

# **Burning Rubber**

**an Irish Crime Drama**

**by Jimmy Cunningham**

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Setting:

A council house in a north Dublin housing estate.

Characters:

Karl O'Grady	<i>Social misfit</i>
Declan 'Rubber' Carmody	<i>Functional misfit</i>
Gerry 'Eyebrows' Kelly	<i>Neighbour</i>
Mary Kelly	<i>Neighbour</i>
Willie 'Killer' Campbell	<i>Chinese delivery driver</i>
Fr. Feelim O'Regan	<i>Catholic Priest</i>
'Freddie Krueger'	<i>Hitman</i>
Noel O'Gorman	<i>Detective Garda</i>
Lambo	<i>Mystery man on the mobile phone.</i>

Plot:

Hapless singleton, Karl O'Grady has waited a lifetime to see his beloved Manchester United in the Champions League Final.

With the alcohol on tap, and his best friend 'Rubber' Carmody now in tow, the duo sit down to watch the game on Karl's brand-new High Definition TV.

However, that's when the problems begin, only they're not just confined to the football pitch..!

Scene 1

(Karl and Rubber are relaxing in the sitting room. The Champions League Final is about to start on RTE 2.....)

Karl:                      Thirty years waitin' for this game.....?

(Karl lazing on a sofa chair, dressed in an XXL Manchester United football kit, a can of lager in his right hand)

Rubber:                  And, you're still a 'Fat Bastard', eh....?

(Rubber opening a fresh slab of Coors Lite beer)

Karl:                      At least I'm not a drug dealer.....?

Rubber:                  Ex-drug dealer.

Karl:                      Calm your kacks.....I'm only jerkin' your wire..?

(Karl spraying deodorant under his arms)

Rubber:                  You wish you were jerkin' my wire....?

Karl:                      You sayin' I'm queer.....?

Rubber:                  I'm sayin'.....calm your kacks.....Karl  
Don't ya know...everyone's a bit 'Bi' these days.

Karl:                      'Bi'.....?

Rubber:                    Yeah.  
                              It's all about explorin' ourselves.

Karl:                      Well.....I don't need to explore meself.

Rubber:                   That's because you're too fat to see the bits that matter.

Karl:                      You're cruisin' for a brusin' ...you know that....?

Rubber:                   I'm quakin' in me boots.

Karl:                      Gimme me 'Pinkies' ....?

(Karl referring to Xanax, the anti-anxiety medication)

Rubber:                   Why...?

Karl:                      Because I'm a bit anxious

(Rubber grabbing a box of tablets from beside the sofa)

Rubber:                   You don't need an invite for one of them things....?

(Rubber tossing the box towards Karl)

Karl:                      Why...?

Rubber:                   You get anxious havin' a shit...?

Karl:                      I've genetic anxiety.

(Karl opening the box)

Rubber:                   How'd mean....?

Karl: I was nervous comin' out of the womb....?

Rubber: You were nervous goin' into it.

Karl: Tonight's about me.....ok.

(Karl beating his hands against his chest)

Rubber: Everything's about you.  
And, I mean everything.  
You know what, you remind me of Lizzo....?

Karl: Lizzo.....?

Rubber: Yeah.

Karl: Lizzo wouldn't know what to do with a stud like me....?

(Karl standing up, doing a twirl)

Rubber: Betcha 'Boy George' would....?

Karl: Piss off, Rubber.

Rubber: Jaysus you're sensitive, you know that....?

Karl: It's the time of the month, is that ok....?

Rubber: Whatever...

Karl: A Champions League Final in Rome, eh...?

(Karl putting two 'Pinkies' into his mouth)

Football in the home of the Caesars.

Rubber: Are they the same Caesars....that own the chipper and pizza parlour around the corner.....?

Karl: No.....you dumb bastard.

That's Mario Caesar.

Rome is the home of Julius Caesar.

He's the man who conquered half the known world.

Rubber: Sorry Karl.....but I wouldn't know me arse from elbow..?

Karl: You would, if you could find them, you big fat fuck...?

Rubber: You're not gonna win too many skinny competitions yourself...?

Karl: I'm fat.  
I'm round.  
I'm worth a million pound.

(Karl rubbing his belly)

Rubber: If you were a proper United fan, you'd be in Rome.....?

