

Until Mourning

written by

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SCENE 1 - THE CHURCH

*4 rows of pews sit in a 2 x 2 formation. In these pews sit various members of the congregation all dressed in dark attire; suits, dresses etc.*

*The Reverend is standing at the altar, opening the ceremony.*

REVEREND

Thank you to all have come together today in remembrance of our friend Bill Jove. Bill was a deeply faithful and kind man who kept believing in the Father no matter the adversity and for that I know, I know he's in heaven...

(beat)

You know fuck this. Fuck. This. I'm sorry Richard but I'm going to have to ad-lib here cause I've got some shit to say, OK, in all my time I have never been so distraught at the vicious, disgusting, horrendous acts that led to Bill's death...He never got to know what it was like to love someone and feel love back. He never got to say goodbye to his friends and family. He never got to grow old with a lady he loves no never. He was persecuted, hunted, vilified. He was nothing more than a pig to the slaughter, and for that I pray, no I know, that God our father will strike him down in the name of justice and love. Bill...He was nothing short of an extraordinary man; when I met him a week ago I knew him he was empathetic...

*Al Ortega storms in the chapel out of breathe. As he's catching his breathe he looks at the Reverend.*

AL

Oh it hasn't started yet.

*Al makes his way down to an empty seat in the pew at the back left, his vivid green Hawaiian shirt sticking out amongst the black wave.*

AL (CONT'D)

(murmuring audibly)

Thank fuck.

REVEREND

Kind...

AHMED

Where the fuck were you mate?

AL

Getting a drink.

AHMED

Oh come on, you know what I fucking told you...  
(to the Reverend)

Sorry, continue.

*They sit.*

REVEREND

(cautiously)

Gentle...

AL

Did you fart?

REVEREND

Hush!

*Al does so.*

REVEREND (CONT'D)

I think I've said enough already. I will be passing onto his husband Richard DeMarco to give the Eulogy.

*Richard DeMarco stands up and walks to the altar holding in his hands a piece of paper, the Eulogy.*

*He looks lost, turns around and glances deeply at the cross.*

*He begins to cry.*

RICHARD

(not from the Eulogy)

Bill was a special man...

AL

(clenching his nose)

Fuck!

*Richard is startled, but continues.*

RICHARD

I remember the first time I met Bill, it was freshers week at uni and...

AL

(trying to be quiet but failing)

I've got a fucking bloody nose Ahmed.

AHMED

Shut up we can see that! It looks like a scene out of the fucking exorcist.

AL

What am I supposed to do?

AHMED

I don't fucking know your 26, figure it out yourself, use a hanky I don't fucking know. Here use mine.

*They both look up and notice the whole congregation looking at them, including Richard who seem's in awe at their incompetence.*

REVEREND

Are you finished?

*Ahmed gives a thumbs up.*

REVEREND (CONT'D)

This man is in deep emotional turmoil and you keep on talking like some thick-skull neanderthal.

AL

What he say about the Netherlands?

RICHARD

Nothing, nothing he...

*Richard bites his tongue and tries to compose himself and continues.*

RICHARD (CONT'D)

It was freshers week at university and my boyfriend at the time knew him from a theatre camp they were at over the summer and...

AL

It's starting again!

AHMED

Jesus Christ!

REVEREND

Ahem!

AL

It doesn't stop!

RICHARD

You can leave...

AHMED

Aye that might be the best option at the moment.

AL

It's just a flesh wound.

AHMED

(to Al)

Shut it!

(to Richard)

Sorry about this.

*Ahmed escorts Al out of the pews and down the aisle, kicking him in the back of the leg to hurry up.*

*The push on the door of the church, to no avail.*

AHMED (CONT'D)

(murmuring)

It's a fucking pull...

*They leave, the door slamming behind them.*

*The ceremony continues.*

RICHARD

(beat)

I...

(to Bill)

I love you.

*Richard goes back to his seat in the pew. The Reverend takes his place at the altar.*

REVEREND

Thank you very much Richard. I for one was touched deeply. And now, I was told before the ceremony that Bill had wanted a specific song to be played so I will introduce it as he has asked me to her.

(reading from a paper)

'Ayo Breezy, let me show you how to keep that dice rolling when your doing that thing over there homie.'

*Reverend presses a button on a audio controller.*

*The Busta Rhymes segment of Chris Brown's 'Look at Me Now' plays, blaring in the church.*

*Everyone is confused, yet remain silent out of respect.*

*Al bursts through the door, his shirt covered in blood. He has two small tissues stuffed up his nose.*

*He recognises the song.*

*He starts dancing to the song, thinking that a party is starting. He urges the members of the congregation to get up and dance as well. None reciprocate.*

*Ahmed comes in as the music continues. He looks the embarrassment that is Al. He looks in dismay at Richard.*

*When the music stops, Al finally comes to his senses. He smartens himself up.*

*He turns around and sees Ahmed.*

AL

Took you a while.

*Blackout.*

## SCENE 2 - THE PUB

*A high-table stands CSR, Ahmed, Richard and Al are standing around it.*

*Opposite them on the stage is a group of football fans, watching a match on a TV, Westham vs Liverpool. The crowd are Westham supporters.*

*The football fans are cheering and shouting at the screen and each other.*

AHMED

Of all the places...

RICHARD

This was Bill's favourite bar. It said so on his will. I thought we might get a drink in his honour.

AHMED

Bill didn't drink though...

AL

I just talked to Brian, told him our situation.

RICHARD

Brian?

AL

The landlord, said 1st rounds on him so what will you be having.

RICHARD

A beer.

