

UNPLANNED

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Bradley Walton

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SYNOPSIS: A hard look at a young, unmarried couple with very different opinions of how to handle their unplanned pregnancy.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 MAN, 1 WOMAN)

MIKE (m).....A young man in college. In love and in a relationship with Lisa.

LISA (f).....A young woman in college. In love and in a relationship with Mike.

SETTING

The scene is set in a college dorm room. The set may be suggested with dorm-style furniture, or a bare stage is also fine.

PROPERTIES

- ☐ Home pregnancy test

AT RISE:

LISA is in her dorm room, pacing nervously. MIKE enters.

MIKE: Hey. How'd the bio exam go?

LISA: I didn't go to class this morning.

MIKE: What's wrong? You sick? (*LISA turns away from MIKE uncomfortably.*) Sweetie? What's the matter? (*LISA takes a deep, ragged breath.*) Lisa?

LISA: I... (*Swallows, closes her eyes, takes another breath and composes herself, then speaks matter-of-factly.*) ...I'm pregnant. (*She closes her eyes tightly, her lower lip quivers, and she breathes quickly for a few seconds, then pulls herself back together. MIKE stands there, stunned.*) Please don't lose it, Mike. I'm just barely holding on, and I can't keep it together for both of us.

MIKE: How do you...you did what, a home test?

LISA: Yeah.

MIKE: Can I see it?

LISA: You don't believe me?

MIKE: No. I believe you. It just doesn't seem real.

LISA: Here. (*Shows him the test.*) Is that real enough?

MIKE: I—

LISA: You want to see the other three? They all look the same.

MIKE: Plus means positive?

LISA: (*Shouting.*) What do you think plus means?!

MIKE: I'm sorry. I'm just—

LISA: I know. I shouldn't have...

MIKE: Shh. Sweetheart, it's okay.

LISA: It's not okay!

MIKE: All right. No. It's not. I just...I need to think.

LISA: Thinking's not going to change it.

MIKE: Did you tell anybody yet?

LISA: No.

MIKE: When did you find out?

LISA: About 1:00 last night.

MIKE: 1:00? Why didn't you call me?

LISA: I...I needed some time. To myself.

MIKE: Have you slept at all?

LISA: No.

MIKE: Lisa, there's no way you can think about this rationally without any sleep.

LISA: Believe me, I'm plenty wide awake.

MIKE: Okay. Look. Just try to relax.

LISA: I can't relax!

MIKE: I know. I understand that. Okay? Just—just hold it together like you said. You can do it. We can deal with this. We talked about it. Before we ever started having sex. We talked about what we were going to do if you got pregnant.

LISA: Yeah. But we were so careful.

MIKE: None of that stuff's a hundred percent. And we knew that. There's always a risk. We took it.

LISA: So now what?

MIKE: I promised you that I wouldn't walk out on you.

LISA: What, are you reminding yourself? Do you want to go?

MIKE: No. I wouldn't be able to live with myself. And I love you. Leaving's not an option.

LISA: Are you sure?

MIKE: Yeah. I'm sure.

LISA: Because I don't know if I can do this on my own.

MIKE: You won't have to.

LISA: *(Smiles a little.)* I know. We've been together almost two years now. I think I know you pretty well. I love you. I would never have slept with you if I didn't trust you.

MIKE: Thanks.

LISA: Yeah.

MIKE: You're going to be due, what...in October?

LISA: November.

MIKE: We can finish the semester, at least. I'll go ahead and try to get a part-time job and start saving some money. My parents are going to freak out about this. They're going to be...I hate to do this to them.

LISA: Mike—

MIKE: I guess I should start looking through housing stuff in the classifieds. Do you think any of your family would let us crash with them? I mean, I don't want to move out of state, but we'll do what we have to do.

LISA: Mike, I don't want to keep it.

MIKE: What?

LISA: I'm going to have an abortion.

MIKE: No. You can't—this is my baby, too.

LISA: It's not a baby yet. It's a bunch of cells.

MIKE: It's a bunch of cells that's going to be our baby. Ours! Yours and mine. You can't just...abort that!

LISA: Mike, I love you. I want to marry you. I want to have children with you. But not now. Not like this. I'm not ready.

MIKE: Neither am I, but please...I deserve to have a say.

LISA: It's my body.

MIKE: This isn't about your body. It's about what's inside your body.

LISA: But it's in my body. Not yours. And there's nothing either of us can do to change that. That's just the way the biology works. You did your part, and you're finished. It's out of your hands. I'm sorry.

MIKE: You don't have to carry this burden alone!

LISA: I know you mean that metaphorically, but actually I do have to carry the burden alone.

MIKE: I want to help! (*Gestures to her midsection.*) I want to be part of this!

LISA: But you can't. And you need to deal with that.

MIKE: Think of the baby.

LISA: Will you please not call it that?

MIKE: Does it make you uncomfortable?

LISA: Yes. As a matter of fact, it does.

