



4 PLAY
BY
EDDIE COLEMAN

Extract

A SMITH SCRIPT

**This script is protected by copyright laws.
No performance of this script -IN ANY MEDIA – may be undertaken without
payment of the appropriate fee and obtaining a licence.
For further information, please contact SMITH SCRIPTS at
info@smithscripts.co.uk**

4PLAY

by

Eddie Coleman

4PLAY

A comic drama for two actors (one male / one female)

Cast

Natashia
Brad
Brian
Natalie
Carole
Emma
Daniel
Dr Madson

Eddie Coleman
07702 408467
eddiecoleman67@gmail.com

4PLAY

Scene 1

(A hotel room in central London. NATASHIA is alone, but clearly expecting someone. There is a bottle of wine and two glasses on a table. There is a knock at the door. She readies herself then sits on the double-bed. When she speaks she has a Russian accent)

Natashia: Hello?

Brad: *(from behind the door)* It is I.

Natashia: Come.

(BRAD enters, carrying a smart leather briefcase. He wears a wet raincoat and a ring on his right hand)

Brad: Sorry. The traffic was horrendous.

(He removes his wet raincoat and puts his briefcase on the chair)

Natashia: You should have walked.

Brad: Not in this weather. Were you getting worried?

Natashia: I never worry. *(She offers him a full glass of wine)* Here. It is a lot drier than you.

Brad: It's good to see you again, Natashia.

Natashia: And you, Mr Reed. It's been too long.

Brad: Has it? I lose track of time these days. Call me Brad.

Natashia: You shouldn't rush about so much, Brad.

Brad: It's the nature of the job. Lovely outfit.

Natashia: Thank you. I bought it specially.

Brad: For me?

Natashia: I like to look good in a meeting.

Brad: This is hardly a meeting. The wine tastes sour.

Natashia: Good wine always does. *(Beat)* Have you got it?

Brad: Of course. And you?

Natashia: I have it here.

Brad: Good but do you think...?

Natashia: This is discreet enough.

Brad: How can I be sure?

Natashia: You can be sure.

(BRAD leans close to her. He is about to kiss her but she pulls away)

The name.

Brad: Now?

Natashia: You've kept me waiting.

Brad: I've already apologized.

Natashia: The name.

Brad: It's got to be a straight swap.

Natashia: Agreed.

(NATASHIA nimbly fishes a small film negative from out of her cleavage. She hands it to BRAD, who is clearly impressed with her hiding place. He takes the negative, holds it up to the light, pockets it then leans forward and whispers a name into her ear. She smiles and he begins caressing her hand)

Brad: Oh, Natashia, if only things were different we could...

Natashia: *(placing a finger to his lips)* But they're not. They never can be. Finish your drink.

(He licks her finger and she moves it away from his lips. NATASHIA watches him closely as he finishes his wine)

It was a pleasure doing business with you, Mr Reed.

(NATASHIA puts the two wine glasses in her handbag)

Brad: Brad. *(Beat. He notices that she is putting the empty glasses into her handbag)* I expect you've tried to poison me?

Natashia: Of course. I wouldn't want you to follow me.

Brad: I don't need to follow you. They would pick you up as soon as you left this room.

Natashia: Then I really must do something about my hair. It's amazing how different one can look just by putting on a wig.

(BRAD grabs her wrists)

Natashia: Gently, Mr Reed. I'd hate to have Room Service discover you harassing a beautiful lady in one of their rooms.

Brad: You're no lady...sit down.

Natashia: You have a gun?

Brad: You know I never carry a gun.

Natashia: Then you're a fool and deserve to die like one.

Brad: Did I say, "carry a gun"? Actually, I have a gun concealed in my case and it's pointing straight at you. I only have to...

Natashia: Yes...?

Brad: Twist...my...

Natashia: Yes...?

Brad: Twist my ring!

Natashia: Your ring? Sounds painful...

Brad: It will be for you. Sit down.

(NATASHIA slowly sits back down onto the bed. BRAD starts to feel dizzy)

Natashia: Of course there's no antidote. *(Stifles a giggle)*

Brad: It doesn't matter. I take poison everyday...a few milligrams...just enough to build up an immunity.

Natashia: You're good but I'm better...*(Stifles another giggle)*

Brad: You leave me no choice...What's the matter?

Natashia: Nothing. So the great Brad Reed gets to twist his ring. *(She giggles)*

Brad: What?

Natashia: Your ring...that's rude.

Brad: No, it's not. You've got a dirty mind.

