

ACT ONE

England at midnight. A clearing in a moonlit wood. At the back of the clearing stands an old forty-foot mobile home. The deafening bass pumps from within, and from speakers on the roof. People dancing wildly, with abandon. Through the windows we can glimpse more people dancing. They're shouting to be heard, but we can't hear what.

Blackout. Music continues, until...

Birdsong.

Now we can see that the mobile home stands in a fairly permanent state. The old Wessex flag (a golden Wyvern dragon against a red background) flies from one end. An old rusted metal railway sign screwed to the mobile home reads 'Waterloo'.

A porch stands out front – an old mouldy couch stands on the porch deck. Lots of junk. An old hand-cranked air-raid siren. Stuck to the porch post is an old submarine klaxon. An old record player, with a stand-alone speaker. An old American-style fridge. Stacks of old LPs.

Underneath, a chicken coop. Chopped wood under a lean-to. Rubbish. Empty bottles. A car seat, a swing. An old windchime. A garden table, and four red Coca-Cola plastic chairs. A rusty Swingball set.

In the middle of the copse, the remains of a smashed television.

A man, PARSONS, in a suit with a reflective jacket and case enters the copse. He takes a photograph of the smashed television. Another of the mess on the table. He gingerly picks his way to the front door.

He is followed by a woman, FAWCETT, dressed the same. With a clipboard. She surveys the clearing.

