

# LADS LADS LADS

*A Concept Script*

By

Lucy-Jo Finnighan

## CHARACTER LIST

<b>Josh</b>	Teenager. The leader of the Lads.
<b>Hassan</b>	Teenager. Josh's right-hand man.
<b>Mikey</b>	Teenager. A new member of the Lads.

## SETTING

The location is outside a McDonald's in Middlesbrough, England.

The time period is around 2013.

## NOTES

“-” means that the speaker is being interrupted.

“...” means that the speaker is trailing off.

Monologues are generally spoken to the audience.

**Trigger Warnings:** Violence, slurs, and harsh language. Cult-like activities and language.

# LADS LADS LADS

*A dark, empty stage, except for some litter. This is a wasteland where beasts run wild.*

*An ominous hum fills the air. Then, footsteps, which turns into rhythmic stomping. A ritual is about to begin.*

*A shadow dashes across the stage. The screech of bike brakes.*

*There are still feet stomping. Whispers and hollow laughs.*

**Lads:** (Offstage) Lads, Lads, Lads.

*The feet stomping gets louder. The sound of an Adidas tracksuit zipper.*

**Lads:** (Offstage) Lads, Lads, Lads.

*The stage brightens. We are outside a McDonald's, but it is a grim shell of itself.*

**Lads:** (Offstage) Lads, Lads, Lads!

*The **Lads**; **Josh**, **Hassan**, and **Mikey**, stomp onto stage, kicking litter, hollering and hooting.*

**Lads:** LADS LADS LADS!

**Josh:** We rule from our bikes!

**Hassan and Mikey:** We rule from our bikes!

**Josh:** We got the best banter!

**Hassan and Mikey:** We got the best banter!

**Josh:** Fuck lasses!

**Hassan and Mikey:** Fuck lasses!

**Josh:** It's us against the whole world!

**Hassan and Mikey:** Us against the whole world!

**Josh:** UP THE BORO!

**Hassan and Mikey:** UTB! UTB! UTB!

*With a move of his hand, **Josh** silences them.*

**Josh:** We are here today, Lads, to mark the rebirth of little Mikey.

**Hassan:** The day a boy becomes a man.

**Josh:** More than a man. A Lad. You will triumph where so many others have failed.

**Mikey:** I know, Luke couldn't-

**Josh:** Shut up about Luke.

**Hassan:** Yeah, we don't talk about Luke.

**Josh:** Now, to prepare for tonight, we need a meal fit for the occasion! The McDonalds shall give us the blood, which we can then spill. The blood Mikey shall bathe in, just as we have done. Are you ready to fight those who claim to be our Gods?

**Mikey:** (*Lying*) Yeah, I'm sound mate! Err, shall I go order it now?

**Josh:** No, you'll get it wrong like you always do. Hassan, you come in with me. Mikey, you watch the bikes.

**Mikey:** I don't wanna wait out here on my own!

**Josh:** Shut up puff, someone's got to.

**Hassan:** I'll watch 'em. Me mam'll kill me if I lose another bike.

**Josh:** No, Mikey's gonna watch 'em.

**Hassan:** Don't be a dick, Josh. I'm not hungry anyway.

***Josh** and **Hassan** stare. **Josh** then shrugs, though not as nonchalantly as he wants to appear.*

**Josh:** Whatever. Oway, Mikey.

*Josh and Mikey exit.*

*Hassan pulls out his phone, then looks to the audience.*

**Hassan:** I'm trying to message Kaitlin. There's no way she'll text me before those two get back, and then I won't be able to message her again until I've gone home. Josh'll take the complete piss if he sees. But he's just jealous 'cause no girls wanna shag him. He's a fucking ugly cunt, isn't he? Don't tell him I said that, though.

Mikey doesn't fare much better; he's too shy around girls. Luke was ab...sorry. We don't talk about Luke.

She was sound, though. She liked the same music I did, and she actually came with me to a Boro game once, even though she kept saying we'd lose. We did.

But then Josh...did something, like he always does. It's shit, really. She had good crack. I guess I wouldn't have time for the Lads if I hung out with her, so maybe it's for the best. But I'm still pissed off at Josh, the stupid fucking...don't tell him I said that. You don't want to make Josh angry. I'm lucky I got away with that back-talk earlier.

