

Mrs Johnstone enters.

Mrs Johnstone Mickey . . . Mickey . . .

Edward Is that your mummy?

Mickey Ma . . . Mam, this is my brother.

Mrs Johnstone (*stunned*) What?

Mickey My blood brother, Eddie.

Mrs Johnstone Eddie, Eddie who?

Edward Edward Lyons, Mrs Johnstone.

Mrs Johnstone *stands still, staring at him.*

Mickey Eddie's my best friend, Mam. He lives up by the park an' . . .

Mrs Johnstone Mickey . . . get in the house.

Mickey What?

Mrs Johnstone Sammy, you an' all. Both of y' get in.

Sammy But I'm older than him, I don't have to . . .

Mrs Johnstone I said get, the pair of y'

Mickey (*going, almost in tears*) But I haven't done nothin'. I'll see y' Eddie, Tara, Eddie . . .

Mickey exits.

Mrs Johnstone Sammy!

Sammy Ah. (*To Edward*) I'll get you.

Edward Have I done something wrong, Mrs Johnstone?

Mrs Johnstone Does your mother know that you're down here?

Edward *shakes his head.*

An' what would she say if she did know?

Edward I . . . I think she'd be angry?

Mrs Johnstone So don't you think you better get home before she finds out?

Edward Yes.

Mrs Johnstone Go on, then.

Edward *turns to go, then stops.*

Edward Could I . . . would it be all right if I came to play with Mickey on another day? Or perhaps he could come to play at my house . . .

Mrs Johnstone Don't you ever come round here again. Ever.

Edward But . . .

Mrs Johnstone Ever! Now go on. Beat it, go home before the bogey man gets y'.

Edward *walks towards his home. As he goes Mrs Johnstone sings*

Should we meet again,

I will not recognize your name,

You can be sure

What's gone before

Will be concealed.

Your friends will never learn

That once we were

On easy terms.

Mr and Mrs Lyons enter their house as Edward walks home.

Edward *reaches his home and walks in. His mother hugs him and his father produces a toy gun for him. Edward delighted, seizes it and shoots his father, who spiritively 'dies' to Edward's great amusement.*

Edward *and his father romp on the floor. Mrs Lyons settles herself in an armchair with a story book, calling Edward over to her.*

Edward *goes and sits with her, Mr Lyons joining them and sitting on the arm of the chair.*

Mrs Johnstone *turns and goes into her house at the end of the song.*

Mr Lyons *gets up and walks towards the door.*

Edward Daddy . . . we haven't finished the story yet.

Mr Lyons Mummy will read the story, Edward. I've got to go to work for an hour.

Mrs Lyons *gets up and goes to her husband, Edward goes to the bookshelf and leafs through a dictionary.*

Mrs Lyons Richard you didn't say . . .

Mr Lyons Darling, I'm sorry, but if, if we complete this merger I will, I promise you, have more time. That's why we're doing it, Jen. If we complete this, the firm will run itself and I'll have plenty of time to spend with you both.

Mrs Lyons I just — it's not me, it's Edward. You should spend more time with him. I don't want — I don't want him growing away from you.

Edward Daddy, how do you spell bogey man?

Mr Lyons Ask Mummy. Darling, I'll see you later now. Must dash.

Mr Lyons *exits.*

Edward Mummy, how do you spell bogey man?

Mrs Lyons Mm?

Edward Bogey man?

Mrs Lyons *(laughing)* Edward, wherever did you hear such a thing?

Edward I'm trying to look it up.

Mrs Lyons There's no such thing as a bogey man. It's a — a superstition. The sort of thing a silly mother might say to her children — 'the bogey man will get you'.

Edward Will he get me?

Mrs Lyons Edward, I've told you, there's no such thing.

A doorbell is heard.

Mrs Lyons *goes to answer the door.*

Mickey *(off)* Does Eddie live here?

Mrs Lyons *(off)* Pardon?

Mickey *(off)* Does he? Is he comin' out to play, eh?

Edward *(stouting)* Mickey!

Mickey *enters, pursued by Mrs Lyons.*

Mickey Hi-ya, Eddie. I've got our Sammy's catapult. Y' comm' out?

Edward Oh! *(He takes the catapult and tries a practice shot.)* Isn't Mickey fantastic, Mum?

