“Confession: I'm In Love With My Wife”

by

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What
A married man seems to be confessing to an affair. But who is the mysterious “other woman” he speaks about? Great jump-starter for messages about marriage, love, commitment.

Themes: Monologue, Duo, Comedy, Drama, Marriage, Faithfulness, Infidelity, Commitment, Relationships, Valentine’s Day, Love

Who
Married Man – 30+ years old
Younger Man – In line behind Married Man
Florist – Male or Female, any age
Customer – Male or female, any age

When
Present day

Wear (Props)
Contemporary clothing
Freestanding florist’s sign
Counter top
Nice flower arrangement on small table
Smaller one behind counter
Cell phone

Why
Genesis 2:22-24; Proverbs 20:6-7; Mark 10:6-9

How
Married Man is wistful and almost poetic in his near-monologue. Younger is a stand-in for us, there to hear and respond to Married’s story.

Staging: Place counter upstage so that, by turning to speak to Younger, Married more-or-less faces audience/congregation.

Time
Approximately 5 minutes
Florist stands behind counter. Customer is first in line, followed by Married Man, and then Younger Man.

Florist motions Customer forward. They pantomime speaking and (behind counter) flower arranging during the following scene.

Younger Man is preoccupied with his phone. Married turns and taps Younger’s phone to get his attention. Younger looks up, surprised.

Married: Today is the 20th anniversary of my marriage. (Alt. line “It’s Valentine’s Day. Adjust number of years to fit characters.”)

Younger: Oh, uh, congratu—

Married: Does that make it a bad time to tell the woman I married that I’m in love with someone else?

Younger: (Taken aback) Uh…

Married: An ex-friend of mine once introduced his wife to the woman he was leaving her for. While his wife was in the hospital. With their newborn child. On Christmas Eve.

Younger: Sheesh!

Married: Yeah, jerk should have written for General Hospital! Or better yet been hit by a bus!

Younger: (Awkward) Uh…

Married: But I really love her. (Beat) Let me explain. _____ years ago (adjust to fit actor’s age), I met a smart, beautiful girl with English pottery skin, and chestnut hair, and unfathomable green eyes. I was nuts about her. But we weren’t just in love, we were best friends.

Younger starts to say something.

Yeah, yeah, I know it’s a cliche, but it was true: no one had ever known me the way she did. And so we got married, had kids, the whole nine.

Married walks over to florist sign, moving about freely.

But that was then, this is now. I was a different guy then. The girl I married suited me. More than suited me, loved me and cared for me with all her heart. I’m sounding like a bigger and bigger jerk by the moment, aren’t I?
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Younger: Well…

Married: It’s just that I matured, you know, and came to need someone who understood the person I’d become. Would it surprise you to learn that the girl I’ve fallen for isn’t some 20-something hottie?

Younger: (Looking him over) Well, you are—

Married: Hey, I could have that if I wanted it!

Married grins, pokes Younger’s arm, then walks thoughtfully over to flower arrangement on table, speaking mostly to himself as he touches its petals and leaves.

No, she’s an older woman who’s experienced the slow-mo shattering of dreams…and the left-handed appearance of joys…and so many of the things I’ve been through. She understands me in ways the woman I married never could. And I understand her more. Our love is deeper, more all-encompassing. Those delicate lines around her eyes—I treasure those and never get tired of caressing them. And although her hair is a beautiful mahogany, I know that if left untreated it will quickly turn to silver. And I’ll love that too. There is one thing she shares with the woman I married: those unfathomable green eyes. (Suddenly addressing Younger again) Oh, and would it surprise you to learn that my wife has also fallen in love with someone else?

Younger: (Crossing to Married) Wait, are you saying that the girl you married and the older woman are—

Married: The same person? Yep.

Younger: (Smiling) Hah! And I thought that—

Married: I know. And yet they’re not. Which is my whole point. (Crossing to the florist sign, as though it were a TV) I once saw Margaret Mead, the famous anthropologist, on The Tonight Show, way back when Johnny Carson was… Anyway, she said that being married to the same person your whole life is “joyless misery,” and that people should marry at least three times, like she did.

Younger: (Considering this) Hmm.

Married: (Turning toward Younger) I guess she never figured out that nobody stays married to the same person their whole life. I wake up next to a different woman every day (print that, National Enquirer)! And she wakes up next to a different man. Which is part of what I love about being married to her. And part of what’s so crazy challenging about it!
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Younger: I never thought of it that way.

Married: Figured. A friend once told me after his first child was born, “Our marriage is OK, but you know it’s not about us anymore; it’s about the baby.” It sounded so selfless.

Younger: (Agreeing) Yeah.

Married: Selfless and fatal. I knew the second he said that his marriage was doomed. They got divorced five years later.

Younger: (Pondering) Hmm.

Married: The Bible says, “Many men claim to have unfailing love, but a faithful man who can find?” And when he is? “Blessed are his children after him!” (Proverbs 20:6-7) Our kids have thanked us dozens of times for loving each other.

Younger: (Impressed) Wow.

Customer leaves with flowers.

Married: (Crossing back to the floral arrangement as though it were his wife) So “Happy Anniversary!” to the wonderful woman I’m with. And to all the women she’s been. (Picks up flower display) But fair warning, honey: any day now I’ll be falling for a new woman, one who’s a little bit older than you…

Florist: (To Married) Next.

Married: (As he crosses to counter with flower display) …and has unfathomable green eyes.

Younger thinks for a moment, then dials phone.

Younger: Hey, babe. Nothing. I just wanted to hear your voice.

End of scene.