

## A SUMMER NIGHT.

FX A selection of news reports are played from the night.

***Then lights suddenly rise on a man standing on stage.***

FX Live music plays.

MARK There's an old man sitting at the bottom of a garden.  
He's crying. He thinks he's lost his shoes. He has no idea he's lost the rest of his clothes. He's not in great shape to be naked. He's baggy - his skin is baggy on him.

*He waits a beat and then smiles.*

MARK I walk over to him.

*He looks again. He thinks.*

MARK The old man stirs and looks up. He looks at his naked body. It's 7 o'clock. Just past. 7 o'clock PM. This is important. I am due at work in forty five minutes - seven forty-five for an eight o'clock shift.

*Dianne comes out and stands beside Mark.*

MARK            My Dad looks at me, I look at him. He asks me whether I am a police officer. I say I am but that I'm not on duty yet. He asks me my name. I tell him. He looks at me again - more queerly this time - that's my name he says - yes, I say - and you're a police officer? Yes. I say. Then I must apologise he says. And he stands up to show me the giant turd he's just laid on my lawn.

*He takes a moment.*

*Ant comes out and stands beside Mark (on the opposite side to Dianne).*

MARK            The two of us look at it together. The turd.  
'Well...' he says. He looks at me 'I don't know what to do' he says 'have you got a clue?'.  
And I smile and say 'that rhymes Dad'.  
And then we both laugh.  
Though - I don't think he knows what he's laughing at.  
And then before I know it the nurse has called and then I am sitting in a van on a way to a riot wearing the wrong shoes.

*He looks down at his shoes and back again. Then he bends and does them up.*

ANT The secret is the - the secret is - a bit of salt, a bit of sugar, and just a touch of milk and this is just my thing - but it works - the tiniest tea-spoon, I'm a big man, I aint afraid to use a tea spoon, of powdered mustard powder - Colemans - whatever shit you got - then whisk it - hard work with the fork in a glass bowl or a coffee mug - and then bang it in a pan...

MARK The wrong - shoes..

ANT ...add a nob of butter, and - this is important- don't over heat - keep it on low - stir rapidly - keep it nice and - what's the word - gunky.

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*MARK stands up again.*

MARK And you may not know what the right shoes are for policing. But there are right shoes. And I'm not wearing them.

ANT "I was calling for you" she enters the kitchen on a burst. Mo, my Mother, she's in a rush for everything - all the time. She don't understand the beauty of keeping eggs gunky.

MARK I'm not wearing them because I left the house too quickly because my Dad wanted to show me his turd.

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*He looks up.*

ANT "I didn't hear you Mo." I say turning off the heat and beginning to ladle the egg between two slices of best of both. "What was it? What happened?" "You burning my pans again" she asks leaning in. "No" I say. And I smile her one of my smiles. She loves my smile. She's the only one. But she loves it. "OK". She says.

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*He smiles.*

MARK My duties are more - there are differences between what I do and what - I don't have a huge amount of interaction with the public. Anyway, there are many different types of police shoe. But the best police invest in the best shoes.  
 And the police that don't see much action...  
 The police who can't even put a stab vest on...  
 "You making a fucking shitheap of that vest aren't you son?"  
 A guy beside me laughs at me as he speaks.  
 He then turns and with surprisingly soft hands helps me do the vest up. I'm Phil' he says

ANT "Your friend is at the door" she says "that one with the teeth." She knows his name. I nod. I take a bite of my sandwich.

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*ANT takes a bite of an egg sandwich.*

ANT It is a good sandwich - I cut it in two and make for the door.

MARK 'Were you on last night?' Phil asks, the vest done up. 'No' I answer 'I'm not really...I've been sequestered - I'm in fraud'. He nods as if he was expecting this news. 'Don't worry. It'll be fine. Just try not to let yourself down.'

*ANT takes another bite and talks while eating with his mouth open. He enjoys it.*

ANT "Anthony." She catches my arm as I make to leave the room.  
"You be careful tonight" she says. I say "a few  
looters aint gonna scare me Mo" and she looks at  
me careful, "I don't want you doing as the others do  
you understand?" She says. I understand. I look at  
her close. "Mo. I aint going nowhere close. We got  
a party on. Why you think I'm wearing my best  
gear?"

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*Some food drops out of his mouth, he wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.*

DIANNE                   Drip.  
                          Drip.  
                          Drip.  
                          Drip.  
                          Is it still dripping?  
                          He calls - from above.  
                          Yes. It's still dripping.  
                          I call. From below.

ANT                       Jay is waiting by the door. I give him half a sandwich. We chow down.

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*ANT finishes his sandwich. He offers it to someone in the front row and winks.*

MARK                      It's not very high end - telephone fraud. It's not money laundering. It doesn't involve bashing the bankers or however people put it. It mainly involves the targetting of vulnerable people.

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*He thinks.*

And that can be hugely upsetting.

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*He takes his phone out and checks it.*

DIANNE "The valve thing is broke. I think that's it." He says.  
He's staring at the radiator. I've come upstairs to join him. Either he's in one of his moods or I'm in one of mine.  
"It's rusted at the bottom the trouble is it'll keep bringing water through. It'll stain the ceiling. I think we need to turn it off." He says. With an officious smile. Because ultimately that's the only solution to a problem.  
"OK." I say.  
And then my phone rings.

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*She takes out her phone.*

ANT There are two things you need to know about Jay.  
One thing is that he is a bad man. The other thing of which is he is a bad bad man.

MARK She doesn't answer immediately...

DIANNE My phone rings. I look at it.  
He looks at it.

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*She looks at her phone.*

DIANNE We both look at a ringing phone.

