

A script from



“It Does Matter”

by
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- What** A teenage girl reaches out to an unpopular boy and teaches us a great lesson about love and life. (Themes: Loving the lonely and unlovable)
- Who** Carl
Karen
- When** Present day
- Wear
(Props)** Mail
A card
Schoolbooks
Pens
Paper
Backpack
Sandwich in a sandwich baggie
Glasses
- Why** Hebrews 3:13
- How** Knowing the characters is crucial in making this sketch effective. Karen is a thoughtful, compassionate, yet somewhat unsure girl. Carl is a clumsy, intelligent, and somewhat angry guy.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

Scene One: Karen is sitting on a stool, going through the mail in her lap, genuine and enthusiastic as she speaks.

Karen: I love mail. Ever since I was a little girl I have loved getting mail. Everyday when my Dad would come home from work he would bring in the mail. I wouldn't even let him get in the door before I started asking, "Is there anything for me?" And almost everyday, he would say, "Why yes honey, there is." And then he would hand me my mail. I would occasionally get something from my Grandma, but almost everyday someone would send me, a mere child, important information about insurance, or mechanic's specials, or even upcoming sales at Wal-Mart®. And about twice a year I would win 10 million dollars from Publisher's Clearing House®. My friends never got nearly as much mail as I did. So one day I asked my Dad, "Dad why do you think I get so much mail and none of my friends do?" And he looked at me with his big kind eyes and said, "Occupant, I just don't know."

Yes my Dad was fooling me. But I still love opening and reading my mail, especially when I get a really special piece of mail, like today. Today I got a card from a friend I haven't seen or heard from since high school. Carl McCarthy. When I opened this letter and saw that it was from Carl, I couldn't have been more surprised. Carl. I will never forget the first time I met... Carl McCarthy.

Scene Two: Karen puts book bag over her shoulder, changes her appearance (hair, sweater) to indicate a different time period, Carl enters carrying a lot of books, pens, paper, etc.

Carl: *(Almost to Karen, spins as if hit and schoolbooks fall to the floor, looks in direction of passing guys who made him spill his books)* Thanks a lot you guys.

Karen: *(Helps by picking up books, hands him a book)* Here you go.

Carl: *(Consumed by picking up the books, not looking at her)* Just leave me alone.

Karen: *(Taken back by his attitude)* I'm sorry... I was just...

Carl: *(Embarrassed he was rude, still not making great eye-contact)* Oh... I'm sorry... I didn't know it was you. Thank you.

Karen: Are you okay?

Carl: *(Staring at her in almost a trance)* What?

Karen: I said are you okay?

Carl: Yeah thanks for your help. *(Hurried)* I've got to get to class.

Karen: Hey, what's your name?

Carl: *(Still somewhat in shock she's talking to him)*What's that?

Karen: Your name?

Carl: Carl McCarthy.

Karen: My name is Karen Bennett.

Carl: *(Under his breath)*Yeah, I know.

Karen: What?

Carl: I said thanks, I've got to go.

Scene Three: *Carl turns and freezes with his back to the audience to indicate he is not part of this scene. Karen returns to her stool as in the opening scene.*

Karen: *(Endeared and retrospective)* Carl McCarthy. After the first time I met him, I seemed to see him all over the place. I'm embarrassed to say it, but I guess I had just never noticed him before. But then I made a point to notice him. He seemed really clumsy and awkward, kind of sad even. One semester we had lunch period at the same time. He always sat by himself. And there I was, surrounded by all my friends. I couldn't imagine how lonely, how difficult it must have been for Carl, to sit all by himself, especially in high school.

Scene Four: *Carl sitting by himself with his head tucked, buried in his schoolbooks. Karen walks over holding her sandwich.*

Karen: Is there anyone sitting here?

Carl: No.

Karen: Well can I sit here?

Carl: Suit yourself.

Karen: I don't know if you remember, but we met once before. You...

Carl: ... dropped all my books.

Karen: Yeah. *(Pause)* I'm Karen...

Carl: Bennett. I'm...

Karen: Carl McCarthy.

Carl: *(Pleased and shocked she remembered)* Yeah.

- Karen:** So what classes are you taking this semester?
- Carl:** *(Amazed she's asking, not defensive)* Really?
- Karen:** Really.
- Carl:** Uh... biology... algebra II... chemistry... advanced economics... and... and woodshop.
- Karen:** Tough schedule... but what's up with woodshop?
- Carl:** Actually, it's my toughest class.
- Karen:** You're kidding.
- Carl:** No.
- Karen:** Why?
- Carl:** Well, we had to make a chopping block by gluing pieces of wood together... why am I telling you this... you don't care...
- Karen:** ... yes I do... finish.
- Carl:** *(Hurriedly in order not to bore her)* Anyway we had to glue pieces of wood together and then cut it into the shape of an animal.
- Karen:** And...
- Carl:** And I decided to cut mine into the shape of...
- Karen:** What?
- Carl:** It's stupid.
- Karen:** No it's not, what?
- Carl:** Toucan Sam...you know the Fruit Loops bird...
- Karen:** Do I know the Fruit Loops bird? Follow your nose wherever it goes...
- Carl:** Yeah that's the one. Anyway, one day we had to display our chopping block, when I brought mine to the front of the class... Toucan Sam's beak... well it fell off... in front of everybody.
- Karen:** *(Giggles)* I'm sorry.
- Carl:** Don't be. *(Pause)* It was funny.
- Karen:** *(Giggles louder due to his permission)*

Carl: It wasn't that funny.

Karen: Sorry. *(Pause, the moment is now somewhat awkward)* Hey do you want part of my sandwich.

Carl: *(Pleased and humbled by her graciousness)* Sure. *(Pause)* Hey... Karen...

Karen: Yeah...

Carl: Nothing.

Karen: No, what?

Carl: *(Looking her in the eye)* Thanks.

Scene Five: Carl turns and freezes with his back to the audience. Karen returns to the stool as in the opening scene.

Karen: I liked our lunches together. I started sitting with Carl almost every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday that semester. My friends thought I had lost my mind. One of my friends said that she heard Carl's Mom was crazy, and that Carl was crazy too. But Carl wasn't crazy. He was my friend. I thoroughly enjoyed my lunches with Carl. But the next semester I didn't see him that much. We were in the cafeteria at different times. I don't guess I saw Carl again until the next school year and when I did, it wasn't the best encounter we had ever had... at least not at first.

Scene Six: Carl is sitting in a chair with his books on the floor, his body turned and his face in his hands, visibly very upset. Karen walks near him, looking to see if it is Carl.

Karen: Carl? Is that you? Carl? *(Touches him on the shoulder)*

Carl: What! *(Realizing it's Karen)* Karen. Oh it's you.

Karen: *(Sits down beside him)* Carl what's wrong?

Carl: *(Embarrassed, almost crying)* Nothing.

Karen: No Carl. Something is wrong.

This section needs much care. Go slow and allow the moment to build.

Carl: It's just that there was this group of guys and for some reason... Karen...

Karen: Yeah?

Carl: I really don't want to talk about this right now.