

The Warm up

A boxing bell rings

Silence

A boxing glove hung from above swings into the light and out again. This is repeated.

*As the glove swings back for the sixth time **Robbo's** hand reaches out of the darkness to still it. A light snaps on from the bottom of the glove and lights Robbo from above*

Half darkness

Robbo (Fast) The cut. Upper cut. Lower cut. Low blow. Cutting away. The long shot. Shot down. Knowing what you're aiming for. Being cut. Half cut. A cut above. Cut off. Cut off from others. From yourself. Cut into. A cord cut. Cut out of. Cut out of the same cloth as my father. No thanks. Cut him. A cardboard cut out. Cunt. Cut. Action. Cut. Cut it out. They cut me out of the picture, the will, the way. Divide the spoils. A nation cut apart. Cut out for it. Making the cut. A cut above corporal. Not cut out for it. Rank and file. Cutting straight to the chase. A man with a severed head. Cuts you up. Cuts deep. Cut for youtube. Cuts you

(Shouts) Cut

Snap to black

Round One

A boxing bell rings

Robbo Round One

A man, some might say, a boy, me, what you will, returns to this green and present land. Great fucking Britain. I've been away. On a mission. Not the army, done that. Too tidy tidy. Rules roped around your hands. You wanna make a difference. Now. I'm back. The boy is back in town. Yes sireee. Need a bit of dosh. Tide me over. Until the tide turns, the currant pops out and gold is pouring down in to the old sky rocket. I owe some. Some, and a bit. Owe it to... well...let's just say he's no fucking Ghandi

I'm standing in Daryl's flat.

Robbo looks around him

Daryl's a bit of twat. We were at school together. Not my choice but what can you do. I'm standing here and Daryl

Daryl enters

- that's Daryl -

Daryl looks around, unsettled

is standing there. There.

Daryl moves to where Robbo points

And he hasn't a fucking clue what's going on. He's probably shitting himself.

Daryl I'm not

Robbo Not yet mate

So Daryl is standing there and I'm standing here and... there's this... we're not speaking...this silence in the room that you could cut with a knife, with a scalpel, a bayonet, a cutting word (*Chuckles*)... silence

Silence

Daryl What is that?

Robbo I'm standing here with this see through plastic bag

A bag is given to him

and it has this (*He looks at it*)...yeah

(*To Daryl*) Who

Daryl What?

Robbo Who, not what

Daryl What?

Robbo Who is that

Daryl Yeah

Robbo What?

Daryl Who is that?

Robbo Was

Daryl What?

Robbo looks at the head

Robbo No longer is

Daryl Right

Robbo Definitely was

Daryl Right

Silence

Daryl So...

Robbo Yeah?

Daryl Who was that?

Robbo That, my friend, was Mohamed Caleb Samara

Daryl Who?

Robbo Mohamed Caleb Samara

Daryl Right

Robbo I don't think you know him

Daryl Knew him

Daryl laughs

Robbo Bingo...(To audience) He catches up our Daryl. (Beat) Eventually. And then there's this... that silence again

Silence

Daryl And... why are you...

Robbo Course, mate. Course. Why am I standing here, in front of you, in your
(Looks around)

Daryl Living Room

Robbo (Looking around) In your living room. (To audience)
that no poor fucker would choose to live in (To Daryl) bag in hand, with the
head of Mohamed Caleb Samara?

Daryl Yeah

Robbo That's a good question

Daryl A reasonable -

Robbo Yeah a reasonable - It's not everyday is it? Someone turns up in your...

Daryl Living room

Robbo Yeah. Living room. With a severed head, standing there, here, with some poor blokes decapitated mug in a bag. A plastic bag. No advertising though. Notice that did yer? No *Every Little Helps* or *Live Well For Less*. You're right, *(To audience)*, he's right *(To Daryl)* not everyday. Is it? This. *(Indicating the bag)* That. If it was everyday that would be weird wouldn't it or you'd be in one of those... off the fucking wall BBC3 comedies. Laughing yer tits off cos you haven't got a clue what's going on. Nah, you are absolutely right, not everyday

Silence

Daryl Did you...

Robbo Did I?

Daryl Did you...

Robbo Fuck's sake

Pause

Robbo Did I?

Daryl Did you bring it...you know -

Robbo Bring it back from over there? Another good question

Daryl Well?

Robbo What?

Daryl Fucking hell

Robbo What?

Daryl Are you gonna answer any?

Robbo *(To audience)* When Daryl gets confused or frustrated he gets a bit lairy

Daryl I don't I -

Robbo Daryl

Daryl What?

