

# WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN YOU'RE EXPECTING OUR LORD AND SAVIOR

by

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**MARCUS**

Cis M // 20s - 50s

Desperately needs a savior

A flair for the dramatic

Joey's partner

**JOEY**

M // 20s - 50s

Cares. Or at least believes he does.

Usually the calm and level-headed one

Marcus's partner

**TIME & PLACE**

Present Day

Joey & Marcus' Living room

**NOTES:**

// means the next line should begin -- overlapping words

[words in brackets] -- should be implied either vocally or gesturally without saying the word exactly/in full

Pacing wise -- nothing is precious until it is.

Playwright permission given to change the reference on page 7 of "We bought that for the pictures of Jesus that look like..." to another current gay pop culture icon, if current reference is

no longer culturally relevant.

AT RISE:

AN APARTMENT LIVING ROOM/ KITCHEN

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

It would break her heart.

JOEY picks up the 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 think your mom was into spiritual stuff.

JOEY

God, usually she isn't, but now that 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

She just can't catch a break.

MARCUS

Betsy's a catch. She'll find her person.

JOEY

Just like how I found mine?

MARCUS

You think you're so smooth, huh.

JOEY

Maybe.

JOEY pulls MARCUS in close -- about to kiss him.

MARCUS

(trying to start a serious conversation)

Hey, um...

JOEY's phone starts vibrating.

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 the new design for that apartment on 7th and now the clients want to corner out a breakfast nook which would cut off the flow of -- it's a *thing*

MARCUS

Joey, we need to talk.

JOEY

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

MARCUS

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

JOEY

Then this is the Beth's wedding conversation // again. Because I --

MARCUS

Just listen, I really need to // just --

JOEY is almost out the door.

JOEY

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

MARCUS

I'm pregnant!

JOEY stops in his tracks.

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 shpeal 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 "Jesús" 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 a cisgender man. 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

(honestly)

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

Beat.

JOEY

We're Jewish.

MARCUS

So was Jesus!

JOEY

(realization)

You're joking. Oh thank God, you're joking. I was worried 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 been --

MARCUS

I've been taking my meds.

JOEY

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

MARCUS

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

JOEY

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 Jesús Plotnick-Garfinkle!

JOEY

I need a drink.

JOEY goes to the kitchen

MARCUS

You're staying home?

JOEY

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

MARCUS attempts to contain a slight smile of his -- but can't. He tries to play it off.

MARCUS

I'm fine, Joey, really.

(beat)

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

(beat)

He kicked!



JOEY (OFF)

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

(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.

JOEY takes the flower vase, pulls out the flowers and puts them on the table.

He places the vase full of water in front of MARCUS

JOEY

Make it wine.

MARCUS

I don't think that's how that works.

JOEY

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

I have an idea!

MARCUS

MARCUS runs to the bedroom

JOEY

(yelling)

Marcus!

(to himself)

Ugh... Jesus fucking Christ.

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

MARCUS (OFF)

(nicely)

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

MARCUS runs back in with a bible.

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 Rozanov from "Heated Rivalry"  
not to take // seriously --

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. Just, tell me this is a joke, for my own peace of mine.

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

No, not stories. Facts. Evidence. Things that are real.

MARCUS

Dogs with three legs, handlebar mustaches, monogamous gay relationships!

JOEY

Are you // trying to --

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 // about --

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.

JOEY

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

MARCUS reaches in his pocket and holds up a 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.

JOEY

...

MARCUS places the cross in JOEY's hand

MARCUS

Please just [get rid of it]...

(a beat)

I don't want religion influencing the baby.

Silence.

JOEY stares into MARCUS's eyes before...

He kneels down, and kisses MARCUS's stomach.

JOEY gathers his things and leaves, cross in hand, not looking back.

MARCUS is left alone, surrounded by nothing.

BLACKOUT.