

ANDELA

*Written by
Jacquelyn Priskorn*

ANDELA

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ANDELA

Characters

JORDAN...female, 20s-30s

ANDELA...an Angel

ALEX...female, 20s-30s

SCOTT ENGLISH...male, 30s-60s

DR. KRISSI...female, 30s-60s. Operates a hand puppet named **DR.**

HANNAH, whose lines will appear within Dr. Krissi's lines in quotes and in "This font."

ANDELA

Andela was first presented March 2, 2023, by **B8 Theatre Company** at the Concord Historical Society in Concord, CA. The production was directed by *Becky Potter*, costumes designed by *Christian Alvarez*, assistant costume designer *JanLee Marshall*, lighting designed by *Drea Schwartz*, sound designed by *Becky Potter*, properties designed by *JanLee Marshall*, poster artwork designed by *Trish Armstrong* and the stage manager was *Ali Arman*.

The cast was as follows:

Jordan...Brittany Nicole Sims

Andela...Pam Drummer-Williams

Alex...Marissa Clarke

Scott English...Vince Faso (*First weekend, shared third weekend.*)

Scott English...Jason Berner (*Second weekend, shared third weekend.*)

Dr. Krissi...JanLee Marshall

Understudy...Asha Sundararaman (*During the first week, played Alex. In the last week, played Andela.*)

ANDELA

ANDELA

ACT 1

JORDAN lies sleeping in bed; wadded up tissues surround her. A humidifier hums on the nightstand. Suddenly she sits bolt upright in bed, terrified from a fever-induced nightmare. She catches her breath, coughs a little, and then blows her nose. She attempts to get out of bed but stops to blow her nose again before getting out of bed completely and waddling off to the bathroom. A light slowly starts to come up over the bed as a heavenly chorus faintly starts to play. Before it can crescendo, a toilet flushes, cutting the light and the music short. Jordan waddles back in, clearly miserable. She sits on the edge of the bed and blows her nose again before flopping back, exhausted, arm draped across her eyes. The light and the music begin to rise over her once again. Jordan blindly searches for the TV remote and pushes the power button, turning the TV on. Now the room is full of sound. Jordan uncovers her eyes and sits up. She is blinded by the light. Now she is confused and irritated. She starts pushing buttons on the remote, when a hand reaches from behind the bed and takes the remote from her. Jordan jumps from the bed to see ANDELA rising behind the headboard. Andela is a glorious angel.

ANDELA. Fear not— (*Jordan throws a box of tissues at the angel's head.*) Hey! Don't do that!

JORDAN. What the crap?!

ANDELA. Maybe I should try again. Fear not, I am Andela— (*Jordan tries squirting nasal spray at the angel.*) Please. Don't. (*Jordan looks at the fine print on the nasal spray bottle. She then grabs a box of cold capsules and studies the warnings section on the box. Without turning her back on the angel, she picks up the phone and dials.*) Should I... wait? I'll wait.

JORDAN. Hi. Jordan calling for Alex, please... Yeah, still sick. Is Alex available?... Thanks... Alex?! Hey, so, do you think it's bad to mix nasal spray and cold medicine?... I'm miserable, but focus on the question...

ANDELA

Because, I think I am seeing things... Hallucinations, yes... I don't know, let me ask... (*Jordan turns to the angel.*) And you are?

ANDELA. Andela. I'm a messenger angel.

JORDAN. Ebola the messenger angel... I don't know... I ate a grapefruit... what does that matter? When can you come home?... Please?... I don't know. I can't go back to sleep... It's glowing...

ANDELA. Let me get that. (*The angel waves a hand, and the room lighting returns to normal.*)

JORDAN. I know you have to work, but— (*She has a coughing fit.*) I'm sorry, that was loud, I know... Fine... When you get off work... well, I was wondering if you could bring home some lemon rice soup?... Love you, too... Bye. (*She looks at the angel.*) Okay. I'm going to sleep now. If you're a robber, I have no money. Spent it all on tissues. Okay, goodnight.

ANDELA. Jordan, I come with joyful news for you.

JORDAN. I don't really have the energy for "joyful news." Thanks, though.

ANDELA. Today marks a new beginning.

JORDAN. (*Blowing her nose loudly*) Dude, I am totally miserable. Just talking to you is exhausting.

ANDELA. The word of God cannot wait.

JORDAN. I wouldn't know. Alex and I don't go to church.

ANDELA. God knows what you have in your heart.

JORDAN. Okay, crazy vision. Alex and I don't believe in God either. Goodnight.

(*Jordan lies in bed, turning her back to the angel.*)

ANDELA. Yes, you do.

JORDAN. No, I don't.

ANDELA. You do.

JORDAN. I don't.

ANDELA. Do.

JORDAN. (*Sits up and screams*) Don't! Now please go away! In case you haven't noticed, I have the flu and I need to rest!

ANDELA. (*After a pause*) God believes in you.

ANDELA

JORDAN. Shut up!!!!!!!!!!!! (*Andela starts to cry.*) Oh, c'mon! (*Andela doesn't react, continuing to cry.*) I thought drug induced hallucinations were supposed to be fun.

ANDELA. (*Wailing*) I'm not a hallucination! I'm a deliverer of joyful news!

JORDAN. Clearly.

ANDELA. (*Shaking the emotions away*) Wow! Emotions are so powerful! How do you people walk around with all that bubbling up inside you?

JORDAN. What do you mean, "you people?"

ANDELA. I was warned that being this close to people and their emotions was going to be powerful, but... man! Whoop! (*The angel begins to laugh.*)

JORDAN. Terrific.

ANDELA. Ooo! I liked that one! That felt like pink and silver bubbles floating and popping inside me right here!

JORDAN. Adorable. It likes to laugh. Look, just hand me the message and let me get back to dying over here.

ANDELA. I'm not a postal worker, Jordan. I'm here to *tell* you your message. Also, you're not dying... yet.

JORDAN. What? What do you know? What do you mean "yet?"

ANDELA. Well, I mean, you're *all* dying. Some of you are just better at it than others.

JORDAN. Nice. I suck at dying, too. Thanks, angel. You keep making me feel better and better. So, when are you leaving?

ANDELA. After you get your message.

JORDAN. So, give it.

ANDELA. You, dearest Jordan, are with child.

JORDAN. (*Laughs*) Oh... okay. I'm going to sleep now, seriously.

ANDELA. This is a glorious moment in the story of mankind. There will be paintings and tapestries depicting this very second!

JORDAN. (*Blows her nose loudly*) Awesome. Just what I need. A picture of THIS on the wall at my parents' church. Thanks, fever dream, you officially suck.

ANDELA. (*Grabs Jordan roughly and shakes her.*) Listen, mortal vessel of God's love! You will take this message, you will accept this message and you will share the word with the world! (*Jordan appears to be frozen*)

ANDELA

in shock when the shaking stops.) You need to vomit? (Jordan nods. Andela pats her on the back to dismiss her. Jordan rushes to the bathroom. Andela sighs.) I apologize. I really don't know how you people control these emotions all the time.

JORDAN. *(O.S.)* Quit saying "you people." Please.

ANDELA. I know my duties to God aren't supposed to be easy, per se, but this is ridiculously difficult, and I can't help but think... well, that it's mostly your fault. *(Jordan comes out with a toothbrush in her mouth.)*

JORDAN. Are you kidding?! You're blaming me for you trying to strangle me? I'm surprised you don't have my high school boyfriend's face right now! *(She goes back into the bathroom.)*

ANDELA. I'm not a fever dream, Jordan. I'm just a highly ineffective messenger angel. *(Jordan returns with a new box of tissues. She offers a tissue to Andela.)*

JORDAN. Look, I got the message, okay? *(She pats the angel on the shoulder.)*

ANDELA. I don't think so.