AL

Ahmed?

AHMED

I don't drink.

(beat)

Muslim.

AL

I'm sure you can let it past this once.

AHMED

No I can't. I'll have a Coke.

AL

So you can't drink but you can do Coke, love me some consistency.

AHMED

The drink you twat.

AL

I know, I know, I was just pulling your leg you Paki bastard.

*Al leaves into the crowd of football fans.*

FOOTBALL FANS

(chanting)

The scousers thought they'd won it, the title looked a cert, wankin' themselves silly, endin' 30 years of hurt, by far we are the best team, it was proven by the stats, then Suarez fucked their season, by eating Chiellini.

WILL GRIGG FAN

I wanna suck Will Grigg off.

RICHARD

You had fun at the service.

AHMED

No I didn't, it was hardly a fucking comedy stand-up set.

RICHARD

Yeah, well he certainly made it look like it.

AHMED

Just ignore him.

RICHARD

Ignore him? Listen, I fucking ask one thing of him, one thing, that he behaves. And what does he do...huh? Tell me.

AHMED

Everyone copes differently Rich, his is just a bit more eccentric.

RICHARD

I don't care if you're mourning or not, just don't be a cunt that's all I'm asking.

*Al comes back with two beers, he puts them down in front of Ahmed and Richard.*

AL

Here I am ladies.

AHMED

Again with the beer.

AL

It was a joke I'm getting your coke now honey.

*Al kisses Ahmed on the head patronisingly.*

AHMED

Fuck off!

*Al goes away back to the crowd laughing.*

AHMED (CONT'D)

Honestly, can't go five seconds without him winding me up.

RICHARD

See what'd I tell you.

AHMED

Listen, I never said he wasn't annoying, just thought you'd expect that by now.

*Al comes back with a Coke.*

AL

Here you go m'lady. Well, cheer's! For Bill.

AHMED

For Bill.

RICHARD

For Bill.

*They all down their drinks.*

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Fucking hell.

AL

You've got low intolerance haven't you. Maybe another round will sort you out.

*Al goes back to the crowd.*

*Richard is struggling with the drink.*



AHMED

You alright there?

RICHARD

Holy shit what is in that?

AHMED

Regret and mistakes.

*Richard lets out a large, forced laugh and then goes quiet suddenly.*

*Al comes back with more drinks.*

AL

What's up with him?

RICHARD

I want to die.

AL

Well here's a beer to cheer you up.

*Richard starts drinking the beer like a cat drinking out of a basin, only slurping.*

AL (CONT'D)

How'd you find the service Ahmed?

AHMED

It was a barrel of laughs.

AL

But really.

AHMED

What was up with you?

AL

Bill wouldn't want to see me sad. That's no good. What was it he said?

AHMED

'Only two important things about life: Laughs and not cocaine.' Seem's like you only checked in for half of that then.

AL

Nah, I've been clean.

*Ahmed looks in disbelief.*

AL (CONT'D)

(quickly)

For two days. Anyway Richard how you holding in there.

*Richard starts crying quietly.*

AL (CONT'D)

Come on drink up.

*They all down their drinks again, Richard starts coughing violently.*

RICHARD

What the fuck...Christ.

AHMED

(laughing)

You alright there?

(Richard keeps on coughing)

Richard?

RICHARD

I need to take a shit.

AHMED

Lovely.

*Richard leaves through the crowd.*

AL

Enjoying your coke?

AHMED

Aye not as good as the original but hey ho.

AL

What?

AHMED

Nothing.

(beat)

How's rehab going?

AL

(lifting up pint)

Amazingly, I've taken up hairdressing. I'm getting another round you in?

AHMED

Al.

AL

OK, fine. The hair-dressing thing was only a joke. I think I'm pretty nimble with a razor.

AHMED

How do you feel about this whole situation by the way.

AL

With Bill?

*Ahmed nods.*

AL (CONT'D)

A fucking pain in the arse. Have the police talked to you yet?

AHMED

No, I'm going into the station on Thursday, what about you?

AL

Nah they haven't called me, thank fuck.

AHMED

You don't want to go? I mean you should be fine, you didn't do anything...

AL

I'm get uncomfortable around the pigs.

AHMED

Don't call them that.

AL

I know, I know. It's just my Dad you know...

AHMED

Fuck, really?

*Al nods. Ahmed pats him on the back.*

AHMED (CONT'D)

Just take it chill. Try not worry 'cause you have nothing to worry about.

AL

Yeah yeah.

(beat)

What's taking him so long?

AHMED

I don't know, obviously not that tolerant to....

AL

Well he should fucking hurry up.

AHMED

Woa, it's fine. We're not going anywhere.

AL

It's no fucking excuse, he's not 5 he can hold it in.

AHMED

What's gotten into you man, it's not a big deal that he's taking a shit.

AL

Well it fucking is I'm paying for these drinks and if he doesn't come then he's just wasting them.

AHMED

Hey if you not OK with paying let us chip in.

AL

Don't you fucking start!

FOOTBALL FAN 1

Oi shut up we're trying to enjoy the game over here.

*Al shoves the table back, knocking the glasses to the floor, he approaches the Football Fan.*

AL

Shut the fuck up!

*Silence.*

*The Football Fan laughs, and so do the rest of the fans following him.*

*Al punches him square in the nose, despite the height difference.*

FOOTBALL FAN 1

Fuck!

*Al starts towards the rest of the crowd, but Ahmed holds him back.*

AHMED

Fucking hell Al, calm it, calm it.

AL

These cunts are pissing me off!

