

Mother/Father (20s-40s)

MOTHER (*mimicking Mrs. Armstrong*): ...if I'd been up and around, this never would have happened! Well, let me tell you...

FATHER: Don't tell me, I'm on your side...the car's over there.

MOTHER: Helen Armstrong is not the only woman who can run a Christmas pageant! I made up my mind just to do the best I could under the circumstances, but now I'm going to make this the best Christmas pageant ever, and I'm going to do it with the Herdmans! After all, they raised their hands and nobody else did, and I don't care...

FATHER: Good for you, Grace. (*trying to move her along*) The car's over there...

MOTHER: And you're going to help me!

FATHER (*stopped by this*): Does that mean...

MOTHER: You have to go!

FATHER: I think you're worrying too much about it. Now...I'm going to push baby angels onstage and I'm going to hand out shepherds' crooks...When do I do all that?

MOTHER (*Hands him a script*): Just follow the script.

FATHER (*flipping through the script*): Baby Angles...shepherds...Wise Men...it doesn't seem to say here where the fire engines come in.

MOTHER (*in no mood for jokes*): Oh-h-h!

Mother (20s-40s)/Rev. Hopkins (40+)

HOPKINS: I've been on the telephone all day, and I can't make head or tails of it. Some people say the Herdmans set fire to the ladies' room. Some people say they set fire to the kitchen. Vera Wendleken says all they do is talk about sex and underwear.

MOTHER: That was Hobie Clark talking about underwear. And they didn't set fire to anything. The only fire was in the kitchen, where the applesauce cake burned up.

HOPKINS: Well, the whole church is in an uproar. I don't know...Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me", but I'm not sure he meant the Herdmans...Grace, don't you think we should cancel the pageant?

MOTHER: I'll bet that was Helen Armstrong's idea.

HOPKINS: We could blame it on the fire...makes a good excuse.

MOTHER: I'll bet that was Edna McCarthy's idea.

HOPKINS: Everyone seems to think it's going to be a...a...

MOTHER: Disaster? (*Obviously, that's the word he had in mind*) Well, they're wrong!...It's going to be the best Christmas pageant we've ever had!

HOPKINS: But, Grace...I don't think anyone will come to see it.

Mrs. McCarthy/Mrs. Slocum (All ages)

MCCARTHY: Could you believe that was Imogene Herdman? And all the rest of them? Irma, this was the best Christmas pageant we ever had, and I'm not sure why, but I think it was them. Could that be?

SLOCUM: Oh, I always get weepy about the pageant. I guess it's the children and the carols and all...But you're right, this was the best one...and it should have been the worst.

MCCARTHY: There was just something...different.

SLOCUM: Well, the angel of the Lord was different!

MCCARTHY: Yes, but you know, I liked that! Had lots of spirit. Sometimes you can't even hear the angel of the Lord. I must find Grace, and tell her...

SLOCUM: I just wish now that I'd let her have Eugene to be the baby Jesus.

MCCARTHY: Who was the baby Jesus?

SLOCUM: Why, it was a doll.

MCCARTHY: Oh, I don't think so, Irma. That was no doll.

SLOCUM: Well...it did seem real.