

# TIME WARP

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A ten-minute comedy by  
Karin Diann Williams

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[www.youthplays.com](http://www.youthplays.com)  
[info@youthplays.com](mailto:info@youthplays.com)  
424-703-5315

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*(A KID [can be either M or F] sits typing on a small screen. The Kid's PARENT [can be either M or F] approaches. The Kid does not look up.)*

**PARENT:** Hey.

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* Hey.

**PARENT:** How was your day?

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* Okay.

**PARENT:** Got a lot of homework?

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* Nah. You know. The usual.

**PARENT:** It's still really nice out.

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* Yeah.

**PARENT:** Wanna go...I don't know...toss a ball around?

*(The Kid looks up at the Parent. The Kid stares at the Parent for a while. Then the Kid goes back to looking at the screen.)*

We could go for a walk, maybe get an ice cream cone?

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* Are you living in some kind of time warp?

**PARENT:** Not that I'm aware of.

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* Because you're talking like I'm twelve.

**PARENT:** What do you mean "twelve"?

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* Toss a ball around?

**PARENT:** I wasn't aware that ball-tossing had an age limit.

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* Ice cream cones?

**PARENT:** I still enjoy ice cream cones.

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* That's because you're living in a time warp.

**PARENT:** *(Gestures to the small screen:)* What's that?

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* What's it look like?

**PARENT:** A video game.

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* It's *Super NFL Smashup*.

**PARENT:** Looks like the little guys down on the screen are tossing a ball around.

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* That's different. It's virtual.

**PARENT:** Meaning they aren't getting any fresh air.

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* They're getting virtual fresh air.

**PARENT:** And no one's getting any exercise.

**KID:** *(Still looking at the screen:)* I'm exercising my reflexes.

**PARENT:** *(Sighs:)* When I was your age, we didn't even have computers.

*(This finally makes the kid look up.)*

**KID:** No way.

**PARENT:** Way.

**KID:** How did you check your email?

**PARENT:** We didn't have email—

**KID:** So...what? You just had to text everybody?

**PARENT:** We didn't have text messages— we didn't even have cell phones.

**KID:** Wow.

*(The Kid is stunned.)*

Like—how did you communicate?

**PARENT:** (*Shrugs:*) We did a lot of talking.

**KID:** Radical.

**PARENT:** And we didn't play video games while we were having a conversation.

**KID:** I guess that explains it.

**PARENT:** What?

**KID:** You don't know how to multi-task.

*(The Kid goes back to the game. The Parent thinks for a minute.)*

**PARENT:** You think I'm living in a time warp?

**KID:** Yep.

**PARENT:** Okay—I've got a deal for you: you put down the video game for ten minutes and come out for a walk with me. If it isn't more fun than *Super NFL Smashup*, you win.

**KID:** A walk?

**PARENT:** A walk.

**KID:** More fun than *Super NFL Smashup*?

**PARENT:** You got it.

**KID:** You're insane.

**PARENT:** Want to put your money on that?

**KID:** What do I win?

**PARENT:** Extra half hour before curfew this weekend?

**KID:** Righteous.

**PARENT:** Let's go.

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**KID:** Wait a minute—what do you win, like, if I actually have fun?

**PARENT:** If I win...then you have to accept my friend request on Facebook.

**KID:** No way!

**PARENT:** Way.

*(The Kid thinks about this.)*

Not so sure now, are you?

**KID:** You said it's a nice day? Like, sunshine?

**PARENT:** Sunshine, gentle breeze, flowers blooming everywhere...

**KID:** I could care less about flowers.

**PARENT:** So, deal?

**KID:** Deal!

*(The Kid slams the video screen shut and jumps up. The Kids takes a step, on legs that seem a little wobbly.)*

**PARENT:** How long have you been sitting there?

**KID:** I don't know. Hours?

**PARENT:** Dude. You have no clue what you're missing.

**KID:** You mean like flowers? They go out the door and begin to walk.

**PARENT:** I mean like...sex.

**KID:** We aren't supposed to talk about that! Shouldn't you be all...mortified or something?

**PARENT:** Let's go to the park.

**KID:** Whatever.

**PARENT:** We can get an ice cream cone over by the tennis courts. I bet we'll see a lot of cute kids your age, and some of them might be single—

**KID:** Stop it!

**PARENT:** It's true.

**KID:** You have absolutely no clue—

**PARENT:** I know you haven't been on a date since...hmm...wasn't there a dance when you graduated 6th grade?

**KID:** (*Shaking head:*) Ugh.

**PARENT:** You need to get out of the house more.

**KID:** I'm out! Okay? This is out. That's why I'm squinting and blinking—there's all this light in my face.

**PARENT:** That's sunshine.

**KID:** You're living in a time warp—nobody dates now.

**PARENT:** Nobody dates?

**KID:** People hook up.

**PARENT:** Maybe if you got out more, you'd meet somebody nice and you could ask them out to hook up.

**KID:** Nobody asks anybody out. Everyone's online.

**PARENT:** So how do you hook up?

**KID:** You text! And then they text you back. And then you Friend them. And then you trade some graffiti, and then you IM them and maybe you chat...

**PARENT:** I get it. No contact.



**KID:** No, you don't get it! It's all about contact. I have twenty-seven different avatars!

**PARENT:** But none of it is real.

**KID:** Virtual is the new real.

**PARENT:** Your grandparents would have loved it.

**KID:** Huh?

**PARENT:** If I hooked up, instead of dating, your grandparents would have been psyched.

**KID:** I don't get it.

**PARENT:** No eye contact, no holding hands, no pheromones flying back and forth...

**KID:** Okay – too much information!

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