

A script from



“Sleeping With the Enemy”

by
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- What** A husband and wife struggle with a basic of marriage- getting to sleep at night. He snores, she can't sleep. But the wife refuses to sleep separately. She's afraid that doing so could cause their marriage to fade away. **Themes:** Marriage, Husband, Wife, Compromise, Commitment, Love
- Who** Husband
Wife
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** The scene takes place in a bedroom.
Bed (with bedding- pillows, etc.)
They are both dressed in very modest pajamas.
- Why** Mark 10:6-9; Colossians 3:18-19
- How** Having a husband and wife in bed on stage might be uncomfortable for some churches, so be sure to check with your church staff for approval. We highly recommend that this script be performed by a real husband and wife. Dialogue should be conversational and not over-dramatized.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

Please see the "How" on the title page of this script. Lights up on a bed at 3 AM. Husband and Wife are sleeping, then Husband rolls onto his back and starts to make slight, intermittent snoring sound.

Wife: Oh no. Please. Please...no.

The Wife rolls over and puts her head under the pillow. The snoring becomes steadily louder from a hard, heavy breath to a definite snore. The Wife rips the pillow off her head and sits up.

Wife: *(Angry whisper)* Honey. Honey! *(She jostles him)* Honey you're snoring!

Husband: Whuuussaa

Wife: Honey. You're snoring!

Husband: Was I snoring?

Wife: Yes.

Husband: Sorry...sorry hon...

Wife: Can you turn over or something?

Husband: Sure. Yeah...

The Husband turns over and the Wife watches and waits. Just as she settles down to sleep the snoring starts abruptly in full force. The Wife bolts up.

Wife: This has got to STOP! *(She elbows him in the ribs.)*

Husband: Ow!

Wife: You were doing it again. Five seconds later and you were doing it again.

Husband: Doing what?

Wife: *(Impersonates his snoring)*

Husband: Sorry.

Wife: Are you wearing your nose strip?!

Husband: Yeah...

Woman: Acupressure bracelet?

Husband: Yes.

Wife: And you did your nose spray?

Husband: Of course...

Wife: And your throat spray?

Husband: *(Sighs)*

Wife: You didn't do the throat spray?

Husband: It tastes like paint thinner.

Wife: *(Turns on the light)* Where is it?

Husband: It doesn't work.

Wife: *(Getting out of bed)* I'll get it. Is it in the bathroom?

Husband: It's here. Okay? Just relax. I have it here. *(As he reaches for nose spray he feels a stitch in his ribs)* Feels like I've gone 10 rounds with Mike Tyson.

Wife: If I was Mike Tyson I'd chew my own ears off!

The Husband pulls the spray out of his nightstand.

Wife: Three to four sprays on the *back* of your throat.

Husband: I know.

Wife: Better make it four.

Husband looks at his Wife, forces a smile and sprays it into his throat, gagging heavily and coughing.

Wife: Thank you. Sorry, I'm just really tired.

Husband: Me too.

Wife: Good night.

*To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at
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ENDING:

Wife: And this isn't going to work! We're not going to work. Don't you see? This is going to kill us. We're not going have some big blowout, we're just going to fade away, one night at a time. One snore at a time. Until there's nothing left of our marriage but your big fat uvula and my last shred of sanity. And I will die before I let that happen, and you can bet your window rattling pie hole I'm taking you down with me! Are you picking up what I'm putting down? Do you get it, do you get, DO YOU GET IT!

Husband: When you call the surgeon...tell him I'm going to need lots of valium...as soon as possible.

Wife: Thank you. Thank you, thank you, thank you. I love you. Now, let's get some sleep.

Husband: I'll give you a head start.

Wife: Thanks. *(She kisses him and turns off the light and settles into bed with a new found peace.)*

Wife: And honey?

Husband: Yeah.

Wife: Since you're already having one surgery, you think we can schedule that other one we've been talking about. You know...THE surgery. Paula's husband just had it done and said he didn't feel a thing down there. He was back to work on Mon...

*The **Husband** snores with a forced loudness.*

Fade to black.