MARK I used to count ringtones when I rang people. I've stopped doing that now.

DIANNE "Is that him?" Steve asks. And I nod.  
"Don't answer it." He says - crouching to take a closer look at the radiator he's already given up on.

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*DIANNE thinks, she looks at her phone again.*

"I've got to answer it. It's my boss."

ANT When I was 9 we became tight - bit of fun you know, computer games, bikes - that sort of - and the thing was - back then - I thought it was the greatest thing - I mean truly the greatest thing - he got a packet of biscuits for his dinner. Custard Creams. Bourbons. You know the sort of thing. I tell my Mo this - I tell my Mo he gets biscuits for dinner - my own hint that sometimes I could have biscuits for my dinner - and she says 'that boy can come to dinner whenever he fancy'.

MARK Hi. It's Mark.

DIANNE I know. I say. It says so on my screen.

MARK Yeah? Yeah. She's always quite -

DIANNE Steve hisses at me - I don't hear what he says.  
How can I help Mark?

ANT Since then that dinner invite has flown away.  
Because Jay - he's a bad man. She don't like me going out with him.

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*He gestures to a JAY that isn't there.*

ANT            But I am and she can't say stop. I need to learn my own mistakes.

MARK          Phil looks at me. He mouths 'the wife?' At me. Phil and I have never met before. I don't know why he - the police is full of men like him.

DIANNE        Mark? How can I help Mark?

MARK          Oh. Um. Well, I'm ringing to beg really. I've been let down. Gemma was supposed to be on nights this week. And I've had to go to work. I wondered if you might - I wondered if you might be able to help.

DIANNE        Now?

MARK          More or less immediately yes. I had to go to work. I couldn't not go to work. He was in a bit of state earlier.  
I'll pay you double.

Beat.

DIANNE        I look at Steve. I was supposed to be going to the pictures with my husband I say.  
It's date night.  
Steve doesn't look at me. He looks at the radiator.

MARK I say nothing. The way to make her - it always works with Dianne. Saying nothing. Regularly works.

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*DIANNE looks at MARK and then away.*

DIANNE I move so that I'm facing away from Steve. I move so that my back is to him. Not that he's looking at me. Is there really no-one else who...?

MARK I've tried everyone else.

DIANNE Everyone - else - really? Mark. Don't...

MARK The agency isn't sending people out. They're worried about the violence - the, uh...But it really isn't as bad as people say...

Beat.

DIANNE I wait. I think. I hear the drip drip drip of the radiator my husband has failed to fix. 'OK' I say.

MARK And I smile.

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*There is a pause.*

DIANNE Got to go. I put down the phone. Steve looks at me.  
 I say "He's an old man Steve. He needs my help."  
 Steve's face folds into a frown.  
 "Double pay" I say. "And you can come too if you like. We could take a film there."  
 Steve's folds go deeper.  
 He used to have a cleaner, sharper face. The jowls have - infected him. His face just sort of sinks into his neck. I hear the radiator drip. "Sod off then." He says.

MARK I put down the phone. Disconnect the phone. You can't put down a mobile phone.  
 Phil is looking at me. 'You're shaking' he says 'I only just noticed'. I realise he's right. I don't say anything. 'We're going South I got told' he says 'sending North London cops South when there's trouble in North London, explain that one, yeah?' He says. I don't say anything. 'Still, guess they know best' he says. 'Yes' I say.

FX Music begins to play.

ANT And we're on our bikes. Me on a souped up BMX. Him on a racing bike. Which aint all that. But he says it is. He says he's bringing racing bikes back. I say back from where?

*ANT takes a breather.*

ANT We're always chatting shit.

DIANNE I wait for Steve to volunteer to drive me or walk me to the tube station at least. I sit on the sofa and wait for him to get over his sulk.

ANT He is faster on his bike than me. I holler across - 'where we going bad man'. He hollers back 'down Aybrook man'.

DIANNE He doesn't move. He's not moving.

ANT I holler across 'the parties down Aybrook?'

MARK I joined the police straight out of University.

ANT He hollers back 'Mika says they got chicas you aint never seen. Chicas of all shades man.'

MARK I wanted to get on the Home Office fast track but failed the exam and the police service seemed to be the next best option.

DIANNE I look at him - pointedly.

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*She does look pointedly.*

DIANNE He still doesn't move.

MARK Dad was disappointed but Mum understood.

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*ANT is quite seriously out of breath.*

ANT            He dead quick. I'm well out of breath. He probably is bringing racing bikes back to be honest.

MARK          He kept saying 'as long as you aren't settling for anything. You should never settle for anything.'

DIANNE        Eventually I give up and leave the house on my own.

ANT            Though my bike does way better bunny hops.

DIANNE        It genuinely doesn't occur to me to be scared. I walk past Tesco Metro, the kebab shop on the corner...

MARK           I've got to say it was one of the better decisions I've made in my life. Even though the fast track wasn't as fast for me as others. I sort of stalled.

DIANNE        Argos. Ladbrookes....Steve rings. I reject the call.

MARK           Yes. I'm a happy police officer.

ANT            We slow and dismount for chips and drinks.

FX:            The music stops.

MARK looks at the musician and then back again.

MARK                   The van stops. My heart ascends to slightly  
                          beneath my throat. Two more men get in the back.  
                          The van starts again.

Beat.

MARK                   My heart descends. I wish I was wearing better  
                          shoes. Phil looks at the two of them and asks them  
                          where they're from - Gwent they say. Phil nods. I'm  
                          pretty sure he doesn't know where Gwent is but  
                          they have quite strong Welsh accents so he knows  
                          it's not London.

DIANNE               The streets are quiet.

ANT                   We sit and eat our chips outside the store.

