

# WAITING FOR BODOH

## — A POST-MODERNIST TRAGICOMEDY IN TWO ACTS

*Bare exterior.*

*Bright sunshine.*

*Centre is a kit bag: sporadically, characters go up to the bag, kick it and ask it why it is there. Left is a cool box. Inside is PRES. SHAGG, his older son, says little but seems to be amusing himself. SCHOOLBOY, his younger son is shouting “Catch it!” at every opportunity and for no conceivable reason. For nobody will indeed. Catch it. SKIPP is dressed as if fresh from the office, to disguise the fact that he is fresh from the office. TRIX, the captain of the day, is clad in a brown shirt with a swastika arm band. KEEP, the warm heart of the team, smiles beatifically. SIR carries a cane and wears a mortar board. KEL, floppy haired, keeps losing and looking for his run-up. WADIJUDU, his younger brother, sits with his pads on throughout and is clearly a young man of considerable depth. ORKESTRA is dressed inside a giant Benson & Hedges box. FLOBB’s only part of the action is to hit the ball through the covers and be given out. Twice. MUTTON is preening himself in the corner, working out his averages. VIV, is dressed as a multi-coloured pen.*

**PRES:** *[pops out of cool box] Outside of here it’s death. [pops back in. A can opens]*

**SKIPP:** *All’s dark. [pause] And cheerless. [pause] I can see everything. [Pause] Anyone got a fag? I want [Pause] to show you what a real twelvers can do.*

**TRIX:** *This lot look crap. I’ve won the toss and we’re batting. I’m opening. I’m also going in three and four. [PRES pops his head out; he and SKIPP roll eyes]*

**ORKESTRA:** *[puffing on his twelfth cigarette] Can I open, too? I promise to give you all the strike.*

**PRES:** *Death. [disappears inside cool box. A can opens]*

*[Exit TRIX and ORKESTRA. TRIX hits his first three balls, 4,1,6. All other characters smirk knowingly. ORKESTRA wafts at one outside the off stump and is caught. Exit FLOBB]*

**SKIPP:** *Eight an over. [pause] Yes, eight an over would be. [pause] Nice.*

*[Offstage there is the sound of leather snicking willow, then pvc. Cries of “Howzat”. Pause. Applause. He has clearly been given out. Sounds of FLOBB sobbing in disbelief: “What about my bat?” The umpire changes his mind. Pause. Further cries of “Howzat”. Further applause.]*

**PRES:** *[Popping his head out] Death. [Disappears again. A can opens]*

*[Enter FLOBB shaking his head and smiling in disbelief. Exit MUTTON. The sun is shining and TRIX is making hay. Lots of it]*

**PRES:** *[Popping his head out] Death no more. [Disappears again. A can opens]*

**VIV:** That's his fifty.

*[Pause. Applause. TRIX adopts the position. He then starts to walk off but his teammates, sensing that this is his day send him back. It's hot.*

*Pause.*



**PRES:** *[Popping his head out]* Those are my rooms! *[Disappears again. A can opens]*

**MUTTON:** Why can't I pull? Why can't I pull? I'm pulling as badly as Webby in the Beach club! *[At the other end, TRIX is helping himself from the smorgasbord]*

**SKIPP:** Still going *[Pause]* at eight runs an over. Nice.

**PRES:** *[Popping his head out]* Surely that's enough! *[Disappears again. A can opens]*

*[There are two overs of the innings left; TRIX is on 93, MUTTON is on strike; one old sage is heard to mutter, "If I was batting now, I'd block out the next five and get a single off the last." Tension. A clock is heard ticking. A can is heard opening. A horse runs past. The sun shines. It's going to rain.]*

**FLOBB:** Follow that horse.

*[There is one over to go, TRIX is on 99]*



*[Somehow, TRIX dangles his bat and nudges the ball behind square on the off side. He has made his hundred. The spectator erupts. TRIX raises his bat in triumph and Kelawar's first centurion of the season receives his due accolades. The innings concludes: Kelawar make 176-2 off the 20 overs. Enter TRIX, red-faced and MUTTON, hardly sweating. TRIX reaches for the cigarettes like the true athlete he is. His teammates salivate over the prospect of free beer all evening.]*

**PRES:** *[Popping his head out]* I told you I should have played. *[Disappears again. A can opens.]*

## INTERVAL

*SIR is pacing out his run, having decided he is too old to worry about which end to bowl. KEL is doing likewise, but absolutely pointlessly. SIR's first over is a real mixture: cheese and onion, steak and kidney; tripe. And souffle. KEL's first run-up is aborted. There is a pregnancy to the atmosphere: will it rain before the required number of overs is bowled? The Star OB batsmen are showing previously unseen levels of fear and incompetence against a lively and varied opening attack. KEL digs a couple in and the striker's end umpire runs for cover before being trampled by the striker. Cries of "Shine the shiny side," emanate from WADIJUDU. A bouncer from his brother is fended off to SIR at gully. A dolly. Another to MUTTON at square cover. Another dolly. TRIX sends a laser beam throw to KEEP who runs out the third. Another attempted run-out by SCHOOLBOY whose throw catches the batsman in the midriff. Time is running short. The rain is a matter of seconds away and the tenth over needs to be bowled. PRES calls on SKIPP who has been warming up for the last twenty minutes, feigning the dipping of bread into the gravy boat. He rushes through his first over*

*and induces a stumping, not given; and another given. The tenth over is bowled by MUTTON off an abbreviated run-up and it is clearly going to rain. But Kelawar has done enough. SKIPP is pulled from the attack and SCHOOLBOY summoned to deputise. His first ball goes for four. It rains.*

**PRES:**            *[Popping his head out]* Finished. It's nearly finished. It must be nearly finished. *[Disappears again. A can opens]*

#### **MATCH SUMMARY**

Kelawar            176-2 (20 overs)            Ben Webb, 101\*; Geoff de Zylva, 35\*  
Star OB            25-4 (10.1 overs)            Kelvin Mahal, 2-5

**KELAWAR WON BY QUITE A LOT**