

Ex Marks the Spot

Pamela J. Steadman





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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.

Time

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.

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?

ELIZABETH: I don't owe you any explanations! You men are all alike.

PHIL: With that attitude, I've just changed my mind. Enjoy the rest of your day.

ELIZABETH: Okay. I apologize. That was uncalled for. May at least sit in your seat for a second or so?

PHIL: You're serious, aren't you?

ELIZABETH: Damn right I'm serious.

(PHIL gets up from his seat, grabs her beach chair, opens it and sits down. ELIZABETH sits in his beach chair.)

ELIZABETH: I'll bet they got take-out.

PHIL: And that's important because?

ELIZABETH: The bimbo doesn't cook for him. At least I made him fresh organic meals.

PHIL: Fresh organic meals. Sounds scrumptious.

ELIZABETH: He's gaining his weight back living with her.

PHIL: Maybe the guy likes steak and a potato. Is that so bad?

ELIZABETH: *(glaring)* Don't say that to me!

PHIL: Why not?

ELIZABETH: Martin and I met at Graff's Steak House, that's why.

PHIL: Great place for steak! Have you tried the house wine?

ELIZABETH: *(peering more intensely into the binoculars)* The little slut is sitting on his lap now!

PHIL: *(grabbing the binoculars)* Okay, now I'm very interested!

ELIZABETH: Stop teasing me!

PHIL: Teasing you? Lady, I don't even know you.

ELIZABETH: *(extending her hand)* I'm Elizabeth.

PHIL: (*shaking her hand*) Nice to know you. I think. I'm Phil.

ELIZABETH: He's been with Elaine for over six months now.

PHIL: Well, I'm very sorry for your loss.

ELIZABETH: He'll be back. It's a ritual with him.

PHIL: I take it he's a chronic cheater?

ELIZABETH: The last one was named Eudora. That means 'a good gift' in Greek. She was a waitress at Eat and Get the Hell Out. It's that greasy spoon restaurant that just closed on Apple Pie Avenue.

PHIL: I knew it well. Was this Eudora the one with the big—?

ELIZABETH: Oh shut up.

PHIL: Interesting!

ELIZABETH: They're fake.

PHIL: And you know this how?

ELIZABETH: Martin told me.

PHIL: Reason enough to switch bases and head for...what's this new woman's name again?

ELIZABETH: Elaine.

PHIL: Just a side bit to exchange with you. My ex and I split after seven years of marriage. Of course that was decades ago. Way back in the '70's.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!