

Four Daves

written by

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Comedy short

Radio Play

FADE IN:

1 INT. LINGFIELD LAWN TENNIS CLUB. CHANGING ROOM - DAY 1

POP of TENNIS BALLS being struck.

DAVE#1 is an older gentleman with a grumpy voice tone.

DAVE#2 is a younger man with an energetic pitch.

SHUFFLE of FEET, then the BRUSH of a TENNIS BAG as it is placed down.

DAVE#2  
(brightly)  
Morning, Dave.

DAVE#1  
Yeah, morning.

DAVE#2  
Looks like a nice morning for it.

DAVE#1  
If you say so.

DAVE#2  
Cheer up.

DAVE#1  
Sorry, I've not woken up.

MELODIC WHISTLING.

DAVE#1 /  
I see someone's full of beans  
this morning.  
(sniffs air)  
Had your oats?

DAVE#2  
Yep.  
(pauses)  
Anyway, who are we playing today?

DAVE#1  
Roding, apparently... I dunno. No  
one tells me anything.

DAVE#2  
Are they any good?

DAVE#1

I dunno.

DAVE#2

Well I'm right up-for-it whoever they are.

DAVE#1

I can see that.

(sniffs air)

Got ants in your pants?

DAVE#2

(excitedly)

Yep. Bring-it-on!

DAVE#1

Yeah, all right.

(pauses)

I'm still in the land of nod.

DAVE#2

Late one last night, was it?

DAVE#1

No.

DAVE#2

Out on the town, were we? You dirty old man.

DAVE#1

Don't be silly.

DAVE#2

(energetically)

C'mon, liven up, Dave. We need to win this one to go top of the league.

DAVE#1

I will if you let me.

DAVE#2

Where've they put the match balls?

DAVE#1

The usual place.

DAVE#2

I'll get 'em on my way out.

MELODIC WHISTLING.

DAVE#2

Right then. See you on court,  
Dave.

DAVE#1

Yeah.

Short silence

DAVE#1 -

(under breath)

Twat.

POP of Tennis balls being struck over a period of time.

SHUFFLE of feet stepping on grit.

DAVE#2

Here he is - the man himself.

DAVE#1

Yeah, all right.

DAVE#2

We couldn't wish for better  
weather, could we?

DAVE#1

If you say so.

DAVE#2

There's not much wind at all.

DAVE#1

Good.

DAVE#2

We all know how much you hate the  
wind, Dave.

DAVE#1

Lawn mowers.

DAVE#2

What?

DAVE#1

Lawn mowers. I hate lawn mowers -  
and tractors.

The HISS of a RING PULL.

DAVE#2

Right. Let's warm up the old  
shoulders, shall we?

DAVE#1

Yeah.

POP of a tennis ball being struck back and forth.

The SHUFFLE of feet stepping on grit increases in sound.

Enter Scottish DAVE#3 & Aussie DAVE#4.

DAVE#3

(loudly)  
Morning.

DAVE#2

Roding, yeah?

DAVE#3

Aye. That's right, buddy.

DAVE#4

G'day, guys.

SQUEAK & GRIND of a gate closing.

SHUFFLE of feet then BRUSH of bags being dropped.

DAVE#2

I'm Dave two. And this is my  
partner, Dave one.

DAVE#3

(sighs)  
Not another four Daves?

DAVE#4

Crikey! Is everyone in this  
country called Dave, or what?

DAVE#2

(flippantly)  
Is everyone in yours called  
Bruce?

DAVE#4

Good answer. But the answer is  
no. But all the women are called  
Sheila.

DAVE#1

Just call me David. It'll save confusion.

DAVE#3

This is the second time this month we've had four Daves on the same court.

DAVE#1

(sighs)

Madness.

DAVE#2

Actually, call me Davos. I'm half Greek.

DAVE#1

You've never told anyone that.

DAVE#2

No one's ever asked.

DAVE#1

S'pose not.

DAVE#2

So what should we call you guys?

Short silence.

DAVE#3

Fish. Call me Fish. I was born near a fishing port in Lochnager.

DAVE#4

In that case, I'll be Fingers. I'm known for my roaming fingers.

DAVE#1

What... Fish and Fingers?

DAVE#3

Aye. What's the problem?

DAVE#1

Well I just thought you could be Jock, and your partner could be Bruce. It's more befitting of both your heritages.

DAVE#3

Which era are you living in,  
Squire?

DAVE#2

Let's just get on, shall we?

DAVE#4

Yeah. I'm itching to get started.

SHUFFLE of feet.

DAVE#1

Hold on. I've just had an idea.

DAVE#4

Oh what?

DAVE#1

I was just going to say, in that  
case, why don't you call me  
Curry, and my partner, Rice?

DAVE#4

Ha! What, Curry and Rice? Now  
you're wetting my appetite.

DAVE#1

Well, why not?

DAVE#3

You're making a bit of a meal of  
it, Squire. Let's just stick to  
what we agreed.

DAVE#1

You started it.

DAVE#2

Can we just get on, before the  
weather changes its mind and  
starts to chuck it down?

DAVE#4

(chuckles)

This is England, right?

DAVE#2

Yeah, but not to be confused with  
Scotland either.

DAVE#3

What's wrong with Scotland?

DAVE#1 -

(mumbles)

Everything.

DAVE#2

Nothing. It just rains a lot.

The POP of tennis balls hitting the sweet-spot of various tennis rackets continues, before a far off yell:

V.O

FOUR!!

DAVE#2

DUCK!

KNOCK of a golf ball hitting a surface.

DAVE#4

OUCH!!

(pauses)

CRIKEY! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

DAVE#3

It was a Golf ball, Fingers!

DAVE#2

Really sorry about that. We forgot to mention we're situated in the middle of a golf course.

DAVE#4

Crikey mate! You could've told us before we started playing.

DAVE#3

(angrily)

Aye Fingers. That's it! We're done. It's too dangerous. I'm not risking my life for a game of tennis.

DAVE#2

Are you okay, Fingers? D' you need a plaster or anything?

DAVE#4

Nah, I'll survive - just about.



DAVE#1

Sorry. It's my fault. I was too busy thinking about what I should have for dinner - Fish fingers, or curry and rice?

V.O

FOUR!!

DAVE#2

DUCK!

THE END