Mrs Lyons Do you go to the same school as Edward?

Mickey No.

Edward Mickey says smashing things. We're blood brothers, aren't we, Mickey?

Mickey Yeh. We were born on the same day.

Edward Come on Mickey, let's go . . .

Mrs Lyons Edward . . . Edward, It's time for bed.

Edward Mummy. It's not.

Mrs Lyons *takes over and ushers Mickey out.*

Mrs Lyons I'm very sorry, but it's Edward's bedtime.

Edward Mummy. Mummy, it's early.

Mrs Lyons *exits with Mickey to show him out, Then she returns.*
Mummy!

Mrs Lyons Edward. Edward where did you meet that boy?

Edward At his house.

Mrs Lyons And . . . and his second name is Johnstone, isn't it?

Edward Yes. And I think you're very, very mean.

Mrs Lyons I've told you never to go where that boy – where boys like that live.

Edward But why?

Mrs Lyons Because, because you're not the same as him. You're not, do you understand?

Edward No, I don't understand. And I hate you!

Mrs Lyons (*almost crying*) Edward, Edward, don't. It's . . . what I'm doing is only for your own good. It's only because I love you, Edward.

Edward You don't you don't. If you loved me you'd let me go out with Mickey because he's my best friend. I like him more than you.

Mrs Lyons Edward. Edward don't say that. Don't ever say that.

Edward Well. Well it's true. And I will say it. I know what you are.

Mrs Lyons What? What!

Edward You're . . . you're a fuckoff!

Mrs Lyons *his Edward hard and instinctively.*

Mrs Lyons You see, you see why I don't want you mixing with boys like that! You learn filth from them and behave like this – like a, like a horrible little boy, like them, But you are not like them. You are my son, mine, and you won't, you won't ever . . .

She notices the terror in Edward's face and realizes how heavy she has been. Gently she pulls him to her and cradles him.

Oh, my son . . . my beautiful, beautiful son.

The scene fades as the next scene begins. We hear cap guns and the sound of children making Indian whoops.

The children rush on into the street playing cowboys and Indians; cops and robbers; goodies and badlies etc.

During the battle Mrs Lyons exits.

Edward *remains on stage, in the background, as though in his garden, watching, unnoticed by the battling children.*

Mickey and Linda *are in one gang, Sammy in another.*

Sammy (*singing acapella, kids' rhyme*)

I got y'

I shot y'

An' y', bloody know I did

I got y'

I shot y'

Linda I stopped it with the bin lid.

There is a mass of derisive jeers from the other side.

Music.

(*Singing*) But you know that if you cross your fingers

And if you count from one to ten

You can get up off the ground again

It doesn't matter

The whole thing's just a game.

The shooting starts all over again. A Kid raps on the door of a house.

Linda, *as a 'Mall' appears.*

Kid My name is Elliot Ness,
And lady, here's my card,
I'm lookin' for one Al Capone

(*To Lackeys*)

Mac, check the back

Sarge, you check the yard!

Linda But pal, I've told y'

Al ain't home.

We see 'Al' make a break for it. Ness shoots him like he was eating his breakfast.

Kid So, lady can I use your telephone.

As Ness goes to the phone and orders a hearse we see Al get up and sing the chorus with the other children

But you know that if you cross your fingers,
And if you count from one to ten,
You can get up off the ground again,
It doesn't matter the whole thing's just a game.

The Kid who was playing Al becomes a cowboy. He turns to face Sammy and sings

Cowboy When I say draw,
You'd better grab that gun,
An' maybe say a little prayer
'Cos I'm the fastest draw
That man you ever saw.

Call up your woman, say goodbye to her,
'Cos y' know you're goin' right down there.

As he draws his gun on Sammy, Sammy produces a bazooka and blows him off the stage.

All But you know that if you cross your fingers,
And if you count from one to ten,
You can get up off the ground again,
It doesn't matter,
The whole thing's just a game.

A small group of Children become a brigade of US troops.

Sergeant OK men, let's get them
With a hand grenade.

Corporal Let's see them try and get outa this.

Rest He's a hot shot Sergeant
From the Ninth Brigade
He's never been known to miss.

