

## **Anyone for Tennis – Script Sample**

**Algie Verisneecki**, *a wealthy would- be tennis champion of mature years*

**Grovel** – Man servant to **Algie**

**Augusta Gloriosa** (known as **Glorious Gussie**) – a female tennis champion

**Dixie Silvadoller** - an American heiress, manager to **Augusta**

### **The Scene**

*It is a beautiful country morning in June 1926. The birds are singing as the dawn slowly rises over the tennis courts of **Algie Verrisneecki** .*

*Enter **Algie**, running, in tennis whites, holding tennis racquet. He is counting his strides.*

**Algie:** ....five hundred and six, five hundred and seven, five hundred and eight... (*Puffing slightly, he stops centre stage.* )  
Oh well done Algie. You're a champ.

*(He talks to himself throughout the next section while he practises moves, dancing around throughout, hitting imaginary tennis balls).*

Here we go again, today's the day. Last match of the tournament coming up, - and we're nearly at the top, Algie old boy.

Wonder who's drawn against me? Wouldn't give much for their chances. M'm mm. I'm in it to win.

*(He demonstrates his strokes.)*

Here comes my fore hand drive - wham! And my back hand - absolutely top hole, - (*slyly*) and then there's my underhand... (*he sniggers to himself*) that's the one they never do see coming.....it can't fail. Oh yes Algie. Algie wins again!! It'll be a pushover.

(*As he continues to practise, enter Grovel, a manservant, waving a telegram. Grovel tries to present Algie with the telegram, but keeps getting mixed up with him, as he leaps around the court*)

**Grovel;** (*On entering*) Sir! I've got something for you, sir!

**Algie;** Let's have another go. Forward slam.....

**Grovel;** (*trying to get his attention*) Sir! Sir! Excuse me sir.....

**Algie;** (*Imaginary slam*) Oh I'd have five points there! What a shot

**Grovel;** (*Getting bumped*)— sorry sir...

**Algie;** Now for the backhand...

**Grovel;** (*Grovel nearly gets hit*) Oops.(*Grovel does get hit.* )  
Ow! (*Wave telegram*) Sir, it's here!

**Algie;** .and now my tricky little sideways bit (*he nips sideways.....and on the left.....and on the right....(two smashes)*)

**Grovel;** Sir please sir This telegram came for you...

**Algie;** and then the master stroke – the underhand....(*stops, seeing Grovel in front of him*) Grovel! Why are you sneaking up on me? Listening at keyholes again eh?

**Grovel;** I never sir. (*Aside. To audience, indicating Algie*) It's 'im what earwigs at the keyholes (*to Algie, dignified*) I brung this telegram . It's about the match sir.

**Algie;** Ah. The match. Well open it, go on. Who am I going to play? Come on man, read it!

**Grovel;** It's a bit hard sir. (*Open telegram*) Sorry sir. (*reads*) It says here Challenger for the Richeigh Cup – name of Gus. Gussie Gloriosa.

**Algie;** Never heard of him

**Grovel;** It says 'e's bin in America. Picked up an American manager. There's a bit more news too sir.

**Algie;** Well go on man

**Grovel;** It says "The Marquis of Richeigh 'as upped the prize money for the match considerable. Fifty thousand pounds it says. The Richeigh prize.

**Algie;** What? Give me that. By Slazenger you're right!! Fifty thousand pounds! So the Marquis must be backing him! This chap Gussie must be ace.

**Grovel;** Yes Mr Verisneeci sir. You'll be hopin to win then sir?

**Algie;** (*Flinging the telegram away*) Hoping? I'll knock him into next week.

**Grovel;** (*Picking up the paper, under his breath*) As long as it's not me sir. (*Normal voice*) Him and his manager, they're flying in for the match this morning.

**Algie;** Flying? I say. Are they ?

**Grovel:** In a helichopter sir

**Algie:** A helichopter? What the devil is that?

**Grovel:** Can't say sir. Really sorry sir. Can't describe it

**Algie:** Go on man, try it

**Grovel:** It's a kind of sausage with a chopper on top.

**Algie:** You're a fool Grovel. I can't imagine why I keep you.

**Grovel:** No sir. Sorry sir. I fink it's coming now sir

**Algie:** What?

**Grovel:** The helichopter sir. Look out sir! Duck!!

*(Sound of helicopter engine. Lights dim as shadow passes over the tennis courts. Lights up again on swift entry of **Dixie** and **Gussie, Augusta** in tennis gear, with racquet, **Dixie** in rather smart summer wear, with shades and cigarette holder. The girls run on and pose fetchingly in flapper style. )*

**Gussie:** Halloo halloo

**Dixie:** Anyone at home?

**Gussie:** Anyone for tennis?

**Algie:** Oh. Good morning ladies. An unexpected pleasure. Have you come to support Mr Gloriosa?

**Gussie:** To support him? There must be some mistake. You see, I am Gussie Gloriosa.

**Algie:** What?

**Dixie:** That's right. Glorious Gussie, first lady lawn tennis champion of America,. Isn't she just darling?

**Gussie:** (*Grateful*) Oh Dixie. What a chum.

**Dixie:** And now, you see, the dear old British Marquee has given such a dandy prize so she just had to come. (*to Algie*) Tell me – where's the tennis player?

**Algie:** I am the tennis player – Algernon Verisneecki himself, three times Wimbledon Champion 1915, 1916, 1917

**Dixie:** Oh yeah. During the Great War.

**Algie:** ...oh yes, mmm

**Dixie:** When Wimbledon was shut.

**Algie:** Oh no. (*Aside*) Found out Algie, found out.... (*to Dixie*) Er... well, anyway, Miss.....

**Dixie:** Silvadoller, Silvadoller.