Beat.

ANT                   They're on Jay. Money he tiefed from his Mum  
                          most probably. The land is quiet. Everyone is on  
                          curfews.

DIANNE               And it's colder than it should be.

MARK                   "I'm Phil" he says, leaning across to shake their  
                          hands. "and this is Mark" I lean across and shake  
                          their hands. (beat)  
                          "May we take this opportunity - if no-one else has  
                          before because they're rude cunts - to welcome you  
                          to the Metropolitan police force."

ANT           A woman walks past us in tracksuit bottoms. Now if it were down to me, all women would wear tracksuit bottoms, or all women with peng arses like this one would. She must be 30 or 35 or 40 or 45 or something like that. But she has an arse like a cream puff. It's good.

DIANNE       I hurry past two black boys outside the chip shop - not totally black - one sort of mixed race but that might be - I'm never entirely sure what to look for in mixed race - they could just be Moroccan or Egyptian or somewhere.

Beat.

DIANNE       Both check me out as I go past. I feel like stabbing the pair of them. Do you not think I can feel your gaze, you pre-pubescent fuckwits, I think. But I say nothing. Just hurry down on into Elephant and Castle tube.

MARK           The van stops again. My heart stops again. The back doors open, and this time - we pile out into the graying night. There's six other vans. There must be forty of us all in all. We gather. An officer looks at us. A DCI. "Gentlemen, welcome to Merton, welcome to Tooting" he says. "We're a social cocking media hotspot apparently." Everyone laughs.

ANT            But she's gone soon enough and we get back on our bikes.

FX:            Music starts again.

DIANNE        I sit on the tube - I'm going North on the Northern Line - but it's not moving - the whole station is empty. I sit for three - four minutes. Then a man joins me in the carriage - he's wearing a vest - he doesn't look at me - he's a big man - body art

ANT            Chips. Drinks and a Egg sandwich all returning on me as we ride too fast through the empty London streets. 'Jay, will you wait up?'

DIANNE:        - and then the tube driver announces 'just to let you know, we're being held at a red signal to regulate the service, we will be on the move shortly.'

Music stops

ANT            I stop for a strategic vomit. I have to. I won't do details. But it was strategic and it was vomit.

Music starts

DIANNE        Two more come into the carriage. A couple. He's holding a suitcase. She's holding his hand. Are they catching a flight? Am I really doing all this for an old man?

MARK            They line us at the front and end of Tooting High Street. There's a JD Sports on Tooting High Street. JD Sports is a hot spot apparently. Phil is two along for me, he turns and looks at me and sticks his thumb up at me. I smile back.  
And then I take my truncheon out, because everyone else seems to have done so - my training for this was a long time ago - and then I stand.

Beat.

MARK            We all stand.

DIANNE        The train begins to move. The woman of the couple looks at me. I can feel her look. I don't look back. I don't need female solidarity. The tube rumbles on.

Beat.

MARK            And we wait.

Beat.

MARK            We all just wait. The shops are all shut behind us. The street is very very quiet. Everyone's expecting problems so everyone has locked up and gone home.

FX:            The music stops.

MARK looks at it. There is a long pause.

MARK Yes - we just wait.

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*ANT dismounts the bike.*

ANT We arrive at the flats - buzz ourselves in and chain our bikes down at the bottom of the inside stairs. I aint leaving my bike out tonight. I aint stupid. The lift is broke so we sort of race up the stairs, chatting shit as we go. I'm faster than he is when we aint on bikes.

And then we're at the door and give it three solid knocks and then we are in. There's a fat guy standing by the door - and I'm betting no-ones asked him to be there, he's just done cos no-one will talk to him - he says 'you bought any booze' in one of them wheezy voices fat white boys get. 'No' we say, both exactly together, which was a mistake cos now we sound like we like rimming each other. 'No, we just here' Jay says and walks past him, and I walk past him too. 'You were supposed to bring booze' fat white wheezy boy says. But we are well gone by then.

MARK We hear a noise.

Beat.

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*Suddenly they're all alert.*

MARK We hear a noise in the distance and ready ourselves.

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*They all stand alert.*

MARK It's nothing. It's a car. Even a car sounds noisy tonight. We watch it go by. Phil lets out a nervous laugh, a few others copy. We just wait.

DIANNE I change at Kings Cross for the Victoria Line. 15 minute wait for a train to come. They're not busy. In that time only two passengers join me on the platform, a kid of about 15 wearing a rucksack and shifting nervously, and an old man who keeps staring at the kid and looks like he wants to hit him. The tube arrives. The whole thing is empty. The whole tube. We get on. In different carriages.

ANT Now- the secret of parties is starting well- you don't get nothing for not starting well.

MARK Another noise.

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*Pause. They all wait.*

MARK Nothing.

ANT And starting well means three things - location, location, location - locate the drink, locate the weed, locate the females.

MARK Nothing at all. Probably a cat.

ANT I tell you, one day, I'm gonna write a book. And then I see her. And my hopeful heart turns black.

DIANNE And then.

Drip.

And then.

Drip.

The driver comes on over the tannoy 'hi, I've just been told that this service will terminate at finsbury park. London Underground would like to apologise for any inconvenience to your journey this may cause.'

ANT Heart breaker. Soul taker. Ba-da-da-da-di-da. My Mo plays that a lot. And this girl - she is a heart breaker.

MARK We change location. We hear about problems at a jewellers on the otherside of the boardwalk...  
There's no trouble when we get there. A tea urn is brought out.

DIANNE The tube terminates. I get off. I'm the only one on the platform. I stand for a moment. There are no more trains coming through. I look about for the driver. He doesn't seem to be here. I walk up through the station. The gates are open.