*The crowd get rowdy, some of them starting towards him, some of them holding the crowd back.*

AHMED

Calm down man.

*Al swings round to Ahmed.*

AL  
(somberly)  
Don't tell me to calm down.

AHMED  
Just take a breather, OK.

FOOTBALL FAN 1  
Yeah just let your Paki friend defend you that's alright.

AHMED  
Oi, there's no fucking need for that!

FOOTBALL FAN 1  
Well your cunt here started it.

*Al lunges at him, pinning him to the floor. He punches relentlessly.*

*Some members of the crowd are trying to pull Al off, but Al doesn't let up.*

*Al lodges his fingers into the Football Fan's right eye socket, digging deep, before whipping it out.*

*The Football Fan is screaming in pain, blood pouring down his cheek.*

*Al raises his hand holding the eye into the sky, dispersing the rest of the crowd in terror.*

*Silence.*

AL  
What did you call my friend.

*No response, only silent wailing.*

*Al grabs the Football fan's middle finger, pulling it back for everyone to see.*

AL (CONT'D)  
What. Did you call. My friend.

AHMED  
Al please.

AL  
What did you call him!

*Al starts pulling the finger out of the mans hand, the wailing commences again. Crunching and chewing can be heard as the Fan wails around on the floor.*

*Ahmed tries to pull him back, but when he finally does, the Football Fan's finger comes with him.*

*Blood floods the stage from his finger and eye, or lack thereof.*

*Ahmed lets go of Al.*

*Al stands there, covered in blood, holding the disembodied finger.*

*He looks Ahmed in the eye.*

*There is a moment of distance between them.*

*Suddenly Richard re-enters.*

*He sees the mess.*

*About the throw up, Richard runs back into the toilet.*

*Silence, only the TV playing football can be heard.*

AL (CONT'D)

Turn it off.

*A few members of the crowd scramble for the remote as they frantically turn it off.*

FOOTBALL FAN 2

You killed him.

AL

Yep. I did. Now what? Any of you cunts want to have a go? Any of you?

*Silence*

AL (CONT'D)

That's more like it.

*Al's phone rings.*

AHMED

Fuck.

AL

Who is it?

*Ahmed ignores him.*

AL (CONT'D)  
 (To two football fans)  
 You two, clear this up.

AHMED  
 (shaken)  
 Hey, hey, yeah I'm alright...really, ah fuck I'm sorry. I'll be home in about half an hour. Ha ha, I know. Not optimum, but if I get going now I can probably make it home by twenty past, that OK? OK. Love you.

*Ahmed hangs up.*

AHMED (CONT'D)  
 I'm off.

AL  
 I'm coming too.

AHMED  
 (quietly)  
 No you're not.

AL  
 Yes. I am.

*Richard comes back out.*

*Blackout.*

### SCENE 3 - CONFESSION

*The Reverend sits on stage in a confession box, only his side is lit.*

REVEREND  
 Now remember what I told you, the only cure to chronic stupidity in your child is the classic 'penny sock' trick. Every time he disrespects you, you put a penny in a sock until it gets big enough to bash him with...hello?  
 (sighs)  
 Next!

*Someone scrambles in frantically, catching his breathe.*

REVEREND (CONT'D)  
 Hello child, how can I help you?

MALE VOICE  
 Hello father.

*Awkward silence.*

REVEREND

How can I help you.

MALE VOICE

I've done something bad.

REVEREND

Pray dear son, what?

MALE VOICE

I'm scared to say it out loud.

REVEREND

Why did you come then? I'm sorry here child but I'm going to ad-lib here, because this is getting absurd.

(shouting)

Any of you lot back there that want to listen, take notes cause I'm not repeating myself.

(back to normal)

I am sick of tired of being in here listening to pseudo-intellectual idiots like yourself come in here and say 'Ooo father, help me father, let me suck your dick father, why father? I don't know if I can say father' it's really pissing me off! Listen I'm sure you got the memo, this is a confession box. Where you confess. It's not rocket science. Now hurry up I need to go to the toilet.

MALE VOICE

I've killed my friend.

*Silence.*

*Blackout.*

#### SCENE 4 - TAXI

*Richard, Al and Ahmed get into a taxi. A silent tension fills the cab.*

LONDON CABBIE

Where we off to?

AHMED

Camden, Mandela Street.

LONDON CABBIE

Alright.

*The drive starts. A tense silence fills the car.*



LONDON CABBIE (CONT'D)  
 (looking through the rear  
 view mirror)  
 You look as if you've had a tumble.

AL  
 Yeah I/

AHMED  
 He has. Football.

LONDON CABBIE  
 (laughing)  
 That's the beautiful game for you. You never know what'll  
 happen until it does.

RICHARD  
 (intoxicated)  
 As is life.

LONDON CABBIE  
 You watch the West ham Liverpool then?

RICHARD  
 Beautiful.

LONDON CABBIE  
 Where you watch it?

RICHARD	AHMED
Sir Riley's head, good	Nag's head.
squire.	

*London Cabbie stops the taxi abruptly.*

LONDON CABBIE  
 Sir Riley's? That's a hammers club isn't?

*Silence.*

AHMED  
 Is it?

*London Cabbie lifts out a Westham scarf from the other  
 seat!*

LONDON CABBIE  
 Fuckin' right it is!

*Everyone sighs.*

LONDON CABBIE (CONT'D)  
 Listen, you don't get many hammer's fans around here so it's  
 nice to some another of the family.

RICHARD

Go on my son.

LONDON CABBIE

Son? I'm not the son in the family, more like the father.