Mam doesn't allow back-talk either, but...it's different with her. She just gets worried. She doesn't like me spending all my time with Josh. She wanted me to stay in with her tonight, you know, watch some Gogglebox. But Josh and Mikey were already at my door, so it's not like I could turn them out! So I told her...that she was more than welcome to sit her fat lonely arse on the sofa all night, but if she expected me to do the same then she could fuck right off.

I wish I hadn't said that. She was right pissed with me, so now I probably can't go home till late, when she's calmed down.

I want to watch Gogglebox with her. It's a good show. Having mates is sometimes harder work than school. Don't tell them I said that though.

*Josh and Mikey enter, holding milkshakes and doing the teen-boy scream-laugh, mocking the staff. It's clear that the Lads weren't wanted there.*

**Josh:** Keep the change!

**Mikey:** Keep the change!

**Josh:** (*Mockingly*) Keep the change!

**Mikey:** What?

**Josh and Hassan:** (*Mockingly*) Keep the change, keep the change!

**Hassan:** He's a fucking retard, our Mikey.

**Josh:** Alright, we have our ammunition. Locked and loaded. (*Pointing offstage*) Now Mikey, take your milkshake, and pour it on that fat lass there.

**Mikey:** What? But...this cost all my pocket money. And she-

**Josh:** It's a necessary sacrifice. We must destroy the weak in order to make ourselves stronger.

**Hassan:** Look at her, she's wearing a tracksuit. Lol, would ya dare?

**Josh:** It's part of the ritual, which means you have to do it. Or else you're not one of us.

**Mikey:** Yeah, the ritual... It's not just, like the milkshake's going to lead to...you know...

**Hassan:** Oh come on, it's just a cliff, not even that high. You're seriously gonna pussy out?

**Mikey:** I don't want to end up like Luke.

**Josh and Hassan:** We don't talk about Luke.

**Josh:** She looks like she's gonna leave, you gotta do it now!

**Mikey:** Lads, I just-

**Josh and Hassan:** Lads, Lads, Lads!

**Hassan:** Oway, Mikey!

**Mikey:** But-

**Josh and Hassan:** Lads, Lads, Lads!

**Josh:** You're either with us or against us. Your call.

**Mikey:** I-

**Josh and Hassan:** LADS LADS LADS!

*Hassan and Josh freeze.*

*Mikey turns to the audience, holding the milkshake, contemplating.*

**Mikey:** I know what you might be thinking. But it's not...we're good Lads, really. There's just a lot of rules to this. Rules I can never seem to keep track of. Things Josh can do that I get made fun of for. But we're not meant to question anything. I'm sure there's a truth that I just haven't seen yet.

It'll be fine. I...I trust Josh. And he doesn't ask for much. Just no smiling in photos, only wear these colours, always be down for a laugh. Because he *is* a laugh. This isn't even the craziest thing he's done. He once pointed a camera up this girl's skirt, the absolute Mad-Lad. It ended up going round the whole school! She wasn't happy about it, but, well, you know...it was just a laugh. I know Hassan liked her, but...I mean she wasn't even that fit.

Josh's a good Lad, really. A good mate. So, I have to be the same. I don't want to be the Luke. I can't be the Luke. I'm a good Lad.

**Lads:** LADS LADS LADS!

*Mikey throws the milkshake offstage, potentially at a planted audience member.*

*Josh and Hassan cheer.*

**Josh:** Ayy, Mikey you fucking Mad-Lad!

**Mikey:** Shit, she looks pissed! Is she gonna come over?

**Hassan:** I don't think so. Or do you want her to? (*Singing*) Lol, Mikey's on the pull, on the pull, Mikey's on the pull!

*Mikey laughs, and mimes wanking off at the lass.*

**Josh:** *(To the lass)* Yeah that's right, fuck off ya fat bitch! *(To Mikey)* See, now that were easy, weren't it? You can do the next bit no problem!

**Mikey:** You really think so?

**Josh:** I know so. You've got that blood in your veins. That milkshake doesn't just sit on that lass. It sits in you. The blood of Lads. I have it, and Hassan has it. And if you complete the ritual, you'll truly unleash its power. You'll jump and see the stars, mate.

