

Scene One

Motorway traffic

Mez is leaping and dodging traffic with staggering energy.

Mez The hard shoulder. My place of work. You've seen me. In that badly drawn triangle cut out of the night by your headlights. As the radio 'lullabys' and you nod. Sinking in sleep. The Big Sleep. The living sleep.

Quiet.

BANG!

Quiet.

What do I do? Watch.

He waits. He listens. He watches a car approach. He walks casually into the carraigeway, turns and faces the car. He waits. He leaps incredibly high.

Another. Another. The midnight rush hour. Boozy, cocked and cock sure. Fast and free in empty silent night.

He dodges, leaps, stares for an extended period. Stops suddenly.

Now. With my neighbour in an adjoining field, Mr Bunny, **(Impression)**, they'll see the rabbit and a toe will touch the brake. They give it no weight. Quiet look. "Just a rabbit." The toe returns to the gas. Vrrroom. He doesn't see the tiny pinks of bunny's eyes. Doesn't connect. If tyre rides over fragile bunny back.....it's a snap and a quick death. **(Sings briefly)** "Bright Eyes". Get off the road Garfunkel, you bastard. A hair of guilt, but a guilt dilute in the freedom of the murderer. Yes!

With me. Eyes meet.

Quiet

They brake. Push back on the wheel and down on their brakes. Arms like locked tools. Throats like cork. I look back. The second splits and I jump. They pass beneath. I may wave. Rabbit eyes blink back. Some can drive no more and pull onto the hard shoulder. Visitors! They'll wind down a window onto the cold night air. Fall forward onto the wheel. The reflected light of my approaching be-seen-be-safe jacket catches their eye. I never reach the car. Funny. They see me and...vrrhmmm.

He looks down the road for traffic. Quiet.

Just once. I step in. I look. He looks back. A beat. Connect. Accelerates. Time moves slow. Mr Bunny holds his breath in an adjoining field. He leans forward onto the wheel. Horns sound. Choirs sing. Coming for me. Time moves slow. "Idiot. ...no court in the land....".

I leap. Crack. My foot on his wing. Crush. I twist. I crash down like an aborted space flight onto the fast lane. Bleeding. Pains down my legs. I raise my face to see him continue down the road. He doesn't look back. Murder pure as apple. The road is quiet. I lie in the fast lane. Clawing to the hard shoulder. Beyond to the ditch.

Quiet

These are times.

He jumps up. Listens.

You wait half an hour and then six come along at once. Story of my bleeding life.

His work continues.

Black.