



ASBO

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Cast

- Mr Jones: A 62-year-old man living on the estate
Scar: Gang member (all are aged between 14 and 16 years and live on the estate)
Big Jay: Gang member
Gaz: Gang member
Little Gee: Gang member

Scene 1

Set made up of gutters, pipes, bins, litter, etc. We hear the sound of water dripping and occasional noises that you might hear at night time. This could be done as a soundscape using objects that you might find lying around in the street. The cast slowly appear like cats creeping out of alleyways.

Mr Jones: (offstage) From the gutters, the alleyways, the sewers, like rats, they appear, out for the night. Time to play. Time to take ownership. Time to mark their territory. On the streets, in the doorways, on street corners, filtering through the estates, they gather, they goad, they terrorise, they ...

All: Smash!

Gang: Your town, our town,
Your street, our street,
Your life, our life,
Watch your back!
Your night, our night,
Your time, our time,
Your estate, our estate,
What you looking at?
All we wanna do is,
All we wanna do is,
All we wanna do is SMASH!
Your road, our road,
Your shop, our shop,



Your car, our car,
And so what?

You shout, we shout,
You stare, we stare,
You start, we start,
Watch your back!

All we wanna do is... (x3 repeated)

SMASH!

The sequence ends with the gang in a still image after having just thrown something through Mr Jones' window. They freeze as we hear the sound of breaking glass then they fall about laughing.

Scar: 9 p.m., a Thursday night, we're on the estate ...

Gang: Bored!

They each step forward and introduce themselves as Scar, Big Jay, Little Gee and Gaz.

Scar: Old man Jones at his window again.

Mr Jones: (to audience) Not that old. Sixty-two actually, could give them a run for their money.

They all mimic Mr Jones as though peering through his window.

Big Jay: He's doing that phone thing again, pretending to call the police ... like we care anyway!

Gaz mimics a police officer.

Gaz: (as police officer) PC Riley, local community bobby.

Big Jay: Hello Dibble, long time, no see. Missed you like crazy.

Gaz: (as police officer) Name?

Big Jay: Tonight, Matthew, I'm going to be David Cameron.

Gaz: (as police officer) Right, you're coming with me son.

Big Jay: Phone my mam, tell her where I am, tell her to hurry up and bring me a'butty – the food's crap at the station. About time you got that sorted, Dibble.

Gaz: (as police officer) Well excuse me, Gordon Ramsey! Don't get smart with me son.

Big Jay: I stopped being smart a long time ago officer. I ain't smart, nobody is round here.



Gang: And if you can't be smart, be bad!
You shout, we shout,
You stare, we stare,
You start, we start,
Watch your back!

Scene 2

Little Gee: On the estate, 9 p.m., Friday night. Old man Jones at his window again.

Scar: (to Mr Jones) What you looking at, then?

Gaz: Sad little man with nothing better to do.

Big Jay: Want a picture, do you?

Little Gee: (to audience) He's on our case every night.

Scar: Reckons we're harassing him.

Gaz: He reckons that we ...

All: Disturb the peace!

Big Jay: What peace? You don't get any peace on an estate like this.

Gang: Halleluiah! Punch, kick, smash!

Mr Jones: (to audience) We've lived here all our married life, my wife and I. Used to be a lovely estate, quiet. Neighbours were decent people. We all knew each other, helped one another out when necessary, sometimes socialised but didn't make a habit of popping in and out of one another's houses. We liked it that way. Me and my wife are quite private people really, not keen on a lot of noise.

The gang are outside making as much noise as possible.

Mr Jones: (to audience) Things change, we accept that, but the way that this estate has changed, it's unbelievable. We're dictated to by yobs who think they own the place. My wall has become a central meeting point.

Scar: My wall that is, not yours, mine!

Gaz: (mimicking Mr Jones) You've got no right sitting there.

Big Jay: Move us then!

We see Mr Jones coming out to move them and the gang take no notice, they refuse and become more intimidating.



- Scar: Come on then, move us ... Well come on, it is your wall after all.
Mr Jones stops in his tracks. Gaz takes out a can of spray paint and begins to spray the words 'my wall' onto the wall.
- Gaz: My wall, there we go, so there's no mistaking it now, is there?