AHMED

And you're the alkie uncle.

RICHARD

Yummy.

LONDON CABBIE

How'd we do anyways?

RICHARD

Dead man...

AHMED

Dead man, that defender was a dead man...

LONDON CABBIE

Martin let in another goal? Fucking hell, listen if I get my hands on him I'd rip out his eyes or something.

RICHARD

Familiar...

LONDON CABBIE

How was Grigg?

AHMED

He was...good?

LONDON CABBIE

He score?

AHMED

(unceratin)

All of them.

LONDON CABBIE

(estatic)

Get in there my son! Listen, I'm not gay but I'd have his children you know. Fuck me, I'd give him a blowie and then let him impregnate me...

*Richard gags.*

LONDON CABBIE (CONT'D)

(mild laughter)

Listen don't throw up in here you hear. Anyway as I was saying, I'd take him from behind...

*Richard throws up on the cab floor.*

LONDON CABBIE (CONT'D)  
Fucking hell mate! What the fuck is wrong with you!

AHMED  
Don't stop! Keep on going!

LONDON CABBIE  
Like fuck I'm continuing, clean that shit up now!

RICHARD  
No.

LONDON CABBIE  
What?

RICHARD  
I don't want to!

LONDON CABBIE  
You do as your told in my cab.

RICHARD  
Fuck you!

*Richard opens up the cab door and hurls himself out.  
The Cabbie pulls the car to a stop.*

LONDON CABBIE  
Fuck!

*Ahmed and Al jump out followed by the London Cabbie.*

AHMED  
What the fuck's wrong with you?

RICHARD  
(tired)  
He said a naughty word.

LONDON CABBIE  
I'll call an ambulance.

AL  
No it's fine, you're fine. Aren't you.

*Beat. Al stares at Richard.*

RICHARD  
Peachy.

AL  
Well let's get you up then.

*Al gets Richard up, but his leg snaps as he's pulled up, throwing him to the floor.*

AL (CONT'D)  
Come on cunt your fine...

*London Cabbie pulls out his flip-phone.*

LONDON CABBIE  
Hello can I get an ambulance and police....

*Al throws the Cabbie's phone to the floor.*

*London Cabbie gets in his face.*

LONDON CABBIE (CONT'D)  
Oi what the fuck was that for?

AL  
Let's go Ahmed, hold his other arm.

*London Cabbie goes to grab Al, but as he does, Al lets go of Richard and clocks the Cabbie in the face. He instantly falls back, but as he does he catches his neck on the out-stuck door of the Cab.*

*It snaps.*

*He lies on the floor motionless.*

AHMED  
Again.

AL  
Let's go.

AHMED  
A-fucking-gain!

*Ahmed pushes him. Al refrains from fighting back.*

AHMED (CONT'D)  
The fuck's wrong with you! Second cunt you've killed second!

AL  
The first wasn't dead, I just said that to...

AHMED  
Shut the fuck up! Shut the fuck up! Just shut the fuck up for five fucking minutes! You've killed, you've killed two people in the last hour. Two! Fucking manslaughter.

Now our friend is on the floor, his leg broken and you refuse to call the ambulance! You fucking retarded or what?

RICHARD  
(weakly)

Ahmed.

*They go over to him.*

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Take me home.

*Blackout.*

SCENE 5 - AHMED'S HOUSE

*Alyssa, Ahmed's wife is lying on the sofa watching television.*

*The door swings open and in come Al and Ahmed carrying Richard around their shoulders. Al isn't wearing a shirt.*

ALYSSA

Holy shit!

AHMED

Hey. Lie him down.

*Ahmed and Al lie Richard down on the sofa.*

ALYSSA

What happened to him?

AL

Took a fall, he's fine.

ALYSSA

Should I call an ambulance?

AHMED

No. No. It'll be fine. Can you go get him some water he had a bit too much to drink you know how he can be.

ALYSSA

Uh, yeah sure!

*Alyssa leaves.*

AL

OK we need a plan...

AHMED

You lay a finger on her and I will end you. Understand.

AL

(dismissively)

I wouldn't dare. But we need to something about this. The government has spruced up some taxis with security cameras recently and for all we know some old lady looked out her window, saw the dead cabbie and called 999.

AHMED

Your fucking with me right?

AL

Calm down, it'll be fine, I have a plan.

ALYSSA

Here it is!

*Alyssa comes briskly on stage and gives the glass of water to Richard.*

*Alyssa steps back as Richard tries to drink it. Alyssa goes into help but Richard rejects it.*

*He just sticks his nose in the glass.*

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

(whispered to Ahmed)

Will he be OK?

AHMED

Yep.

*Alyssa looks at topless Al.*

ALYSSA

(whispered to Ahmed)

Why isn't he wearing a shirt?

AHMED

(whispering)

He left it at the church.

ALYSSA

Oh. Do you want me to get any clothes for you Al?

AL

No it'll be fine. Look pretty dashing don't you think?

ALYSSA

(chuckling)

Of course you do. Anyway, to be honest I didn't expect you two to turn up tonight...so have you eaten already or...

AL

I am a bit peckish actually, Rich?

*Richard groans.*

ALYSSA

Well, I've got some leftovers in the fridge. Anyone up for sandwiches.

AL

That'd be great, let me help you!

AHMED

No!

*(awkward silence)*

You're tired. Rest.

*Al nods, turning into a grin.*

*Al goes to sit on the sofa as Alyssa and Ahmed go to the kitchen.*

*A silence fills the sitting room.*

*Al turns the television to a game-show. He pumps the volume up extremely high.*

AHMED (CONT'D)

*(shouting from the kitchen)*

What's that racket?

