

IV

*JOAN bursts through the door of the house
and the MOM OF JOAN cries out*

MOM OF JOAN
Joan!!!

JOAN
Mom!!!

MOM OF JOAN
[rushing to embrace the wet JOAN]
Oh thank god you're safe

JOAN *[through the thick hug]*
Don't take the Lord's name in vain!

MOM OF JOAN
Well I meant it literally
even if it's his fault you were out there

JOAN
It's
Their fault
—Mom
I saw the Angels again

MOM OF JOAN
Of course you did baby
well
what did they say?

JOAN
They gave me kind of a pep talk

MOM OF JOAN
A pep talk for what?

JOAN
I'm not sure you'll like it

MOM OF JOAN
You know I won't honey

JOAN
Ok well there's going to be
flooding!
By the river!
We have to let people know and
and—um—
most importantly
I need a haircut

MOM OF JOAN
Right now??

JOAN
*[holding their phone out
their arm a selfie stick*

their eyes staring into the recording screen]

The sun's down on this side of the world
and still God loves us though the sun
is down and the water rises
over the flood stage and into town
the storm pouring from that great cloud
Witness:

we can only bear this
by diluting it in our minds;
we have to stop diluting it
so that we can't stand it

We know the Warmth
We feel the Heat
We see the Problem
come morning the sunlight
the photons the trillions
glittering off us trapped
down here with us
the carbon
O God
has said
elect Charles
to save
us all

The lights dim

Exit MOM OF JOAN

*Enter FOLLOWERS walking in single-file;
each looking at the phone in their hands
they file across the back of the stage*

*JOAN sits on a stool in the middle of
the stage, positioned before
a semicircle of FOLLOWERS*

*there are puddles, watermarks, the dripping
joined by the sounds of scrolling, clicking*

*Enter MOM OF JOAN
she holds hair clippers; the cord drags*

JOAN
Don't worry, Mom—
the Angels,
they'll love this

Enter ANGELS

ANGEL 1
And on this, the night of the flood
there cometh the viral video
and the subsequent followers
of Joan of Arkansas

ANGEL 2
The followers follow Joan

with dark hair shorn and
with a message to the nation
from God Themselves

MOM OF JOAN [*tearfully*]

But Joan's just

a small speck serving
the nation's need
to sublimate

*The rain beats down
on the house*

*MOM OF JOAN
turns on the clippers*

and They hum

FOLLOWERS

ZzZZZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZz

MOM OF JOAN

MMMRRUUGGGHHHHHHHHH

ANGEL 3

JOOOOOAAAN

FOLLOWERS

ZzZZZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZz

ANGEL 3
OF ARKANSAAASS!

*Still holding out their phone
JOAN smiles
and MOM OF JOAN begins to shave*

ANGEL 1

Oh the note of the Mom of Joan's moan:
same as the buzzer

MOM OF JOAN
MMMRRUUGHHHHH

FOLLOWERS

*ZzZZZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZz
ZzZZZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZzZz*

*All back slowly off the stage
leaving JOAN alone
with a new silhouette
sitting on the stool*

JOAN
Hello?

*JOAN looks out the dark window
where the rain soaks through the night*

