

## **“At the Table: Hereafter”**

by  
Tracy Wells

**What** In this monologue, we hear from Mary, mother of Jesus, as she wonders what the future has in store for her beloved son. This is the tenth and final monologue/scene from the collection, “At The Table,” and can be performed as a standalone performance or combined with the other monologues to form a full play depicting the thoughts and reflections of the disciples and others as they prepare and sit down for the Last Supper with Jesus.

Themes: Easter, Last Supper, Passover, Motherhood, Mary

**Who** Mary, Mother of Jesus

**When** Biblical Times

**Costumes and Props** Mary wears biblical attire.

**Why** Mark 11:12-24, Matthew 21:18-22

**How** This is a simple scene that is easy to stage. The stage can be bare if performing as a stand-alone monologue, or there can be a long table with twelve stools, goblets, plates and a loaf of bread if performing as part of “At The Table”.

**Time** Approximately 3 minutes

*Mary enters, slowly and solemnly and crosses to center.*

**Mary:** *(to audience)* Passover. *(looks at table or offstage)* A day of quiet reflection. *(looks at audience)* A day to look to the past, to our ancestors and all they had to go through to be delivered from slavery. A day to praise God for the miracles he performed through Moses so that his people could one day be free. All over the land, Jewish men, women and children are eating unleavened bread, saying their prayers and telling the story of Moses, the burning bush, the plagues, most notably the tenth and final plague which is said to have brought the angel of death to kill the first-born child of any home whose door was not marked with lamb's blood.

*Looking at Jesus or offstage.*

The first-born child. *(smiles and looks at audience)* There's nothing quite like that moment when you become a mother, and nothing quite like that child that made you one. *(chuckles, to herself)* Even if you had been around children all your life, even if you've asked all the questions, prepared in every way you know how, there is no escaping that feeling that you don't know what you're doing. And you're so afraid of everything! *(laughs)* Will they bump their heads when they start to crawl? Fall down and hurt their knee when they take their first steps? Be accepted by other kids their own age? Be frightened when they venture out on their own for the first time? With your first born everything is new—not just to the child, but also to his mother.

The first tear wiped from his cheek...the first lullaby sung before bedtime...the first time strolling hand in hand along the bank of the river...the first time *(pauses, holding out her hand to Jesus or offstage)* letting go. *(drops her hand)*

I think about those women—our ancestors—the ones who, frightened, slaughtered a lamb and wiped its blood across their doorways, praying to God to spare their child. I'm grateful every day that God blessed me with my son—his son—Jesus. But I'd be lying if I said that some days I wasn't terrified—terrified that one day the angel of death will come for my son too. Maybe every mother feels that way, I don't know. *(chuckles ruefully)* Oh, the plight of motherhood! To feel such love and such fear every morning that you wake. To know you must let them fly free, but also wanting to protect them—every minute of every day. And while Jewish mothers all over the land are telling the Passover story and tales of the past, I'm looking toward the future and wondering...what does the future hold for my first born?

He's done such great work—healing the sick, helping the poor, bringing the word of God to so many. The numbers grow each day. As his mother, I am so proud, but also, as his mother, I am constantly keeping lookout

for the unseen dangers, the pitfalls, the dark spirits lurking in the shadows. And I fear that there is danger lurking for my son right around the corner. A mother knows. A mother can feel it.

The name Jesus is spoken by so many—his followers are so numerous that he is bound to be making enemies. Those in power can't be happy when their people call Jesus their king. And there's something else...something (*shakes her head*) I don't know (*pauses, thinking*) it just feels like suddenly things are barreling forward at such a speed none of us could possibly stop it. (*sadly*) His own mother can't stop it.

*Pauses, looks at Jesus or offstage.*

All I can do is wonder...wonder about the hereafter...what comes next.

Tonight, Jesus shares his Passover meal with friends—safe and sound in the upper room of a home in Jerusalem. But what comes after that last piece of unleavened bread is eaten, that last sip of wine is gone? What will happen to my beloved son once darkness falls? (*anxiously*)

Something is coming...as his mother I can feel it.

*Looks upward.*

All I can do now is put my faith in his Father.

*Mary exits, indicating end of scene.*