Karl: Rome's a kip.

Rubber: How would you know....?

Karl: I know, got it.



Rubber: But, you've never been out of Drumcondra.....?

(Rubber referring to the north Dublin suburb)

Karl: Rome's fallin' apart.

Rubber: And, how exactly would you know....?

Karl: I saw it on a BBC travel programme.

Rubber: Rome might be a kip....?  
But this sittin' room's a tip....?

(Rubber kicking a number of empty beer cans across the floor.

Karl: If you're not happy....?  
Piss off back to your own gaff.

(Karl scoffing a large slice of cold pizza)

It's hard enough being disabled, without havin' to clean the house  
everyday.....you know what I mean....?

Rubber: You mean it's hard being a lazy bastard....?

Karl: The Health Service Executive won't pay for a scrubber, so what  
can I do, eh....?

Rubber: You're not fuckin' disabled....?  
You've only got anxiety....?

Karl: Only got anxiety....?

(Karl shaking his head)

I'll have you know....it takes a team of skilled doctors and psychiatrists to keep me stable every day....?

Rubber: That.....and five slabs of Coors Lite beer.....?

Karl: Turn up the volume.

Rubber: Why....?

Karl: Because you're makin' me nervous....?

Rubber: You know there's a Polish bird around the corner that cleans houses....?  
Her name's Maria.

Karl: I'm nervous around women.

Rubber: Why.....?

Karl: They gimme the shits.

(The TV screen suddenly going blank)

Rubber: What the fuck...?

Karl: The satellite must be down in Rome...?

Rubber: Can't be.....?

Karl: Well there's nothing wrong with my TV....?

Rubber: Why' that.....?

Karl: Because I only bought it in Harvey Norman's yesterday.

Rubber: What'll we do....?

Karl: Go next door to 'Eyebrows' Kelly and see has he got the game..?

Rubber: What.....?

Karl: My kitchen rules.....ok...?

Rubber: But I'm the guest in this shithole.....remember....?

Karl: And, I'm Gordon Ramsey.  
Now.....piss off next door.

Rubber: You're supposed to be the one doin' all the donkey work.  
Not me.

Karl: I'm busy.

Rubber: Doin' what....?

Karl: Scractchin' me bollox.

(Karl putting his hand down his pants)

Rubber: For fucks sake.

(Rubber' easing himself off the sofa, making his way towards the front door)

Karl: You know.....I love you Babe.

Rubber: You make me vomit something I never ate, you know that...?

Karl:                      Hurry, Babe.

Rubber: Why....?

Karl: Because I'm losin' me shit lookin' at this blank screen.

(Rubber slamming the door behind him.....Karl picking his nose, rubbing the snot in the chair)

Scene 2

(Five minutes later)

(Rubber re-enters the sitting room)

Rubber: Looks like you're in trouble, 'Fat Boy Slim' ....?

Karl: Whatcha mean....?

(Karl lazing on the sofa, scoffing a large slice of pizza)

Rubber: 'Eyebrows' has the game on his TV.

Karl: A lifetime waitin for this match, and the signal goes dead.

Of all the God-damn luck., eh.....?

Rubber: I reckon you're a jinx....?

Karl: I can't be.

Rubber: Why....?

Karl: I'm disabled.

Rubber: You're not disabled.....you're just fuckin' lazy.

Karl: I'm disabled.

Rubber: Listen 'Sugar Tits' .....we need to come up with a solution,

and pronto....?

Karl: Well, I'm not goin next door....to listen to 'Eyebrows' Kelly talkin shite about Man United..?

Rubber: What'll we do.....?

Karl: Go across the road to Billy Tobin's and get the ladder.

(Karl referring to his close neighbour)

Rubber: Why.....?

Karl: Because I'm goin up on the roof to fix the satellite.

Rubber: What.....?

Karl: It's bound to be a connection problem, eh....?

Rubber: Are you sure.....?

Karl: No.

Rubber: So we're fucked.....?

Karl: Is that a rhetorical question.....?

Rubber: You what.....?

(Rubber not understanding the meaning of the word 'Rhetorical')

Why don't we just go down to 'Piddler Donnelly's' pub  
and see the game.....?

(Rubber referring to the popular pub, situated five minutes-away from Karl's house)

Karl: No can do.

