

## A Kidnapping

by

England; a beautiful wood, the kind of rural that is a stones throw from sirens and concrete. Think Burnham Beeches just outside Slough. Or The Peaks just outside Oldham.

Night.

Slightly extracted from the epicenter of anywhere.

The following takes place over one evening. In real time, with the interval accounted for in the narrative time-line.

ROBERT: mid twenties

AARON: mid to late twenties

FAIZA: twenties

DEAN: thirties

CROW: spritely

“Then heaven and earth creaked at the joint

Which became gangrenous and stank -

A horror beyond redemption.

The Agony did not diminish”. - *Crow Blacker Than Ever*, Ted Hughes.

## ACT ONE.

A bare stage aside from a working rear end of a large White Transit Van. The Van's back door's are closed, bright, stark and imposing against the dark night time setting of its environment.

The engine is off. The tail lights are on, the brake lights are not.

Silence first. Then there is little sound aside from the dull drone of Radio 1, muted, coming from within the cab of the Van.

(A beat.)

The music turns off .

(A silence.)

ROBERT

(From inside. Muted.)

What!?

(Muted discussion.)

A door opens, unseen, footsteps around to the front of the Van.

The bonnet pops.

ROBERT

Ok...

(Some clanking.)

Oh! Ok yeah... Just need to.. Err... Well, it's the err... isn't it, it's the... What is it, it's the bloody, err, oh, I know what I need, it's the, it's the... Aaron!?

AARON

(Muted. Still in the Van)

Yeah?

ROBERT

Hand me the... Where's the... Is the toolbox in the, in the front, is it by your feet, could you hand me the.. If it's by your... is it by you... the err..

(beat)

What are you doing?!

AARON

(Still in Van)

What?

ROBERT

What? What do you mean 'what'? We've broken down. I'm out here looking at the... the engine and what have you, what are you doing?

(beat)

AARON!

AARON

(Still in the Van)

Consulting.

ROBERT

You've lit a cigarette. Who are you consulting? Lambert and Butler? Do they know much about automotive engineering? Can you hand me... the... Fucking thing. Where's the toolbox?

AARON

(Still in the Van)

I don't know.

ROBERT

Is it near you? It's normally under the seat.

AARON

(Still in the Van)

No.

ROBERT

It's normally under the seat.

AARON

What do you mean 'Normally'?

ROBERT

I mean... I mean.... I don't know what I mean. On telly, I don't mean normally in this Van.  
I mean in general, in Vans in general.

We hear the squeaking, and later consolidated by further  
clarity of voice, of the winding down of the driver side  
window.

AARON

It might be in the back.

ROBERT

Well then.

AARON

Well what?

ROBERT

You go back and get it then.

AARON

I don't think we should.

ROBERT

Well I don't want to mate.

AARON

Right. I mean neither do I Rob really.

ROBERT

No. Sure.

AARON

What's wrong with it?

ROBERT

Huh?

AARON

Bit fucked up, eh?

(Beat.)

ROBERT

Are you actually asking if it's a bit fucked up?

AARON

Yeah.

ROBERT

Yeah it is a bit, yeah, it is a bit fucked up.

AARON

Shit.

ROBERT

I didn't realise you were... having those sorts of thoughts to be honest mate.

AARON

About the Van?

ROBERT

The.../

AARON

It's obvious we've broken down, what were you / saying.

ROBERT

The engine! No, yeah. Um. Yes, where's the toolbox?

AARON

I don't bloody know Rob, probably in the back! Do you know what's wrong with it? You were doing enough teeth sucking.

ROBERT

Huh?

AARON

"Oh, ooo, yeah, it's the, it's the, it's the thing, isn't it, eh, it's the err the bloody thing. Yeah".

ROBERT

Well it is the thing isn't it?

AARON

Say the name of the part.



ROBERT

I don't know Aaron, you fu- I don't know what it's called because I've popped the bonnet and stared at all the different pipes and pretended to know what the hot ones do.

(Silence. Aaron smokes. Aaron laughs.)

ROBERT

No, seriously, I don't know what I'm doing under here.

AARON

Oh I believe you, I'm choosing to laugh at you.

ROBERT

Right.

AARON

Well get the tools then.

ROBERT

Right then.

From the passenger side of the Van, enters ROBERT. He crosses into centre stage, pacing slightly, wringing hands etc.

Shit.

He goes to open the Van double doors. Puts his hand on the black handle.

Bugger.

(beat)

He stands in front of the double doors, both hands on the two handles.

Then opens them in one swing, revealing FAIZA bound, gagged, with a sack over her head, kneeling, and screaming through her gag.

ROBERT shields his eyes from her somewhat and quickly scans the van floor where a large red toolbox sits.

ROBERT

Hello!

FAIZA

(Muted)

HHAAAaaarghhhHHhh. (HELP).

Robert scans around the Van.

Shhh!

ROBERT grabs the toolbox and in one motion closes one door, drops the toolbox and then closes the other.

He drops to the floor. Back against the Van, and breathes.

(A breath.)

I've got it.

(Beat.)

I've got it!

AARON

WHAHEYYY.

ROBERT stands.

(A breath.)

He picks up the toolbox and brings it around to the front of the Van, disappearing from view.

(Some more clanking)

AARON

I thought you didn't know what you're doing with those?

ROBERT

Well, I don't. Do you?

AARON gets out of the driver side and moves round to the front of the Van.

(Beat.)

AARON

Nope.

A drop of the toolbox, some clanking and then Robert comes storming round the side of the Van into centre stage.

ROBERT

Well fuck it then.

Aaron comes round from the side of the Van into centre stage.

AARON

Hey, hey!

ROBERT

Huh!?

AARON

What's all this?

ROBERT

What!?

AARON

Throwing the toolbox about!

ROBERT

Aaron, what are we going to do?

AARON

(placating)

I know.

ROBERT

Call the AA?

AARON

No.

ROBERT

The RAC?

AARON

No.

ROBERT

Fucking Green Flag?

AARON

No, we can't call any roadside assistance / we...

ROBERT

"Hello there, yes our commercial Van broke down in the middle of arsehole nowhere, yes, with my colleague and we'd like some roadside assistance. What's that? Oh, only a bound and gagged kidnapped Pakistani girl. No there isn't a delivery expecting us." Aaron, what are we going to do?!

AARON

We can't call anyone.

ROBERT

I know.

AARON

Anyone. I mean anyone. Not the RAC, not Green Flag. Not even Dean.

ROBERT

Dean. Yeah.

AARON

No, not Dean, not anyone. No phones remember? You turn it on, even for a minute, and the next thing we'll hear is "Ni Naw Ni Naw Ni Naw. Get on the ground. Take the mask off slowly you ugly cunt."

ROBERT

I know.

AARON

Because they'd think you're/ wearing

ROBERT

Wearing a mask, yeah, I got it. What are you wearing? What is that?

AARON

Eh?

ROBERT

On your trousers.

AARON

Camouflage.

ROBERT

No.

AARON

Why not.

ROBERT

Because, what are you blending in with exactly.

AARON

Night time.

A heavy beat while Robert looks to see if he's joking.

Then softly strides over and tears the strip of gaffer tape from his trackie bottoms.

AARON

Hey! Oh! Hang on!

Aaron disappears offstage.

ROBERT

What is it?

He returns with a bucket.

AARON

Look!

He flips it upside down, sits on it, and lights a fag.

ROBERT

Marvellous.

AARON

Sit tight mate. We'll figure something out.

ROBERT

Like?

AARON

Well. Let's have a think.

(A breath.)

ROBERT

We can't just sit here and have a think you moron, we've got to, to go, to... We should've taken his Van!

AARON

That van!?

ROBERT

Yeah!

AARON

No!

ROBERT

Yes!

AARON

Nah.

ROBERT

Why not?

AARON

It was a piece of shit!

Robert points emphatically at their own stationary Van.

How were we to know!?

ROBERT

You're right I suppose.

AARON

And it was a piece of shit. All that wedge, three houses, did you know he's got three? He's got three bloody houses. One here. One in Pakistan. One in Majorca. Fuck off.

ROBERT

What're you talking about Aaron!?

AARON

Loaded up to the eyeballs and he's knocking about in that claptrap. Fucking scrooge. Bloody liberties. He could at least... I don't know, give something back! Buy a Jag!

