

A Nappie Lassie Blethers tae a Fritter

bi Martin Travers

Chairacters

In order ae appearance

Iona Irvine

Showman

Frazer

Twa Scunnersome dates

Waiter

Mither

Zander Campbell

Aw chairacters abuin tae bes played bi wan female actor. Apairt frae the twa-three lines Frazer haes at the end ae the play. His lines shoud aither be spak bi a male actor live or be a recordin.

Nicht. Bus stap. Maist daurk Sooth Lanarkshire.

We hear Iona's weary peirie heels on the pavie as she gaes intae the empie bus stap. She appens a carton an taks a hocken bite ae a hot fritter. She breithes in aw swith ettlin tae cuil doun the mowten mush in her mooth.

Iona. Oh ya. Oh ya. Bluidy bylin! Aw naw! Burnt ma mooth! Naw-naw-naw. A hate 'at! Better no bleester. Bet hit daes an aw. Bet A git a big bowsie bleester. A big bowsie bleester frae a sneaky fritter. In a lane bus shelter at stinks ae fag dowts, tattert dreams, an God kens whit ense. A record brakin bleester sae muckle A'll no bes fit tae gab at aw fir weeks. Last time A gat a fritter burn – ye'd hae thought A'd a auld sclitterie slipper fir a tongue. The neist morn hit haed swallt up lik a buncy castle.

Iona *sichs deep.*

Iona. 'is soums ma nicht richt up. Teepical in't hit.

Iona *plays the pairt ae the Showman.*

Showman. "Roll up – roll up! Come see the fermer's dochter's mooth meltit bi a whaanious fritter! A fritter sae wappin hit leuks lik a battert dinghy – whit A mean is – a dinghy in batter! A ship wrack ae a fritter – fand fleetin about in the depths ae thon broon sotterin ile – in the kintra's maist clattie chippy – at the verra brink ae the kent warld!".

Iona. A fittin scunnersome endin tae anither glumpy nicht leukin fir luve. An A aye end up drounin ma sorraes in veenegar ower the road thare in Jean's Fry. Jean's laddie Frazer's some chairacter. Ayeweys makkin us gaggle an geggle. Thirty sax year auld wi the belly ae a

whaul, erse hingin oot his breeks, an niver buin kisst. Bit he aye haes a smile as bricht as firewirks gaun aff on Hogmanay.

Frazer. Hou wis yer nicht the nicht? Miss the bus? Ye'll be lucky. A wis juist aboot tae shut. Lit me see whit A cin howk oot fir ye. Me? Och – no sae bad. Still eatin ma crusts. Single as a fish an blythe as a eyster! Mynd ye git hame sauf.

Iona. (*Tae the fritter*) Gittin coortit bi conceitit Glesgae laddies's no fir us nae mair. Wan ee on thair phones the hale time. Mingin ae Lynx. Aw wi coiffured eebrous tae dee fir. An hou dae thay manage tae git thair teeth 'at bluidy white?

Date Wan. Where did ye say you were from again? Never heard of it. You got a pet cow? Or should I say *coo*?!

Iona. A daena ken hou, bit wanst thon Gallus Alecs hear ma vyce thay aw ettle tae tak the Michel.

Date Twa. Iona Irvine? What kind of a name is that? You ever been in two places at the one time? Well; your name certainly has!

Iona. (*Tae Date Twa an aw snell*) Oh – 'at's awfu funny. Ye're the first body tae iver say 'at tae us. Aye – *t-hah* – ye're a smairt cookie awricht, eh?

Iona. (*Tae the fritter*) A mean thay hae a pynt – wha in their richt mynd cries thair ain bairn efter a island whan thay ken thair seicont name is a toun on the wast coast?! Ivery date A gae on hit aye cams up. An gif thair no slaggin aff ma name thay're slaggin aff ma vyce.

She taks anither wee bite ae the fritter. She breithes in owerfest ettlin tae cuil hit down.

Iona. (*Tae the fritter*) An dinna git us bampin aboot Glesgae waiters. The waiters's cin be faur waur. 'is wan time A whispers tae the waiter fir the bill. Me an 'is laddie war gaun haufers ye ken. A'd raither gae haufers. Espeicially whan hits a first date. Hit wis gaun barrie. He's giein us a hypnotisin leuk – his broon een smouderin awa aw sexy. A kicks aff wan ae ma peirie heels. Ma fit smuirichin his fit unner the table. White hot electricity atween us. Ken? Whan the waiter A'd askt tae bring the bill trinnles ower. Plants twa pints ae lager down on the table.