Rubber: Why....?

Karl: I spent me disability cash on that telly.

Rubber: Moron.  
How much....?

Karl: Seven hundred euros.

Rubber: I could've robbed you one for fifty.

Karl: Get the ladder, eh....?

Rubber: Leave the donkey work to Rubber, is that it....?

Karl: Donkey is right.

Rubber: You've a neck like a jockey's bollox asking me to the all the work...?

Karl: You're just a 'lackey' Rubber.

Rubber: What did you call me....?

Karl: A 'lackey'.....?

Rubber: I'd rather be a lackey than a Jimmy Saville lookalike.

Karl: Howza.....Howza.....Howza.

(Karl waiving his hands wildly in the air)

Rubber:                                      You've no shame, have you....?

Karl;                                        Not a bit.  
    Now.....hurry up....because the game's already five minutes  
    old.

Rubber:                                      Lazy.....lazy.....?

(Rubber again exiting the sitting room., making his way across the road to retrieve the ladder)



Scene 3

(Fifteen minutes later)

(Karl is now standing in his front garden waiting for Rubber to return)

Karl: Well.....you took your time, eh Sinbad.....?

(Karl staring at his wristwatch)

Rubber: You never told me, you have to talk to Billy Tobin before he gives you the ladder.....?

(Rubber placing the ladder against the wall of the house)

Karl: And.....?

Rubber: It's purgatory askin' him for anything.....'?

Karl: Billy's Billy, eh.....?

Rubber: What's that supposed to mean.....?

Karl: He's obsessive compulsive about everything.

Rubber: And.....?

Karl: He doesn't like parting with his own piss.

Rubber: You coulda told me, you 'Big Fat Fuck'.....?

Karl: I forgot to say he's married to the ladder.....?

Rubber: Do you know, what to do up on the roof.....?

Karl: No

But...it can't be that hard to get the connection sorted, eh...?

(Karl making his way up the ladder, farting out loud)

Rubber: You're a dirty filthy yoke, you know that....?

Karl: It was the seagull not me.

(Karl pointing to a large bird on the roof)

Rubber: Well that seagull must have eaten steak and kidney pie for its dinner.....?

Karl: They're big seagulls in Drumcondra.  
Those fellas eat everythin'.  
Even cats and dogs.

Rubber: Take your time, Karl.  
But.....do hurry up, eh.....?

Karl: Why.....?

Rubber: Because I want to see the game before the Paris Olympics in 2024.

Karl: Lick me back passage.....?

Rubber: I'll do no such thing.

(Karl crawling onto the roof, making his way towards the chimney stack, the satellite dish in full view)

Karl: I can see the problem.  
I can see it. ....

Rubber: What is it.....?

Karl: The wire's disconnected.

(Karl pushing the wire back into the socket, affixing black tape around the connector)

Rubber: We're back in business, 'Fat Bastard'.

Karl: How so.....?

Rubber: Because the game's back on the telly.

(Rubber staring at the TV screen through the sitting room window)

Karl: Whatever you do, don't thank me.....?

Rubber: I won't.

Karl: Watch the ladder, because I'm on me way down.

Rubber: Whatever you do, don't fall, eh.....?

Karl: No chance.

(Karl making his way towards the ladder)

Rubber: Looks like Real's all over United.....?

(Rubber holding the ladder tightly)

Are you ready to get down, 'Fat Boy Slim'....?

Karl: No.

(Karl staring down the ladder)

Rubber: Why.....?

Karl: The head's gone.

Rubber: Whatcha mean the head's gone.....?

Karl: I can't get down.

Rubber: Get down the same way you got up.....?

Karl: It's not that simple when the head goes.

Rubber: What.....?

Karl: I've lost me nerve.

Rubber: Throw your leg over the God damned ladder, and get down you big wuss.

Karl: No can do 'Bro'.

Rubber: What.....?

Karl: Me nerves is shattered.  
I'm glued to the spot.  
I can't make a decision.....?  
Or can I.....?  
No.....?

I can't make a decision.

I think I'm goosed.

Rubber: You've waited thirty years for this game.....?

Karl: I know.

Rubber: Get down off the roof.....?

Karl: I'm havin' a panic attack.

Rubber: What.....?

Karl: I told you, I can't get down.

