

*out a pint of milk. Sniffs it. Pours half the milk in. Takes a half-bottle of vodka out of his arse pocket, pours half of it into the glass. From the goggle-strap on his helmet he takes a wrap of speed, rips it in two, sprinkles it in. Cracks the egg into the glass, swirls it and drinks it down in one. He lets out a long, feral bellow, from the heart of the earth.*

*He lights the spliff, and stalks across the clearing, doing steps, and ends up over to the side of the clearing as the song ends, pissing up against a tree, his back to us.*

I dreamt all night of waterfalls. (Beat.) Riches. Fame. A glimpse of God's tail... Comes a time you'd swap it all for a solid golden piss on English soil.

*Distant drumming starts. Accordions. A hundred distant voices sing:*

VOICES.

With the merry ring, adieu the merry spring,  
For summer is a-come unto day,  
How happy is the little bird that merrily doth sing,  
In the merry morning of May.

Unite and unite,  
For summer is a-come unto day,  
And wither we are going we all unite,  
In the merry morning of May!

*Enter GINGER, from behind the trailer, singing:*

GINGER.

Unite and unite,  
For summer is a-come unto day,  
And wither we are going we all unite,  
In the merry morning of May!

Morning, Rooster!

JOHNNY. Morning, Ginger.

*GINGER starts robotics, moonwalking and doing 'the crouch' all at the same time.*