AL

Bullseye.

*Al goes over to sit on Richard's sofa as he lies there.*

*Al leans down to Richard's ear and whispers into it.*

*A revelation. A painful one.*

*Richard winces, but even that tires him out.*

*Though heavy breathing, Richard looks up to Al:*

RICHARD

*(breathing deeply)*

Cunt.

*Al smiles. He kisses Richard on the cheek.*

*The noise of the television climaxes.*

*Blackout.*

## SCENE 6 - AL'S HOUSE

*Al has woken up, wearing only pants. Extremely sleep-deprived, he strolls downstairs and makes himself some cereal. Cornflakes with honey.*

*His house is a mess. Old clothes, not particularly his, sprawled across the floor and on the furniture. The ceiling lamp has no lamp-shade, cobwebs have collected in mass.*

*Two phones sit next to each other on a particularly clean table.*

*As he does, he puts his arm down the side of the sofa and pulls out a TV remote. He chucks it. Then a bra. Then a M17 Pistol. He stares at it.*

*He stands up, grasping his gun in a powerful stance.*

*He puts it down his pants. He chuckles to himself, proud of his childish joke.*

*The right phone one rings. He puts the gun back down.*

AL

Y'ello. Ahmed my bearded friend how are you doing today. What? It's only...oh shit, I must've overslept, or under-slept, depending on how you look at it. Yeah, I am completely ready and raring to go, just need to get some socks on and I'll be out in a second. Oh, hold on a second, has Richard arrived yet? Put him on. Yep. Hi Richard.

(Shouting)

If you don't have that 5 quid you owe me I'll shove my foot so far up your arse you'll have to get facial reconstruction you mossy bastard.

(laughing)

I'm only joking, I'm only joking, my leg isn't that long. Listen, is Bill coming? That's a shame. Well say hello from me before he leaves OK? Nice...

*The other phone rings.*

AL (CONT'D)

Oh, hold on.

*Al picks up the other phone.*

AL (CONT'D)

Good morning sir. Yes can do, I'm ready. The hawk will lose it's nest tonight sir. Yeah, I know we agreed not to do that code anymore but--- At any costs. Yes sir. Thank you sir.

*Al hangs up.*



AL (CONT'D)  
 (to the other phone)  
 Sorry 'bout that. This Indian bloke wanting to sell me a  
 computer. Be right out.

*Al hangs up.*

*Al goes over to his sofa and puts on some woolly green  
 socks.*

*He sees a razor.*

*He clasps it.*

*Looks at it.*

*Blackout.*

#### SCENE 7 - AHMED'S HOUSE

*Richard lies motionless on the sofa.*

*Al is sitting on the sofa with a hand in his pants.*

*Ahmed and Alyssa come in with a tray of sandwiches and  
 glasses of water.*

*Ahmed catches a good look at Al, before Al notices.*

AHMED  
 Fucking hell...

*Al retracts his hand.*

AL  
 Sorry about that. When duty calls...

AHMED  
 When duty calls?

ALYSSA  
 (interrupting)  
 I'm sorry it took so long, had to defrost a loaf. Here.

*Alyssa distributes the sandwiches, but as she gets to  
 Richard...*

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
 (mouthing)  
 Is he asleep?

AL  
 Yep. Knocked right out.

*Alyssa puts Richard's sandwich on the table.*

AL (CONT'D)  
Got any other drink beside water?

ALYSSA  
I might have a few beers left over from...

AHMED  
No beers.

ALYSSA  
Coke?

AL  
Nah, water's fine. Want to watch something?

ALYSSA  
Um, yeah OK.

*Al puts on a film, 'Reservoir Dogs'. It's the 'Stuck in the middle with you' scene.*

ALYSSA (CONT'D)  
Oh God, I can't watch this.

AL  
You kidding me, this is great! Isn't it?

AHMED  
Yep.

ALYSSA  
It's just so graphic, can't we watch something else while we're eating?

AL  
Is this OK?

ALYSSA  
What is?

AL  
This violence. Do you think it's OK?

ALYSSA  
I don't want to watch this Al.

AHMED  
Al change the channel.

AL  
But you know it's fictional right. This is all fake, the business with the ear and the blood all practical effects.

I bet you there's somewhere in the credits saying the old 'no-one-was-harmed-in-the-production of this film' bullshit. Imagine Michael Madsen's face when he turned up to set that day, with this cunt strapped to a chair. Imagine it.

AHMED  
(forcefully)

That's enough Al.

ALYSSA

Please stop.

*Al gets up energetically, gesticulating at the screen.*

AL

This is art. All of this. See that blood spurt right there. That one. That was someone's job, someone's craft. They put their heart and soul into that jet of blood right there so it can look real, look good. And it does. In fact it looks so real that you're too afraid to watch it. But you know it's not real right? Right?

ALYSSA

Right.

AL

So why care? Why care if it's violent? It's not real. None of this is real. This is a show, a production, a game. Everyone knows everyone and they'll do this again and again until they perfect it, until that jet of blood right there, manages to be so real, that you forget the rest of it isn't.

AHMED

You done?

AL

No. I said it makes you feel ill Alys. And you, Ahmed, you've probably got a raging boner right now but I don't judge. But me. This violence right here...is what I live for. That little kid in the back of the class drawing guns and knives was me Ahmed. It was me. That jet of blood might mean nothing to you but it means the world to me. It makes me feel something. It makes me feel ready---

AHMED

Ready for what?