Sergeant (to grenade) C'mon give Daddy a kiss. (He pulls the pin and lobs it.)

His Brigade cover their ears and crouch down. Linda catches the grenade and lobs it back at them. After being blown to pieces they get up

singing the chorus, along with the 'enemy'.

All But you know that if you cross your fingers,
And if you count from one to ten,
You can get up off the ground again,
It doesn't matter,
The whole thing's just a game.

Sammy comes forward as Professor Howe carrying a condom filled with water.

Professor My name's Professor Howe,
An' zeas bomb I 'old,
Eet can destroy ze 'emisphere,
I've primed it, I've timed it
To explode,
Unless you let me out of here (NO?)

They don't.

Then I suggest you cover your ears.

There is an explosion which lobs them all. Out of it come all the children singing the chorus.

All But you know that if you cross your fingers,
And if you count from one to ten,
you can get up off the ground again,
It doesn't matter,
The whole thing's just a game
The whole thing's just a game
The whole thing's just a game

Sammy (interrupting; chanting) You're dead
Y' know y' are
I got y' standin'
Near that car.

Linda But when y' did
His hand was hid
Behind his back
His fingers crossed
An' so he's not.

Mickey So you fuck off!

All the children, apart from Mickey and Linda, point and chant the accusing 'Aah!' Mickey is singled out, accused. The rest, led by Sammy, suddenly chant at Mickey and point.

All (*chanting*) You said the 'F' word

You're gonna die

You'll go to hell an' there you'll fry

Just like a fish in a chip shop fat

Only twenty-five million times hotter than that!

They all laugh at Mickey.

Linda moves in to protect Mickey who is visibly shaken.

Linda Well, well, all youse lot swear, so you'll all go to hell with him.

Sammy No, we won't Linda.

Linda Why?

Sammy 'Cos when we swear . . . we cross our fingers!

Mickey Well, my fingers were crossed.

Children (*variously*) No they were 't.

Liar!

Come off it.

I seen them.

Linda Leave him alone!

Sammy Why? What'll you do about it if we don't?

Linda (*undantled; approaching Sammy*) I'll tell my mother why all her ciggies always disappear when you're in our house.

Sammy What?

Linda An' the half crowns.

Sammy (*suddenly*) Come on gang, let's go. We don't wanna play with these anyway. They're just kids.

The other children fire a barrage of 'shots' at Mickey and Linda before they rush off.

Linda I hate them!

Linda notices **Mickey** quietly crying.

What's up?

Mickey I don't wanna die.

Linda But y' have to Mickey. Everyone does. (*She starts to dry his tears.*) Like your twunny died, didn't he, when he was a baby. See, look on the bright side of it, Mickey. When you die you'll meet your twunny again, won't y'?

Mickey Yeh.

Linda An' listen Mickey, if y' dead, there's no school, is there?

Mickey (*smiling*) An' I don't care about our Sammy, anyway. Look. (*He produces an air pistol*) He thinks no one knows he's got it. But I know where he hides it.

Linda (*impressed*) Ooh . . . gis a go.

Mickey No . . . come on, let's go get Eddie first.

Linda Who?

Mickey Come on, I'll show y'.

They go as if to Edward's garden.

Mickey (*loud but conspiratorially*) Eddie . . . Eddie . . . comin' out?

Edward I . . . My mum says I haven't got to play with you.

Mickey Well, my mum says I haven't got to play with you. But take no notice of mothers. They're soft. Come on, I've got Linda with me. She's a girl but she's all right.

Edward decides to risk it and creeps out.

Mickey Hi-ya.

Edward Hi-ya, Mickey. Hello, Linda.

Linda Hi-ya, Eddie. (*She produces the air pistol*) Look . . . we've got Sammy's air gun.

Mickey Come on, Eddie. You can have a shot at our target in the park.

Linda Peter Pan.

Mickey We always shoot at that, don't we Linda?

Linda Yeh, we try an' shoot his little thingy off, don't we, Mickey?

They all laugh.

Come on gang, let's go.

Edward (*standing firm*) But Mickey . . . I mean . . . suppose we get . . . caught . . . by a policeman.

Mickey Aah . . . take no notice. We've been caught loads of times by a policeman . . . haven't we Linda?

