

THE GRAMMY FACTOR

A Radio Play

by

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THE GRAMMY FACTOR

CAST

in order of appearance:

SGT. ROMANOFF.Hard-edged homicide detective.
BEE BEE COLE. 20-something cynical but doting granddaughter.
OFFICER TURNER.Lame assistant to Romanoff.
GRAMMY COLE.70-something naive, sweet grandmother to Bee Bee.
LOVEY TRUEHEART.Salesperson for the First Federation League of
Christians for Children and Housewives.
SEYMOUR CANDLEEarnest client of Madame Lorenski.
MRS MACKLEVAIN.Southern-Belle client of Madame Lorenski.
LEAH.Loyal assistant to Madame Lorenski.
MADAME LORENSKI.60-something psychic, possible con artist.
HOTEL CLERK.Overly friendly clerk at hotel in Borneo.
PILAR.Gossipy, chain-smoking patron at hotel bar in Borneo.
DR. PHILIPPE LACÁN. . . .Physician on the island of Borneo. Former beau of Bee
Bee's.
BUNNY CIRCUMVENT.Gung-ho client of Madame Lorenski.
THE JUDGE.Presiding judge at the trial of Bee Bee.
VOICES.Background voices at island bar, Bee Bee's trial, in
surrounding jail cells, prison guards, bailiff, jury
foreman.

SETTINGS:

Police Headquarters.
Interior/Exterior of Grammy Cole's Home.
Interior of Bee Bee's Automobile.
Interior/Exterior of Madame Lorenski's Home/Psychic Parlor.
The Island of Borneo.
A Courtroom.
A Jail.

THE TIME:

A six-month period, spring to fall.
Flashbacks to a summer holiday.

1. MUSIC: IMPOSING THEME UP. ESTABLISH. CONTINUE UNDER.

SCENE ONE: INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

(Sgt. Romanoff, Bee Bee Cole, Officer Turner)

2. SOUND: OFF MIC: WIND, RAIN HITTING GLASS WINDOW

PANES. CONTINUE UNDER.

3. MUSIC: FADES OUT.

4. SOUND: HEAVY FOOTSTEPS PACING ON TILE FLOOR, CONTINUE

FOR TEN SECONDS. THEN STOP ABRUPTLY.

5. SOUND: FIST HITTING PALM OF HAND.

6. SOUND: RAIN AND WIND FADES OUT.

7. ROMANOFF: (MENACING) This attitude is not
doing you any good, Miss Cole.

8. BEE BEE: (SNOTTY) And what attitude would that
be, Sgt. Romanoff?

9. SOUND: SQUAWK OF PARROT.

1. BEE BEE: Oh, Officer Turner. Don't you have anything better to do than to torture innocent animals?
2. TURNER: Why you little. I oughta —
3. SOUND: SQUAWK OF PARROT.
4. BEE BEE: (FAKE SWEETNESS) I mean no disrespect, Officer. Maybe if the two of you would be so kind as to fill me in on exactly what it is you want with me?
5. ROMANOFF: (STERN) I think you know what it is we want. You are in a heap of trouble, Little Missy, and I would think twice if I were you before opening that smart mouth of yours.
6. SOUND: PAPERS RUSTLING.
7. ROMANOFF: Murder is not something we take lightly in these parts. So, in order to make it easier on yourself. . . (FADING) I would highly suggest that you cooperate. . .

1. BEE BEE: (AS ROMANOFF VOICE FADES, ASIDE) I guess I should explain who I am and how I got into this situation where a dead body was found with a nasty gash at the base of its skull allegedly caused by a fireplace poker with my fingerprints on it. . . My name is Beatrice Cole – Bee Bee for short. My parents died when I was only five. . .

2. SOUND: OFF MIC: RAIN AND WIND. CONTINUE UNDER.

3. BEE BEE: Maybe I don't have to go back quite that far. But, that's why I was so close to Grammy, you see? She raised me. And then when this. . . this mess started. . . Well, I couldn't let it, you know? Grammy could be so gullible. . .
(FADING)

4. SOUND: VOICE, RAIN AND WIND FADE OUT.

5. MUSIC: BRIGHT TRANSITION, THEN FADE OUT.

SCENE TWO: INT. GRAMMY COLE'S HOUSE – SIX MONTHS EARLIER – DAY

(Bee Bee, Grammy Cole, Lovey Trueheart, Seymour Castle)

1. SOUND: METAL CRATES DRAGGING ACROSS WOOD FLOOR.

2. BEE BEE: (GRUNTS) Ugh. Well that's the last of it. How many does this make, Grammy?

3. GRAMMY: Why, I'm not sure. Do you think I really need to give that away, too?

4. BEE BEE: Grammy, we've been over this. You promised.

5. GRAMMY: (SIGHS) I know, dear. It's just so hard for me to part with anything of your grandfather's.

6. BEE BEE: Grammy. This box is full of hunting magazines dating back to 1953. And Grampy didn't even hunt!

7. GRAMMY: Still. He loved to read them. (CHUCKLES) He would take those with him when he went to the cabin on his "alone" weekends. Pretending to be some big game hunter all alone on the Alaskan tundra. . . (SNIFFLES)

8. BEE BEE: (TENDERLY) There, there. I know how much you miss Grampy. I do, too. But, it's been over six months. And this is not doing you any good having all this clutter here. It's (MORE. . .)

1. BEE BEE: (CONT'D) for the best. Really. (GRUNTS)
Now. I'm going to take these crates
over to the recycling lot. Then we'll go have
our lunch, okay?
2. GRAMMY: You're such a sweet girl. Thank you, honey.
3. SOUND: DOORBELL.
4. BEE BEE: I'll get it. (GRUNTS)
5. SOUND: METAL CRATE HITTING WOOD FLOOR.
6. SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD FLOOR.
7. SOUND: DOOR OPENING.
8. BEE BEE: Yes, may I help you?
9. LOVEY TRUEHEART: (EARNEST) Trueheart. Lovey Trueheart.
10. BEE BEE: Excuse me?
11. LOVEY TRUEHEART: (SMALL CHUCKLE) That's me. Lovey Trueheart. At
your service.
12. BEE BEE: Our service of what?

1. LOVEY TRUEHEART: Oh, my. I always forget that part. (CLEARS THROAT) Good morning, ladies. I represent the First Federation League of Christians for Children and Housewives and I would like to acquaint you with a wonderful opportunity to not only help those less fortunate than yourselves but also be the first in your neighborhood to own your very own matching collection of —
2. BEE BEE: Whoa there, Trueheart. No thanks. Take a hike.
3. GRAMMY: Bee Bee. Let's not be rude.
4. BEE BEE: (QUIETLY, TO GRAMMY) You've got to be that way to these people, Grammy. If you're not, they walk all over you and get you to buy something you don't need. (TO LOVEY) So, if you'll excuse us? We're not interested.
5. LOVEY TRUEHEART: Please. Don't shut the door in my face. You're the tenth house I've been to this morning and not one person would even let me finish my speech. Let me just —