

Scene Thirteen

On the hills. Peter is walking alone.

A large animal crosses his path. He reacts. Shields himself.

Peter What ? My God ! Leave me. What is it ? A wolf or a hound or a wild cat ! It's dark. It's almost... almost not there it's so black. It didn't even look. Didn't acknowledge me. Just crossed my path. Like it knew it should. My God... this is the Peak District for heaven's sake ! There's no wilderness. **(Laughs briefly.)** It was probably a dog. Probably called "Skip" or "Bouncer". Probably got a fluffy collar. It's probably micro-chipped ! It's owners just behind.

Looks. Sees the animal step out of the darkness. Cowers.

Fuckin' god ! Fuckin'. Go ! Please. Keep on. I'm not here. Not anywhere. **(Watching it)** It's stopped. Sniffing the air. It can smell me. I think I've soiled myself. Why can't it see me ? It can. It's not interested. Can smell a rabbit. Something of it's own world. Not interested in me. I must stink to it. No. It doesn't even recognise me as a smell.

The animal moves towards him.

It's coming

Hides his head.

Breath. Breath. Hot. On my face. My body. Seeping through my clothing. Piercing through. Smell. Like a butcher's. Bleeding meat. Beads. Dripping on me. On my boots. Christ. Blood. **(Touches his boot)** Spit.

He puts a hand out to shoo the animal. Doesn't find it.

Raises his head. It is gone. Sees he has wet himself.

Margaret enters.

Margaret **(Shouting back to Joseph)** There is nothing to discuss. **(Seeing Peter)** What in God's name..... **(Peter scurries to her.)** Get up. you're father's coming. Get up ! Get up !

Joseph enters to the edge of the stage. Sees Peter at Margaret's feet.

Black.