

# MRS BUMP

A monologue performed by Mary, talking to her unborn child.

**Cast:** Mary

**Props:** Mary needs to look as though she is in the last couple of weeks of pregnancy. She may be more relatable to the audience if what she's wearing is more modern, but she could equally be dressed in 'traditional' Nativity attire. There is a chair, and perhaps a bed with a pillow.

**Performance notes:** The monologue will be more convincing if, over the course of the performance, Mary looks visibly uncomfortable in her late pregnancy rather than just sitting still in one place. For example, she could alternate between sitting, standing rubbing her belly, pacing or leaning on a chair, so it would be useful to have some basic furniture on stage with which she can interact.

Mary needs to take her time saying her lines, so that the audience feels as if she is just saying what is coming into her head. She speaks to her unborn child as a parent speaking to a baby.

The audience should feel as if they are witnessing a really intimate, private moment where Mary is particularly vulnerable and honest.

# Mrs Bump (A Mary Monologue)

Written by Claire Brine

**Mary**

*(Talking to baby bump)*

Two weeks to go. Two weeks!

I hope it's not as painful as everyone's telling me it will be. Your mummy's useless when it comes to pain.

Could you maybe just pop out, when I'm asleep, and then I'd wake up to see you lying next to me on the pillow? That would be so much nicer for me, and I think Daddy God owes me that, don't you?

I still can't believe you're in there. I know you are, though, because you, Mister, are a wriggle-bot. Hmm.

Oh, Baby J. I hope you're going to help me be a good Mummy. I don't even know what I'm doing. I still need my own mummy sometimes. Yes, I do.

I wonder if you've got my eyes. I guess I'll find out soon, won't I? Because I'm going to meet you for the first time. And Daddy Joseph's going to meet you. Yes, he is. He's busy making your first cot. *(Gasp)* Aren't you lucky?

What are you thinking, Baby J, hmm? What are you thinking?

I'm thinking, I love you so much. I'm thinking, I really hope everything's going to turn out OK. I'm thinking, maybe I am just a little bit highly favoured after all.

Oh, my baby, there's so much I want to ask you. How much do you know, eh? Hmm? Do you know about the angel? Do you know about your Daddy? *(Gasp)* Where's Daddy?

He's up there. And he's going to look after you. He is. And while you're with me and Daddy Joseph, we're going to look after you too. We will. We're going to do our absolute best for you, do you know that? Because you are so special.

**Mary**

Two weeks, Baby J. Two weeks and it'll all be over. Or will it all just be beginning? I'm so scared. But I just can't wait to meet you.

*(Exit, humming.)*