Running Time: Approximately 5 minutes

Themes: Struggle between flesh and spirit, Sex

Scripture References: Romans 7:14-25; Psalm 119:9; 1 Corinthians 6:18; Philippians 4:8 (NIV)

Synopsis: On a date at his house, a young man named Jack finds himself trying to take advantage of his girlfriend. The girl resists, confused as to why Jack is acting like he is. Jack is puzzled too . . .

Cast:
Jack—A young man struggling with lust
Kim—Jack’s love interest
Jack’s Thoughts

Production Suggestions:
Actors—How “far” the characters go is up to your audience and director’s discretion.
Kim’s boundaries are very strict, so Jack will not be able to do much before she slaps him away. Jack’s Thoughts can be prerecorded, or done live by another actor offstage.
Setting—The location is Jack’s home, either the home of his parents or his own place. Living room set.
Props—Couch, phone, computer on table, TV (optional), TV remote control, a pair of boxers hidden on the couch.
Costumes—Casual dress.
Sound—CD or tape with Jack’s Thoughts lines prerecorded lines, or an offstage mic.
Suggested song: “Take My Breath Away” by Berlin.
Lights—General lighting, possibly “mood” lighting to create an almost romantic setting.

(Kim and Jack enter. The stage is set with a couch facing upstage. A TV may be set facing the couch and the audience. There is a table off to the side with a phone and laptop on it.)

Kim: I really enjoyed dinner, Jack.

Jack: Did you?
KIM: Yes. I love spaghetti and meatballs.
JACK: Well, I’m glad I made them.
KIM: It was terrific.
JACK: Thank you.
KIM: Was the sauce homemade?
JACK: No, it was Ragu, but I made the meatballs myself.
KIM: Really?
JACK: Really.
KIM: They were very good.
JACK: Thanks.
JACK’S THOUGHT: What do you know? That magazine article was right. Girls are impressed with a guy who can cook. Who would have thought such wisdom could be gleaned from the pages of *Cosmopolitan*? I may need to pick that up more often.
KIM: Do you need help cleaning up in the kitchen?
JACK: I’ll get it later.
KIM: You sure?
JACK: I’m sure. Have a seat, and we can watch a movie.
KIM: OK.
(KIM moves to sit on the couch. She picks up a pair of boxers.)
KIM (awkwardly): Umm, Jack?
JACK (embarrassed): Oh. (Grabs the boxers, throws them off) Sorry.
JACK’S THOUGHT: That was not good. Maybe if I hadn’t had the TV on while I was cleaning I would have caught that. Then again, she didn’t seem that grossed out by it. They are a nice pair of boxers.
(KIM finds the TV remote and starts clicking channels. JACK sits next to KIM.)
KIM (points to the TV): I don’t suppose I could talk you into this.
JACK: What is it?
KIM: *An Affair to Remember*.
JACK: Noooo thank you. I did that once with an ex-girlfriend and vowed never again.
KIM: Not even for your wife?
JACK: We’ll see when the time comes.

(KIM flips channels.)

JACK: Aha! Top Gun!

KIM: Oh my! I haven’t seen this movie since junior high.

JACK: You want to watch it?

KIM: What else could we do?

JACK: I dunno.

JACK'S THOUGHT: But I certainly have some ideas.

(Suggested music cue: “Take My Breath Away” KIM leans her head on JACK'S shoulder. He does the yawn stretch thing and puts his arm around her.)

KIM: Jack?

JACK: I hope you don’t mind.

KIM (smile): No, it’s OK.

JACK'S THOUGHT: You hear that? It’s OK. She’s really getting into you. Time to put a little move on her.

(They stare into each other’s eyes. JACK kisses her on the cheek. KIM giggles. JACK kisses her cheek again, then a third time. KIM giggles again. JACK starts to kiss her cheek and move down towards KIM'S neck.)

KIM: Hey, there, Romeo. Slow down a bit.

JACK (pulls back): Sorry.

KIM: It’s OK. I guess I’ve just never seen this side of you.

JACK: You mean the romantic side?

KIM: I guess.

JACK: There’s plenty more to see.

KIM (not sure what he means): OK.

JACK'S THOUGHT: Oh wow. I cannot believe this is happening. Oh yeah . . .

(JACK leans in for a kiss. They sink below sight level. After a few seconds dialogue resumes.)

KIM (sits up): Jack.

JACK: What?

KIM: I’m . . . not sure you should do that.
JACK: Do what?

Kim (pause): Touch me like that.

JACK: You don’t?

Kim: It just feels a little . . . you know . . .

JACK: It’s not like we’re having sex.

Kim: No, but . . .

JACK: I’m just in an affectionate mood I guess. You mean to tell me you don’t like a guy who shows affection?

Kim: I didn’t say that.

JACK: Well, then . . . (moves closer)

Jack’s Thought: There we go. She’s just a little nervous. Be slow, be gentle, be smooth. (Jack and Kim sink out of sight again.)

Kim (sits up, louder): Jack!!

JACK: What?

Kim: What’s gotten into you?

JACK: I don’t know. I just . . . I thought we were having a good time.

Kim: I have to go. (Stands up)

JACK: Why?

Kim: I don’t know what’s gotten into you, but suddenly it’s like . . . like you have no barriers any more.

JACK: Look, I’m sorry if I got a little frisky tonight.

Kim: No, this isn’t the first time it’s happened.

JACK: When else has it?

Kim: Last weekend? You thought I was asleep on the couch? Those weren’t my shoulders you were . . .

JACK: I don’t remember that. I must have been half asleep too.

Kim: Well you know what? It doesn’t matter. Something has changed about you recently. Slowly, but surely. Something’s got a hold of you.

JACK: What, do you think I’m possessed by a demon or something?

Kim: I don’t mean that. But . . . I do think we need to spend some time apart.

JACK: Time apart? Kim . . .
KIM (pause): Look, I really do like you. But I need you to respect my boundaries.

JACK: But I do respect your boundaries.

KIM: No. Something’s not right. Or we wouldn’t have had this experience.

(KIM exits. JACK sighs.)

JACK’S THOUGHT: She’s gone. Everything was going so well. Maybe if I’d been a little slower, and a little less sneaky—

JACK: Or maybe if we hadn’t tried anything at all!

JACK’S THOUGHT: What are you talking about?

JACK: Listening to you got me no where. Now I’ve probably lost her for good.

JACK’S THOUGHT: She’s no loss.

JACK: How can you say that?

(JACK turns off the TV. The music stops. JACK walks to the table.)

JACK’S THOUGHT: Get real. You’re not looking to sit back and love a girl as she sits next to you on the couch. You don’t want to wait for anything. You’re looking for some action.

JACK: How do you know that?

JACK’S THOUGHT: I’m the real you. Not the facade you show to Kim. I’m your deepest desires. I’m the result of the life you live and the thoughts you harbor in your heart.

JACK: I don’t believe that. How could I possibly have become so low?

(JACK freezes. Blackout)