

CHARLIE AND LOLA

"BUT I PROMISE NOT TO ITCH"

Randy Astle

Randy Astle
randyastle@yahoo.com
801-368-1007 cell
347-726-7699 home
4841 Broadway #3
New York, NY 10034

CHARLIE AND LOLA

"BUT I PROMISE NOT TO ITCH"

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHARLIE and LOLA lie on the floor playing a Space Family Hudson board game.

CHARLIE

I have this little sister Lola. She is small...

She moves her piece three spaces.

LOLA

Yippee!

She hops up and does a little dance.

CHARLIE

...And very funny. Good move, Lola.

LOLA

(posh)

Thank you, Charlie.

CHARLIE

At the moment, we're playing a game of Space Family Hudson.

Lola plops back down.

LOLA

Your move, Charlie.

Charlie scratches his chin then spins the spinner.

CHARLIE

Five spaces. One, two, three... All right--space biscuits! Yes!

He scratches his arm.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Lola.

He reaches behind to scratch his back.

LOLA

All right, Charlie.

Charlie shifts to scratch his stomach. Lola spins the spinner, but she's more interested in Charlie.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Charlie?

CHARLIE
(through scratches)
Yes, Lola?

She peers at him.

LOLA
Why are you so acting so...scratchy
today?

He stops.

CHARLIE
Oh, um, sorry.

Lola slowly turns to look at the spinner.

LOLA
Eight! One, two...

Charlie grimaces, then starts scratching even more vigorously.

LOLA (CONT'D)
...Three, four, five...

She sits up.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Charlie, I have noticed something
slightly peculiar.

He stops again.

CHARLIE
What's that?

LOLA
It appears, Charlie, that you are
all itchyish.

He sits up.

CHARLIE
I know, Lola. It's kind of strange,
but I've been scratching all morning
and it just won't stop.

He scratches his leg. Lola hops up.

LOLA
You know, I am quite good at
detectiving. May I have a look at
you?

CHARLIE
It's just an itch, Lola.

LOLA
But there might be clues! Oh, please,
please?

Charlie rolls his eyes slightly and stands.

CHARLIE
All right.

He holds out his hand, which Lola examines carefully.

LOLA
Hmmm. And your foot, please.

Charlie lifts a leg and Lola peers at his foot. Charlie
scratches his stomach and tries to balance.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Hmmm. And your stomach.

CHARLIE
My stomach?

LOLA
Yes, of course.

CHARLIE
All right.

He lifts his shirt. His stomach is covered in little red
dots. Lola SCREAMS.

LOLA
AAAAAUGH! Charlie! Your stomach
is all polka-dotty!

CHARLIE
It's what?

He looks.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Aaaaugh! What's that?

LOLA
I don't know!

Charlie is obviously distraught, but wants to maintain his cool. Lola climbs on the couch to get away.

CHARLIE

It's probably nothing. I'll just, uh, go ask Mum.

LOLA

Yes, yes! Go, Charlie, go!

Pretending nonchalance but still nervously holding his shirt up, he walks off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Charlie walks back into the living room, glum and sporting a few spots on his face. Lola waits on the couch, no longer curled up.

LOLA

What is it, Charlie? Will you be polka-dotty forever?

CHARLIE

No. She said it's chicken pox, and it will only last for another week or so.

Lola wrinkles her brow.

LOLA

Chicken what?

CHARLIE

Chicken pox, Lola. <<A-CHOO!>> It's very contagious, so you must stay away. Mum's ringing the doctor now.

Lola thinks.

LOLA

But we don't know any chickens. How did you get chicken spots, Charlie?

She tries to imagine a way:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Charlie walks down the sidewalk smiling. A CHICKEN in a trench coat and fedora stands in his path.

CHARLIE

Huh?

The chicken reaches deep in its pocket and hands Charlie a pile of red spots.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, thank you.

