

Lloyd Katrin Side #1

TIME: September 12, 1940.

Two evening birds sing.

An air raid siren pierces the night.

PLACE: The basement of a music shop. Musty. Gray. Wooden rafters and cement floors. An offstage stairwell leads to a street exit. A stepladder. An old upright piano with its keys facing the wall. A sliver of window. A sharp knife rests in the corner next to a violin repair kit.

A shriek, whistle and... CRASH.

FLASH.

Perhaps feathers float over the audience.

The sound of a nearby belfry tower cracking. The bell rings one last time as it smashes to the ground.

The whistle of more bombs in the distance.
Pitter-patter of guns.

Katrin, 27, bursts into the basement. She wears a black evening gown and silk gloves.

Lloyd, 28, follows. Everything about him is worn with the exception of a tweed jacket. He wears a gas mask box over his shoulder.

He holds a fistful of feathers.

Another bomb explodes outside.

LLOYD

Lloyd rushes to a corner.

LLOYD

start

GET UNDER SOMETHING!

Lady, get under something!





Your neck!
Cover your neck!

Katrin searches the space. She tries to fit beneath the music bench. It's too small. She dashes behind the piano instead.

He duck and covers, protecting his neck.

Explosion. Beat.
Katrin peeks out to glance at Lloyd.

LLOYD

She does.

A momentary break in the bombs.
They both take a deep breath.
A crackling sound from the street bleeds into the space.

LLOYD

God. Did you see that? Did you HEAR that?
It rang. That church bell bloody rang!

Katrin, frozen from panic doesn't respond.

LLOYD

Hey, lady?

Lloyd, concerned, moves closer to the piano.

LLOYD

LADY?!

He catches her tenseness as he moves towards her and stops.

LLOYD

Hit a note if you're alright.
(Pause. Katrin hits a note.)
All bones intact?
(Katrin hits a note.)
All limbs attached?
(She hits a note. Beat.)
Heart beating?
(She hits three notes very hard.)

LLOYD (cont.)

Mine too.
Eyes. Can you feel your eyes?
(Silence.)
Good.

A moment of silence.

Has it stopped?

KATRIN

Lloyd listens.

Have they stopped?!

KATRIN

(Realizing.)
You're a yank!?

LLOYD

A close explosion answers her question.

Shite.

LLOYD

Lloyd takes cover again.

That was close.
Better get under something

LLOYD

There's nothing to get under.

KATRIN

Pretend you're under something.

LLOYD

Another explosion.

Alright there?
Hit another note if you're alright.

LLOYD

Katrin plays D minor.

LLOYD

Morbid note.

(He speaks over the distant explosions in an attempt to break the tension.)

Hey Yankee, play a real song.

Or better. Here is what I need you to do. Go to harbor.

Board a boat or a sub.

Evade the U-Boats. Cross the Atlantic. And bring back all your boyfriends from the States in uniform. Tell them it's a big party. They're missing the fireworks.

Tell them we've lots of nice lonely British women—husband's off to the front.

Got it? Alright. Go!

No?

(Beat.)

Do you know any songs?

She plays D Minor.

KATRIN

I know D Minor.

And...

She plays a choppy rendition of a part of *Funny Valentine*.

An explosion.

KATRIN

(Trying to match Lloyd's humor.)

It wasn't that bad!

Another offstage explosion jolts her.

She slams the keys, attempting to mask the blast.

A brief break in the bombs. They breathe.

Lloyd runs a finger across the dust on the floor.

LLOYD

God, what is this place?

Beats Tilbury I suppose.

KATRIN

Tilbury?

LLOYD

Public shelter in Stepney's railyards. Excrement and discarded margarine all over the floors.

KATRIN

That's where you're coming from?

LLOYD

No. The Café de Paris. I was just outside in the streets clinking champagne, "at least the bomb's falling on the East Enders. Cheers!"

(He looks her up and down, noting her evening gown.)

Where were you coming from?

KATRIN

We're in The Music Shop. In the basement.
I used to come here. Before the bombing.

LLOYD

Which music shop?

KATRIN

The Music Shop. That's what it's called.

LLOYD

Somebody must've been inspired.

KATRIN

You have something better?

LLOYD

Strings and Things?

KATRIN

We're safe here. Right?

LLOYD

Sure.

A house of a hundred instruments can't possibly be destroyed.

(Beat.)

St. Paul's was hit, y'know. This morning.

KATRIN

It didn't detonate.

LLOYD

Not yet. No. Bomb's still lodged in the ground. Near the crypt. Hear it's a big'un. 1000 kilos.
We're probably just within radius—

It blows—there goes St. Paul's along with everything you *hold holy*.

(No response from her.)

Gallows humour always *bombs*.