

# Katrin & Lloyd Side # 5

To stolen champagne.

A moment. Katrin takes out a teacup. She pours herself a teacup of water.

KATRIN

A bomb in the distance.

To three centuries of streets.

(Beat.)

You should probably go somewhere safer.

LLOYD

Where?

KATRIN

LLOYD

That house in Surrey for one. That'd be a smart choice.

It's my husband's. He has the key.

KATRIN

LLOYD

Then bugger him. Steal the key and we'll go together.

(Beat.)

Alright then, the tube.

God knows what you're doing down there.

KATRIN

God knows.

LLOYD

Neither moves.

More bombs in the distance, steady, rhythmic now.

LLOYD

You should have come with me this evening.

It's much safer—the Savoy. That pianist, Eugene Gerrard was there. He played *Funny Valentine* again, other songs. American covers mostly.

Stared right at me the whole time. Swear.

I almost tried to talk to him. But, of course, he was surrounded by his ladies.

KATRIN

His ladies.

Start

I took his champagne.

LLOYD

Katrin chokes.

You took his—

KATRIN

Cheers!

LLOYD

Beat. She downs her water. This time she pours her cup with champagne. She slugs it.

To Eugene Gerrard's champagne!

KATRIN

Beat.

After he punched me!

LLOYD

What?

KATRIN

I took it after he punched me!

LLOYD

He punched you?

KATRIN

LLOYD  
(He points to his eye.)

Bloody hard too.

He's playing the piano, staring right at me.

I want to talk to him, but he's got his ladies. I don't say nothing.

I go off to the loo. He's there. Grabs me by my lapels. My peaked lapels. Throws me against the wall. "Stay away from Sarah! Don't you touch, Sarah!"

KATRIN

(Hopeful.)  
He said that? Really?

LLOYD

Yea.

LLOYD (cont.)

God, for a pianist, that man is not afraid to use his fists.

I should've asked for his autograph.

He's mistaken me from somebody else, I figure.

Funny thing. We're wearing the damn near same jacket. Damn near same outfit. Thought you said this jacket's hard to come by. Funny that.

KATRIN

Yes. Funny.

LLOYD

Funny...

Katrin pours another teacup of champagne.

KATRIN

Funny.

He eyes her.

LLOYD

He's not a British soldier, is he? Your husband?

What's he, an American journo playing the Blitz beat?

KATRIN

Oh, he's playing.

LLOYD

Funny, Sarah.

KATRIN

Katrin here.

LLOYD

Bugger me. Oh, bugger. Bugger.

Beat.'

KATRIN

To Eugene Gerrard's champagne!

A moment, as Lloyd processes fully.

LLOYD

You sent me in your husband's clothes to see your husband!?

I didn't think he'd punch you!

KATRIN

Beat. Lloyd laughs.

What?  
That's funny?

KATRIN

Hilarious.  
You're a twisted lady, you know that?  
What exactly was your goal there? Get rid of him? Get rid of me? To hell with it! Get rid of all of them!

LLOYD

Yeah. Maybe it was!

KATRIN

The sound of a plane. They both freeze.

Ten miles.

LLOYD

The whistle of a bomb.  
Boom.

Imagine this place collapsing, Katrin.  
Us and one hundred instruments crushed.  
Our bones and violins.

LLOYD

You're right. It's a space waiting to be filled with music.

KATRIN

She moves to the piano.  
She tries to play *Funny Valentine*. It's a bit off and far too fast.

You're playing too fast.

LLOYD

He guides her hand.

I don't have the gift of // timing.

KATRIN

LLOYD

Rhythm?

KATRIN

That.

(She pulls away.)

I thought you didn't play.

LLOYD

I could anything...

(He strums the guitar. He's terrible.)

In the right circumstance.

~~Hold on. Shhh....~~

Stop

They listen to the bombs.

LLOYD

They're like... what's that thing? That back and forth ticking thing?

KATRIN

A metronome?