

## **“At the Table: Quiet”**

by  
Tracy Wells

**What** In this monologue, we hear from Martha as she recounts the events from the day before the Last Supper. This is the fourth 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, Monologue, Last Supper, Holy Week, Martha, Jesus

**Who** Martha

**When** Biblical Times

**Costumes and Props** Martha wear biblical attire and carries a bowl and spoon.

**Why** Luke 10: 38-42

**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 and plates and a loaf of bread if performing as part of “At the Table”.

**Time** Approximately 3 minutes

*Martha enters and crosses to center.*

*If doing this scene as part of "At the Table", Jesus and the Disciples should mime conversation at start of scene and when **Martha** starts to speak, bow their hands in prayer.*

**Martha:** *(uses spoon to stir contents of bowl, she is mildly stressed)* So much to do. So much to do! Passover is tonight and I've been so busy hosting Jesus and the Twelve that I am terribly behind with my preparations for our own supper. And all I really want is a little bit of quiet and some rest.

*Starts stirring more aggressively with each of the following sentences.*

I wouldn't be *quite* so behind if I had a little help! But when Jesus is here, my sister Mary is completely useless. It's the same now as it was the last time he was here. I know he told me that Mary's actions—choosing to sit at his feet, listening to his words—is the most important thing anyone can do. And deep down I know this is true, but *someone* has to prepare the meals and do the washing and cleaning! It's not as if Lazurus can help me. Why, only a short time ago he was completely and utterly dead! I'm so thankful Jesus brought him back to us and I know after his ordeal, Lazurus needs his rest.

So I guess it's just me... *(dramatically, put upon)* again. *(slows her stirring)* Don't get me wrong, I'm glad to have Jesus in my home. I would do anything I could to help him further his mission to bring the word of God to the people, but I'm not like Mary. She's the one out there, waving palm branches in the streets of Jerusalem, trekking up to the Mount of Olives to hear him speak while I stay at home *(looks over her shoulder, offstage, as if looking back at her home)* making sure that everyone else is taken care of.

*Sighs and stops stirring.*

The truth is, sometimes I wish I could be more like her. Her sense of freedom, her willingness to abandon all else to follow the Messiah. But I am who I am. I know Jesus sees that and knows what is in my heart.

*Resumes stirring and turns to look offstage, reflecting, or at Jesus, if part of "At the Table"*

Yesterday he was so quiet. While his disciples ate and drank and talked and laughed, I saw him tucked away in the corner, seemingly lost in thought. He sat alone, sometimes praying...sometimes watching the others...sometimes with a small smile playing at the ends of his mouth...sometimes looking so sad it brought tears to my eyes.

*Turning back to audience.*

I wonder what made him so quiet...so reflective...so sad? *(stops stirring and thinks)* Perhaps he was just tired after the busy events of the week—his triumphant ride into Jerusalem, his angry display at the temple, his long sermon at the Mount of Olives. I certainly could understand needing a little peace and quiet after all that work.

*Starts stirring as she looks up, thinking.*

Or perhaps it was something more...something not of this world...something we could never understand. *(looks down into her bowl)* If only there was a special meal or treat I could whip up for him that would take the sadness out of his eyes.

*Laughs ruefully and starts to stir.*

There I go again, trying to show my love and devotion through my cooking, no matter how many times Jesus has tried to tell me what he wants from me. *(stops stir, reflecting)* And now I wish I hadn't worried so much about the cooking, the wash or the cleaning. *(looks at the audience)* I can see now that there's plenty of time for chores. But Jesus—who knows how much time we have to learn all he has to teach us.

*\*Looks at Jesus if part of "At the Table".*

Maybe Mary was right to give up everything for him after all.

*Martha exits, reflecting while she stirs. End of scene.*