Charlie lifts his shirt and sticks the spots to his stomach. The chicken tips its hat.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

No, not chicken spots, Lola. Chicken pox.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHARLIE

And chicken pox doesn't come from chickens.

LOLA

Oh.

CHARLIE

It's a disease that you can get that covers your body in red spots and itches you all over. <<A-CHOO!>> And makes you feel rather unwell.

Lola gasps.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Mum says I mustn't scratch, because that will only make it itch worse. And I have to go to bed.

LOLA

In the middle of the afternoon?

Charlie unconsciously scratches his neck.

CHARLIE

Yes, and most important of all, you have to stay out of the bedroom. So Mum says to bring some of your things out here.

LOLA

No itching, Charlie!

He notices.

CHARLIE

Oh, sorry.

They walk off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lola sits alone amidst a pile of toys. She's playing with her giraffe figurine but finds it dull.

LOLA

Hmm.

She rummages around her toys.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Not that one. No. Not that either.
<<SIGH>>

She slumps down on the pile of toys, uncovering her doctor's kit.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Ah-ha!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Charlie, in his pyjamas and absolutely covered in spots, sits up in bed reading a book and looking rather miserable. He starts to scratch his shoulder then catches himself and continues reading.

Lola bursts through the door in her doctor's uniform.

LOLA

Have no fear, sick person, I am here
to save you.

Charlie groans.

CHARLIE

Oooh, Lola! You're not supposed to
come in here!

LOLA

I am not Lola, sick person. I am
Doctor Lola. And I am a chicken
spot expert.

She whips out a magnifying glass and approaches Charlie's bed. She stares at his spotted arm through the glass.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Very peculiar. Just as I thought.
Does this one itch a little bit?

She reaches out and scratches a spot on Charlie's arm.

CHARLIE

Gaaaugh! Lola! That's sore! And Mum says you're not allowed to be in here when I have the chicken pox-- you might catch it. It's contagious!

She's slightly crestfallen.

LOLA

Sorry, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Go, go!

She turns and leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SOREN LORENSEN waits patiently on the couch. Lola drags her doctor stuff in and dumps it on the pile.

SOREN LORENSEN

Hi, Lola.

She just sighs and sits next to him.

LOLA

<<Sigh.>>

SOREN LORENSEN

What's wrong with Charlie?

LOLA

Oh, he has the chicken splox.

SOREN LORENSEN

Well that sounds fun. I've always wanted a chicken.

LOLA

Unfortunately there are no chickens involved in chicken splox.

Soren Lorensen is disappointed.

SOREN LORENSEN

Oh.

LOLA

Even worse, Mum says I cannot go near Charlie so I cannot play with him.

SOREN LORENSEN

Oh. But you can still play with him.

LOLA

I can?

SOREN LORENSEN

Oh yes. You can still play with someone without actually going near that person at all.

LOLA

How can I do that?

SOREN LORENSEN

Well, you could play Telephone, for instance. Telephone is a far-away game, but it's still very nice.

LOLA

Yes, yes. And we haven't played Telephone in ages!

She jumps up and starts searching through the pile.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Here it is!

Triumphant, she holds aloft two cans connected by a long, somewhat tangled string.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Thank you!

She zips off to find Charlie.

SOREN LORENSEN

Uh, Lola!

No answer.

SOREN LORENSEN (CONT'D)

Hmm.

He hops down and starts to play with the giraffe figurine.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Lola sits on the floor, chattering away into a can held to her mouth. The string snakes its way under the bedroom door.

LOLA

And then Lotta said that we really mustn't touch it because we could never be sure if it was a normal rock or an outer space rock which would turn us into outer space men so we left it alone. But just around the bend was another rock that looked rather the same! So we looked at that rock quite a while and decided if space men... Are you listening, Charlie?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Charlie lays in bed, half asleep, with the other can held limply by his ear. He slowly moves it toward his mouth.

CHARLIE

Yes, I'm listening.

