

WHEN JESUS DIVORCED ME

*By
Laura Irene Young*

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WHEN JESUS DIVORCED ME

For Mom, Betty, Gilda, and Lisa

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When Jesus Divorced Me was originally produced by off the WALL Productions and was staged at Carnegie Stage, Pittsburgh, and the Chain Theatre in New York. *When Jesus Divorced Me* made its international debut at Tjarnarbio in Iceland featuring the following cast:

LAURA.....Laura Irene Young
MAN..... Brett Sullivan
WOMAN.....Hazel Leeroy

CAST: 1M, 2W

LAURA 20s-30s, wild eyed dreamer, turned adult realist.
MAN Any age. Plays multiple roles
WOMAN Any age. Plays multiple roles

When Jesus Divorced Me is a play with music. The original music is done through basic ukulele, piano, and rhythm. Any producing company can choose how to use the lyrics and with what performance style. This show is not a musical and there is no expectation that the verse portions of this show be musical. MAN and WOMAN can be within the play or done through voiceover.

In 2008, a young millennial, LAURA, with big dreams of Broadway fell in love with another actor at summer stock theater. After their wedding, he receives a job as Jesus at a religious theme park. He leaves his new wife for the actress playing Mary Magdalene. LAURA is now left in the aftermath to discover her own mental health, dreams, and faith.

Time: 2008-2018

Place: Laura's Memory, also Ohio and Florida

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SCENE 1

A liminal space between memory and present day. Laura appears ready to learn her lesson.

MAN. I told you I would love you forever, and I know those were just words at the time..

WOMAN. I thought I was doing her a favor

MAN. But I meant every word...

WOMAN. At least you didn't have kids...

MAN. Married so young...

WOMAN. God be with her on her journey...

LAURA.

("Every Divorce Starts Off a Love Story")

Every Divorce

Starts off a love story.

It ends in a war

It's bloody and gory.

Every divorce is

An Ever After Destroyed

By another person

A hole or a void

Like, Every piece of roadkill

Was something fluffy and cute

The man I despised

Was the man down the aisle in a suit.

The story I am about to say is sad

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But it is true
What makes it more tragic?
It began with "I do."

Every Divorce
Starts off a love story
A beautiful romance
Becomes a bitter allegory
A thousand sad moments
A dozen lawyer fees
The problem with this story
Is the subject is me

Every Divorce
Starts off a love story
In reflection, the marriage
A tragic metaphor.
It starts off in romance
and ends in a fury
It leaves you wondering
What was it all for?

Even my divorce
Started off a love story.
Two actors, two dreamers.
It was meant to be.
Now, let's get ready
For sadness and laughter.
And hear of the time
When Jesus divorced me.

A majestic score is heard, featuring a choir of angels and then the voice of God is heard. He is more sarcastic than we expect from God.

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MAN. In the Beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth. And for eons... it's existence does not contribute to this story, so, in 1987, God said, let there be a Laura, and there was a Laura. God saw that Laura was good. *(Laura gives a thumbs up to God.)* God separated Laura from evil. He gave her a good, loving family. *(Laura gives a look to God.)*

They had their problems, but it also does not contribute to this story, so we are not going to get into it. THAT was her childhood. *(Laura points to the projector as an embarrassing childhood image appears on the screen.)* God, looked down at happy young Laura, and like he does with all of his followers, decided to mess her life up by making her a teenager. *(An embarrassing photo of Laura as a teenager pops onto the screen.)*

In her teenage years, God said let there be theater. And there was theater. Community plays and school shows. She sang in church every Sunday. And it was good. And those was her teenage years. Also, she got the lead in her high school musical her senior year, and she ALWAYS wants me to talk about it. *(Laura motions GOD to "get on with it.")* In her college years, GOD saw that Laura needed to start earning money. But instead of taking a normal summer job, she took a summer stock contract. Laura took the contract. GOD looked at his work and saw that it was good. *(A pause.)* Well, decent. And GOD looked at his work and he rested. For, about ten years.....

