Bar Mitzvah Jitters

By

Luke Goodwin

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INT.BEEGLE-B'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Young Beegle-B is lying in his bed wearing his "Star of David" footed pajamas and a bedtime kippa full of little money signs. A picture of Jesus on the cross with text under it that says "Are we to blame?" is seen hanging on his wall. His mother walks in holding a plate, and upon the plate is an orange and a plastic butter-knife.

> MOTHER Oh Beegle-B, I brought you an early Bar Mitzvah gift.

Beegle-B's face lights up with joy.

BEEGLE-B Oh my gosh, I just don't know what to say!..Hold an a second, an orange? You brought me an orange? Now mom, I know you have enough of a decent income to buy me something better than an orange. What is that worth? Twenty? Thirty cents?

MOTHER Now Beegle-B, this is just a

pre-gift. There will be many more tommorow at your Bar Mitzvah. Now hurry up and eat that and get to bed. You need all the Vitamin C and rest you can get before your big day tomorrow.

BEEGLE-B Oh alright.

Beegle-B's mother hands him the plate.

MOTHER Nighty, night dear.

BEEGLE-B Goodnight mom.

Beegle-B begins to peal the orange with the plastic butter-knife. After pealed, he puts the knife in his pajama pocket and begins to eat. The scene fades from him eating to him sleeping in his dark room lit up only by the moonlight from his window. A few seconds pass and suddenly a man dressed as Peter Pan bust's through Beegle-B's window.

BEEGLE-B Holy Moly! M.J. Hello there Beegle-B. Did I startle you? BEEGLE-B Wh..Who are you? M.J. does some eighties-style dance moves and holds his crotch. M.J. Just call me...M.J.! Now come Beegle-B. Your help is highly needed. BEEGLE-B But...why me? M.J. Well we can always use the help of cute little Jewish boys like you. BEEGLE-B What? M.J. We can always use the help of little Jewish boys like you. M.J. reaches his hand out towards Beegle-B. M.J. Now fly with me Beegle-B! Beegle-B holds M.J.'s hand and flies out of the window along with M.J. EXT.THE SKY-NIGHT As M.J. and Beegle-B are flying, they pass a big sign that says "You are now entering Neverland, Mexico. They are then seen flying towards a big and scary looking cookie making

factory.

# EXT.OUTSIDE THE COOKIE FACTORY-NIGHT

M.J. and Beegle-B are standing outside the cookie factory. M.J. knocks on the door and the top half of the door opens. Big-Bird's face is seen with a cigarette in his mouth.

BIG-BIRD (In a deep and grisly voice) What's the password?

M.J. Long-John-Friday.

The door to the factory opens and M.J. and Beegle-B walk inside.

INT.COOKIE FACTORY-NIGHT

As they walk in, Big-Bird can be seen wearing a light brown suit with a swastika sign patched to the sleeve of each arm. He is still smoking his cigarette.

# M.J.

Follow me.

M.J. eighties-dances his way through the factory as Beegle-B follows behind him. Along the way, a mysterious figure comes out of the shadows. It turns out to be the cookie-moster, who is wearing baggy sagging pants and a white wife-beater. He also has bloodshot red eyes and some gold chains around his necks. He begins to talk to Beegle-B while M.J. is still making his way through the factory.

> COOKIE MONSTER Psst..Hey man, is you da po-lice?

> > BEEGLE-B

What?

COOKIE MONSTER I said is you da po-lice, nigga?

BEEGLE-B

Of course not!

COOKIE MONSTER A'ight man cool. 'Cuz i got dis stuff right her man, it's dat goodie-good-good. BEEGLE-B That goodie-good-good? What in God's name is that?

COOKIE MONSTER Is you stupid? Dis here is some C-Dough, nigga. And it ain't dat BS dey be tryin' to sell on da streets eitha. Dis dat goodie-good-good, straight from here at tha Cookie Factory.

Beegle-B's face lights up with joy.

BEEGLE-B (Loudly/Excited) Cookie dough?!?!

Cookie Monster quickly looks both ways.

COOKIE MONSTER Man you gotsta chill wit all dat stuff, man..and yea, dis is some "Cookie dough."

BEEGLE-B I love cookie dough!...How much?

Cookie Monster pulls out a clear sack full of cookie dough.

COOKIE MONSTER A'ight man, listen here. I'ma cutchew a deal. I got dis quarter-sack right here and I'm willin' to let it go fo twenty. A'ight?

BEEGLE-B Twenty dollars?! That's almost.. three dollars and twenty-seven cents more than the cookie dough at the grocery store.

COOKIE MONSTER You must not have understood me well. Dis is dat goodie-good-good. So you gonna buy it or not?

The scene is slowly zooming and going back in forth between Beegle-B's face and the sack of cookie dough. Sweat is pouring from Beegle-B's face.

BEEGLE-B Okay! I'll take it!

Beegle-B grabs it and hands Cookie Monster the money.

BEEGLE-B Oh my God, what have I done?