Waiter. Can I get you anything else madam?

Iona. Ma date juist git up. No a wurd. Fire't on his jaickit an shuitit aff like a... a gazelle. Fand oot frae wan ae his freends aboot sax months efter whit haed fasht him sae sair. Hou wis a tae ken he wis in the Alcoholics Anonymous?! A dinna e'en like lager. A'd anely askt fir the bill. The laddie ae ma dreams wadna answer his phone efter 'at. Bluidy waiters.

Iona. (*Tae the fritter*) A'm hert seek ae hit. A wiss thon Glesgae train wad git in on time wance in a blue muin. A mean – a oor an a hauf atween ivery bus is juist nae wey tae leeve. An ma mither's aye on hit us;

Mither. Twinty seiven year auld. Twinty seiven year auld an ye cannae drive a caur. Ye mey as weel git a bike – a horse an cairt lik ma grandmither haed. Yer dwynin yer life awa at thon bus stap. Ye cannae sit thare fir mair 'an ten meenits afore yer erse is makkin buttons an yer ower 'at Jean's Fry. Ye'll anely git fatter fir aw thay fritters. Yer fritterin yer life awa. Ye'll no mak hit tae the alter at 'is rate!

Iona. Mak it tae the alter?! A'd be delitit tae mak hit tae the Tiramisu. The last twa-three dates

A hae buin on hae endit in black affrontit tears an snochters. Ye'd hae thocht A wis haiverin tae thaim in Pictish the wey thir laddies gae on. The nicht wis a pure stramash. Zander Campbell. 'at's his name. No 'at A'll be needin tae be myndin hit efter whit happent. (*Beat*) Ye hae tae speir yersel nou an than – shoud A gie masel a muckle jag – an chynge the wey A talk fir guid? A maun be gaun daft. Bletherin awa, an teemin ma hert oot, tae a burnt fritter ower wairm tae teckle.

Her phone rings. She taks the phone frae her pootch an answers.

Iona. Mither? A'm on ma wey hame. Misst the bus.

She listens tae her mither speakin.

Iona. Aye. Sittin at the bus stap.

She listens mair.

Iona. Naw. A haena buin tae Jean's Fry! The cheek ae ye.

She listens mair.

Iona. Fine.

She listens mair.

Iona. Zander Campbell.

She listens mair.

Iona. (*Gittin annoyed*) Naw. No Andra Campbell. No Andra whas faither rin aff wi thon rauchle wumman 'at uised tae rin the Caravan Pairk. Naw. Wad ye appen yer lugs. A says Zander Campbell. (*Listens*) Naw, ye dinna ken him – or ony ae his faimily. He's a drivin instructor frae Milngavie. (*Listens*) Aye. Aye – A thocht ye'd like 'at.

She listens mair.

Iona. (*Bored*) Hit gaed weel eneuch. Aye. Aye. Aye. Fantoush watch. Fantoush phone. Fantoush claes. Tan brogues wi nae socks. The hale brawery. Ye ken the leuk. (*Listens*) Aye – but hit's ower early tae say mither. A'll blether mair whan A git hame. Cheery.

Iona *hings up an pits the phone in her pootch.*

Iona. (*Tae the fritter*) A hae leart tae bare face lee whan ma mither inquires aboot ma caur wrack ae a luve life. A juist canna haundle the cauld-stane autopsy the neist morn nae mair.

Mither. Mebbe ye shoud hae daed 'is. Mebbe ye shoud hae daed 'at. Daed ye deodorise twice't lik A telt ye?

Iona. An hit's niver the laddie's faut. Aw naw. Hit wis the laddie's faut the nicht aw richt! (*Wi gaw*) Zander Campbell – a lang slochie slug ae a laud. A nestie piece ae wirk aw the gither.

She sighs an mynds whit happent.

