

## RS#2 Sarah, Bob

*(As the massage continues.)*

Start → BOB. What do *you* do?

SARAH. I teach kindergarten.

BOB. No kidding. I remember kindergarten. I got straight A's in sandbox.

SARAH. I have one little boy who likes to play in the sandbox. His father is an architect. He hires the other children to build sandcastles for him.

BOB. Kindergarten is your preference?

SARAH. You sound like my mother. She always says, "Sarah is so smart. They should let her teach a higher grade."

BOB. *(Pressing down on her shoulders.)*  
Relax.

SARAH. Yes. Kindergarten is my preference. I don't have to spend all my time on academics. I can give them more individual attention. Work on their emotional development. So maybe they won't end up as screwed up as the rest of us.

BOB. You think we're all screwed up?

SARAH. I don't know. I look at the children in my classroom. They're so open. So ... free. I don't remember ever being that free.

BOB. What would make you feel that free?

SARAH. I don't know. If I could do *one* thing that was just for me. Without worrying about how my parents will feel about it. That would be ... *(SHE can't find the word.)* ... God.

BOB. I think your parents are great.

SARAH. I love my parents. They sacrificed their whole life for me. But they expect me to sacrifice my whole life for them.

SARAH. Would you like another drink?

BOB. No, thank you. One vodka and four glasses of wine is my limit. (*Pause.*) I guess I should be going.

SARAH. Oh. Yeah, well ... Let me get my checkbook.

BOB. No, no. Sarah. Seriously. I can't.

SARAH. I have to pay you.

BOB. No, you don't. You allowed me to spend Passover with you and your family. It was wonderful.

SARAH. You're sure?

BOB. Absolutely.

SARAH. Well, thank you.

BOB. And thank you for the dinner. I don't expect to be hungry 'til Tuesday.

*(HE gets his coat, puts it on, and THEY walk to the door.)*

BOB. Well ...

SARAH. Yeah.

BOB. I hope everything works out for you.

SARAH. Thanks. You, too.

BOB. Thanks. Listen, would it be all right if I gave you a call sometime? Just to keep in touch?

SARAH. Sure. You have to let me know when you're in a show.

BOB. Right ... Right ... Well ...

SARAH. One thing I wanted to ask you.

BOB. What?

SARAH. Um ... How did you know "Miss-Kite?"

BOB. (*Correcting her.*) "Meiskeit."

SARAH. Right. "Meiskeit." Thank you.

BOB. I did "Cabaret" once. There's a whole song called "Meiskeit."

SARAH. You're amazing.

BOB. Yeah, well ...

SARAH. One other thing I wanted to ask you.

BOB. Sure.

SARAH. The first night you were here ... when my father took our picture ... and you kissed me?

BOB. Yeah?

SARAH. Was that a David kiss or a Bob kiss?

BOB. Oh. That was a David kiss.

SARAH. Oh.

← End

(*THEY look at each other.*)