

A script from



## “Maggie Goes To Church”

by  
Melinda Whitten

**What** An unloved woman with a messy background who wants nothing more than to find worth is surprised to discover it at her new church. Themes: unlovely, lost, poor, church, compassion, visitors, members

**Who** Maggie

**When** Present

**Wear (Props)** Before the actress “becomes” Maggie, she is wearing a jacket or a sweater. When she transforms, she removes the sweater or jacket and can have on an unfashionable or old-looking top, something that says that she’s not a suburban mom, but someone who has had a hard life.

**Why** Matthew 25:35-40

**How** This monologue is best suited for an actress who has had experience with character development. Maggie isn’t the typical suburban church member and still feels a little out of place. Don’t be overly dramatic. Be conversational. We all know someone like her, so this is a great opportunity to motivate believers to pay more attention to the people they come in contact with on a daily basis and to treat them with respect when they come to church.

**Note:** This script contains “language”. It is intended to portray a very real woman who was struggling to fit in to church and didn’t quite have the “appropriate” behavior down yet. Not everyone who comes to church knows the right etiquette. It was performed in a gym setting and not in a worship center/sanctuary and to an audience who were church leaders and laypeople. Be sure you speak to your pastor before you perform this script. Feel free to edit as necessary.

**Time** Approximately 7-9 minutes; This script is 4 pages long.

*A woman stands alone onstage and addresses the audience.*

I came here this afternoon to introduce you to a woman. Some of you may have met her already, or you may have met someone like her. She is the extreme visitor. She comes from a different background, she has been hurt and is looking for acceptance, a home...

*Woman should begin changing character, removing a jacket to reveal worn clothing and putting her hair up in a ponytail.*

...hoping to find a hand extended in grace. Her name is –

*Woman begins speaking in Maggie's voice.*

Maggie Jacobs. My name is Maggie Jacobs and I just about wet my pants when they ask me to tell you my story.

I know most of you are thinking, "do I know that crazy, loud, woman up there?" Well, you may not know me but I know you—or at least I recognize some of those smiles. Those smiles are the reason I came back to church. And when they asked me to talk to you folks that are leaders and such, I thought to myself, "Maggie, this is your chance to say thanks."

I don't usually speak in front of people. You might think I ain't the brightest bulb in the box. Shoot, I didn't even graduate high school, but I am workin' on one of them GED's.

See, my mama had me when she were just 16. It didn't take long for her to figure out that she weren't cut out to be a mama and so my grandma, Nana Sue, raised me. She done the best she could. Nana Sue loved Jesus and took me to church and such. She was the church organist and that woman could shoot the look of death at me while singing "Amazing Grace", playing the organ and flippin' the pages. It was a gift.

So I knew some about church but by the time I was 13 or so I felt like I was suffocating. Nana Sue felt she hadn't done right by my mama and so she was determined to pray the sin out of me. I may not have graduated high school but I was the Valedictorian of sin. (*Pause*) I'm thinking Nana Sue's knees stayed pretty sore.

At 15 I left home. By 16 I was an alcoholic. And at 17 I spent my first night in jail. For the next five years, on and off, I lived on the streets—mostly on.

Finally, after a particularly brutal week, I found myself down to my last 89 cents. And I thought, if this is it...if I'm gonna die and go to hell, which seemed pretty certain, then I'm gonna have me one last Twinkie®, cause in my opinion a Twinkie® is a little bit of heaven with a creamy center.

So I found this convenience store, got my little piece of heaven, and went to the register to pay. Here I am pullin' pennies from my pocket, with a line of "pretty people" waiting behind me. I made it to 43 cents before I lost count. The lady behind the counter shoved my pennies back at me along with the Twinkie® and said, "Just take it."

I grabbed her hand in mine and said, "Thank you ma'am, that's the nicest thing anyone's done for me in a long while." I took my pile of pennies and Twinkie®, went to the door and turned back just to make sure she weren't calling the police on me. And I saw her wipe her hand on her shirt. She was wipin' me away like I was some illness she might catch.

I don't know why that hurt so much. I mean, people had been given me looks most of my life. The folks in Nana's church looked me up and down cause I was "born in sin." People on the street give me dirty looks all the time—or tried to look through me. But this time...it hurt. I went home that day.

I cried on Nana's shoulder and asked if I could come home. Nana said, "Sweetie, I've been praying you home since the day you left." So Nana and I settled into a routine. She helped me sober up and stay clean and she got me a job at Kroger. I wasn't home for two weeks before she set in on me to go back to church. It started with the prayer over pork chops and peas..."Dear Lord, thank you for bringing Maggie home, bless this food to nourish our bodies, and dear Lord please draw Maggie back to You and your house." Every night the prayer was a little longer. By Friday night it went something like, "Dear Heavenly Father Most High, thank you for bringing my beautiful, sober, and working Maggie back home to her tired and aging Nana, (Nana was always closest to death when she wanted me to do something) and our precious Savior Jesus please draw Maggie close to You once more, so that her deepest desire is to please her Savior in Heaven as well as her dying Nana by going back to church. Amen."

Well, she wore me down. Mostly because I was so hungry at night after work that I was missing the "straight to the point" prayin'. Nana had planted the seed, the idea that a person like me would be welcomed in God's house, and that God would even want me there. So one night I asked Nana, "Nana, do you think God would come back to someone like me if I went back to church." She looked at me with a very "Nana" look and said, "Maggie, he never left you."

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**ENDING:**

I met and shook hands with about twenty people that first day back in church. All of them smiling and making eye contact... like I was a person

that mattered. It might have been some of you sitting out there...it's hard to see with these lights. Most importantly, not one of you wiped me away...not one of you looked at me like I was a lost cause. In fact, I sorta felt celebrated... and worthy. I hadn't felt worthy in a long time. God hadn't left me. In fact, I saw Him in His people that day who loved on a lonely daffodil and I just want to thank you from the bottom of my heart.

*The end.*