

A script from



“More Than Enough”

by
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What Stress and worry are timeless— but God meets our needs in miraculous ways. A New Testament-set monologue with a twist ending.

Themes: Monologues, Thanksgiving, Faith, God’s Provision

Who Abigail—a mother of 5; should ideally be played by an actress in her 30’s-40’s to be convincing for today’s audience.

When New Testament Bible times

Wear Table
(Props) Chair
Sack lunch (i.e. something wrapped in a cheesecloth and tied)
Abigail wears simple time-period-appropriate clothing

Why John 6:1-13

How Keep the contrast strong between Abigail’s moments of trust/ thankfulness and her moments of worry/complaining. The character should come across as impulsive and down-to-earth, but not crude.

Stage directions and “filler” lines (i.e. “Right. Okay. Sorry”, etc.) do not need to be exact as long as the contrast is obvious and the actress’s struggle is clear. (Use your judgment)

Time Approximately 4-6 minutes

Abigail enters, carrying a sack lunch. She approaches what suggests a ladder/staircase and calls up to a room above.

Abigail: Jesse! Jesse, get down here. I have your lunch. *(Louder and slower, as if he did not hear the first time):* I said, I have your lunch.

(Pauses as he responds) Is it what? *(A pause)* Yes, it's that again. *(Pause as he complains)* Well, it's what we HAVE. You know it's—yes, I put it in. Uh-huh. Yes, I know all the other kids bring hummus now, but *you* are the son of a fisherman and you are bringing fish. No complaining. Come on, I don't want you to be late.

(She sits and puts her head in her hands in a melodramatic gesture) Ohh, God, help me. I am so... *(Suddenly straightening)* Right. No complaining! I know you don't like hearing it any more than I do. And really, I don't have anything to complain about. I'll be quiet.

(Stands up and begins scrubbing the table in an exaggerated fashion—it should be obvious that it's more for her peace of mind than for cleaning purposes. She then changes her mind and sits back down as she speaks to God) But, God. The sun just got up, and I'm already exhausted. I don't mind doing the work, it's just that there isn't enough of me to get it done. And the demands are endless—You see how it is. There's the market work, and the net-mending, and of course there's the five of THEM *(indicating the direction of Jesse's room)* who all need something different from me. Come on, God. Five sons, two hands—for heaven's sake, how is that supposed to work?

(Abruptly) Oh! But I'm not complaining. God, thank you so much for them. And God, thank you that the doctor was home when Michael fell. I know it may have saved his life. *(With a little humor)* Or at least his leg. *(Suddenly realizes something)* Oh, that's right. The DOCTOR. God, how are we going to pay the doctor? I know he said to take our time, but come on—who actually means "take your time" when someone owes you money? Besides, with five boys, the last thing I need next time one of them gets hurt is for the doctor to "take his time" getting over here. No way. I'll have to talk to Mark tonight...not that he's going to want to hear that I still haven't paid that... you know how he gets when I bring up the whole money thing... *(puts her head back in her hands- then straightens up suddenly)*

Oh, wait. Not complaining. Sorry, God. Thankful...that seemed to help... thankful. Well, I have a lot to thank You for...like...I mean, I *must* have a lot, right? We're all surviving, and now that Ezra's going out in the boats with Mark, we're sure to have more coming in. So that's good. Even though...oh, God, Ezra's out there. On the Sea of Galilee, with all those enormous storms and that little teeny tiny boat. My *baby*, God. Do you

have any idea what it does to my blood pressure whenever I see a cloud? *(Takes a dramatic deep breath)* Okay. Right. Focus. Thankful.

As I was saying, we're all surviving—we're healthy, we're well-fed... I mean, relatively speaking... and we got extra from the neighbors, which was a blessing for sure. So as long as this week is better than last week, we should be able to keep food on the table. But if it's not, what are we going to do? I know Mark's already worried about it, and if I bring it up again it'll only make things worse. And you know how *that* goes. *(Takes a deep breath)* But I can do this. I can do this...right?

(Sighing as she finally acknowledges the truth of the matter) All right, God. I'll just say it like it is: I don't have enough. I just don't. I don't have enough time, enough money, enough faith...so what do I do? I'm hoping this is the part where you show up. Where you show up, and show me that—that You Are enough.

(Gradually becoming more confident) Because You've always done that, haven't You? You've shown us through all kinds of impossible things. Giving your people bread from the clouds and water from a rock? That time you stopped the sunset? Crazy. *(Hurriedly)* And I mean that with all due respect. Or, how about that widow with the handful of flour? I don't know exactly what You did, but she had bread for years. *(In a low tone, almost childlike)* Seriously, how *did* you do that?

Oh, God... it's easy to focus on those miracles that *look* miraculous... but then there's all the people you worked through, people who started with virtually nothing, that You used for incredible things. You're a God who's not afraid to take the little we have and some-how make it more than enough. So, God, please...just help me to remember. Help me.

Oh! But speaking of food... *(Grabs the sack lunch and quickly returns to the foot of the stairs)* JES-SE! Jesse, let's go. You're not going to make it on time if you don't—I know, I know, you're coming. Well, listen— don't forget your lunch. Here you go, Buddy—Five loaves, two fish. *(Places the sack at the foot of the steps)* Have a great day.

Lights out.