His head flops back as he falls asleep.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

LOLA

...So we decided that if it wasn't from outer space it really must be from under the sea, so we ran home and rang up a mermaid to ask her if she was missing-- Oh, Charlie! You really must talk to my mermaid friend! Mermaids are quite clever at talking on the telephone. Hold on.

She jumps up and bursts through the door.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Lola runs past a sleeping Charlie and starts rummaging under her bed. She hums and tosses out toys haphazardly.

LOLA

(singing)

Hmmm hmmm hmmm, mmm mm mmm MMMM!

A soft toy hits Charlie in the head. He sits halfway up and blinks.

Lola jumps to her feet, triumphant, mermaid doll in hand.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Here she is! Hold on, Charlie, we'll just ring you--

CHARLIE

Lola! What are you doing in here?
Do you want to get the chicken pox
too?

LOLA

Oh, I won't get the chicken spox,
because I will be very careful around
chickens. That's easy-peazy.

Exasperated, Charlie sits up.

CHARLIE

No, Lola. Chicken pox are contagious.
That means you can catch them from
me!

She puts down her doll. She's desperate.

LOLA

But I promise not to itch. It's
boring 'round the flat without you.
Please?

Charlie is thinking and calms down his tone.

CHARLIE

Lola, do you know what 'contagious'
means?

She lowers her head.

LOLA

Um, not exactly.

CHARLIE

'Contagious' means a disease that
one person gets from another person
without even meaning to.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A GIRL walks along the grass bouncing a ball.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

A person can be sick and not even
know it yet, and the germs that are
inside them can jump off onto someone
else and make them sick too.

The girl's ball bounces over next to a little BOY. He picks
up and returns the ball, and a little germ jumps from her to
him. As the girl turns to go she gets covered in red spots.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then that person can take the germs
and give them to someone else.

The little boy walks past SIZZLES and MARV, who has a football, and the germ jumps onto Marv. The little boy is covered in red spots as he walks off.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And then they can give it to someone
else, and then they give it to someone
else, and on and on and on.

Marv finds Charlie and gives him the football. Marv waves goodbye and heads off with Sizzles, getting covered with spots as he goes.

Charlie kicks the ball around a bit before getting covered in spots himself. He looks at the camera in shock.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

CHARLIE

That's what 'contagious' means, Lola.

Lola feigns great confidence.

LOLA

Oh, yes, Charlie, THAT kind of
contagious.

Charlie isn't sure she understands.

CHARLIE

Well do you know what that means
right now?

LOLA

Yes, of course. Say there was a
chicken who happened to have the
chicken splots.

A CHICKEN appears above her head; rainbow-colored spots pop out all over it.

LOLA (CONT'D)

And her friends came to her house
for a tea party.

A PIG, a COW, and a MERMAID each appear.

INT. CHICKEN'S HOUSE - DAY

They sit around a table daintily munching on biscuits. The spots jump off of the chicken, bounce across the table, and stick onto each of the guests.

LOLA (V.O.)
 Each one of them would get the chicken spots too. And then if they met someone else...

EXT. MOON - DAY

In the evening sky, the cow sits atop the moon, kicking its feet. A flying saucer flies down and an ALIEN pokes his head out to say hello.

ALIEN
 <<ALIEN SOUNDS>>

LOLA (V.O.)
 ...Then they would get the chicken spots also.

Several spots jump off of the cow and onto the alien, who is dismayed.

SPOTS
 Whee!

The alien ducks back inside the ship and zips into space. The cow waves goodbye.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

The spaceship, covered in spots, flies through space, leaving a spray of spots behind it.

EXT. WHOLE UNIVERSE - DAY

The universe looks like a pinball machine, with the spaceship bouncing around off of the various stars and planets. With each contact the spots spread until each planet is covered.

LOLA (V.O.)
 And then that person would give it to someone else, and they'd give to someone else. And someone else, and someone else, and someone else...

EXT. SOLAR SYSTEM - DAY

The planets hang miserably in their orbits. The sun flips open to reveal Lola's face. Her voice echoes.

