

CHARLIE AND LOLA

"BUT I PROMISE NOT TO ITCH"

Written by

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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...

Lola 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 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. 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  
Oh 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)  
Aaugh! 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, he walks off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Charlie, glum and sporting a few spots on his face, sits down on the couch next to a waiting Lola.

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

CHARLIE  
No. Mum 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. <<ACHOO!>> 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?

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 inside its coat and hands Charlie a bunch of big red spots.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, thank you.

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

CHARLIE (V.O.)

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.

Lola gasps.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

<<ACHOO!>> And makes you feel rather unwell. 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 figurin but finds it dull.

LOLA

Hmmm.

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 spot itch a little bit?

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

CHARLIE  
 Gaaa! Lola, that 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 kit in and dumps in on the toy 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

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 had lost-- 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. 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  
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 splox,  
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 her doll down. She's desperate.

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

Charlie is thinking and calms his tone down.

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.)

And then they can give it to someone else, and then they can 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 Sizzle, 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

And that's what 'contagious' means.

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 to each of the guests.

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

EXT. SKY - DAY

The moon hangs in the blue sky, the cow sitting on it and kicking its feet. A flying saucer flies down and an ALIEN pokes its 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  
Wheeee!

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

EXT. OUTER SPACE

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

## EXT. UNIVERSE

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 star and planet is covered.

LOLA (V.O.)

And then that person would give it to someone else, and they'd give it to someone else. And someone else, and someone else, and someone else...

## EXT. SOLAR SYSTEM

The sick 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 sprox!

Saturn SNEEZES, rattling its rings.

## INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Charlies is not incredibly impressed.

CHARLIE

More or less, 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  
AAUGH!

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 pokes 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 shlots if I already have  
them.

She gets up and runs back toward 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 her reflection closely: 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  
Oh, 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 sprots,  
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.

FADE OUT