(Karl taking deep breaths)

In fact.

I can't move, full stop.

Rubber: In the name of Jaysus.....?

Karl: What's your problem with Jaysus.....?

Rubber: You're making a holy show of us.  
Now, a grip, will you.....?

Karl: I'll grip you by the balls.

Rubber: Only if you can get down, 'Fat Boy'.

Karl: You're an asshole.

Rubber: Seriously, will you not just throw the leg over.....?

Karl: I'm too scared.

Rubber: Pretend you're throwin' the leg over Belinda Sheridan,  
eh...?

Karl: I'd never throw the leg over her.

Rubber: Why....?

Karl: That's a fate worse than hell  
Face it, 'Rubber'.  
The head's gone.  
I'm goosed.

Rubber: You've only got one option....?

Karl: What's that....?

Rubber: Phone the fire brigade

Karl: No can do.

Rubber: Why not.....?

Karl: It'll cost eight hundred euros to get them boyos out.

Rubber: But they're essential workers.  
They saved us during COVID.

Karl: That was their job.  
Now they want everyone to tap them on the back.  
Essential workers me arse.

Rubber: You've a terrible mind, you know that Karl...?

Karl: I'm disabled.

Rubber: Just phone the Fire Brigade....?

Karl: I can't.

Rubber: Why.....?

Karl: Because I spent me disability on booze, and the TV.

Rubber: Well, you have to see this game.....?

Karl: Do you think I'm up here for the view...?

Rubber: Have you not got the game recorded...?

Karl: No.

Rubber: Why....?

Karl: Because me satellite box doesn't have a record function.

Rubber: What....?

Karl: And.....I don't have a SKY subscription.

Rubber: You're nothing but a poverty-stricken waster, you know that..?

Karl: How do you make that out....?

Rubber: Sure everyone's got SKY these days.  
Even the Protestant Minister around the corner has it.

Karl: Well.....I haven't.

Rubber: And.....why's that.....?

Karl: Because.....I'm on disability.

Rubber: It's because your stingy.  
In fact...you're so mean you charge yourself to breathe.

Karl: In my world.....it's Sky Sports or Coors Lite....?

Rubber: And.....you opted for Coors Lite, eh....?

Karl: Oh yeah.  
Now.....phone the fire brigade.

Rubber: And, tell them what....?

Karl: There's a major emergency in Drumcondra.

Rubber: Emergency.....?

Karl: Yeah.

Rubber: You mean emergency bag of shite stuck on his own roof.

Karl: What did you say.....?

Rubber: I'll phone them now.

(Rubber taking out his mobile phone.....dialling out)



Scene 4

(Ten minutes later)

(Rubber makes his way back towards the bottom of the ladder)

Rubber: I've bad news.....'Big Bird'.....?

Karl: What.....?

Rubber: The fire crew's dealing with a car crash on the M1 motorway.

Karl: Essential workers my arse.  
Nothin' but a bunch of wasters.

Rubber: It'll be about two hours before they get here.

Karl: Sure the game will be over by that stage.....?

Rubber: It is, as it is.

(Rubber picking his nose)

Karl: Those fire crews are useless.

(Karl staring down the ladder)

They never arrive, when you really need them, eh.....?

Rubber: They're busy.....you fuckin' handicap.

Now get down the ladder.

Karl: I told you, the head's gone.  
A thousand Lizzo's won't get me down at this stage.....?

Rubber: In the name of Jaysus.....get down, before I swing for you.

Karl: When the head's gone the head's gone.

Rubber: What'll we do with you.....?

Karl: Go inside and get me a box of 'Pinkies'.

Rubber: Bastards.

(Rubber staring through the sitting room window)

Karl: What's up.....?

Rubber: Madrid's one up.

Karl: Who scored.....?

Rubber: Benzema.

Karl: French bastard.

(Karl shaking his head)

Get the drugs before I lose the plot, eh.....?

Rubber: You've already lost the plot, Karl.

Karl: Just get the Xanax.

Rubber: Or what.....?

Karl: Or I'll shit meself.

Rubber: Fuckin' imbecile.

(Karl sitting on the roof, Rubber making his way inside the house)

Scene 5

(Five minutes later)

(Rubber exits the house and stands next to the ladder)

Karl:                               What took you so long.....?

