

# Mary Message

By Mark Morgan

**Running Time:** 4–5 minutes

**Themes:** Obedience, Christmas, dealing with peer pressure

**Scripture References:** Luke 1:29–31, Jeremiah 29:11

**Synopsis:** Maryann is e-mailing her friend Sara about an upcoming party when she receives a mysterious e-mail from the angel Gabriel announcing an opportunity to serve God. After reading this e-mail, her focus changes from the party to the new task. Her friends Sara and Ruth notice her change in focus and try to redirect her thinking back to the party. Maryann wrestles with the desire to fit in with her friends and the desire to be obedient to God’s call.

**Cast:**

MARYANN—A teenager

SARA—Her friend

RUTH—Another friend

*(The stage is set with a bedroom, living room and kitchen—one room in each of three different houses. All rooms are furnished appropriately. Each cast member has a computer keyboard or a laptop. Unless directed, the players are typing what they talk. As e-mails are “sent”, a beeping sound should be heard indicating the e-mail has been received.)*

MARYANN *(reading Luke 1:29–31 from her Bible):* “. . . Mary was greatly troubled at the angel’s words and wondered . . . The angel said to her, “Do not be afraid, Mary, you have found favor with God. You will be with child and give birth to a son, and you are to give him the name Jesus . . .” Wow! I can’t imagine an angel appearing and changing someone’s life now. *(Chuckles and turns on the computer and starts clicking)* The Internet is really slow today. I think I’ll e-mail Sara. *(Typing an e-mail)* Sara, need to talk. See you in the chat room. *(Sends e-mail.)*

*(SARA’s e-mail beeps.)*

SARA *(clicks and reads e-mail, then opens up chat room and types):* Hey! I’m here. What’s up?

MARYANN: Not much. What are you going to wear this weekend?

SARA: When? At the party or shopping?

MARYANN: At the party, of course. I heard Jeremy is going to be there.

SARA: And?

MARYANN: Oh come on . . . you know and. . . *everyone* knows what's up. It's so obvious.

SARA: Hey, keep it on the down low. Besides, the real question is what is Jeremy going to wear?

*(Both girls laugh to themselves. MARYANN'S e-mail beeps.)*

MARYANN *(opens e-mail and starts reading)*: Congratulations. You have been selected to serve the Lord your God in a way beyond your wildest . . .

SARA *(typing)*: Hey! Are you still there? Hello?

MARYANN *(typing)*: Sorry. *(Pause)* Just reading a new e-mail. *(Goes back to reading)*

SARA: From who?

RUTH: That's "from whom?" Sara.

SARA: When did you log in, Ruth?

RUTH: Just now. Where'd the e-mail come from, Maryann?

MARYANN *(reading to herself)*: . . . This is a wonderful opportunity, although it will mean sacrifice. Remember, you will be provided everything you need. Your fellow servant in the Lord, Gabriel.

RUTH: Maryann?

SARA *(shouting while typing)*: MARYANN?

MARYANN: What?

SARA: What was in the e-mail?

MARYANN: Nothing. Nothing at all. Now what were we talking about?

RUTH: You were talking about Jeremy being at the party Saturday.

SARA: Ruth! I thought you just signed on.

RUTH: Well . . . maybe not just now.

MARYANN *(typing absentmindedly)*: Yeah Saturday. Do you want to go shopping for new earrings before the. . . *(Stops typing and thinks out loud)* Why now? Why does God want to use me now? Doesn't he know that I'm just starting to hang out with the right people? I'm just starting to be "in". This will ruin my life!

SARA: Before the what, Maryann? Hey. You're typing like there's something on your mind.

MARYANN: Oh. . . not really. I just remembered . . . *(sighs)* I don't think I can go to the party on Saturday.

SARA: What do you mean? We've been planning this for ages. This is *the* party of the year. This is our dream, Maryann. What we've worked for.

MARYANN: Dreams change.

RUTH: It's a new boy, huh? She has a date and she's not telling us.

MARYANN: It's not that. It's. . . Oh, you wouldn't understand.

SARA: Try us.

RUTH: Yeah. Try us. . . Wait. This isn't one of those church things is it?

MARYANN: No. . . Yes . . . Well, sort of.

SARA: Come on, Mary. Out with it!

RUTH: We're your friends.

MARYANN: Ok. *(Thinks and sighs before typing)* I've been asked to . . . *(sighs again)* well, I have a special job.

SARA: You got a job. That's great! See, that wasn't so bad.

RUTH: How much are they paying you?

MARYANN: They're not. I'm volunteering.

SARA: Why would you want to do that?

MARYANN: Because He asked me to.

RUTH: Well, since you aren't being paid, you can miss next Saturday to go shopping and the party.

MARYANN: No. I can't. If I do this, it'll be every weekend.

RUTH: Come on.

SARA: Yeah. *Every* weekend? A party like this only comes along once in a lifetime.

*(During MARYANN'S line, SARA and RUTH are typing back and forth, holding a conversation silently through the keyboards.)*

MARYANN *(thinking out loud)*: Why is this so hard? They just don't understand. What can I tell them? I can't say I got an e-mail from God; they'd laugh me out of town. I can't tell them I've been praying for an opportunity to serve, they'd think that was crazy, too. Who am I kidding? Maybe this isn't worth it. Maybe I should go to the party and forget this silly idea. What good can I really do? What will they think of me? I just don't know . . .

SARA *(typing and interrupting)*: Isn't that right, Maryann?

RUTH: She's not paying attention, Sara. She's thinking about saving the world again.  
MARYANN!

MARYANN (*out of her thinking*): What?

RUTH: Haven't you been reading a thing we have said?

MARYANN: No. Sorry. I've been thinking about something else. (MARYANN *prays*.) Lord, what do I do? (MARYANN's *e-mail beeps*. She opens the e-mail and reads.) Jeremiah 29:11. "For I know the plans I have for you, declares the Lord. Plans to prosper you and not harm you. Plans to give you hope and a future . . ." (Closes e-mail, sits back relieved, her questions answered.)



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