

A script from



“My Side of the Story”

by
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- What** A husband and a wife both speak directly to the audience, as to one person. They are both telling their side of the same story. (Theme: Marriage, Communication, Selfishness, Tension)
- Who** Husband
Wife
- When** Present day
- Wear (Props)** Wife could be holding a laundry basket
Husband could be sitting, or standing by, a chair with a remote in his hand
- Why** Ephesians 5:22-33, Philippians 2:3
- How** They are both telling their side of the same story. This should have a fast-paced “Reader’s Theatre” (yet memorized) feel to it. This script can be very tricky since the dialogue is sometimes simultaneous, so make sure you have plenty of time to practice. Lines said together should be seamless.
- Time** Approximately 4-6 minutes

A husband and wife each relay their story to an unseen person. They are not in the same place together. Words in parentheses are said together.

Husband: Okay. This is what happened. No doubt she'll tell you different.

Wife: He'll tell you different. But, then again, he's always a little off on (how)

Husband: (How) she sees these things. But, first, let me tell you that I really do love my wife. It's just that (she)

Wife: (He) drives me crazy sometimes, even though I guess I really do love him.

Husband: I'd had a really bad day at work. The fax was down, the copier was down, my secretary was... down. Probably sixty phone calls, at least twenty of 'em dealing with problems that only I could solve. In short, I spent my day putting out-

Wife: -fires. Literally. One of kids got hold of some matches that he had left out by the grill. The kids thought it would be fun to start a campfire in the backyard. It got worse. Three cuts, one bloody nose, an overflowed dishwasher. Oh! And on top of that the stove fritzed out, the kids were starving and by the time I'd fed 'em some cereal it was at least seven ---

Husband: By the time I dragged out of the office it was at least seven (o'clock)

Wife: (O'clock). And even though I'd managed to feed 'em, I hadn't even started to get 'em in the bathtub.

Husband: I hadn't eaten all day, because I never had time to-

Wife: -get around to it. So, needless to say, I was starving.

Husband: All I wanted was to get home and crash. I wasn't expecting miracles. Just a little peace and-

Wife: -quiet. That's all I wanted. Just a few minutes of peace. And maybe a bowl of Ben and Jerry's. But anyway,

Husband: Maybe put my feet up. Have a big glass of ice tea. Turn on the tube and watch the Braves for a few minutes.

Wife: He walks in the door at 7:48 and-

Husband: I got home after 7 sometime, trudged through the back door and

H & W: What did I see?!!

Husband: A disaster area. Worse than my office. Screaming kids. Toys everywhere. Mop in the middle of the kitchen floor. And no recognition that I had even walked through the door. I didn't say a word because I was afraid of what I might say. Instead, I held my tongue and slowly walked over to the TV.

Wife: As I chased down my son and wrestled him toward the bathtub, I saw him plop down in front of the TV. Without saying a word!

Husband: I turned it on and counted to about two hundred. I didn't think ten would be enough.

Wife: Can you believe it?!! Not a word. No, "Whoa, it looks like you've had a rough day." No, "Hey, can I corral that kid for you?" Not a word!

Husband: I wasn't expecting... you know... the "dream house". Just a little order. That's all. I held my tongue until I could be supportive.

Wife: Not a dozen roses. Just a little help. That's all. I didn't say anything because I was afraid of what I might say.

Husband: I didn't expect-

Wife: -a miracle.

H & W: Just a little concern.

Husband: Maybe a phone call during the day.

Wife: A phone call would have been nice.

Husband: You know, "Hey, how's your day going? Oh, I'm sorry. Maybe I'll order a pizza and you can sit on the couch with the kids and watch some baseball." Something like that. Nothing major.

Wife: You know, "Hey, how's your day going? Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Maybe I'll stop by the store and get you a carton of 'Chunky Monkey'" Something like that. (If he had done that)

Husband: (If she had done that) I would've scrubbed the floors for her when I got home.

Wife: I would've done something drastic for him. Given him a backrub.

Husband: I would've bought her a GALLON of Ben and Jerry's.

Wife: I would've ordered him a GOURMET pizza.

H & W: But, as it was-