(Karl staring down the ladder)

Rubber:                            I had to go for a shit.

(Rubber holding a box of Xanax tablets)

Karl:                               You're a selfish bastard, you know that...?

Rubber:                           Why.....?

Karl:                               Because it's always you first.....?

Rubber:                           I got you your box, didn't I.....?

Karl:                               You didn't need a fuckin' shit.....?

Rubber:                           I did.  
It's always Karl way's or no way, eh.....?

Karl:                               You betcha.

Rubber: You're nothin but a big diva, you know that.....?

(Rubber making his way up the ladder, putting the Xanax box on the gutter)

Karl: Heaven in the shape of a pink pill, eh....?

(Karl swallowing three pills in quick succession)

Rubber: Now.....gimme your hand.....?

Karl: No.

Rubber: Why....?

Karl: Because people will think we're gay....?

Rubber: I told you.....it's cool to be gay today.  
Now, cop yourself on.

Karl: No can do.

Rubber: Why.....?

Karl: You might drag me to me death.....?

Rubber: I'm trying to help you, you dumb fuck.

Karl: I don't trust you.

Rubber:                      What.....?

Karl: I'm frozen to the spot.

Rubber: You're useless, you know that...?

(Rubber making his way down the ladder, shaking his head in disbelief)

Karl: I just can't do it.  
I'll have to wait until the 'Pinkies' kick in.  
Me head's gone.

('Eyebrows' Kelly appearing at his front door, staring at the commotion next door)

Eyebrows: What in the name of God.....?  
I thought you'd be inside screaming for United....?

(Eyebrows staring up at Karl)

Karl: Obviously fuckin' not, eh.....?

Eyebrows: Did you shit in the gutter.....?

Rubber: No.....Karl's stuck.

Eyebrows: He's not stuck  
Karl's just a big lazy big fat wuss.

Karl: That's it.  
Sneer the cripple, eh.....?

Eyebrows: You're just a big sap.  
Now, shift your arse, Karl.....?

Karl: The head's gone 'Eyebrows'.  
I can't get down.

Eyebrows: But you've waited thirty years for United to reach the  
Champions League Final.....?

Karl: I know.

Eyebrows: And.....you get stuck on the roof.....?

Karl: Yep.

Eyebrows: You're a retard, you know that.....?

Karl: I've got anxiety issues.

Eyebrows: There's no such thing as anxiety.

Karl: What did you say.....?

Eyebrows: There's no such thing as anxiety.

Karl: You wouldn't understand.....?

Eyebrows: Anxiety's just the dizziness of freedom.

Karl: My psychiatrist says I've got anxiety.

Eyebrows: Your psychiatrist's full of shit.

Karl: Why.....?

Eyebrows: He's just pandering to you

Karl: He understands me.

Eyebrows: If you're desperate enough.  
You'll get down the fuckin' ladder.

Karl: The head's gone, I can't move.

Eyebrows: Come out, Mary.....?

(Eyebrows referring to his wife Mary)

You gotta see this.

(Mary opening the sitting room window, staring up at Karl)

Mary: What in the name of Jaysus is up with him now.....?

Eyebrows: Karl's having a shit attack on the roof.

Mary: You're a fuckin' gobshite, you know that Karl....?

Karl: Sorry, Mary.

Mary: What are you doin'.....?

Karl: I'm stuck.

Mary: What....?

Karl: The head's gone.

Mary: I bet if I flash me tits you'll get down.

Karl: Don't think so.

Mary: They're the biggest in the estate....?

Karl: No can do, Mary.  
Keep your baps in the bra.  
It's official.



The head's gone.  
Simple as that.

Rubber: Bastards.

(Rubber staring at the TV)

Karl: What's up.....?

Rubber: Madrid's two up.

Karl: Who scored.....?

Rubber: Modric.

Karl: Croatian fucker.

Rubber: Will you not get down.....?

Karl: No.

Rubber: This game's gettin' serious.....?

Karl: Do you think I'm up here for the craic....?

Rubber: Have the drugs not kicked in yet....?

Karl: No.

Rubber: How do you know....?

Karl: Me shoulders haven't dropped yet.

Rubber: It'll be half time soon.  
And....?

Karl: And what....?

Rubber: I'm gettin' colder by the second.

