

What to Expect When You're Expecting Our Lord And Savior

by

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CHARACTER NAME

BRIEF DESCRIPTION

MARCUS

Desperately needs a savior Tends to lose himself more often than not. Joey's long-time boyfriend

JOEY

Cares. He does. Or at least believes he does. Over thinker. Objectively sane. Marcus's long-time boyfriend

TIME

Present Day

Long Overdue

SETTING

Joey and Marcus's New York apartment

Notes:

// means that the next line should start -- overlapping the next few words.

Words in brackets shouldn't be said, but rather non-verbally implied.

Ex: Oh my [god]...

AT RISE:

JOEY AND MARCUS'S LIVING ROOM

In the living room sits a nice, lived in couch and a coffee table. On top, a vase with water and flowers.

JOEY and MARCUS both huddle over an open package on the coffee table. MARCUS holds a couple of oddly colored stones in his hand.

MARCUS

What are they?

JOEY

It's jewelry -- I think? Did you not tell her you stopped doing drag?

MARCUS

[God no!] It would break her heart.

JOEY picks up a card from the package

JOEY

(reading)

To Joey and Marcus,
The power of the crystals can heal even the most broken if you let it. May they guide you to a clearer and brighter future. Namaste. P.S. Come over for dinner sometime, I need an excuse to make brisket.

(commenting)

She's gone off the deep end.

MARCUS

Be nice. I didn't know your mom was into all this spiritual stuff.

JOEY

God, usually she isn't ... but now she's back with that yoga instructor.

MARCUS

Is that nosebleed guy or 7 kids?'

JOEY

7 kids.

MARCUS

[Aww] I really liked nosebleed guy. Besides for the --

JOEY

Nosebleeds?

MARCUS

Yeah. At least the new rug's nice.

JOEY

I feel bad for her. I mean, it's been like a revolving door with her and guys nowadays.

MARCUS

She's a catch -- she'll find her person.

JOEY

Like I found mine?

MARCUS

Oh god, that was so cheesy -- but you're cute, so I'll allow it.

JOEY pulls MARCUS in close, about to kiss him

MARCUS

(trying to start a serious conversation)

Hey, um...

JOEY's phone starts vibrating

He checks it

JOEY

Shit.

JOEY starts putting on his jacket

MARCUS

You going somewhere?

JOEY

I told David I'd meet him at 8 to discuss this work thing.

MARCUS

Didn't you guys get dinner or something on Friday?

JOEY

Yeah, Theo's been on our ass about that apartment complex on 7th and now the clients want a breakfast nook in the kitchen. It's a *thing*.

MARCUS

(serious)

Joey, we need to talk.

JOEY

What? If this is about your work thing in Washing//ton we don't

MARCUS

No, no... it's not-- // that's not

JOEY

Then this is the Beth wedding conversation // again. I've said I

MARCUS

Just listen, I really need to // just

JOEY

Is it something urgent? Cause I really have to go.

JOEY is almost out the door.

MARCUS

I'm pregnant!

Beat.

JOEY

What?

MARCUS

I. Am. Pregnant. Mmmhmm. Last night, after you fell asleep, I was playing solitaire on my phone and started to drift off, and suddenly everything went white. I remember thinking "Am I in Heaven?" So, I kept calling out to see if anyone was there. And there was nothing, *until* -- then I heard a voice, and floating down to me was this handsome angel. And I asked "O' angel on high, am I deceased?". And he just laughed and said that I was still alive, but sleeping and that this was how God could reach me.

And I mean, I was going to tell him I was agnostic, but he had a good thing going and I didn't want to be the one to cramp his vibe, you know? And then he went into this whole shepeal about the Virgin Mary and how it is now "my duty to bear the son of God" and "that he will be the next Jesus", or I guess his name would be different, like "Hay-zeus" or something. And this is all incredibly flattering, don't get me wrong, but I did have to bring up the little factor of me being biologically male. But he made the point that if God can make oceans and mountains and literally anything else he wanted in the world, why couldn't he make a pregnant man? And then he said God wanted a gay man because we're really "in" right now, which is a very complicated and slightly homophobic statement that I don't have the time to get into currently. But then, the angel kissed me on the head and vanished in this big puff of smoke. And not even a second after -- I felt a kick. Feel it!

MARCUS takes JOEY's hand and places it on his stomach.

Long beat.

JOEY

WHAT?!

MARCUS

I'm the next prophet -- no, not a prophet. The next mid-husband to the son of God.

JOEY

We're Jewish!

MARCUS

So was Jesus!

JOEY

(realization)

You're joking. Oh thank God, you're just joking. I really was worried you lost it there for a second.

MARCUS

I have life inside of me.

JOEY stares at MARCUS. Is he serious? Fuck, he might be serious.

JOEY

Shit.

JOEY pulls out his phone

MARCUS

Who are you calling?

JOEY

I'm just letting Dr. Welch know // what's

MARCUS

I've been taking my meds.

JOEY

Marcus, you say that, but no sane person// would think

MARCUS

So are you calling me crazy? // Is that what we're doing?

