

DORIS: Nah.

MARGE: 'Cause I can't grow lilies like you can. I never could.
(*Beat.*) If I scrape off some cabbage from the ceiling, will you eat some?

DORIS: Maybe a little.

MARGE: The heat from the explosion'll keep 'em warm.

DORIS: Tender.

(*They begin walking offstage.*)

MARGE: You know what got me this time, though? Is when you raised your voice like you did.

DORIS: When?

MARGE: When you started repeatin' yourself like that.

DORIS: Uh-huh...

MARGE: I felt it, ya know? I felt it right here.

DORIS: Where?

MARGE: In my gut, you know? Where it all matters. Right in the middle...

(*A slow fade as they walk offstage.*)

END OF PLAY

BAR MITZVAH BOY - Tweens

Samara Siskind

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SAMUEL: Thirteen, has just become a man.

STACIE [REDACTED] just starting to like boys.

SETTING

A Bar Mitzvah reception.

Evening.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Bar Mitzvah Boy was first produced by City Theatre, Coral Gables, Florida, March 2007.

For Ian

(Beat. STACIE puts SAMUEL's right arm high up on her waist, and takes his left hand in hers. They dance, rather awkwardly.)

My face is stinging. I can't believe you hit me. It better not leave a mark.

STACIE: I didn't hit you that hard. Don't be a wuss.

SAMUEL: Don't be a ruffian.

STACIE: Uh, ruffian?

SAMUEL: Savage, bully... barbarian.

STACIE: Oh you're so smart. This is a party, not honors English.
(Beat.) God, how long is this song?

SAMUEL: It just started.

STACIE: I'm only dancing with you because my mom made me.

SAMUEL: I'm only dancing with you for the photo op.

(SAMUEL smiles, posing for a photographer. Sound of a flash going off.)

STACIE: Just because it's your birthday, doesn't mean you're better than everyone else.

SAMUEL: It's not just my birthday, it's my *Bar Mitzvah*.

STACIE: So?

SAMUEL: So?! (*Proud.*) I am a man today.

STACIE: Yeah, right.

Darkness. A sappy slow-dance song plays faintly in the background. We hear an angry voice in the darkness, followed by a slap.

STACIE: Hey!

(Lights rise on SAMUEL and STACIE facing each other on a dance floor. They are both dressed in fancy evening attire. SAMUEL clutches his sore face.)

SAMUEL: Oww! You hit me!

STACIE: Your hand was on my butt.

SAMUEL: My hand was nowhere near your butt!

STACIE: C'mon, Samuel, your hand was totally touching my butt!

SAMUEL: One—I wouldn't touch your butt with a ten-foot pole.
Two—Even if I did touch your butt, it's no reason to resort to physical violence.

STACIE: Well, if your hand goes anywhere near my butt again, I'm cutting it off.

SAMUEL: Oh that's nice. I'm sure they'll let you off on the popular "he touched my butt" defense. Now can we just finish this dance already, please? Everyone's watching.

SAMUEL: Which one?

STACIE: I don't know.

SAMUEL: (*Confused.*) If you don't know which one likes you, how do you know if either of them like you?

STACIE: Jeez, Samuel, you're like, clueless. (*Beat.*) One of them is my secret admirer.

SAMUEL: Your secret admirer.

STACIE: Valentine's Day was last week, and I got a dozen pink carnations in my locker.

SAMUEL: And you think one of those dorkwads did it?!

STACIE: When I found the flowers in my locker they were at the lockers across the hall... looking at me, smiling.

SAMUEL: Oh, and that's like, proof.

STACIE: Shut up.

SAMUEL: You shut up.

STACIE: At least I got something. What did you get for Valentine's Day? Let me guess, a big heart-shaped cookie your mom made you.

SAMUEL: You're so dumb. (*Beat.*) It was a Cupid.

STACIE: They're looking over here. Oh my God, I'm gonna die. I am so gonna die.

SAMUEL: One—you're not gonna die. And two—they're not

looking at you, they're looking at my cousin Sharon. She's seventeen, and a thirty-four double D.

