

The sun shines down as Chadders stands beneath a solar-powered shower, squeezing the water out in short bursts. Around him the camp has developed a great deal with several separate areas marked out and lots of equipment scattered about.

Chadders stops the shower and reaches for an Italia 1990 beach towel that hangs on the back of an Edwardian-style dining chair. On a small picnic table a radio plays, jump leads attached to its insides, which lead to one of several car batteries.

JULIE
(in the distance)
Are you going to turn it down now
that rush hour's over?

CHADDERS
Yeah.

He lowers the volume on the radio.

JULIE
What's the water temperature like?

CHADDERS
More lukewarm than hot at the
moment. Let's hope the sun keeps
shining or it could get rather
smelly around here!

JULIE
We're getting a telly around here?
I thought we agreed not to because
we can't afford a TV licence?

CHADDERS
(quiet voice)
And because you need an address
before you can get a TV licence.

He pulls on a torn T-shirt with the musical group The Levellers on the front.

CHADDERS (cont'd)
(quiet voice)
And because you're actually afraid
of getting caught by the TV licence
people.

JULIE
Chadders, I can't hear you...

Chadders walks past two sun loungers and turns into a small grove in the undergrowth where Julie has an artist's easel and stand set up. Upon the easel is a canvas with one small yellow dot in the top right hand corner.

Julie holds a paintbrush in her hand and at her feet are various industrial-sized pots of paint. Behind the easel is a big pile of canvasses, most of which have one of their corners broken off.

Chadders walks up behind her, gently puts his hands on her hips and kisses her on the cheek.

CHADDERS

It's coming on great that.

JULIE

I've cleared some space besides the stinging nettles for you to set up your bongos.

CHADDERS

I actually think I'm going to play my piccolo at some point today.

JULIE

You play the piccolo?

CHADDERS

Yeah. It's the easiest instrument to stash about your person when being chased by the bailiffs. Well, apart from a harmonica, but that's too bluesy, and I don't play the blues because I'm a positive person who doesn't need to feel sorry for himself. Am I right?

JULIE

You always are.

He goes to speak, then checks his watch, excitedly watching the seconds count down.

CHADDERS

Aaaaand that's 14 days, 1 hour and 17 minutes that we've been on this roundabout - one minute more than those astronauts managed on Mir.

JULIE

The international space station? But each of us regularly leaves the roundabout to visit the supermarket.

CHADDERS

Yeah, but as long as one of us is here then I think our record stands. We're like one and the same person, aren't we, honey?

(looks shifty)

(MORE)

CHADDERS (CONT'D)

And now I need to go and do something. Umm, I'll be in the supermarket.

He turns to walk away. Julie continues to stare at her canvas.

JULIE

Once a day is good. We must be buying the right food with the little money we have.

Chadders keeps walking and heads happily whistling towards the edge of the camp. The crude fencing that Geoff had erected as a border around his living space has been painted in psychedelic colours and Chadders opens a gate from a white picket fence to walk down the well-trodden path towards the road.

Still in a good mood, he makes a few rave-style dance moves with his hands as he walks out of the undergrowth and crosses the short grass to the roundabout. The traffic is not too busy, but he takes great care when crossing, automatically looking right as well as left, as if unable to shake his training in the green cross code.

Across the road is a supermarket car park, at the edge of which is the accompanying petrol station. As he merrily walks across the forecourt he notices a woman filling her car up and chatting to a fellow motorist.

WOMAN AT THE PUMP

I don't know what all the fuss is about with this rise in fuel costs - I've just put ten pounds-worth of petrol in my car like I always do.

He smiles to himself and looks at the ground as he steps over the small rail denoting the edge of the car park, then stops in his tracks as a load of trolleys are pushed swiftly past him by an old man, clearly feeling the pace.

CHADDERS

(to the trolley pusher)

Come on, Ken, I've seen you do 30 before! You're not even trying!

KEN

Fuck off.

Chadders looks left and right before walking across the car park. After several paces he cuts across to a payphone and checks the flap at the bottom for change. He is very pleased to find ten pence.

Halfway across the car park, he spots someone in the distance and shouts to them.

CHADDERS

Hey, Bob! Bob Sevink! What's that you've bought? Ajax? Didn't they win the European cup a few weeks ago?

The customer waves at Chadders and keeps walking. Chadders gets to the entrance to the supermarket where a man in a suit is handing out leaflets.

INSURANCE AGENT

Hi, would you like a...

He notices Chadders and his smile drops.

CHADDERS

(enthusiastic)

Yes, I'd love one please. Actually, can I have a few?

INSURANCE AGENT

(unimpressed)

I gave you some yesterday. Are you seriously considering getting contents insurance?

Chadders doesn't answer, just stands in front of the man with his hands held out. Realising he can get no other trade with Chadders there, the man gives him a leaflet. When Chadders doesn't retract his hands, the man snorts angrily and puts a centimetre thick wad into them. Chadders flips the wad over to show the blank background of the leaflets.

CHADDERS

Thanks, mate. My missus will have plenty of scrap paper now to do her little doodles on.

He gives the angry man a wink and strides happily into the supermarket. A young woman sitting on a checkout with no customers calls him over to her.

CHADDERS (cont'd)

What have you got for me today, Caroline, my luv? Special offer on baked beans?

CAROLINE

They're cheap enough already. Thought I'd let you know they'll be putting the reduced stickers out at around three o'clock.

CHADDERS

Cheers, Caroline my luv, I'll get you one back for that.

He gives her friendly smile a wink, then taps his leaflets and turns around and makes his way through customers heading in the opposite direction. After negotiating several trolleys crossing his path, he turns into a quiet corridor and goes through the door marked 'GENTLEMEN'. In the toilets he heads for the cubicle and closes and locks the door. There is the sound of him putting the seat down.