Linda Oh, my God, yeh. Hundreds of times. More than that.

Mickey We say dead funny things to them, don't we, Linda?

Edward What sort of funny things?

Linda All sorts, don't we Mickey?

Mickey Yeh . . . like y' know when they ask what y' name is, we say things like, like 'Adolph Hitler', don't we Linda?

Linda Yeh, an' hey Eddie, y' know when they say, 'What d' y' think you're doin'?' we always say somethin' like, like, 'waitin' for the ninety-two bus'.

Mickey and Linda *crease up with laughter.*

Come on.

Edward (*greatly impressed*) Do you . . . do you really?
Goodness, that's fantastic.

Mickey Come on, bunk under y' fence, y' Ma won't see y'.

Mickey, Linda and Edward *exit.*

Mrs Lyons *enters the garden.*

Mrs Lyons (*calling*) Edward, Edward, Edward . . .

The Narrator *enters.*

Music.

Narrator (*singing*) There's gypsies in the wood,

An' they've been watchin' you,

They're gonna take your baby away.

There's gypsies in the wood,

An' they've been calling you,

Can Edward please come out and play,

Please can he come with us and play.

You know the devil's got your number,

Y' know he's gonna find y',

Y' know he's right behind y',

He's staring through your windows,

He's creeping down the hall.

Mr Lyons *enters the garden.*

Mrs Lyons Oh Richard, Richard.

Mr Lyons For God's sake Jennifer, I told you on the phone, he'll just be out playing somewhere.

Mrs Lyons But where?

Mr Lyons Outside somewhere, with friends. Edward . . .

Mrs Lyons But I don't want him out playing.

Mr Lyons Jennifer, he's not a baby.

Mrs Lyons I don't care, I don't care . . .

Mr Lyons For Christ's sake, you bring me home from work in the middle of the day, just to say you haven't seen him for an hour. Perhaps we should be talking about you getting something for your nerves.

Mrs Lyons There's nothing wrong with my nerves. It's just . . . just this place . . . I hate it. Richard, I don't want to stay here any more. I want to move.

Mr Lyons Jennifer! Jennifer, how many times . . . the factory is here, my work is here . . .

Mrs Lyons It doesn't have to be somewhere far away. But we have got to move, Richard. Because if we stay here I feel that something terrible will happen, something bad.

Mr Lyons *sighs and puts his arm round Mrs Lyons.*

Mr Lyons Look, Jen. What is this thing you keep talking about getting away from? Mm?

Mrs Lyons It's just . . . it's these people . . . these people that Edward has started mixing with. Can't you see how he's drawn to them? They're . . . drawing him away from me.

Mr Lyons, *in despair, turns away from her.*

Mr Lyons Oh Christ.

He turns to look at her but she looks away. He sighs and absently bends to pick up a pair of children's shoes from the floor.

I really do think you should see a doctor.

Mrs Lyons *(snapping)* I don't need to see a doctor. I just need to move away from this neighbourhood, because I'm frightened. I'm frightened for Edward.

Mr Lyons *places the shoes on the table before turning on her.*

Mr Lyons Frightened of what, woman?

Mrs Lyons *(wheeling to face him)* Frightened of . . . *(She is stopped by the sight of the shoes on the table. She rushes at the table and sweeps the shoes off)*

Narrator *(singing)* There's shoes upon the table

An' a spider's been killed

Someone broke the lookin' glass

There's a full moon shinin'

An' the salt's been spilled

You're walkin' on pavement cracks
Don't know what's gonna come to pass.

Now you know the devil's got your number

He's gonna find y'

Y' know he's right behind y'

He's starin' through your windows

He's creeping down the hall.

The song ends with a percussion build to a sudden full stop and the scene snaps from Mrs Lyons to the children.

Mickey, Eddie and Linda *are standing in line, taking it in turns to fire the air pistol. Mickey takes aim and fires.*

Linda *(with glee)* Missed.

Edward *loads and fires.*

Missed!

Linda *takes the gun and fires. We hear a metallic ping. She bears a satisfied smile at Mickey who ignores it and reloads, fires. The routine is repeated with exactly the same outcome until*

Mickey *(taking the gun)* We're not playin' with the gun no more. *(He puts it away.)*

Linda Ah, why?