ROBERT

Or... go back to Pakistan.

AARON

Or go back yeah. 'Course. Yeah, fuck off back and that, yeah.

ROBERT

Maybe we should go back, get his Van... what am I saying! How are we going to fix the Van?

AARON

I don't know, but what I do know, is we're on a country track with no street lamps, no-one about for miles, so there's not a whole lot to worry about right now.

(Beat)



ROBERT

That's the first reassuring thing you've said since we stopped.

AARON

What's she saying?

ROBERT

Not a lot.

AARON

No, 'course - she's still gagged then?

ROBERT

Yeah she's still gagged.

AARON

How's she doing?

ROBERT

Ok.

AARON

Good.

(Beat)

ROBERT

Oh for God's sake.

Robert exits stage left round to the front of the Van. We hear the bonnet pop.

Some clanking.

(Offstage)

There's something here.

AARON

Yeah?

ROBERT

(Offstage)

In the bonnet - I mean there's something... going on, there's a pipe, and it's open, or there's something that should be on it, or in it / that isn't...

AARON

Rob just leave it alone, you'll probably tit it up more.

ROBERT

(Offstage)

I... I think we could fix it.

AARON

What with!?

Robert comes running back around, but this time appears behind Aaron.

ROBERT

In the service station /

AARON

Jesus!

ROBERT

Sorry. In the service station, you bought some stuff.

AARON

Just fags and stuff.

ROBERT

And what?

AARON

Chocolate

ROBERT

And?

AARON

Paper.

ROBERT

Paper?

AARON

Not loo roll, a paper.

ROBERT

Did you?

AARON

Yeah.

ROBERT

I didn't see you pick up a paper.

AARON

Just the Guardian.

(Short beat.)

ROBERT

The Guardian?

AARON

The Guardian, yeah.

ROBERT

The Guardian?

AARON

YES! The Guardian, what, have you got a problem with that? You've got to know what's going on in the world.

ROBERT

Yeah, no I agree. I just took you for a / Sun...

AARON

A Sun reader, yeah.

ROBERT

Right. And... /The Daily Mail?

AARON

The Mail. Yep, tells it like it is. You like it?

ROBERT

Yes.

AARON

Yeah.

(Beat.)

And The Sun of course.

ROBERT

Yes, of course, and the... um, no actually it's just those two.

(Beat.)

AARON

It was the only paper they had.

ROBERT

Right.

(Beat.)

I was going to ask if you picked up any Gaffer tape with your... fags and stuff.

Aaron stands from his bucket seat, walks somewhat stage left and flicks his cigarette.

He stands facing into the wings stage left.

(A Silence)

AARON

I did, yeah, it's under my seat.

ROBERT

Great.

Robert goes to exit stage right.

AARON

Oh and Rob.

(Short beat)

ROBERT

Yeah?

AARON

(A Heavy Beat)

Bring me my fucking Toffee Crisp while you're at it yeah?

ROBERT

(Beat.)

Yeah.

Robert exits slowly maintaining eye contact with Aaron.

Aaron watches him go then pulls out his mobile, which he then turns on.

He starts tapping away.

AARON

Come on...

All of a sudden after staring at the screen for a moment, it makes a loud alert/notification noise.

Shit!

Aaron promptly turns it off, puts it in his pocket and sits on his bucket.

Robert appears from behind him. Proffering his Toffee Crisp next to his face quite silently.

ROBERT

Choccy?

AARON

Jesus Christ!

Aaron jumps up.

Thanks.

Then snatches the Toffee Crisp.

Pack it in with all this creeping about malarky.

ROBERT

What was that?

AARON

What was what?

ROBERT

Did you turn your phone on, I thought I heard a text sound or something.

AARON

No.

ROBERT

Let me see your phone.

AARON

What are you talking about?

ROBERT

Let me see your phone Aaron.

AARON

You're losing it mate.

ROBERT

Aaron, let me see your phone.

AARON

Fine!

Aaron pulls out his phone and hands it to him.

See?!

ROBERT

Right, yeah.

AARON

Don't be so paranoid mate.

ROBERT

Sorry.

AARON

Yeah!

(Beat)

It was probably a bird or something.

ROBERT

Found the Gaffer tape.

AARON

She's already gagged.

ROBERT

Not for her, / for the engine.

AARON

Three fifty that cost me. Huh?



ROBERT

For the engine, I told you, the pipe.

AARON

You can't gaffer tape an engine.

ROBERT

Why not?

AARON

Do you have any idea the amount of heat and liquid that passes through a combustion engine. They're made out of metal for a reason you know.

ROBERT

Just to get us out of this wood that's all we need it for. I found this stuffed animal with it, I figure we tape this thing into the pipe to stuff it shut!

AARON

No! Not the meerkat. Anyway you'll fuck it up!

ROBERT

It's already fucked!

AARON

Rob, no, we might be completely stuck here.

ROBERT

Do you want us to get out of here?

AARON

Yes!

ROBERT

Then let me tape this meerkat into the engine.

AARON

Not the meerkat.

ROBERT

Why?

AARON

It's my meerkat. I say whether it gets used as an engine part.

ROBERT

They give these things away for free! You just compare loans online or something, I'll get you another one.

AARON

No, it's when you get the loan, actually. So unless you want to get a credit card or insurance or whatever, you can't get me another one.

ROBERT

Seriously?

AARON

Yes!

ROBERT

Look, do you want to get out of this wood or don't you? Why can't I use the meerkat Aaron? Why?

AARON

What?

ROBERT

Why? You're being weirder than normal, and frankly that's saying something.

AARON

Me? I'm top mate. I'm chuffing sound. You want to turn your phone on and get the bobby's down here so they can lend us their toolbox you go right ahead, you're not thinking straight mate. You need to sit your arse down, and shut your bloody mouth. Before you get us both nicked.

Aaron snatches the meerkat from Robert, then sits it down by the wheel arch of the Van.

(Beat.)

And anyway, why do you want to get out of here so bad?

ROBERT

We've got a young girl bound up...

AARON

Girl?

ROBERT

What?

AARON

I've never heard you call one of them a girl before.

ROBERT

What is she then Aaron? A martian?

AARON

I've heard you call them "Paki's", I've heard you call them "Rag-heads", "Scum", "Filth", but I've not heard you call one of them a young girl.

ROBERT

So what.

AARON

I'm just saying mate. You look like you're softening up a bit. Bit different isn't it, when you've actually done it, when you're actually going to do one.

(A Silence.)

ROBERT

Yeah. Sorry. Nerves.

AARON

Fine. Just lay off for a bit whilst I figure out what we're going to do yeah?

ROBERT

Yeah.

Aaron is sat on his bucket.

Robert is pacing about. At first kicking things on the ground, but increasingly becoming fixated on the Van door.

He realises and brings his attention back to the woods.

ROBERT

Aaron.

AARON

Yeah.

ROBERT

What did you, um, where did you leave the newspaper?

(Beat)

Just it wasn't in the bag with the Toffee Crisp.

AARON

One sec' mate I'm thinking.

ROBERT

Is it in the back?

(Beat.)

Its not in your pocket with the Toffee Crisp, is it?

(Beat)

Actually, did you eat the Toffee Crisp?

AARON

Fucking hell Rob, it's in the glove compartment, Jesus Christ, I'm trying to think of a plan over here, could you give it a rest?

ROBERT

Sorry.

AARON

Right.

ROBERT

I'll just grab it.

Robert exits behind Aaron to the front of the Van to retrieve the papers.

In the brief moment he's gone, Aaron curses the sky, and himself silently for having his phone on loud.

Robert returns with the paper.

Paper?

AARON

Thanks.

Robert holds onto the paper for a brief moment as Aaron tries to take it from him, before Robert lets go. He opens the paper while Rob leans against the doors of the Van.

(Beat)

Robert studies Aaron reading the paper from behind him.

ROBERT

He's getting 5 years in't he?

AARON

Who?

ROBERT

Roger Sewell.

AARON

That nonce?

ROBERT

Is he a nonce?

AARON

Yes he is!

ROBERT

Is he?

AARON

That's what they say.

ROBERT

Says it in there?

AARON

No. Not even front page stuff anymore.

ROBERT

Sentencing was yesterday wasn't it?

AARON

People don't care.

ROBERT

But it should be in there? Surely.

Aaron leafs through a few pages, finds the story.

