

## The 2 bridesmaids

A reflection on Matthew 25:1-13 – The wise and foolish bridesmaids

Characters

Bridesmaid 1 (BM1)

Bridesmaid 2 (BM2)

BM1 could have a bottle in their hand and a few party streamers in their hair

BM2 Looks depressed and fed up

They enter from different sides of the dais

They talk to the audience throughout

BM1: Well what a night!

BM2: What a terrible night!

BM1: It was a great party. That couple are going to be very happy with a party like that.

BM2: A party to forget – in a hurry! In fact it wasn't a party at all really. Well not for me anyway.

BM1: It was a bit late starting.

BM2: It was very late starting.

BM1: I didn't give up hope though. I knew he would turn up eventually.

BM2: I thought he'd never turn up. In fact I thought he'd got cold feet and decided to give it a miss!

BM1: I took some spare oil. You never know how long you have to wait at these things you know. Sometimes the bridegroom seems to think it is fun to keep the bride waiting all night!

BM2: I took just enough oil. I mean, it's expensive! Why should I pay more than I have to. Anyway, a bridegroom should come when he says, not 8 hours late! It's disgraceful!!

BM1: There were some other bridesmaids there as well. Just as the bridegroom arrived their lamps started to go out.

BM2: There were some other bridesmaids there as well. They had spare oil with them. They must have known he was going to be late somehow. Would they share it though? Would they heck!

BM1: I couldn't share my oil though, I didn't have enough. If I had shared, all the lamps would have gone out, then how would the bridegroom reach the house?

BM2: I had to go into the town. It was night so I had to get one of the oil merchants out of bed. I was knocking for what seemed like hours!

BM1: I trimmed my wick and filled the lamp, and then we led the bridegroom to the house. It's always wonderful. All that singing and dancing and the brightly coloured clothes. And the food! Well I've been to a few weddings but this was the best.

BM2: I ran back as fast as I could, but when I got there the street was dark and deserted. No one was around. I could hear the dim sound of music and dancing as the party was starting, but when I knocked on the door they wouldn't let me in. They said they didn't know who I was and they didn't let strangers in!

BM1: The other bridesmaids didn't turn up at all. I'm not sure what happened to them. That was strange really. Maybe they couldn't get any oil? Or maybe they decided to call it a day and go home instead? I've no idea.

BM2: I stood outside in the dark and cold all night. Why had I not been ready? It's not difficult to be ready really. All it takes is a little thought. But I wasn't ready and I missed out and now I'm cold and tired and fed up and sad.

BM1: (With a yawn) Well that party was certainly one to remember. You know it feels like it is still going on somewhere in my head. I think (yawn) I better (yawn) get some sleep.

BM2: I'm not sure I can sleep. Will I ever get the chance again? Or will I be left outside for ever? And I've only got myself to blame. I just wasn't ready!

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