

Caught

Characters:

MOM
DAD
KARA

Props: Couch; table; lamp

(Lights are dim. There is a couch with a side table that has a lamp on it. The lamp is turned off. Seated on the sofa are MOM and DAD, who are waiting on their daughter, KARA, to come home. It is past her curfew. A door creaks open and shut slowly. KARA enters, carrying her shoes and tiptoeing carefully. She is unaware of her parents' presence. Suddenly, DAD flicks the lamp on. KARA screams.)

KARA: Oh. Dad! It's just you. You scared me to death. Don't do that!

MOM: Do you know what time it is, young lady?

KARA: Um . . . nope.

DAD: It's 1:15 AM!

KARA: Really? Wow. No wonder I'm so tired. I guess I'll head off to bed. You know I've got a big day tomorrow. So . . .

DAD: Hold it right there. We are not done.

KARA: Yeah. I kinda figured.

MOM: Have a seat.

(KARA sits down in between her parents.)

KARA: Okay. Look. Before you begin, there's something I want to say.

MOM: Alright.

KARA: I'm actually really glad you guys were sitting here tonight waiting to catch me.

MOM: You are?

KARA: Yeah. I mean, this isn't the first time I've broken curfew.

DAD: It's not?

KARA: No. I've done it tons of times, and if you only knew what I was doing while I was breaking curfew . . . well, let's just deal with this right now.

(MOM and DAD look astonished at each other.)

DAD: Yes. Let's. We'll get to other things later.

KARA: Right. Well, the thing is, I've just been feeling really guilty about sneaking around and everything. Now that you already know, I can just come clean about everything and we can get past it. So . . . I'm sorry, Mom and Dad, I really am. And I just want you to know that I completely repent of my curfew breaking and ask for your forgiveness that I already know you've given me because of how much you love me. So, thanks for this. I'm glad that we can have this moment for us to grow a little closer. Now, I really am tired, so I'll talk to you two in the morn . . . uh, afternoon. Love you.

(Again, KARA starts to leave.)

MOM: You repent?

(KARA stops.)

KARA: Yeah.

MOM: Do you even know what that means?

KARA: Yeah, or else I wouldn't have said it. It means I'm sorry for all the stuff I've done and promise not to do it again.

MOM: Right. Well, I distinctly remember you being very sorry for cheating on your math midterm and promising to never do anything like that again, so you must have repented of that. Huh?

KARA: Yeah. Well, I meant . . .

MOM: But then you paid someone to write your English paper for you.

KARA: I don't think that . . .

DAD: And I distinctly remember you "repenting" of not doing your chores . . .

MOM: And repenting of picking on your little brother . . .

DAD: And repenting of using my credit card.

KARA: Ummm . . . I . . . uh . . . I thought love kept no record of wrongs.

DAD: That's not what we're doing, honey. We're just trying to point out to you that repenting isn't just getting off the hook because you said you were sorry.

KARA: Why not?

DAD: Because that takes responsibility away from you. And you are responsible for yourself.

MOM: All the freedom and trust and money we give you are blessings, Kara. Of course we love you and are going to take care of you. We're your parents. But there are also going to be consequences when you mess up. I hope that you are sorry and that you won't do them again, but that doesn't change the results of what has already happened.

KARA: I . . . don't know what to say.

MOM: I think that's good right now. Why don't you go on to your room and get some sleep since you're so tired. You'll have plenty of time to think about what to say.

DAD: Yeah, about a month's worth of nights at home.

KARA: Um, okay. Good night.

(KARA exits. MOM and DAD stand up and give each other a high five. The End.)