COOKIE MONSTER By da way, is you Jewish?

BEEGLE-B Well yea..why?

COOKIE MONSTER You is Jewish and you comin' up in here with M.J.?

BEEGLE-B

Well yea, he seems like a nice guy. He said he needed me to help him with something.

COOKIE MONSTER Da only thing he gonna do is help you onto his lap and make you work fo him fo da rest of yo Jewish life.

BEEGLE-B What a minute, what?! Why would he do that?

COOKIE MONSTER 'Cuz dude is a Nazi, man!

BEEGLE-B A Nazi?!..but then why are we at some cookie factory in Mexico?

COOKIE MONSTER Have you not noticed anything weird about dis factory?

Beegle-B slowly turns his head to the right and sees a poster that says "Cookies" at the top and the middle has a picture of Hitler smiling holding a plate of cookies, while the bottom says "Just Like Hitler Used To Make". He then looks to the left and sees a giant poster of M.J. doing the Hitler salute along with little-boy Nazi's. BEEGLE-B Oh my God, your right! I have to do something about this.

Beegle-B begins to walk down the hall through the factory.

COOKIE MONSTER Peace. Halla at a nigga!

INT.COOKIE FACTORY-NIGHT

Beegle-B is walking and notices a trashcan as he is finishing up his cookie dough. He walks to it and opens the lid and throws his empty sack. Oscar the Grouch pops up from the trashcan before Beegle-B gets the lid back on it.

> OSCAR What do you think your doing, esse?

> BEEGLE-B Whoa! What are you doing in there?

OSCAR This is where I live, homes.

BEEGLE-B Oh...Well did you at least clean that thing before you just hoped in and called it your home?

OSCAR Why would I do that?

Beegle-B stares blankly at him for a few seconds.

BEEGLE-B So..what all do you have in that thing anyways?

# OSCAR

Not much esse. Just a couple of rubber bands, paper balls, a few old leaky batteries, and a few Delta Farce DVD's.

BEEGLE-B Hmm..how about lettin' a few of them leaky batteries and a rubber band go, eh? OSCAR Whoa now homes, you better have a good bit of paper on your hands if you want some of these batteries.

BEEGLE-B I have to pay for some old batteries?

OSCAR Well of course, man. It's not everyday someone throws away a few leaky batteries. These produce high-quality battery acid, esse.

Beegle-B hands Oscar some money.

BEEGLE-B Ya know what, fine here you go.

OSCAR Nice doin' business, esse. Don't burn yourself with those.

Oscar then lowers himself back into the trashcan. Beegle-B then walks down the hall one again and goes offscreen.

### INT.COOKIE FACTORY-NIGHT

Beegle-B walks down the hall and finally finds M.J. working on his tricycle.

M.J. Beegle-B! There you are! Where have you been? I've been needing you to help me fix up my big-wheel.

BEEGLE-B Actually, M.J., I was just on my way out. There was just one thing I wanted to do before I left..Screw you Nazi!

Beegle-B holds up the rubber band and shoots two leaky batteries into M.J.'s face, which burns all of his facial skin off. M.J. just sits there smiling and unaffected by it, while his face is bloody and boiled off.

> M.J. Oh Beegle-B. You just had to learn the truth, didn't you?

M.J. pulls a bottle of bleach out from behind him and pours it onto his face. His face then becomes normal again.

M.J. You could have just been a poor little Jew boy that was forced to work all of his life, but now it seems that you won't have a life at all, after I'm finished with you.

M.J. grabs for Beegle-B, but Beegle-B starts running back towards the hallway before M.J. could grab him. As Beegle-B is running, he looks behind him to see M.J. speeding towards him on his tricycle. Beegle-B finally makes it to the door, but before he can open it, M.J. collides with him on his tricycle. M.J. makes his way on top of Beegle-B and begins to choke him. As he is choking him, Beegle-B reaches in his pocket and pulls out his plastic butter-knife from his orange earlier. He then slices it through M.J.'s throat and blood begins pouring all over Beegle-B and down M.J.'s neck. Beegle-B begins screaming and closes his eyes, in which doing so makes the screen go black.

# INT.BEEGLE-B'S BEDROOM-DAY/MORNING

Beegle-B is still screaming and opens his eyes to see his mother standing over him.

MOTHER Beegle-B! Wake up! Wake up!

BEEGLE-B Mom?! But where's M.J.

MOTHER

M.J.?

#### BEEGLE-B

Yeah, I just got through fighting him and cutting his throat and got drenched in his blood.

MOTHER Oh Beegle-B, you were just having a bad dream.

BEEGLE-B But..it was so real, and it even still feels like I'm soaked in his blood. MOTHER

No honey, I'm afraid that's urine your soaked in. It must have been from some pre-Bar Mitzvah jitters.

BEEGLE-B

Urine?!

Beegle-B then throws his blanket in the floor and sees that he has wet his bed. He puts his hand on his four head and shakes his head back and fourth.

END CREDITS

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