

BIGGER PLANS

by JOHN COSPER

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: A modern Mary tells of how her childhood dreams for an elaborate wedding all changed when an angel appeared.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Keep the delivery natural—the more we can relate to Mary as a real person, the more effective the monologue will be.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Christmas

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Luke 1-2

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Bible Story, Christmas / Advent

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Service

CHARACTERS:

MARY

PROPS: Clothes, belongings, boxes, wedding gown

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: Wireless microphone

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Mary's bedroom

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ISSN 1084-5917

Drama Ministry is a division of
Belden Worship Resources
www.beldenworshipresources.com

Publisher: **Regi Stone**

Executive Editor: **Kimberlee Crisafulli** / Assistant Editor: **Scott Crain**

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MARY is in her room, packing up clothes and other belongings to move. She comes to a wedding gown box. She opens it, and pulls out the dress, holding it up one last time.

From the time a girl is old enough to play dress up, she dreams about one special day. By the time she reaches adolescence, she's planned every last detail. She picks the flowers. She picks her colors. She knows how many bridesmaids there will be and how many groomsmen.

She knows exactly what the groom will wear, whether he likes it or not. She's picked out the music, the dinner, the centerpiece, even the ice sculpture. No detail escapes her.

This is her day.

The day we got engaged, I was besieged with magazines and books to help me plan. I had to alter my plans a bit. My tastes were a little more extravagant than my budget. But who doesn't have that problem, right? The date was set. The church and the reception locations were booked. Invitations went out. And then...

Then I gave it all up.

I'll never have pretty wedding photos to show my daughter. I never got that first dance with my husband. I never got to have my special day.

We were a few months away when the angel appeared and told me God's plan. He was going to bring about his plan of salvation. The Messiah we had long hoped for was to be born, by me. A virgin. Impossible, right? Well, believe me, it can happen. It did happen, just as the Lord said. And all because I said, "Yes."

I've often wondered, did he ask me knowing I would say yes? Would he have found someone else if I refused? I guess it doesn't matter, right? I've never been one to question the Lord's authority. Why should I refuse such an honor?

For this, right? After all, I've spent a life time planning my wedding. It was just within sight. A big church wedding with lots of family and friends. I suppose I could be bitter about it. This is what a girl dreams of, right? But how much longer did the Lord dream about this day, when his Son would come to deliver his people?

Joseph and I traded the big, splashy wedding for a simple one. No family, no flowers no music. It was his way of sparing me from as much gossip and slander as he could. After all, who's going to believe that the poor girl betrothed to the poor carpenter is carrying the Lord's only child in her womb?