AARON

Oh yeah. Yeah here we go. 'Roger Sewell, MP, 53, stood today in the docks at The Old Bailey to receive his sentence after being found guilty, last Thursday, of solicitation and sexual intercourse with a minor.'

ROBERT

Disgusting.

AARON

If he wants to bang colliers Rob, it's his life.

ROBERT

They should be hanged.

AARON

Who? Pedophiles or politicians?

ROBERT

Pick one.

AARON

No.

ROBERT

No?

AARON

Well, we don't have to, do we?

ROBERT

No?

AARON

Not for me. You'd hang them would you?

ROBERT

Not me personally but I'd certainly be in favour of it.

AARON

Who'd decide?

ROBERT

Eh?

AARON

Who'd decide? Who'd decide who got hung and who didn't? Maybe they abolished Capital Punishment because they were tired of doing their mates in.

ROBERT

Scum, the lot of them. How long did he get?



AARON

3 Years.

ROBERT

Fucking disgusting.

AARON

Out in 18 months.

ROBERT

Bollocks.

AARON

Course he will!

ROBERT

Sooner, I'm saying. Sooner!

AARON

Probably not, you know. He'll get a cushy cell, low security, all that, but they can't lower a sentence beyond a certain level without authorisation from the crown.

ROBERT

Like the rules apply for them.

AARON

Honest. When Billy went down/ he..

ROBERT

Who?

AARON

Billy. My brother.

ROBERT

Oh. Sorry.

AARON

Don't be. He wasn't. He was right good inside. He still got a couple of things through here and there, but he said it was alright you know, proper kept his head down. I shit you not, he had a Playstation before I did.

ROBERT

Too soft on them you reckon?

AARON

Not really.

ROBERT

No?

AARON

The things you miss out on inside are such a... What's the word.../

ROBERT

Vital?

AARON

Yeah, vital. They're such a vital part of your life that no amount of ping pong and GTA is going to make up for it.

ROBERT

Really?

AARON

Maybe. But because we don't bother to use our freedom when we can: Stay in the same town. Same idiot people. We look at the poor cunts inside with telly's, living rent free, and go 'that's not fair, they've got it better than us!' That's what my Lauren said when we saw Billy. I couldn't believe it. "They've got it better than us!" She meant it too, I'm positive, she felt... cheated. And when Billy was inside... he looked made up. Couldn't believe his luck. He got 7 years for dealing, but in the end he was out in 3. Honestly mate, I think he was gutted. He kept his nose clean, so old Liz dropped his sentence.

ROBERT

What about the rape, the violence?

AARON

A lot of that ain't true. Films make it out worse than it is. Unless you're a nonce, then you're fucked.

ROBERT

You're still locked up for years on end with the same faces, day after day. What if they were really annoying?

AARON

What if you really got on? Found mates? I don't know mate there are worse ways to live rent free with three square meals and all the free time you could want.

ROBERT

And Roger the dodger?

AARON

The MP?

ROBERT

Yeah.

AARON

I think he'll have a worse time of things on the outside. Let him off I say.

(Beat.)

Rob?

ROBERT

Yes?

AARON

Do you think we should give her some food?

ROBERT

What food?

AARON

Any food. Just some food. You know.

ROBERT

Err... yeah. Why?

AARON

Not my Toffee Crisp, but I was just thinking.

ROBERT

Right. Yeah, there's some beans in the back I think.

AARON

There is yeah.

ROBERT

Sort of like... a last meal.

AARON

Yeah.

Both stand, Aaron puts his paper on the floor, and takes off his jacket. Rob stands back.

Aaron opens the van doors, first the Right side, then the Left.

Muted and muffled sounds from Faiza.

AARON

Come on then.

Robert jumps up, scans around and throws out onto the stage a tin of beans.

He then hooks his arms under Faiza's and lifts her out to Aaron.

ROBERT

Wait.

AARON

What's wrong?

(Beat.)

ROBERT

Nothing.

They lift her out and prop her up kneeling Centre Stage.

AARON

Are you hungry?

FAIZA

MMMmmmMMm.

(Beat.)

ROBERT

I think that's a yes.

AARON

Ok. Now listen. I'm going to take your gag out, if you try anything, my mate will batter you so don't even bother, alright?!

FAIZA

MMMmmmMMmmMmgghh.

AARON

Ok.

Aaron pulls off her hood and stands behind her undoing her gag.

Faiza blinks wildly looking around, eyes adjusting etc, she locks eyes with Robert.

Robert is staring, frozen, at Faiza.

ROBERT

No.

FAIZA

MMMmmmghhh.

AARON

Eh?

FAIZA

Mmmmghhmmaamagghh.

ROBERT

No!

AARON

Rob?!

Aaron stops untying.

ROBERT

It's not her.

AARON

What!?

FAIZA

MMMmgmMGhhhhh!

ROBERT

It's... it isn't her.

AARON

What are you talking about!?

ROBERT

It's not her! That isn't Faiza!

AARON

Of course it fucking is!

ROBERT

No it's fucking not!

(Beat.)

Robert turns away, walks away.

Aaron freezes. Faiza freezes.

Aaron tightens the gag back up and walks down towards Rob.

AARON

Rob. You need to get your shit together right now pal. That is her, look at her, look at her mate.

Aaron takes Rob's jaw in his hand and firmly turns his face towards Faiza.

It was her when we broke into her room, it was her when we knocked her out, and it's her now.

ROBERT

Take her gag out.

AARON

No.

Robert wrestles free and runs behind Faiza and viciously  
rips at the gag's knot until it is free.

Aaron is still.

FAIZA

MMmghhaaaarghhh. Agh. Ah ah my jaw. Aaaa!

ROBERT

Who are you?

FAIZA

Oh God.

ROBERT

I said who are you!?

FAIZA

Please, please God, please don't hurt me.

ROBERT

I'm not... we..., what the shitting hell is going on!?

AARON

What is going on? It's her, it's the Imam's daughter, it's her.

ROBERT

It's not!

AARON

Who are you?



FAIZA

Me?

AARON

No, the other girl we've kidnapped.

FAIZA

There are more!?

AARON

No... Look, just... Who are you?

FAIZA

My... my name is Faiza.

AARON

Right. And where do you live?

FAIZA

Cawdor Road.

Faiza crying now.

AARON

Good. And who is your father?

FAIZA

Imam Toufeeq.

AARON

See!? Now Rob I would really, really like to know from you now, why you are so convinced this girl isn't the right one?

ROBERT

It's not her.

AARON

How do you know!?

ROBERT

I've got a picture.

AARON

Of her?

ROBERT

Not of her, no.

AARON

Where?

ROBERT

On my phone.

AARON

Why?

ROBERT

Dean sent it to me.

AARON

Where's your phone?

ROBERT

In the glove box.

AARON

Right.

Aaron goes off to get it, but is stopped.

ROBERT

Wait!

AARON

I'm going to take the sim card out.

ROBERT

Ok.

Aaron exits stage right and gets in the Van.

ROBERT

Look at me. Look at me. Tell me who you are.

FAIZA

Tell me who you are.

ROBERT

You're not Faiza.

FAIZA

How do you know?

ROBERT

Because I know. Who are you?

FAIZA

Her sister.

ROBERT

Bullshit.

FAIZA

Whatever you're planning, back off.

ROBERT

What?

Aaron returns and proffers the phone to Robert.

AARON

Unlock it.

ROBERT

Won't it/...

Aaron shows him the sim card in his other hand.

Robert takes the phone and unlocks it, pulls up a picture, and shows Aaron.

AARON

It could be her.

ROBERT

Aaron. Look.

Aaron looks for a moment longer.

AARON

Dean sent you this?

ROBERT

Yeah.

AARON

Where'd he get it.

ROBERT

What?

AARON

Where'd he get a photo like this? Facebook?

ROBERT

How do I know?

AARON

Something's not right here.

ROBERT

Aaron, I think she could be police.

AARON

Shut up.

ROBERT

Aaron mate, I think we should go.

AARON

Shut the fuck up I said!

Aaron reaches into the Van and grabs a large shovel.

FAIZA

AAaahh, please don't hurt me, please!

Faiza, crying, begins to pray.

AARON

Shut up! Both of you! I don't know what's going on here but we're gonna find out.

ROBERT

Aaron let's just go.

AARON

No!

ROBERT

This isn't right.

