

LONELY TEARDROPS

A Play for Radio

by

Norman King Lloyd

(Time: 30 mins)

© 2013 - All rights reserved
Text copyright

CAST...

SCAT (Schoolboy)	AGED 14
NANA (Schoolgirl)	AGED 15
FLETCHER	ABOUT 50
PEARL	ABOUT 40

SUGGESTED MUSIC

<i>Rock-Around-The-Clock</i>	<i>Any Version</i>
<i>Lonely Teardrops</i>	<i>Jackie Wilson</i>
<i>You're So Young and Beautiful</i>	<i>Elvis Presley</i>
<i>Then He Kissed me</i>	<i>Crystals</i>
<i>Treat Me Nice</i>	<i>Elvis Presley</i>
<i>Itsy-Bitsy-Teenie-Weenie-Yellow Polka-Dot-Bikini</i>	<i>Any Version</i>

**SCENE 1 – INT. CAR TRAVELLING AT SPEED ON BUSY
MAIN ROAD**

(SFX: car radio plays 'Rock-Around-The-Clock'. Hold this for about five seconds then fade to INT car acoustic)

SCAT: You call this drivin' fast? You should catch me when I'm really *wailing*. Anyhow, that Miss Williams, when she's standing in front of class and really concentrating gives off this sort of... special mental scent.

NANA: Mental? You're mental! And slow down!

SCAT: Her scent... it's nice, like a cornfield after a storm.

NANA: You've never set foot in a cornfield in your life! And its no use getting all lovey-dovey about a teacher. (DISDAINFULY) Mental scent! Just tell me I made a big mistake getting in this car.

SCAT: Look out there. They look like cornfields to me. And them white woolly things running about...

NANA: (INTERRUPTING) Next week's school dinners, poor sods.

SCAT: (PAUSE) You got a special scent, Nana?

NANA: You're under age.

SCAT: Pass for sixteen.

NANA: Sixteen! No way! More like eleven plus which makes me a right old ankle biter!

(SFX: Car tyres squealing)

Scat! You *have* driven before? Suppose we crashed?

SCAT: Give me the kiss of life, then?

NANA: Would if I could. Could if I would.

SCAT: You do say drippy things, Nana. (BEAT) You could pass for twenty, like one of them models. But you're much prettier than them. Not sure about the poodle, though.

NANA: My hair suits a poodle pooch and it's nice in the summer. I couldn't bear having anything long and as for bangs... I'd get itchy!

SCAT: I know about these things cause when I was really young my aunt made me go with her to the hairdressers. All those funny smells made me feel right sick. (PAUSE) Amazin' you're just one year above me in class.

NANA: (SIGHING) Girls are amazing.

(SFX: car accelerating)

SCAT: I still can't get over you running out into the road and screaming at me to stop.

NANA: My big mistake, it seems. (EXHALES) So, so hot. Please make that beach come quick.

(Another vehicle hoots them)

NANA: Not that quick! You're on the wrong side of the road!

SCAT: Death comes any side.

NANA: Not to me, it doesn't!

SCAT: Jumped in the old chariot quick enough, didn't you? You was in a right flood of tears when I picked you up? Running from some

bloke, more's the like? (BEAT) Here, open the window to cool off.

(NANA opens her window. Sound of wind and vehicles passing)

NANA: I can smell the sea.

SCAT: You're joking. Another twenty-mile, yet!

NANA: What's the beach called?

SCAT: It's called: 'Wait 'n' See'.

NANA: (LAUGHS) That's always a let down. (BEAT) 'spect my mum's absolutely frantic by now. If she only knew I was risking life and limb in some rusty old banger with an eleven plus sex maniac who doesn't like my poodle!

SCAT: Rusty old banger! Never. This car's a classic.

NANA: No need to get so cranked up. It's just a car and it doesn't sound up to much.

SCAT: And shut that bleedin' window.

(NANA WINDS HER WINDOW BACK UP)

Can't hear the engine proper. The engine speaks and I listen.

NANA: (SARCASTIC) The engine speaks and I listen. What's it tell you, doc? Or does it have a special scent as well!

SCAT: Ha, ha, ha. (BEAT) Met your mum, once. Nice lady.

NANA: Nice lady said you were a thieving little bastard. I suppose you pinched this old wreck? Still, I reckon no one's going to miss it.

(SCAT hums a little)

- SCAT: I've made a pact with myself. Know what a *pact* is?
- NANA: Yes, crazy toes! I *do* know what a pact is! Like when I'm allowed to leave my room any old how, but have to do the washing-up, nights.
- SCAT: My *pact* is: I have to nick something everyday until...
- NANA: And? Come on, spill!
- SCAT: (SOFTLY) It's not relevant.
- NANA: Relevant! Oh Scatty, what a big bouncing word! Rel-e-vant! Please, please Mister, don't exhaust yourself or we'll never get to the beach. (BEAT) OK, if you must, spill it about your *pact*! I'm all ears.
- SCAT: (EMBARRASSED) You have got great ears, Nana. Sort of pixie one's...
- NANA: Sex maniac. Are you going to tell me about this pact or not?
- SCAT: I nick something everyday until some girl says...
- NANA: Is this dirty?
- SCAT: ... until I find a girl who says...
- NANA: The suspense is killing me.
- SCAT: 'I love you'.
- NANA: (LAUGHS) You! On the hook! Wanting a bit of puppy-duppy? It won't happen. You're a tiddler! And a regular crime spree. Pity the poor shopkeepers.

SCAT: Even if I was dying of pneumonia, I'd still make myself nick something that day!

NANA: You're loco.

SCAT: Desperate Dan, I was last Tuesday...

(SFX - car tyres make a skidding noise)

NANA: Not this desperate! Wow! I'm glad we're got off the main road.