Natashia: You could have said "watch"?

Brad: Everyone uses a watch but Brad Reed isn't everyone. Now stop laughing.

Natashia: I can't help it. *(Starts laughing)*

Brad: Stop it...I haven't got much time left.

Natashia: You can't be dying. You take a small dose of poison everyday remember?

Brad: Yes, but I might not have been taking the right poison...please.

Natashia: Too late. It's over.

Brad: No.

Natashia: You should have said 'watch'.

(NATASHIA gets up to leave)

Brad: You can't leave...what about...?

Natashia: Too late. You've ruined it now!

Brad: We haven't...

(NATASHIA exits, leaving a frustrated BRAD angrily twisting his ring)

Scene 2

(A platform on Waterloo station. Over the tannoy, we hear the announcement that the train from Portsmouth Harbour has just arrived. BRAD enters, wearing the same overcoat as in Scene 1. He anxiously checks his watch. NATASHIA enters. He looks at her but she avoids his gaze. She looks around her and up into the sky. When she speaks, she purposefully avoids looking at him until otherwise indicated)

Brad: I thought you were never coming.

Natashia: Ssshhh, Mr Reed, we are being observed.

Brad: Are we?

Natashia: You should know, they are your men. *(Beat.)* Don't look so surprised. They are hidden well but if one looks carefully, one can just make out a small glint of sunlight reflecting off a telescopic sight. It was the absence of pigeons that alerted me.

Brad: The absence of pigeons?

Natashia: Yes. When I looked up and saw there were no pigeons. I realized that they must have been frightened away by your men and their guns.

Brad: Remarkable, if it were true but there are no men with guns.

Natashia: It is no use lying to me. I presume there is a bullet aimed at my heart?

Brad: Natashia please...I need...

Natashia: Need me to talk? I don't think so and I don't think your men would dare shoot me in front of all these people.

Brad: Please...Natashia.

Natashia: But then I am dealing with the great Brad Reed so anything is possible. Ahh, of course. Your men would use a silencer...a bullet would hit me straight in the heart. I would fall forward and in that instant you would come to my aid, put your arm around me and while you were slowly lowering me to the ground, you would surreptitiously remove the package and pocket it. Then you would give a signal and your men would hurry forward and take me away. All in a matter of moments. Very ingenious.

Brad: I think your imagination has got the better of you. How about a coffee?

Natashia: No coffee, maybe something stronger. Let's go back to my hotel, you know how danger...always excites me.

Brad: That would be...*(wanting to but resisting)* No, no, we can't!

Natashia: Why not?

Brad: Because...because *(turns to look at her)* we have to talk.

Natashia: Don't move!

Brad: What?

Natashia: Don't you dare move! I don't want you signalling to them.

Brad: I wasn't signalling to anybody. Come on, let's get a coffee.

Natashia: Don't look at me.

(BRAD turns away. NATASHIA looks at him then she turns away)

Brad: It's important.

Natashia: You leave me no choice. You must have the package...

Brad: Perhaps if I had said something when you got here...

Natashia: ...And I must have my life.

Brad: You know, I meant to say "watch" yesterday but I was flustered...she's found out about us...

Natashia: One moment.

(NATASHIA bends down and fumbles around under her shoe)

Brad: ...That's why I was late. I couldn't get away.

(NATASHIA stands up and produces a small tablet, like a chocolate smartie)

Natashia: Barely the size of a chocolate sweet but with enough information on it to fill the entire British Museum.

Brad: Did you hear me? Carole knows about us.

(For a moment, NATASHIA's guard slips)

I'm sorry.

Natashia: *(regains her composure)* If this were to fall into the wrong hands...

Brad: She found some receipts...

Natashia: ...the effects could be disastrous.

(NATASHIA looks at BRAD then smiles and after a second, she quickly puts the "microdot" into her mouth and swallows it)

Brad: What the...?

Natashia: Delicious...as was that look on your face.

Brad: Please...let's go for a coffee.

Natashia: No coffee, Mr. Reed. It is over between us.

(Pause)

Brad: Do you mean that, Natalie?

Natashia: Natashia...I am Natashia.

Brad: But I'm Brian not Brad. God, you're too much, you know that?

Natashia: Natashia is always too much for most men.

Brad: This is going to have to end...I can't keep living like this anymore...it's not fair to her...or to me. *(Beat)* You know, sometimes I wish I'd never laid eyes on you. In that dance-class...seeing you for that first time a year ago...how different you were...

Natashia: Time is running out, Mr Reed.