

GINGER Side 1

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.*

GINGER (*rapping*).

It's the fair, it's the Flintock Fair.
It's the motherfucking Flintock Fair.
It's the fair, it's the Flintock Fair.
It's shit. But you love it.

He puts his hand to his ear and air-scratches on an air-turnstile, he spins himself round 360-degrees. Instantly stops. Looks around.

Hang on, stop. Stop the bus. What happened? What happened here?

JOHNNY. Where? Nothing.

GINGER. Bollocks. What happened?

JOHNNY. What?

GINGER. Don't give me that.
Beat.

JOHNNY. It was a gathering.

GINGER. Don't look like a gathering.

JOHNNY. Was impromptu. Few people showed up. Snowballed.

GINGER. Why didn't you call?

JOHNNY. Look, don't start. I've got a throbbing on.

GINGER. Or text me. Never leave a man on the ground...

JOHNNY. I thought you was busy.

GINGER. Who said... (*Stops.*) Fucking... (*Stops.*) *Sex and the City*, mate. Fuckin' Jools Holland then three hours of Pacman on my phone. Not what you'd call a classic. I thought we was mates.

JOHNNY. We are mates.

GINGER. Then pick up the phone. Or text me.

JOHNNY. Ginger –

GINGER. Well, that's that. I've missed a party. That's one I'll never get back. Cheers. I'm just saying. Cheers. Thanks.

GINGER Side 2

GINGER. People came from Berkshire. Dorset. Somerset, just to see him.

LEE. Do what?

PEA. Get his bollocks out.

TANYA. Try and shag your mums?

GINGER. He was a daredevil. Used to jump buses on a trials bike. All over Wiltshire. Dorset. The Downs. He jumped the lot. Buses, tanks. Horseboxes. Jumped an aqueduct once. He was gonna jump Stonehenge but the council put a stop to it.

LEE. And the rest.

GINGER. Local celebrity, mate. Flintock Fair, 1978, he jumped thirteen buses.

PEA. Was they double-deckers?

TANYA. I bet they weren't. I bet they was Busy Bees.

GINGER. They never had Busy Bees back then. They'd be double-deckers all right. May Days. Open Days. Agricultural shows. Salisbury. Taunton. Bournemouth. Bath. Broke every bone in his body. Broke his back in Swindon. Both arms in Calne. His legs in Devizes. His neck in Newbury. Then, at the Flintock Fair, 1981, he died.

LEE. What?

GINGER. He tried to jump twenty eighteen-wheelers, and he fucked it up, and he died.

LEE. Bollocks.

GINGER. Mate, I was there. I saw it with my own eyes. He was jumping all these eighteen-wheelers over in Stroyer's Farm. Two thousand people at least. It was chucking it down and he skidded on the ramp and flies through the air and he hits this one truck doing about eighty mile an hour. He cartwheels across the field like a rag doll and lies stone still. St John's Ambulance ton it over. 'Stand clear.' Heart massage. Mouth-to-mouth. He's dead. They pronounce him stone dead. St John's put a blanket over him. Paperwork, everything. All the mums are crying, how they should build a statue to him in the town square, when suddenly everyone turns round and he's gone. He's vanished. There's just a blanket with nothing under it. They follow this trail of blood across the field, past the whirler-swirler, into the beer tent, up to the bar, where he's stood there finishing a pint of Tally-Ho.

DAVEY. Bollocks.

GINGER. On my life. He just gone teethfirst into a lorry doing a hundred mile an hour, bounced twenty-five times, got one broken leg, one broken arm, broken jaw, no teeth, compressed spine, on top of which he's just spent ten minutes in the hereafter, and he gets up and hobbles in that tent, pays for his pint – 'Keep the change, love' – and downs it in one. Walks out. Walks it off.