LOLA (V.O.)
 ...Until the whole universe is covered
 in chicken splots!

Saturn SNEEZES, rattling its rings.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Charlie is not incredibly impressed.

CHARLIE
 More or less, Lola, and now you've
 been in here so long you'll probably
 catch it too.

Lola is grinning from the cleverness of her explanation, but
 the truth gradually dawns on her.

LOLA
 Oh.
 (beat)
 AAAUGH!

She dashes out the door. Charlie smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lola is curled up in the corner, glancing around nervously.
 Soren Lorensen, still holding the giraffe, ambles up.

SOREN LORENSEN
 Hi, Lola.

LOLA
 AAAUGH!

She curls up tighter. Soren Lorensen sits down next to her.

SOREN LORENSEN
 Whatcha doing?

LOLA
 I'm hiding from the chicken spox.

SOREN LORENSEN
 Oh.

He thinks about this.

SOREN LORENSEN (CONT'D)
 Why?

Lola slowly pulls her head out to peer at him.

LOLA
 Because they are constagish, and I
 do NOT want to be covered in little
 coloured splots.

SOREN LORENSEN
 Oh.

Soren Lorensen scratches his arm.

SOREN LORENSEN (CONT'D)
 But it's not all bad to have the
 chicken pox, is it?

Lola sits up--this is absurd.

LOLA
 Of course it's bad! You get all
 polka-dotty and itchy all over!
 (timidly)
 And I don't like to itch.

Soren Lorensen scratches his leg.

SOREN LORENSEN
 Yes, but you do get to sit around in
 your pyjamas all day, don't you?

LOLA
 Well, yes.

SOREN LORENSEN
 And your Mum makes you chicken soup
 and nice warm baths, doesn't she?

He scratches his shoulder. Lola unconsciously scratches her
 leg.

LOLA
 I suppose so.

SOREN LORENSEN
 And your friends draw you get-well
 cards and tell you what's happened
 in school while you're gone, don't
 they?

Lola scratches her back.

LOLA
 Yes.

Soren Lorensen scratches his leg vigorously.

SOREN LORENSEN

And you'd get to play with Charlie,
wouldn't you?

Lola's eyes light up. She stops scratching.

LOLA

Yes! I can't possibly catch the
chicken splox if I already have them!

She gets up and runs back to the bedroom.

LOLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Charlie! Oh, Charlie!

Soren Lorensen smiles, then notices his stomach is itching.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Lola, with a few spots on her face, bursts into the bedroom.
Charlie sits up in bed.

LOLA

Charlie! Oh, Charlie, I'm glad you're
here.

She puffs up her chest to make an important announcement.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I have decided to catch the chicken
plox as well.

Charlie smiles.

CHARLIE

It looks like you already have, Lola.
See?

He holds up a mirror from his nightstand. Lola looks at
herself closely.

POV--There are several spots on her face.

LOLA

Oh, hurray! I'm all spotty! Charlie!

She throws her arms around her brother.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Charlie and Lola lie on the floor, playing Space Family
Hudson. They are in their pyjamas and are both covered in
spots.

CHARLIE

You do know having the chicken pox
isn't entirely easy, right, Lola?

Spinning the spinner, Lola is paying much more attention to
the game.

LOLA

Yes, Charlie, I know. Four! One,
two, three...

CHARLIE

And we can't stay this way forever.
In a week or two we'll be better.

Lola looks up.

LOLA

Oh, yes, Charlie, but I have created
a plan.

CHARLIE

What's that?

Lola sits up.

LOLA

When we're better from the chicken
spots, then I will go catch the
SHEEP splox, then the DUCK spots,
and then I'm quite keen to have the
ELEPHANT shpots.

A polka-dotted elephant walks into the room and TRUMPETS.

LOLA (CONT'D)

See?

Charlie smiles.

CHARLIE

Oh, Lola.

IRIS OUT. CREDITS.