

SKIT: The Park Date

by Helen Jameson

Scripture: For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother's womb. (Psalm 139:13)
Topics: Sanctity of life, abortion, God's guidance, pre-marital sex, fear, anxiety, guilt, choices.
Cast: Chloe--age 16
Jim--age 17
Setting: A park in winter
Costumes: Jeans and jackets
Running Time: Approximately 6-8 minutes
Props: One park bench
Paper bag
One pregnancy kit
One pair of gloves
Wristwatch

Synopsis: Jim and Chloe have arranged to meet at a park. The two have been dating for three months. Recently their relationship changed, and sex entered the picture. Now Chloe fears that she is pregnant, and Jim has purchased a pregnancy kit for her.

Director notes: The skit takes place on a cold winter evening. The actions of the actors need to reflect the chilly temperature. Chloe and Jim should be portrayed as average teenagers in a difficult situation. The skit ends in an open-ended manner. The only certainty is that Chloe will be performing the pregnancy test the next morning.

SOUND: A north wind blows. The scene opens with Chloe sitting on the bench. She checks her cell phone and stands. She paces back and forth blowing warm air into her hands and then sits again. She checks her cell phone once more.

Chloe: Where is he? He should be here by now. Maybe he's not coming. He could at least send a text. (Anxiously.) Maybe he chickened out. (Rubs her hands together/blows into them.) It's so cold. (Frustrated.) I wish he would hurry up! I'm freezing!

(Jim enters carrying a brown paper bag hidden under his jacket.)

Jim: Hey, Chloe! (Chloe jumps up and runs to him. They embrace.)

Chloe: Hey! I was worried that you....

Jim: (Slightly irritated.) Worried? I told you I'd be here. (Taking her hands from his neck.) Man, your hands are cold.

Chloe: (Defensively.) Sorry, Jim.

Jim: How long have you been waiting?

Chloe: About twenty minutes. This park is creepy when the sun goes down. It's getting colder, too. (Blows warm air into her hands.)

Jim: Here. (Hands his gloves to her.) You can wear 'em.

Chloe: Thanks. (Anxiously as she puts on the gloves.) Did you get it?

Jim: Yeah. It took awhile. There were so many different brands. (Stomps his feet to stay warm.) I felt like a doofus standing there reading all the labels.

Chloe: (Bristling.) I'm sorry it was such a hassle for you.

Jim: (Shrugging his shoulders.) No biggie. It just took longer than I expected.

Chloe: (Making excuses.) I told you that I couldn't do it myself. Someone might have recognized me, and I couldn't ask my sister to do it. She would have blabbed to Mom and Dad.

Jim: (Uncomfortable.) It's all right. I went to the pharmacy on Eighth Street. Nobody knows me there. (Sits on the bench.)

Chloe: (Relieved/sits by him.) That was a good idea.

Jim: I had to search the whole store before I found the right aisle. I must have looked lost because this clerk came up to me and asked if I needed any help. Man! I swear that old lady was stalking me.

Chloe: (Horried.) What did you say to her?

Jim: (Joking.) "Where's the Tylenol?"

Chloe: What?

Jim: It just popped out of my mouth. She stared at me and pointed to the pain relief aisle.

Chloe: (Impatiently.) So? Did you buy it?

Jim: Yeah, I bought it. (Pulling paper bag from his jacket.) I had to buy some Tylenol, too. I put the receipt in the bag. (Hands Chloe the bag.)

Chloe: (Clutches the bag to her chest.) Thanks. (Silence.)

Jim: Well...aren't you going to look at it?

Chloe: Okay. (Opening the sack.) Thanks for doing this, Jim. I really appreciate it. You're a good guy. (She pulls out the box and stares at it.)

Jim: What?

Chloe: What is this?

Jim: (Puzzled.) It's what you wanted.

Chloe: (Angrily.) No, it's not! This isn't the brand that I told you to buy! I can't believe you bought this! (Shaking the box at him.)

Jim: (Defending himself.) Well, the one you wanted cost too much. I only had ten bucks, and I had to buy the Tylenol, too... to get that nosey old clerk off my back.

Chloe: (Totally exasperated.) Jim, Mary Ann Davies told me to only use that brand because it's really sensitive... so I could find out sooner. Not this! (Throws the box and bag to the ground.)

Jim: (Angrily.) What does Mary Ann Davies know anyway? (Pointing to his chest.) I was the one standing by the Kotex and reading all the labels...not her!

Chloe: Mary Ann is my best friend, Jim, and she knows.

Jim: (Snidely.) Well, good for her! When did she get so smart?

Chloe: She just knows. (Defensively.) She had to use one.

Jim: (Surprised.)What?

Chloe: Are you deaf? I said that she had to use one.

Jim: (Stunned.) She did? When?

Chloe: About five months ago.

Jim: So she's knocked up?

Chloe: (Angrily.) Pregnant! The word is pregnant, Jim!

Jim: Chill, Chloe. So Mary Ann is pregnant. She doesn't look pregnant.

Chloe: She's not...anymore. (Awkwardly.) Her mom took her to a clinic.