*Al lets out a big, childish grin.*

AL

A BLT sandwich---

AHMED  
Fucking hell cunt!

ALYSSA  
Jesus Christ!

AL  
With cheese instead of the bacon. A CLT.

AHMED  
You a real pain you know that.

AL  
Tell that to the cabbie.

ALYSSA  
The what?

AHMED  
Nothing.

ALYSSA  
He said something about a cabbie.

AHMED  
No he didn't.  
(to Al)  
No he didn't.

AL  
No he didn't.

*Silence.*

AHMED  
Alys, I'm going to need to have a word with Al the alcohol is finally getting to him.

ALYSSA  
Ahmed what's going on?

AHMED  
(sympathetically)  
Go into the kitchen.

*Hesitant, Alyssa goes into the kitchen.*

AHMED (CONT'D)  
(to Al)  
You've taken this too far.

AL  
I'm just tempting you. I won't know the line if I haven't overstepped it.

AHMED

You mention anything about earlier again and I'll call the fucking police.

AL

No you won't. Cause I'd bring you with me. As I said the whole MET is probably swarming in on us right now. Hell, there's probably a guy sitting in that Volvo right now.

*Ahmed stops. He runs to the window and looks out.*

AHMED

How did you know there was a Volvo?

AL

Divination. Listen, it doesn't take a genius to know someone's onto us.

AHMED

Then why are you so fucking calm?

AL

Cause I'll be fine.

AHMED

No you fucking won't be they've got a video of you killing a man and witnesses of you torturing another.

AL

I'll be fine. You'll make sure of it.

*A silent realisation.*

AL (CONT'D)

Right brother?

*Ahmed nods.*

ALYSSA

Can I come in now?

AHMED

Yep.

ALYSSA

Finally, I thought you were gonna start snogging or something.

*No response.*

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Alrighty...

*(beat)*

Well, I'm heading to bed now. You gonna go home Al?

AL

No I'm staying. If that's all right with Ahmed of course.

ALYSSA

It's my house too God...

*Alyssa goes for the stairs, catching a glimpse of Richard.*

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

He staying as well?

AL

Yep.

ALYSSA

(to herself)

Great it's like a fucking party in here...

*She leaves.*

*Ahmed and Al stand alone.*

*Al pulls out a packet of playing cards from his sock.*

AL

Poker?

*Ahmed sighs.*

AHMED

Go on.

*They both sit down and play.*

AL

You remember how to play?

AHMED

Do I remember, the nerve. No bets though.

AL

God you used to be so fun.

AHMED

Used to?

AL

Fine no bets. There's goes your dreams of playing in the world series then.

AHMED

Haha, as if you'd see a Muslim on that show.

AL  
 It'd make it a hell of a lot more interesting.  
 (beat)  
 I'm sorry Ahmed.

AHMED  
 Bullshit.

AL  
 (genuine surprise)  
 What?

AHMED  
 You're not sorry, bullshit.

AL  
 But I am though.

AHMED  
 But you're not, we were literally arguing a second ago about the fact you murdered someone, you think now is the time for you big redemption scene? Sorry, that's not the Al I know.

AL  
 Maybe you don't know Al as well as you thought.

AHMED  
 Bullshit again. I know you better then your own fucking father Al. I've seen you at your highest highs and lowest lows. I'm the one who taught you to ride that bike remember? I'm the person who told you how babies were made.

AL  
 That was a fucking weird conversation for a couple of 9 year olds.

AHMED  
 You're telling me, you didn't even know what a vagina was? Remember?

(they share a moment of  
 laughter)  
 You thought it was some island of the coast of Blackpool. You thought the Isle of Man was a vagina.

AL  
 The sex hot-spot of the world, the Isle of Man.

AHMED  
 We're all the wet dreams of middle aged men come true.

AL  
 (Laughing)  
 Fucking hell.

AHMED

I can't stand the idea of going to the Isle of Man.

AL

Never. I bet they don't even have a Greggs there.

AHMED

If they don't we might as well nuke the place, get it over and done with.

AL

Tempting off my friend. To be honest the prison population would go down a fair bit.

AHMED

Well then let's nuke the shit out of the Isle of Man.

AL

It's a deal.

*They shake hands.*

*They lock eyes.*

*They let go.*

AL (CONT'D)

You're a good bloke Ahmed.

AHMED

(laughing)

I don't know if I can say the same for you Al.

AL

Yeah...

(with a cigarette)

You don't mind?

AHMED

Go on. This once.

AL

Thank fuck.

*He starts smoking.*

*Ahmed goes over to the window and opens it.*

*A police siren can be heard in the distance.*

AHMED

Can you hear that?



AL

Probably ambulance.

AHMED

No that's the police.

AL

How can you tell the difference?

AHMED

The police one is more wah-woh, and the ambulance is wee-woh.

AL

Thank you Sherlock Holmes.

AHMED

Yeah it is the police look!

*Al goes to the window and looks out.*

AL

Yep it is.

AHMED

Shouldn't we get out of here?

AL

Nah leave it, it'll be fine.

AHMED

Mate, they could have the footage.

AL

I doubt it even exists Ahmed.

AHMED

But you literally said that is footage. Recorded.

AL

Yeah, I know. Scare factor.

AHMED

Fuck you.

(realisation, nudging  
Richard)

Hey Rich, wake up.

*Al jumps in quickly.*

AL

Hey what are you doing?

AHMED

Waking him up, he looks suspicious.

AL

He looks fine! Stop it!

AHMED

Fucking hell, calm down. If he wants to sleep then he can go in the spare room but he is not staying down here like that.