Robbo This is my – who’s telling this story?

Daryl You. It’s yours. Sorry. I mean I wouldn’t want it to be mine, you know the way it ends and that

Robbo No worries mate

Am I going to answer any of your questions?

Daryl Yeah. You keep saying good question, good question, but you’re not givin any answers

Robbo He’s right. *(To Daryl)* You’re right. And I’ve got a few questions of my own that needs an answer so... why don’t I just get on with it and answer one of yours

Robbo looks away from Daryl and seems to be thinking

Robbo Which one though. Decisions, decisions. Hmmm. I know. Did I bring it back with me?

Daryl Yes

Pause

Robbo Bit fucking silly mate.

Daryl Yeah

Robbo What with the security at airports, the eye, beaming down on you. The bullshit bureaucratic palaver that could cause. Sorry sir, has anyone other than you had their filthy little fingers in your bag this morning? Did you, by any chance, turn a blind eye whilst some sociopathic homicidal lunatic crept up to your bag and slipped some suspicious ticking thing inside? Are you harbouring anything in your luggage that might cause severe mental distress – not to mention horror - to the captain, cabin crew or the little old lady in 22A?? Sitting down with DCI Dickbrain, playing twenty questions about how poor old Mohamed ended up in there wrapped in cling film, without the rest of his torso, his limbs, his dignity. *(Beat)* Probably give me a medal. You know what the old bill are like, the only good Muslim is a dead one. Seriously though mate, would I risk all that? *(To audience)* Rearranging my features into something that Daryl here, would see as a serious face. A visual clue to accompany the verbal one. As I said, you know a bit *(points to his head)* *(To Daryl)* Would I put a severed head in my suitcase next to the boxers, socks and souvenirs? You know, wrap it in some t-shirts, put some cling film round it, tin foil, a thick towel, a Christmas jumper, then slap it in the suitcase and hope that nobody notices there’s some poor blokes bonce bouncing around in my luggage as it goes in to the hold

Daryl *(Laughing)* I suppose not.

Robbo Nah

Daryl Nah

Robbo I did

Daryl What?

Robbo I did

Daryl Fuck

Robbo Yeah. All part of the fun and games

Daryl Fuck

Robbo Fun and games

Silence

Daryl Did you...

Robbo For fuck's sake Daryl

Daryl What?

Robbo Have you got a speech impediment or what? *(To audience)* He's got a speech impediment

Daryl What?

Robbo Finish the fucking question. You keep leaving things half finished, it's doing my head in

Daryl Sorry

Robbo *(To audience)* Must be a nightmare for you

Daryl Sorry

Robbo So. Did you...

Daryl Right. Yeah. Did you...

Robbo Mate

Daryl Did you cut it off?

Robbo The head?

Daryl Yeah

Robbo Did I cut Mohamed's head off?

Daryl Yeah

Robbo Yes I did

Daryl Fuck

Robbo He would have done the same to me. Given the chance. (*Lifting the bag*) Wouldn't yer mate? You would've made a video of it though, wouldn't yer Mohamed. Didn't do that. Didn't feel right. Posting it on you tube like it's some fucking music video. Orange is the new black. Cos any fucker wearing orange would be on his way to the Hovis factory. The fucking Allah Akbar chorus ramped up before they slice yer noggin off with the scimitar

Daryl The what?

Robbo The scimitar

Daryl shakes his head

Robbo Sorry mate I'd forgotten what a thick bastard you are.

Daryl I –

Robbo Scimitar's a type of sword. Jafar in Aladdin, that sort of shit. (*Beat*) Didn't even film it on me phone. Bit more class than that, bit more dignity

Daryl Right

Silence

Daryl What was it like, you know, taking –

Robbo Whoah.

Daryl What?

Robbo Hang on a minute mate

Daryl I was just –

Robbo I've answered a few of your questions. Now it's your turn to answer one of mine

Daryl You haven't asked me...

Robbo I'm getting there. Things take time. Delicate matters

Daryl Right

Robbo So. Here's my question. It's quite straightforward. Simple, really. Where the fuck is my money? The money you were supposed to put in my account? /I sold you a car. I gave you the car.

Daryl I er...

Robbo You said money would be in my account end of the week. *(To audience)* Daryl. No worries Robbo. Be in your account Friday, trust me bruv. I did. I trusted you. I'm off. Ta'ra an all that. Knowing it's gonna cost me quite a bit of dough. Checked my account in Istanbul. Zilch, mate. Nothing. Absolutely squiddly shit

Daryl See I –

Robbo And then, *(Beat)* then you sold it

Daryl I was –

Robbo You sold it

Daryl I -

Robbo Made yourself a few quid by all accounts

Daryl Who told you –

Robbo By all accounts

Daryl By...