Jim: What kind of clinic?

Chloe: Good grief, Jim! A clinic!

Jim: (Realizing.) Oh. (They sit silently.)

Chloe: Nobody knows. So don't go flapping your lips.

Jim: I won't. (In disbelief.) Her mother took her?

Chloe: Yes.

Jim: Mrs. Davies was my Sunday school teacher in the fifth grade. I can't believe she would take her...to get a....

Chloe: (Interrupting.) Her mother didn't want her to do it, but parents don't have to give permission. Her mom took her so Mary Ann wouldn't be alone.

Jim: That doesn't make any sense. My mom had to sign the papers when I had my wisdom teeth removed last year.

Chloe: Nothing makes sense anymore. (Wearily.) Mary Ann cries a lot now.

Jim: (Shakes his head.) Man, that's tough...really tough.

Chloe: Nobody talks at her house. Her mother just sits at the kitchen table staring off into space. Her dad hangs out in the garage. It's like somebody died in their family.

Jim: (Uncomfortably.) I really liked Mrs. Davies. She was a good teacher.

Chloe: Yeah. (They both are silent. Jim reaches down and picks up the paper bag.)

Jim: (Looking at her.) Chloe, if you are....you know...knocked...

Chloe: (Irritated.) Pregnant. The word is pregnant, Jim.

Jim: Okay...sorry! Pregnant. (Pauses.) So you'll like...have a baby inside.

Chloe: (sourly.) I think that's what the word "pregnant" means.

Jim: (Raising his voice.) I know that! I'm not a dummy.

Chloe: You could have fooled me! (She scoots to the end of the bench and wipes her eyes. Jim is quiet. He picks up the kit, puts it into the bag, and places the bag on the bench between them.)

Jim: Chloe?

Chloe: (Impatiently.) What?

Jim: So if you're pregnant, it's a baby from the very beginning, right? Not a bunch of cells?

Chloe: (Sniffing.) Some people think that. Some people don't.

Jim: (Shocked.) That's what we were told.

Chloe: (Snidely.) Yeah. We were told a lot of things...Santa Claus is real, and the Easter Bunny brings eggs.... (Glaring at him.) And somebody told me that condoms never break.

Jim: Chloe, it wasn't my fault! It wasn't. It just happened. (They stare at each other and then turn away.)

Jim: (Breaking the silence.) I still don't understand...Mary Ann and the clinic thing.

Chloe: (Exploding.) What's to understand? She didn't want her body stretched out of shape, and she didn't want to graduate from high school with a baby on her hip. Her mother tried to persuade her to give it up for adoption, but Mary Ann said no. She made her decision. Just like I'm going to have to make a decision.

Jim: What about me?

Chloe: What about you?

Jim: Don't I get a say in what happens?

Chloe: I'm the one who might be pregnant. I don't need your permission either.

Jim: Well, that's great. Just great! I thought we were in this together.

Chloe: Chill, Jim. It's my body.

Jim: You chill!

Chloe: (Angrily.) No, you chill!

Jim: You are such a crab!

Chloe: (Mocking him.) I rather be a crab than a stupid doofus who can't even buy the right kit.

Jim: I tried!

Chloe: Yeah, you tried! Thanks a lot!

Jim: Well, you're NOT welcome. (They sit silently. Jim picks up the paper bag and holds it. He steals a glance at Chloe. He clears his throat.) Chloe?

Chloe: (Rolling her eyes.) What?

Jim: I'm sorry...about the kit. (Sets the bag down again on the bench.) This one did say it was sensitive ...whatever that means. I didn't think the brand would matter. I guess I wasn't very (finds it hard to say) sensitive.

Chloe: It's okay.(Picks up the bag.) I'll still use it. (Glancing at him.) I'm sorry that I'm a crab. I'm just...scared.

Jim: Yeah. I'm scared, too. (Pauses.) Are you going to go that clinic?

Chloe: I don't know.

Jim: You don't have to. We could talk to someone...we're in this together. (Takes her hand.) Right?

Chloe: (Pulling away.) I need to go home. (Takes off a glove.) Here's your gloves back.

Jim: Keep 'em. You can give them to me at school tomorrow.

Chloe: Thanks. (The silence is awkward.)

Jim: When are you going to take the test?

Chloe: Tomorrow morning.

Jim: Will you text me?

Chloe: (Snapping at him.) Of course, I'll text you! (Jim lowers his head.) I'm sorry. (Looks at her watch.) It's late. My mom and dad are probably getting worried.

Jim: Okay. Where's your car? (Pointing.) I'm parked over there.

Chloe: (Pointing the opposite direction.) That way.

Jim: I'll walk with you.

Chloe: It's okay. You don't need to.

Jim: I don't mind.

Chloe: (Sharply.) I said you don't need to.

Jim: Okay. (They hug stiffly. Jim tries to kiss her, but Chloe turns her head. They step apart, and Chloe carries the paper bag. Jim puts his hands in his pockets.) I guess I'll see you tomorrow.

Chloe: Yeah. See ya.

(They exit in opposite directions. Neither one looks back.)

The end.