“My Husband Bought a Flamethrower”  
by  
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| What | Dan and Wendy have a tense (though funny) conversation about finances and communication after Dan spends $500 on a flamethrower without first discussing it with his wife.  
Themes: Marriage, Finances, Money, Relationships, Communication |
| Who | Wendy  
Dan  
*They are, at the moment, married. |
| When | The ubiquitous present |
| Wear (Props) | Nothing fancy. Present day casual. |
| How | Keep it light and lively. No need to overplay here. Just get through it quickly. Hit the dialog with a rhythm for maximum effect. |
| Time | Approximately 5 minutes |
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*Wendy* and *Dan* stand center stage.

**Wendy:** I guess you could say we’re a typical married couple.

**Dan:** Met just out of college.

**Wendy:** Dated for a year.

**Dan:** I popped the question.

**Wendy:** Engaged for eight more months.

**Dan:** Got hitched. Lived in an apartment. Saved for a house.

**Wendy:** Two kids.

**Dan:** Malachi and…the other one.

**Wendy:** Jeremiah.

**Dan:** Jeremiah. Malachi is six and Jeremiah just turned one.

**Wendy:** Yada yada yada. Even if it’s not your story, you’ve heard it before.

**Dan:** And through it all we never had one fight about money.

**Wendy:** We’ve had discussions.

**Dan:** A few disagreements.

**Wendy:** But never a full-blown fight.

**Dan:** Not once.

**Wendy:** Until Saturday.

**Dan:** Saturday was bad.

**Wendy:** Saturday was the day my husband bought a flamethrower.

**Dan:** It’s a pyrotechnic portable applicator. Not a flamethrower.

**Wendy:** It shoots flames. It’s a flamethrower.

**Dan:** It’s basically a flamethrower. *(Geeking out)* It’s awesome though. You should see it, it’s got a thirty-six-inch flame cone, dual electric ignition and a mounted supply of butane so you can—

**Wendy:** *(overpowering him)* I said "Dan! We’ve got a six-year-old boy. What exactly do you think you’re going to do with him?"
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Dan: Teach him flamethrower safety, of course.
Wendy: He will burn the house down around us while we sleep.
Dan: No! He loves us!
Wendy: Not on purpose! Because he’s a six-year-old boy and he knows his dad bought an actual flamethrower!

Wendy takes a moment to gather herself.

Dan: (moving on) You may ask, "Why does Dan need a flamethrower?"
Wendy: He doesn’t.
Dan: Well, I’m glad you asked. There are a lot of uses.
Wendy: Arson, for instance.
Dan: Say you have a five-gallon bucket of creme brulee, how are you going to caramelize the top?
Wendy: That is not a valid use-case.
Dan: Don’t worry about it. I’ve got it covered. Or, what if our son’s boy scout troop comes over for s’mores?
Wendy: They go to the woods for that sort of thing.
Dan: I can toast 24 marshmallows in less than thirty seconds. Now that’s efficiency.
Wendy: This literally serves no purpose.
Dan: There could be a zombie attack
Wendy: No.
Dan: The apocalypse could happen.
Wendy: Not in your lifetime—which is getting shorter by the sentence.
Dan: It has so many practical uses!
Wendy: It was five hundred dollars!
Dan: And worth every penny!
Wendy: You should have talked to me first.
Dan: Why? You would have just said no.

Wendy: Exactly!

Dan: So, we need your prayers.

Wendy: More than ever.

Dan: Look, we had five hundred dollars in our bank account. It cost five hundred dollars… Clearly this is the Lord's leading. So, please pray for my wife's discernment.

Wendy: That was our Dave Ramsey Emergency Fund! It's for emergencies!

Dan: Look, I work hard too! I know our money is both our money, but why can't I get the occasional toy every now and then?

Wendy: You can, but we should talk it over first. We have other priorities.

Dan: Besides, you do things for yourself from time to time.

Wendy: Yes, like a tea and a cookie, and turning off the baby monitor for just a few more minutes of sleep. Inexpensive things.

Dan: Not true. You got that massage just last week. Those things are expensive. And now, where is that money? Totally gone. Right?

Dan has dug his final resting place. Wendy composes herself just well enough to eke out:

Wendy: That…was…a Mother's Day present from you and the kids.

Dan: Oh boy…

Wendy: You got it to say thank you for being the mother of your children.

Dan: Is that so?

Wendy: I only made time to use it because it was about to expire.

Dan: I just thought of another use for the flamethrower.

Wendy: You better run. You're gonna need it.

Dan exits with Wendy storming after him.

BLACKOUT