Karl: You selfish little bastard.

Rubber: Sorry Karl.

Karl: It's even colder on the roof when you're having a panic attack..?

Rubber: Please shift your arse.....eh Karl...?

Karl: These things take time.

Rubber: Well, I'm missin' the biggest of the year.

Karl: You're a horrible insensitive human being, do you know that..?

Rubber: I'm freezin' me tits off.....Karl.

Karl: What type of a friend are you.....?

Rubber: I'm the best one you'll ever have.

Karl: Xanax is the best friend I have.

Rubber: I've got an idea.....?

Karl: It better be good.....?

Rubber: It's the best idea I've had in while.

Karl: What is it.....because I'll do anythin to get off this fuckin'

roof.....?

Rubber: Why not take some cocaine.....?

Karl: Cocaine.....?

Rubber: Yeah.

Karl: Why would I take that shite.....?

Rubber: Might give you the balls to get down.....?

Eyebrows: That's a good idea.  
A line of coke might give you wings, eh...?

Karl: Cocaine is not Red Bull.  
I think you two cunts' want me dead.....?

Rubber: You haven't givin' the coke a chance.

Eyebrows: Just look at yourself, Karl.

Karl: Whatcha mean....?

Eyebrows: You're paranoid as fuck.

Karl: That's the fear inside me.

Eyebrows: Bollox.

Karl: I'm not doing coke full stop.

Rubber: Bosco Murphy's got the best coke in the estate.

Mary: He's tellin' the truth, Karl.

Bosco's coke makes me randy as fuck.

Rubber: Lemme give him a bell, eh....?

Karl: I thought you said you're out of the drugs business...?

Rubber: I am.  
Now, try the coke.....?

Karl: I don't give a fuck if it's coke from Pablo Escobar.  
I'm not doin cocaine to get off the roof.

Eyebrows: That's your choice, but you'll miss the match....?

Karl: The coke will fuck up me head.

Mary: Sure your head's already fucked up.

Rubber: And, it'll be more fucked if you miss the final.....?

Eyebrows: Don't worry Karl.

Karl: Why....?

Eyebrows: I've recorded it on SKY.

Karl: I'm not goin' into your house.

Eyebrows: Why.....?

Karl: Because Mary's always touchin' me up....?

Eyebrows: Don't mind my Mary.

Karl: Why.....?

Eyebrows: Right now, she'd ride a statue if she could...?

Karl: Why.....?

Eyebrows: Mary's on the good side of the menopause.

Karl: What side is that....?

Eyebrows: The randy side.

Karl: Your Mary thinks I look like George Clooney.....?

Eyebrows: That's the medication fuckin' with her head.  
Everyone knows you look like Jimmy Saville.

Karl: I don't trust your Mary.

Eyebrows: Whatever you say, 'Fat Boy'.....?  
Now, listen up Karl.

Karl: I'm listenin'.....?

Eyebrows: I'm goin' inside.

Karl: Why....?

Eyebrows: Because it's fuckin' freezin' out here.

Karl: You're a real pal, eh....?

Eyebrows: Best of luck, Karl.  
See ya around, eh....?

(Eyebrows shutting the front door, Rubber staring in the sitting room widow)

Karl: Anythin' happenin'.....'Shit for Brains'....?

(Karl staring down the ladder at Rubber)

Rubber: It's half time.  
Roy Keane's talking about the game.

Karl: I wouldn't listen to a word from that treacherous wanker.

Rubber: Why.....?

Karl: He ditched Ireland when we needed him most.  
SKY's got no morals....dealin' with scum like that.

Rubber: I've got a little problem....?

(Rubber putting his hands around his waist)

Karl: What's up....?

Rubber: I need another shit.

Karl: For fucks sake.

Rubber: What's your problem.....?

Karl: That's all you're good for.....eatin', shitein', and then  
eatin' again.

Rubber: Sure shittin' is what makes us human....?

Karl: I'm dyin' a death up here, and all you can think about is

yourself.....?

Rubber: I can't hold the ladder.....unless I have a shit.

Karl: Go to the God damn toilet.

Rubber: Fair play, Karl.

Karl: But....?

Rubber: But what.....?

Karl: When you're finished.....?

Rubber: I'm listenin'.

Karl: Open the window and bleach the toilet seat.