Mickey It gets broke if y' use it too much.

Edward What are we going to do now, Mickey?

Mickey I dunno.

Linda I do.

Mickey What?

Linda Let's throw some stones through them windows.

Mickey *(brightening)* Ooh, I dare y' Linda, I dare y'.

Linda *(bending for a stone)* Well, I will. I'm not scared, either.

Are you, Eddie?

Edward Ern . . . well . . . erm . . .

Mr Lyons Edward . . . how would you like to move to another house?

Edward Why, Daddy?

Mr Lyons Erm, well, various reasons really. Erm, actually Mummy's not been too well lately and we thought a move, perhaps further out towards the country somewhere, might . . . Do you think you'd like that?

Edward I want to stay here.

Mr Lyons Well, you think about it, old chap.

Edward *leaves his home and goes to the Johnstone's door.*

He knocks at the door.

Mrs Johnstone *answers the door.*

Edward Hello, Mrs Johnstone. How are you?

Mrs Johnstone You what?

Edward I'm sorry. Is there something wrong?

Mrs Johnstone No, I just . . . I don't usually have kids enquiring about my health. I'm . . . I'm all right. An' how are you, Master Lyons?

Edward Very well, thank you.

Mrs Johnstone *looks at Edward for a moment.*

Mrs Johnstone Yeh. You look it. Y' look very well. Does your mother look after you?

Edward Of course.

Mrs Johnstone Now listen, Eddie, I told you not to come around here again.

Edward I'm sorry but I just wanted to see Mickey.

Mrs Johnstone No. It's best . . . if . . .

Edward I won't be coming here again. Ever. We're moving away. To the country.

Mrs Johnstone Lucky you.

Edward But I'd much rather live here.

Mrs Johnstone Would you? When are y' goin'?

Edward Tomorrow.

Mrs Johnstone Oh. So we really won't see you again, eh . . .

Edward *shakes his head and begins to cry.*

What's up?

Edward *(through his tears)* I don't want to go. I want to stay here where my friends are . . . where Mickey is.

Mrs Johnstone Come here.

She takes him. Cradles him, letting him cry.

No listen . . . listen, don't you be soft. You'll probably love it in your new house. You'll meet lots of new friends an' in no time at all you'll forget Mickey ever existed.

Edward I won't . . . I won't. I'll never forget.

Mrs Johnstone Shush, shush. Listen, listen Eddie, here's you wantin' to stay here, an' here's me, I've been tryin' to get out for years. We're a right pair, aren't we, you an' me?

Edward Why don't you, Mrs Johnstone? Why don't you buy a new house near us?

Mrs Johnstone Just like that?

Edward Yes, yes.

Mrs Johnstone Ey.

Edward Yes

Mrs Johnstone Would you like a picture of Mickey, to take with you? So's you could remember him?

Edward Yes, please.

She removes a locket from around her neck.

Mrs Johnstone See, look . . . there's Mickey, there. He was just a young kid when that was taken.

Edward And is that you Mrs Johnstone?

She nods.

Can I really have this?

Mrs Johnstone Yeh. But keep it a secret eh, Eddie? Just our secret, between you an' me.

Edward (*smiling*) All right, Mrs Johnstone. (*He puts the locket round his neck*)

He looks at her a moment too long.

Mrs Johnstone What y' lookin' at?

Edward I thought you didn't like me. I thought you weren't very nice. But I think you're smashing.

Mrs Johnstone (*looking at him*) God help the girls when you start dancing.

Edward Pardon?

Mrs Johnstone Nothing. (*Calling into the house*). Mickey, say goodbye to Eddie — he's moving.

Mickey comes out of the house. Music is quietly introduced.

Edward moves to **Mickey** and gives him a small parcel from his pocket. **Mickey** unwraps a toy gun. The two boys clasp hands and wave goodbye. **Mrs Johnstone** and **Mickey** watch as **Edward** joins his parents, dressed in outdoor clothes, on their side of the stage.

Edward Goodbye.

Mr Lyons Well, Edward . . . do you like it here?

Edward (*unenthusiastically*) It's very nice.

Mrs Lyons Oh, look, Edward . . . look at those trees and those cows. Oh Edward, you're going to like it so much out here, aren't you?

