



**Extract From *Just For Fun – Totally Random*  
By Anna Jordan**

*/* means coming in sharply on cue. Almost overlapping, but not quite.

*//* indicates an overlap

*All are seventeen. Dante and Home Grown Tone talk about the day they went to Shakespeare's flat after an urgent phone call from his mother. All actors address the audience.*

**Dante:** It was a messy day.

**Tone:** Yeah.

**Dante:** Busy.

**Tone:** Yep.

**Dante:** I get a phone call about five from Shakespeare's mum.

**Tone:** And I get phone call from Dante saying Shakespeare's lost it.

**Shakespeare:** Not 'lost it' Tone...

**Dante:** Nah. Nah, he was just upset. *(Steps out into the front of the stage so Shakespeare can't hear)* See, Sean Shakespeare. He's got a dark side. Some mad dark shit going on. Up here.

*Tone steps forward out of Shakespeare's ear shot behind Dante's shoulder.*

**Tone:** Sometimes things get a bit much for him. That's when we need to go and sort him out. Innit Dant?

**Dante:** Yeah. Otherwise he upsets him mum.

**Tone:** See Shakespeare's mum is a real straight-laced, religious woman right/

**Dante:** / Like *old skool* religious/

**Tone:** / Yeah like proper god fearing and that.

**Dante:** Church every Sunday when he was little. We used to see him, his mum, and his brother Trev, on the way there innit? Used to rip the piss /

**Tone:** / Dressed up like a proper chump /

**Dante:** / That little blue suit /

**Tone:** / Little dickie bow! /

**Dante:** / *(Remembering, laughing)* Yes bruv!

**Tone:** / Anyways - Trevor /

**Dante:** / Shakespeare's brother /

**Tone:** / Grew up to be a proper geezer. Big bloke, built like a tank. And boy, he could run!

**Dante:** A proper athlete! Then, he gets mixed up with these junkies. Bunch of dirty crackheads, smelling of shit and spoiled milk.

**Tone:** Started bobbin' and weavin' with 'em.

**Dante:** And shanking mans just for a bit of cash. Ended up proper toothless and fucked.

**Tone:** Then, early one morning, two, what, three years ago?

**Dante:** Yeah.

**Tone:** The lifts in Shakespeare's block are out for about two days right? And when the engineer finally comes to fix them /

**Dante:** Nah, it weren't the engineer blud -

**Tone:** Eh?

**Dante:** It weren't the engineer. It was the caretaker rude boy.

**Tone:** Engineer, caretaker, whatever! He opens the lift to find Trevor /

**Dante:** / Stark bollock naked /

**Tone:** 'Cept for his boxer shorts round his ankles /

**Dante:** / And his face /

**Tone:** / Blown off.

*Beat*

**Tone:** No word of a lie!

**Dante:** Shot in the fucking face. Had to ID him from his dental records.

**Tone:** Messed with the wrong peeps I guess. /

**Dante:** / Fucked someone big time. /

**Tone:** / His mum never recovered. /

**Dante:** And neither did Shakespeare. Not really.

**ALL but Shakespeare:** (*Whispered*): We don't talk about it.

**Dante:** But to this day, when we go to Shakespeare's yard, we can't take the lift innit bruv? We always take the stairs.

**Tone:** Yeah.

*Beat*

**Tone:** (*Sincerely*) Pain in the fucking arse though. He lives on the nineteenth floor.

*Tone and Dante look at each other and crack up.*

*Shakespeare steps forward into his space.*

**Shakespeare:** I didn't lose it. I'm not crazy or nothing. But that day, I had some dark thoughts going round. When I feel like that, I try to clear a little space in my brain, so I get a bit of peace. Then I try to fill it with things. Good things. Proper things. I fill it with clean, clinical things, things I see in my mind as linear, or perfect circles; like scientific theories or maths problems that I can solve. That makes me feel calm. Does that make sense? Or sometimes I fill it poetry, or music, because then fills up with these images or colours which I don't get to see that much in my life, and which make me feel alive. Like - like Maya Angelou...

**Tone:** "Just like moon and like suns, with the certainty of tides,  
Just like hopes springing high, still I rise.."

**Shakespeare:** Or Langston Hughes

**Dante:** "Say who are you who mumbles in the dark? And who are you that draws your veil across the stars?"

**Shakespeare:** Or sometimes even... well... yeah. (*Smiles*) Shakespeare.

**Tone:** "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day, Blud?"

*Beat*

**Shakespeare:** Like, his sonnets are perfect because they are beautiful and clean at the same time. Cos they are full of this amazing imagery, and then every line is exactly the same number of syllables, (the iambic pentameter) *and* every line rhymes *and* every sonnet is the same length. Fourteen lines. Sometimes I try and leave the space completely clear, I think some people call this meditating. This is good, when I can achieve it, because it makes me feel extra calm, and even takes me to another place, so it's like I'm not even in my room anymore. And when I come back and open my eyes I realise that I'm smiling. But this day I just couldn't do it. I could hear the kettle whistling and mum singing hymns and sirens going by. And then bad thoughts came in. And other thoughts. Thoughts of – (*Making sure the others can't hear*) of Skinny. (*He steals a look at her, and*

*immediately looks away, shy*). And they're not really clean thoughts. Not proper thoughts. So I tried to think of the theory of relativity or something, or Pythagoras rule, to clean it all up. But it got all messed up up there, like a traffic jam or a car crash and that's when I started shouting. Mum doesn't like it. It makes her put her head in her hands.

**Dante:** (*Coming forward to join Shakespeare*): So I swung by there about half five, picked him up. (*Turning to Shakespeare*): You alright bruv?

**Shakespeare:** Yeah.

**Dante:** Reckon you need to get out for a bit?

**Shakespeare:** Yeah.

**Dante:** I'm meeting Tone now. Nice evening, innit? We were gonna sit in the park and drink some beers. You wanna come?

*Beat. Shakespeare looks at his feet.*

**Shakespeare:** Yeah. Thanks, Dant.

**Dante:** No bother. Let's roll.

**Shakespeare:** (*Out*) So then I come out to smoke a J with Dante and Tone and that sorts me out. But that's a different type of calm.