MIKE: Then maybe that should tell you something!

LISA: Why are you...? You don't even go to church!

MIKE: What does that have to do with it?

LISA: How can you talk like this? You always said you were pro-choice!

MIKE: I am. I think that a woman should have the option to terminate a pregnancy if she thinks she has to, but you don't have to.

LISA: Yes, I do.

MIKE: Why?

LISA: Because I'm not ready to give up my life. I want to finish college. I want a job and a career and to make something of myself before I start a family, and this is going to completely derail all of that!

MIKE: Yes. It is. And you knew that was a risk before we ever started sleeping together. We made a decision that if this ever happened we'd get married and keep the baby and make things work as best we could.

LISA: I know we did. I thought I could. But I can't.

MIKE: You're saying...what? That you changed your mind?

LISA: Yes. And I know that sounds horrible. But I need you to support me.

MIKE: I can't.

LISA: You said you would!

MIKE: I said I was willing to put my life on indefinite hold if this happened! I thought you were willing to do the same!

LISA: I thought I was, but I guess I'm not.

MIKE: Look, please. I know it's not a baby yet. It's just—it's cells, okay? Just like you said. But the natural course of things is for those cells to develop into a little human being. Our child. Do we have the right to stop that?

LISA: It's nature's course for people to have sex—to reproduce! But you agreed to use birth control! You had no problem messing with nature then! Why now? How is this different?

MIKE: Because a fertilized egg is the beginning of a human being. Of our child.

LISA: The egg doesn't get fertilized without sex, and you went along with that. You have a responsibility!

MIKE: Yes! To the baby!

LISA: No! To me. You had sex with me.

MIKE: How can you be so selfish?

LISA: When you're a woman and you have this thing growing inside of you, you can pass judgment on me, but until then, just back off! I am terrified! Terrified of giving up the rest of my life! Terrified of giving birth! Terrified of getting an abortion! Terrified that if I let up on my resolve for even a second, I'm not going to be able to do

what I have to do, and I will never forgive you if you don't back me up.

MIKE: Will you ever forgive me if I do?

LISA: Yes! I think so. I don't know.

MIKE: Will you forgive yourself?

LISA: Maybe. Probably not...

MIKE: Listen to yourself.

LISA: I thought about this all night.

MIKE: Well think about it some more!

LISA: I weighed every option! And I want my life! Mine! Even if it's full of pain and regret, it'll be mine! I want a chance! I don't want this to screw it up for me! And if I don't do this now, then I will hate myself. I'll resent the baby. Mike, I don't want to resent my own child! It's better to end it now than to be that kind of a parent.

MIKE: What about adoption? You could give it up for adoption.

LISA: Mike, I don't think you could handle that.

MIKE: Me?

LISA: Yes, you. Think how you're reacting to this. How possessive you're being. And then tell me that after you've watched me carry your child for nine months that you'd be willing to just stand there and let me hand it over to somebody else. I don't think you could do that. Could you? *(Pause.)*

MIKE: Give it to me. I'll raise it. You can visit. If you change your mind later, we could still get married and—

LISA: Listen to yourself! Are you really going to drop out of college and try to support a child on some crappy minimum wage job? Who's going to keep it while you're at work? How are you going to feed it? Will you know what to do when it's sick? Do you even know how to raise a child? Alone?

MIKE: I'll do whatever I have to do.

LISA: What if you change your mind, huh? What then? Will you try to give it back to me? Will you guilt trip me? Or will you wallow in your misery and take it out on the kid? What if you just disappear when I go into labor?

MIKE: I won't do that.

LISA: That's what you say. And I know you mean it. But do you have any idea how many guys have told their pregnant girlfriends they wouldn't walk out? And some of them probably meant it. But when the hard part came, they just up and left. Things change in situations like this. People change. I've changed. And I can't take the chance that you'll change, too. I'm getting an abortion.

MIKE: So that's it, then.

LISA: That's it.

MIKE: You're going to make a liar out of me.

LISA: What do you mean?

MIKE: (*Quietly.*) I have to leave.

LISA: What?

MIKE: Maybe sometimes people don't really change. They just find new parts of themselves that they didn't know were there.

LISA: Mike—

MIKE: You're not the person I thought you were.

LISA: I love you.

MIKE: Maybe you never have been.

LISA: You said you wouldn't be able to live with yourself!

MIKE: Maybe I'm not the person I thought I was.

LISA: You said leaving wasn't an option!

MIKE: Or maybe, sometimes, things really do just...change.

LISA: Mike, I'm pregnant, and I need you. I can't do this alone. Don't walk out on me.

MIKE: What else am I supposed to do? I can't go along with this. I meant what I said. But I will not help you do this.

LISA: (*Softly.*) Go.

MIKE: I still love you.

LISA: Go. Just...go.

MIKE: (*MIKE pauses, dying inside.*) Goodbye. (*MIKE exits.*)

BLACKOUT.

THE END