MARK We change location again. I lose sight of Phil. The tea is good.

ANT I aint saying I laid it out for her, but I laid it out for her. Come here, shit in my mouth, you know? Come here, let me tell you that I love you, and then shit in my mouth, you know? Defecate in my thing that I speak through. Two years we was together. First tits I saw. First hot wet thing I touched. All that stuff.

MARK Get in a cab. I'll pay for a cab.

DIANNE I'm looking for a cab. I don't know there are cabs Mark.

MARK No. Well, that's there look out... I wish I could pick you up and drive you myself...

DIANNE There don't seem to be any tubes going South either. I seem to have - I seem to have - how are things where you are?

MARK Pretty quiet. I really think this whole thing might be an over-exaggeration. Look, I've got to go. Get a cab. I'll pay. My Dad's been on his own for three hours now. Almost four. This is not good. I'm a bit snappy. I disconnect the call.

DIANNE He disconnects the call.

MARK We change location again.

DIANNE He disconnected the call.

ANT She walks over like she's walking in slow motion.

*Music plays*

ANT Like one of them cartoons walking in slow motion.  
Duv - duv - duv - duv - duv. You know the sort of thing.

MARK We slept together once. Me and Dianne. That was a mistake. It wasn't - there was no chemistry. She was pretty cold to be honest. Not that I've slept with many women. We change location.

ANT Duv - duv - duv - duv. Her too tight top wobbling everything about as her bold hard feet hit the carpet. It's like the whole world is wobbling.

DIANNE There's no taxis.

ANT Duv - duv - duv - duv. And then she's with me.  
She's in front of me.

DIANNE I fucking hate London.

*She puts down her arm.*

DIANNE I look for a bus. And with a bus comes a choice.  
North to care. South to home.

Pause.

DIANNE North to care. South to home.

ANT She starts as she means to go on 'listen, you wanna talk, we can talk, but any more of your whiney bullshit and I'm sort of done, you get me?' I say - cold as ice - 'I aint got no bullshit whining to give Tori - I'm all good'. 'Yeah,' she says 'then why you shaking'. 'Cos he's pilling, you dumb one' Jay swoops in like a man on a mission.

Beat.

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*ANT raises his hands in the air. And then puts them down again.*

ANT 'We both are, look I'm shaking too, pills, pills, pills, now leave my boy be, Tori, we got shit to do.' Tori looks at him. Jay looks back at Tori. Tori sucks her teeth and walks away. And that could not have gone better if I tried really.

MARK There is no point in calling him. The phone only upsets him and he never answers it.  
He just looks at it and sometimes he starts sobbing.  
Just sobbing.  
I don't know what it reminds him of but whatever it is, it's vivid.

DIANNE There is a bus - the electronic board beams out red that there is a bus - seven minutes. Seven minutes for a bus.

MARK                    Suddenly Phil grabs me "we're getting back in the vans. There's shit going down in Colliers Wood."

DIANNE                I didn't choose to become a home carer.

ANT                    Jay pushes and pulls me over to a quiet spot by the toilets.

DIANNE                I just - became one. I am licensed. I used to work in a hospital. I came down to London to work in St Thomas's. But when Steve got made redundant and we decided we wanted to stay in London, I realized I needed to find something more - lucrative to pay the bills.

ANT                    You OK? He asks. His eyes are wide. He is piling on something.

DIANNE                There are also benefits to being an exclusive care provider. Getting to know your patient. Spending less time cleaning bed pans. That sort of thing.

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*DIANNE thinks.*

DIANNE                That sort of...The bus arrives. It's unsurprisingly empty. I get on the bus. The driver looks at me strangely. I just beep my oyster.

ANT Yeah, I'm OK. I say. 'Saved you bro, didn't I? Saved you.' Jay says. And then he looks at me a beat more. He wettens his lips. His eyeballs are wild. 'I need some water' he says and he walks off and I'm alone again.

MARK The bus drives quickly.

DIANNE The bus drives quickly.

MARK I sit with my phone in my hands, scrolling through to my Dad's name. Scrolling back again. scrolling through again. Scrolling back again.

DIANNE Mark's Dad - Frank - is a nice man. Just a bit of a wimp. Like his son. He cries a lot. And when someone cries a lot you eventually realise you don't pity them anymore. You sort of despise them.

MARK Bang.

MARK As soon as we arrive in Colliers Wood we know we're in trouble. Bang.

MARK Smash. Bang.

MARK The van is pelted with rocks and bottles.  
Bang.

MARK Phil looks at me. Bang.

MARK 'Well, this could be interesting' he says. Bang.

MARK 'I didn't really get much action last night.' Bang.  
Smash. Bang.  
'This could be interesting.'

DIANNE No. Not despise. Despise is the wrong word. But  
pity is the wrong word too.

MARK Bang.

DIANNE Steve rings. I disconnect the call. Steve rings again.  
I disconnect the call again.

MARK Bang.

ANT And I do what I always do at parties. Look for  
somewhere to hide. This aint writing the way I want  
it to write.

MARK Bang.

DIANNE I was on a shift. His Dad had been crying about  
something - but he'd got to bed.

MARK Bang. And now. And now.  
Bang.  
They want us to get out of the van.  
Smash. Smash.  
They open the doors and the others stream past.  
Bang.

DIANNE      Mark said 'I think we both need a drink'. He poured us both whiskies.

MARK      And I don't realise I'm the last one. Phil turns and looks at me.

Bang. Bang. Smash.

I look back for ten seconds, twenty seconds, and then I follow him out.

Bang.

I'm not good with physical - with any force really.

