

The Spotted Gentleman

By

Erin Mallon

Written for Amios Theater Comapny's "SHOTZ: THERE'S A TIME  
AND PLACE FOR EVERYTHING"

2014

Erin Mallon  
[www.erinmallon.com](http://www.erinmallon.com)  
[www.erinmallon.net](http://www.erinmallon.net)  
[mallonerin@yahoo.com](mailto:mallonerin@yahoo.com)

### Cast of Characters

<u>Noah</u> :	A third grader at Columbia Prep Grammar School
<u>Charlene</u> :	A single mommy on the edge.
<u>Bruce</u> :	A god of a man in workout gear. Head trainer at Bruce's Boot Camp.

### Scene

Central Park

### Time

7am

*In darkness, we hear the screech of a falcon.  
Lights up. 7am. Noah and his mommy Charlene enter  
the park at 73rd street, holding hands. Noah is  
dressed for 3rd grade prep school and is weighted  
down with a heavy book bag. He stares up at a huge  
unseen tree looming over the audience. Charlene is  
in full Lululemon workout gear. She is distracted.*

NOAH

Mommy, do you think the falcon will swoop down from his perch and tear open an unsuspecting park rodent while I watch in awe?

CHARLENE

If we're lucky sweetheart. Have a seat.

NOAH

'Cause I'd really enjoy that.

CHARLENE

Alright, now read your bird book and drink your juice box like we discussed.

NOAH

Why?

CHARLENE

Because Mommy needs you to be quiet and focused while she works with her trainer.

NOAH

Why?

CHARLENE

Because she doesn't have anyone to watch you and she needs some "me time" as soon as humanly possible.

NOAH

Why?

CHARLENE

Because Mommy is a woman! A WOMAN! And if she doesn't experience explosive physical activity with her sexy boot camp instructor right this second Mommy's going to lose her fucking mind!!!!

NOAH

Ok Mommy. I love you. Enjoy yourself.

*Noah wraps his entire body around Charlene,  
kissing and groping her with a passion that should  
not exist between an 8-year-old and his mother.*

CHARLENE

(trying to peel him off)  
Alright baby, ok.

*We hear a booming voice coming down the path.*

BRUCE

There she is!

CHARLENE

Bruce!

*Charlene roughly sets Noah back down on the bench. Bruce does a set of walking lunges on his way to her. He is a god of a man in sporting attire. They greet each other with a deep, reverent squat.*

BRUCE

Hello.

CHARLENE

Hello.

NOAH

(seething)

HI.

BRUCE

Aw! Who's this little guy?

CHARLENE

This is my son Noah.

BRUCE

Well, hey there Noah!

NOAH

Did you know that the Peregrine falcon is the fastest creature on earth?

BRUCE

Really!

NOAH

Yeah. When he comes in for a kill? He free-falls from the sky at 200 miles per hour, dive-bombing his prey into limp unconsciousness before tearing it limb from limb with his beak of death.

BRUCE

Wow!

NOAH

Yeah. There's actually one perched at the top of that hornbeam tree there right now, contemplating his next victim. And guess who he's looking at? A-Right. At. A-You.

CHARLENE

Don't be silly Noah. (to Bruce) He has a thing for carnivorous birds.

NOAH

They call him "The Spotted Gentleman." See him?

BRUCE

Oh yeah, there he is. Hey birdy! Cute kid you got.

CHARLENE

Thanks. Did you bring your balls today, Bruce?

BRUCE

You better believe it, beautiful. My fanny pack is bulging with balls just aching to floss your fascia.

*Bruce unzips his fanny-front-pack and presents two self-massage balls.*

CHARLENE

Ohgodyes.

NOAH

Yeah, The Spotted Gentleman acts out all the carnal rage I'm forced to squelch inside. Ya know anything about... RAGE... Bruce?

*Noah looks up. We hear the screech of the falcon.*

BRUCE

Um...

CHARLENE

Noah, sit! I'm sorry about this. He's been really out of sorts since his dad left.

BRUCE

Ah. Say no more. Let's get started.

NOAH

Yeah, you kids get started. Bruce buddy, I'll chill over here while you rub your balls all over my mother, K?

*Noah sits down and sucks suggestively on his sippy straw, never taking his eyes off Bruce. Beat.*

BRUCE

Charlene. Maybe this isn't the best time.

CHARLENE

Nonono, it's the best time. The BEST time! Work your goddamn magic on me Bruce. Please!

*Charlene slams herself face-down in the grass.*

BRUCE

Alright then. We'll uh - we'll start by loosening up your posterior chain.

*Bruce starts rubbing the balls on her back.*

Mmmm, your erector spinae are tiiiiiiiight.

CHARLENE

Fuck yes they are... Mmmmmmmmm.

NOAH

I can see you, you know.

BRUCE

Mmmmmmm. Now, I'm entering your transverso-spinalis...

*Charlene beats her fists to the ground in ecstasy.*

CHARLENE

Transverso-spinalis! Transverso-spinalis!

NOAH

My dad is going to murder you.

BRUCE

Haha!

NOAH

No really. He's in jail. FOR MURDER. And when he gets out? He's gonna pop you in the-

CHARLENE

NOAH! BACK ON THE BENCH! RIGHT!!! NOW!!!

*Noah slams himself back onto the bench. He looks up. We hear the screech of the falcon.*

His father is not in jail. He's just...gone. That's the first time I've said that. Ohmygod he's - he's gone!

*Charlene bursts into sloppy wet tears.*

NOAH

Now look at what you've done.

CHARLENE

I'm sorry Bruce, I'm so sorry.

BRUCE

Not to worry sweetheart. Weeping single mothers are in my wheelhouse. I know just what you need.

CHARLENE

What's that?

BRUCE

Bruce's band of healing. Aka, The Cathartic Catapult.

*He whips out a large exercise band from his fanny pack and snaps it.*

CHARLENE

I've heard tale of this.

*Bruce positions the elasti-band around his hips and beckons her to join him inside it.*

BRUCE

Enter the space Charlene.

*She gets inside the elasti-band with him, her back to his front. Noah starts to circle them.*

NOAH

Is this what you do Bruce? Prey on lonely women when they're at their most vulnerable?

BRUCE

Back off kid. Now run Charlene, run through your tears!

*Charlene runs. She is instantly slammed back into him through the power of the elasti-band.*

CHARLENE

Oh!

NOAH

Stop it.

BRUCE

Again!

*She runs. She's slammed back into his arms.*

CHARLENE

OH!!





*The bird heads straight for Bruce.*

BRUCE

(deep slow motion voice)  
Hole-eeeeee shiiiiiiiiiiiiit!

*We're snapped out of slow motion as the bird devours Bruce. Screams and screeches abound.*

*Silence.*

CHARLENE

Noah?

NOAH

Yes Mommy?

CHARLENE

Did you... make The Spotted Gentleman do that?

*Beat.*

NOAH

No Mommy. I don't know what happened. I'm just as surprised as you are.

*Beat.*

CHARLENE

Ok. Ok. Ok then, let's - let's get you to school.

*Charlene panics & starts to gather Noah's things.*

NOAH

Mommy?

CHARLENE

Yes baby.

NOAH

Do you still love me?

*Beat.*

CHARLENE

Of course baby. Let's go.

*She grabs his hand and they start quickly down the path. The scene freezes. Noah fixes the audience with a knowing smile. Horror music swells.*

*End of play.*