

Though it was kind of him,
Said I reminded him of Marilyn Monroe.

Judge (*slightly scandalized*) And could I take you dancing?
Take you dancing?

Mrs Johnstone takes the **Judge's** gavel and bangs him on the head.

The Judge exits, stunned.

Mrs Johnstone Our Mickey's just turned fourteen
y'know he's at that age

Mickey is seen in his room.

When you mention girls, or courting,
He flies into a rage.

Mickey (*speaking*) Shut up talking about me, Mother.

Mrs Johnstone He's got a thing for taking blackheads out,
And he thinks that I don't know,
That he dreams all night of girls who look like
Marilyn Monroe. He's even started dancing, secret
dancing.

(*Slower*) And as for the rest, they've flown the nest
Got married or moved away
Our Donna Marie's already got three, she's
A bit like me that way . . .

(*Slower*) And that other child of mine,
I haven't seen for years, although
Each day I pray he'll be OK,
Not like Marilyn Monroe . . .

On the other side of the stage Mrs Lyons enters, walking with a very awkward fourteen-year-old Edward.

Mrs Lyons (*speaking*) One, two, three. One, two three.
(*Singing*) Yes, that's right, you're dancing.
That's right, you're dancing.

(*Speaking*) You see, Edward, it is easy.

Edward It is if you have someone to practise with. Girls.
But in term time we hardly ever see a girl, let alone dance with
one.

Mrs Lyons I'll give you some more lessons when you're
home for half term. Now come on, come on, you're going to
be late. Daddy's at the door with the car. Now, are you sure
you've got all your bags?

Edward Yes, they're in the boot.

Mrs Lyons (*looking at him*) I'll see you at half term then,
darling. (*She kisses him, a light kiss, but holds on to him.*) Look after
yourself my love.

Edward Oh Mummy . . . stop fussing . . . I'm going to be
late.

Mrs Lyons We have had a very good time this holiday
though, haven't we?

Edward We always do.

Mrs Lyons Yes. We're safe here, aren't we?

Edward Mummy what are you on about?
Sometimes . . .

A car horn is heard.

Mrs Lyons (*hustling him out, good naturedly*) Go on, go on . . .
There's Daddy getting impatient. Bye, bye, Edward.

Edward Bye, Ma.

Edward exits.

We see Mrs Johnstone hustling Mickey to school.

Mrs Johnstone You're gonna be late y' know. Y' late
already.

Mickey I'm not.

Mrs Johnstone You're gonna miss the bus.

Mickey I won't.

Mrs Johnstone Well, you'll miss Linda, she'll be waitin' for y'.

Mickey Well, I don't wanna see her. What do I wanna see her for?

Mrs Johnstone (*laughing at his transparency*) You've only been talkin' about her in your sleep for the past week . . .

Mickey (*outraged*) You liar . . .

Mrs Johnstone 'Oh, my sweet darling . . .'

Mickey I never. That was - a line out the school play!

Mrs Johnstone (*her laughter turning to a smile*) All right. I believe y'. Now go before you miss the bus. Are y' goin'?

We see Linda at the bus stop.

Linda Hi-ya, Mickey.

Mrs Johnstone Ogh, did I forget? Is that what you're waitin' for? Y' waitin' for y' mum to give y' a big sloppy kiss, come here . . .

Mickey I'm goin', I'm goin' . . .

Sammy runs through the house, pulling on a jacket as he does so.

Sammy Wait for me, YOU.

Mrs Johnstone Where you goin' Sammy?

Sammy (*on his way out*) The dole.

Mickey and Sammy exit.

Mrs Johnstone stands watching them as they approach the bus stop. She smiles at Mickey's failure to cope with Linda's smile of welcome.

The 'bus' appears, with the Narrator as the conductor.

Conductor Come on, if y' gettin' on. We've not got all day. **Sammy, Mickey and Linda** get on the 'bus'.

Mrs Johnstone (*calling to her kids*) Tarrah, lads. Be good, both of y' now. I'll cook a nice surprise for y' tea.

Conductor (*noticing her as he goes to ring the bell*) Gettin' on, Missis?

Mrs Johnstone shakes her head, still smiling.

(*Speaking*) Happy are y'. Content at last? Wiped out what happened, forgotten the past?

She looks at him, pulled.

But you've got to have an endin', if a start's been made. No one gets off without the price bein' paid.

The 'bus' pulls away as the conductor begins to collect fares. No one can embark without the price bein' paid.

(*To Mickey*) Yeh?

