

## DANDELIONS

by MOLLY WU

**GENRE:** Dramatic Monologue

**SYNOPSIS:** A man in a failing marriage recounts the slippery slope of mistakes that led to disaster.

**DIRECTOR'S TIP:** It's not specified who KYLE is speaking to, but it may be helpful for the actor to choose an imaginary 'recipient' in order to keep the delivery clear.

**TIME:** Under 5 minutes

**CAST BREAKDOWN:** 1

**TOPIC:** Sin, Marriage

**SCRIPTURE REFERENCE:** James 1:15, Hebrews 3:12-13

**CHURCH YEAR SEASON:** Any

**SUGGESTED USE:** Seeker Service, Sermon Introduction

**CHARACTERS:**

KYLE

**PROPS:** None

**COSTUMES:** Contemporary

**SOUND:** One wireless microphone

**LIGHTING:** General stage

**SETTING:** Unspecified

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*Lights up on KYLE.*

**KYLE:** Last night, I dreamed I was doing yard work. (*Smiles sheepishly*) Like sleeping on the sofa isn't bad enough, now I've got to dream about working on my lawn all night.

*Sighs.*

In my dream, I'm mowing the grass, right? And I notice there are a couple of dandelions near the driveway. I don't stop, though. I don't think much about it. But then when I circle back around, there are even more of them. And every time I circle around the yard, I find more and more dandelions sprouting up, 'til finally the yard is covered in 'em. I keep mowing and mowing, but it's like they're always one step ahead of me.

It's funny, as ridiculous as the dream was, it's really sticking with me. Like I can't shake it.

I don't put a lot of stock in dreams—yard-related or otherwise—but this one seems like it means something. Or should mean something. (*Shakes his head*) I don't know.

*He groans, rubbing his eyes, wearily.*

Maybe my mind just needs something else to focus on. It's been a heckuva year. This time last year, I would've said I had it all worked out. Really had the tiger by the tail, you know? Big promotion, the kids were doing well in private school, Jenny seemed happy.

I don't know what happened. I mean, I guess it's never the one thing, but still.

*He spreads his hands in a shrug.*

All I can say is, I made some mistakes. Just...poor choices. More work meant more stress and I guess I felt like I needed an outlet. Just felt like something was missing. Something I wasn't finding at home.

I started visiting some sites on the internet that weren't exactly healthy—and then, I don't know. I guess my imagination kinda got away from me. Started thinking that maybe there was this whole other world out there that I'd been missing. You know—an exciting world.

Because that's one thing my life wasn't: exciting.

Coming home to the same house and the same bills, parking the same car in the same garage, and going to bed every night with the same woman and I know that's the American dream, but it's like Jenny and I ran out of things to talk about, ya know? And I guess there were signs, even a year ago, that we were kinda veering off course. A little