LAURA. My ex and I met at Summer Stock, which is when actors are brought to a theater, usually out in the middle of nowhere, and are forced to hang out and party together through three months and four shows. We had a mutual friend that introduced us on social media. I announced the contract I got and where on Facebook. The friend said "Hey, I have a friend named... *(Laura Gestures Name and disgusting noise replaces the name.)* that will be working there. Let me introduce you two on Facebook messenger." We began talking back and forth on social media. I learned he had worked at the theater before and he thought it would be a good idea if we lived together. He had transportation. I didn't. It made complete sense to me.

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My first day of summer stock came and I checked in with the company manager. She was looking for a place to house me. I told her ... (*Laura Gestures Name and disgusting noise replaces the name.*) ...and I have been talking a little bit and he thinks we should live together.” The company manager looks at me and instantly says “Oh no! I don’t think that is a good idea. You will live with (*A happy sound replaces the name*) instead.” She hands me a key to my cast apartment. (*Red Flag Pops Out of the Set with Sound Cue. Laura yells at the tech both.*) Hey, that cue doesn’t go here. Anyway!

I go to my house and meet my roommate for the summer. Let’s call her Mandy. Mandy and I are housed in a two story house in the middle of town about 5 miles from the theater. Both Mandy and I do not have a car or our license. We both had the same idea for our future. We didn’t need a car. We were going to move to New York, be on Broadway. But for that summer, we were in Ohio. Without a car.

The first day of rehearsal came. Mandy and I drove into the theater pavilion with my parents. They were very excited for my first professional gig. The theater was an Outdoor Drama. You may be thinking “an outdoor drama in Ohio. I know which one.” No, you don’t. There are a lot now. There were more then. Mandy and I sat in the pavilion, much like a pavilion at a state park, at the top of theater. Waiting for our other cast members to arrive. The next two people that came up the hill were Ana and Chris. They, like us, were at their first professional gig. They had not known each other before, were assigned roommates for the summer. They were living in town near us AND they both had a car. SCORE. (*A pause.*) Other castmates would crest the hill and we would talk and introduce ourselves as each person approached the pavilion.

I remember what he was wearing that first day I met him. He was wearing blue jeans, a green t-shirt and a black zip up jacket. He approached my table and introduced himself. At that moment, I heard a Voice say ‘this could work’. Whether it was the universe or God or my intuition, whatever you believe, I got feeling, a voice said ‘this could work.’ It was such a

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funny phrase to me. Because of the word *could*. It wasn't this *will* work. It was this *could* work. Which meant if everything fell into place there may be a chance but it could work. But in true Laura fashion, instead of telling him that I had a crush on him, I played the friend card the whole summer. But it wasn't how I felt.

("Have you ever liked someone..")

Have you ever looked at someone in the eyes
And it made you want to vomit
Like every time they speak your organs are rotting inside
Like your hand get really sweaty
And your fever starts to peak
You suffocate a little
And you forget how to speak

But you think "I like him"

I mean, I really like him.

Like, I want to make out with him and have him touch my boob a little.

Oh, shit....

Have you ever liked

Someone so much, it makes you really queasy.

And all you want to do is sit

Near them for awhile.

So, you wear fishnets to a party
and you feel like a fool.

But he says you look pretty sexy

And then you feel pretty cool.

And you think, does he like me?

I mean, he said I was sexy, you don't just throw that word around.

Oh, he is making out with another girl in the corner.

Oh, fuck...

Have you liked someone

So much that you did nothing.

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And you watched them walk away
At the end of the show.
And you wish you had the courage
To say what you feel,
This isn't a silly crush
You know that it's real.

And you hope he doesn't
Just see you as a friend
Please, oh please,
Let this not be the end.

And Laura, please see
That you are a prize.
And worthy of seeing love,
In someone else's eyes.

SCENE 2

Banjo/ Folk/ Hymn music begins to play.

LAURA. If you have never been an actor in an outdoor drama, congratulations, you probably have a much bigger savings account than I do. Let me give you the things that make all outdoor dramas the same.

WOMAN. For legal reasons, although the following is based in fact. Laura loves Outdoor Dramas and their abilities to create edutainment of Historical Events. However, their general practices could use revising. Therefore, for legal reasons, take this as a joke, but if it makes you think, that's on you.