*Hassan pats Mikey on the back. He then looks at his arm.*

**Hassan:** Shit, you've got milkshake all over you!

**Mikey:** Oh sorry, I'll go and wipe it off in the toilets.

**Hassan:** I'll join you. Fuckin' looks like someone's wanked on me.

**Josh:** Would make sense, ya faggot. Decided bum sex was better than sex with Kaitlin?

**Hassan:** Fuck off.

**Josh:** Jeez, I'm havin' a laugh! What's pissed you off today? You'll lose your Lad-hood if you keep acting like this.

**Hassan:** *(Quietly)* Well, then you'd have no Lads left.

**Josh:** What was that?

**Hassan:** *(Sighing, building up his courage)* I said, well then you'd have no Lads left. It's not like you can recruit any more.

**Josh:** I don't need to recruit any. They'll all see the light eventually.

**Hassan:** Will they? Because they might forget about you completely now that they won't let you back at school.

*Beat.*

**Josh:** Fuck off, Hassan.

**Hassan:** I can't fuck off, though, can I? I'm your missionary now. You need me just as much as I need you.

**Josh:** Oh please, you havin' a laugh, mate? You think I need you? I don't need anyone; I've already got the whole universe in my tracksuit pocket. What are you in comparison to that? What makes you so special? Your not-so-secret texts to Kaitlin? Your mam? Your fucking Gogglebox watch parties? You're nothing without me! And if you start getting on your high horse, I'll remind you that I gave you everything you have. And I can just as easily take it away. Or perhaps you'd rather I remind you about Luke?

**Hassan:** (*Shaken*) We don't talk about Luke.

**Josh:** Exactly.

*Pause. Hassan is cowered for now.*

**Josh:** Go get cleaned up, Mikey. If you decide to do the next bit, you've got to look respectful. You too, Hassan. I'll watch the bikes.

**Hassan:** Alright. Come on, Mikey.

*Hassan and Mikey exit.*

*Josh turns to the audience.*

**Josh:** This life isn't easy. Not many people dare to want it. Passers-by scurry along, their heads turned away, their lips pursed, as if breathing our air would corrupt them. They've always been disgusted by us. Afraid of us. When you walk by me, I can see you. You know I can see you. I see all. Hear all. I can see every person's deepest fear just by the look on their face. I can hear them calling out to the sky, begging that I don't say anything. Yell anything. Throw anything. They're praying to their false deities to save them from me. *Me.*

I know they hate me. They've already tried to take me down. That chod Kaitlin got me suspended, it's a fucking joke, that whole school's got it against me! But they can't defeat me. My future is vast. Dad says I can do whatever I set my mind to. Mam wants me to go on to sixth form, but she can fuck right off.



Who needs it? Sixth form doesn't want me anyway. I know they hate me.

No one understands what I can do, except for Hassan and Mikey. They need me, and they know it. Luke forgot that. He fled from the path and chose his descent. This life takes sacrifice! If you're gonna pussy out, then you don't deserve it! But whatever. We don't talk about Luke.

Mikey will make it if he quits being such a wanker. Hassan managed it; he just needs to keep holding on. And me? I was made by it; you think something like that could scare me? Me, the man that runs this fucking universe? You can kill your gods, but me? ME? YOU HAVIN' A LAUGH? I'M NEVER GONNA DIE! IT'S GONNA BE ME FOREVER!

*Pause.*

**Josh:** I know they hate me. Lads are always upfront about that.

*Hassan and Mikey enter.*

**Josh:** Jeez, took you long enough.

**Hassan and Mikey:** Sorry Josh.

**Josh:** Now, Mikey, the hour is almost upon us. The ritual has begun, and can no longer be stopped, or else you will be damned for all eternity. Will you follow us, or do you dare defy us? Will you be a faggot, or a fucking legend?

**Mikey:** I want to be like you. A fucking legend.

**Hassan:** Will you complete the ritual then?

**Mikey:** Well...

*Mikey takes a deep breath, then takes a macho stance.*

**Mikey:** Go on then!

**Hassan:** Ayyyyy, go-on Mikeeey!

**Josh:** Lads, Lads, Lads!

**Mikey:** Lads, Lads, Lads!

**Josh:** Lads, Lads, Lads!

**Hassan and Mikey:** Lads, Lads, Lads!

*The **Lads** bundle together, jumping around and chanting.*

**The Lads:** LADS LADS LADS!

LADS LADS LADS!

LADS LADS LADS!

LADS LADS LADS!

LADS LADS LADS!

*The chanting dies down as the **Lads** exit.*

*The wasteland becomes a McDonald's once more.*

**END**