JORDAN. I did. I got it. I just can't... believe it.

ANDELA. But that's the most important part!

JORDAN. It's not because of you... God, am I comforting a hallucination now?... Look, I can't believe it because... it's impossible.

ANDELA. That's where you're wrong. With God, anything is possible.

JORDAN. Oh, c'mon! Did I fall asleep with Fox News on again?

ANDELA. You're not asleep. You are to bear the Greatness, The Light, The Savior to God's lost world!

JORDAN. You know, I always complain that my life is so dull, but honestly, this was not what I was asking for.

ANDELA. You didn't have to ask. You were chosen.

JORDAN. Okay, I know I am going to be sorry I asked, but why?

ANDELA. Ours is not to ask why.

JORDAN. Yeah. I knew I would be sorry I asked. So, you say this moment in time will be depicted in future works of art?

ANDELA. Most definitely.

JORDAN. No one needs to know I had a red, peel-y nose and puke-stained slippers, do they?

ANDELA

ANDELA. I don't really get art anyway. So, are you saying you believe?

JORDAN. I'm not saying anything. But I don't know many hallucinations to leave a pile of glitter-filled tissues on my floor.

ANDELA. This is a moment that will not only change your life forever, but all of mankind.

JORDAN. But if I'm pregnant, what am I supposed to tell Alex?

ANDELA. Alex will have some soul searching and praying to do, I suppose.

JORDAN. What about this horrible cold?

ANDELA. It will pass.

JORDAN. The baby?

ANDELA. Stronger than you can believe.

JORDAN. If this is for real... and I am still not entirely sure it is... there's going to be a lot of explaining to do.

ANDELA. Jordan? Could I... maybe have... a hug? *(Jordan smiles and hugs the angel. ALEX enters. She is wearing a business suit and carrying a carry-out container of soup.)*

ALEX. What the hell is this?!

ANDELA. Alexandria!

JORDAN. Ooo... Don't call her by her full name. She really hates that. Hi baby! Is that my soup?

ALEX. I thought you were sick?!

JORDAN. I am.

ALEX. Yeah, I can see!

ANDELA. Alexandria, your bag appears to be dripping. *(Alex thrusts the bag into Andela's hands and pushes past to Jordan.)*

ALEX. Who is this? Why are they in our house?

ANDELA. I'm Andela. I'm a messenger angel.

JORDAN. That's who I was telling you about. *(Alex looks at Andela suspiciously.)*

ALEX. You said it was a hallucination.

JORDAN. I guess it isn't.

ANDELA. Nope! Oops, this bag is really hot... and damp...

ALEX. It's soup, stop splashing it around. *(Andela carefully sits and begins to look through the bag.)*

ANDELA

JORDAN. You brought the soup!?

ALEX. You asked me to bring it. Don't act like I never do nice things for you.

JORDAN. That's not what I meant— *(Jordan begins to cough. Alex feels her forehead and forces her back into bed.)*

ALEX. Let's check your temperature. *(Alex exits to the bathroom. Andela now has the soup opened and is sniffing it and tasting it cautiously. A happy glow slowly builds around the angel at each slurp.)* Gross. It smells like puke in here. Did you puke, too?

JORDAN. Yes. *(Alex returns with a damp washcloth and a thermometer, catching Andela mid slurp of the soup. She glares at the angel for a moment then continues toward Jordan.)*

ALEX. Unless you're a doctor, angel person—

ANDELA. I'm not. I'm a messenger angel. I already—

ALEX. Then if you delivered your message, can you leave?

JORDAN. So, you believe me?

ALEX. That, or a glowing, winged homeless person has broken into our home... and I haven't completely ruled that scenario out.

ANDELA. Sorry about the glow, but this soup is so damn good! *(Andela waves a hand to lower the lights to a more tolerable level.)*

JORDAN. Then why are you taking my temperature to see if I am hallucinating when you can see the same thing I do?

ALEX. Just because there's an angel in the house doesn't make you any less sick. You're my wife and I vowed to take care of you no matter what.

JORDAN. Aw, baby! *(She leans in to kiss Alex, but Alex pushes her away.)*

ALEX. Ew! Gross! I love you, but I don't love your germs. *(Alex takes the thermometer from Jordan.)*

ALEX. No fever anyway. So, angel...

ANDELA. Andela.

ALEX. Neat. Why are you here? What's the message? And please don't get soup on our comforter.

ANDELA. Sorry. Jordan is with child.

ANDELA

ALEX. *(Alex scoffs. Then laughs.)* With what? The second coming? *(No answer)* Oh no. No. No. No! The church turned its back on us! We can't be all churchy now!

ANDELA. The misguided people who run the church turned their back on you. God has always been with you.

JORDAN. Kinda like that Footprints poster in the doctor's office.

ANDELA. Yeah. Hey, you wouldn't happen to have any bread and butter to go with this soup, would you? No? Okay. That's cool.

ALEX. We can't just... I mean...

JORDAN. Why did you think there was an angel here? To help balance our checkbook?

ALEX. Well, maybe it's a magical cold curing fairy here to help you!

ANDELA. Ha! As if those exist!

ALEX. How am I supposed to handle this? Great, let's put on our Sunday best and go to church again?

ANDELA. That would be a good idea, but not entirely necessary.

ALEX. And if you're just a messenger angel, then why are you still here... dripping soup on my carpet?

ANDELA. Oops. Well, I can... help you deliver the message to the rest of the world... or something.

ALEX. *(Texting on her phone.)* No worries. Just updated my status to say "Jesus lives! In my wife's womb!" Let's just sit back and hear the world's response, shall we?

ANDELA. It's not Jesus exactly... *(Alex's phone begins to ping.)*

ALEX. Well, the general consensus is somewhere between LOL and WTF.

JORDAN. Social media is not our answer.

ANDELA. I am thinking of a more traditional form of message delivery.

JORDAN. Email forwards? *(Andela finds a book under a pile of tissues on the floor.)*

ANDELA. What's this?

ALEX. That is a book. It—

ANDELA. I know what a book is. I've studied you people intensely.

ALEX. What's with the "you people?"

JORDAN. I know! It's irritating, right? *(Andela studies the dust jacket.)*

ANDELA

ANDELA. Scott English. Is he a respected storyteller?

ALEX. Jordan loves him. Every time he publishes a new book, she has to have it. A little too nerdy for me.

JORDAN. He's not nerdy! He writes a sci-fi fantasy series which I just can't get enough of.

ALEX. "Of which I can't get enough."

JORDAN. Oh, and correcting my grammar isn't nerdy?

ALEX. No. It's the proper way to speak.

ANDELA. He has signed this himself?

JORDAN. Yup.

ANDELA. He wrote "best wishes." Do you think he meant that?

JORDAN. Probably.

ALEX. At least he doesn't wish her any... specific harm...

ANDELA. This may be our answer.

ALEX. Answer to what?

JORDAN. Is there any soup left? I'm—

ANDELA. Getting the good news to the people.

ALEX. I think I need a drink.

JORDAN. And some soup!

ANDELA. This is the man who is going to record our story for all of mankind!

JORDAN. Our story?

ALEX. *Man* kind?

ANDELA. Well, *your* story, Jordan. But he is the one with the mighty pen of history! He will reach the people with the message.

ALEX. Isn't that supposed to be your job?