Mickey (*handing over her money*) A fourpenny scholar.

Conductor How old are y'?

Linda He's fourteen. Both of us are. A fourpenny scholar for me as well.

The Conductor gives out the ticket as Sammy offers his money.

Sammy Same for me.

Conductor No son.

Sammy What?

Conductor You're older than fourteen.

Mickey (*worried*) Sammy . . .

Sammy Shut it. (*To the Conductor*) I'm fourteen. I wanna fourpenny scholar.

Conductor Do you know the penalty for tryin' to defraud . . .

Sammy I'm not defraudin' no one.

Conductor (*shouting to the Driver*) 'Ey, Billy, take the next left will y'. We've got one for the cop shop here.

Sammy What? (*He stands*.)

Mickey He didn't mean it, Mister. Don't be soft. He, he was jokin'. Sammy tell him, tell him you're really sixteen. I'll lend you the rest of the fare . . .

Sammy (*considers; then*) Fuck off. (*He produces a knife. To the Conductor*): Now move, you. Move! Give me the bag.

Music.

Mickey Sammy . . . Sammy . . .

Sammy (*to the Conductor*) I said give. Stop the bus. (*The Conductor rings the bell to stop the bus*). Come on, Mickey.

Linda You stay where y' are, Mickey. You've done nothin'.

Mickey Sammy, Sammy put that away . . . it's still not too late. (*To the Conductor*). Is it Mister?

Sammy Mickey.

Linda He's stayin' here.

Sammy No-mark!

Sammy *leaps from the bus and is pursued by two policemen. The bus pulls away leaving Mickey and Linda alone on the pavement.*

Linda He'll get put away for this, y' know, Mickey.

Mickey I know.

Linda He's always been a soft get, your Sammy.

Mickey I know.

Linda You better hadn't do anything soft, like him.

Mickey I wouldn't.

Linda Y' better hadn't or I won't be in love with y' anymore!

Mickey Shut up! Y' always sayin' that.

Linda I'm not.

Mickey Yis y' are. Y' bloody well said it in assembly yesterday.

Linda Well, I was only tellin' y'.

Mickey Yeh, an' five hundred others as well.

Linda I don't care who knows. I just love you. I love you!

Mickey Come on . . . we're half an hour late as it is.

Mickey *hurries off, followed by Linda.*

Edward's school where Edward is confronted by a teacher (*the Narrator*) *looking down his nose at Edward.*

Teacher You're doing very well here, aren't you, Lyons?

Edward Yes, sir. I believe so.

Teacher Talk of Oxbridge.

Edward Yes, sir.

Teacher Getting rather big for your boots, aren't you?

Edward No, sir.

Teacher No, sir? Yes, sir. I think you're a tyke, Lyons. The boys in your dorm say you wear a locket around your neck. Is that so?

Pause

Edward Yes, sir.

Teacher A locket? A locket. This is a boys' school, Lyons.

Edward I am a boy, sir.

Teacher They you must behave like one. Now give this locket to me.

Edward No, sir.

Teacher No sir? Am I to punish you Lyons? Am I to have you flogged?

Edward You can do exactly as you choose sir. You can take a flying fuck at a rolling doughnut! But you shall not take my locket!

Teacher (*thunderstruck*) I'm going to . . . I'm going to have you suspended, Lyons.

Edward Yes, sir.

Edward exits.

As Edward exits a class in a Secondary Modern School is formed — all boredom and futility. The school bell rings. The teacher becomes the teacher of this class in which we see Linda and Mickey.

Teacher And so, we know then, don't we, that the Boro Indian of the Amazon Basin lives on a diet of . . .

Perkins Sir, sir . . .

Teacher A diet of . . .

Perkins Sir, sir . . .

Teacher A diet of what, Johnstone? The Boro Indian of the Amazon Basin lives on a diet of what?

Mickey What?

Teacher Exactly lad, exactly. What?

Mickey I don't know.

Teacher (*his patience gone*) Y' don't know. (*Mimicking*) You don't know. I told y' two minutes ago, lad.

Linda Leave him alone will y'.

Teacher You just stay out of this, Miss. It's got nothing to do with you. It's Johnstone, not you . . .

Perkins Sir!

Teacher Oh, shut up Perkins, y' borin' little turd. But you don't listen do you, Johnstone?

Mickey (*shrugging*) Yeh.

Teacher Oh, y' do? Right, come out here in front of the class. Now then, what is the staple diet of the Boro Indian of the Amazon Basin?

Mickey looks about for help. There is none.

