

RS#1 Sarah, Bob

BEAU JEST

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Start →

SARAH. Well, my mother's been driving me crazy with "When are we going to meet him?" "When are we going to meet him?" I just couldn't put it off anymore. (*SHE places two Sabbath candlesticks on the table.*) She'll probably want to light candles. I thought about asking one of my friends to be my stand-in beau for the evening, but, frankly, I'm too embarrassed by the whole thing for anybody I know to know about it. So I called your agency. (*SHE looks at him.*) You must think this is extremely weird.

BOB. Well, I must admit, I expected you to be a little old lady who needed a dinner companion.... But this would have been my second guess.

SARAH. (*SHE remembers what has to be done.*) Oh, God. Listen. Pay attention. My father's name is Abe. He owns a chain of dry cleaning stores. My mother's name is Miriam. But I think you should call them Mr. and Mrs. Goldman. They live in Skokie on Kildare just off Dempster. And my brother'll be here, too. His name is Joel. He's a psychologist. He's divorced. He has two children. You and I have been dating since January. We met at the wedding of my best friend, Marilyn Dintenfass. You think you can remember that?

BOB. Yeah, I guess ... Only ... Wow.

SARAH. What?

BOB. Well, no, I guess I can handle it. Uh ... See, all I heard was "You're going out with a

Miss Sarah Goldman. You're going to dinner. Wear a suit."

SARAH. I'm sorry. I know this is crazy. It was all in kind of a rush. What do they say? "Desperation is the mother of invention?"

BOB. No. No, it's all right. I just think, uh ... What with your parents and all ... Maybe it'd be better if you had somebody who was Jewish.

SARAH. (*SHE freezes.*) What?

BOB. Well, from what you're telling me ...

SARAH. You're Jewish.

BOB. No, I'm not.

SARAH. Your name is Schroeder. That's a Jewish name.

BOB. Not to me. My father was Polish. My mother was Italian.

SARAH. I specifically asked the agency for somebody Jewish.

BOB. I guess they thought Schroeder was a Jewish name, too. (*HE holds his hands up in a shrug.*) Honest mistake.

SARAH. (*SHE goes white.*) OH MY GOD!!

BOB. I'm sorry. I didn't know.

SARAH. Oh, my God. I'm going to die.

BOB. I could call. See if they could find someone.

SARAH. No! No! There's no time. They'll be here any minute. Oh, God, I'm going to die.

BOB. (*Taking control.*) All right. All right. Look. It'll be all right.

SARAH. No. I'm going to die. They'll find the body. You explain it.

BOB. Sarah. Sarah. It'll be all right. Look ... I'm a good actor. I was going to have to do some acting here anyway.

SARAH. They'll know.

BOB. No, it'll be all right. I can improvise. I took classes at Second City.

SARAH. Oh, God.

BOB. Hey, lots of people think I'm Jewish. I'm taken for Jewish all the time.

SARAH. They'll know.

BOB. I once did a six month tour of "Fiddler on the Roof." Topol thought I was Jewish.

SARAH. No, they'll know. They'll know.

BOB. They won't know.

SARAH. They'll know! They can spot a Jew a mile away. It's like radar.



End