LAURA. Historical Dramas came about in the mid-1950's-1960's, some more into the 70's and 80s with the bi-centennial and when americana was king. They depict lots of stories told through a white savior lens and let's just say NONE of them end in a "happily ever after." They all end in a "A lot of people did a horrible things. A lot of people died. But, we still have hope...right?" Most of the actors are at the beginning of their career. Most

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still in college, working with some of actors who live in that town that are mid to late 50's. The shows are intense, the pay stinks. So, it binds people. The actors have a lot of parties, every Sunday, right before our day off. We are theater kids so the parties start to be more elaborate and themed. Some of my favorite themes: *As these themes are listed. Pictures pop onto the screen.*

Luau (*Picture Shown*) Goodwill: Where everyone wore their favorite thing they got at Goodwill that week. (*Picture Shown*) Super Hero: I went as Super Hippy, obviously. (*Picture Shown*) And of course: For my 21 birthday, I requested a VAMPIRE Party. And it happened. (*Picture Shown*) And where was this mystery man that I had a crush on. He was making out with his girlfriend for the summer. She was the lead in all the shows. She would talk loudly about the sex they had in the dressing room. I wasn't in love with him so it didn't hurt. It just felt weird. And I definitely judged her more than I should have. She was cool and I was insecure. I was insecure in my oversized colonial outfit. While she was at the same place, same town, doing the same hoedown in the same oversized colonial outfit.

Hoedown Music Plays. Laura dances a corny hoedown routine, smiling proudly. After her bow, the smile quickly fades.

SCENE 3

LAURA. After every show, we were starving. Our shows were always about two to two and a half hours long. Afterwards there would be a parade of cars to the fast food restaurants. Sheetz, Arby's, Wendy's, and the king daddy of all post-show foods: TACO BELL. Those who besmirched Taco Bell, I am sorry for you. We are going to talk about my shitty divorce, but you non-taco bell lovers are the ones being pitied here. I am with Ana, Chris, and Mandy. These three have become some of my favorite people. With Ana, being the funniest person I know. I get a text on my phone, an LG Shine, "look behind you." It was him, casually flirting with me from the car behind. He had a girlfriend but he had a constant 3

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out of 10 flirting with me throughout the summer. (*Red Flag Pops Up. Laura acknowledges the tech booth with frustration.*) I send back a shy “Hey.” He replies “What are you ordering?” I reply, “Two Spicy chicken burritos.” RIP the spicy chicken burrito, taken off the menu circa 2011. He replies, “Me too.” DAMN, this is hot. There is a moment of silence between our two phones. I am trying to figure out how to reply to the spicy chicken burrito content and then he replies, “hop back here.” I don’t respond. What would that accomplish? He types again, “We can hang out before you go home.” My mind races. He is cute, but alone in his car and he currently has a girlfriend. Maybe he is saying it innocently and just wants to hang out. But, it just feels weird. I simply reply, “I am tired, maybe another night.” He replies “Come on.” I reply “Spicy Chicken Burrito time. Then sleep, sorry.” We both contemplate what would have happened that night if I jumped in the car. (*Sound of Car Speeding Off*)

SCENE 4

LAURA. My mother is a witch. I am not saying that to be mean. She is one. Not in a practicing religious way, but in a “she always knows what is happening” way. When my brothers and sister were in youth group, on Halloween, she would dress like a witch and would read palms “for fun” but she was always really, scarily good at it. This tradition continued into my high school days, theater, Halloween festivals, and parties. In the Summer of 2008, while seeing my show and visiting my cast, she gave the last palm reading of her life. When I told my cast about her ‘abilities,’ they lined up before the show for her to read their palm. He approached my mom. She took his left hand and she said. (*Lights flicker and dim. Spooky music turns on.*)

WOMAN. You will marry and then you will lose that wife. Either through divorce or death. Then, you will marry again but spend that whole marriage thinking about your first wife. Then, around the age of 40 there will be a great sickness and you will never be able to act again. You might have to go into teaching or writing. Remember, all that I say is how the future appears now and can be changed with your decisions.

