

## MARY, THE MOTHER

by STEPHEN TEDESCHI

**GENRE:** Dramatic Monologue

**SYNOPSIS:** Mary recounts the events leading up to Jesus' crucifixion and finds comfort in knowing that she will see her son again.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** Once the piece is well memorized, have the actor perform the monologue at a pace that is definitely too quick, almost comical because of the speed. Then completely change the pace by the contrast of performing it as slow as possible without crossing over into slow motion. Once these two have been properly executed, bring the pace of the performance to normal, making it easier to add feeling and emotion to each line. Often times when performing a monologue, one can develop the caged lion effect, where the actor paces back and forth, causing the audience to feel as if they were watching a tennis match.

**TIME:** Over 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1

**TOPIC:** Biblical Times, Easter

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** Mark 15

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Easter

**SUGGESTED USE:** Sermon Opener

**CHARACTERS:** MARY

**PROPS:** None

**COSTUMES:** Biblical attire

**SOUND:** One wireless microphone

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** Empty stage or the tomb where Jesus is buried

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## MARY, THE MOTHER *by Stephen Tedeschi*

*Lights up on Mary as she ponders what has just happened to her son.*

**Mary:** Can you imagine what it was like...to know you're going to be the mother of God's son? I had so many mixed emotions throughout my pregnancy, and then I held him for the first time. He was so beautiful. Joseph and I tried to tend to his needs the best we knew how and I, as any other mother would do, clung to my first born. Oh, I knew he was God's son, but yet, he was still part of me.

Then came the time that I had to let him go. He traveled the countryside teaching and preaching his Father's word to multitudes of people. It was then that he was accused. I knew he had done no wrong, but I was his mother. He always told me it would come to this day, but I didn't want to believe it. They couldn't accept him; they wanted their Messiah to be a king who would throw off the yoke of Roman rule and establish a glorious kingdom in Israel. Instead, they arrested him. Caiaphas and the Sanhedrin questioned Jesus, accused him of disrespecting the sacred things of God, and then sent him to Herod.

Herod wanted to help Jesus, to have him perform a miracle as if he were a simple magician, and was disappointed when Jesus refused his request.

He was then taken to Pontius Pilate, who thought that scourging my beloved son would please the crowd...but it didn't. I heard them shouting to release Barabbas and crucify Jesus! Pilate took many moments with Jesus, and could find no fault in him either. Pilate addressed the angry mob with such knowledge, yet they persisted with their shouting... "Crucify Jesus!"

*Dramatic pause.*

What was our punishment, he took upon himself and became God's sacrifice.

I followed him up that hill, my heart breaking inside. I wanted to take the beatings for him, I wanted to take his pain for him... but I could only watch and trust in his words.

I stood there as they nailed him to a cross of splintered wood... his body bleeding from the lashes of their whips. Couldn't they understand why he had come? To save them from their sins?

I knew all this...and somehow, my heart had overtaken me. I'd lost my son.

They had crucified him and he still pleaded for forgiveness upon them. My son died and I stood for what seemed like days...crying for him. The sky turned dark, as if God had turned his face away and could not watch.