Mickey (*defiantly*) Fish Fingers!

Teacher Just how the hell do you hope to get a job when you never listen to anything?

Mickey It's borin'.

Teacher Yes, yes, you might think it's boring but you won't be sayin' that when you can't get a job.

Mickey Yeh. Yeh an' it'll really help me to get a job if I know what some soddin' pygmies in Africa have for their dinner!

The class erupts into laughter.

Teacher (*to class*) Shut up. Shut up.

Mickey Or maybe y' were thinkin' I was lookin' for a job in an African restaurant.

Teacher Out!

Linda Take no notice Mickey. I love you.

Teacher Johnston, get out!

Linda Oh, leave him alone you. Y' big worm!

Teacher Right you as well . . . out . . . out . . .

Linda I'm goin' . . . I'm goin' . . .

Teacher You're both suspended.

Linda and Mickey leave the class.

The classroom sequence breaks up as we see Mrs Lyons staring at a piece of paper. Edward is standing before her.

Mrs Lyons (*incredulously*) Suspended? Suspended? (*She looks at the paper.*) Because of a locket?

Edward Because I wouldn't let them have my locket.

Mrs Lyons But what's so . . . Can I see this locket?

There is a pause.

Edward I suppose so . . . If you want to.

Edward *takes off the locket from around his neck and hands it to his mother. She looks at it without opening it.*

Mrs Lyons Where did you get this?

Edward I can't tell you that. It's a secret.

Mrs Lyons *(finally smiling in relief)* I know, it's from a girlfriend, isn't it? *(She laughs.)* Is there a picture in here?

Edward Yes, Mummy. Can I have it back now?

Mrs Lyons You won't let Mummy see your girlfriend. Oh, Edward, don't be so . . . *(She playfully moves away.)* Is she beautiful?

Edward Mummy can . . .

Mrs Lyons Oh, let me look, let me look. *(She beams a smile at him and then opens the locket.)*

Music.

Edward Mummy . . . Mummy what's wrong . . . *(He goes to her and holds her steady.)* Mummy!

Mrs Lyons *takes his arms away from her.*

What is it?

Mrs Lyons When . . . when were you photographed with this woman?

Edward Pardon!

Mrs Lyons When! Tell me, Edward.

Edward *begins to laugh.*

Edward!

Edward Mummy . . . you silly old thing. That's not me. That's Mickey.

Mrs Lyons What?

Edward Mickey . . . you remember, my friend when I was little. *(He takes the locket and shows it to her.)* Look. That's Mickey . . . and his mother. Why did you think it was me? *(He looks at it.)* I never looked a bit like Mickey.

Edward *replaces the locket around his neck.*

Mrs Lyons *watches him.*

Mrs Lyons No it's just . . . *(She stares, deep in thought.)*

Edward *(looking at her)* Are you feeling all right Mummy? You're not ill again, like you used to be . . . are you?

Mrs Lyons Where did you get that . . . locket from, Edward? Why do you wear it?

Edward I can't tell you that, Ma. I've explained, it's a secret, I can't tell you.

Mrs Lyons But . . . but I'm your mother.

Edward I know but I still can't tell you. It's not important, I'm going up to my room. It's just a secret, everybody has secrets, don't you have secrets?

Edward *exits to his room.*

The Narrator enters.

Music (continues).

Narrator *(singing)* Did you really feel that you'd become secure

That time had brushed away the past
That there's no one by the window, no one knocking on
your door

Did you believe that you were free at last
Free from the broken looking glass.

Oh y' know the devil's got your number
He's never far behind you
He always knows where to find you
And someone said they'd seen him walking past your
door.

Narrator exits.

We see Mickey and Linda making their way up the hill.

Linda having some difficulty in high heeled shoes.

Linda Tch . . . you didn't tell me it was gonna be over a load of fields.

Mickey I didn't tell y' nothin'. I didn't ask y' to come, y' followed me. *(He walks away from her)*

Linda *(watching him walk away)* Mickey, Mickey . . . I'm struck . . . *(Holding out her helpless arms)* Me foot's stuck. Honest.

Mickey *goes back, timidly takes a wrist and ineffectually pulls.*

Mickey, I think y' might be more successful if you were to sort of put your arms around here. *(She puts her hands on her waist)*
Oh Mickey, be gentle, be gentle . . .

Mickey *(managing to pull her free)* Will you stop takin' the piss out of me!

Linda I'm not, I'm not.

Mickey *points down in the direction they have come from.*

Mickey Look . . . y' can see the estate from up here.

