

Water Resistant

Eric stands on his doorstep. As they talk the sound of light rain falling on a suburban street, beds in underneath their dialogue. All of the time Eric is talking to us, we can hear Jim salesman's patter. Most of the time Jim's words are indistinct, only occasionally will we really listen to him.

ERIC

I realise I am like water.

(to JIM)

Yes. Yes. It looks good. Is that neoprene?

JIM

Try and tear it. Try. You can't. It's water resistant. Which sounds odd, but what happens is that they push the water away, the molecules. So you can direct it.

ERIC

I take the line of least resistance. The ex said it was a form of weakness, a weakness but it's not. Water's got no enemies has it?

There is a tearing noise

JIM

Well blow me!! You're the first that doesn't normally happen. So all of the proceeds go to charity. Did I show you my badge? The charity number's on there. All registered and everything

We hear a glutinous, gloopy substance, dilute until it turns into running water

ERIC

Oil at whatever a barrel, but the real commodity is water. I'm saving it up. Funny, I wet the bed until I was eighteen. My psychologist said it was laziness but I'm not sure, I never got to the end of the report. But it's still around me is my point. Who was that actress who used to drink her wee??

(to JIM)

So how many should I buy?

Water Resistant
By Julius Ayodeji

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JIM

It's 12 dishcloths for two pound fifty mate.

ERIC

And people like him, with his name badge, and his smile, see the sweat? Well they just float to the top don't they?

The transaction takes place

ERIC

(to Jim)

One, two. Fifty.

JIM

You've helped charity

ERIC

(to Jim)

Of course.

ERIC

My watermark is not very high, but that's a flood, or trapped water, a dam. I take the path of least resistance.
Of course it's always a race against evaporation.

He shuts the door

The End.

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