

The Decision

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## CHARACTERS

AMANDA

A young woman, in her late teens.

TYLER

A young man, also in his late teens.

RECEPTIONIST

A middle-aged woman, with a permanent scowl on her face.

## SETTING

The waiting room of a doctor's office. It is a cold day in March.

## TIME

It is early evening.

*Lights fade in. The couple, AMANDA and TYLER, walks into the waiting room of a doctor's office. There are white walls and uncomfortable chairs on stage right to sit in. There is an old, glass coffee table between the chairs with magazines on it. Nobody else is present in the room except a RECEPTIONIST behind a desk on stage right.*

*The RECEPTIONIST looks up judgmentally as AMANDA and TYLER enter from stage right.*

RECEPTIONIST  
(annoyed)

Yes? How can I help you?

*(TYLER looks down uncomfortably.)*

AMANDA  
(confidently)

Hi, we have an appointment with Dr. Johnstone at 5:45. I'm Amanda Simpson. I know we're a bit early.

*(The RECEPTIONIST punches a few keys on the keyboard without looking up.)*

RECEPTIONIST

Yes...it does seem that you are early. I'll call you when he's ready to see you. Have a seat.

*(RECEPTIONIST gestures vaguely in the direction of the chairs, looking down without care. AMANDA and TYLER walk over and sit down, TYLER walking slowly and nervously behind AMANDA.)*

TYLER  
(hesitantly)

Are you sure you're set on your decision, Sweetie?

AMANDA

Yes, Tyler. I've got too much going for me in my life right now. I've got scholarships to maintain so that I can graduate with a degree and get a real job, I've got a job on campus ready for next semester, and I've only got 3 semesters left at school! I'm in no way ready to make a commitment like this.

*(AMANDA picks up a magazine and begins flipping through, signaling the end of the conversation. TYLER looks around uncomfortably. After a minute, she looks up at TYLER.)*

AMANDA (CONT.)

What?! Why are you so uncomfortable?

TYLER  
(quietly)

I just think we should talk about this a bit more. This is a huge decision.

AMANDA

And I made it for you. There, decision made. No need to stress, Ty.

TYLER  
(quietly)

Okay...

AMANDA

Good. It's settled.

*(AMANDA looks back at her magazine. TYLER rests his elbows on his knees and plays with his fingers. He looks at all the pregnancy posters on the walls. He gets a small smile on his face when he sees a picture of a happy couple with a baby.)*

TYLER  
(shyly)

Are you really, really sure? Like one hundred percent sure, Mandy?

AMANDA  
(annoyed)

Yes, Tyler. I'm sure. Now, do you mind? I'm trying to read.

TYLER

But...look at the picture of the happy family. That could be us, Sweetie.

*(TYLER points at the picture he was smiling at. AMANDA briefly glances and then quickly looks back at her magazine, more intently than before.)*

AMANDA

(beginning to stammer and lose confidence)

Y-yes, I'm sure. I told you: I made the decision. I'm not having the baby.

TYLER  
(gaining confidence)

What if I don't want you to make the decision for me? What if I want a say in what happens?

AMANDA  
(surprised)

What?!

TYLER

I should be just as much a part of this decision as you are, Mandy. It's my responsibility, too. I'm just as much at fault for what happened as you are. And I want this baby. I don't want you to... get rid of it.

AMANDA  
(angrily)

You don't want me to "get rid of it"? Can you even say the word? A-BOR-TION! It's an abortion! We're not children anymore. And it's my body, Tyler. I will do what I please with my body. You do not get to tell me what to do!

TYLER  
(loudly, passionately)

Yes, it's your body, Mandy! But part of ME is in there, growing inside of you! Yes, we made a mistake!

*(Tyler gets down on his knee and takes AMANDA'S hands in his own. He looks up at her, lovingly. She looks back, tears welling in her eyes.)*

TYLER (CONT.)

But I love you and these last 10 months have been amazing for me. I know we didn't expect this, but we always said we'd face obstacles together, like a team, remember? Don't push me away, Sweetheart. Please...

AMANDA  
(tearfully)

Ty, I don't know what to say. I do love you, I really do. But I'm not ready for this. I'm not ready to raise a child. I know it's selfish, but I can't handle this right now... it's another human being that's growing inside my tummy. It's feeding off me...

TYLER

Mandy, I'll be here for you the whole time. I promise. We can start our own family. You only have a few more semesters left and I'm in my last one. I'll be working in 2 months to support us. We can be happy, Mandy. Really happy.

(AMANDA starts sobbing and collapses over into her own lap. TYLER rubs her back.)

TYLER (CONT.)  
(quietly, calmingly)

Shh...Don't cry, Amanda. It's going to be okay. I'm sorry I pressured you. I shouldn't question your decisions. I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry.

*(AMANDA cries for a moment longer, but gains her composure. She looks into TYLER'S eyes and speaks meaningfully.)*

AMANDA  
(sniffling)

Tyler, it's okay. You deserve to have your opinion on the matter heard. I shoulda been more considerate in the first place. But I just can't see us having a baby right now. I just can't see it. We're so young. We've got our whole lives ahead of us. I've heard your opinion; I respect it; but ultimately, it's my choice. I have to go through with this.

*(The RECEPTIONIST comes around from her desk briskly. She's not happy to be dealing with this couple. She clears her throat as she approaches. AMANDA and TYLER both look up, startled.)*

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me, Ms. Simpson? Dr. Johnstone will see you now for the procedure.

AMANDA  
(nervously)

Yes, thank you. I'm ready...

*(AMANDA stands, turns to TYLER, and looks at him for a moment. He stands with her. She offers him a sympathetic smile.)*

AMANDA (CONT.)

I really need your support on this, Ty. Please.

*(TYLER looks at her, but says nothing. AMANDA looks at the floor, turns, and*

*follows the nurse off stage left. TYLER sits back down and stares at the ground, resting his elbows on his knees. The RECEPTIONIST returns to her desk and looks at TYLER, sympathetically.)*

RECEPTIONIST

Tough day, I know. It'll get easier, though.

TYLER

I'm not sure it will. There's no go-backs, no do-overs. Once it's done, it's done...

RECEPTIONIST

True, but you'll have plenty more chances, Kid.

*(TYLER stands up suddenly and bolts for stage left where AMANDA exited. The RECEPTIONIST notices and cuts him off, blocking the door.)*

RECEPTIONIST

I can't let'cha in there, Hun. Procedure's already started. I'm sorry.

TYLER

I can't let her do this! She'll regret it for the rest of her life! Please!

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do. You'll just have to wait for her over there.

*(The RECEPTIONIST points back at the chairs in the waiting room. TYLER tries once more to get by her, but fails. He sighs and retreats to the chair. He picks up a magazine, thumbs through the pages, and throws it down onto the table. He gets up to leave, but stops when the RECEPTIONIST speaks.)*

RECEPTIONIST

Is someone else coming to pick her up, then?

TYLER  
(confused)

What?

RECEPTIONIST

Is someone else coming to pick her up? She can't leave without someone to accompany her. She's been sedated.

TYLER  
(quietly)

Oh...

*(TYLER sits back down, clearly uncomfortable and nervous. He fidgets. Finally, the RECEPTIONIST speaks again.)*

RECEPTIONIST

The procedure is complete. I'll go get Ms. Simpson.

*(RECEPTIONIST exits stage left and TYLER doesn't move from his position.)*

AMANDA  
(quietly)

Tyler?

*(TYLER quickly stands up, but does not move toward AMANDA.)*

AMANDA (CONT.)

Tyler?

*(The lights fade to blackout.)*