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LAURA. It sounded ominous, but he said “No, I will always be acting and I don’t see myself getting married.” (*Red Flag appears. Laura acknowledges the tech booth louder.*) But, my mom wasn’t actually a palm reader or an actual psychic. He was dating someone else. This was a silly moment and definitely NOT something that would haunt us later on. (A pause.) My mother reading palms always felt bad ass. She had control of the future. A peak in. I always wanted that. People always ask if she has ever read my palm. The answer is no. She said she “wants to see my life unfold before her.” But, I always wondered if she read my palm, what she would have warned me about?

SCENE 5

LAURA. Throughout the parties, pre-show hangouts, and day off hangouts. We became very good friends. At the end of the summer everyone was crying and saying goodbye to each other and I remember him looking at me and saying “it's not goodbye for us I'll see you again.” Throughout the next year, He and I kept talking, sometimes hours over Facebook Messenger and sometimes hours on calls. We started to know that we really liked each other. I was in my last year at college for Musical Theater and he was a Full Time Working actor.

His job after our contract together was with a touring company. He told me that he and the girl from our contract decided to call it quits. And he was single again. And two months into his tour he was going to be at a theater near me on thanksgiving weekend. I instantly look up the venue and location. And.... It was 45 minutes from my family home. A tiny hop, if you have a car. A leap without one. I would love to say there was something else that made me want to get a license besides trying to make out with this man. But nope, this was it. As God as my witness, I would never let my licensee status stop me from making out with anyone ever again. (*Tara theme from Gone With The Wind starts to play.*) So I got my license a month later.

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SCENE 6

LAURA. He was off on auditions, living a dream that I was waiting for. His next contract was a job at a Christian theater in Tennessee. which was nine hours away from where I was going to school. AND very quickly, we made plans for me to drive down spring break that year. I got the courage to hop in my car. I've only had a license for about six months and drive nine hours to Tennessee from Ohio. it is crazy what you'll do when you hear a voice say "this could work."

So, I drove the nine hours. We had not physically seen each other in nine months. If they would make a drug with a mix of happiness, excitement, and joy, I felt that driving nine hours, I would be addicted. I remember pulling into the drive, seeing him peak outside of his door. Him walking me into his apartment. I walked in confidently and said, " I just drove nine hours to..." and then he kissed me, I didn't finish my sentence.. Then, a little while later, after going back and forth if we wanted to do long distance, we started dating. It was a year of long distance.

Don't get me wrong, long distance SUUUUUUCCKS. But, the times you get to see each other are fascinating. The week he came up to see me in a show at summer stock. The Thanksgiving, I spent with him. The month in between his contracts, that he stayed with me. My next spring break. We kept rediscovering each other, and appreciating each other.

Here were some things about him to know. He wanted to be a fight choreographer and director. He loved to write plays when he was not in a show. His favorite thing to drink was sweet tea, which he made himself. He was a boy from Atlanta so he used a lot of sugar that shocked a Pittsburgh girl like me. He was not very religious but started working at a Christian theater, because it had a lot of fight scenes, dealing with the crucifixion of Christ and all. And, it paid well. When he took the job, it was between that job and a job as a British soldier at Colonial Williamsburg and he chose the religious one, because it paid more. He loved drinking Margaritas at local Mexican restaurants. His go-to Karaoke

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song was “White Wedding” or “One Song Glory” from Rent. His favorite Disney character was Stitch. Favorite Snack, cheese cubes, colby jack was superior. His cologne was Perry Ellis Reserve.

Summer of 2010, we finally got what we wanted. And I moved in with him. Three months into me moving in, he proposed to me on the stage of a theater. He was dressed like the Pharaoh in the story of Joseph. Let me rephrase, a Elvis/Pharaoh Hybrid in an expensive production of Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat.. And in the middle of his number, he stopped. Took me up on stage and proposed to me in front of my family and his family, and an entire theater full of strangers. (*Proposal takes place as Laura observes.*)

MAN. I know I said I would love you forever, and I know those were just words at the time, but I meant every word. Laura, will you marry me?