Rubber: You're a star, Karl.....you that....?

Karl: Don't mention it.

And....?

Rubber: And what.....?

Karl: Don't leave any floaters in my bog.

Rubber: Will do.

Karl: You will fuckin' not...?

Rubber: Gotta go.

(Rubber making his way inside the house, Karl resting on the roof)

Scene 6

(Ten minutes later)

(Rubber exits the house and stands next to the ladder)

Rubber:                               Job done.

(Rubber buckling the belt on his jeans)

Karl:                                 Did you open the bathroom window.....?

Rubber:                             The window's open.

Karl:                                 And, the smell.....?

Rubber:                             It's goin' out the window as we speak.

Karl:                                 You know I hate the smell of shit.....?

Rubber:                             Sure everyone's shit smells.....?

Karl:                                 Not mine.

Rubber:                             Especially fuckin' yours.



Karl: Next time....?

Rubber: Yeah.....?

Karl: Shit in your own gaff, eh.....?

(Karl and Rubber distracted by the sound of police sirens in the distance)

Rubber: I wonder what that's about....?

Karl: Not my problem.

Rubber: Whatcha mean.....?

Karl: If it's not about me.....I couldn't care.

Rubber: Do you fancy a Chinese....?

Karl: From where.....?

Rubber: 'Shit Sue's'

(Rubber referring to Drumcondra's newest Chinese take away)

Karl: Defo.

(Karl rubbing his belly)

Anxiety makes me hungry, you know that....?

Rubber: Fresh air make you hungry.

Karl: Sneer the cripple, eh Rubber.....?

Rubber: What do you fancy....?

Karl: Singapore style rice.

Rubber: That it....?

Karl: And.....chicken balls.

And.....prawn crackers.

And....skewered chicken.

And.....?

Rubber: Anythin' else.....?

Karl: Tell the chef to put the grease in a separate bag.

Rubber: Why....?

Karl: So I can use it on me chips later.

Rubber: Can I use your house phone to place the order....?

Karl: Why....?

Rubber: Because I've no credit left on me mobile.

Karl: Holy Lamb of Divine Jaysus.

Rubber: What's wrong.....?

Karl: You're nothin' but a blood suckin' parasite.

Rubber: Whatcha mean.....?

Karl: Always scabbin' off people.

Rubber: Do you want to be fed or not....?

Karl: Make the call.

Rubber: A simple 'Thank You' wouldn't go amiss....?

Karl: Lick my enormous anal passage, please.

Rubber: I rather use me own shite for toothpaste.

Karl: That's your choice.

(Rubber making his way inside the house, Karl sitting patiently on the roof)

## Scene 7

(Twenty minutes later)

(A white van pulls up outside the house, delivery driver Willie ‘Killer’ Campbell exits the vehicle, staring up at Karl on the roof)

Willie: What in the name of divine fuck.....?

(Willie kick opening the gate, two bags of goodies under each arm)

Rubber: Karl's stuck on the roof.

(Rubber smoking a cigarette, drinking a can of Coors Lite beer)

Willie: Why did he get up there in the first place.....?

Rubber: He was fixin' the satellite to look at the Champions League Final.

Willie: I know Man United supporters are morons.  
But.....?

Rubber: But what.....?

Willie: Who the fuck, gets up on the roof on a night like this....?

Rubber: Our Karl.

Karl: Me head's gone 'Killer'.

Willie: Why....?

Karl: I can't get down.

Willie: You're a disaster spelt with a capital 'D', you know that....?

Karl: And you're a cunt spelt with a capital 'K'.....?

Willie: Maybe we'll give Herbie Mc Donagh a shout.....?

Karl: What.....?

Willie: He'll bring over the teleporter.  
You'll be down in a jiffy.

Karl: But, that'll cost money.....?

Willie: And.....?

Karl: I'd rather die up here than let Herbie rescue me.

Willie: He'd be doin' you a good turn.

Karl: That bastard's so mean he charges himself to breathe.

Willie: At least you'll be down for the second half.....?

Karl: I'm not payin' good money just to get me off me own roof....?

Willie: But you put yourself up there.....?

Karl: I need sympathy, not criticism right now.

Willie: The offer still stands.....?

(Willie climbing up the ladder, putting Karl's food into the gutter, together with a courtesy can of Coca Cola)

Karl: I didn't order a coke.....?

