

Christmas with Mama©

Message: A son is in prison, a daughter is living a troubled life, there seems to be disaster all around, but Mama is still in control of this dysfunctional family, and Mama is trusting that God will bring all things back to normal, so that all can spend . . . Christmas With Mama

Bible Reference: Psalm 32:10

Cast: 25+
Mama – 50's
Freddie – Mama's son, 20's – 30's
Yolanda – Mama's daughter – late 20's
Mia – Yolanda's daughter, about 10
Sara – Yolanda's daughter, about 8
Baby Freddie – Yolanda's infant son
Rose Templeton – Mama's friend, likely 30's
Jackson – Rose's husband (pastor), likely 30's
Jimmy – Rose's son, about 10
Stanley – Rose's son, about 8
Maura – Rose's daughter, about 5
Andrew Black (lawyer), likely 30's
Cornelius Black – Andrew's father and Mama's friend, 50's
Flo Washington – Mama's haughty sister, senior
Eddie – inmate in jail, likely 20's
Jean – Eddie's wife, likely 20's
Albert – Eddie's son, about 10
Donnie – Eddie's child, about 8
Beth – Eddie's daughter, about 5
Nate Elliott – prison guard, 20's or 30's
Judge
Prosecutor
Courtroom clerk
extras in prison Scene III and in Scene IV

Set: Scene I – Mama's kitchen
A neat kitchen, but there are lots of dirty dishes around

Scene II – Prison visitors area
Set out with chairs and tables for inmate visitation

Scene III – Courtroom
Tables and chairs for judge and lawyers, chairs for audience

Scene IV - Mama's living room
All decorated for Christmas

Sound and lighting: as required / available

Costumes: standard clothing in Scene I, except that Flo will be richly dressed for Scene II have guard's uniform and inmates clothing for Scene III all would be dressed for a party

Props: gavel, package

Time: 90

Script:

Scene I – Mama's kitchen

Mama comes on stage, reacts with horror at the sight of dirty dishes piled up, general mess

Mama: Oh my word, what in (*screams*) Yolanda, you get out here on the double, what ever have you done to my kitchen?
(*yells off stage*)
Yolanda, you hear me, and yes, I know you do hear me! Now you get out here, right now, clean up this mess!
(*nothing happens*)
It's one thing, you come back home, you and your three kids, live off me, not so much as paying a penny for food and board. Least you can do is clean up your own mess!

Mama starts straightening out the mess as she talks

Mama: Child you are driving me crazy, here I am, going on fifty-five, me a widow, working two jobs to make ends meet, and you, you never can hold down a job more'n a week at the most!
Yolanda, you're not a child anymore, you're, let me see, (*thinks*), twenty-six, and here you are still (*stops, thinks, gets more frustrated*),
Yolanda, you are twenty-eight is what you are!
(*very angry*)
Twenty-eight! Old enough to be responsible if you ever will be!
Twenty-eight, and two kids . . three with Baby Freddie.
(*yells off stage*)
Yolanda, did you feed Baby Freddie, check his diaper?
(*walks to offstage location, looks offstage*)
Yolanda, are you listening to me? Get out here right now!

Mia and Sara come on stage

Mia: Yolanda's not here Mama.

Mama: What do you mean, Mia, she's not here?

Mia: Yolanda left a note, said she was going to be with Reese for the day, said she'd call later.

Sara: Reese scares me, I don't like him.

Mia: Scares me too Sara, but then, I don't like any of Yolanda's boy friends.

Mama: Listen you two, why do you insist on calling your momma "Yolanda"? Yolanda she's your momma. Remember what you learned in Sunday School "honor your mother and your"

Mia: I never did see my father, or Sara's, or even Baby Freddie's; how can we honor who we don't even know?

Mama, *angry*: Don't you two be talking like that! Why your daddy he was in the war, a brave man, a soldier, a hero!
(stops, looks at children, smiles)
And like I say, you call your momma "Mama", you hear?

Mia, *moves to Mama, puts her arm around Mama's waist*:
Can't do that Mama, Mama is you, never could there be another Mama, not ever, not anywhere.

Sara, *hugs Mama*:
Love you Mama!

Mama, *hugging kids, proud*:
You know that you two are the cutest rascals, and I love you to death!
(frowns, shakes her finger at kids, trying to be firm)
But you two hear what I tell you, show respect to your mother. If you can't call her Mama you just call her Mother, understood?

Sara: Yolanda told us if we ever call her "Mother" again she will lambaste us, says it makes her feel old.

Mama, *firmly*: Fact is, your mother is almost thirty, and like it or not she has to act like an adult. Now then, you do as I tell you, call her Mother, she doesn't like it, you just leave her to me!
Now then what about Baby Freddie? He needs to be fed, likely hasn't had a clean diaper in . . .

Mia: Me and Sara, we fed Baby Freddie, cleaned him all up.

Mama, *overwhelmed*:

You two kids, you're old beyond your years! I swear I don't know where you get your maturity from!

Mia: Yolanda . . .err, Mother, says we are just like you.

Sara, *big smile*:

Yah, and she says that if we don't stop it it will drive her nuts.

Mama: We need to pray for your mother, she's . . . she's not where she should be. But I just know God is at work there somewhere.
(pauses, deep in thought, shakes her head as if to clear her mind)
Listen, Mama's got to get this mess cleaned up, I am going to visit your Uncle Freddie this afternoon.

Sara, *shivers*: That is soooo creepy, going into that jail!

Mia, *icy*: Well Uncle Freddie should be used to it, he practically lives in jail.

Mama: This time is different, I just know it somehow. I think there is something your Uncle Freddie isn't telling, I think he is covering for someone.

Mia, *icy*: What is he in jail for this time? Robbery, assault, drunk and disorderly, what is it this time?