LAURA

(“And With You”)

This song my be generic and strange
But my mind can stop for a change
And with you
And with you I just fit

This song might not win awards
But that’s not what I’m working towards
But with you
With you I’m just enough

And I’m home
It’s so simple and clear
And I’m home
Even when you’re not here
And I’m home
With you I’m just home

This song might not “make them cry”
But with you I don’t want to try

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Cause with you
With you I just thrive

My resume won't even matter
Because without you I would just SHATTER
But with you
With you I can survive

So we were engaged.

SCENE 7

LAURA. A few weeks after we were engaged, I started going to graduate school at Savannah College of Art and Design. More long distance. But I knew we would be fine. We were preparing for our future. We had obstacles that came our way. On one trip to see him, on the way back to Savannah, I got into a car accident and totaled my car. When I went into school the next day, I was covered in bruises from the accident. My professor pulled me aside and asked if he did anything to me. This professor has met him once. *(Red flag pops on set.)* He was not renewed for another contract, so at the end of that year, he wouldn't have a job. Throughout all of that, never a fight, we just knew that "it could work." That January, we were married. We got married in Tennessee. I wanted to elope. I have always had the dream of eloping with a 1950s new look style dress. Let's take a look at my Pinterest board. *(Pinterest board pops on screen.)* I wanted a white or cream dress, blue shoes. A little veil or fascinator. In a small church or old chapel. We were in Gatlinburg. One of the biggest eloping spots in the United States, but when he proposed, his little niece was sitting next to me and asks "Can I be your flower girl?" And I say "Yes, of course!" But what I think is "Fuck, there goes my dream wedding and a lot of attention on me." Then, I thought if we were getting married, it would be great to get married in the garden of the museum my mother worked at my whole life. So, we started planning for that. I actually had my prom photos taken there. *(Pictures flash on screen)*

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Isn't it pretty, but just as we start to plan. My mom gets called in the executive's office. The Museum commission lost its funding. She got laid off. So we were thrown for another loop. Well, let's just wait until I have graduated from grad school. That would be smart, no need to rush. But there was an evil master villain that would get in the way of that plan. *(Picture Flashes. Dramatic music plays.)*

Maureen the penguin! One day, while looking at venues at Graduate School, I see that the Aquarium in Gatlinburg has weddings. I innocently put this on my fiancé's Facebook wall. I love penguins and aquariums. To this day, I love them. Gatlinburg is a very small town and we had a friend who worked in the aquarium and was the reason I had previously taken pictures with the penguins. I had met Maureen before. This friend mentions in the post. "Hey, you know I can get you a rental for free?" Another friend writes "I would love to bake your cake." Another local friend types "I would love to create your floral arrangements." Another friend types, "I am a licensed to perform marriages." And with that one post, it seemed like our wedding was happening and quick. We only had a few more months that he was in Tennessee.

We were married at the end of his contract. I remember asking him if he wanted to wait. But when it came to our wedding plans the venue everything it all fell into place. And he looked at me with such confidence in his eyes and he said, "It seems like this is the will of God and I'm ready and I love you." So we were married. *(Music Starts to Play.)* That is Faithfully. Our Wedding Song. I walked down the aisle to it. *(Vocalist begins. It is a recognizable voice, but not Journey.)* The GLEE version. His choice. Maureen was there. She walked down the aisle. And then, she pooped on my dress.

SCENE 8

LAURA. After our first few married weeks together, he started auditioning for other Christian theaters and he seemed to have found his niche. and he ended up working at a Christian tourist attraction. Now, if

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you want to ,when we are done you can go and Google “Christian tourist attraction” and try to figure out the mystery of which one I'm talking about, but it's actually there are a lot of them. And he got the role of Jesus in one of their shows. And you may think that this is rare, but it is not, there are several people across the country right now playing Jesus every single day. We would call them... “Jesi.”

Now, this wasn't the same town that I was in which means that we would have to be separated for about four months. Now, we had lots of long distance in our relationship before we were married, before we were committed to each other. And we saw other actor couples do it all the time; we would be fine.