ANDELA. My job was to deliver the good news to Jordan. Technically my job is done, so—

ALEX. So why are you still here?

ANDELA. Do you have anything to drink? (*Jordan starts to get out of bed.*)

ALEX. Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Where are you going?

JORDAN. You both want drinks. I want soup. Also, I have to pee.

ALEX. Okay, you need rest. We should let you do that. We'll figure out this whole baby fiasco in the morning.

ANDELA

ANDELA. Fiasco? Divine gift from God! This child will change— (*Alex pulls Andela from the room as Andela begins to glow with emotion.*)

ALEX. C'mon, light bright. If Jordan is full of divine seed, she should be left alone to get over her cold, right? (*Alex turns off the bedroom lights.*) Get some rest, sweetie. Call if you need anything. (*In the darkness Jordan calls out.*)

JORDAN. I still have to pee... Hello? (*Lights out on the bedroom. Lights slowly up on the kitchen. Alex is pulling a bottle of wine out of the fridge. She reaches for a glass, looks at Andela and shakes it as if to ask, "You want a glass?"*)

ANDELA. Very pretty glass.

ALEX. Do you want a glass of wine?

ANDELA. Oh! I've read about that! Yes please! (*Alex rolls her eyes and opens the screw top bottle, pouring two glasses of wine. Alex sits at the kitchen counter and looks at Andela.*)

ALEX. Please sit. You make me nervous hovering over there.

ANDELA. Oh, I don't hover. I don't even really fly. You see—

ALEX. Sit. Drink. Please. (*Andela sits beside her and takes a sip of the wine. A warm glow appears around the angel.*)

ANDELA. This is *not* what I expected wine to be.

ALEX. Seriously. Why are you here?

ANDELA. (*Andela swallows quickly.*) The message—

ALEX. Message delivered. Now what?

ANDELA. Hmm?

ALEX. Are we supposed to set up the guest room for you, or what?

ANDELA. Why are you so angry, Alex?

ALEX. I'm not angry.

ANDELA. I may be new to feeling emotions, but I've been observing emotions forever. Quite literally. Forever.

ALEX. You creep me out.

ANDELA. (*Hurt*) Why?

ALEX. How am I supposed to deal with all of this?

ANDELA. I'm supposed to bring joy and—

ALEX. You bring nothing but vague notions about babies and God and shit that Jordan and I left behind a long time ago.

ANDELA

ANDELA. See, you are angry. That's angry. You cursed and everything.

ALEX. And I can't pretend you're not real because you're glowing in my kitchen, and you've killed two bottles of wine...

ANDELA. Hey, hey, hey... *(Andela stands.)* Do you need a hug?

ALEX. No! *(Suddenly Alex throws herself into The Angel's arms.)*

ANDELA. Yup. Hugs are the best.

ALEX. *(Not breaking away)* Shut up. Stop being creepy.

ANDELA. I—

ALEX. Shut up. *(Jordan comes padding out of the bedroom, tissue clenched to her nose.)*

JORDAN. Aw! Did you guys drink all the peach apricot chardonnay?
(Alex grabs her purse and keys.)

ALEX. That's it. I'm going out to get you a pregnancy test.

ANDELA. What? What test? The womb glows with the will of God. There's your pregnancy test. *(A blue cross glows across Jordan's abdomen.)*

JORDAN. Please make it stop.

ALEX. I need a second opinion. *(Alex storms out. Jordan calls after her.)*

JORDAN. More tissues, please!

ANDELA. How are you doing?

JORDAN. My head's pounding, I can only breathe out of one nostril, and I have clear blue holy here across my—

ANDELA. Oh, yeah. Sorry 'bout that. *(The Angel waves the light away.)*

JORDAN. Ugh! Why do we get sick? I mean, is there any meaning to it?

ANDELA. Not really.

JORDAN. That answer annoys me.

ANDELA. Why does everything have to have meaning?

JORDAN. Because I'm miserable and you're telling me I'm about to get really fat and even more miserable—

ANDELA. Oh, well, that definitely has meaning.

JORDAN. My head hurts.

ANDELA. You should probably be resting.

JORDAN. Are you staying here?

ANDELA. Well...

JORDAN. I'm kind of scared.

ANDELA

ANDELA. I told you not to—

JORDAN. I know. But I am still scared... also grumpy.

ANDELA. Why are you scared? Or grumpy?

JORDAN. I dunno. A lot of reasons. Emotions are powerful things.

ANDELA. I know!

JORDAN. Is this going to make Alex leave me?

ANDELA. *(Shrugs)* Emotions are powerful things. *(Jordan is definitely shaken by this.)*

JORDAN. I'm definitely scared. *(The Angel awkwardly comforts Jordan.)*

ANDELA. I'll be here if you need me. *(They stand awkwardly for a bit.)*
Want me to help you back to bed? *(Jordan snuffles and nods like a lost child. Andela gently guides her back to her room.)*

JORDAN. Andela, can you tell me about Heaven? *(The lights dim as Andela helps Jordan get ready for bed, including adding her pregnancy belly to indicate 5 months have passed. Andela gives her a box of cookies, a book and the TV remote. Andela pats her on the head and exits. As the lights come back up, so does the sound of the TV Jordan watches. Alex enters and looks frustrated.)*

ALEX. How can you—? *(Jordan holds a finger up to Alex. She finishes reading the chapter and slides a bookmark in.)* Are you—? *(Jordan emphasizes the hush finger until the television program goes to commercial. She turns the TV off.)* Really?

JORDAN. What?

ALEX. This is what you do at home all day?

JORDAN. I'm cultivating a baby!

ALEX. A food baby!

JORDAN. Alex! Stop being so mean!

ALEX. Mean? You haven't been to work in—

JORDAN. Andela says—

ALEX. And where is Andela? Seems awfully convenient that once you started showing our angel stopped showing—

JORDAN. Maybe there's... angel things that... need doing. *(Alex sits on the bed next to Jordan.)*

ALEX. I've just been... thinking... a lot... lately...

JORDAN. Thinking?

ANDELA

ALEX. Andela has kind of been... MIA for a while. We've been dealing with this—magic baby on our own. What if Andela left now that the damage is done—set in motion...

JORDAN. What are you saying?

ALEX. What if Andela isn't an angel?

JORDAN. What else could...? You think...? How could you think such an awful thing?

ALEX. I've been talking with my parents lately. And they say Father Joe said—

JORDAN. Have you been going to church with your parents?

ALEX. Only a couple times.

JORDAN. Why didn't you tell me?

ALEX. I don't know! Everything's so fucked up lately. Somehow talking to an "angel" wasn't helping.

JORDAN. So now you think I'm carrying some kind of Rosemary's Baby?

ALEX. Or...

JORDAN. Or what?

ALEX. Maybe Andela...

JORDAN. Andela what? You think Andela might be Satan or something?

ALEX. Or just a demon of some sort.

JORDAN. *(Pulls herself out of bed.)* These are not your words, you know. These are your parents'. The same ones who told you eight years ago that I was dragging your soul to Hell. It's nice to know things haven't changed.

ALEX. Don't tell me that this hasn't crossed your mind.

JORDAN. No!!

ALEX. Look, I have to consider all possible scenarios—

JORDAN. But demons?!

ALEX. I'd rather think you've been possessed by a demon than to think you've cheated on me with a man! *(There is silence for a moment.)*

JORDAN. I could never—

ALEX. And yet, here we are.

JORDAN. What are we really talking about here?

ALEX. What do you mean?

JORDAN. You're leaving me, aren't you?

ANDELA

ALEX. What? No!

