

*They leave. A man of about fifty, JOHNNY, sticks his head out the top of the trailer. He has the loudhailer.*

JOHNNY. Testing. Testing, one two. This is Rooster Byron's dog, Shep, informing Kennet and Avon Council to go fuck itself. Woof woof!

*The hatch shuts. Impossibly fast, the front door opens and the same man appears. Wiry. Weathered; drinker's mug. Bare chest. Helmet. Goggles. Loudhailer. Despite a slight limp, he moves with the balance of a dancer, or animal.*

Hear ye, hear ye. With the power invested in me by Rooster Johnny Byron – who can't be here on account of the fact he's in Barbados this week with Kate Moss – I, his faithful hound Shep, hereby instruct Kennet and Avon to tell Bren Glewstone, and Ros Taylor, and her twat son, and all those sorry cunts on the New Estate, Rooster Byron ain't going nowhere. Happy St George's Day. Now kiss my beggar arse, you Puritans!

*In one practised move he lets off an unexpected airhorn blare into the loudhailer, a long blast. And with that he hangs the loudhailer on a hook (like he does this every day), lifts his goggles, throws the needle on the record player, flicks the 'V's in their general departing direction. He turns and heads across the clearing, just as a crackly 45 of 'Somebody Done Changed the Lock On My Door' by Champion Jack Dupree crackles out of the two speakers strapped to the top of the mobile home.*

*He yawns his way over to a trough, takes off his helmet, scoops up water and pours it over his face. Shakes himself awake. No good. He kneels and sticks his head in the trough.*

*Heads back across. Stops. Picks something up. Holds it up to the light. A dropped spliff. He pops it behind his ear. Opens the chicken coop, fishes around for an egg.*

*On the table on the deck, he picks up a pint glass from several. It's got about ten cigarette butts floating in two inches of golden gunk. He tosses it. Opens the fridge. Takes*

