

TROY. Tell them to fuck off. This is between you and me.

JOHNNY. Look. There's no need to break up the party. Thought we were mates, Troy. Your brothers, Frank and Danny, last summer they was always up here. Playing Swingball. Cards. They're good lads. I don't have no beef with the Whitworths.

TROY. Get rid of them. Now.

JOHNNY. Troy, mate. What say we bury the hatchet?

TROY. You deaf as well as daft? We'll bury the hatchet all right. Right in your fuckin' skull, pikey. You *did*. You *diddicoy* maggot. Living on a rubbish tip. Worzel Maggot. Stig of the Dump. Thinks he's the Pied Piper. You're the lowest piece of shit in this forest, mate. It's you and me now, you snake. I will beat you into your grave. Into your grave, Gypsy. Now, one more time, dick. Where's my daughter?

PEA. She ain't your daughter.

TROY. Shut it, slapper.

JOHNNY. Troy –

PEA. Don't call me a slapper.

TROY. Just fucking open your cockhole one more time, I'll shut it for good. Shut the fuck up. You wanna say some more? Little bitch. Little cocksucker.

## TROY Side 2

TROY. I'll mark you good, gyppo. I'll put you in the ground.

*Pause.*

JOHNNY. When was it you were last up here, Troy. Last in this wood? Jesus, I don't think I've seen you up here since you were fifteen, sixteen years old. Shooting cans. Smoking. You and those other two, rain or shine. Do you remember that night we took a pack of cards? The old ones with the devils on the back. And we laid them in a circle. Just in there, in the dead of night. It was pitch dark. We poured a glass of wine into a plate, a silver plate, like a blood-red mirror, and you took the candle and you gazed into the mirror. (*Beat.*) You shook like a leaf. You couldn't stop shaking. Couldn't speak. You were terrified, boy. From that day, you stopped coming to see me. From that day, you never came back. Have you come to play again, boy? I still got the cards. You want to play again?

TROY *looks at him for some time. He starts to laugh.*

TROY. Ain't changed much, has it. Except the faces. All except Ginger here. He was here when I was here. What happened, mate? Got lost? Can't find your way home? (*Laughs.*) I tell you, Rooster, Frank and Danny was up here all last summer and they'd come home four, five in the morning, tell me all the stories. All the tales. Took me back, it done. 'Nothing changes up there,' I says. They told me this one. End of June, it was. They're coming through here, seven in the evening, go see the Rooster, shake him awake. Get the fire going. Have a gasp. They're coming over, guess what they find? Lying out, on the path. Down in the dirt, smashed out his mind. Sparko. Bottle of own-brand, out cold. Couldn't even make it home. You'd pissed yourself. Pissed all over your trousers, your coat. And, you know what they done? They undone their flies and they pissed on you too. All overs you. On your face. In your hair. In your mouth. Took photos with their phones. Sent it to everyone. I bet Lee there's got it on his phone. Pea. Tanya. I know Davey has. He filmed it. Show him, Davey.

Show Rooster what you done. They told me all the stories, Rooster.  
Took me right back. Nothing changes up here.

*Pause.*

When you're alone, gyppo. When you're alone.