

A script from



“Double Blind”

by
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- What** Two sisters, Carol and Meg, have an urgent meeting at a coffee shop. Meg is desperate to talk to Carol, who is a lawyer, about her (Meg's) daughter who is severely anorexic. In the course of the conversation, it becomes obvious that Meg is starving herself as well, spiritually. **Themes:** Brokenness, Spiritual Starvation, Prayer, Anorexia, Eating Disorders, Disappointment, Parenting, Moms, Being Available for God To Use You
- Who** Carol
Meg
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Coffee shop setting- café table and chairs, coffee mugs, etc.
Carol wears a business suit
Meg is in casual clothes
- Why** Matthew 11:28-30
- How** Be careful not to over-act. Keep the dialogue conversational and natural.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

Two sisters have an urgent meeting at Starbucks. Carol, a lawyer, is dressed in a corporate suit. She walks up to Meg, her sister, who is already seated at a small table. Meg is VERY worked up.

Carol: *(Approaching the table)* Hey Sis, how ya doing?

Meg: It's Erin. I need you to tell me how I can legally institutionalize her.

Carol: *(Taken back with her abruptness)* Whoa! Wait a minute! I haven't seen you in probably...two years. You haven't returned my phone calls for most of that time. And the first thing that comes out of your mouth when I DO see you is this?! Let's try this again. I'm your sister. Remember? *(She turns around and walks up again)* Hey, Meg. How are you? *(Meg just sits there and frets)* And you say, "Hey Carol. Good to see you. I'm sorry I haven't returned your phone calls for the past two years. You see, Sis, things have been a little crazy". Just something like that. In case you've forgotten, that's kind of the way sisters do it.

Meg: *(After sitting there, silent, for a moment)* I don't need "sisters" right now. I need a lawyer. And you're the only lawyer I know or can afford.

Carol: So...you want me to put this "on the clock"?

Meg: No. I want you to help me solve this problem.

Carol: *(Going with it)* Okay...

Meg: *(After a beat. Softening a little)* Look, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I'm so...crazy. I'm just...kind of at the end of my rope, that's all.

Carol: Okay...let's talk about it. You've got a problem with Erin.

Meg: *(Pointing to the extra coffee on the table)* I ordered you a coffee. Yes, I have a problem with Erin.

Carol: *(Trying to figure this out)* And you want to institutionalize her. What do you mean by that?

Meg: *(Impatiently)* I want to force her to be in some...some place where she can get some help. But she refuses to cooperate. And she's nineteen now. So, I want to know if I can legally intervene...against her will...and put her someplace.

Carol: Hey, Meg. You've gotta forgive me here, but I don't have a clue of what you're talking about. The last time I saw Erin she was a very normal seventeen year old girl worrying about what to wear to the Senior Prom. What is going on with Erin that you want to...to "put her away"?

Meg: She's in trouble.

- Carol:** Alright. What kind of trouble?
- Meg:** *(With a sigh)* She's anorexic, alright? She's down to probably eighty pounds.
- Carol:** *(Taken back)* Oh my-
- Meg:** She weighs less than she did when she was in sixth grade. And she's still losing weight. The doctor says her body is going to start turning on itself soon, and her organs will start failing.
- Carol:** Oh boy. And she doesn't think there's a problem.
- Meg:** No. She thinks she's fine. Actually, she thinks she's fat.
- Carol:** So...what have you done?
- Meg:** What have I done?! I've talked to her 'til I'm blue in the face. I've told her that she's messed up in her thinking! I've told her that she's telling herself lies. I've reasoned. I've screamed. I've begged.
- Carol:** But she doesn't see...
- Meg:** No. It's like she's blind. She actually thinks she's healthy...and growing!

Approximately a page and a half has been omitted from this preview. To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

ENDING:

- Meg:** I haven't been to church in years.
- Carol:** Why not, Meg?
- Meg:** I don't know. It doesn't fit in my schedule anymore.
- Carol:** *(Gently)* Maybe it's because you think everybody there looks better than you-
- Meg:** No! I'm just...out of the habit.
- Carol:** Because it seems like they've got it all figured out, and...and-
- Meg:** *(Quietly finishing the sentence)* And I'm just a skinny little kid, looking in the window at the grown-ups. *(After a long beat)* I don't know what to do, Carol. I'm dying.

Carol: *(Almost afraid to get this intrusive, but knowing she needs to)* But, Meg...there's a whole plate of food. Right there. You eat, you live.

Meg: *(Without conviction)* Yeah...

Carol: *(After a sip of coffee and a moment of "settling")* Look...I don't know, legally, where you stand on this. I'll have to check that out. But I do know this: One of you dying is more than enough. I'm sorry I didn't know about this. I'm sorry I didn't force myself in, to know about this. And I'm really sorry...I really am, Meg, if I've come across as the only grown-up here. I'm not, Meg. We both know that. I'm not. Not even close. I just...know where the food is. If nothing else, Meg, please... please know that too.

Lights slowly fade.