JORDAN. I understand. Andela warned me—

ALEX. See, this is what I'm talking about. Why believe everything this Andela tells us—

JORDAN. Because it's all been true!

ALEX. I'm not leaving you, Jordan! I love you!

JORDAN. Then why are you—Ooo!!!! *(She doubles over in pain. Alex rushes to her side.)*

ALEX. Jordan, what is it?

JORDAN. I don't know, it—Ahhhh!!!! *(Jordan can't stand upright any longer.)*

ALEX. What can I do?! *(Andela enters the room.)*

ANDELA. Look what I—No! No! It's too soon!

ALEX. What's happening?! *(SCOTT ENGLISH cautiously peeks his head into the room.)*

SCOTT. Should I wait outside, or...?

JORDAN. Whoa! Omigod... Is that Scott English?! *(Scott smiles and begins to enter the room, offering Jordan his hand.)*

SCOTT. It's very nice to meet you. You must be— *(Jordan cries out in pain. Alex slaps Scott's hand away.)*

ALEX. Call 911!! *(Scott holds his slapped hand in shock for a second.)*
Today! *(Scott ducks into the kitchen as the frantic action in the bedroom happens in dim light.)*

SCOTT. *(Into his phone)* Hello? Yes... Oh, what is my emergency?... um... Let me check. *(He pops his head back into the room. The lights fly back up in the bedroom.)* Excuse me? They want to know, uh... "what is my emergency?"

ALEX. She's in premature labor!

ANDELA. No, she isn't!

ALEX. What does this sound like to you?!

JORDAN. I love your books, Mr. English! *(Jordan cries out again as Scott ducks back into the kitchen. Lights dim again in the bedroom as the action continues in there.)*

SCOTT. Um, there seems to be a woman. It sounds like she's in pain. Possibly pregnant? Uh huh. Okay, I'll ask. *(He pops his head back into the*

ANDELA

bedroom. Lights fly back up.) They want to know how far along... uh... she is?

ANDELA. Who wants to know?

SCOTT. 911?

ANDELA. That's a number, not a who.

SCOTT. Well, I didn't really catch a name...

ALEX. Are they coming or not?

SCOTT. I was just—

ANDELA. Who would be coming?

ALEX. Paramedics! She's in pain!

ANDELA. No, she's not.

JORDAN. Well, yeah, a little... *(Jordan cries out. Alex gestures as if to tell Andela "See?")*

ANDELA. You're fine. Jordan. You're just... emotional.

ALEX. Say what now?

SCOTT. *(Into his phone)* They haven't said yet.

ALEX. Are you a doctor as well as an angel, now?

ANDELA. No, I'm just saying, emotions are powerful, and they can—

ALEX. *(To Scott)* Are they coming or what?

SCOTT. They haven't said yet.

ALEX. Give me the damn phone!

SCOTT. Oh... yeah, I'd prefer not. I'm sorry, I'm kind of a germaphobe and— *(Alex lunges for him, but Andela cuts her off.)*

ANDELA. You're not helping.

ALEX. And you are?!

ANDELA. Well, not yet. But if you would leave the room...

ALEX. LEAVE THE ROOM?! Do you hear this, Jordan?!

JORDAN. Babe? Please?

ALEX. What?

JORDAN. I just think Andela might...

ALEX. What? Have magical powers? Heal your sacred womb?

JORDAN. You are kind of stressing me out.

ALEX. Well, I'M kind of stressed out!

ANDELA. Oh! I know what might help you, Alex! Wine!

ALEX. You drank it all.

ANDELA

JORDAN. Please, just let Andela and I have a moment? It's probably not that serious.

SCOTT. *(Into his phone)* I think they're still deciding. *(Alex glares at Andela.)*

ALEX. Fine. But if I hear any more sounds of pain or... or anything...

SCOTT. *(Into his phone)* What are they saying?

ALEX. *(Walking past Scott into the kitchen)* Oh just hang up already!

SCOTT. *(Into his phone)* I guess we're good! Yeah! Thanks. Bye bye.

(Scott follows Alex into the kitchen as the lights dim in the bedroom. Alex storms to the fridge and pulls out a beer, opens it and begins to drink. Scott stands awkwardly nearby and tries to smile. It is clear he isn't great in social situations. He opens his mouth to say something when moody 80s music starts to play in the bedroom, startling him. Alex sighs and sits at the kitchen bar. Scott puts some space between himself and the bedroom, approaching Alex. Alex doesn't acknowledge him. He reads the label on Alex's beer.) Final Absolution, huh? Neat name for a beer.

ALEX. Who are you again?

SCOTT. Scott English. Novelist. I wrote The...

ALEX. The crap Jordan reads, yeah. Why are you here?

SCOTT. I'm not exactly sure. Andela convinced me that... I'm not quite sure.

ALEX. I don't understand why we didn't just take her to the hospital. She could be dying in there. And here we sit...

SCOTT. She's not screaming anymore at least.

ALEX. Like we could hear her over the wailing 80's emo music they're blasting in there. I should go back in there. Should I go back in there?

SCOTT. I don't know. I'm just the writer.

ALEX. Well, if you were writing this, would I go in there?

SCOTT. Yes?

ALEX. Yeah, I should go in there. *(Alex stands just as Andela enters the kitchen.)*

ANDELA. She's sleeping now. Don't go in there.

ALEX. What is going on? Is she okay? Where have you been all this time? Why is this guy here? Why were you blasting that awful music?

ANDELA. The Smiths aren't awful, they're relaxing.

ANDELA

ALEX. It just seems like all of this is so very wrong.

ANDELA. Just shut your mouth! How can you say I go about things the wrong way?

SCOTT. *(Sings)* I am human and I need to be loved... just like everybody else does... *(Andela and Alex look at him. Scott is embarrassed.)*

ALEX. Is Jordan okay? Can we go to the hospital now?

ANDELA. She doesn't need the hospital. She's fine. She was just stressed out. Scott, you should be taking notes.

SCOTT. Notes?

ANDELA. This is your next great novel.

SCOTT. That's what you said before.

ANDELA. So?

SCOTT. I don't get it.

ALEX. You're probably supposed to be the next L. Ron Hubbard.

SCOTT. Oh, please don't make me.

ALEX. I can't take this anymore. *(She storms out of the kitchen and into the bedroom. We see Alex wake Jordan and have a heated discussion but hear nothing as the kitchen conversation continues.)*

ANDELA. She always does just whatever she wants, doesn't she?

SCOTT. I don't know. I just got here. So, are we trying to start a new religion here or something? Because I—

ANDELA. I mean, this isn't about her, but that isn't a concept Ms. Alexandria Joseph is familiar with, is she?

SCOTT. I'm just a writer, you know? I'm not built to be an icon—

ANDELA. This is probably my fault. I don't know why I even— *(Alex storms from the bedroom with an overnight bag. She stops and seems like she is about to say something, but because she is so frustrated, she can't formulate the words. She storms out of the house.)*

SCOTT. Where's she going?

ANDELA. Leaving? Are you leaving? Where are you going?

JORDAN. Alex! Please!!!! *(Andela rushes to Jordan in the bedroom.)*

ANDELA. What happened? You can't let yourself—

JORDAN. This is all your fault!

ANDELA. What? What do you mean?

JORDAN. She left because of you!

ANDELA

ANDELA. But you—

JORDAN. I don't want to do this anymore!

ANDELA. You're—

JORDAN. Get out! Leave me alone!

ANDELA. You don't know—

JORDAN. Just leave... me alone...

ANDELA. *(Thinks for a moment.)* I'll go talk to Alex for you. You'll be fine. I know.

