

JESUS AT 10

(a monologue for youth)

by

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Cast of Characters

JESUS

10-year-old

Synopsis

A 10-year-old greets a visitor in their father's carpenter shop

A blank stage.

We enter a carpenter's shop, in biblical times.

Enter JESUS, 10.

JESUS

Hello.

Welcome to my father's shop. He is making a delivery. He will be back very soon.

May I interest you in a table while you wait? A bed?

They are all excellently made.

My father takes great pride in his work.

Have you traveled very far?

May I get you some water? Some wine?

It is very good. A gift from a vineyard owner. My father made his cellar.

(quietly proud)

This table, over here. That's mine. I made it myself. Well, my father helped.

(pause)

It wobbles a little. My father says it is an excellent beginning. My mother says it is nothing a well-placed wedge cannot fix. It will make it so that our bowls and cups will stay on it.

That's her you hear. My mother. She is preparing you bread and fruit.

Even if you are not hungry, you should probably have some. She will not let you leave until you are well-fed. Ask my friends.

Where are you coming from?

I was born there!

My mother says she rode on a donkey all the way to have me! I say, Nooo. But she says, You had best believe it!

She tells the story best. They were there for the -

Yes, mother? I will serve it.

(runs off, runs back)

You see? Bread and fruit.

I like to help.

One day, I will be a great carpenter. Like my father.

Even on your order, you will see.

How well the wood comes together.

He shows me how this is important.

Sturdy. Firm.

(laughs)

Or sturm and firdy, we like to say.

Sorry. Carpenter joke.

I guess you had to be there.

Now, Mother asks if you would like some fish for your journey back.

Even if you say no, you will find yourself taking some home.

It is really good.

Good answer.

She does have a lovely singing voice.

My father says that's why he married her.

Then she goes and pinches his butt.

Then they usually start kissing. A lot. Then I gag and pretend to throw up.

They're so in loooooooooooooove.

Oh, are your feet very sore? Just a moment, if you please.

(drags out a large, old JUG)

This is very fine oil, we still have a little from when I was a baby. A family friend brought it for me as a gift.

We use it on special occasions.

Please sit. I will rub your feet.

I'm good at it.

Dad says I'm better than Mom. Then she whacks him and they get to kissin' again.

(pretends to gag, but good-naturedly)

(rubs our feet)

So many cracks and cuts!

Did you ever meet the king?

What is he really like?

What do you feed your horses?

Would they like something too?

Can I feed them? While we wait for my father?

I know. I ask a lot of questions.

My mother says I need to know how the world works.

(taps foot to switch to the other one)

For fun? Hmm. I like to play with my cousin. He gets a little wild.

Oh, and play in the market, with the other kids!

I am the best seeker, but not the best hider.

The other day, there was a girl there. My age. We played for hours.

(quiet, awed)

She kissed me.

Then we played some more.

One day, I will grow up to be serious. When I am a great carpenter.

Dad says hopefully not too serious. Mom says that will all be soon enough, but for now my job is to be a kid.

(pats foot to signify that they are done, rubs hands off on clothes)

She tells the best stories.

About kings and poor people. And how life must look through their eyes. And why they might do what they do.

Sometimes my father gets to talking. But he would never keep an important customer waiting for too long.

Which order was yours again?

Ohhhhhh.

Three of them?

(shivers)

We make them. We make them very well. But...

I don't like to look at them.

None of us do.

It must be very hard.

To be up there. Hanging. Nailed.

I know they are bad guys, but - it must hurt. A lot.

Do they cry?

I cry sometimes.

They must be so scared.

What do you think happens to us?

Where do we go?

After?

End of Play