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## We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

### **ArtAge Publications**

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Ex Marks the Spot

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FreeView

#### EX MARKS THE SPOT

By

Pamela J. Steadman

**CAST** 

ELIZABETH: 50's-60's. Eager to spy upon her cheating ex-husband.

PHIL: Also 50's-60's. He just wants to sit in his beach chair

and read his paperback in peace.

Place
The beach.

<u>Time</u>
The present. On a summer day.

At Rise: *PHIL*, wearing sunglasses, sits in a beach chair reading a paperback. *ELIZABETH*, also wearing sunglasses and carrying a beach chair, walks over to him. She stops, takes out binoculars, and moves her head and body in all directions trying to capture something.

ELIZABETH: (looking down at PHIL) You're in my spot.

PHIL: (looking up, puzzled) Excuse me?

ELIZABETH: You're sitting in my spot.

PHIL: You're kidding, right?

ELIZABETH: Why would I kid you? I don't even know you.

PHIL: (taking off sunglasses) I don't believe I know you either.

ELIZABETH: I'm not trying to pick you up. I just want my space back.

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Ex Marks the Spot 2

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#### FreeView

PHIL: Lady, last time I looked, the beach belongs to everybody.

ELIZABETH: Look. I'm not here to get you upset. I just need to sit where you are to get the correct angle.

PHIL: So what's your angle?

ELIZABETH: (sighs; kneeling down next to him and handing him her binoculars) Take a gander at the plum-colored building. Look up at the fourth floor balcony and tell me what you see.

PHIL: I'm not a Peeping Tom. I just want to read my book in peace.

ELIZABETH: If you look, you'll know what I'm talking about.

PHIL: (takes binoculars; looking up) Does the building have a lobby? And does that lobby constitute floor number one? If so, perhaps I should be looking on the third floor?

ELIZABETH: (angrily) What is your problem? Can't you just count up to the fourth balcony? Okay. It has lots of potted flowers on it. Does that help?

PHIL: Gotcha. I see a woman in a bikini. She's with a man. They're eating out on their balcony. Happy now?

ELIZABETH: Bingo! It's her balcony by the way; not his. Now, if I kneel here in the sand and look myself, I can't see much because the shadow of the other buildings gets in my way. I need your spot. Please just move your chair over a few inches. What's so difficult about that?

PHIL: You're certifiable lady. I am not moving. Why don't you go up to the building and talk to those people if they interest you so much?

ELIZABETH: Because that man is my cheating ex, and I just want to see if he's with her again.

PHIL: (putting down his paperback and grinning) Well, that's more like it. Why didn't you say so in the first place...

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