Linda Have we come all this way just to look at the bleedin' estate? Mickey, we're fourteen.

She beams at him. He can't take it and looks the other way.

Mickey Look.

Linda What?

Mickey There's that lad lookin' out the window. I see him sometimes when I'm up here.

Linda Oh . . . he's gorgeous, isn't he?

Mickey What?

Linda He's lovely lookin', isn't he?

Mickey All right, all right! You've told me once.

Linda Well, he is. An' what do you care if I think another feller's gorgeous, eh?

Mickey I don't.

Linda You . . . I give up with you, Mickey Johnstone. I'm off. You get on my bleedin' nerves.

Linda *exits.*

Mickey What . . . Linda . . . Linda . . . Don't . . . Linda, I wanna kiss y', an' put me arms around y' an' kiss y' and kiss y' an even fornicate with y' but I don't know how to tell y', because I've got pimples an' me feet are too big an' me bum sticks out an' . . .

He becomes conscious of Edward approaching, and affects nonchalance.

(Speaking) If I was like him

I'd know *(singing)* all the right words

Edward If I was like . . . him

I'd know some real birds

Apart from those in my dreams

And in magazines.

Mickey Just look at his hair

Edward His hair's dark and wavy

Mine's mousey to fair

Mickey Mine's the colour of gravy

Edward } *(together)* Each part of his face

Mickey } *(together)* Is in just the right place

Edward He laughing at me

At my nose, did he notice

Mickey I should wear a brace

Edward That I've got halitosis

Mickey } *(together)* When nature picked on me

Edward } *(together)* She chose to stick on me

Edward Eyes that don't match

Mickey And ears that stand out

Edward } She picked the wrong batch

Mickey } (*together*) When she handed mine out

And then she attacked me

With permanent acne

Edward I wish I was a bit like

Wish that I could score a hit like

And be just a little bit like

That guy

That guy

Mickey I wish that I could be like

Just a little less like me

Like the sort of guy I see, like

That guy

That guy.

Edward Hi.

Mickey Hi. Gis a ciggie?

Edward Oh, I don't smoke actually. But I can go and get you some.

Mickey Are you soft? (*He suddenly realizes.*) A blood brother.

Edward Mickey? Well, shag the vicar.

Mickey *laughs.*

What's wrong?

Mickey You, it sounds dead funny swearin' in that posh voice.

Edward What posh voice?

Mickey That one.

Edward Well, where do you live?

Mickey The estate, look. (*He points.*)

Edward My God, I only live . . .

Mickey I know.

Edward That girl I saw you with, was that . . .

Mickey Linda. Do you remember Linda?

Edward Wow, was that Linda? And is she your girl friend?

Mickey Yeh. She's one of them.

Edward One of them.

Mickey Have you got a girl friend?

Edward Me? Me? No!

Mickey Haven't y'?

Edward Look, you seem to have rather a lot of them, erm . . . perhaps you'd share one with me.

Mickey Share one. Eddie I haven't even got one girl friend.

Edward But Linda . . . you said . . .

Mickey I know, but she's not. I mean, I mean she would be me girl friend, she even says she loves me all over the place, but it's just like dead difficult.

Edward What?

Mickey Like knowing what to say.

Edward But you must, you must . . .

Mickey I know that. But every time I see her I promise myself I'll ask her but, but the words just disappear.

Edward But you mustn't let them.

Mickey What do I say, though?

Edward Mickey, it's easy, I've read about it. Look, the next time you see Linda, you stare straight into her eyes and you say, 'Linda, I love you, I want you, the very core of my being is longing for you, my loins are burning for you. Let me lay my weary head between your warm breasts!' And then,

Mickey, her eyes will be half closed and her voice may appear somewhat husky as she pleads with you, 'be gentle with me, be gentle'. It would work, you know. Listen, we can see how it's done; look the Essoldo for one week only, *Nymphomaniac Nights* and *Swedish Au Pairs*. Whoa...

Mickey I'll have to go home and get some money...

As the boys are going, we see Mrs Lyons appear. She has seen

Edward and Mickey and she stares after them. Making up her mind she quickly goes and fetches a coat, then follows the two boys.

The Narrator enters.

Music.

Edward I've got plenty, I'll lend...

Mickey No, it's all right, me Mam'll give it me...

Edward Come on then, before my Ma sees me. She's off her beam, my Ma...

The boys exit, followed by Mrs Lyons.

Narrator (singing) Did you really feel that you'd become secure,

And that the past was tightly locked away,

Did you really feel that you would never be found,

Did you forget you've got some debts to pay,

Did you forget about the reckoning day.