JORDAN. Go. *(Andela leaves. Scott hovers in the doorway, unsure what to do.)* Omigod. And you're really here... now...

SCOTT. Sorry. Can I... do anything for you?

JORDAN. No.

SCOTT. Okay. *(He remains in the doorway.)*

JORDAN. Please stop staring at me.

SCOTT. Sorry..... Are you okay?

JORDAN. No.

SCOTT. Okay. *(An awkward pause.)*

JORDAN. I wish I would just die.

SCOTT. Don't... don't say that. *(He comes in the room a little.)*

JORDAN. Isn't this just the story of my stupid, awful life? Just as my life is collapsing around me, I finally meet you!

SCOTT. Me? I'm nobody.

JORDAN. Are you kidding? I think you're the greatest writer since... since... Stephen King!

SCOTT. Sure. If Stephen King was forced to sell all of his stuff to a pawn shop in order to survive, then sure, I'm just like Stephen King. *(A slight pause.)*

JORDAN. So... you're Stephen Hawk-King? *(Scott takes a moment to process this. He laughs.)*

SCOTT. Oh my God. That's hilarious. How can you deny the world a wit like that?

JORDAN. Alex was right. You are full of shit.

SCOTT. Of course I am. I'm a writer.

JORDAN. Well, you got me there.

SCOTT. So, what're you going to do?

ANDELA

JORDAN. Hopefully die if you give me some privacy.

SCOTT. No, you're not.

JORDAN. Look, I know you're going to tell me my problems could be worse. That there are people out there suffering more than me... That's your opinion. My... Alex left! She left! And I've got this growing inside me... whatever this is. It's not right. It's not fair. I feel like... there's a huge hole in my heart and it's never going to... Never mind. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters. *(Scott thinks for a moment. He starts to leave, but before he exits, he takes a big breath and speaks.)*

SCOTT. There are many ways to lose a piece of your heart, and let's face it, we all will. You could hide your heart; try to protect it from the light and the pain. The pain will always find you. And without the light, your heart can't grow. Or you can really live, bravely accepting that people will leave, taking pieces of your heart as they go, but also leaving pieces of their own hearts in yours. In order to feel great love, we have to be willing to risk great pain. Great love is always worth it. Be a risk taker. Be proud of your patchwork heart. You still have more pieces to give... and even more yet to receive. *(Jordan is stunned for a moment.)*

JORDAN. Wow. You should write this shit down.

SCOTT. Yeah. I should. *(He desperately searches for pen and paper.)*

JORDAN. But what if Alex never comes back?

SCOTT. Does it matter?

JORDAN. What?

SCOTT. You said before nothing matters.

JORDAN. But I—

SCOTT. If nothing matters, then it shouldn't matter if she comes back or not. All that matters is now. You. That baby...

JORDAN. What if Alex is right and Andela is a demon?

SCOTT. Does it matter?

JORDAN. Kinda! Yeah!

SCOTT. That has nothing to do with you or the baby.

JORDAN. Doesn't it?

SCOTT. You're in control here, Jordan. Not Alex. Not Andela. Definitely not me.

JORDAN. But—

ANDELA

SCOTT. If nothing matters.

JORDAN. Well, I guess some things matter.

SCOTT. Okay.

JORDAN. I'm worried I can't do this alone.

SCOTT. Understandable.

JORDAN. It matters how this baby arrives.

SCOTT. I don't think it will be a demon.

JORDAN. Yeah. I don't either.

SCOTT. So, things do matter. That's okay.

JORDAN. Yeah. I guess a few things do matter... This sucks.

SCOTT. Yeah, feeling things does suck.

JORDAN. No, it sucks that I think my water just broke.

SCOTT: Does it matter that I don't know what to do right now?

JORDAN. Can we just go to the hospital?

SCOTT. Right... should we call Alex? Andela?

JORDAN. It doesn't matter. *(The lights fade. Lights up in the narthex of a church. Alex sits hunched over, back to the audience. She sits alone for a long moment. Andela enters, seeing Alex right away. This causes the lights to burn a little warmer in the room as Andela smiles. A heavenly chorus harmonizes, hitting a dramatic crescendo as Andela approaches and taps Alex on the shoulder. As Alex whips around and punches the angel in the face, the lights abruptly return to normal and the chorus cuts out.)*

ALEX. Ahhhh!!! What the hell!?

ANDELA. Owwww! *(Alex pulls the earbuds from her ears and lowers her voice quickly.)*

ALEX. C'mon! Why are you here?

ANDELA. *(Hands to nose)* I was worried about you.

ALEX. Of course you were.

ANDELA. That really hurt!

ALEX. *(Not really meaning it)* Good. You shouldn't sneak up on people.

ANDELA. I wasn't sneaking!

ALEX. Yes, you were. You were right up in my space before I even knew you were there!

ANDELA. Nuh-uh. I did the lights and the heavenly chorus and everything!

ANDELA

ALEX. Well, next time, do something more obvious.

ANDELA. *(Kind of excited)* Am I bleeding blood?

ALEX. Let me see. *(Alex examines the angel's face.)* I don't see anything.

ANDELA. Really? It really feels like there's something there. It feels gushy.

ALEX. You're not gushing anything.

ANDELA. Oh. Okay.

ALEX. It seems you will survive. I guess you can go now. Bye bye. *(Nobody moves.)* C'mon. *(She sits in defeat. Andela sits beside her.)*

ANDELA. So, is this your family's church?

ALEX. Yeah.

ANDELA. It's nice.

ALEX. Sure.

ANDELA. Do you ever go... in there? *(Andela points toward the sanctuary.)*

ALEX. Sometimes.

ANDELA. How 'bout now?

ALEX. Can't.

ANDELA. Why?

ALEX. I got kicked out, okay?

ANDELA. Of church?

ALEX. Yeah, angel-person. I got kicked out of church. Stop judging.

ANDELA. Judging? I don't judge. That's not my job.

ALEX. Right.

ANDELA. Church is for the people. You're the people.

ALEX. Well, "the people" don't like other people who laugh loudly at a sermon that is clearly a veiled message as to why I'm a... *(She trails off.)*

ANDELA. That's terrible. What did your parents say?

ALEX. They're the ones who made me come out here.

ANDELA. Oh. *(Alex digests this response for a moment.)*

ALEX. Oh?!

ANDELA. What?

ALEX. That's all you have to say? "Oh"?!

ANDELA. What? I don't understand.

ALEX. Yeah. Neither do I.

ANDELA

ANDELA. Maybe you should go back in there and—

ALEX. Everyone's already gone. It doesn't matter.

ANDELA. Everyone's gone? Then why are you still—?

ALEX. Why are you still here, huh?

ANDELA. I was worried—

ALEX. —about me. Yeah. You said that. You also said that you were a messenger angel. We got your message. It ruined our lives. Why don't you leave? Fly away little angel. Nobody wants you here.

ANDELA. I can't fly.

ALEX. What?

ANDELA. Nobody wants me here?

ALEX. Oh my God...

ANDELA. You did hit me pretty hard, I suppose.

ALEX. I didn't mean to.

ANDELA. I just like you people.

ALEX. You've really got to stop saying it like that.

ANDELA. All of your confusing emotions and how you cope with them... it's super adorable.

ALEX. You are so condescending for an angel.

ANDELA. Yeah! Stuff like that! Your grumpy face is my favorite.

(Andela tries to imitate Alex's expression.)

ALEX. Stop that! If I were an angel, I wouldn't be hanging around people. I'd fly as far away from people as possible.

ANDELA. What? Why?

