

**ACT 1. SCENE 1.**

***Music Intro***

*A cemetery. Birds twitter followed by the raucous laugh of a kookaburra. Dawn rises and we see Davo dressed in the uniform of a Light-horseman. During the following he leisurely searches his pockets for a pouch of tobacco.*

**DAVO:** My name's Dave, though generally I'm called Davo. Generally that is because some people call me Dave. I don't care much myself, I'll answer to Dave or Davo, although as I said, it's generally Davo. I'm originally Coonabubbala. You might know it? On the road to Boobyallah? Just past Ringarooma? Anyway I haven't been there for a fair few years cus I've been here at this cemetery. For despite appearances, I am in fact...dead.

*Davo's found the tobacco. He now searches again for his cigarette papers.*

I know that's hard to credit but study the evidence – first nobody can see me. Second, my skeleton's in that grave. Third, if you go to Coonabubbala Primary School you'll find my name on the Honour Roll followed by a little gold cross. That cross means I've given the big one, the supreme sacrifice. So, given that I'm deceased, you're probably wondering why I haven't departed? Why I'm still mooching around up here - although you have to admit it's a good spot hey? Nice trim lawns, gum trees, headstones, war memorial. And have a Captain Cook at this...

*Davo holds up some weathered plastic flowers.*

Someone's gone through a lot of trouble. And not just up here either. Over in the afterlife everyone's been very accommodating too, which is bloody considerate when you consider the sudden rush we put'em through.

*Davo finds the paper and starts to roll a fag.*

They gave me a quarter acre lot complete with a brick veneer bungalow, so it's not like I've got nowhere to go. No, the reason I'm still here is... well, it's a bit tricky to explain but if I was to put it simply, not that it is simple, in fact it's bloody complicated, but to be short, although it's a long story, it's because, well, to be honest...I'm buggered if I know.

*Davo's made the fag. Now he searches for his lighter.*

It's just some feeling I got, that there's something's waiting to be done or undone, never done. I dunno. I'm like this sheila I knew who bolted outta her house and jumped on a train to Perth. All the way there she's got this nagging feeling that she's forgotten something important. Then she gets to Perth she remembers; she'd left the cat behind locked in the house.

*Davo's found the lighter but it won't light.*

Bloody hell... Oh, here he comes.

*Enter Slim, an ancient Anzac bent over a zimmer frame and wearing a Light-horsemen uniform. A cigarette dangles from his lips. He carries a small bunch of flowers. Slim takes a thoughtful drag on his cigarette and flicks the butt. Davo pounces on it and is about to take a puff when the last post sounds. Slim comes to attention. Davo reluctantly puts out the cigarette and joins him.*