AARON

We've got to stay here!

ROBERT

Why? It's not her!

AARON

So!?

ROBERT

What!?

AARON

It could be!

ROBERT

She's a copper.

AARON

No...

ROBERT

Or something mate, lets get the fuck out of here.

AARON

Ohhhhhhh fuuuuuuuccck!

ROBERT

Let's run mate, let's do a runner.

AARON

No! Stay there. Stay right fucking there, with her, or Lord help me i'll twat you both.

(Beat.)

I'm calling Dean.

ROBERT

But Aaron, the police!

AARON

Fuck 'em.

Aaron runs off stage with shovel but forgetting jacket et phone.

(A moment.)

FAIZA

Has he gone?

ROBERT

Yeah.

FAIZA

You might want to start by telling me how you know Faiza.

Robert helps Faiza up and into the Van.

ROBERT

We're in love.

LIGHTING CHANGE.

He closes the doors behind him.

END OF ACT 1.



## INTERLUDE

A Crow appears. For a while the crow darts about, here and there.

## HOUSE LIGHTS UP

After a while, the Crow seems to see it's own reflection in the audience. It recognizes itself.

Squawks and chirrups, mimicking the audience, with ever increasing human characteristics.

## CROW

Wing and beak should soar exultant,  
 Course these twats will weep and repent,  
 Or end up in setting cement,  
 Wishing they just tried to make rent.

Crow moves stage left.

Push and push and push and push them,  
 Burn and wilt and trap a green stem,  
 They'll back down or parts reducing,  
 Fester as if tar on starlings.

Caw caw.

Stunt and snap them, make them speak bile,  
 It's not your fault, [ya'] gave 'em a while,

Look at what they've gone and done here,  
 Almost like they lived in total fucking fear. FEAR.

Caw.

FEAR? Cawwww. What fear? Nahhhhhhhh.

Crow crows.

Don't they take the fucking biscuit,  
 Moaning, worming, bitching, groaning,  
 Piss ants, let them fuck and murder,  
 Who cares if they spawn and spawn,  
 And Spawn until the ever dawn , Who will mourn? Who will mourn? Their mothers and  
 their perfect born - Peck, Peck, Peck 'em.

Cawww.

Blackened battered moral outrage,  
 Wheel it out and watch it fuck you,  
 Cum you spirits, unbend us all,  
 We could do with a good chuckle.

Cawww cawww cawwwwwwww.

The Crow then retches on the audience.

The Crow weeps.

The Crow is disturbed by something off stage. A noise.  
 The Crow darts back, intent, then is frightened offstage.

## Act II

Enter Dean stage right. Carrying some recording equipment in a black bag.

He moves from stage right to left looking about, examining.

He moves round to the front of the Van and peers in bonnet. He then comes round to the centre stage. He drops the gear.

He pulls out his phone. Notices the bucket. Sits.

A noise off startles him, he jumps up into a karate pose, then settles back. Notices paper, leans over and picks it up. Discards it.

He stands, heads over to van doors, listens, then knocks.

DEAN

Knockedy knock.

He knocks.

Anyone home?

He pulls both double doors open to reveal Faiza and Rob eating beans from the tin.

Beans!

ROBERT

Dean.

DEAN

Bobby.

ROBERT

I was err...

DEAN

No need to explain son. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

ROBERT

No?

DEAN

No!

ROBERT

Yeah.

DEAN

You're Danny's boy alright.

ROBERT

Right.

DEAN

A Gentleman.

ROBERT

Yes.

DEAN

(To Faiza)

Our kid's a right gent in't he?

FAIZA

Yes.

DEAN

Shut your mouth. Your spilling our beans.

Faiza nods.

Here y'are Rob, wipe her mouth for her.

Dean picks up the gag from the van floor and hands it to Robert.

Swallow your food darling, Robert's going to put your gag back on now.

(Heavy beat.)

Robert takes his cue and ties her gag back on.

Close your eyes my girl, Bobby's going to put your hood on now too.

Rob, taking his cue again, places the sack back over Faiza's head.

Hand us that Jerry can.

Rob hands him the full Petrol can. Dean nods and walks with it downstage centre, away from the Van.

Pop out a minute will you Rob.

Rob jumps down.

Were you born in a barn?

Robert closes the Van doors.

Where's the other one?

ROBERT

Eh?

DEAN

I said where's the other one got to?

ROBERT

Other one?

DEAN

Tweedle cunt.

ROBERT

Oh, Aaron?

DEAN

Yeah.

ROBERT

He's, um, in the front I think.

DEAN

No he isn't.

ROBERT

Is he not?

DEAN

No. He's not about. No-one is. Except you and that young girl that you've got tied up. And me of course.

ROBERT

Right, he probably/...

DEAN

I'm here.

ROBERT

Yeah.

DEAN

Just me, you and the paki girl.

ROBERT

Yeah.

DEAN

Who you were feeding.

ROBERT

Dean, I/...

DEAN

Oh don't mistake me kidda, I'm not leaning on ya. It's as I said. No need to explain. Our Danny was a right gentleman. Only right you've got some of them good genes. I get it. I don't know if you noticed, but I'm being a far sight nicer to her than I ought. Had you noticed?

ROBERT

You're always polite, Dean.

DEAN

To you I am.

ROBERT

To me.

DEAN

I am yeah. Its how I was brought up. It's important. It's what sets us apart from savages, from fucking beasts. But you know that. Like them blacks what did your Dad. Was they black or brown Rob I can never remember?

ROBERT

They were/ I think they....

DEAN

Knife and fork. Napkins. Doilies if you like 'em. Slice of lemon in your coke. Hankerchief. Shoe polish. Battenburg. I don't begrudge you that. Sandwiches. Train times. Crossword. Wristwatch. Cricket.

At 'Cricket' Dean starts to laugh.

Alright maybe not Cricket. But certainly tablecloths. Certainly Carrots. Rollups. Pork Scratchings. Sausages. Remember our Linda's casserole? Hot Pot! Doc Martin's. The Clash. The Damned. Brick. Red Brick. And Lager.

(Beat.)

And Beans.

(Beat.)

Now that it's upon us Bob I don't know what we'll do with her. The plan *was* always to burn her, but here... We'll set the whole woods ablaze.

ROBERT

There's a bit of a problem.

DEAN

I've always loved the countryside haven't I? Eh? 'Aaaand did those feeet, in ancient tiiiiiimes, walk upon/...

ROBERT

There's an issue, Dean /we...

DEAN

I know!

ROBERT

I'm not sure you do.



DEAN

I do Rob, and I'm glad you brought it up, as I was going off track there, yes, the problem at hand, being two fold, of which both of us are acutely aware. A - where the fuck is that little runt, and B - what are we going to do with the girl.

ROBERT

Dean/ there's a problem.

DEAN

Let's take it one step at a time shall we? Before we embark on our logistical foray, we must first clear the air. I'm here. Aren't I. I don't quite know where here is, but I'm here. Now I want you to ask me a question.

ROBERT

What?

DEAN

Not "what?"

ROBERT

No, what ques... Why? Why are you here?

DEAN

Closer, but the "Why" becomes exclusively apparent when coupled with the discovery of....?

ROBERT

How?

DEAN

How. How am I here. In this wood. In the middle of nowhere, with my nephew, his twat of a partner, and this, this, well what can only be described as a shining jewel in the crown of the local Pakistani community. How?

ROBERT

My phone.

DEAN

Bingo.

ROBERT

Aaron called you.

DEAN

No.

ROBERT

Yes he did.

DEAN

No, he did not.

ROBERT

I heard it ring.

DEAN

Not to me.

ROBERT

Then/ who...

DEAN

I'll tell you how.

Dean pulls out and brandishes his phone at Robert.

The "Find My Friends" app. Handy! For when you're tracking a kidnapping.

Dean puts his phone back in his pocket.

(shouting into the wings.)

Aaron you little Rat if you can hear me get here fucking now!

ROBERT

Dean!

DEAN

Oh don't you worry Robby. There's no-one about for fucking miles. I know. I walked it from the motorway. I'll deal with him when he gets here. Now, as for our second problem, I can only assume the Van's not working, is that correct?

ROBERT

Yeah.

DEAN

And that little shitbag hasn't fucked with it?

ROBERT

Aaron?

DEAN

Yes.

ROBERT

No. Why would he?