STACIE: Go ask them which one did it.

SAMUEL: Which one did what?

STACIE: Put the flowers in my locker.

SAMUEL: What?! No! No way!

STACIE: C'mon, Samuel, please?!

SAMUEL: I'm not talking to those Neanderthals. Uh-uh.

STACIE: Why not?

SAMUEL: Because one—I'm not your messenger boy, and two—I am enjoying my dance.

STACIE: One—What is with the one and two everything? God. And two—you're just jealous.

SAMUEL: Of who? Those guys? Please.

STACIE: YOUR HAND'S ON MY BUTT!!

SAMUEL: Sorry, it slipped!

STACIE: (*Breaking free.*) That's it, Bar Mitzvah boy. Son of commandment or not, my dad is gonna kick your ass!

SAMUEL: (*Holding on to her.*) Wait! Wait. Stacie, I'm sorry. Look, if you leave me up here by myself Mom is gonna make me dance with my little sister. It'll be more embarrassing than that life-size photo of me in the lobby. Please.

(A popular, upbeat song begins to play.)

STACIE: Fine, but only 'cause I like this song. (Beat.) Don't touch me.

(They dance without touching, more awkwardly than the slow dance.)

You're a really bad dancer.

SAMUEL: I've taken dance lessons at Arthur Murray since October.

STACIE: You should get your money back.

SAMUEL: They never got to fast tempo.

STACIE: Seriously, you look like Milton Smidel when he had that epileptic seizure during bio.

SAMUEL: Yeah, well, you're no Fergie either.

STACIE: I'm sure Kyle and Justin would disagree.

SAMUEL: Kyle and Justin are a few brain cells shy of being mentally retarded.

STACIE: Samuel!

SAMUEL: Haven't you heard the rumors? They like, still eat their boogers.

STACIE: Take it back!

SAMUEL: And they're in love with each other.

STACIE: They are not!

SAMUEL: Look, they're dancing together! See? (Waving.) Hi, guys! You look super!

STACIE: (Trying to cover his mouth.) Samuel, ssshhh!

SAMUEL: Like they could even figure out your locker combination, yeah, as if. How would they even know pink carnations are your favorite flower?!

(Beat. STACIE stops dancing.)

STACIE: How did *you* know pink carnations were my favorite flower?

(A few beats. The song changes to another slow one. STACIE puts SAMUEL's hand on her waist. They start to slow dance again.)

It was you, wasn't it? My secret admirer.

SAMUEL: No.

STACIE: Samuel.

SAMUEL: I mean, well... yeah. Kind of. (Beat.) Kyle and Justin saw me put them in there, hence the staring.

STACIE: Why?

SAMUEL: They thought they were trick flowers that were gonna squirt you in the face.

STACIE: No, I mean... why'd you do it?

SAMUEL: I dunno. It's kind of obvious, don't you think?

STACIE: But we haven't... I've been so... (Beat.) I haven't been very nice to you.

SAMUEL: Yeah, true dat.

STACIE: Well then, why?

(Beat.)

SAMUEL: When we were in third grade, Bobby Proctor wanted to fight me after school because I wouldn't let him cheat off me. After he threw the first punch you stepped in and kicked him in the balls. He never touched me again after that.

STACIE: I don't remember that.

SAMUEL: I never forgot it.

(A few beats.)

STACIE: Well, thank you. I mean, for the flowers.

SAMUEL: You're welcome. (Beat.) Y'know... I know I'm not cool, or popular enough for you or anything. But I just wanted to do something nice to pay you back for that day and... well, 'cause you deserve it.

STACIE: (Smiling.) Who knew Samuel Rosenbaum could be so sweet?

SAMUEL: (Shrugging.) I am a man today. I've matured.

(STACIE wraps her arms around SAMUEL's neck. They continue to dance even closer together, but both still a bit shy. They sway back and forth to the music. After a few beats:)

STACIE: (Soft.) Samuel.

SAMUEL: (Dreamlike.) Yeah?

STACIE: Your hand's on my butt again.

SAMUEL: Sorry.

(Blackout.)

END OF PLAY