ALEX. Yeah, you're definitely not from around here. People suck. They... I mean, people are always hurting each other. They're all high and mighty when they have no right to be. People are literally killing this planet.

ANDELA. Noooooooo.

ALEX. Yeeessss. Read a newspaper. Go on social media. Hell, just hang out here for a while.

ANDELA. You know, you're a lot like this church. Beautiful on the outside, full of anger and mistrust on the inside.

ALEX. I'm..? Shut up.

ANDELA

ANDELA. I'm not from around here, it's true. But I'm pretty good at listening and observing.

ALEX. And annoying.

ANDELA. Ah! Look at that face! Adorable!

ALEX. I am not! Go away!

ANDELA. (*Laughing.*) Does your forehead hurt when you wrinkle it up like that all the time? I get a headache if I try to do it too long.

ALEX. You're the worst.

ANDELA. Nothing's changed you know. With Jordan.

ALEX. Everything has changed. Things keep getting weirder...

ANDELA. But not worse...

ALEX. That's debatable.

ANDELA. Mmm... I don't feel like debating. That's just angry talking with research.

ALEX. Research is the most important part. I can't research any of this!

ANDELA. Well, can I be the research? I am... I mean, I came to you from God.

ALEX. When does God want you home, anyway? Soon? Can it be soon? Why can't you just fly away?

ANDELA. In order to fly, you need to be entirely fragile and vulnerable. Free of burdens. Lighter than air. But being with you people... er, all y'all?... I am seeing how life is for you here. It's hard. Even children are weighed down with burdens. It's amazing. It's heartbreaking and I just want to be here with you all through it all. I don't want to fly anymore. I want to be heavy, like you!

ALEX. Say what? (*Scott enters, nervously.*)

SCOTT. Oh hey. Jordan said I might find you here.

ALEX. Seriously? Can I ever be left alone? Just for like FIVE minutes?

SCOTT. She thought you might be freaking out after the ultrasound.

ALEX. Oh you think?

SCOTT. Well, yeah, I mean you are all—

ALEX. She has an empty cavity in her belly! There's nothing in there.

ANDELA. Is too.

ALEX. Did you see the ultrasound?!

ANDELA. Yeah. It's wrong.

ANDELA

ALEX. The ultrasound is wrong. They did it THREE TIMES.

SCOTT. They did do it three times.

ANDELA. But we all know there's a baby, right? We felt it kick and everything, right?

ALEX. I don't know what I think anymore! That's why I'm here!

ANDELA. Just because the ultrasound is wrong, doesn't mean what we know is wrong.

ALEX. And what is it exactly that we know, huh, Andela?

ANDELA. Well. That there's a baby in there.

ALEX. Science says she has a big, kicky bubble of gas, so...

ANDELA. That's silly. Gas doesn't kick.

SCOTT. Well, it can pop. Like bubbles and stuff.

ANDELA. Oh yeah. I love bubbles.

ALEX. Shouldn't you be writing or something?

SCOTT. I'm taking a break.

ALEX. Right.

SCOTT. Jordan wanted me to see if you were mad at her still.

ALEX. *(Screams in frustration.)*

ANDELA. That was a good one. *(Andela imitates the scream.)* That made me feel better! Did it make you feel better?

ALEX. NO! What would make me feel better is if everything just went back the way it was before!

ANDELA. There's something I never understood.

ALEX. What?

ANDELA. Why you peep—all y'all fight against change so much. Change is what makes you better. It makes you grow.

ALEX. Or it makes us worse and makes us fall apart.

SCOTT. Definitely fell apart.

ALEX. See? Wait, what?

SCOTT. Hmm? Oh nothing. I was just—

ALEX. I should go home to Jordan, shouldn't I?

SCOTT. Well, I mean—

ALEX. You're right, I've been a little self-involved here. It's just... *(Alex can't find the words. Realizes, she doesn't owe anyone here any explanations and just leaves.)*

ANDELA

SCOTT. Did I say something wrong?

ANDELA. I'm not sure.

SCOTT. I'm never sure.

ANDELA. Aw.

SCOTT. I've been writing this "story", but I honestly don't know where I'm going with it. I usually have my stories all planned out, but there's nothing here. No road map. No guide. I need an outline. What IS the story here?

ANDELA. I dunno. People?

SCOTT. That's super vague.

ANDELA. Don't you people... y'all live every day super vague?

SCOTT. I... I guess. But that's not entertaining. That's not novel worthy.

ANDELA. I find everything about... y'all entertaining.

SCOTT. Are you from south Heaven or something now?

ANDELA. I'm trying to be better at being a person.

SCOTT. So you're saying "y'all?"

ANDELA. It seems to upset y'all a lot less.

SCOTT. (*Shrugs*) People get upset over a lot of things. It's hard to predict sometimes. People are sensitive.

ANDELA. I know right?!

SCOTT. My wife was really sensitive.

ANDELA. Was?

SCOTT. We separated.

ANDELA. How far?

SCOTT. What?

ANDELA. How far are you separated?

SCOTT. Um, pretty far.

ANDELA. Oh. That's sad.

SCOTT. It is.

ANDELA. If it makes you sad, you shouldn't be separated.

SCOTT. It's not that simple.

ANDELA. It isn't?

SCOTT. It makes her... us... sad when we're together, too.

ANDELA. Oh wow. That is complicated. Is that what love is?

SCOTT. Sometimes, I guess.

ANDELA

ANDELA. I really want to understand love. I thought it was just hugging and kissing and stuff.

SCOTT. That's how it starts. But if you can't make it more than that, it's not really love, I guess.

ANDELA. Huh. But it starts with hugging and kissing?

SCOTT. Typically. (*Andela plants a kiss on Scott.*) Whoa! What was that?

ANDELA. I love you?

SCOTT. Nope.

ANDELA. No?

SCOTT. You can't just do that to people either.

ANDELA. What?

SCOTT. You can't just touch people... intimately... without permission.

ANDELA. Oh..... May I have your permission?

SCOTT. No!

ANDELA. Love does hurt.

SCOTT. Look, I think I'm gonna go home now.

ANDELA. Okay, I'll come with you!

SCOTT. I'm not going back to Jordan and Alex's.

ANDELA. But, that's home.

SCOTT. It's THEIR home. I'm going back to MY home. There's no story here. There's no magic baby. I'm just... in the way. You should consider going home, too.

ANDELA. I am home. You can't leave.

SCOTT. Here's another lesson about humans... well, at least American humans... We do what we want.

ANDELA. She isn't empty, Scott English.

SCOTT. According to the doctors, she is. You told me I was writing this story about a new, miracle life. There's no miracle life in Jordan.

ANDELA. That's not true.

SCOTT. It is. I saw it with my own eyes. I was there. The doctor said—

ANDELA. Did EVERYONE say?

SCOTT. What do you mean?

ANDELA. Just... at least come back to the house and tell Jordan and Alex where you're going. That's the... courteous thing to do, right?

SCOTT. I mean, I guess.

ANDELA

ANDELA. Good! This is good! (*Lights switch over to Alex and Jordan's bedroom. Jordan is in bed. Alex is sitting at the edge of the bed.*)

JORDAN. I don't think they're right, though.

ALEX. Three scans, Jordan. They all said there was nothing in there.

JORDAN. I don't know what to tell you. I just know how I feel.

ALEX. And I know how I feel.

JORDAN. What?! Gasp and drool! Alex has feelings?!

ALEX. Stop that.

JORDAN. No, you always pick on me for making decisions based on emotion. Like you're some kind of dead inside robot or something.

ALEX. I'm not dead inside.