DIANNE      And then he said 'am I harming him? Keeping him here. Because he wants to stay but I need to know I'm not harming him by having him stay because I don't trust the Doctor.'

MARK      I smell the smoke almost immediately. I say 'I can smell smoke'. Phil says 'yeah, there's a shop on fire, be mothercare or something'. He's smiling.

Bang. The bricks hit from all directions. 'Where are we?' I shout at Phil. 'Viet-fucking-Nam' he grins back.

DIANNE      He said it so simply I kissed him. I'd seen him looking. So I kissed him.

MARK      One of the things you're told when you become your parents carer is that your exasperation can sometimes become physical.

DIANNE I can't even - it wasn't to do with Steve - not then. I just - it felt right, you know how some things just feel right...Maybe it was more pity.

Beat.

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*DIANNE looks at MARK.*

DIANNE I don't know.

MARK That sometimes you can find yourself slapping their hand when they are trying to damage themselves. Or even just gripping their arm too hard.

DIANNE I think I'm motivated by pity far more than I'd like to be. Or maybe I just couldn't think of an answer to his question.

MARK And I have tried to live with the - I've tried to avoid - I've managed to avoid - all of that.

Beat.

ANT Girls walk past me of all shapes and colours.

MARK I left him on the toilet for too long once - well... three hours. And I once burnt his hand on the frying pan I was carrying - but I'm pretty sure that was a mistake. And I once locked him in his room, but not for long. I have been good. I have tried so hard to be good. Bang.

ANT Red. Orange. Yellow. Green. Purple. Blue. And I stand there and watch. Sometimes someone stands with me. Other times I stand alone. I watch Tori, flirting with whoever, and I watch Jay. Who is doing the Jay thing.

Beat.

MARK Riot shields are deployed. I try and hold it the way I've been taught. But that feels like a long time ago too. I wish I was wearing the right shoes. And then the bricks start to be thrown at us. Bang. Bang. Bang.

Beat.

MARK We're outside some sort of shopping centre. Bang. I try to keep position. I try to make that position as far back as I can possibly go.

Beat.

MARK Bang. Smash. They throw bottles too. I can smell burning like I'm on fire. Phil is shouting, 'we should be pushing at them, we should be pushing at them', someone else is shouting 'maintain position' like we're in the army.

DIANNE The bus stops. The driver climbs up and sits beside me. He says 'I've been ordered back to depo love,' he's from Leeds I think. 'I want to take you back with me. I don't like letting you off here.' He says.

MARK      These aren't bricks. They aren't bottles. They're missiles.

Beat.

MARK      Someone is throwing missiles at us.

ANT      And then these boys arrive. A few girls too.

MARK      Missiles.

ANT      All armed with these things. All wearing new trainers. I know some. They know me. Vanny. Luke. Biswe. Momoh.

DIANNE    And I look at him. 'No, I'll be fine' I say. And walk past him and out of the bus.

MARK      Bang.

DIANNE    . 'Where even are you going?' He says as I dismount the step. 'Home?'

MARK      Bang. Smash.

DIANNE    I look at him. 'No, I'm not going home' I say. An old man needs me.

Beat.

DIANNE    And then I step out and away.

MARK                   The beauty of telephone fraud, the beauty of telephone fraud is...Bang. Something hits the side of my head. Something hits...

FX                   *The music stops. MARK takes a moment.*

MARK                   Me.

MARK touches his head. He looks around the room. There is a pure silence.

ANT                   Vanny spots me, he walks over.

ANT pauses. He takes his time.

ANT                   All full of his - swagger. Like he's just fingered someone up the Gibbet. He swaggers over. In his new trainers. 'Hello Anthony' he says.

MARK                   Get back. Someone shouts. You're bleeding. Is it a Welsh voice? It's not Phil. There is so much fighting. Then someone grabs me by my shoulders.

ANT                   'Hello Anthony. How you been? Int seen you about. How's Tori?' He says. I say nothing. 'Just been down JD.' He laughs. 'Were shit tonight. Much better last night. Where were you last night?' He says. 'Was a laugh, where were you?' I say nothing. 'We was up Tottenham, then we moved over to Bethnal Green. Jay was out. Where was you?' I say nothing.

DIANNE It's pretty cold now. It's pretty cold. And it's quiet and noisy.

MARK You're bleeding. There's some ambulances down there. Get that head sorted. I don't want bleeding men on the front line. I turn and look at the person shouting.

Beat.

---

*MARK does turn and then looks back.*

MARK He's much younger than me.

DIANNE I could call Steve now and he'd come and get me..

MARK He could be the youngest person here. Is he Welsh? He probably got fast tracked ahead. Go get help. I nod.

ANT Jay was out? I say nothing.

DIANNE I could call Steve to come and get me...

MARK I walk back the way he points. I walk towards medical assistance. And I'm not sure which turning I miss. But I do miss a turning....

ANT Jay was out? I say nothing.

MARK I miss everything in fact. And I'm soon. I'm soon - on my own - in this vast - shopping centre. I just keep walking.

ANT Jay was out?

DIANNE Every shop is now shut.

ANT Jay was out?

MARK The shopping centre is very empty.

---

*He hears his voice reflect.*

MARK Very - empty.

---

FX *Music plays.*

MARK I just keep walking. I just keep walking. Mostly for - mostly because - mostly for...My steps sound louder than I'd like them to be.

---

*He listens for his steps.*

MARK Sometimes he looks at me and I think he's thinking amazing thoughts. And I discover he's pissing himself. Sometimes he looks at me with these profound - I didn't - want to have him live with me. I don't like obligations. I like what I do and then - I like no obligations. I only did it because - well, he nursed Mum through the same disease - did I mention that? - and it just made me feel - there was an obligation. He never made me feel it. But there was an obligation. If a person has cared for someone else and then you aren't able to care for them? That's - wrong. This shopping centre is very empty. I'm still wearing the wrong shoes.