Mama: Your uncle is no saint but I do not believe he would use a gun.

Mia, *icy*: Maybe he just found an easier way to do crime?

Mama: Mia, you only see your uncle the way he is now, but he wasn't always like this, he was a good boy. Then your Grampa died and, Freddie, he took it real hard, blamed God.

Mia: All I know is that all the kids in school talk about how my uncle and his friends beat up and robbed those old people. No matter how you say it, that's just out and out cowardly!

knock on the door, and Rose and her children, Jimmy, Stanley and Maura come in

Rose: One thing we like about coming down the street to visit my friend Mama is that we don't ever need to wonder if we are welcome, just knock and walk on in!
kisses Mama on the cheek
How are you Mama?
Mia, Sara, I swear you kids are growing every time I see you . . . *(big*

smile) . . . that's why I come over here at least once every day, to see how much you two have grown today.

Mama, *sceptical, smile*:

That's the only reason you come over huh?

Rose: That's my story and I am gonna stick to it, alright?

Mama: That and my hot apple pie.

Rose: I'm praying there's gonna be hot apple pie in heaven, made up for all the saints by my friend Mama.

Mama: There you go talking silly again Rose Henderson!

Rose: Oh Mama, I have not been Rose Henderson this twelve years since I married that gorgeous sweet man, Jackson Templeton.

Mama: Has it really been twelve years? Oh my, time does fly! I remember Jackson coming home after school with Freddie one day.

Rose: I tell you, I fell in love the minute Jackson walked in that kitchen door!

Stanley, *to Rose*:

Mum, I didn't know you and Daddy met here in Mama's kitchen.

Maura: The only way you could miss knowing that Stanley is if you live on another planet!

(mimics Rose talking, very love struck)

"Right at that moment when that gorgeous man walked through Mama's kitchen door, I declare he had my heart for sure!"

(back to regular voice, trying to look disgusted, but with a little smile)

Oh, yeh, we heard it a gazillion times if we heard it once!

Jimmy: Yah, and then Mum and Daddy do all that huggie-huggie, kissy-kissy stuff! Yeuccck!

Rose: Go on you two, your Daddy and me, we aren't near as bad as you like to make out. Although I will admit, your Daddy's kisses still do get my heart to fluttering.

Jimmy, *sick look on face, finger in mouth as though to be sick*:

Oh gross me right out!

Maura: This is getting too, too much! Sara, can we go play with Baby Freddie?

Rose: You kids let Sara be, no reason she has to play with you all the time.

Sara: It's OK Auntie Rose, I don't mind. Let's go guys, it's time Baby Freddie was awake anyhow.

knock on the door, Mia goes to answer it, comes back with Flo

Mia, *confused*:

This lady says she's my Auntie Flo.

Flo: Mabelline, I was in the neighbourhood, hope I am not popping in at a bad time.

Mama, *looking sick*:

Bad? Bad? Why no, not bad Flo, I mean there could be a hurricane and a volcano going on, compared to that my day is really pretty normal, actually.

Flo: Look, I know how dysfunctional your family is Mabelline, so I will just go on my way. *(stacks some dirty dishes, runs her finger along furniture, mimes blowing dust off her finger)* But I do suggest that you try to get someone in to tidy up around here, Christmas coming and all.

Mama: Look here Flo, you know full well my house is always spic and span, and I don't have any servants to call on either.

Flo: Well Daddy always did say you married beneath yourself . . .

Mama: Don't you go saying anything against my Theo, a saint, rest his soul!

Flo: I would give you a hand with washing up these dishes, clearing up this mess, *(snoory)*, but you know how sensitive my skin is. I always see to it that my staff washes the dishes, tidies up every night, saves waking up to a *(looks around, mightier than thou look)*, to a sight like this.

Mama: I will have you know that this kitchen was clean and tidy when I went to bed last night, always is, you know that. But it was Yolanda and her friends . . .

Flo, *haughty*: Dear Yolanda! And what is dear Yolanda doing now? Does she have another new husband Oh, wait! Yolanda has never married, has she. *(looks at children)* . . Are all these Yolanda's children?

Rose: Three of these are mine Mrs. Washington.

Flo: Oh yes, you are the one married to the church worker as I recall.

Rose, *annoyed*:

Pastor! My husband is pastor at the Joyous Tidings Fellowship on . .

Flo: Oh yes, Joyous Tidings, that reminds me, I must go through my closets, see if there are some of my old clothing I could donate to you.

Rose: Don't feel as though you are the only one Mrs. Washington, we all put on those extra pounds and can't quite wiggle into our clothing anymore.

Flo, *shocked*: Extra pounds? Why I will have you know that I still wear clothing I had the day I was married!

Mama: I know that's true Flo, and I've always liked that hat on you.

Rose, *quickly, points to Mia and Sara*:

These two are Yolanda's children, and there is the baby upstairs. Aren't they gorgeous children?

Flo: Children don't look at all alike do they? I want to tell you Mabelline, I do pray every night that a . . **good man** . . might come along for Yolanda, and that she might be able to stay with him.

Rose: God loveth the prayers of a truly contrite heart.

Flo: I like that! Romans, right?

Rose: Saturday Night Live actually.

Flo: Don't you play with my mind young lady! I will have you know I went to Bible College, two years!

Mama, *as though hearing something*:

I do believe that was Baby Freddie now. Why don't you children run on and play with him.

the children leave the stage, Mama and Rose smile as they watch them leave

Rose: Mama, my kids are so blessed, having you as their Mama, living just down the street from us.

Flo: I have always felt sorry that you didn't have the income to move out of this area Mabelline. It is so grand over in Promisedland Acres! But then you could never afford the down payment, I realize that. Still, a shame.

Mama: Thanks Flo, for those kind words of support.