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“The Spot”

by
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What When Sara notices a huge spot on her floor, she's concerned what people will think about her. Jill encourages her by sharing about her own spot, reminding Sara that everyone has things in their lives they're ashamed of.

Themes: Shame, Sin, Guilt, Forgiveness, God's Grace

Who Jill
Sara

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** Ficus Tree
Rug

Why Ephesians 2:8-9

How Keep the dialogue conversational and energetic. While the dialogue never says what the character Sara actually did, decide that for yourself—what that particular sin was. That will help you to internalize it and better communicate the grief and guilt that we all feel when we can't seem to move past things in our lives.

Time Approximately 4 minutes

Sara is standing alone on stage staring down at a spot on the floor, obviously upset by it. Jill enters.

Jill: Hey, Sara, it's time to go. Let's get our shoppin' on! *(suddenly sees the spot that Sara is staring at)* Wow!

Sara: I know. Pretty bad, huh?

Jill: Well it's big. There's no missing it.

Sara: *(sarcastic)* Thanks.

Jill: Sorry. *(Pause)* Okay, let's go.

Sara: What? No, I can't leave with that just sitting there. It's awful.

Jill: What are you going do?

Sara: I been thinking about it and I thought I could just...

Sara runs off and starts dragging a ficus toward the spot, she settles it over the spot, turns the tree, which now stands right between her and Jill.

Jill: Don't you think that's a little obvious and a bit, *(she bats at the leaves in her face)* distracting?

Sara: *(looking around, she has another idea)* Right, no you're right. *(she starts dragging the ficus away and comes back with a rug)* There.

Jill: Sara, that looks ridiculous. It's obvious you're trying to cover something up. Just leave it alone it's a spot. Who cares? Let's go!

Sara: I can't. Someone will come in and see it, and then what will they think?

Jill: *(confused)* That there's a spot on the floor?

Sara: No, what will they think about me?

Jill: *(still confused)* That there's a crazy lady looking at a spot on the floor? Sara, it seems like you're the one worried about the spot. I really don't think anyone else will—

Sara: It's pretty ugly.

Jill: *(trying to make Sara feel better)* No, no it's not...I mean I have seen other...I knew this lady who once had a spot so large...you know sometimes a spot comes along and it can be a good... *(defeated)* You're right, it's ugly.

Sara: I seem to attract spots. I'm a spot attracter. The Pied Piper of spots.
They both stare down at the rug covering the spot. Jill puts a hand on Sara's shoulder.

Jill: You know, I had a spot.

Sara: *(looking up, shocked)* You? *(Jill nods)* Was it...?

Jill: *(pointing down)* Make's that one look like a freckle.

Sara: Seriously?

Jill: I really worried about that spot. It seemed so big and my eyes were just drawn to its dirtiness and its irregular shape, you know...I tried everything to get it out. I worked so hard. I tried covering it up too—first a potted plant, then the coffee table... Days passed, then weeks...years, I was losing myself in that stupid spot. I hated that spot...I was ashamed of that spot.

Sara: I deeply regret my spot. I have spot remorse.

Jill: I know.

Sara: *(relieved to know Jill understands)* I mean, I know how it got there...and I don't ever, ever...ever want to go there again. *(staring down again)*

Jill: So you focus on it.

Sara: Right...right, because if I leave it alone, if I don't think about it every day, cover it up and keep it covered so other people don't notice then I'll—

Jill: Have a life? Make a difference? Walk in Grace? Help someone else?

Sara: What?

Jill: Sara, everyone has spots.

Sara: Not like that one. *(still looking down, talking more to herself, she's heartbroken and grieved over her mistake)* Worst mistake I've ever made.

Jill: *(putting her hand on Sara's shoulder)* I only noticed the spot because you were looking down. My eyes were drawn to where **you** were focused. Hey Sara, *(tapping her friend on the shoulder)* look up. Come on, look up.

Sara finally looks up and takes a deep breath.

Jill: There you go. What do you see?

Sara: *(looking at Jill)* I see a friend.

Jill: So do I. That's all I see, just a friend who's been cooped up with a spot for too long. So, can we go now?

Sara: Yeah, I'd like that... *(they begin walking off-stage)* ooh, hey, I have curtains. I like those curtains...and I have textured walls, I love those walls...and I have, I have cobwebs, uh-oh—

Jill: Oh, dear...well, we may still have some work to do.

Sara: Maybe, I should turn the lights off...so there not so noticeable.

Lights fade.