Yes, the devil he's still got your number;

He's moved in down the street from you,

Someone said he wants to speak to you,

Someone said they'd seen him leavin' on your door.

The Narrator exits.

We see Mrs Johnstone in her kitchen as Mickey bursts in followed by Edward.

Mickey Mother, mam, look, look it's Eddie... Eddie...

Mrs Johnstone stands looking at Edward and smiling.

Edward Hi-ya, Mrs Johnstone. Isn't it fantastic. We're neighbours again.

Mickey Mum, mum, muna, Eddie lives in that house, y' know that big house on the hill. Mam, can y' lend us a quid to go to the pictures.

Mrs Johnstone Yes, it's, erm... it's in the sideboard...

Mickey Oh thanks, mam. I love y'.

Mickey exits to the next room.

Edward You're looking very well, Mrs Johnstone.

Mrs Johnstone Am I? Do you... Do you still keep that locket I gave y'?

Edward Of course... Look...

Mickey enters.

Mickey Mam, Mam, can I bring Eddie back afterwards, for coffee?

Mrs Johnstone Yeh. Go on... go an' enjoy yourselves but don't be too late will y'?

Mickey See y', Mam

Edward Bye Mrs Johnstone.

The boys prepare to leave.

Mrs Johnstone 'Ey. What's the film you're gonna see?

Edward Ern what?

Mrs Johnstone What film...

Edward } *Dr Zhivago*
} *(together)* *Magnificent Seven*

Mrs Johnstone Dr Zhivago's Magnificent Seven.

Edward It's a double bill.

Mrs Johnstone I see. An' where's it on?

Mickey } What?
Edward } (together) The Essoldo

Mrs Johnstone Oh . . . the Essoldo eh? When I passed the Essoldo this mornin' they were showin' *Nymphomaniac Nights* and *Swedish Au Pairs*.

Edward Ah yes, Mrs Johnstone, yes, yea they're just the trailers: a documentary and . . .

Mickey An' a travelogue. About Sweden!

Mrs Johnstone Do the pair of you really think I was born yesterday?

Edward *can't hold it any longer and breaks into embarrassed laughter.*

Mickey (trying to hold on) It is, it . . . It's just a travelogue . . .

Mrs Johnstone Showing the spectacular bends and curves of Sweden . . . Go on y' randy little sods.

Mickey (scandalized) Mother!

Mrs Johnstone Go on before I throw a bucket of water over the pair of y' . . .

Mickey drags Edward out.

I don't know about coffee . . . you'd be better off with bromide. (She gets on with her work.)

Edward (outside the house but looking back) . . . She's fabulous your ma, isn't she?

Mickey She's a fuckin' head case. Come on.

As they run off we see Mrs Lyons appear from where she has been concealed in the alley.

Mrs Johnstone is tilting the 'We Go Dancing' line as **Mrs Lyons** appears in the kitchen. **Mrs Johnstone** gets a shock as she looks up and sees **Mrs Lyons** there. The two women stare at each other.

Mrs Johnstone (eventually nodding) Hello.

Mrs Lyons How long have you lived here?

Pause.

Mrs Johnstone A few years.

Pause.

Mrs Lyons Are you always going to follow me?

Mrs Johnstone We were rehoused here . . . I didn't follow . . .

Mrs Lyons Don't lie! I know what you're doing to me! You gave him that locket didn't you? Mm?

Mrs Johnstone nods.

He never takes it off you know. You're very clever aren't you?

Mrs Johnstone I . . . I thought I'd never see him again. I wanted him to have . . . a picture of me . . . even though he'd never know.

Mrs Lyons Afraid he might eventually have forgotten you? Oh no. There's no chance of that. He'll always remember you. After we'd moved he talked less and less of you and your family. I started . . . just for a while I came to believe that he was actually mine.

Mrs Johnstone He is yours.

Mrs Lyons No. I took him. But I never made him mine. Does he know? Have you told . . .

Mrs Johnstone Of course not!

Mrs Lyons Even when - when he was a tiny baby I'd see him looking straight at me and I'd think, he knows . . . he knows. (*Pause.*) You have ruined me. (*Pause.*) But you won't ruin Edward! Is it money you want?

Mrs Johnstone What?

Mrs Lyons I'll get it for you. If you move away from here. How much?

Mrs Johnstone Look . . .

Mrs Lyons How much?

Mrs Johnstone Nothin'! Nothing . . . You bought me off once before . . .

