

A script from



"The Road to Bethlehem"

by
David J. Swanson

- What** Mary and Joseph are on the long road to Bethlehem and have plenty of time to process exactly what God has chosen them for. **Themes:** Christmas, Chosen, Purpose, Trust, God's Plan
- Who** Mary
Joseph
- When** Bible Times
- Wear (Props)** Biblical costumes for Mary and Joseph
- Why** Matthew 1:18-25; Proverbs 3:5-6
- How** Be careful not to be overly dramatic. Play these characters normal and keep the dialogue conversational. Get rid of any accents you may have as best as you can (for instance if you have a strong southern accent, etc.).
- Time** Approximately 5-7 minutes

Mary and Joseph enter stage right. They are on the road to Bethlehem, just a few hours outside of town. Joseph mimes leading a donkey, Mary walks along slowly behind. She is great with child, though she moves relatively well. She does not waddle, rather she moves slowly and consistently. They cross to center stage. Mary slows and then stops.

Mary: Joseph...Joseph. *(He stops and turns)* It's time for a rest. *(He looks at her and then back at the road ahead)* Yes? A rest?

Joseph: Can you go a bit more?

Mary: How much farther? All the way to Bethlehem?

Joseph: Perhaps...

Mary: It's time for a rest.

Joseph: Very well.

Joseph "ties up the mule". Mary finds a rock to sit on.

Mary: You are quiet Joseph.

Joseph: Am I?

Mary: Yes. Are you angry? *(Pause)* You get quiet when you're angry.

Joseph: I'm not angry.

Mary: Tired?

Joseph: Yes.

Mary: You wish we were making better time.

Joseph: It's a long time to be on this road. The sooner we get to Bethlehem, the better.

Mary: I'm sorry I'm slowing us down. I could try riding again for a little bit.

Joseph: No, don't rush. Don't mistake me. I want to get to Bethlehem for your sake. So that you may rest. But we will go at your pace of course. I have no wish to rush you.

Mary: Or rush *him*.

Joseph: Definitely not.

They sit together in silence.

Mary: It has been a long road to get here.

Joseph: From Nazareth?

Mary: Not the actual road, Joseph. I mean, these long nine months. To bring us here. Just outside of Bethlehem and ready to-

Joseph: Don't even say it. You must hold off until we get into town at least.

Mary: Ugh. The thought of giving birth in a dirty inn troubles me. It is no place for labor. I'd rather be home. *(Quiet)*What?

Joseph: Nothing.

Mary: You had that look on your face. What aren't you telling me?

Joseph: It's nothing you need to worry-

Mary: Joseph. Tell me...

Joseph: The census is bringing a lot of people to Bethlehem.

Mary: *(Beat)* And?

Joseph: And, probably, maybe...

Mary: We won't get a room? Is that what you're telling me?

Joseph: I have no way of knowing. But the sooner-

Mary: So what? Shall I give birth in the street? Or on the back of that mule?

Joseph: God will provide something. If not a room then-

Mary: Perhaps a pig sty! Yes, wouldn't that be perfect!

Joseph: Mary.

Pause.

Mary: I can see why you didn't want to tell me.

Joseph: You do get worked up from time to time.

Mary: Can you blame me?

Joseph: Blame? No, it's one of the things I love about you.

Mary: Is that right?

Joseph: You have spirit. You have heart. Few women could handle this the way that you have.

Mary: I must admit...it hasn't been easy.

Joseph: Tell me about the angel again.

Mary: Gabriel?

Joseph: Yes.

Mary: I've told you that many times.

Joseph: I'd like to hear it again.

About two pages have been omitted from this script preview. To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

ENDING:

Joseph: No word of God will ever fail. Yes. It's almost too fantastic to believe. This little guy is God With Us. Just us. Little Joseph and Mary of Nazareth.

Mary: *(Mary beams)* And that, my husband, is why God chose us.

Pause.

Joseph: Come, dear wife. We've tarried long enough.

He helps her up from the rock.

Mary: Perhaps there is a room yet left in Bethlehem.

Joseph: Yes, perhaps. It seems strange, doesn't it?

Mary: What's that?

Joseph: The Son of God is going to be born sometime soon...perhaps tonight. And we'll be in the sleepy town of Bethlehem. How will anyone know he was born?

They exit while the lights slowly fade to black.