

a script from



WORSHIP

“My Christmas Connection: Mary”

By
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What In this monologue the audience is challenged to guess the true identity of the character and her connection to Christmas. This portion of the larger script, “My Christmas Connection,” focuses on Mary as she grapples with and ultimately surrenders to the task of raising the Son of God.

Themes: Christmas, Monologues, Mary, Truth, Identity, Willingness

Who Mary

When Bible Times

Costumes Mary should be dressed in black.

Props Baby Wrap, Baby Doll (inside wrap), Bowl, Wooden Spoon

Why Isaiah 9:6 “For unto us a child is born, unto to us a son is given.”

How Luke 1: 38 “I am the Lord’s servant,” Mary answered. “May your word to me be fulfilled.” Then the angel left her.

The script was originally written so that the audience would be unaware of the character’s identity at the beginning of the monologue. The character’s true identity is revealed throughout the monologue; however, it is never stated directly. If you would prefer to have the character directly state who she is, feel free to adjust the following lines at the end of the monologue.

Mary: Who am I? I am Mary, the mother of Jesus. (*Looking up*) May it be to me as you have said. Right now. Right here.

Time 3 minutes

Director's Note: Mary should appear happy. She should have a light hearted, sweet tone. Perhaps a little flustered and confused like any young mother but she should not be played as discontent.

The stage is bare.

A young woman enters from upstage right. She is wearing a baby wrap that appears to be holding a small baby.

She moves to center stage, rocking back and forth as if comforting the baby. She holds the large bowl and spoon in one hand and softly pats the baby with the other.

Mary: Who am I?

She moves downstage.

Mary: I don't even know who I am. Not yet. I thought I'd have more time to figure that out before life... happened.

She smiles at the baby then grabs the spoon and starts stirring.

Mary: *(whispering so as not to wake the baby)* Dinner for three. I've always wanted to make dinner for three. I'm not a bad cook- I'm actually pretty good. But cooking while carrying an extra twenty pounds of a sleeping *(admittedly)* usually crying baby, is another thing. I am not quite used to that yet. I thought it would be just the two of us for a little while longer. But surprises happen. And was it ever a surprise! If I'm honest, I was just getting used to the idea of getting married. I've always wanted a husband – and a baby. It's just that it all happened so fast.

Slight pause.

She continues to rock back and forth.

Mary: I'm so blessed. I know I'm blessed. I'm remembered as being blessed. But there are days... there are days that my inner two-year-old emerges. I didn't know it was still there, but apparently, I can throw a temper with the best of them. *(justifying)* It's just that when the baby's crying and crying and my husband is... unreasonable.

It's true what they say -the cobbler's kids have no shoes, and the carpenter's house is never finished. I'm not asking for a palace - but if you're going to put in a doorway it makes sense to finish the threshold, right?

Mary rocks as if the baby has just started crying.

Mary: *(to the baby)* Shhh. Shhh.

She kisses him on the head.

Mary: *(continuing to pat him)* How do I do this? Any of this? What was God thinking?

Beat.

Mary: Sometimes God seems distant and mysterious. And then sometimes he shows up closer than I ever thought he could be. Here. Right here.

She continues to pat the baby.

Mary: How do you burp the son of God? Am I supposed to even do that? *(to the audience in a whisper)* Is that blasphemous to say? What can I possibly teach the all-knowing Creator? I'm still mastering dinnertime.

Beat.

Mary: Who am I?

She looks up.

Mary: I am the Lord's servant. May it be to me as you have said. Right now. Right here.

She exits upstage left.