Scene 3

- Big Jay: 9 p.m., Saturday night. On the estate.
- Gang: Drinking.
- Gaz: 'Cos that's what we like to do, and let's face it, what else is there to do round here to cheer you up?
- Gang: Way hey!
- Gaz: *(to imaginary passer-by)* Excuse me mate, will you go in there and get us some ale? Oh come on, you were underage once ... yeah, well, cheers very much.
All give finger to passer-by as he walks away.
- Little Gee: What are we going to do now?
- Big Jay: We're out of cans.
- Scar: Well, they won't serve us in there, not after last time ...
- Gaz: Yeah, when they asked Big Jay his age and he replied ...
- Gang: Twenty-six!
- Big Jay: What's up with that?
- Gaz: *(mimicking the shopkeeper)* Does your mother know you're drinking?
- Big Jay: Does my mother care?
- Gaz: *(as shopkeeper)* What does she say when you get home drunk?
- Big Jay: *(mimicking his mum)* Don't be throwing up on me new IKEA rug. You bloody ruined my last one, carrots everywhere!
- Gang: Ew!
- Gaz: *(as shopkeeper)* Well, I think you'd better leave my shop young man and don't let me catch you asking for alcohol again. Is that clear?
- Big Jay: As mud.
Big Jay mimes throwing something through the shop window.
- Big Jay: *(shouting to shopkeeper)* Is that clear as well? Old cow!



- Gaz: So no more corner shop purchases for us then. Where's Scar gone?
- Scar: *(as though just running from his house)* I'm here. Got some booze from our house.
- Gang: Smirnoff. Nice one. Down it, down it, down it!
- They take long swigs and pass it down the line. When it gets to Little Gee at the end he throws it into Mr Jones' garden.*
- Mr Jones: *(to audience)* I watch them through a gap in the curtain, mucking around, wild like animals, and then to top it all the little vandals have the nerve to throw their litter into my garden.
- Gaz: He appears, Mr Jones, face like thunder, and he starts ...
- Gang: Having a rant.
- Mr Jones: *(to audience)* I'm shouting, ranting like a mad man and all they're doing is laughing in my face ...
- The lads are heckling him as he speaks.*
- Mr Jones: Pick that up, go on, pick it up, it's yours, you move it ... I said move it – before I phone the police.
- Gaz: Oh, not again, haven't you come up with something new yet? We're getting bored.
- Mr Jones: *(to audience)* Truth is, I don't know what else to do, there are too many of them to confront. The police are sick to death of me moaning day after day. But what can I do, eh? It's my property, my garden, yet they use it as their dumping ground.
- All: No respect for people or their property.
- Mr Jones: *(to the lads)* I've got a sick wife in there.
- Scar: There's a bit left in that vodka bottle, she's welcome to it, might cheer her up.
- Gaz: Medicinal purposes!
- Little Gee: Send her our best wishes, won't you?
- Mr Jones: *(to audience)* I watch them walk away and I wonder how human beings can stoop so low. Dare I say it? 'What is the world coming to?'
- Gang: Your night, our night
Your time, our time,
Your estate, our estate,
What you looking at?



Scene 4

Scar: 7 p.m., Sunday night, on his way out ...

Gang: Gaz.

Scar: *(as mum's boyfriend)* 'Where are you going?' *(To audience, as Scar)*, says mum's new fella.

Gaz: *(to audience)* Mum's big bastard bully of a boyfriend.

Scar: *(to audience)* Mum's on, off, never really been there, not a clue, doesn't give a damn, bully of a boyfriend. *(As boyfriend)* 'I'm talking to you, don't walk away from me when I'm talking to you! I said ... *(Hits him)* ... Where're you off?'

Gaz: *(timidly)* Out.

Scar: *(as boyfriend)* No you're not, you're stopping in with your brother.

Gaz: Where's me mam?

Scar: *(as boyfriend)* Like I should know, like I care.

Gaz: I'm not stopping in with him.

Scar: *(as boyfriend, he lunges towards him)* I ain't stopping in with him, I'm not your dad, you're not my problem.

Cut to other side of stage.

Little Gee: 7.30 p.m., Sunday night, on his way out ...

Gang: Big Jay.

Little Gee: His mum says, as she necks the last dregs from the vodka bottle, *(As mum, drunk)* 'You going anywhere near the off-licence?'

Big Jay: No

Little Gee: *(as mum)* I need you to ...

Big Jay: I said no, I'm not getting you any more booze – you're bladdered.

Little Gee: *(as mum)* I'm upset, you don't know what it's like for me. He's gone again, he's ...

Big Jay: What? What what's like? Being bladdered day in and day out, and when you're not wasted, throwing up and then lying flat out on the couch ... you're pathetic.

Little Gee: *(as mum)* Don't say that, I've given you everything ...

Gang: You've given me nothing.

Big Jay: Sometimes I wonder why you even had me. Why did you bother?



Cut to Gaz.

Gaz: (to audience) Whose problem am I then?

Gang: I didn't ask to be born.

Cut back to Big Jay.

