

Mary and Joseph

The sketch opens with Joseph leading Mary on a donkey. The 'donkey' could be a bench, or two chairs pushed together and covered with a blanket. Mary is heavily pregnant and drinking some water from a plastic water bottle. She is tired and frazzled from the long journey. Joseph is a bit cheeky sounding, but has also had enough of the journey, as well as probably having had enough of Mary's complaining. However, the underlining fact, is that Mary and Joseph clearly love each other very much.

Mary: How much further is it, Joe? Me back's killing me!

Joseph: It's a little less than when you last asked me, which was five minutes ago! I keep telling you; we'll get there when we get there!

Mary: *(Mimicking Joseph under her breath, in a slightly fed-up, cheeky sort of way)* We'll get there when we get there... What sort of a silly answers that? **(Louder and accusingly)** Get there when we get there? Huh! If your family hadn't have come from such a back-water place as Bethlehem, we wouldn't be traipsing around here in the first place - and me about to have a baby and all! It's not fair!

Joseph: Look Mary, it may not be fair, but you **know** we have to go to Bethlehem. The Romans - you do remember the Romans, don't you? They're the ones in charge! The Romans - in fact the Roman emperor, Caesar Augustus himself - wants to do a census and find out how many happy little Israelites he has got himself. So, every man and his family has to go back to his home town. Which is why we get to go back to wonderful, back-water Bethlehem!

Mary: I'm just saying, them Romans should have had a bit more consideration.

Joseph: OH! Its consideration you wanted. Well, hang on a minute. I'll just write a quick letter to my mate Caesar Augustus... **(lets go of the 'donkey' and mimes writing a letter)**

"Dear Augustus, how are you? Not working too hard in the empire building business, I hope? **(Pause)** Anyway, we know that you're a bit busy, what with running the entire Roman world and all that, but Mary was just wondering - if it's not too much trouble - if you could show just a little bit more consideration, on a count of the fact that she's about to have a baby, and her emotions and hormones are all over the place! Best wishes, Joe."

Mary: Joseph-bar-Jacob, if it wasn't for the fact that I feel like a disabled bloated camel, I'd get down of this donkey and box your ears!

Joseph: And it's only because you *move* as slowly as a disabled, bloated camel, that I knew I could get away with saying it!

Mary: *(Playfully throws the empty water bottle at Joseph)* Its a good job I love you, Joseph-bar-Jacob, 'coz most women wouldn't put up with your silliness! *(Joseph chuckles, and then Mary continues reflectively and more seriously)* Mind you... I suppose most men wouldn't have believed where this little one *(taps or hugs her tummy affectionately)* really came from. Who'd have believed it, eh? The Son of God! *(To Joseph, lovingly)* I am grateful Joe -

Joseph: *(Interrupting)* What, that I'm incredibly good looking?

Mary: I'm being serious!

Joseph: Sorry! *(Slight pause)* But there's no need to be grateful, my love. You know as that 'thicko' 'ere *(Joe taps his own head)*, was going to quietly divorce you, coz I didn't understand what was going on. It was only when that angel appeared to me in my dream, that I knew you were telling the truth and that you hadn't been unfaithful... So really, I'm the one who needs to be grateful; grateful that you could forgive a stupid, no-account carpenter, for being such a plank!

Mary: Well, I'm glad you're *my* plank! *(Slight pause)* Anyway, there is a bright side to all of this pregnancy and moving lark, stressful though it may be!

Joseph: Oh? And what's that then?

Mary: Well, only that we are clearly going to get a room in one of the more posher, up-market hotels.

Joseph: *(Uncertain)* I dunno how you work that out, my love. I mean, we don't have much money, *and* Bethlehem's going to be heaving with people by the time we get there. To be honest, I think we'll be lucky if we get a room at one of them Premier Inns!

Mary: No, no, no, Joe, you haven't thought it through; that's why *I'm* the brains of the family! (***Slight pause***) Since this little one 'ere, is the Son of God, it *stands to reason* that God himself is going to make sure we have somewhere decent to stay. Ooh, I can see it now: Private parking for the donkey! And we'll probably get a penthouse apartment, with en-suite. Might even have a spa bath, to ease my aching back! That'll help to take away the stress of moving, won't it Joe?

Joseph: (*Uncertain*) I suppose so...

Mary: (***Confidently***) There's no suppose about it, my love! Trust me! I think I think you're going to be very surprised where our baby's going to be born... After all, God's not going to want his only Son to be born in some cheap and tacky inn, is he?

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