

DUST BUNNIES

by MOLLY WU

GENRE: Drama

SYNOPSIS: A young wife expresses her frustration with the holidays and her dysfunctional family gatherings.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Let the “stage business” of sweeping be a functional part of the scene, with breaks put in for beats and pauses.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 2

TOPIC: Christmas, Family

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Philippians 4:6-7

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Christmas

SUGGESTED USE: Worship Service, Christmas Service

CHARACTERS:

CARSON: husband, mid-twenties

LORI: wife, mid-twenties

PROPS: A “Frosty the Snowman” yard ornament, broom, dust pan, rug, cordless phone

COSTUMES: Contemporary

SOUND: Two wireless microphones; SFX: phone ringing

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: Living room

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Lights up on a living room, as LORI sweeps the floor. From offstage, barely audible:

CARSON: Honey, is it alright if I put Frosty in the living room?

LORI: What?

CARSON enters, awkwardly carrying a large “Frosty the Snowman” yard ornament, slightly dusty.

CARSON: Is it alright if I put Frosty in here for a minute? I’m trying to get to the Christmas lights.

LORI: I’m cleaning in here.

CARSON: Just for a minute

CARSON sets the snowman down and exits.

LORI: *(To her departing husband)* He’s filthy.

She turns back and sees that Frosty is staring at her. Feeling strangely guilty, she walks over to him and brushes a cobweb from his hat. She takes the broom and sweeps it over him, then stands back and appraises him. She sighs.

You don’t know how good you’ve got it, Frosty my man. I know you’re gonna get stuck out in the yard for the next few weeks, but trust me, I’d trade places with you in a heartbeat if I could. Family.

She sighs, then resumes sweeping as she talks to the snowman.

Do you get along with your relatives? Lemme guess—they’re all a bunch of flakes. *(She grins.)* At least your family has the common decency to melt and disappear for the rest of the year. Mine’s the gift that keeps on giving, all year ’round. Easter, birthdays, Memorial Day, Thanksgiving—if there’s a greeting card for it, my family will be there.

Beat.

Don’t get me wrong. I love them, they just... *(Shakes her head)* ...don’t make much sense to me. I mean, these are the people I grew up with, that raised me, but most of the time they seem like some other species. The things they talk about, the way they act—it’s hard to be around them for more than a few minutes. And when you lock us up in a house together for a couple of hours. *(She sighs.)* It’s exhausting.

I always walk away from these family gatherings feeling like I’ve just survived six grueling weeks in the Amazon jungle. Like I should be rewarded with some kind of medal or something.