---

*He listens.*

MARK I put my hand to my forehead. I touch the cut. It's still bleeding quite heavily. Where am I supposed to be? My phone rings...

DIANNE Mark...

MARK Dianne?

DIANNE It's Dianne.

MARK Dianne?

DIANNE I'm sorry Mark.

---

*He looks around.*

MARK            She says she's sorry. A lot of women say they're sorry to me. Mainly it's less of a meant apology than you'd think, mainly they're sorry that I'm wrong for them rather than them being wrong for me. 'I'm sorry, you're deficient Mark. I'm very sorry about that.'

DIANNE        Mark? Are you there?

MARK            I switch back on. Was I off? Back in. Back in - the game. Yes. I say, I'm here. How can I help?

DIANNE        I'm not going to make it.

MARK            I laugh. I think about all those war movies. 'Roger, I'm not going to make it, leave me here, let me die.' I laugh again. 'I'm not leaving you.'

DIANNE        Are you laughing?

MARK            No. It's a funny echo in here. I'm still laughing, but I put my hand over the handset so she can't hear. I think about my Dad.

DIANNE        Mark. Do you understand? I'm not going to make it to your Dads....

MARK            My Dad....My head hurts...

DIANNE I'm really sorry. There's no way to travel anywhere tonight. It's all chaos. If I had a car...it'd be different...

MARK I'm repeating old conversations. My head hurts. I just keep walking. Through this shopping centre. I pass Millets. They have fifty-per-cent off walking boots.

DIANNE Are you OK? Mark...

MARK Yes. I'm wearing the wrong shoes but I'm OK.

DIANNE The wrong shoes? I'm going to go home, do you understand me?

MARK I'm suddenly really tired. Yes. Thanks Dianne. Thanks so much for trying. I disconnect the call.

---

*He looks around.*

DIANNE He disconnects the call.

MARK I disconnect the call.

Beat.

DIANNE Not even much of a thanks. He disconnects the call.

Beat.

MARK I look at my shoes. I look at my shoes. I keep walking.

Beat.

DIANNE I look around myself. I look at the telephone. He's definitely gone. I start walking.

ANT I corner him by the fridge. "I hear you were out last night." I say to him. He looks at me, he knows what I'm saying.

MARK I keep walking.

DIANNE I stand for a moment.

---

*ANT thinks. And then stops. He leans in to the microphone.*

ANT "Yeah." He says. "They killed Mark Duggan, I wanted to be part of that."

---

*ANT slams his hand against nothing.*

ANT I shout back, angry now. "You don't know Mark Duggan. You aint never even heard of Mark Duggan. You was just out cos you was out." Jay thinks - his face reddening - and then hardening - "Yeah. What of it?"

MARK I just keep walking. My mouth tastes of - aluminium.

DIANNE I start walking. I walk one way.

Beat.

DIANNE I don't know where I'm going.

ANT Jay is pissed now "Everyone else was there. Why we have to be angels? We were never angels..."

DIANNE I walk another.

Beat.

DIANNE I'm - scared.

ANT "Everyone else weren't there Jay. Weren't everyone. Was you and the fucks who run with you."

DIANNE I'm scared.

ANT And we stand, nose to nose, and he's ready to hit me, and then I'd have to hit back, and I aint ready to fight him, I aint wanting to fight him.

---

*ANT thinks, and then leans in to the microphone,  
breaths for a bit and then leans back again.*

ANT And so I think and then I nod - and I lean back - "I just thought you wouldn't - do that." I say.

Beat.

ANT And he looks at me and says "yeah, you always did think you was better than the rest of us" - and then he notices something and he smiles wider "hey Charlie's here, I'm going pilling". And then he's gone.

---

*ANT looks at DIANNE - who looks back.*

ANT And I'm alone. Again.

DIANNE I open my phone. I dial. I speak to Steve. 'Come get me' I say. 'I made a mistake, please come get me'.

MARK There's a choice between two alleyways - one way goes towards Marks and Spencer, one way towards Waterstones.

---

*He looks both directions.*

MARK I walk towards Waterstones. Is that Millets? Have I passed Millets already....they've got fifty percent off walking boots.

DIANNE Steve sounds - Steve sounds relieved. He says - where are you? I say corner of Highbury Fields. He says - can you get to Highbury tube station?

Beat.

DIANNE I know how to get to Highbury Tube station.  
I say yeah.  
He says 'I should have never let you go out alone?'

Beat.

DIANNE            And I say 'yeah'. And he says 'I love you' and I start to cry and hang up the phone.

ANT                But I don't walk so far away I can't watch him.

DIANNE            I don't want to him to hear me cry.

MARK              My cut is really starting to hurt. I'm getting - I can feel the blood inside my face.

DIANNE            I look one way - and then another

ANT                I want to watch him.

MARK              And I'm - and then I - see one of them - crouched in the doorway - he's fifteen - maybe fourteen - he has blonde hair which he's trying to cover with a hood and a

Beat.

---

*He's looking for the right word.*

MARK              brace on his teeth. A set of braces on his teeth.

ANT                I watch him take a pill.

DIANNE            And then I see them, standing in front of a shop. A shop they've started to smash open.

MARK He looks at me, I look at him. He says 'you're police aren't you?'

Beat.

MARK I'm wearing my uniform. I'm hardly hiding my uniform. He's got shark eyes. He looks me up and down. His mouth opens again and shines. 'Yeah, you police' he says. And I say 'I don't know what I am son.' And then I collapse.

