

# It's In The Bag

A One Act Play

By

**Bob Davidson**

written at one sitting on 4th March 2015

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For Mike, Shaun and Shannan...

## Cast

**TOMMY:** If there is a leader of the three, it might be Tommy. He's late teens, early twenties, not a bad laddie but looks to petty crime as a source of income, excitement and a way of killing time all rolled into one.

**ROBERT:** Again late teens, early twenties, a mate of Tommy's similar in lots of ways but maybe a bit brighter.

**WEE MAN:** Third member of the group. Definitely the youngest, possibly the dimmest but endearing in his own wee way.

*The houselights dim and the curtains open to an empty stage, the play can be set anywhere, maybe in our case a graveyard. There is SFX of a car window being smashed followed immediately by a car alarm. Suddenly from the rear of the auditorium three young guys burst in and run towards the stage. They are TOMMY, ROBERT, and WEE MAN. Robert is carrying a small sports holdall, maybe about the size to carry a football and not much else. TOMMY vaults up onto the stage and turns to ROBERT who throws the holdall up to him. He catches it...*

TOMMY

Ya beauty!

*ROBERT then vaults up onto the stage and collapses, out of breath on the floor, laughing and coughing. WEE MAN tries to vault on to the stage but is struggling...*

WEE MAN

See's a haun' up Tommy, I'm knackered man!

*TOMMY grips WEE MAN by the arm and yanks him up on to the stage...*

TOMMY

You're gonnae hae tae gie up the fags, Wee Man...

WEE MAN

I've only had two this week, I'm totally skint... and I knicked them oot o' ma wee sister's skailbag...

TOMMY

... they're stuntin' your growth, A've told you that before, but you never listen to Tommy, dae ye?

*TOMMY skelps WEE MAN on the head...*

ROBERT

Did you see that windae go in man? Boof!! They dinnae make Mercs like they used tae. Their windaes are shite...

TOMMY

... the hale car's shite. Serves them right for buying German crap... rich tosser.

WEE MAN

Hitler had a Merc...

TOMMY

Did ye hell... he had a Volkswagen Beetle... convertible... saw it on the telly wance.

WEE MAN

... he'd a Merc and a'... a black yin.

ROBERT

Did it hae a CD player?

WEE MAN

Aye, probably... Satnav, the lot. Hitler wissnae short o' a bob or two...

ROBERT

Satnav? Ur ye sure?

WEE MAN

Aye, remote central locking... top o' the range..

TOMMY

... here if he had Satnav, bet he hud the hale European database a' loaded up... Please enter your destination... Poland! Here did ye see that auld wifie's face when you stood on her poodle?

ROBERT

Aye, she was not a happy lady ... she ca'd me a hooligan...

WEE MAN

You stood on her dug man...

ROBERT

I didnae stand on it, the wee mutt ran oot in front o' me, I was legging it as fast as could go man, I couldnae stop... she should keep her dug under better control.

TOMMY

Very irresponsible... maist dug owners ur the same... A'd hae them a' roounded up and shot...

WEE MAN

... dug owners?

TOMMY

... naw the dugs... well maybe the owners tae. Aye round the whole lot o' them up... stop them shinin' in the streets. They're unhygienic... They make wee bairns blind and that...

ROBERT

Here Tommy, who's car dae ye think it wis?

TOMMY

Dunno, how would A ken? Some rich eejit wae money tae burn. Show off, big heid. Look at me A've got a Merc. Aye well he's got a Merc wae a broken windae noo. They're fifty grand these motors man. Way oot o' oor league... Us boys could never afford a motor like that, never in a month o' Sundays.

ROBERT

No' unless there's fifty grand in that bag... now wouldn't that be nice.

TOMMY

If there's fifty grand in that bag, it's in two pound coins, it's heavy as hell man!

WEE MAN

Do you think we should open it?

TOMMY

I think that would be a splendid idea, Wee Man. Best idea ye've had the day...

*TOMMY goes to un-zip the holdall...*

ROBERT

Wait a minute... what dae ye think's in there?

TOMMY

Well, a wis jist goin' tae open it tae find oot...

ROBERT

... naw naw naw, try an' guess...

TOMMY

Well, I dunno, Robert... what... a helicopter maybe? A Edinbra tram? What?

ROBERT

Och, just try an' guess man...

TOMMY

Well kenning oor luck, whatever it is it'll be worth bugger all...

WEE MAN

I think it could be a digital radio...

TOMMY

... a digital radio... and what makes you think that, Wee Man?



WEE MAN

Well... it would go in eh? And they're pretty heavy.

TOMMY

A digital radio?

WEE MAN

Aye.

TOMMY

Robert? Any advance on a digital radio?

ROBERT

A've nae idea...

TOMMY

Well, if ye've nae idea, why did ye say tae us tae guess. Jeezo man...

*He goes to unzip the bag again...*

WEE MAN

Naw... wait a minute... see if it is a digital radio... can I get tae keep it?

TOMMY

Naw ye cannae... we split it three ways, that's what we ayways dae...

ROBERT

Tommy, man? See if it is a digital radio, jist gie him it. It'll no' be wan onyway...

TOMMY

We split it three ways...

*he looks at them both in turn and shakes his head...*

... digital radio...

*TOMMY sets the bag down squarely in front of him and slowly unzips the bag, stopping halfway, checking out the other two to build up the suspense and then zips it fully open. He prizes open the top and stares in for a moment before leaping to his feet...*

TOMMY

Oh Christ man...

ROBERT

What is it, man?

TOMMY

Jeezo!

ROBERT

What is it...

*He looks in the bag and he too leaps to his feet...*

Aw shite... oh my god...

WEE MAN

... take it it's no' a digital radio then. What is it?

If you like what you've read so far and would like to buy a copy of the complete script or would like to perform the play, please get in touch.

Thanks for reading,

*Bob Davidson*