

MEMORY FOAM

by MOLLY WU

GENRE: Dramatic monologue

SYNOPSIS: A wife has trouble sleeping in the wake of her divorce.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Kimber should be a sympathetic character, so try to avoid playing her as too self-pitying. She's not whining, but genuinely trying to bear up under difficult circumstances.

TIME: 3 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1F

THEME: Forgiveness; Divorce; Infidelity

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Proverbs 5:3; 6:27-29, 32

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Services; sermon illustration

CHARACTERS:

KIMBER

PROPS: Bed

COSTUMES: Contemporary.

SOUND: Wireless mics if desired

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: A bedroom

Drama Ministry

service@DramaMinistry.com
www.DramaMinistry.com
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MEMORY FOAM *by Molly Wu*

Lights up. KIMBER takes an appraising look at the bed, presses both hands into the mattress and then raises them, examining the impression. She looks to the audience.

KIMBER: Memory foam.

Married to an insomniac for twelve years, and believe me, we tried everything. Melatonin, herbal teas, white noise generators---nothing touched it. He even went through a sleep study at a local university, where they hooked him up to electrodes and scanned his brain. *(shakes her head)* Nothing.

I mean, they found his brain, but nothing inside it that should be keeping him up.

Every night, Brad tossed and turned and groaned and stared at the ceiling and usually ended up on the couch flipping through channels, facing the dawn like an extra from Night of the Living Dead.

So one Christmas I surprised him with a new mattress.

She indicates the bed.

A queen for my king. Top of the line memory foam. Holds the impression of your body even after you're gone.

Remembers every curve. So you fit.

Beat. A sadness in her eyes as she runs her hand along the side of the bed where he apparently slept.

Didn't work, though. He still couldn't sleep a wink.

At least...not next to me.

She sits heavily on the bed, dejected.

In March I found out what was keeping Brad awake. Apparently someone else had made an...impression...on him. A more lasting one, it seems.

A better fit.

Her name's Gina. From work. And I guess her mother didn't raise her to be a mistress, so if Brad was going to be with her, he was gonna have to leave me.

I take some small cold comfort in the fact that at least after twelve years of marriage, it wasn't an easy decision.