Little Gee: (as mum) I love you, I do my best ...

Big Jay: This is your best?! This shit hole, this estate, this ... (Points to vodka bottle) ... I hate you!

Little Gee: (as mum) I love you ... don't go, please just get me a drink ...

Cut to Gaz talking to imaginary brother.

Gaz: I'm going out, you're staying here, don't touch anything, here's some crisps. When the video finishes it's bedtime ... (Turns back as if answering brother's question.) well leave the light on then ...

Cut back to Big Jay.

Big Jay: I hate you, I hate you!

Big Jay and Gaz: I hate you, I hate you!

Both run to front of stage as though running out of their houses onto the street.

Both: I hate you!

They slowly turn to face each other and then Gaz turns towards Mr Jones' house.

Gaz: I hate you, I hate him ... what you looking at? (He throws something at Mr Jones' house.)

Gang: You shout, we shout,
You stare, we stare,
You start, we start,
Watch your back.

Scar: Bail!

Big Jay: (to Gaz) What happened to your face, Gaz?

Gang: (slowly turn to face audience) What happened?

Gaz: What happened to us?



Scene 5

Big Jay: Scar's lived here all his life. He's out most nights. His mam says ...

Gaz: *(as mum)* Get out me face, go find something to do, get from under me feet

Scar: I'm not under your feet, wouldn't want to be, like pig's trotters, your feet.

Gaz: *(as mum)* What was that? Wait till your dad gets home!

Scar: I'll have a bloody long wait!

Little Gee: But when he does go out there's nothing to do, so he looks for ...

Scar: Cars!

The lads mime stealing or vandalising a car.

Scar: *(sung to the tune of 'I like driving in my car')*

I like wrecking people's cars,
It might not be a Jaguar.
A piece of scrap will do me fine,
Anything to pass the time.

And when I'm done with it, I trash it. Someone else's property? Nah, just a heap of metal really. They'll be insured, they'll get another one. A few dents and scratches, they'll soon get fixed. I guess that's why I hate cars. It's a love-hate relationship with them. I love the buzz, the feeling when I take them; I hate the fact they belong to someone else. Someone cares for that car and if they care enough they'll repair the dents and scratches. Not like human beings though, eh? No way you'll repair my dents and scratches. Scars that are the tell-tale signs of shitty lives. They call me Scar because of this *(He points to a scar on his head.)* They think I'm hard. I think I'm hard, except I know the truth. The scar won't heal, just like the memory. He hit me so hard they couldn't stop the bleeding. Can't forget ... try to forget. 'Shhhh, it'll be OK, tell them you fell off your bike or I'll do it again.' Don't want to talk about it. Try to forget. Take it out on others, on the cars.

(Mr Jones appears.)

What do you want?

Mr Jones: I saw you take that car.

Scar: Well, can you see this? *(Holds a crowbar)* You'll be coming into very close contact with this soon if you keep on making accusations.



Mr Jones: That's no accusation, I saw you. You're a criminal.

Scar: What did you call me? I tell you what you are, you're a nosey old creep who's got nothing better to do with his time than stick his nose into everyone else's business. Watch your back old man, 'cos I'll be waiting for you. Keep an eye on that wife of yours as well, you never know what might happen when you're busy spying on others.

Mr Jones: *(to audience)* I open my mouth but the words don't come out. If only he knew. How could he bring her into it? You see she ... Oh, what's the point?

Scene 6

Gaz: 9 p.m., Monday night ...

Gang: Out on the estate.

All stare as if eyeballing an imaginary gang.

Gang: What you looking at? *(They look bored as the 'gang' walk away.)*
Waiting.

Little Gee: For something to happen. Always waiting for something, never quite sure what. Waiting for me mam to get home and cook my tea, she doesn't. Waiting for my teachers to tell me that I did something good for once, but they don't. Waiting around the corner till the police have gone by, not wanting to be caught wagging school again.

Big Jay: No school anymore, didn't last long anywhere. Unruly, uncontrollable, and so what?

Gang: Watching.

Gaz: Watching other people trying to make the most of their tired, pathetic little lives when really they've got no hope, not on this estate.

Gang: Bored.

Scar: So we have to make our own entertainment.

Gang: Punch, kick, smash.

Scar: What are we going to do tonight?

Gaz: Never short of entertainment at the moment. Our eyes meet, we read each others' thoughts, our gaze turns to number thirty-six.



Gang: Mr Jones.

Gaz: At his window, spying on us, making sure we don't disturb his ordered little life. We're off, whatever we can do to taunt, goad, upset, provoke.

Big Jay: Knock and run ...

Little Gee: Two fingers ...

