

A script from



"Tasting, by Memory"

by
Curt Cloninger

- What** Curt gets a reminder from his wife that sometimes life gets stale and tasteless, but it's a good thing to have someone recall the memory of God's goodness.
Themes: Valentines, Romance, Goodness of God, Love, Relationships, Marriage
- Who** Actor- older man
- When** Present
- Wear
(Props)** Pear
Knife
- Why** Psalm 34
- How** This is a conversation between the actor and the audience. Treat it as if it were a two person conversation. An option to keep it casual is to have the actor sit on a stool while speaking.
- Time** Approximately 2-4 minutes

An older man speaks directly to the audience, very conversationally, as to one person. He fiddles with a ripe pear, cutting it with a knife, occasionally taking a bite, as he speaks.

My wife doesn't smell anymore. *(Realizes he will probably be misunderstood, and slightly chuckles)* What I mean is, she lost her sense of smell a few years ago. Can't smell a thing. That's not the worst thing in the world. It even has a bit of an upside. She can't smell our wet Springer Spaniel. She can't smell...well...*me*, after a dinner out at Armando's, our favorite Spanish restaurant.

But, her loss of smell does carry with it sort of...unspoken sadness. She misses out on- *(interrupts himself)* well...she can't smell the clean sheets, or a fine spring morning, a strong cup of coffee. She can't smell this pear. That's the worst. She can't smell food. So, of course, since she can't *smell* food she really can't *taste* food anymore. And that's...well...it's not good. Because my wife, she has...*had*...no, she *has* a very...appreciative palette.

A few weeks ago, I took her out for a romantic dinner, at Armando's. We were looking at the menu, and I was teasing her, telling her she should just order white rice, instead of the much more expensive Seafood Paella she was looking at. "After all," I told her, "you can't taste the difference, and it would save us at least thirty bucks." She laughed. But then she got quiet, and she stared at the menu for a minute.

To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

ENDING:

She knows me...my wife...that sometimes I don't have a nose for it, the goodness of God. That sometimes, for me, life just seems hard. Stale. With all the excitement of a bowl of white rice. She knows.

But, like I said, she's got an appreciative palette for what *really* matters, the flavor, of God. That's one of the things I love about her. She helps me taste...by memory.

And, that's pretty romantic. Oh, it's not hearts and flowers, or songs with violins. But, I think it's worth celebrating. And I did. And I do.

Lights fade. The end.