Very Weird

(Copyright 2011 by Gwendolyn J. Kandt)

*(Mom’s sitting on the sofa, reading a magazine*)

Daughter: (*entering*) Hey, Mom.

Mom: Hey, honey! How was your night?

Daughter: It was . . weird. Very weird. (*drops purse and plops onto sofa)*

Mom: Why weird? Who were you with?

Daughter: Jeremy.

Mom: Just Jeremy?

Daughter: Yeah. It was kind of . . . kind of a date.

Mom: With Jeremy? Whose idea was that?

Daughter: Well, mine. I mean, we’ve been best buds forever, and I thought . . well . . maybe we could be more than that . . . but clearly I was wrong.

Mom: (*smiling*) So, it was weird.

Daughter: Freakishly weird, Mom. I don’t think he laughed or smiled or even really looked at me all night long. He was super polite and all tense, like he was terrified. I can’t figure out why he would act like that.

Mom: Who knows. Maybe he really, really likes you. Or maybe he’s afraid you really, really like him. Or maybe it had nothing to do with you. Maybe he’s got some other problems in his life that you don’t know about that were distracting him.

Daughter: (*thoughtful)* Actually, I think he’s gay.

Mom: (*chokes on her drink; coughs and sputters for a minute*) One more time?

Daughter: Come on, Mom! Think about it. Jeremy – you know Jeremy! Wouldn’t that explain a whole lot? Doesn’t that just make all the pieces fit together?

Mom: Well, I admit, it’s not a completely ridiculous idea to consider.

Daughter: I just can’t believe he wouldn’t have talked to me about it.

Mom: I’m sure it’s not a topic that readily comes up in everyday conversation. “Hey, let’s get a burger!” “Hey, I like that jacket!” “Hey, I’m a homosexual!”

Daughter: But we’re best friends. We should be able to talk about something that important. And I’m one of his only Christian friends – I really should talk to him about it, don’t you think?

Mom: (*hesitant*) Well, yeah, it kind of seems like you should . . .

Daughter: But I’m not sure what I should say. I don’t want to sound hateful.

Mom: No, no, hate isn’t good . . .

Daughter: Mom, what do you think I should do?

Mom: (*now very nervous*) Well . . . let’s see . . . what should you do? Hmm . . well . . . I think . . what you should do . . . is . . . ask Chuck what you should do.

Daughter: Ask Chuck?

Mom: Yes, you should ask Chuck. Absolutely. That’s what we hire a youth pastor for.

Daughter: (*understanding*) OK. I’ll call Chuck. (*pats Mom’s shoulder*) Thanks, Mom. You’re a fountain of wisdom. (*exits*)

Mom: Anytime, honey! (*face falls*) Glad I can be there for you.