



## THE SPOT

By Bruce Karp

## A SMITH SCRIPT

This script is protected by copyright laws.  
No performance of this script – IN ANY MEDIA – may be undertaken without payment of the  
appropriate fee and obtaining a licence.

For further information, please contact SMITH SCRIPTS at [info@smithscripts.co.uk](mailto:info@smithscripts.co.uk)

# THE SPOT

A short play by

BRUCE KARP

©All Rights Reserved

## THE SPOT

### Cast of Characters

FEMALE TREE – a “mature” tree (actor 60+)

MALE TREE – a “mature” tree (actor 60+)

MOLLY – a woman, somewhat dotty and forgetful, 85 years old (actor 60+)

MEL – Molly’s son, a successful businessman, about 45 years of age

PHOEBE – Mel’s daughter, Molly’s granddaughter, about 20 years of age

### Place

Central Park, New York City

### Time

Fall, Present Day

## THE SPOT ~ 1 ~

*The entire play takes place in Central Park, New York City. Two actors will be costumed as trees, one "female," one "male." The "trees" should have leaves colored for the Fall season, and wide trunks to signify their maturity. They should be spaced far enough apart so that a park bench can be placed slightly forward of the trees and centered. There should be an actual or suggested walking path in front of the bench.*

*(Lights rise on two trees, MALE and FEMALE. They are standing stiffly, then loosen up)*

FEMALE TREE

*(after a pause)*

Such a lovely autumn day, don't you think?

MALE TREE

It's all right, I suppose.

FEMALE TREE

*(another pause, then, looking at her torso)*

Do these leaves make me look fat?

MALE TREE

No, but I'd say your trunk has spread a bit.

FEMALE TREE

I'll ignore that remark. You are such a crank. Autumn is my favorite season.

MALE TREE

Well, it's not mine.

FEMALE TREE

I don't know why. Our leaves change to these beautiful golden colors, the temperature cools down...

MALE TREE

And then, all our hard work, creating our leaves, providing shade, it all just...dies.

FEMALE TREE

It always come back in the Spring. I would think you'd be happy, going to sleep for the Winter season.

MALE TREE

Frankly, it's too damn cold here in New York during the Winter. I'm not getting any younger, you know.

FEMALE TREE

Yes, it's true, it is cold here...

MALE TREE

TOO cold!

FEMALE TREE

...it's cold, let's leave it at that. We were planted at the same time, eighty years ago, so I know we're not getting any younger. However, unlike you, I enjoy the change of seasons. And I've never felt better.

MALE TREE

Well, good for you.

FEMALE TREE

If I may say so, you haven't been the same since that delivery man crashed into you on his bicycle last year.

MALE TREE

I could have been killed! I lost a couple of branches from the impact.

FEMALE TREE

Yes, but let's not forget that the man's bike was totaled.

MALE TREE

That's what he deserved...for driving so recklessly.

FEMALE TREE

You've become quite unforgiving in your old age.

MALE TREE

I beg your pardon?

FEMALE TREE

You heard me. You used to be so much more fun.

MALE TREE

I'm sorry you feel that way.

FEMALE TREE

You used to love all the Autumn holidays. Halloween is right around the corner.

MALE TREE

Ecch! All those little kids running by, making noise, scratching rude messages on my trunk...

FEMALE TREE

They're children!

MALE TREE

...wrapping those streamers around my branches. I couldn't get them off for days.

FEMALE TREE

Yes, there was finally a windstorm that took care of that problem.

*(a somewhat lengthy pause)*

I suppose the parents are to blame.

MALE TREE

Yes! Distracted by their electronic devices, forgetting they have small children running around at large, like lunatics.

FEMALE TREE

That's the way things have become at this moment in time. We've seen a great many changes in our time, haven't we?

MALE TREE

We most certainly have.

FEMALE TREE

So many tall buildings across the way on Central Park West.

MALE TREE

Blocking our light. Stunting our growth.

FEMALE TREE

I suppose that's true. But some of the buildings are quite lovely.

MALE TREE

It's a sad state of affairs, if you ask me.

FEMALE TREE

What is?

MALE TREE

This great rush to tear down the old and build up the new. There's no respect for old things.

FEMALE TREE

Oh, I don't know about that!

MALE TREE

It's happening all over the city.

FEMALE TREE

Not in Central Park. We are still here.

MALE TREE

How do you know some bulldozer isn't going to come along and knock us down?

FEMALE TREE

I think we're protected inside this park. I can't imagine...

MALE TREE

Don't be so sure. I heard about this six-hundred-year-old oak tree in New Jersey that was chopped down.

FEMALE TREE

Where did you hear that?

MALE TREE

Through the grapevine.

FEMALE TREE

Very funny.

MALE TREE

It wasn't a joke.

FEMALE TREE

Oh. Well, we are nowhere near six hundred years old, so I think we're safe.

MALE TREE

I hope you're right.

*(Sounds of talking are heard in the distance)*

FEMALE TREE

Shhh. Someone's coming.

*(Both trees stiffen)*

*(Entering onto the walking path are MOLLY, an elderly woman walking with a cane, and her son, MEL, holding her arm to help her along. They walk to the park bench and stop.)*

MEL

Is this your spot?

MOLLY

*(Looks around, checks out the trees)*

Yes, this is the spot.

*(She separates from MEL, turns and sits on the bench. MEL pulls out his cell phone from a pocket and is reading a message)*

Mel...take a load off.

MEL

Just a minute, Mother.

MOLLY

Sit down, will you?

MEL

Yes, all right.

*(He plunks down on the bench next to MOLLY)*

MOLLY

*(Impatiently)*

I didn't ask you to take me here, so you could look at your phone.

MEL

*(Finally finishing a text)*

I know, Mother. I'm sorry. I'm trying to reach Phoebe, so she can meet us here. I have a meeting in half an hour that I need to get back to.

MOLLY

Who's Phoebe?

MEL

What do you mean, who's Phoebe? Phoebe is your granddaughter.

MOLLY

Ella's child?

MEL

No, Mother. She's my child. Ella...your daughter, my sister, has two boys. Do you remember their names?

MOLLY

*(Pondering a moment)*

Wait, I'm thinking...Abbott and Costello?

MEL

You're kidding, right?

MOLLY

I wish I were...

MEL

How about David and Jason?

MOLLY

If you say so.

MEL

Mother, you are getting more and more forgetful. I'm worried about you.

MOLLY

Don't you ever forget things?

MEL

Of course, I do. But not something like the names of family members.

MOLLY

Well, when you get to my age, let's talk again.

*(There is the sound of a beep from MEL's phone. MEL looks at the message)*

MEL

Okay, Phoebe got back to me. She's going to be here in a few minutes to sit with you.

MOLLY

Who's Phoebe?

MEL

Mother, we just talked about this!

MOLLY

Take it easy, will you? This time, I *was* kidding.

MEL

Oh...it's hard to tell, sometimes.

MOLLY

To be honest, it is for me, too.

MEL

Okay, look, Mother, I need to make a couple of phone calls before I go back to the office. I'm just going to go over there *(pointing towards stage left)* for a couple of minutes. Phoebe should be here soon.

MOLLY

I think I'll live. I'll talk to the trees, like I usually do.

*(MEL starts moving towards stage left and stops abruptly, turns around)*

MEL

Did you say you talk to the trees?