Robbo By all accounts

Daryl Robbo you know I wouldn't -

Robbo Course, that question is a little out of date now. The past. What happened to blah blah blah? Gone. History. So why don't we bring it bang up to date. Where's my money now Daryl? Fifteen hundred quid. That was cheap that was. Gave you a bargain mate. And you just mugged me off

Daryl Things were... difficult

Robbo Difficult. You're telling me. Probably thought I'd cop it didn't yer. Not much chance of him coming back, except in a box. Won't need any money then will he. May not have any hands to put in his pocket. Might as well keep the money and the car. Nah, might as well sell the car, could get almost double for that. Quids in. Might stretch to a few flowers at the funeral. Dozen white carnations in the hearse. Nice touch. Job done. Cheers Robbo mate

Daryl You got it all wrong

Robbo I got it wrong

Daryl Yeah

Robbo Oh thank god for that. I got it wrong. Glad to hear. (*Beat*) I know. You were going to give me the fifteen and then split the money you made on it

Daryl Yeah. Yeah I was

Robbo Was?

Daryl What?

Robbo Like Mohammed, He was. You was. The was doesn't look very good does it? Shame to end up like that.

Daryl Robbo -

Robbo Not a good look is it

Daryl Mate -

Robbo And you've always cared about the way you looked. Always had a bit of style. Well put together. Rest of us, not a scratch on you

Daryl I'll get you your money

Robbo The future

Daryl What?

Robbo I will get, you will get

Daryl It won't take me -

Robbo It's so unpredictable. The future. Changeable. The intentions are there and then, blow me, things change, and what you thought you could do, you can't do it. The will is there, but the way, the way - well... The future is so fucking unknowable. I will. You will. Poor Mohamed. He would have. The future is over for him though, there is no future for little Koran carrying Mohamed. Unless he's right of course. That would be a head fuck. He's up there smoking a shisha with Allah and I'm down here scrabbling around for a few quid. Could've done him a right favour. Consequences eh. You just never know

Silence

Robbo And there it is again

Silence

Daryl What do you want me to do? I haven't got it on me, the money, I don't, you know, fifteen hundred that's a -

Robbo And the rest

Daryl Yeah

Robbo Nah course you haven't. Nice clobber though

Daryl What?

Robbo The clothes. Very nice

Daryl Yeah

Robbo That shirt

Daryl The...

Robbo Fancy, Quality material. Is it silk? Looks like silk

Daryl No it's

Robbo Not silk. Fuckin hell. Amazing. Something that is not silk can look like silk

Daryl Cotton. Poplin

Robbo What?

Daryl The shirt it's poplin.

Robbo *(To audience)*Fancy. Poplin?

Daryl Yeah

Robbo Sounds like some sort of Russian villain. *(To audience)* Over the top Russian accent. Always the way when you're not very good at them *(Puts on a voice)* My name is Vladimir Poplin, Head of KGB. We want ve car vac or vee send you to Siberia wig no legs. Gastrovnya

Daryl looks to the audience to signal he hasn't a clue what is going on

Robbo Nah that's not me mate is it. I've always been reasonable. Reasonable Robbo. Ain't that right Daryl?

Daryl Yeah. Always been a top -

Robbo There I go again. The past. What was I like in the past? Reasonable. I was reasonable. This, though, is the present. The now. I think I've changed. From past to present. Don't think I feel as reasonable now. Things have to change I suppose. Let no man stand in the way of progress.

Daryl What?

Robbo Greek. I think. *(Beat)* I'll tell you what. For you. For old times sake. Seeing as we've been mates for so long. I'm going to dip back in to that past. To old reasonable Robbo. Dust him off and bring him back for the day

Daryl The day?

Robbo Yeah. That's how long you've got. A day. Mohamed and I will be back same time tomorrow. Bigger bag this time though, he might need a bit of company

Daryl laughs

Daryl You're joking right

Robbo Daryl. Have you got some sort of fucking vision impairment to go with your speech impediment?

Daryl What?

Robbo Do I look like I'm fucking joking? *(To audience)* Do I?

Daryl No

Robbo Good. See you tomorrow

I leave and Daryl, he's just standing there rooted to the spot, like somebody's tarred his feet to the carpet

Daryl stands rooted to the spot

Daryl Fuck

Robbo He is shitting himself

Robbo watches him, then breaks

Time for....