Willie: It's on the house.

Karl: I'll drink it so.

Willie: Must go.

Karl: Why.....?

Willie: Busy night on the town.

(Willie making his way down the ladder, hurrying towards his transit van)

Karl: Sure leave the cripple behind, eh.....?

Willie: As I said, you put yourself up there....?

Karl: And....?

Willie: Now find your own way down.

Karl: Fuck you 'Killer'.

Willie: Fuck you too, Karl.

(Willie immediately jumps into his van, the vehicle speeding away, Karl tucking into his meal)

Rubber: Holy Bollox.

(Rubber staring through the sitting room window)

Karl:                       Something wrong with the food.....?

Rubber: Three nil to Madrid.

Karl: Who scored.....?

(Karl munching on a large chicken ball)

Rubber: Ramos

(Rubber's mouth full of noodles)

Karl: Spanish cunt.

Rubber: Any movement up there....?

Karl: Only me bowels.

Rubber:                      Nothin' new there, eh....?

Karl: No, but for the record, me head's still gone.....?

Rubber: Bad news.

Karl:                      What.....?

Rubber: Jacqueline Byrne's after posting on Facebook that you're stuck on the roof.

Karl: She's just a nosey bitch.

Rubber: Why.....?

Karl: Always suckin' someone's cock, or tuckin' into someone's wallet.

Rubber: I wish she'd suck my cock.....?

Karl: She would if she could find it....?

Rubber: Fuck you, Karl.

Karl: Fuck you, Rubber.

Rubber: I posted you're not stuck.

Karl: I thought you'd no credit on your phone.....?

Rubber: I'm usin' the WIFI from your gaff.

Karl: You sneaky sneaky bastard, you know that....?

Rubber: I told her you're fixing the satellite.

Karl: Fair play Rubber.

Rubber: Thanks.

Karl: You know, you're safer than Durex.....?

Rubber: Thanks Karl.  
Mind you.....you've loads of likes on the page.

Karl: It's not likes I'm after.

Rubber: What then.....?



Karl: I want licks.  
And.....plenty of them.

(Karl rubbing his crotch)

Rubber: Fuckin' magic....?

Karl: Why...?

Rubber: Goal for United.

Karl: Who scored....?

Rubber: Ronaldo

Karl: Portuguese bastard.

Rubber: Have you anythin' good to say about anyone...?

Karl: No.

Rubber: Not even your own mother....?

Karl: No.  
And, she's in the grave twenty years.

Rubber: Bet old Lulu's glad she's there, eh.....?

Karl: Mammy was a burden.

Rubber: You're unbelievable, you know that Karl.....?

Karl: Sometimes bad shit just comes out of me mouth.

Rubber: Well close your fuckin' gob, eh....?

Karl: I can't.....?

Rubber: Why.....?

Karl: Me psychiatrist says me brain and me tongue aren't connected.

Rubber: What.....?

Karl: Seems....I'm not evolved enough, for all this PC bullshit.

Rubber: You better start to learn .....?

Karl: I know what I know, if you know what I mean, eh.....?

Rubber: You've got more teeth than brain cells, you know that....?

Karl: Thanks.

Rubber: How's the head.....?

Karl: Still gone.

Rubber: And.....the 'Pinkies'?

Karl: Still haven't kicked in yet.

Rubber: For fucks sake, Karl.

Karl: What.....?

Rubber: It'll take the Coast Guard Helicopter to get you off the

roof.....?

Karl:

We'll wait so.

(Rubber staring at You Tube videos on his phone, while Karl stares at the evening sun slowly setting in the west)

## Scene 8

(Five minutes later)

(Karl and Rubber are suddenly distracted by series of loud bangs in a nearby alleyway)

Karl: What the fuck was that.....?

(Karl standing up)

Rubber: It's either bangers or bullets.

Karl:                         Sounded like gunshots to me.....?

Rubber: Can't be gunshots...?

Karl: Why.....?

Rubber: There's no-one around this shithole of a place worth shootin'...?

Karl: I can hear screamin' down the lane-way.

(A young man wearing a 'Freddie Krueger' mask suddenly runs past the house, then stops for a moment)

Freddie K: What the fuck are you two goons lookin' at....?