JOEY

No, no, no, no... that's not what I'm saying. I just --

MARCUS

I feel great. Really. If I'm taking my meds and I'm with you -- and with the little baby, I'm great and it's not my *emotional problems* -- it's, it's happiness. This, here, is bliss. And we are ready to be amazing parents to little "Hay-zus" Plotnick-Garfinkle!

JOEY

I need a drink.

JOEY goes to the kitchen

MARCUS

You're staying home?

JOEY (OFF STAGE)

Well, there's no way in hell I'm leaving you alone like this.

MARCUS

I'm fine, Joey, really.

(beat)

But if you *want* to stay home, nothing's stopping you.

(beat)

He kicked!

JOEY (OFF STAGE)

The Jesus fetus?

MARCUS

He did. I just felt it. Just to the left of my stomach, like a little karate kick. What if he's super strong? Is Jesus super strong? Babe, is that a thing?

JOEY (OFF STAGE)

(sarcastic)

Yep. Totally a thing.

MARCUS

Well now you're just being mean.

JOEY comes back, carrying a big glass of wine for himself.

MARCUS

Did we run out?

JOEY

(sarcastically)

Aren't you pregnant?

MARCUS

But, it's Jesus. He likes wine. I'm pretty sure that one's a thing.

JOEY takes the flower vase, pulls out the flowers and places the vase full of water in front of MARCUS

JOEY

Make it wine.

MARCUS

Okay, that's not a thing.

JOEY

Marcus, can we just act like adults // and talk

MARCUS

I have an idea.

MARCUS runs to the bedroom

JOEY

(yelling)

Marcus!

(to himself)

Jesus fucking Christ.

He raises his drink to take another sip of -- he needs it,
but before he can drink --

MARCUS (OFF STAGE)

(nicely)

PLEASE DON'T TAKE OUR CHILD'S NAME IN VAIN!

JOEY can't even enjoy a drink -- what is happening?

MARCUS

Found it!

JOEY

A Bible?

MARCUS

It could offer some wisdom for the [baby]

JOEY

We bought that for the pictures of Jesus that look like Jonathan Van Ness -- not to take
serious//ly.

MARCUS

I'm not taking it seriously -- it's like a game. Like a baby shower game. Ooo! Idea! Ask a
question.

JOEY

Can we please talk // about

MARCUS

After we play the game. Ask a question.

JOEY

Why are you acting like this?

MARCUS

No, it has to be about Jesus. We'll close our eyes, and let the Holy Spirit guide us to pick a passage in the bible!

JOEY

Fine. Uh... Why are you pregnant?

MARCUS

Great question.

MARCUS closes his eyes, opens The Bible to a random page, points to a passage and reads.

MARCUS

(reading)

"Now these are the rules that you shall set before them. When you buy a Hebrew slave--"
Nope -- nope, never mind. Not my best idea.

JOEY

You're really scaring me. Please just tell me this is a joke, for my own sake.

MARCUS

I'm fine. Don't you trust me?

JOEY

No, no I don't -- not like this. I'm going to call Dr. Welch // she needs to know...

MARCUS

I'm not crazy, Joey. I'm not. It's just.. a miracle. God created a miracle.

JOEY

Yeah, and how many other miracles do you see in the world?

MARCUS

Moses parting the Red Seas! Jonah and the Whale!

JOEY

Not stories. Facts. Evidence. Things that are real.

MARCUS

Dogs with three legs, handlebar mustaches, winning the *Hamilton* lottery.

JOEY

No, that's // not

MARCUS

Then.. Then... crystals! Right? I mean, maybe if we just **believe** // in something

JOEY

It's not real Marcus --

MARCUS

Why can't you be faithful for once in your goddamn life?

JOEY

What? Are you talking // abou--

MARCUS

Do you love me?

Beat.

JOEY

Do I love you? Is that what all of this is? Yes, Marcus. I love you. I wouldn't have made a life, together, with you if I didn't love you. Let alone deal with the meds and the break downs and preparations for birthing the messiah. So yes. I love you. With all of my heart.

(beat)

Now, I'm going to go meet with David. Please, stop this. Whatever this is.

JOEY is about to leave, when --

MARCUS

You're not wearing your cross.

He closes the door, frustrated

JOEY

What are you talking about? I don't have // a

MARCUS reaches in his pocket and holds up a little gold men's cross necklace.

This isn't Joey's cross.

They both are fully aware.

MARCUS

I found it on my nightstand three nights ago.

(beat)

I guess you left it there.

An uncomfortable silence

JOEY

I decided to try something new.

MARCUS

I can tell.

MARCUS places the cross in JOEY's hand.

MARCUS

Please just [get rid of it]...

(almost jokingly)

I don't want religion influencing the baby.

A silence, until JOEY, gently kneels down and kisses
MARCUS's stomach.

JOEY leaves, cross in hand, without looking back.

MARCUS is left with a hand on his stomach.

He drops his hand.

And is now left, alone, staring at nothing.

LIGHTS OUT.