DEAN

One can only imagine. But he was the one I wasn't sure of. You, you're family. Even if you're a little soft, I know you're alright. You're kin. Blood. But that Aaron's got something on the go. Always does. Should've seen his eyes light up when we told him about the Imam. Should've known then.

ROBERT

Known what?

DEAN

Don't you worry our kid.

Dean's phone dings.

Oh, there you are. There he is, rather, with your phone. He's turned it on.

ROBERT

Where is he?

DEAN

About half a mile down... that way. I think I'll go and get him, I think I know what he's done to the Van. Stay here, keep shtum, oh and Rob...

ROBERT

Yeah?

DEAN

You don't need to be nice to her, alright?

Dean picks up the Petrol can and gives it a hard shake.

ROBERT

Ok.

DEAN

I don't want to come back and find you two wrapped up in each other's arms, or my pouring arm might slip. You get me?

ROBERT

Yeah.

Dean puts the Petrol can down and heads off upstage right, then pauses.

DEAN

Beans...

Dean exits.

Rob waits a brief moment, then wildly flails about, then checking the coast is clear, opens the double doors.

Rob jumps up into the Van, then he undoes Faiza's hood and gag.

FAIZA

Pleeugh.

ROBERT

Well?

FAIZA

Fine, it's going fine.

ROBERT

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

FAIZA

(I must be mad, volunteering for this shit.)

ROBERT

You volunteered!?

FAIZA

Yeah.

ROBERT

Why?!

FAIZA

Because. It's the right thing to do.  
(Short beat)

I fit the bill.

ROBERT

Fit the bill? Is that a joke?

FAIZA

No. We don't joke about The Bill. It's also the perfect field operation to get you noticed you know?

ROBERT

Is it?

FAIZA

Yeah, you know, racially motivated, undercover, blah blah... All aboard the promotion train!... Inappropriate, sorry.

ROBERT

Have you done much of this sort of thing before?

FAIZA

Not as such.

ROBERT

Not as such?

FAIZA

Not as such, no.

Faiza is biting her nails.

ROBERT

Oh, Jesus Christ. Aren't you scared?

Faiza stops biting her nails.

FAIZA

Yeah. (Nails!) Rob, it's going fine.

ROBERT

But how the... He's here!

FAIZA

This is better actually. Have you got a phone?

ROBERT

Better for who?

FAIZA

It's better. It's OK. You're doing great. Phone, Rob?

ROBERT

No. Aaron's got it. What are we going to do?

FAIZA

You're going to do nothing. Remember?

ROBERT

But he/...

FAIZA

Rob. Nothing. You're doing great, you just need to keep him going until I say so.

ROBERT

Going?

FAIZA

Talking. Talking.

ROBERT

You don't know him, he's a sociopath.

FAIZA

I know.

ROBERT

You don't! That was all bollocks him being nice, he was just waving a can of petrol about like a lunatic.

FAIZA

Oh I didn't believe it for a second don't worry.

ROBERT

So when is your 'say so' then?

FAIZA

Don't worry, everything's taken care of.

ROBERT

There's going to be two of them.

FAIZA

It's under control.

ROBERT

And what about Aaron, what's going on with him?

FAIZA

What about him?

ROBERT

Dean... I don't know, he said...



FAIZA

What?

ROBERT

I'm not sure, but he doesn't think Aaron's all that, not legit or something.

FAIZA

Is he?

ROBERT

I don't know! I hardly know him!

FAIZA

He's an unknown element.

ROBERT

He is?

FAIZA

To be honest with you.

ROBERT

Cracking.

FAIZA

How did you meet?

ROBERT

Through the... group.

FAIZA

Was he vocal, outspoken, at meetings I mean?

ROBERT

Yeah... sort of. I don't know, different for me really, I'm family, it's just assumed.

FAIZA

How did he get involved?

ROBERT

Imagine that. People just assume you're an out and out racist. People just assume. The shit thing is I did end up hating some of them. They looked at me and saw hate. So I gave it right back. I would've wound up just like Dean if it hadn't been for Faiza.

FAIZA

You really love her?

ROBERT

Yeah. Really really.

FAIZA

That's nice. Really.

(Beat.)

Help me see over the Van, Rob, I need to know where we are.

Rob and Faiza throughout this section are in the process of peering over the Van, readjusting, Rob giving her a boost etc.

ROBERT

What about you?

FAIZA

Eh?

ROBERT

Have you got someone I mean?

FAIZA

Oh, yeah - I guess I do. Here give me a boost.

ROBERT

How long have you been together?

FAIZA

On and off for a few years.

Rob boosts Faiza up so that she is standing on his hands.

ROBERT

A few years?

FAIZA

Yeah. What motorway is that?

ROBERT

On and off?

FAIZA

Yeah, you know how it is.

ROBERT

Not really, no.

Faiza leans over the height of the Van.

ROBERT

Careful Dean doesn't see you!

FAIZA

It's fine - trees everywhere.

Rob is lost in thought, his focus wanes.

I mean, we're pretty good right now. It's just tough with the job you know, takes priority sometimes when it shouldn't.

ROBERT

I can imagine.

(Beat)

FAIZA

His name's Gael. He's from France. He's French.

ROBERT

Cool.

FAIZA

Sometimes.

ROBERT

What does he do?

FAIZA

He's in advertising. Ok, only about 500 meters to the motorway...

ROBERT

Right.

FAIZA

Let's stay focused Rob.

ROBERT

I don't think I can.

FAIZA

Yes you can, you've been doing great.

ROBERT

It's never going to work. We're never going to be together.

(Beat.)

FAIZA

Listen, Gael used to worry about me all the time when we first started dating. I'd take the piss out of him for it, but it was nice really. Never thought it'd happen. Me and a designer from Lyon? But there you go I guess. It works. How did you meet Faiza?

ROBERT

Three years ago, at the library.

FAIZA

Classy.

ROBERT

Well, not really.

FAIZA

What was she like?

ROBERT

She had such soft hands...

FAIZA

She's fine, you know that, yeah Rob?

ROBERT

But I'm not going to see her now am I!

FAIZA

Maybe, you don't know yet.

ROBERT

Yes I do, you think she's going to be let within a 100 miles of me after this, after I... fucking tried to kidnap her, what was I thinking. What was I thinking! But I had to. I knew they were planning something. I knew it involved her. What, you think Imam Toufeeq's just going to take my word for it and move her for the week, find a nice hotel, pop off to Majorca or wherever it is?

FAIZA

Rob/ let's...

ROBERT

No! And now I've double fucked it. I've kidnapped a copper and I'll no doubt be tried as an accessory to her murder.

FAIZA

What?!

ROBERT

That's what he wants to do isn't it, that's what the camcorder's for, he's going to send the video to ISIS or whatever...

FAIZA

He's what!? I thought he was using me as a hostage.

ROBERT

... not that that would fucking work. Where would he send it? Media at isis dot org.

FAIZA

Rob! Shut up! Get down, quick! Before they get back!

ROBERT

I thought you said it was under control!

FAIZA

That was before. Hurry up!

Rob jumps down.

ROBERT

Oh shit. Isn't there back up or whatever?

FAIZA

Not here, no. There's backup at Dean's warehouse, that's got to be, what, 10 miles? Ok. Ok, it's going to be alright, they'll be looking for us, put my hood back on.

Robert goes to put Faiza's gag back on.

Don't worry about the gag.

Robert puts her hood back over her head.

ROBERT

Won't they notice?

FAIZA

Probably not. Here's how we're going to play this. Wait! Shut the door.

Robert closes the Van doors, shutting them in.

A Crow squawks.

Aaron enters stage right.

AARON

Hello?

Aaron peers about. Moves around to the front of the Van.

Rob!?

Aaron moves round to the back of the Van, centre stage. He picks up the black bag. Inspects it. Opens it. Peers inside.

Oh no.

He drops the bag.

Oh no. No.

He freezes. Checks his phone.

Oh no.

Dean enters behind him.

DEAN

Oh yes.

AARON

Dean.

DEAN

Aaron.

AARON

What.../what...

DEAN

What am I doing here?

AARON

Yeah.

DEAN

Backhand, he returns it - what are you doing here Aaron?

AARON

We got her Dean.

DEAN

This isn't where we agreed to meet is it Aaron?

AARON

The Van.../



DEAN

The Van broke down did it?