Scar: Chucking stones ...

Gaz: Staring.

Big Jay: Pointing.

Little Gee: Shouting.

Scar: Swearing.

Gaz: On top of his wall ...

Big Jay: Over his wall ...

Little Gee: On his flower beds ...

Mr Jones: Not my flower beds, not my garden, please not the garden, she loves that garden, her only pleasure.

Scar: Running up and down ...

Gaz: Laughing ...

Big Jay: Kicking soil everywhere ...

Little Gee: Flowers ... (*To an imaginary passer-by*) for you, madam.

Scar: Laughing harder now.

Gaz: Chanting.

Gang: Chanting, chanting, chanting, chanting.

Mr Jones: Off my garden, get off!

Gang: Off, off, off, off!

Mr Jones: I said get off my garden, off, go on, move ...

All: Or I'll call the police.

Mr Jones: This is my property, you've got no right.

Gaz: Move us then ... come on!

Gang: Come on then, come on then, come on then, off, off, off ...

Mr Jones: (*to audience*) Head spinning, anger like I've never known before. I want to kill them, I just want to kill them, or me ... no longer in control, being laughed at. This isn't me, I used to be so strong.



Gang: Off, off, off, off...

Gaz: Come on then, make us leave, old man, do something. *(To audience)* The feeling it gives you, the power, the control, we have it all... I have it all. No longer Gaz the lad who's so terrified of his mam's fella beating him into next week, no longer the little boy who cowers behind his bed, heart pounding, can't make a sound, can't let him find me. No longer the little lad who feels every punch and kick delivered. *(As if to mum's boyfriend)* 'Please, don't! I'm sorry'. No, none of that now, this is the real Gaz, he's hard, he's in control, he causes the suffering and it feels great.

Mr Jones: *(to audience)* They won't stop, it will never stop. Months of constant torture.

Gang: Chanting, chanting, chanting. Off, off, off.

Gaz: Don't want it to stop, won't let it stop... come on then!

Mr Jones goes back into the house and slams his front door behind him.

Gang: Slam, door shut. Way hey!

Scar: Come on lads, let's get out of here, we've won, got him that time.
(To Gaz) Come on mate, let's go.

Gaz: *(staring at the door of number 36)* Behind that door...

Gaz and Mr Jones: ... Is a broken man.

Mr Jones: *(to audience)* My heart won't stop racing, the anger is slowly disappearing and all I feel is pain, the pain of...

Mr Jones and Gaz: Humiliation.

Mr Jones: *(as if calling to his wife)* It's alright love, just some kids messing around, I sorted them out, got rid of them, gone now. I'm coming love.

Scene 7

Little Gee: 9pm, Tuesday night.

All: The night it happened.

Little Gee: Just another night of...

All: Taunting, shouting, goading, provoking.

Little Gee: I guess it's what we wanted, to push him as far as we could, to see how far he could be pushed.

Gang: You shout, we shout,
You stare, we stare,



- You start, we start,
Watch your back!
- Mr Jones: *(to audience)* It'd been quiet for a couple of nights. I really believed that this time they might have given up, how foolish can one be?
- Big Jay: It was a laugh, just a laugh, we didn't mean any harm.
- Gang: Yeah we did, course we did.
- Big Jay: Well, maybe just a bit.
- Mr Jones: *(to audience)* I'd settled down in front of the box, I'd made her comfortable, she'd just got off to sleep. Restful. Peaceful. Quiet. No stress.
- Scar: Slowly we approach ... Tonight we will see how far we can push him.
- Gang: *(whisper)* You shout, we shout ...
- Mr Jones: *(to audience)* Quiet, rested, peaceful, a kind of calm ...
- Gang: *(shout)* Before the storm!
- Gaz: Come on, it'll be a laugh.
- Little Gee: I'm not sure.
- Scar: Don't be soft, he deserves it, always on our backs.
- Gaz: He won't even know it's us.
- Big Jay: But he'll have a good idea. We'll make our mark, a trade mark, but he'll be able to prove nothing.
- Scar: Moving slowly closer ...
- Little Gee: Preparing ...
- Gaz: Taking aim ...
- Big Jay: I hold up the brick, high up, taking aim.
- Scar: Get ready to run.
- Gang: *(A soundscape combining 'You shout, we shout', 'Monday night, Tuesday night ...' and 'All we wanna do is ...' It ends with all shouting, 'SMASH')*
- Mr Jones: *(to audience)* I jump up, glass everywhere, in front of the TV is a brick, and I know it's them. I'm outside and the cheek of them waiting to see my reaction. Glass shattered, my window. My wife cries out, what can I do? I have the brick in my hand, they turn to go, jeering. I hesitate for a second and then ...
- Gaz: He's chucking it.
- Scar: Watch out!



