

WHY ME?

A monologue from the heart of Mary, the mother of Jesus, little more than a child herself, who stops to share her innermost fears about the coming of her baby.

Cast: Mary

Props: None needed

Performance notes: This monologue takes place soon after God's plan has been revealed to Mary and Joseph, when it is still early in the pregnancy and both Mary and Joseph are struggling to process what is happening.

Mary needs to be emotional, vulnerable, on edge – speaking to God with a raw honesty, yet clutching hold of the angel's message as it is the only thing bringing her hope.

Why Me?

Written by Lara Perkins

Mary

(She kneels to pray and sings, unaccompanied.)

Silent night, holy night,

All is calm, all is bright.

Round yon Virgin, Mother and... (whispered) child

(She pauses for a while before speaking.)

Where are you?

You said you'd BE here, but now I can't find you.

You put me in this mess –

Please don't leave me now.

I didn't think it would be this hard.

I thought I would feel you with me *every step* of the way.

But now when I pray... I feel nothing.

I CAN'T FIND YOU!

The angels said I was 'highly favoured' by you,

That this Jesus Child would be called 'Son of the Most High'

And that his Kingdom would never end!

Shouldn't he then be born to royalty?

Or, at least, a family with money?

I have nothing, Father –

And the little I do have is being pulled from beneath me.

Joseph can't look at me – and I don't blame him.

He's a righteous man.

He deserves better than this!

He deserves better than me.

Sometimes, when he holds me,

I can hear his heart aching,

Denying the strength his face is forced to show.

Sometimes, I can't look at him,

And I wonder: for how long can he stomach the whisperings?

I mean, who's ever heard of a virgin birth!

Mary

And yet, there's this gentle voice deep in the back of my mind,
Patiently convincing me that I'm special,
That I'm the chosen one.

I wish I hadn't been chosen:
I'm not good enough,
I'm not strong enough,
And I'm so, so scared!
I'm scared of losing Joseph,
And I'm scared of the journey ahead.

But most of all I'm terrified
Of this tiny heart forming inside of me,
When I have no logical explanation for how it got there.

It shouldn't be like this.

It shouldn't be like this.