I visited the theme park once on spring break. Growing up Christian, I was excited! Some of my favorite musicals were based on Christianity and i believe some of the best music stems from Christian roots. Although I felt like I knew a lot about my faith, it would be great to go to a place where I could learn more. Early in the morning, he left for work, an hour before the park opened. When it was time for the park to open, I walked to the gate. There was a long line of people waiting to get in, mostly church bus tours, some small families. And then a man came out of the gate and blew on a Shofar.

I entered through the gates into a faux marketplace in Ancient Jerusalem, but something was off. There was a lot more gold than I thought there would be. Gold that lined the different large ornate statues that were placed along the park. It seemed like they were placed there after the original concept of the park. The gold was a little off putting. But nothing would prepare me for THE CARDBOARD CUTOUTS! All around the park, there were cardboard cutouts that were either actors dressed as biblical characters. This was weird, not horrible. But do you know what was weird and horrible...there were cardboard cutouts of the Televangelists that ran the park. Everywhere!

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I adjusted to the general feel of the place. I went to a food stand to get something to eat before the first show. I was then told that the only food they served was from a chicken fast food place.... You know the one. I grab a coffee and begin to look at the exhibits. Once I got over the cardboard cutout surprises, there were some things that I really enjoyed. A model of ancient Jerusalem with a historian talking about the different parts of the city. There was a large building that was a 45 minute walkthrough where they held artifacts of different bibles through the past few centuries, different translations. After the 45 minute walkthrough, I felt inspired by the park, maybe the cardboard cutouts and the chicken sandwiches, maybe it evens out. I watched my husband perform a show or two in one of the inside venues. Then, 3:00pm came around, the time of the crucifixion.

In the other shows, my husband played Jesus. In the crucifixion, he played the lead centurion. The man in charge of killing Jesus and then at the end says "Truly this man was the son of God." What can I say? My hubby had range. It also could be that he was told that he did not have the physique to be half-naked on the cross. He could only be clothed Jesus.

What was interesting about the crucifixion show was that it was outside, in a very hot part of the United States, in the middle of spring. The day must have been 95 degrees, most of the audience members were over the age of 60, and there were very few chairs. There was not a place for free water. And the crucifixion show was 45 minutes long. There was something about it that seemed cruel or like a test of someone's faith. The show ended in an alter call that my husband led. Alter calls are when you ask everyone in the audience to ask Jesus to forgive their sins and come into their life. My husband who had not been very religious before this was leading a crowd of 50+ people to pray for Jesus to forgive their sins and let him into their life, for money. I wanted to be proud.

Two months into working there, he told me that a girl who worked at the other tourist attractions in town got a job there and then he said her name. The moment I heard him say her name, I knew in the bottom of my heart

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something was wrong. That feeling when you can't feel your feet, but you can feel your shoulders fall down your back.

Finals week of grad school, my first year, He and I had a Skype conversation before one of my finals, I said how excited I was to see him in four days. He said the same back to me. I closed the call and I went to the final. I turned off my phone to be a good student. When I was done with the final, I turned my phone back on and I got a text message that read "I don't love Laura anymore". Clearly, he sent the text to the wrong person. I knew who he meant to send it to.

He wouldn't call me back or answer any of my text messages for four hours. I prayed, and I prayed.

I was stuck. I didn't have a car, because of the accident. All of the money we had got from our wedding went to finish "our" apartment. I just had to sit there. Knowing that my husband was with someone else, although he would not admit it. He came to get me three days later.

He picked me up. Loaded all my stuff into his truck, And we were supposed to be heading to our new apartment together. that night when we got back, he didn't want to talk. So, he took me to see the fireworks at another theme park. a fireworks display that was all about wishes in dreams coming true and if you believe hard enough what you want will come true. All I remember thinking during that whole fireworks display was *"Please, don't let this be over. I don't know what I'll do if this is over."*

Then, he told me. He was sleeping with a girl who played Mary Magdalene, go figure. I wish I was kidding. I AM NOT!

I asked him if we could work it out, I had been away. Was it just companionship he was missing? He said no. He loved her and that she was the one God wanted him to be with. Not me.

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I wish I could tell you that the way I acted after that was predictable. But it wasn't. The Laura I knew myself to be would have been a blubbering crying mess. But something about that situation made something else happen. Instead of crying, on the way home, to our home. I got stone-faced very relaxed. and just started asking him some questions. (*Lights change to resemble a hip hop music video.*)

("Was it fun?")

