

BLOOM

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Kelly DuMar

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SYNOPSIS: Kristy, a divorced mother, wakes suddenly from an afternoon dream to find her son, Josh, dressing for his senior prom. His father has already provided all the essentials — money, a condom, a car – and what Kristy hopes will be a chance to share a special milestone with her son becomes a poignant awakening to change, loss and letting go.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

KRISTY36, youthful, earthy, divorced mother of Josh.

JOSH.....17, worldly; more young man than boy.

SETTING: Josh’s bedroom. A tuxedo jacket hangs near a table where he sets his comb, etc. There’s a boom box from which loud music plays and a wastebasket. The clothes Josh has changed out of before showering are strewn about the stage and there’s a “wet” towel on the floor.

TIME: The present, a Saturday in late May.

AUTHOR’S NOTES: Kristy should be dressed in jean shorts, t-shirt and gardening clogs and has not cleaned herself up since leaving the garden. Josh, who has just had a refreshing shower, is fastidious about his grooming. He is dressing in a tuxedo.

PRODUCTION HISTORY: BLOOM was produced by the Playwrights’ Platform Summer Festival, June 2005, Boston, where it won the Playwrights’ Choice Award. Other productions include: The Samuel French Off Off Broadway Festival, July, 2005, NYC; The Philipstown Depot One Act Festival, NY, August 2005; The Shea Theatre, Turners Falls, MA, March 2005; Acme New Works Winter Festival, Maynard, MA, January 2006, Flint City Theatre, Flint, MI, January 2006.

AT RISE:

JOSH is dressing in front of the mirror [audience], dancing uninhibitedly to the music that plays on his boom box. A knock.

JOSH: Enter at your own risk!

KRISTY: (*Entering with a vase of fresh flowers. Sets it down. A beat. Turns off music.*) You're getting ready?

JOSH: Gettin' there.

KRISTY: Why didn't you wake me?

JOSH: What for?

KRISTY: I was going to pick up your tux.

JOSH: Dad got it.

KRISTY: Wow! Pretty sharp, for a rental.

JOSH: He splurged.

KRISTY: It's *new*? That's crazy! When are you ever going to—

JOSH: —he *insisted*.

KRISTY: What about my deposit?

JOSH: Ah, I dunno. Guess he put it toward the purchase.

KRISTY: (*Under her breath.*) What a waste. (*A beat.*) Want me to press the jacket?

JOSH: Doesn't need it.

KRISTY: Are you hungry?

JOSH: Nope. What's up with you? You look sick.

KRISTY: No, just waking up. I was outside all day, mulching my beds - that sun's *scorching* my perennials! I came in for lunch and fell asleep on the couch . . . I was dreaming . . . (*Shivering.*) . . . that it was winter - why's it so cold in here?

JOSH: I turned up the air.

KRISTY: The wind was blowing, bitter cold, and there was *snow* on the ground . . . but when I went into the backyard I saw that all my flowers – you know, where the lilac bush is? – were in bloom! All these stems of . . . white peonies *bursting* wide open . . . huge, radiant, blossoms . . . I pressed my face into one . . . I can still *smell* it . . . they were blooming through the gate, and all along the path, and I was showing them to . . . to your *father* . . . and worrying . . . they're blooming too early, I said – or is it late? . . . and you know what he said?

JOSH: No, but I have a feeling you're going to tell me.

KRISTY: It was beautiful, actually. He said, "What does it matter?
They're blooming *now*."

JOSH: Um, right. You know what you need, Mom?

KRISTY: No, but I have a feeling you're going to tell me.

JOSH: One of those dream journals. You should get one. Seen my
car keys?

KRISTY: Why don't you take my Saab?

JOSH: Dad said I could borrow his convertible.

KRISTY: Oh. He's dropping it?

JOSH: I'm picking Julie up, then switching cars at his place.

KRISTY: You'll have time, won't you? To swing back by?

JOSH: What for?

KRISTY: A picture!

JOSH: Sorry. Can't do it. Dad'll take one.

KRISTY: He won't develop it.

JOSH: I'll *remind* him.

KRISTY: He'll forget! (*A beat, twisting his tie in her hand.*) I wanted
to see Julie in her dress.

JOSH: They take pictures there. I'll buy you one.

KRISTY: Indoors? When my garden's in bloom?

JOSH: Tie, please?

KRISTY: I could come by Dad's, I guess.

JOSH: Mom. Don't.

KRISTY: He won't mind.

JOSH: *I will.*

KRISTY: Oh. I get it. *She'll* be there.

JOSH: I didn't say that.

KRISTY: You didn't have to. (*A beat.*) Anyway, here. You might
need some extra spending money.

JOSH: No, I'm set. Dad – look what he left. In the pocket.

KRISTY: (*Takes condoms out of tux jacket pocket.*) He thought of
everything. (*Holds them up behind JOSH, in front of mirror.*)

JOSH: No kidding— (*Sees condoms in mirror.*) —what the hell's
that? Not *that* pocket . . . (*Fishing in another pocket, producing*
wad of bills.) This one. Christ! What the hell's he thinking?

KRISTY: About himself. (*Puts condoms down.*) *His* prom.