AARON

Yeah, I think it's um/...

DEAN

You think it's what?

AARON

It's the... er/..

DEAN

Grease monkey are you?

AARON

Well, no but/...

DEAN

What is it then?

AARON

Well, it's the err... isn't it, it's the... What is it, it's the bloody, err /...

DEAN

Say the name of the part.

AARON

I don't know Dean, but I think it could be the... err/...

DEAN

Speak boy!

AARON

Radiator cap.

(Beat.)

DEAN

Very good, Aaron.

(Beat.)

So why's the Radiator cap missing.

AARON

Dean. I think Rob might have taken it off.

DEAN

Why?

AARON

I don't know, but you've got to believe me.

DEAN

Well I don't. Try again.

Dean pulls out his phone. Opens it, taps away.

AARON

What're you doing?

DEAN

Don't mind me - try again.

AARON

Try again?

Dean shows a google maps page to Aaron.

DEAN

That's the primary school your Lauren's kid goes to, isn't it Aaron.

(Beat.)

AARON

No.

DEAN

I think it is, Aaron. I think it is.

AARON

It's not.

Dean looks at the phone.

DEAN

Isn't it? Oh no it's not, that's my cat.

Dean taps away, then proffers the phone.

There. That's it. Vale View Primary.

Deans taps away, then shows Aaron another photo.

AARON

Shit.

DEAN

Aw, cool uncle picking his niece up from school. That's sweet. I wonder what she'd look like with no ears?

AARON

You're a monster.

DEAN

I'm fastidious. I've been told. I've got no qualms with a 6 year old Aaron, so help me out here, why's the Radiator Cap missing from the engine. What's happened Aaron, come on now. Don't make me hurt that little girl!

Aaron quickly recoils, shielding his head in his hands.

AARON

Get off me.

(Short beat.)

DEAN

Sorry?

AARON

I can't move.

DEAN

What are you talking about?

AARON

I've got nowhere to go. Nowhere to turn. No-one to turn to.

DEAN

What's the matter my boy?

Dean opens his arms to Aaron.

AARON

I've messed it all up.

Aaron moves towards Dean.

DEAN

It's all alright lad. Nothing's amiss, you just tell me what's wrong.

AARON

It just started out with a little bit of cash, but they keep hounding and hounding you, so I tried to shake em off, but I couldn't. I just needed a little bit to pay things off, sort out the electric, you know? Get a hot bath for mum.

DEAN

Shhh. I know lad.

AARON

But I'm fucking trapped, I'm done for. I can't escape it.

DEAN

Tell me what happened with the Van, Aaron, and I'll fix it. It's the sharks isn't it boy, it's the sharks nipping at your toes.

AARON

Yeah...

DEAN

They're just playing with ya. Nipping, laughing, know they'll get their scrum, know they'll get their tea - but sport for now. That's what you are aren't you Aaron, you're a football.

AARON

Yeah...

DEAN

I'll help you out kidda. I'll punt their football over the fence. Not you, I mean... I mean I'm a bigger shark Aaron lad, I'm the big fucking great white shark, cutting through the surf to save all my fishies. Want me to bite these sharks for you matey? What can I get you?

AARON

A big concrete box where they can't get me.

DEAN

No worries my lad, sorted, deal, Dean McCallister is on the case. What happened to the Radiator Cap?

AARON

It come off.

DEAN

Why?

AARON

Because I took it off. I tore it off. So that we'd be stranded here. Until I put it back on.

DEAN

Good boy. Give it us here then.

AARON

Err, I...

DEAN

Come on now, I know why you took it off, just hand it over.

AARON

Because you were going to fucking kill that girl.

DEAN

No! No, now Aaron, come on now, you were doing well. It's got nothing to do with all that.

AARON

Yes it is!

DEAN

No it isn't, think of little Emily. It is Emily isn't it? Lauren's girl?

AARON

Please Dean...

DEAN

Chop chop Aaron.

AARON

Because... I was going to send her back.

DEAN

To the Imam?

AARON

Dean, please.

DEAN

Were you going to send her back to the Imam?!

AARON

Yes.

DEAN

In exchange for money.

AARON

Yes! What? I was going to ransom the girl back, yeah, for money Dean, yeah money, cold hard cash. Just this one time. I'm sorry Dean. I fucked your plan. Tried to.

But the Imam doesn't even want her back. And it's not even her. And I'm as good as dead if I don't get that money. But if you hurt my niece.../ I'll...

DEAN

What? You'll what? Whimper and cower at me like a spent bitch?

(Beat.)

Aaron goes to punch Dean in the mouth, swings for him, and Dean neatly and coolly leans away and grabs him. Aaron struggling.

DEAN

Hold still.

AARON

No, you prick!

DEAN

Hold still Aaron. Hold still boy. Listen. Listen to me. I'll give you the money. I'll give it you. Yeah, listening now aren't you. I'll give you the money kidda. Don't worry about that. And whoever you owe it to won't try it with my lot behind ya anyway. Now listen to me Aaron. And listen carefully. What did you mean when you said it wasn't her.

AARON

I didn't I said/ that...

DEAN

Yes you did. Now be very careful Aaron, I feel I've been mighty fucking reasonable with you this evening, but soon that sunny temperament of mine I'm famous for will crumble away to dust revealing the demonic, fanged, visage of my wrath. One word to my guy, and Lauren's girl grows up with two scars where her ears used to be. Last time; what did you mean when you said "it isn't even her".

AARON

She's a pig.

Dean lets Aaron go.

She's a what?	DEAN
A Pig.	AARON
As in ugly?	DEAN
No!	AARON
Because she's a Muslim?	DEAN
Police!	AARON
	DEAN
No she isn't.	
	AARON
That's what Rob reckoned.	
	DEAN
Come again?	
	AARON
That's what Rob thought.	
	DEAN
When?	
	AARON
Earlier.	
	DEAN
Oh. I see. Well then it must be bollocks.	



AARON

What?

DEAN

Robert, Bobby, my nephew, would've mentioned to me whether or not we'd kidnapped a police officer.

AARON

Would he?

DEAN

Yes he fucking would.

AARON

But, Dean, I mean... you were going to burn her. Alive. And film it.

DEAN

No I wasn't you tool. You moron. How would you know anyway. Maybe we were going to threaten to do it, then let her go, show them, show them all that we're more civilised than they are. That we've got the resources, and more than the capability! Maybe that's what we were going to do.

AARON

Is it?

DEAN

I don't know I hadn't decided yet!

AARON

When were you going to decide?

DEAN

At the time!

AARON

What?

DEAN

At the time, when we had her with the cameras set up and everything. Maybe I was going to do it - maybe I let everyone think that was the plan, but then, just at the last moment, after we've covered her in what she and everyone thinks is petrol, I stop and I go "this is it, your last moment before we savagely burn you alive, in the name of all of ours who your lot have done the same to, in the name of our country, in the name of everything we hold dear that you're changing and taking away from us" - and then I drop the lighter on her but she doesn't go up in flames she just sits there, stewing in her own pissy pants, crying probably, looking crap, whilst I look into the camera and go "Except we're not savages are we. Who would we be if we dropped down to your level and murdered folk on camera, we'd look just as shit as you!" Or something like that I can't get the wording right.

AARON

So... you were never going to kill her?

DEAN

No.

AARON

All that shit you said before, about them being vermin, coming over here and taking our way of life from us. That was all bollocks?

DEAN

In a war/ there are many...

AARON

You said "The white British race are the inheritors and rightful protectors of this island and we shall defend it against the filth until death".

DEAN

Yes.

AARON

Do you do think all other races are filth?

DEAN

I don't know anymore.

AARON

What about Emily?

DEAN

Eh?

AARON

Lauren's girl.

DEAN

Do I look sick in the head? Like the sort of nutjob who'd cut off a child's ear, Aaron? I know where she goes to school is all. Same class as our Jenny.

AARON

And the can of petrol?!

DEAN

Full of water. Look.

Dean heads over to the Petrol can and picks it up.

AARON

Wait!

Dean stops.

Petrol can full of water, false execution... Did you knick all this from Eastenders?

Dean holds his hands up.

DEAN

You got me.

Dean swings the double doors open with petrol can in hand as if he is going to throw it inside, revealing Faiza and Rob.

Robert seeing Dean with the petrol can, bashes him over the head with the shovel.