*Ahmed goes down to nudge him, but before Al can stop him, Ahmed notices.*

AHMED (CONT'D)

(sombrely)

What have you done?

*A knocking at the door.*

*Silence.*

*Al puts his finger to his lip, but Ahmed only goes quiet of a mixture of anger and fear.*

*Al opens the door.*

*Two female police officer's are at the door: Joey and Charlie.*

JOEY

Good evening Sir, my name of Officer Harding and this is my partner Officer Jacobs and we have been informed of an incident involving a taxi driver to have taken place earlier around this area, have you got any information on the matter?

*Al looks round at Ahmed.*

*He grins.*

AL

What happened to him?

JOEY

May we come in? We have a few questions that you and your friend might be interested in...

AL

Yes of course, it's not my house though.

*Al signals to Ahmed. The officers catch a glimpse of him. They get suspicious.*

*They shake his hand.*

JOEY

Officer Harding.

CHARLIE  
Officer Jacobs.

AHMED  
Sam.

AL  
You're name's not Sam.  
(beat)  
Honestly you cunt you're names Ahmed. What else would it be?

JOEY  
Sir, can you please mind your language.

AL  
No.

CHARLIE  
Sir, we are trying to co-operate with you here, but you if  
you refuse precautionary measures will have to be taken.

AL  
I don't care.

*Silence. Al goes over to where he was sitting and  
picks up a cigarette.*

CHARLIE  
(forcefully)  
What are you doing?

AL  
Cigarette?

*They relax.*

CHARLIE  
No smoking on duty.

AL  
(towards Charlie)  
Oh come on. I'm sure you feel at home with us two blokes  
here.

JOEY  
Sir, just answer our questions and we'll be on our way.

AL  
Go on then. Ask.

JOEY  
Have you got anything to do with the murder of Samuel Brooks  
that took place this evening?

AL

No.

CHARLIE

I was asking your friend here, Ahmed?

AHMED

Yeah, and no we don't.

JOEY

Do you know who Samuel Brooks is?

AL

No.

JOEY

Again, I wasn't asking you!

AL

Why not aren't my answers good enough?

JOEY

They're not important now sir!

AL

Why not? Tell me, why not!

JOEY

Your friend is the owner of this house so all questions are directed at him, but if necessary we can take you into the station and ask you some if you want?

AL

That'd be just peachy! Fucking hell...

CHARLIE

(to Ahmed)

Do you know who Samuel Brooks is?

AL

I fucking told you, we don't know who Bill is alright!

*Alyssa emerges from the stairs.*

ALYSSA

Ahmed, what's going on?

JOEY

(going to Alyssa)

Miss can you please sit down.

AHMED

Get your hands off her!

*Charlie forcefully tries to sit Ahmed down.*

CHARLIE

Sit down sir!

ALYSSA

Let go of him!

AL

Get your fucking hands off my friend!

*Al grabs around Charlie's throat, Joey runs over and separates them. Joey sprays pepper spray at him, blinding him as he screeches in pain.*

*Both the officers go to Al to force him on the floor, but Al rips a razor out of his pocket and to his throat.*

AL (CONT'D)  
(screaming in pain)

Fuck!

*He slices.*

*Blackout.*

#### SCENE 8 - IN THE RAIN

*Al is standing in the rain unflinching.*

*He's soaking, yet he continues smoking his cigarette.*

*His tears are masked by the rain.*

*A figure comes on...*

BILL

Hey Al. You OK?

*Al looks at him, holding back tears.*

AL

Leave me alone.

BILL

I don't think I will.

AL

Please.

*Silence.*

BILL  
A lovely night isn't it.  
(beat)  
Got a light?

*Al lights his cigarette as they both smoke in silence.*

BILL (CONT'D)  
It's OK to be sad man.

AL  
I know alright!

*Silence again.*

BILL  
The guys seem to be doing well right?

AL  
Yeah...  
(beat)  
Hey Bill, um...

BILL  
Yeah.

AL  
Nothing.

BILL  
Doesn't sound like a nothing to me.

AL  
Well it is OK.

BILL  
No it's not.

AL  
Yes it is.

BILL  
No it's not.

AL  
Yes it is, I'm fine. Look at me!

*Bill gives Al a glance.*

BILL  
Not really my type but y'know.

AL  
Why do you keep doing this?

BILL  
To keep you company. It might not seem like it to the other guys but I see it. You're sad about something.

AL  
Yep.

BILL  
Conflicted?

AL  
What is this Bullseye?

BILL  
Jim Bowen wouldn't stoop to this level.  
(beat)  
It's OK to be sad y'know. You can talk to me.

AL  
I really can't. You don't want to know.

BILL  
You're right.

*Al is shocked.*

BILL (CONT'D)  
I already know.

*Bill goes USC, from whence he emerged.*

BILL (CONT'D)  
When you're ready join us. We'll be waiting.

*He leaves.*

*Al smokes.*

*He cries.*

*Whiteout.*

#### SCENE 9 - POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

*Al is sitting at a table, lit by a quiet lamp.*

*He's bloodied. Despite his other encounters, this is the most bloodied he has been.*

*He can't open his right eye fully.*

*Detective Cameron DiAngelo comes in. He lights a cigarette.*

CAMERON

I know I normally ask for permission but I don't care anymore.

*Silence.*

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Do you want one?

*Al shakes his head.*

*Further silence as Cameron smokes.*

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Well, enough with the formalities. Have you heard of the name John Skinner.

