

Davey leads Chadders and Julie across the short grassy slope and into the undergrowth that begins several metres away from the edge of the roundabout.

DAVEY

It's not just any roundabout, it's 'Quarter Mile Roundabout', so it's pretty big, and your camp won't be right next to the road.

JULIE

Quarter of a mile circumference?
How far is that in kilometres?

DAVEY

Save it for math class, Schoolie, I'm still on the history lecture. Everyone reckons that Geoff stayed living on this roundabout as some sort of pen...pena...penny...

CHADDERS

How many syllables?

DAVEY

You know, when you've done bad stuff and you want to beat yerself up about it?

JULIE

At the risk of saving it for the English class, the word you want it 'penance'.

DAVEY

That's it! So Geoff stayed on the roundabout as a penance for the bad things he did when he was in the army. And the other day he died of that thing you get when you're really cold.

CHADDERS

Frostbite?

DAVEY

No, the other one.

JULIE

Pneumonia.

DAVEY

That sounds good to me. And although Geoff's body's been taken away, his camp is pretty much as he left it...

He carefully pushes a large thorny plant to one side.

DAVEY (cont'd)
...And here it is!

The three of them stand in a clearing of about 50 square feet, partially covered by trees and surrounded by large bushes. The traffic is audible, but not too loud, and it cannot be seen. There are various boxes and bags strewn around, amongst other small, less easily identifiable pieces of rubbish. In the centre of the clearing is a small tent that has collapsed in a couple of places.

Though Davey twitches and looks eager to get to work, Chadders and Julie don't look impressed. Chadders shakes his head at the sight of the tent.

CHADDERS
I don't like it.

DAVEY
What's not to like?

CHADDERS
What's to like?

DAVEY
You mean the shit everywhere? We'll clear it up.

He snaps a thin twig from a nearby branch and shoves it in the corner of his mouth.

DAVEY (cont'd)
The rest of my morning's free, and I'm guessing yours is too? It's not like we all have to rush off to be in the office anytime soon!
(laughs)

Chadders manages a faint smile, but still looks concerned.

CHADDERS
It just doesn't feel like a proper squat. There's no buzz from getting some git's expensive property just-like-that and bringing the rich bastards down a peg.
(suddenly looks sheepish)
Well, what I meant to say is that it's not a dilapidated building that I can do up for the good of society and, you know, sort of give something back. Not that I think I take much in the first place.

He notices Davey giving him an odd look as he uses the twig as a toothpick.

DAVEY

You don't have to justify yourself to me, mate. I'm not a bailiff and I couldn't give a stuff what you and your missus do in your squats. You can squat in your squats for all I care! That's a point - do you want me to hook you guys up with a portable toilet?

CHADDERS

Stuff that, can you get us a crate of beer?

Julie loudly clears her throat.

CHADDERS (cont'd)

Oh yeah, and some vodka, lime and soda for the missus?

Julie takes a couple of cautious steps forward and kneels slowly to peer into the tent from a safe distance.

DAVEY

There's no one in there no more.

CHADDERS

Who are you expecting to find? Richey Edwards?

JULIE

I think it's creepy living where someone died.

CHADDERS

People die everywhere, hon. Lots of them die in hospitals, but you'd still go and sleep there if you were sick with dysentery.

JULIE

Again with the dysentery? And a hospital is a different thing altogether. How could you even consider us setting down our sleeping bags in a tent where a man died of pneumonia?

DAVEY

How do you know he died in the tent? He might have died over there.

He points to a random patch of grass next to some stinging nettles.

CHADDERS

There? That's where I was going to
set up my bongos.