

DAVEY Side 1

DAVEY. Lush. Aren't you supposed to be gone?

LEE. 6 a.m., mate. Bus from Chippenham.

DAVEY. Rather you than me, mate. I've never seen the point of other countries. I leave Wiltshire, my ears pop. Seriously. I'm on my bike, pedalling along, see a sign says 'Welcome to Berkshire', I turn straight round. I don't like to go east of Wootton Bassett. Suddenly it's Reading, then London, then before you know where you are you're in France, and then there's just countries popping up all over. What's that about? I can't help it if I like it here. I can't help it if I'm happy. Here, Rooster. Who are your mates?

JOHNNY. What mates?

DAVEY. Bloke and a bird coming through the wood. Suits. Clipboards.

JOHNNY. Oh, them. Them's MI6. They want to know if I'll join the Cabinet. I told them to fuck off, I'm busy today.

GINGER *is looking at the notice on the door.*

GINGER. What's this?

JOHNNY. Don't you touch that. That's my bog paper, that. I shall be wiping my arse on that shortly so I don't want your grubby dabs all over it...

GINGER. Looks serious. Says 'Kennet and Avon Council' on the top. With numbers. And a seal.

JOHNNY. I ain't scared of Kennet and Avon. I been running rings round that lot since before you were born. There's council officials ten

years dead, wake up in cold wet graves hollering the name of Rooster Byron. I'm in their dreams and their worst nightmares. Besides. My lawyers in New York deal with all that. Here, Davey? Did you smash my telly up?

DAVEY. No, son. You did. With a cricket bat.

JOHNNY. Bollocks.

DAVEY. You should have been there, Ginge. It was hysterical.

GINGER. You're right. I should have.

JOHNNY. Bollocks. That's a brand-new telly.

DAVEY. You wanna see it. Hang about. I've got it here.

He takes out his phone. Squints.

Here, you do it. My eyes don't work.

DAVEY Side 2

DAVEY (*calling after him*). Here, mate. Flintock's this way. Come back! (*Laughs.*) I tell you. I am. I am such a dick.

LEE (*knocks*). Rooster, mate. It's Lee. I just want to say goodbye, mate.

DAVEY. You ask me. The day they built the New Estate, Rooster's drinking in the last-chance saloon. You watch. A year from now there'll be fifty new houses right here. The New Estate will be the Old Estate, and shit will still be brown. Because that – (*He pulls out his shirt to make tits and emits an impressive alto warble.*) – that is the fat lady singing.

LEE *knocks again. Hangs his goldfish on a hook on the porch.*
What you doing?

LEE. It's a present.

DAVEY. I wouldn't worry too much, boy. Rooster Byron's got a heart of stone. (*Off LEE's look.*) What did I do? Mate. Number one, I never pissed on him. I just filmed it. Don't shoot the messenger.

LEE. It's not funny.

DAVEY. It was when I showed you it.

LEE. Well, it ain't funny now.

DAVEY. I suppose you had to be there. (*Beat.*) You ready for your dreamquest then? Ready to go? Only a few hours left, mate.

LEE *looks at his watch. Puts his head in his hands.*

LEE. I was supposed to have a quiet one.

DAVEY. 6 a.m. You miss that bus, you're stuck in Flintock for ever. You want another tab?

LEE. Fuck off. (*To himself.*) I gotta sober up.

DAVEY. Why do you want to change your name?

LEE. I don't want to change my name.

DAVEY. Seriously, why do you –

LEE. You wouldn't understand.

DAVEY. Try me, Lee Piper. Try me.

LEE. You're David Dean.

DAVEY. Yes, mate.

LEE. David Dean from Flintock.

DAVEY. Absolutely.

LEE. Nothing else.

DAVEY. Nothing but.

LEE. Never nothing else? Just David Dean.

DAVEY. Not ever. Not once. (*Pause.*) My name's David Dean. I work in the abattoir. Get there six in the morning – hungover, hazmat suit, goggles – and I stand there and I slay two hundred cows. Wham. Next

contestant. What's your name and where d'you come from? (*Mimes killing a cow.*) Wham! Have lunch. Pot Noodle. Come back. Slay two hundred more. End of the week, I walk out of there. I'll tell you what I ain't thinking. I ain't thinking: 'Perhaps I'll change my name. Get a Celtic tattoo. See this on my arse? That symbolises the Harmony of the Spheres. That's Vishnu, God of Gayness.' I'll tell you what I'm thinking: 'Shag on. It's the weekend. Pay me. Show me the paper, and shag on.' I wish you well on your quest, Frodo. But whatever you change your name to, you're still Lee Piper; and wherever you go in this world, when you get off the plane, boat, train or crawl out of the jungle smeared in paint, the bloke waiting to meet you is also called Lee Piper. Make paper. Make more paper. Shag on.