JOSH: Not mine! (*Putting the bills in his wallet.*)

KRISTY: Will you be . . .

JOSH: *What?*

KRISTY: Late?

JOSH: I won't be home.

KRISTY: Who says?

JOSH: I'm staying at Dad's. Then we're all going to Kevin's house on the Cape.

KRISTY: His parents'll be there, right?

JOSH: *Not.*

KRISTY: You can't stay over unless there's some kind of supervision.

JOSH: You've gotta be kidding.

KRISTY: *Not.*

JOSH: Mom. C'mon. Get real. Dad told me about your prom.

KRISTY: He did?

JOSH: About the party on the Cape. Meeting you there.

KRISTY: What did he tell you?

JOSH: That it was an accident.

KRISTY: *What?*

JOSH: That you two hooked up. *After* your prom.

KRISTY: An accident? He used to call it destiny.

JOSH: Didn't sound supervised to me. Said your date—

KRISTY: —Oh, God, don't remind me . . . *Whit Pyle* . . . Cute . . . Crazy. Bad choice.

JOSH: I just can't picture you with a guy who'd get popped for a DUI on prom night.

KRISTY: He had to give you all the gory details?

JOSH: He tried, but I wasn't all that interested.

KRISTY: Did he tell you *his* date was grounded because he blew her curfew?

JOSH: Yeah, and how you both ended up at the party, dateless, *and* unsupervised.

KRISTY: My prom certainly didn't turn out like I expected.

JOSH: Bummer.

KRISTY: Is that what *he* said?

JOSH: Huh?

KRISTY: Just because something unexpected happens, it doesn't mean it has to ruin your—

JOSH: —Mom, I'm trying to get ready. Can you—?

KRISTY: —why can't you leave for the Cape from here?

JOSH: I've gotta give Dad his car back.

Begins shoe polish regimen.

KRISTY: (*Poking through wastebasket.*) What's this? *Salad?* You hardly touched it.

JOSH: If you're gonna pick through my trash like a bag lady, can you at least wait until—

KRISTY: —is there chicken in this?

JOSH: Not anymore. It was a Teriyaki Chicken on Mescaline Greens salad. Go to it.

KRISTY: Is it too much to ask?

JOSH: Probably.

KRISTY: I mean, the bin's right on the kitchen counter. You lift the lid. You drop it in. *Every single thing* left in this salad is compostable!

JOSH: Mom. Here's the deal. *I'm* done with it. That's why *I* threw it away.

KRISTY: You know, you *sound* just like him. You *look* just like him.

JOSH: (*Playfully.*) Yeah? Well, try not to hold it against me, will ya?

KRISTY: Sorry! I meant, you look . . . God! Stunning, sweetie. Really handsome.

JOSH: *Hot*, Mom. I look hot! Julie will *not* be able to keep her hands off me! — C'mon, I'm just teasing you. Gotta go.

KRISTY: So, you'll be home tomorrow night, right?

JOSH: *No!* We're staying on the Cape.

KRISTY: *Not without any adults.*

JOSH: *We're* adults!

KRISTY: Not legally—

JOSH: —*practically!* Besides, Dad said I could.

KRISTY: He shouldn't have.

JOSH: I'll be home Sunday by noon.

KRISTY: He had no right to say yes without asking me! It's not his weekend—

JOSH: —it's *my* weekend!

KRISTY: I didn't mean—

JOSH: —I've gotta go.

KRISTY: I'm calling him!

JOSH: *Don't*, for Christ's sake!

KRISTY: This is between him and me!

KRISTY picks up wet towel from floor, exits abruptly.

JOSH: You're bitching about nothing! You did it yourselves!

KRISTY: (*Re-entering with bucket.*) You showered!

JOSH: Yeah? So?

KRISTY: The tub's empty! I just asked you to save —

JOSH: —For God's sake - *is nothing sacred?*

KRISTY: My flowers need water, and—

JOSH: —it's *my* shower! *My* water!

KRISTY: I know, but—

JOSH: I can let it go down the goddamned drain if I want to!

KRISTY: I just didn't want it to go to waste. (*A beat.*) I'm sorry—

JOSH: Now I'm gonna be late!

KRISTY: No, you're not. You're right on time. (*JOSH is about to exit.*)

KRISTY: (*Continued.*) Wait!

JOSH: *What?*

KRISTY: Do you have your tickets?

JOSH: I've got 'em.

KRISTY: What about flowers? I could pick some spring roses from my garden.

JOSH: I'm passing a Stop and Shop. They'll have something there.

KRISTY: Wait, Josh! (*Picking up the condoms.*) Here. You forgot these.

JOSH: I don't need them. Julie and I are just friends.

KRISTY: You don't? Or you just *think* you don't, 'cause you're seventeen, and you think it'll never happen to you? — Never mind, don't answer that!

JOSH: Whatever!—I'll see you later. *(Exiting.)*

KRISTY: Okay . . . have a great time— *(To his back.)* —Josh? *(He re-enters. She tosses him the condoms.)* I'll see you Sunday.

JOSH exits. Music up as KRISTY watches him go. A beat. She picks up the vase of flowers, sits center stage. Presses face into flowers. Lights and music down.

THE END

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