Edward Yes. Are you feeling better now, Mummy?

Mrs Lyons Much better now, darling. Oh Edward, look, look at those birds . . . Look at that lovely black and white one . . .

Edward (*immediately covering his eyes*) Don't Mummy, don't look. It's a magpie, never look at one magpie. It's one for SOTTO . . .

Mr Lyons Edward . . . that's just stupid superstition.

Edward It's not, Mickey told me.

Mrs Lyons Edward, I think we can forget the silly things that Mickey said.

Edward I'm going inside. I want to read.

Edward exits.

Mr Lyons (*comforting his wife*) Children take time to adapt to new surroundings. He'll be as right as rain in a few days. He won't even remember he once lived somewhere else.

Mrs Lyons forces a smile and allows herself to be led inside by her husband.

Mickey rings the doorbell of **Edward's** old house. A **Woman** answers the door.

Woman Yes?

Mickey Is er . . . is Eddie in?

Woman Eddie? I'm afraid Eddie doesn't live here now.

Mickey Oh, yeh. (*He stands looking at the woman.*)

Woman Goodbye.

Mickey Do y' . . . erm, do y' know where he lives now?

Woman Pardon?

Mickey See, I've got some money, I was gonna go, on the bus, an' see him. Where does he live now?

Woman I'm afraid I've no idea.

Mickey It's somewhere in the country, isn't it?
Woman Look, I honestly don't know and I'm rather busy.
 Goodbye.

The **Woman** closes the door on **Mickey**.

Mickey wanders away, aimless and bored, deserted and alone.

Music.

Mickey (*singing*) No kids out on the street today,
 You could be living on the moon.
 Maybe everybody's packed their bags and moved away,
 Gonna be a long, long, long,
 Sunday Afternoon

Just killing time and kicking cans around,
 Try to remember jokes I knew,
 I tell them to myself, but they're not funny since I found
 It's gonna be a long, long, long,
 Sunday Afternoon.

Edward in his garden, equally bored and alone. *The scene appears in such a way that we don't know if it is real or in Mickey's mind.*

My best friend
 Always had sweets to share, (He)
 Knew every word in the dictionary.
 He was clean, neat and tidy,
 From Monday to Friday,
 I wish that I could be like,
 Wear clean clothes, talk properly like,
 Do sums and history like,

Edward }
Mickey } (*together*) My friend.

Edward My best friend
 He could swear like a soldier
 You would laugh till you died
 At the stories he told y'
 He was untidy
 From Monday to Friday

I wish that I could be like
 Kick a ball and climb a tree like
 Run around with dirty knees like

Edward }
Mickey } (*together*) My friend.

The lights fade on Edward as the music shifts back to 'Long Sunday Afternoon'.

Mickey Feels like everybody stayed in bed
 Or maybe I woke up too soon.
 Am I the last survivor
 Is everybody dead?
 On this long long long
 Sunday Afternoon.

Mrs Johnstone appears, clutching a letter.

Mrs Johnstone (*singing*) Oh, bright new day,
 We're movin' away.

Mickey (*speaking*) Mam? What's up?

Mrs Johnstone (*singing*) We're startin' all over again.

Donna Marie enters together with various neighbours.

Donna Marie (*speaking*) Is it a summons, Mother?

Mrs Johnstone (*singing*) Oh, bright new day,
 We're goin' away.

Mickey (*calling*) Sammy!

Mrs Johnstone addresses the various onlookers.

Mrs Johnstone (*singing*) Where nobody's heard of our name.

Sammy enters.

Sammy (*speaking*) I've never robbed nothin', honest, mam.

Mrs Johnstone (*singing*) Where we can begin again.
 Feel we can win and then
 Live just like livin' should be
 Got a new situation, }

A new destination,
And no reputation following me.

Mickey (*speaking*) What is it, what is it?

Mrs Johnstone (*singing*) We're goin' out,
We're movin' house

We're starting all over again.

We're leavin' this mess
For our new address (*pointing it out*)
'Sixty-five Skelmersdale Lane.'

Mickey (*speaking, worried*) Where's that, mam?

Sammy (*speaking*) Is that in the country?

Donna Marie (*speaking*) What's it like there?