*Al perks up, worried.*

CAMERON (CONT'D)

So you do know him? We've been given a tip-off about his location from an anonymous source. Says he deals in hired kills and human trafficking. Cheerful. Have you ever thought about trafficking a human? Well? Wouldn't it be awesome, just having some Asian cunt to go around doing your cooking or some shit. You look like the sort of guy that'd be into that shit. Well?

AL

(genuine disgust)

You're disgusting.

*Cameron laughs.*

CAMERON

It's a joke, it's a joke. You really think that I'd get a slave? Fuck. I forget our sense of humour doesn't work so well on outsiders.

AL

Our?

CAMERON

Detectives. We see some dark shit, on the daily! Got to laugh it off or a man goes insane. Like the day I saw your friends sitting room for the first time. Fucking hell! What a state that was in. I had just had an early breakfast, this shitty cold meatball sandwich, and when I turned up I felt it crawling back up my throat. Not nice.

(beat)

You know what time it is?



AL

Nine?

*Cameron laughs.*

CAMERON

I could fuck you up so badly right now if I wanted to. No one's here. Just you and me. I could tear you limb from limb and blame it on the other convicts.

*Cameron gets out a lighter.*

*He lights it.*

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Tell me about your work with Skinner.

*Al remains silent, but afraid.*

*Cameron moves the lighter closer to Al's face. Al tries to remain unflinching, but starts to shrink away.*

*The fire gets closer, yet he remains quiet. He starts crying.*

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Fucking hell man don't start crying! They didn't call you the Botcherer for nothing!

*Al is confused.*

CAMERON (CONT'D)

It's a fucking stupid nickname. I mean having even your nickname remind you how retarded you are must really fucking sting. I was joking by the way. I know about you and Skinner already. I have people. I would ask why you killed Bill and Richard but I could just type the answer on a calculator couldn't I?

*Silence.*

CAMERON (CONT'D)

I was actually impressed you managed to get the landlord of Sir Riley's Head on your side. He's normally pretty firm, but I guess he just loves an offer. I mean, spiking a drink. Not the most original shit but I'll give some points to you in that department. But Bill...

AL

Don't.

CAMERON

What did you feel? When you killed him that is?

Silence.

*Al's demeanour's changed, he's shaking yet smiling. A weird bravery.*

AL

A whole lot of things cunt shit.

CAMERON

(laughing)

Cunt shit? What the fuck is that?

AL

Shut the fuck up and don't you ever fucking talk to me again you fuck, you...fucking fuck. Fuck! Look at this look at this!

(holds out hands)

I'm fucking shaking! I've killed 16 fucking cunts in my life, 17, 16! I've killed 16 fucking cunts in my life and now is the time my body starts to shake eh? Now's the fucking time. Why, I hear the fucking angels of heaven cry out, why did I get so fucking aroused from killing those people? I shoved my father's razor-blade elbow fucking deep into their throat because it felt good alright! Let the records fucking show that I get a hard-on from killing cunts left-right and centre. The pay was the important part I told myself, the pay was the important part, it was all part of the job, because there was no fucking hope for a druggie cunt like myself, no fucking hope, I'd fucking rock up to the job centre and they'd 'look at my itsy-bitsy record' and 'give it a kiss, mua' and makes sure that it hasn't injected any smack into his fucking eyeballs cause then we'd have a real fucking problem on our hands wouldn't we. Yeah we fucking would, I mean when you have fucking slags looking down on you in a fucking job centre you really lose all shits you know. And don't worry I've never forgotten about the real topic at hand, that night at the cinema. With Bill? Yeah? I killed him. I fucking destroyed him. And, trust me, I didn't want to enjoy it, but I would go through hell to see his eyes again as I ripped his tongue out of his fucking face.

(quieter)

I meant to kill myself that night. I just want to sleep. Please. No one's here. Just you and me. Torture me like you said you would but please. End me.

*Cameron stays silent. He is considering Al's proposal.*

CAMERON

I lied to you Al.

AL

What?

*Cameron goes to the door and opens it.*

*Ahmed comes in. He is slightly bruised as well, but nothing severe.*

*Al and Ahmed look at each other, glance deep into each other's souls.*

AHMED

(to Cameron)

Thanks. I'll call you back in.

*Cameron leaves.*

*Ahmed stays standing for a while staring with a plethora of emotions at Al, the pitiful state he's in.*

AL

I'm sorry.

*Silence.*

AHMED

About what?

AL

Everything.

AHMED

Name it. Name everything you did wrong.

AL

I'm sorry for lying to you. I'm...sorry for the pain I caused you...

*Ahmed punches Al in the face, knocking him back off his chair suddenly.*

*Ahmed pulls him up against the wall.*

*Ahmed is crying violently.*

AHMED

This is not about me! I mean nothing! Nothing! This is about Richard. And Alyssa. And Bill. This is about them Al what about them?

AL

(weeping)

I'm sorry!

AHMED

For what!

AL  
For killing Bill! For killing Richard! For hurting Alyssa!  
For everything!

AHMED  
Did you enjoy it?

AL  
What?

AHMED  
Did you enjoy it?

AL  
Yes I did!

*Ahmed kisses him on the lips. It's a long, deep kiss,  
however there is no love. Only pain and sorrow.*

*A farewell.*

AHMED  
I loved you.

*Ahmed leaves for the door, leaving Al to fall to the  
his knees. He has been consumed by his own sorrow,  
agony, guilt, lust and greed and now there is nothing  
left.*

*Ahmed takes one last look at him.*

*He leaves.*

*Cameron comes back in, patting Ahmed on the back.*

*He smiles as he looks down on Al.*

*He locks the door.*

*Blackout.*