DIANNE 'You hear to cause trouble Miss' - one of them asks - a girl - must be no more than - she's young - 'no' I say 'I just want to go home' I say. 'Yeah Miss.' She says. And she starts to slowly walk towards me. And then we hear a siren roar towards us. And she looks at me and she looks at the siren and then she thinks and then she shouts 'come on then' and her small gang of friends runs away with her.

ANT I watch him take another pill. I don't want to watch him take pills. I walk away.

DIANNE The siren races past.  
And the shop they kicked in - lies open in front of me.

Beat.

DIANNE I look at it. I look in. There's a nice DAB radio sitting on a display stand. I don't need a DAB radio. But I've always fancied the idea and Steve - likes Radio 5 and you can never get great reception on a radio on Medium Wave so sometimes he listens to it via the television which I don't really like. Which I always find irritating.

---

*She thinks.*

DIANNE It's all white, some make I've never heard of, but it's clearly good, it's got a sort of 50s style to it. I step in through the broken glass of the window - take the radio and walk on with it stuck under my arm like I'm a pea cock or a - like I'm - something. Like I'm a something.

ANT There are three things that tell you when a party is good. The first thing is music. The second thing is the vibe. If the vibe is good people are feeling it, they have to feel it. Feeling it is tantamount, you know? The third is the females. And you would not believe the females in here. But I can't see them for shit because Tori is now dancing with a boy I think is called Trevor and his hands are going everywhere. I go out to the balcony. And there is Jay.

---

*ANT looks in front of him.*

ANT            He is dancing on his own. His face is sort of one of those mask faces you get when you're on a pill. And I open my mouth to speak and he turns and says "can you feel it man?" And I say nothing. "You always were a straight little man." He says.

Beat.

ANT            And then he climbs and stands on the railings - the balcony railings - and says "come on man, come up here man, let's dance." He says.

*ANT raises his hand. Holds out his hand.*

ANT            "No-one gets it man, no-one gets how beautiful London is man, let's dance." And he holds out a hand and I think and move towards it and then he slips, his foot slips and his face changes shape again and I run and try and grab his hand and he falls eight floors to the pavement.

*ANT stays with his hand held out.*

FX:            *Music begins to play again.*

ANT            Eight - It's like he's a -seven - magic act - six - I race towards him and by the time I arrive -five - by the time I arrive - four- three- two- one. I watch from the balcony as his body sort of bounces - it bounces -

*Silence*

DIANNE            And then I'm standing at Highbury Tube station.  
                  With a DAB radio under my arm.

Beat.

ANT            I take the stairs two at a time...

Beat.

DIANNE            I'm not even hiding it.

ANT            I can feel my own blood. Two. Two. Two. Two.

MARK            I wake in a shopping trolley. Slumped into a shopping trolley. Something's pushing me. He's pushing me. I'm immediately, I immediately go for my truncheon but it's not there. I feel for my head. It has a napkin on it. It has two napkins on it.

DIANNE            Steve pulls up beside me.

ANT            He's still breathing...Jay....Jay....

DIANNE            I get into the car.

ANT:            Jay.....

---

*Pause*

MARK It's selotaped to my head. 'Don't touch it, it'll go bad' the boy says, his hood has fallen off, he could be thirteen. And then he looks at me 'I'll leave you here, it's up to you whether you saw me or not' and then he gives me back my truncheon and he smiles at me - and he has food caught in his braces - and then he puts up his hood again and retreats into the darkness.

DIANNE 'What's that?' he says. 'A DAB radio' I say. He nods. He drives.

ANT He can sort of see me, but his eyes are doing that sort of roaming thing, roaming everywhere. He can't speak. 'Jay...Jay....you still breathing...'

MARK And I look around and realise he's pushed me to the entrance of the shopping centre. I can see the backs of police, trying to stop people getting in. I climb out of the shopping trolley. Easier said than done. I wobble out of the shopping trolley. I fall out of the shopping trolley.

ANT Jay...you still breathing, you understand me? Stay. Steady. Tori hands me a phone. 9, 9, 9.

MARK I look around myself. I think he's still watching me. I start to walk towards the entrance. I knock on the glass. With my truncheon. Someone turns. They look at me. They look at my napkin. They look at me again. I raise two fingers at them.

Beat.

---

*He raises two fingers.*

MARK They open the door.

ANT Ambulance. I walk away from Jay. I need an ambulance. Where are you? 'Aybrook, the Hampshire Flats, we're outside the entrance to Hampshire'. There is a pause on the other end. 'We will get to you as soon as we can, we're facing delays, there's problems with our ambulances getting through'. What? You what? 'There's problems with ambulances getting through'. You what? But my friend is hurt, he's bleeding badly. 'I'm sorry kid, I promise, as soon as we've got something. I'm sorry.' I put down the phone.

MARK They patch me properly. They remove the napkin. They smile at me as they do. They're wondering where I've been - I can tell that. I want to raise two fingers at them again. The interesting thing about working in fraud is I can't often tell - I can't often tell when someone is lying - but I can often - I do often tell when I think that someone is - when I think that someone thinks that I'm lying. Not a useful skill. Better to stay quiet and have them think nothing. They put me in a car.

DIANNE We get in and I walk through to the kitchen and pour myself a glass of water.

Beat.

DIANNE Steve comes after me carrying the radio.

ANT I lay down beside Jay. 'Don't worry brother,' I say.  
'Ambulances are on the way' I say.

DIANNE 'Cup of tea?' he says. 'Yeah' I say. 'I think I can fix  
the radiator' he says 'I looked it up on youtube,  
there was a how-to guide'.

Beat.