Iona. A says tae him. Zander – 'at's a unusual name. Bes hit short fir Alexander? Or ye kent efter the mucklest member ae the perch faimily? (*She lauchs aw fair-faced*) A lauchs – he daesna. He's anither yin wha canna see past his fantoush phone. Chackin hit ivery twa seiconts. Lik a wean needin tae pick at a dry scab.

Zander. This phone is gold plated. Had it shipped here from America. Only had it a couple of days. It is the latest model. The thinnest, most powerful phone in existence.

Iona. Mair thin ‘an yer conversation? Nou ‘at is impressive – A says tae masel; in ma heid. Aw throu wir stairters – he’s teep-tappin an smilin at his phone. No e’en tryin tae leuk lik he’s e’en hauf listenin tae us. He’s in the huff acause A haed pyntit oot his venison lasagne wisna frae Venice. An A’m tannin the Pinot lik hits ginger tae git me throu hit. Whan the denner appears A’m haiverin on aboot a telly programme A’d watcht aboot a honey badger – makkin a ledder oot ae muck an escapin frae a zoo. A’m likely tellin thon story acause A’m hauf hinkin aboot makkin ma ain muck ledder tae jouk awa masel. He pits doun his phone an leans ower tae us.

Zander. Can’t you talk like a normal person?

Iona. The wirds spit frae his mooth lik a tellin.

Zander. Do me a favour. Stop talking. Your accent is embarrassing. You are putting me off my expensive dinner.

Iona. He slams his cutlery doun wi a clatter.

Zander. Back in a minute. Watch my phone.

Iona. An at ‘at the ignorant neep saunts aff intae the bog. A’m wunnerin whit’s the pynt in gaun on wi ony mair ae ‘is voluntar tortur. An than – A spies his phone. His nairae-boukit pride an jey. A lift hit up. Hit really is awfu thin. Thin an gowden lik a sheet ae metallic pasta. Afore A cin stap masel. A slides the phone ontae his plate. Than richt unner his lasagne till hit disappears intae the thick tamata bree. A bawls ower tae the waitress. An A gaes aw *boul in the mou*. Nou an again hit cams in haundy bein bilingual.

Iona. (*Fantoush Glesgae accent*). Excuse me, but my boyfriend Zander’s lasagne is stone cold frozen in the middle. It just isn’t good enough. Would you make sure it is brought back piping hot? Oh – and when he returns to the table – could you also let him know I’ve just popped out to check on the car? Much appreciated.

Iona. An ‘at wis ‘at. Zander’s phone gaed intae the oven an A click-clacked intae Central Station.

She taks a bite ae her fritter.

Iona. Ach – A’v lat hit gae cauld!

She sichts deep.

Iona. Mebbes A shoud shed the wey A jaw lik a snake sheds skin. Muive tae a big city. (*R.P. accent*) Capitulate. (*R.P. accent*) Assimilate. Skail awa aw the myndins an soonds ae ma bairnheid. Turn ma back on the sangs an poems A leart frae the auld yins whan A gat tae stey up late at pairties. Talk aw nice an fair-faced. Hunt doun an kill aff the names A hae buin gein fir fermstockin an craiteurs in the wids. Crush an scaiter the names A hae fir flouers an fuid. Buiry wi shame the thoosand year ae wirds bellochin aboot ma heid. Bit hou wad A? Hou shoud A?! A’m fair fond ae ma hame. A’m fair fond ae ‘is bus stap, A’m fair fond ae a fly fritter frae Jean’s Fry. An aye – A’m awfu fond ae ma ain vyce an the coorse soonds ‘at tummle oot ma mooth. A’d raither blether tae a cauld fritter ‘an tae a cauld hertit sae-cawed Scotsman wha haes nae unnerstaundin ae, or respect fir, his ain language. Whit’s fir ye’ll no

A Nappie Lassie Blethers tae a Fritter
bi Martin Travers
FEENAL DRAFT

gae bi ye. ‘at’s whit thay aye say in’t hit? An richt noo ma muckle fritter freend – cauld nor no cauld – you’re fir me.

Iona *taks a muckle bite ae the cauld fritter. Frazer caws ower frae across the street.*

Frazer. IONA!

Iona. *(Shoots)* Aye Frazer?!

Frazer. Ye wantin a run up the road?!

Iona. *(Shoots)* ‘at’d be smashin!

We hear the soonds ae Iona’s peirie heels as she brattles across the road.

THE END