JORDAN. Could have fooled me. Instead of talking about feelings, you pack a bag and leave.

ALEX. That was stupid, you're right. But I came right back. I was just... I don't know...

JORDAN. You packed. A bag. And walked out the door.

ALEX. It was just a couple pairs of socks and some sweatpants. I didn't even pack my toothbrush.

JORDAN. That's stupid.

ALEX. I know! I agreed it was stupid. I don't know why I did it... I just... I'm supposed to be the strong one Jordan. If I cry... in front of you... what do we have?

JORDAN. A relationship.

ALEX. That's stupid.

JORDAN. It's stupid that I want you to cry so I can comfort you for once?

ALEX. Stupid.

JORDAN. I mean, it gets exhausting being the emotional one all the time. Just once, I want to put on Alex's power suit and heels and walk around all dead inside, safe from the world.

ALEX. It's not safe.

JORDAN. Wait. Are you crying?

ALEX. No.

JORDAN. It's just really humid inside your eye sockets?

ALEX. Yeah. That's probably it.

JORDAN. It happens. I think I read about it once on the internet.

ANDELA

ALEX. Oh. It's probably true, then.

JORDAN. Probably. *(Alex sits rigidly, "not crying." Jordan gets out from under the covers and goes to wrap her arms around Alex. Alex eventually melts into her embrace.)*

ALEX. I seriously don't know what I should be feeling right now.

JORDAN. Loved?

ALEX. That's helpful, thanks, Doctor Sunshine.

JORDAN. What? Emotions are best taken in little sips. Don't feel them all at once. Take it from the expert.

ALEX. Ha. Tell that to Andela.

JORDAN. Andela is just trying everything at once.

ALEX. Including my last nerve.

JORDAN. Oh, you lost that nerve years ago.

ALEX. Shut up.

JORDAN. You shut up. *(They sit for a moment.)*

ALEX. Don't you think all this is just a little cruel?

JORDAN. What do you mean?

ALEX. We were just talking about having children not three months before Andela appeared.

JORDAN. Oh yeah.

ALEX. And you said you weren't ready.

JORDAN. I wasn't.

ALEX. And I thought, fine. Give Jordan some space. She's still young. Maybe she isn't ready to be raising a child just yet. But maybe someday—

JORDAN. I wasn't ready.

ALEX. And then suddenly the magical piñata of emotions and terrible social skills arrives and poof! You're ready?

JORDAN. I'm not.

ALEX. What are you talking about? You're all gooey about whatever gas-bubble-food-baby you have growing inside you.

JORDAN. It's a real baby, Alex. I promise.

ALEX. Then why does this image show a big empty space?

JORDAN. I don't know. I'm not empty. There's something there.

ALEX. Well, if there is, what if I'm not ready now?

JORDAN. Get ready, I guess.

ANDELA

ALEX. Well... why should I?

JORDAN. Because I need you. The baby needs you.

ALEX. You have Andela... maybe Scott... though I wouldn't really count on him. He's a little bit of a baby himself, I think.

JORDAN. I need you. I want you... I CHOOSE you. *(Now Alex is really crying.)*

ALEX. It's not fair!

JORDAN. What do you mean?

ALEX. We were supposed to be planning this baby together. This was supposed to be OUR baby.

JORDAN. It still is.

ALEX. I had nothing to do with it! I had no input!

JORDAN. Sometimes, that's just how it happens.

ALEX. But not with me! I had so many ideas... And you know how I feel about people who say, "things just happen"!

JORDAN. Oh, I KNOW! But you can't plan for everything. "Life... ah... finds a way."

ALEX. Don't you quote Jeff Goldblum at me!

JORDAN. Maybe Andela was just the push I needed to grow up a little. Get brave.

ALEX. You do sound a little smarter.

JORDAN. Ha. Ha. And maybe Andela is pushing you to just live in the moment a little more. Be a little freer. Stop planning everything.

ALEX. Planning everything put you in this beautiful bedroom set, my love.

JORDAN. Sure. You're a great planner. But I want you to be a great human, too. To live a little.

ALEX. I live!

JORDAN. A little...

ALEX. I mean, if this baby is real—

JORDAN. It is.

ALEX. Would I be mom? Or Mother? Or what?

JORDAN. You're going to stay?

ALEX. I was always going to stay, Jordan. I just didn't know what I was staying for.

ANDELA

JORDAN. So you were being a bit of a drama queen?

ALEX. That's your deal. I was being...

JORDAN. A bitch?

ALEX. Um... bitch adjacent, maybe?

JORDAN. I love you.

ALEX. I love you so much.

JORDAN. You're going to be an amazing mom.

ALEX. I mean—

JORDAN. Oh! Feel this! *(Jordan grabs Alex's hand and places it on her belly as Andela and Scott enter. Alex's eyes widen and she lets out an excited yelp.)*

SCOTT. Sorry. Sorry to interrupt. Andela just wanted me to tell you all that I'm leaving... so... uh, goodbye.

JORDAN. You're leaving? Why?

SCOTT. Well... I mean, there isn't a story, really. Is there?

ANDELA. I've been trying to tell him.

JORDAN. What do you mean there isn't a story?

ANDELA. I told him you definitely weren't empty.

ALEX. Of course, and he should believe you because your word is more reliable than three ultrasounds from a hospital.

SCOTT. I should just get back home. I do have to write something or my publisher is going to ask for the advance they paid me back. But the story I was promised... I mean, it isn't here, so... I should go home.

ALEX. I thought you were a sci-fi writer, not a reporter.

SCOTT. I am.

ALEX. So, make something up.

JORDAN. What are you saying?

ALEX. For all we know, Andela isn't an angel. Maybe Andela is an alien from outer space.

ANDELA. That's not entirely true.

SCOTT. But there isn't a baby.

ALEX. Then what do you call this? *(Alex grabs Scott's hand and holds it to Jordan's belly.)*

ANDELA. Oh, you should ask for consent first.

SCOTT. What are you—? Oh. Oh! What is that?

ANDELA

JORDAN. I swear it isn't gas.

ALEX. You feel that? It just started when you and Andela came in.

JORDAN. Oh yeah. It started kicking like crazy. I didn't notice the timing, but yeah.

ANDELA. Oh! The baby likes us!

SCOTT. But the scan was blank! I was there. I saw it. The doctor even said—

ALEX. Screw what the doctor said. What do you feel?

SCOTT. A baby?

ALEX. Are you asking or telling?

SCOTT. I can't think what else it could be.

JORDAN. An alien egg hatching?

ANDELA. I don't lay eggs.

ALEX. Gross, Jordan. Don't ever paint that image again. We're having a baby!

SCOTT. It might be cool if it were an alien, though.

ALEX. Just shut your mouth. The baby is human.

JORDAN. And it needs to be loved.

SCOTT. (*Singing*) Just like everybody else does!... Sorry. That song keeps coming up in my head.

JORDAN. So you believe it's a baby now? Not a burrito I ate or something?

ALEX. I think so.

ANDELA. Oh we're gonna be a family!

ALEX. What is this? A sitcom? You're not staying.

ANDELA. Why?

ALEX. Because you're not.

JORDAN. Why?

ALEX. Because this is our house. Our baby.

ANDELA. But I helped. And Scott is going to help more.

SCOTT. I am?

ANDELA. Of course. You're going to tell the story. You're going to get people to listen and believe.

SCOTT. In what?

ANDELA

ALEX. Yeah. We're not starting a new religion here. We're just... having a baby.

SCOTT. A magic baby that hides from ultrasounds. How are we going to get anyone to help deliver an invisible baby?