AARON

/ Rob!

ROBERT

/ Arrrgh!

DEAN

/ Ooof fuck.

FAIZA

Robert?

Robert leaps down onto Dean.

ROBERT

You won't get her!

FAIZA

Rob stop!

DEAN

Bobby!

ROBERT

Die! Die!

Robert bashes his brains in.

Aaron stands in shock.

Robert stands over Dean.

AARON

Rob, no what've you done!?

ROBERT

Stay back, or you're next.

FAIZA

Rob, untie me!

Rob goes and unties Faiza. He helps her down.

Aaron is staring at Dean's bloody head.

ROBERT

Right Aaron, time to explain I think mate, everything, start from the top and don't leave anything out!

FAIZA

Rob, what have you done?

She goes to check Dean's pulse etc.

He's still alive. Help me. Shit, shit, shit.

Rob & Aaron are still.

AARON

You idiot. I'm fucked now!

FAIZA

I said help me!

AARON

What do we do?

FAIZA

Um, ok. He's breathing. We need to call an ambulance. Oh God, his brain.

ROBERT

Do we?

FAIZA

Yes!

ROBERT

He was going to kill us!

AARON

Um.

ROBERT

He had the petrol, he said, earlier, he was going to kill us I just reacted, Oh God.

FAIZA

He was going to kill me, yeah, if he could. But I don't think he would've murdered his own nephew.

AARON

Yeah.

ROBERT

So? So what?

FAIZA

Well I've got to say this changes things a bit.

ROBERT

What do you mean?

FAIZA

Put the shovel down please, Rob. Aaron, call an ambulance.

ROBERT

What do you mean this changes things, it was self defense.

AARON

I don't know if it's such a good idea.

FAIZA

Rob, put the shovel down on the floor slowly. Aaron I know you've got a phone so fucking call paramedics or I'll arrest you as an accessory to murder.

ROBERT

I didn't mean to, I mean - I did, but I... I thought...

Robert drops the shovel. He goes to be sick.

DEAN

Bleeueghhh.

AARON

Hold on a second lets just think here.

FAIZA

We do not have time to think, this man is going to die.

AARON

That man is a piece of shit.

Robert retches much more violently.

FAIZA

It is Aaron, isn't it?

AARON

Wait, think about it, doesn't this work out better?

FAIZA

Not for Dean.

AARON

Fuck him.

ROBERT

What the hell is he talking about!?

FAIZA

I'm a police officer, Aaron. This man is going to die and I will charge you for his murder unless you call an ambulance.

AARON

Bullshit.

ROBERT

She is.

AARON

Oh I believe her. Did you know when we kidnapped her?

ROBERT

No! No, she told me when you went off to call Dean.

AARON

What!? Yeah. Yeah?!

DEAN

Bleughhhhhh Bobbyyyyyy...?!

ROBERT

Dean?! I think he's coming round!

Robert goes to Dean.

FAIZA

Don't touch him Rob!

ROBERT

He might be ok!



FAIZA

I can see bits of his skull, Rob.

Robert gags.

He needs to go to a hospital.

AARON

Is that really what you want though Rob?

ROBERT

What?!

AARON

Best case scenario, he wakes up tickedy boo, and the last thing he remembers before the lights went out is his precious nephew bashing his brains in.

Robert stands.

FAIZA

Rob. Do the right thing here. Let me bring you in, and get Dean to a doctor who can save his life.

ROBERT

Ah....

AARON

She's playing you, mate. You walk away with her, or call an ambulance, you're done for.

ROBERT

No, Aaron, she's alright. She is.

AARON

Alright is she? Are you thick?

(Short beat)

You knew, back when you showed me that picture. She sent it to you didn't she!

FAIZA

What picture.

ROBERT

A photo.

FAIZA

Show me.

ROBERT

Um, it's on the phone/...

AARON

... Which I'm now beginning to realise wasn't sent by Dean at all was it.

ROBERT

No.

DEAN

Hhhhheelp.

FAIZA

Shh! How did you know I wasn't Faiza?

ROBERT

Because you look different.

FAIZA

Well done genius, but how did you know? How do you know her.

Throughout this next section, Rob, Aaron and Faiza become more fixated on their unravelling and Dean's actions go unnoticed.

ROBERT

I'm in love with Faiza/...

AARON

What!?

ROBERT

I was trying to run away with her.

AARON

By kidnapping her?

ROBERT

Yes!

AARON

Are you fucking mental?

DEAN

Hhhheellllpp.

Dean is propping himself up, bloody and very dazed.

ROBERT

Her dad doesn't let me anywhere near her.

AARON

I'm not surprised!

FAIZA

But she never mentioned you. There was no mention of you. Of any boyfriend.

ROBERT

It may come as a bit of a surprise to you lot in this age of sex tapes and celebrity first dates but some people are still private about these things/ they don't telegraph...

FAIZA

No, no. You misunderstand me. We spent weeks together, weeks. I know things about her that...

ROBERT

Go on.

FAIZA

Things she hasn't told another living soul. And she never once mentioned you.

ROBERT

Well. Stands to reason doesn't it.

FAIZA

Why?

ROBERT

Well it's obvious isn't it. I'm her secret lover.

(Pause)

FAIZA

That explains it, great, thank you Rob, let's all head home.

ROBERT

No probs.

FAIZA

Of course it doesn't explain it!

ROBERT

It does! We can't just, just, behave like Greek lovers, exclaiming how we feel about each other, shouting from rooftops like you and your... French fancy! /

AARON

What?

ROBERT

We had to hide it from the world. Have to.

FAIZA

Oh my God.

AARON

I'm lost.

DEAN

Hhhhheeaad....

FAIZA

Rob, how does Faiza feel about you?

ROBERT

Ugh. Really?

DEAN

Feeeels....

FAIZA

How many times have you been on a date with Faiza? Have you two kissed? Have you had sex?

ROBERT

I think that's pretty bloody personal to be honest.

FAIZA

Answer the question! Have you even met?

ROBERT

Yes! Of course we have... I told you, we first met in the library.

DEAN

Bad....

FAIZA

When did you last meet up.

ROBERT

At the library.

FAIZA

When?

ROBERT

In the library - we just haven't seen each other in a while/ but that doesn't mean we're not meant for each other!

They notice Dean, lolling about sat down against the Van,  
smearing blood against the white.

AARON

Oh Jesus.

FAIZA

Christ! Dean can you hear me?

ROBERT

Wait! It's not like that! We have spoken to each other. At length. I know she loves me, we used to spend hours with each other. When you know, you just know.

DEAN

Put your gag back on my girl, Bobby's going to eat your beans for you now.

ROBERT

Dean!

AARON

What're we going to do with him?

ROBERT

Dean, I'm sorry, I... I did it for love.

FAIZA

She never mentioned you. Not once. No hint.

ROBERT

You think she's going to tell you how she feels about me? Me? Was her Dad there when you asked? Well then.

FAIZA

It doesn't add up. And it doesn't change anything. Will you call 999, please!

AARON

Did you take that picture of her?

ROBERT

She sent it to me.

FAIZA

So you were together?

ROBERT

No, well not really / I.

AARON

So where did the picture come from?

ROBERT

She sent it!

FAIZA

Are you sure she meant to send it to you...?

ROBERT

What? Yes!

AARON

Have you spoken since then?

ROBERT

Listen, I know her better than she knows herself, I know she doesn't want to be there, cooped up, made to go to Mosque and wear a hijab all day!

DEAN

MmmMmmMMMaaaaagggg....

FAIZA

How do you know that! Did she tell you?

ROBERT

She didn't have to, I could see it in her eyes!

FAIZA

You could see it in her eyes...

ROBERT

Yes!

AARON

She could've been poking her tongue out at you for all you know.

ROBERT

What? Oh well, I should've asked her to take off her veil then should I Aaron? On account of me needing to see her full expression.

AARON

Before you kidnapped her? Probably. See it in her eyes, her eye's were all you could see.

ROBERT

Hijab, you racist piece of shit.

AARON

You've got a screw loose mate!

ROBERT

I was saving her!

AARON

From what!?

FAIZA

And what were you going to do with her Aaron? You two are about as sick as each other.

AARON

I was going to send her back to her family.

ROBERT

Like fuck.

AARON

For a price.

ROBERT

You're sick.