DIANNE 'Yeah?' I say. And take the radio from him and plug  
it in.

ANT 'They're making you top priority' I say. And then I go  
out onto the street and look for cars to flag down.

Beat.

DIANNE The sound quality is very clear.

Beat.

ANT The first time we met, I was new in school. New in  
the country. I was 8. Fresh off the boat from  
Uganda. Fresh with this accent like you wouldn't  
believe. Fresh from a country they all heard was  
shit. There was piss taken. Jay - half English, half  
Nigerian since you're asking - he was the one that  
was nice to me.

Beat.

ANT      There was this big apple tree outside the school.  
Which makes the school sound way better than it  
was.  
But he was waiting there as I was leaving.  
He said 'you new?'  
And I said 'yeah'. He was in the other class. He  
hadn't had the 'this is Anthony' thing.  
And he said 'you wanna throw rotten apples at the  
cars?'  
And I said 'yeah'.

Beat.

ANT      And that's what we did.  
For twenty minutes maybe. Until we cracked  
someone's windscreen and he came hard at us.  
Until then -      A car rides past me...it's a police  
car... A police...

DIANNE    It's when we're listening to the headlines that Steve  
first puts his arms around me.  
He hasn't got great arms.

ANT      I run out to it...

DIANNE    But they're OK, for now.

ANT I shout and then I hammer on the window. 'Wait.  
My friend.' I shout. 'My friend needs you.'

MARK Then a kid runs out into the road, a black kid.  
Flailing his arms towards me - all his teeth  
gleaming in the night -

ANT "Stop. Stop." I shout. "My friend is hurt."

MARK They're car jacking now? They're car jacking police  
cars? He really has the most amazing teeth. And  
I'm not normally interested in teeth.

ANT "We can't get an ambulance. We need you."

MARK 'You want to stop? You want to give him a shoeing'  
- the driver in the front seat asks as the black boy  
continues to flail.

---

*MARK thinks.*

ANT "Please. Please. Please."

MARK I think and then I think and then I say - no, don't  
stop. I've no time to stop.

ANT But they drive on by. They're the police. They're  
supposed to stop. They're an emergency service.  
This is an emergency.

MARK No time for a shoeing. I want to get home. The driver says OK. And he's disappointed.

ANT I look in through the back window as I run after the car. And I see it's - I see it's - and I see the face - turn on his seat to look out the back window - I see him, he sees me - and he just seems - gray.

MARK He's definitely disappointed. The driver. He's disappointed.

ANT This gray man - this gray - STOP. STOP. STOP. But they've gone.

DIANNE And then Steve takes me up to the bedroom.

Beat.

DIANNE We leave the DAB playing and he undresses me. And I let him. And he looks at my body as he undresses me. And he says 'I love you'. And I believe him.

ANT Tori picks me up off the floor. She looks at me, dead in the eyes, she says 'he's dead'. I look at her with my eyes all - and say nothing.

Beat.

ANT 'I just touched his neck' she says 'he's dead'.

MARK I'm frightened to put my key in the door. I swallow it.

ANT 'You understand me Anthony, you understand me Ant'. I nod and shake and I feel this dribble come down the side of my face.

MARK Dad...I open the door and call his name - not his name - his name is Frank - call his - label immediately - Dad....

ANT 'The boy was high on shit. So we need to go. You understand me Ant? The boy was high - bad high - so we need to go.

Beat.

ANT You got chances in life. You need to go. We aint getting trapped with a body pumped with drugs neither of us, not tonight, they'd fuck us right up'.

MARK Dad... The gentle rising panic of someone not being exactly where you thought he'd be.

Beat.

MARK He's not in his room.

ANT We need to go? I say....

MARK Dad... The living room..

ANT Yeah. She says...We need to go.

MARK Dad....The kitchen...

Beat.

ANT I feel the dribble get longer and longer, it swings low above my feet before forming a lake of drool below my shoes...

MARK The bathroom door is shut. I knock. Dad....Dad.....I open... He's not inside....

ANT "You think you can. You think you can. You think you can come with me?" She asks. I look up. Eight. Seven.

Beat.

MARK I run through

ANT: six

MARK: the house....

ANT: five

MARK: Dad....Dad....

ANT: four

MARK: The sick in my stomach as I...

ANT: three, two, one.

MARK: And then I see him...

ANT I look down. Jay. Up. Down. Jay. You think you can come with me?

MARK My Father - my Dad - is asleep on my bed. He's curled up tight with his thumb in his mouth.

ANT You think you can come with me?

MARK He could be anywhere. He's probably not here. He looks like. He's wearing - he's holding my dressing gown.

Beat.

MARK He has my pyjamas on and he's smelling my dressing gown, holding it to him. Cradling it. Smelling it. And I don't like it. Not that it would smell bad. Just that it would smell of me.

Pause.

DIANNE I lie beside him. He's asleep soon enough. I wait and watch the sun as it rises and then shines through our shit bedroom curtains. And far below me, I hear the radio continue to play.

ANT Our first few steps are footsteps. Then she starts getting quicker and then I -

He waits a beat. He pauses.

ANT            And then I - start following and she breaks into a run. The sirens have been going all night, but now - right now - we think the sirens are here for us. She runs. Tori runs. And I think and then realise I can't think and then break into a run after her and Jay's body slowly melts into the pavement behind us.

MARK            I carefully - I carefully - I carefully - I carefully put a blanket over him.

Beat.

MARK            I pull it up beside his chin and then gently - gently ease my dressing gown from his hands.

Beat.

MARK            I take off my shoes.

Beat.

MARK            Then I sit - on the edge of the bed beside him and watch the cold light of a new day - as it seeps through the window.

**END.**