** Any last words, witch girl?

**JOAN.** Look out for that angel!

**TALBOT.** The what?

*(Angela disarms Talbot and tosses Joan her sword.)*

**ANGELA.** Now, come on! Finish him!

**ANGELO.** No! Don't listen to her. You and Talbot, you could form an alliance. He's one of the good guys.

**ANGELA.** Good guys is the key word. This guy's a man. You let him help you, he's gonna get all the credit. He'll have you back in a skirt and cleaning the stove in no time. Joan, if you play this right, you could be an icon to women for year's to come. Isn't that more important than whether you killed one innocent man or two along the way?

**JOAN.** But I don't want to kill any innocents.

**ANGELA.** Right. And that attitude's what's been holding women back for centuries!

**ANGELO.** Don't do it, Joan! There's got to be a better way.

**ANGELA.** Do it, Joan! This way is way better.

*(Joan hesitates. Finally, she lowers her weapon.)*

**JOAN.** I shall not kill him.

**ANGELO.** Yes!

*(So Angela grabs her sword and stabs Talbot instead.)*

**ANGELO.** No!

*(Angelo grabs Talbot's sword and attacks Angela. They fight.)*

**ANGELA.** You see what men are like, Joan? Always looking for the violent solution.

**ANGELO.** I'm not the one who tried to—

*(Angela stabs him.)*

**ANGELA.** Always trying to talk and think at the same time, when they really ought to leave the multi-tasking to us.

*(Angelo dies.)*

**ANGELA.** There. Now, I'm your conscience.

*(Joan stabs Angela. She dies.)*

**JOAN.** Now I am my own conscience.

*(Joan turns to Talbot, offers her hand.)*

**JOAN.** Come, let's get you to a physician.

**TALBOT.** How do I know this is not some cruel trick or devilry?

**JOAN.** How do I know you're not like every other man? Now, come on.

*(She helps him up and they exit together.)*

~~ FIN ~~