JORDAN. It's not invisible. It's just hiding.

SCOTT. Well, babies require a lot of care... prenatal care. And if a doctor can't see it, the doctor can't help it.

ANDELA. The doctor doesn't need to see the baby to believe in the baby.

SCOTT. Kinda, yeah! And they threw us out of the hospital when they saw nothing on the ultrasound. They thought we were pranking them when we came in screaming about her water breaking...

JORDAN. I may have just peed a little. That was all. But I didn't know. This is our first baby!

SCOTT. Then you'll definitely need a lot of help. Help I don't think, as a sci-fi author, I am qualified to give.

JORDAN. You seem to know a lot about prenatal stuff though.

SCOTT. My wife and I... my ex-wife... I don't know what to call her. We're separated.

JORDAN. Oh.

SCOTT. We had a miscarriage last year. It was scary.

ALEX. I'm so sorry.

ANDELA. The baby missed the carriage?

SCOTT. Something like that.

ANDELA. And now, no baby for you?

SCOTT. No baby.

ANDELA. That's so sad. May I have your consent to hug you?

SCOTT. Oh. Uh... Sure. *(Andela aggressively hugs Scott. He's uncomfortable but doesn't fight it.)*

ANDELA. Hugs are the best. *(Andela coughs a little bit. Scott pulls away.)*

SCOTT. Um, that was right in my ear.

ANDELA. Oh, sorry. That was a new tickle. Kind of fun. *(Andela coughs again.)*

ALEX. Gross. Cover your mouth when you do that.

ANDELA. Why?

ANDELA

ALEX. Germs!

ANDELA. Those are the little critters, right?

SCOTT. It was harder for Krissi because she's also a doctor.

JORDAN. Who's Krissi?

SCOTT. My ex?

JORDAN. Oh. Oh guys, he's still telling his story. He's not done. Shh.

SCOTT. No, it's fine.

ANDELA. I thought a hug was a good place to end the story.

JORDAN. Why did you two break up? If it's okay to ask, I mean.

SCOTT. I'm not sure. It just got... harder. She was sure she did something wrong somewhere. I kept telling her it wasn't her fault. But after a while, I guess it wasn't enough. And she was sad and angry all the time...

JORDAN. I get that.

ALEX. What?

JORDAN. Not talking about you... entirely.

ALEX. Wow.

SCOTT. Like I said, she's a doctor and she thought she should have been smart enough to save... Things just happen sometimes, right?

JORDAN. Right. *(Alex, hating that phrase, grumbles. Jordan realizes and tries to correct Scott.)* I mean, I wouldn't say *that*...

ALEX. Do you still talk?

SCOTT. Yeah. It's awkward, but we talk.

JORDAN. You still love her.

SCOTT. Well...

JORDAN. Of course you still love her!

ALEX. Don't do that, Jordan.

JORDAN. What? The sci-fi guy is a gooey hearted romantic! THAT'S a story.

ANDELA. That's not the story! *(Andela coughs a little more.)* Oh, that one wasn't as fun.

ALEX. Don't get into Scott's personal business.

JORDAN. You should call her!

SCOTT. What? Why?

ANDELA

JORDAN. Tell her what you've been up to. I mean, this is kind of interesting, don't you think? It's a good excuse to call her.

ALEX. This wouldn't be interesting to her, it's—

SCOTT. Actually, maybe it would be. Maybe she would have an opinion on the empty uterus ultrasounds.

ANDELA. She isn't empty.

JORDAN. Oo! Like a second opinion? Just like in the movies?

ALEX. Does she take our insurance?

SCOTT. She loves medical mysteries.

ALEX. What's her opinion on angels who won't leave? *(Andela sneezes.)*

ANDELA. What the hell was that?

ALEX. You sneezed. And spit on me a little.

ANDELA. Ugh, my head feels crowded.

JORDAN. Do you have a cold?

ANDELA. I don't feel cold.

SCOTT. I'm gonna go call Krissi right now. *(Scott leaves the room, dialing his phone.)*

JORDAN. Here, take a tissue and blow. *(Jordan hands Andela a tissue. Andela holds the tissue up, purses their lips and blows on it.)* That's not what I meant.

ALEX. Great, now I'm covered in angel germs.

JORDAN. Maybe you should get into bed.

ALEX. Not in our bed!

JORDAN. Just for now, 'til we can get the sheets changed in the guest room, the humidifier set up—

ALEX. The angel does NOT require a humidifier!

ANDELA. Oh, please don't yell.

ALEX. The baby doesn't care if I'm yelling.

ANDELA. The angel does. The angel has a head that is vibrating. It really hurts.

JORDAN. Andela, you're getting sick!

ANDELA. Angels don't get sick.

ALEX. Then why is your nose all gross and runny?

ANDELA. It is?

ALEX. It's so gross.

ANDELA

ANDELA. I feel gross.

ALEX. If Andela is sick, then Jordan, we should keep you away from those germs.

ANDELA. But angels don't get sick.

ALEX. Well, you ARE sick.

ANDELA. *(Somewhat happy.)* I am? *(Scott comes back in.)*

JORDAN. Andela's sick.

SCOTT. I just got off the phone with Krissi. She wants to see you.

JORDAN. Me?

SCOTT. I sent her a screen shot of your ultrasound. I told her everything.

JORDAN. What does she think?

SCOTT. She believes.

ALEX. She believes?

ANDELA. She believes? *(Andela has a coughing fit.)*

ALEX. Okay, angel germs are flying everywhere.

SCOTT. *(Scott is not comfortable with the germs, but he continues.)* She wants you to come to her office on Monday so she can check you out herself. But... she believes.

JORDAN. I... I don't believe it.

SCOTT. It's an hour by train, are you up for it?

ANDELA. A train? How fun!

ALEX. You're not going anywhere if you're sick. People don't like to be trapped in a tin can with someone spreading germs like that. It's gross.

ANDELA. Well, how long are people usually sick?

JORDAN. It's different with different people.

ALEX. But you're not a people.

ANDELA. And ANGELS don't get sick.

JORDAN. I have to go, don't I?

SCOTT. Well, I wouldn't say—

JORDAN. Krissi might be the only doctor to help me.

SCOTT. Maybe.

ALEX. We can't leave a sick angel alone in our house.

ANDELA. Angels. Don't. *(Achoo)* Get. Sick.

ALEX. And. You. Are. Sick.

ANDELA. I know!

ANDELA

JORDAN. What's happening here?

ANDELA. I'm heavy now! Like you!

JORDAN. You're pregnant, too?

ANDELA. Oh no!

ALEX. Oh no. *(Andela pulls one wing off at a time. They pull off easily, as if they were loose. The room recoils in disgust and horror.)*

JORDAN. Are you okay?!

ANDELA. I feel so heavy now! *(There is an uncomfortable silence.)*

SCOTT. Can I tell Krissi to expect us Monday?

JORDAN. I— *(Andela starts to cough loudly. Scott tries not to breathe the air in the room.)*

ANDELA. *(Happily)* Oh this feels awful!

ALEX. Okay, let's leave Andela to rest and get over this cold. We'll go out to the kitchen and talk about this Dr. Krissi thing.

ANDELA. Also, maybe go get me some of that lemon rice soup?

ALEX. Get some rest, angel-person.

SCOTT. This is going to be a pretty complicated story.

JORDAN. We're a pretty complicated family, I guess. *(Alex ushers them out of the room and turns out the light.)*

ANDELA. *(In the darkened bedroom)* Ooo! I think I have to pee now, too! *(Lights out.)*

END ACT 1

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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