They all watch and move in slow motion as it hits Big Jay. He falls.

Little Gee: You hit him! Jay, are you OK?

Gaz: You hit him, you bastard, you hit him.

Scar: You hit him!

Mr Jones: I hit him.

All stand as if in a court room. They place their right hands in front of them, as though swearing on the bible.

All: Guilty or not guilty? I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth...

Big Jay: Nothing but the truth.

Scene 8

Mr Jones: *(to audience)* In the witness stand after months and months of more torture. A man on trial, in the stand. I try to explain, but I'm the criminal now, aren't I? I assaulted a young lad, I knocked him out cold, thought he was dead.

Gaz: He wasn't moving, just lying there.

Little Gee: There was blood, loads of it.

Gang: It wasn't even us that threw the brick, we were just there.

Scar: He blamed us for everything, he saw us there and...

Gang: Presumed it was us.

Scar: But it wasn't, we didn't chuck any brick.

Gang: No not us, it wasn't us. Halleluiah!

Mr Jones: You have no idea what it was like, day in and day out, it went on for months. I just wanted it to stop.

Gaz: *(as prosecution)* So you took the law into your own hands.

Mr Jones: I was pushed. I just wanted it to stop. It's my wife, you see...

Gaz: *(as prosecution)* And so, Mr Jones, you decided to take action, to do something quick, to put an end to it?

Mr Jones: Yes, that's it, that's right.

Gaz: *(as prosecution)* So you violently assaulted a 15-year-old boy, not even certain that he was in fact the perpetrator of the crime committed against your window. You were not thinking straight, were you, Mr Jones? You were intent upon revenge...



Mr Jones: No ... I mean, yes ... I mean ... You're not listening to me ... my life was being destroyed!

Gang: And so you took the law into your own hands.

Mr Jones: No, I just wanted it to stop.

Gang: You just wanted it to stop

Mr Jones: That's right.

Gang: You assaulted a 15-year-old child.

Mr Jones: Yes ... I mean, no ... I mean ...

The lads become the voices of the public or press.

A: That man was pushed to the limit.

B: He should never have taken the law into his own hands.

C: Taunted and tortured.

D: But he assaulted an innocent child.

Gang: *(to audience, with confused facial expressions)* Innocent!

Mr Jones: Those kids were far from innocent. They were intent upon destroying my life. They intimidated.

Gaz: Goaded.

Scar: Taunted.

Little Gee: Tormented.

Big Jay: Destroyed. I watched him there in the stand. We sat in the gallery above. The others jeered at times, but not me, I'd done enough. There in the stand he looked like an old man, he looked ...

Mr Jones: Tired, shattered ... Guilty. Yes, guilty. I threw the brick at him, I did that, but you must understand ...

Gang: Justice.

Mr Jones: I just wanted it to stop, my property, my garden, my window smashed ...

Gang: Justice.

Mr Jones: My wife, you see ... I had to protect her ...

All: Justice.

Mr Jones: She has cancer.

(Pause)

She can't fight it anymore. They say there's nothing they can do. I had to protect her, it was the least I could do. She couldn't fight anymore.



We go to a flashback of the vodka bottle scene.

Mr Jones: I've got a sick wife in there.

Scar: There's a bit left in this bottle, she's welcome to it, might cheer her up.

Gaz: Medicinal purposes!

Little Gee: Send her our best wishes, won't you?

Mr Jones: She just couldn't fight anymore, I couldn't fight anymore ... I shouldn't have done it I know that, but ...

Gang: Guilty or not guilty?

A soundscape of chants from the play is built up as we see Mr Jones slowly collapse to the floor.

Big Jay: Guilty. I had never felt such guilt in my life before. We watched him fall to the ground, his face contorted with pain, clutching his heart, slowly life was draining away. We had done that.

Other lads: He got what he deserved ... *(They stare at the audience to suggest doubt.)*

Big Jay: They said it was a heart attack.

Gaz: Couldn't take the strain.

Little Gee: The stress of it all.

They slowly walk forward whispering 'Your life, our life'. They stop suddenly when Big Jay says his next line.

Big Jay: Who'll look after her now? His wife, I mean ...

Music is played throughout the final sequence. Big Jay slowly walks towards an imaginary front door at the front of the stage, he is holding some flowers. He mimes knocking on the door and then speaks to an imaginary person who has opened the door.

Big Jay: I brought these for Mrs Jones, could you give them to her please? Please take them, please ...

The other lads quietly whisper 'please' as the lights fade to a spotlight where the flowers are placed.