Was it fun, sir?

Was it good, sir?

Was it everything,

You wanted to do, sir?

Did you think about the moment
in which you would have to confess?

Or were you too busy watching her undress?

Did you think I'd

Roll over and give you to her?

It was only 5 months ago,

Is our wedding such a blur?

Which of your Christian coworkers,

Should I text?

And tell them all about

your latest conquest?

Did you think about how

This was a horrible sin?

Did you take off your wedding ring,

Before you put it in?

Did you ever think, for a second,

How this would put me so low?

Now, I have to hear everyone say.

WHEN JESUS DIVORCED ME

“I told you so”!

No, screw this, I need to
Remind you of this little factor.
I am the reason you got this job.
I am the reason you're still an actor.

I gave you your monologue,
What to wear, and that 16 bar cut.
Then, you turn around and leave me,
For that stupid little slut.

Now, I need you to shut up,
And just listen to me.
If you want out of this marriage,
You are not getting out of it for free.

I am willing to move past this,
I am willing to move forward.
But you have to forget about this town,
And forget about your new cohort .
I need you to look at me,
Just look in my eyes.
And he did, and
That's when I realized.

The man that I loved,
Wasn't in there anymore.
He was just the shell of the guy,
That he was before.

(Lights Change. A beat.)

WHEN JESUS DIVORCED ME

SCENE 9

LAURA. Then, while he was crying in the car, in a Target parking lot, he turned to me and said “Your mom knew this happened. This is what she predicted.” WHAT?!? My mom is not a real fortune teller! You asshole! This is you! Do you remember the part where she said you wouldn’t act after 40? Do you believe that too?

When we got back to that apartment, he said he would give me one day to move out because he wanted them to start their lives together and he would call the cops if I was not out when he got back from work the next day.

When he and I got married, he didn't have a job so for our wedding presents we wanted everyone to give us gift card so we can furnish the new apartment. That spring break, the only time I got to see the apartment before he told me he was cheating on me, we went to Ikea and we bought everything for that apartment. So the next day after he told me, he went to work where she was and I was there. I had \$23 in my checking account, Remember, I went to grad school. I didn't have a car. I knew three people in the city I was in. Then, I was about five hours from anyone else who knew me. I was a twenty hour drive from anyone who else cared about me. It was a mess of a day. I remember crying and sobbing in one corner knowing that they were at work, holding each others hands. Before he left he told me that I had the day to get out of the apartment or he was calling the police. He wanted to start his new life with her. He loved her and God wanted them to be together. I was the one in the way.

Now, anyone who knew us together knew that this was a lie, but she didn't. To her, I was the big bad wife who stopped him from all of his dreams. I was the wife that didn’t want to live with him and chose grad school over him. Yeah, I stopped him so much that I let him move four hours away from me, even though all I wanted was for him to stay in Savannah with me for a year. I would have given up grad school to be with him if I thought it would lead to this.

WHEN JESUS DIVORCED ME

I was packing up my life with no idea of where to go or what to do. I gave up a lot of dreams for him. I didn't live in New York. Graduate school is something that we both wanted for our future. I didn't want it for mine. so there I was lost, confused, angry, sad, and looking around the apartment looking at all the things we bought with our wedding presents, the coffee table, the rugs, the towels, the shower curtain. Two out of the three people I knew in that area were over there helping me pack and helping me stay kind of sane, and I kept looking at all of the wedding presents. Dish towels, utensils, and I looked at my one friend and I said “give me a Sharpie”. I took that Sharpie and I wrote the words “wedding present” on everything that was a wedding present in that apartment. coffee tables, curtains, dish towels, bath towels, the rug, all said the words “wedding present”.

He walked in at the end of the day, as I was getting my last few things out of the apartment. He looked at all the stuff that I'd written on and said “Why didn't you throw this stuff away?”. I said “You threw away our marriage. You could throw out this stuff too”. At that moment, I kissed him and walked out the door.

And it was the first time I felt like a badass in my life.

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