Mrs Johnstone (*singing*): The air is so pure,
You get drunk just by breathing,
And the washing stays clean on the line.
Where there's space for the kids,
'Cos the garden's so big,
It would take you a week just to reach the far side.

(*Speaking*) Come on, Sammy, Mickey, now you've all gotta help. (*To the Neighbours, in a 'push' voice.*) Errn, would you excuse us, we've gotta pack. We're movin' away.

Mrs Johnstone and the children go in to pack.

Neighbour What did she say?

Milkman They're movin' away.

All Praise the Lord, he has delivered us at last.

Neighbour They're gettin' out,
They're movin' house,
Life won't be the same as in the past.

Policeman I can safely predict
A sharp drop in the crime rate.

Neighbour It'll be calm an' peaceful around here.

Milkman AND now I might even
Get paid what is mine, mate.

Neighbour An' you'll see, graffiti will soon disappear.

Mrs Johnstone marches out of the house carrying battered suitcases,
followed by the children who are struggling to get out some of the items
mentioned in the verse.

Mrs Johnstone Just pack up the bags,
We're leavin' the rags,
The wobbly wardrobe, chest of drawers that never close.
The two legged chair, the carpet so bare,
You wouldn't see it if it wasn't for the holes.
Now that we're movin'
Now that we're improvin',
Let's just wash our hands of this lot.
For it's no longer fitting, for me to be sitting
On a sofa I know for a fact was knocked off.

*Her last line is delivered to Sammy who indicates the Policeman,
trying to get her to shut up.*

We might get a car,
Be all 'yardie dah',
An' go drivin' out to the sands.
At the weekend

A gentleman friend,
Might take me dancing
To the local bands.

We'll have a front room,
And then if it should happen,
That His Holiness flies in from Rome,
He can sit there with me, eating toast, drinking tea
In the sort of surroundings that remind him of home.

Mickey (*speaking*) It's like the country, isn't it, mam?

Mrs Johnstone (*speaking*) Ey, we'll be all right out here son,
away from the muck an' the dirt an' the bloody trouble. Eh, I
could dance. Come here.

Mickey Get off . . .

Mrs Johnstone picks up a picture of the Pope which is bring next to one of the suitcases and begins to dance.

Mrs Johnstone (*singing*) Oh, bright new day,

We're movin' away,

We're startin' all over again.

Oh, bright new day,

We're goin' away,

Where nobody's heard of our name.

(*speaking*) An' what are you laughin' at?

Mickey I'm not laughin', I'm smilin'. I haven't seen you happy like this for ages.

Mrs Johnstone Well, I am happy now. Eh, Jesus, where's the others?

Mickey They went into that field, man.

Mrs Johnstone Sammy. Sammy! Get off that bleedin' cow before I kill you. Oh Jesus, what's our Donna Marie stepped into? Sammy, that cow's a bull. Come here the pair of you.

Now we can begin again,

Feel we can win an' then

Live just like livin' should be.

Got a new situation,

A new destination,

An' no reputation following me.

All We're gettin' out. We're movin' house

We're goin' away. Gettin' out today.

We're movin' movin' movin' house

Mrs Johnstone We're goin' away,

Oh, bright new day.

Curtain

Act Two

Mrs Johnstone moves forward to sing.

Mrs Johnstone The house we got was lovely,

The neighbours are a treat,

They sometimes fight on Saturday night,

But never in the week.

Mrs Johnstone turns and looks next door. Raised voices, and a dog barking, are heard, off.

Neighbours (*off speaking*) What time do you call this then?

Time I got shot of you, rat bag!

Dog barks.

Mrs Johnstone (*singing*) Since I pay me bills on time, the milkman

Insists I call him Joe. He brings me bread and eggs.

Joe, the milkman, enters.

Says I've got legs

Like Marilyn Monroe.

Mrs Johnstone and **Joe** dance.

Sometimes he takes me dancing

Even takes me dancing.

Joe exits, dancing.

I know our Sammy burnt the school down

But it's very easily done.

If the teacher lets the silly gets

Play with magnesium.

Thank God he only got probation,

A Judge is seen, ticking **Sammy** off

The Judge was old and slow.

Mrs Johnstone sings to the **Judge**, laying on a smile for him.