

**A CONVERSATION WITH KAYLA**  
**By Helen Jameson**

- Biblical Ref.:** Matthew 12:20 “A bruised reed he will not break....”  
Matthew 11:28 “Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest.”
- Topics:** Sexting, teen sex, loneliness, and depression.
- Characters:** Kayla, teenage girl  
Mother (Offstage voice only)
- Props:** 1 chair  
1 pillow  
1 table  
1 lamp  
1 waste basket  
Cell phone
- Costume:** Black jacket, red t-shirt ripped at the collar to mid breast line, blue jeans, sneakers.
- Synopsis:** Life isn’t what it always appears to be. A teenage girl has a conversation in passing with her mother. The question is what is the girl really communicating, and who is there to listen.
- Sound:** Sound effect: door slamming.
- Lights:** General. Side table lamp must be able to be turned on.

The scene opens with the Kayla entering her living room. She tosses her backpack on the floor and slumps onto the chair. She rubs her temples and then gags. She grabs the wastebasket and has dry heaves. She wipes her mouth with the back of her hand. The mom's voice is heard offstage only.

- MOM:           *(Offstage.)* Who’s there?
- KAYLA:       *(Hurriedly adjusting her torn shirt.)* It’s me, Kayla!
- MOM:           *(Offstage.)* You’re late...it’s almost 6 o’clock.
- KAYLA:       Sorry...I *(struggling for words)* ...I had something to do after school.
- MOM:           *(Offstage.)* I hope you’re not hungry. I haven’t had time to fix anything.
- KAYLA:       I’m fine. I had a coke and some fries.
- MOM:           *(Offstage/Silent for a moment.)* Who with?
- KAYLA:       You don’t know him, Mom. It was a blind date.
- MOM:           *(Offstage/Anxiously.)* Is he from church?

KAYLA: *(Irritated.)* No....I told you. You don't know him, Mom!

MOM: *(Offstage.)* Sorry! You going to see him again?

KAYLA: No. *(Under her breath/Pulling her shirt together.)* I definitely don't want to see him again.

MOM: *(Offstage.)* What?

KAYLA: *(Yelling.)* I said no!

MOM: *(Offstage.)* You sure are crabby. Well, I'm outta here. I don't know when I'll be back....don't stay up too late. Be sure and do all your homework!

KAYLA: *(Jumping up.)* Mom....Mom....wait. *(SOUND: door slamming.)* Great...this is just great. *(Sits in chair and turns light on and off a few times/then leaves it on.)*

Why didn't she ask me what I was really doing? *(Shaking her head/takes out her cell phone.)* Blind date? Who am I kidding? *(laughing bitterly to herself.)* He wasn't blind. He could see me plain enough....he knew what he was getting when I texted that picture. It's the thing, you know. Meet anyone....anywhere...take a picture... press a few buttons...and....you don't have to be alone. *(Sets cellphone on table.)*

*(Snapping her fingers.)* Just like that. Instant boyfriend....and if you're lucky that picture will travel. Eveybody's calling ya then....everybody. *(Holding up the cell phone.)* I am very popular.

*(Wiping her eyes.)* It's okay though....I can handle it. *(Singing in a singsong voice.)* I got my Depo shot...I got my Depo shot. *(Proudly.)* I'm not going to get pregnant...not like dear old mommy did. That's all taken care of....no worries...no problems.

*(Ducking her head.)* I said that to the guy I hooked up with last week....and the one the week before....and the one before that. It's the thing, you know? *(With lips quivering.)* I don't have to be alone.

*(Throwing the pillow.)* Why didn't she ask me what I was really doing? *(Teary-eyed.)* I would have told her. I would have. *(Angrily.)* Who am I kidding? She knows.... She's the one who took me to the doctor. I needed some medicine *(making quotation marks in the air)* to help my periods. It must be the Mother code for "give her something so she won't get pregnant."

Isn't that something? I go to church with my mom every Sunday, but come Monday morning once every six months she takes me to the doctor to get a

checkup and a shot. *(Laughing harshly.)* I kinda like how the needle stings...it makes me feel alive...that burning.

*(Wiping her eyes/standing/looks around the room.)* I hate being alone. I need to think about something else. *(Turns off the lamp/picks up backpack.)* I got homework to do. *(Reaches for her cellphone and makes sure it is on.)* But I'll leave my cellphone on...just in case someone calls, ya know. Just in case. *(She exits.)*

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