AARON

I'm sick? You were trying to steal her! A person! I've got debts mate, sharks, bad fucking people. What if she didn't want to be with you?



ROBERT

We are in love! I was saving her!

FAIZA

Saving her from the evil white supremacist, who just happens to be your Uncle?

ROBERT

I mean, that wasn't the...

DEAN

Bleeueghhhh....

AARON

Well looks like we're both totally done for now anyway.

FAIZA

Did you give a shit, at all, that she might be happy? She might be alright, you know? Or even if she was unhappy, that it may not have had anything to do with Islam, with her family. You saw a sad Muslim girl, /...

AARON

If she was even sad!

FAIZA

If she was even sad, and you just decided, that it must be because she wears a head scarf. There are lots of Muslims out there who are extremely happy you know. Hello? [Indicates to self] Look at me!

AARON

Ecstatic.

FAIZA

I'm going to arrest you now Rob. I'm going to arrest you and get this man some help so I can bring him in.

ROBERT

I was trying to save her.

FAIZA

I know you were Rob, but I've got to arrest you all the same, we'll work it out later.

ROBERT

What about when he wakes up?

AARON

Yeah!

ROBERT

What if he remembers?

FAIZA

He won't. Hand me that tape.

Rob hands Faiza the gaffer tape. She tapes around and around his wrists.

AARON

He might.

ROBERT

Please.

FAIZA

My hands are tied, I'm afraid.

Robert shakes his wrists petulantly.

Sorry. Robert McCallister I'm arresting you on suspicion of kidnapping... what am I talking about, I know you did it... ahem. Robert McCallister, I'm arresting you for the kidnapping of Faiza Toufeeq /...

AARON

That's not it.

FAIZA

I know!

AARON

We didn't kidnap / real Faiza

FAIZA

Yes, thank you. Right. Robert McCallister, I am arresting you on the charge of kidnapping, and, and, for the attempted kidnapping of Faiza Toufeeq. You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defense, if you do not mention when questioned, something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

ROBERT

She never mentioned me.

Robert kneels down. Hands in front of him taped up.

FAIZA

No.

AARON

And!

FAIZA

"...may be given in evidence". That's it.

AARON

Just the kidnapping? What about Dean?

FAIZA

What about Dean?

AARON

You're trying to let him off.

FAIZA

No.

AARON

For attempted murder.

FAIZA

What's the best way out of this for you Aaron? You're going down too. That much is true. Whether it's for 7 or 30 years is up to...

Faiza notices she's about to accidentally rhyme and alters her choice of words.

...your decision.

AARON

30 years?

FAIZA

That's the length of a life sentence.

AARON

Life.

FAIZA

So how do you want to do this? The way I see it, you've got two options/...

ROBERT

Take the 30 years.

FAIZA

Sorry?

ROBERT

Take the 30 years option.

AARON

Ping pong?

ROBERT  
“They’ve got it better than us”.

AARON  
Then how much do you get?

FAIZA  
What? No/...

ROBERT  
Six. No! Seven.

AARON  
Oh.

ROBERT  
Wait!

FAIZA  
That’s not.../

Robert runs over and picks up the shovel, and hit’s Dean  
on the leg.

DEAN  
Aghhh!

ROBERT  
Does that help?

FAIZA  
No!

ROBERT  
Oh. What if I do this?

Robert looks at the shovel and hits himself with it.

FAIZA  
What are you doing?!

AARON  
No, no, thirty for me so, so, DNA, errr...

Aaron spits at Dean.

Ahhh....

DEAN

Oh right yeah.

ROBERT

Is that enough?

AARON

Stop!

FAIZA

As in is it enough, or...

AARON

No, no, it's, what/...

FAIZA

Oh ok...

AARON

Aaron spits quite a few times at Dean.

ROBERT

Oh you got me there.

AARON

Sorry, rub that in would you?

Robert starts rubbing in the spit on Dean's leg.

DEAN

Mmmmmm.

FAIZA

Stop. Hold it right fucking there, what on earth are you doing? That's not how anything works you idiots. For one his prints are all over the shovel. Two he's got blood spatters on him. Three, three... Why are you spitting on him?

AARON

DNA.

ROBERT

He's weighing up his options.

AARON

Mmmm. Yeah.

FAIZA

That is not how any of it works!

AARON

Ok. Thirty? Ok, I think I will.

FAIZA

What?!

Aaron walks over to the shovel and picks it up.

Put that down! I'm warning you.

Aaron picks up the shovel, a wild beast unchained. Faiza cowers.

FAIZA

Please, please don't, you don't have to do this!

Aaron take the shovel over to Dean, stands over him, and hits him with it, splashing specks of blood on him.

DEAN

Aaachhhh.

AARON

Sorry, Dean.

Aaron hits him until he's dead.

AARON

Sorry Rob, but he was going to murder you both before, he'd definitely try again.

ROBERT

Is he dead?

AARON

Yeah.

FAIZA

You can't just do that!

ROBERT

Why can't he?!

FAIZA

That's not how this works, that's not how any of it works, what is wrong with you, he can't just decide he's going to jail and murder a man! Where do you think we are? This is England!

AARON

Precisely.

FAIZA

Why?

ROBERT

I get it.

AARON

Thank you Rob.

ROBERT

He wants out.

AARON

3 square meals, all the books and telly if I'm good. Which I will be. You don't shit where you eat do you!

ROBERT

Who gives a shit now.

FAIZA

I do!

AARON

And what about you?

FAIZA

What about me?

ROBERT

Still on track for that promotion?



AARON

Things going to go well for you back at the cop shop after this?

ROBERT

After you persuaded me to hit him, gave me the shovel, made the plan?

FAIZA

You're sick, you know? You're all bloody fucked up, this is all completely fucked up. What the hell! We went over it a hundred times at base. This isn't fair!

Aaron hits Dean again with the shovel, spattering more blood.

Alright, alright, don't be bloody morbid.

Aaron drops the shovel, and walks over to Faiza, kneels down next to Robert with his hands out in front of him and lets her tape up his wrists.

If that's the way you want it.

Aaron sighs. A release. Robert sniffs.

Phone please, Aaron.

AARON

Pocket.

Faiza tentatively reaches into Aaron's pocket and pulls out the phone.

FAIZA

Wait there. Do not move.

ROBERT

Or what?

AARON

We'll make it worse for ourselves?

(Beat.)

Faiza dials a number on the phone and waits for the other end to be picked up.

FAIZA

Just wait there and don't be a twat for God's sake.

(On phone.)

Hello? Yeah, it's me. Sorted. It's all tied up.

(Looks at Robert and Aaron.)

Better. For everyone. Hold on, I'll explain.

Faiza exits stage right.

ROBERT

So you were calling the Imam?

AARON

Yeah.

ROBERT

Not Dean?

AARON

No.

(Beat.)

ROBERT

Who do you owe money to?

AARON

Some bad guys.

ROBERT

Bad guys?

AARON

Yeah.

ROBERT

Some baddies eh?

AARON

Yeah man.

ROBERT

As bad as Dean?

(Pause.)

AARON

No. Not as bad as Dean.

ROBERT

I don't think we meant to be bad guys, did we?

AARON

No.

ROBERT

I wonder if Dean did. I think he quite liked it.

AARON

I'm not sure I do.

ROBERT

Me neither.

AARON

So you and Faiza, huh?

ROBERT

I thought I was her hero.

AARON

You nearly were pal. What about her then? Eh? Didn't see that coming. The copper, she's alright in my book.

ROBERT

I don't think it'd work, Aaron.

AARON

Nahh you're right.

ROBERT

She's got a boyfriend. Ooo, we should get lawyers.

AARON

What's the point?

ROBERT

I... Won't want to look out at the world through bars forever. Might miss something vital.

AARON

Yeah - sorry. You could do a runner. I could fix the engine.

ROBERT

And go where?

AARON

You're right. I'm knackered. Rob?

Yeah?	ROBERT
Sorry.	AARON
Me too. Aaron?	ROBERT
Yes?	AARON
Let's have that choccy now.	ROBERT
Sure.	AARON
/ Cheers.	Aaron indicates his left pocket, Rob reaches into it and retrieves the Toffee Crisp, opens it and breaks it in half. Hands half to Aaron.
Cheers.	ROBERT
Mmmm.	AARON
	They eat.
	Blackout. A crow caws.

