

An excerpt from Crocodiles by Michael Williams

**VOICE** Hey, you! Get off there!

**SERAKI** I turn my head to the side and blink the dust from my eyes. A shiny red sports car has come up behind my truck. The driver's blowing the hooter.

*(A hooter blast; the voice again.)*

**VOICE** Get off there! You'll kill yourself!

The car is exactly the kind of red I like - fire engines! I edge along the back of the truck, stretching around its corner to look after my red sports car.

**SERAKI** The truck jolts. My foot jumps free. I cling to the lock, pull myself back up, tighten my grip. Sweat burns my eyes. The truck's moving too fast now. I look for a way off, but cars are following too close behind, and beside the road there's only a blur of dusty hard gravel.

I jump, *(lie jumps, falls to the ground, kneels.)* hit the ground hard, stumble, and fall free of the traffic. I lie gasping for air to fill my chest. I've scraped and torn my arm, cut my leg. My brains are swinging about inside my head. I stagger to my feet and force myself to focus on the image of the red sports car. I shake my head. I can't believe what I see. There in front of me, stands the shiny red sports car. And then I hear the sound of people singing. Their voices pull me closer. I enter the community hall. *(He turns around, his back to the audience, and crouches.)*