Mrs Lyons Thousands . . . I'm talking about thousands if you want it. And think what you could do with money like that.

Mrs Johnstone I'd spend it. I'd buy more junk and trash; that's all. I don't want your money. I've made a life out here. It's not much of one maybe, but I made it. I'm stayin' here. You move if you want to.

Mrs Lyons I would. But there's no point. You'd just follow me again wouldn't you?

Mrs Johnstone Look, I'm not followin' anybody.

Mrs Lyons Wherever I go you'll be just behind me. I know that now . . . always and forever and ever like, like a shadow unless I can . . . make . . . you go . . . But you won't so . . .

We see that throughout the above Mrs Lyons has opened the knife drawer and has a lethal-looking kitchen knife in her hand. Mrs Johnstone, unaware, has her back to her. On impulse, and punctuated by a note, Mrs Johnstone wheels. On a punctuated note Mrs Lyons lunges again but Mrs Johnstone manages to get hold of her wrist, rendering the knife hand helpless. Mrs Johnstone takes the knife from Mrs Lyon's grasp and moves away.

Mrs Johnstone (*staring at her, knowing*) YOU'RE MAD. MAD.

Mrs Lyons (*quietly*) I curse the day I met you. You ruined me.

Mrs Johnstone Go. Just go!

Mrs Lyons Witch. (*Suddenly pointing.*) I curse you. Witch!

Mrs Johnstone (*screaming*) Go!

Mrs Lyons *exits to the street.*

Kids voices are heard, chanting, off.

Kids (*off*) High upon the hill the mad woman lives,
Never ever eat the sweets she gives,
Just throw them away and tell your Dad,
High upon a hill there's a woman gone mad.

Mad woman; mad woman living on the hill,
If she catches your eye then you never will
Grow any further, your teeth will go bad
High upon a hill there's a woman gone mad.

Eddie and Mickey *emerge from the cinema, blinking as they try to adjust to the glare of the light in the street. They are both quite overcome with their celluloid/erotic encounter. As they pause and light up cigarettes by a corner lamp post they groan in their ecstatic agony. Each is in an aroused trance.*

Mickey Ooh . . . !

Edward Naked knockers, ooh . . . !

Mickey Naked knockers with nipples . . .

Edward Playing tennis. Ooh. Tennis with tits. Will Wimbledon ever be the same?

Mickey Tits!

Edward Tits, tits, tits . . . (*He begins a frustrated chant of the word, oblivious to everything.*)

Linda and a male enter.

Finally Mickey realizes Linda's presence and knocks Edward, who becomes aware of the girls' presence. He goes into a song without missing a beat.

Tits, tits, tits a lovely way,
To spend an evening . . .

Edward *grabs Linda's male and begins to walk her around the street.*

Can't think of anything I'd rather do . . .

Mate (*simultaneously with the above*) Gerroff. Put me down, get y' friggini' paws off me you. Linda. Y' bloody lunatic, gettoff.

Edward *finally releases her and bows*

Linda, come on. I'm goin' . . .

The Mate begins to walk away. Linda makes no attempt to follow.

Linda What y' doin' in town, Mick?

Mickey We've erm, we've . . .

Edward We have been undergoing a remarkable celluloid experience!

Mate We'll miss the bus, Linda.

Mickey We've been the pictures.

Linda So have we. What did y' go see?

Edward } *Nympho . . .*

Mickey } *Bridge Over the River Kwai.*

Linda Ah, we've seen that. We went to see *Nymphomaniac Nights* instead. An' *Swedish Au Pairs*.

Mickey You what?

Edward *begins to laugh.*

Mate Oh, sod y' then. I'm goin'.

The Mate exits.

Mickey (*to Edward*): What are you laughin' at? Take no notice. Remember Eddie? He's still a head case. Shurrup.

Edward (*shouting*) Tis. Tis, tis, tis, tis.

Edward *leaps around and hopefully ends up sitting at the top of the lamp post. Linda and Mickey laugh at him, while Edward chants.*

A Policeman enters.

The three do not see the arrival of the Policeman.

Policeman An' what the bloody hell do you think you're doin'?

Edward Adolph Hitler?

Policeman Get down.

Edward *gets down from the lamp post.*

Policeman (*getting out his black book*) Right. I want your names. What's your name?

Linda

Mickey } (*together*) Waitin' for the ninety-two bus!

Linda (*pointing upwards*) Oh my God, look . . .

Policeman Now listen . . .

The Policeman falls for it and looks up.

The three make their exit.

The Policeman realizes and gives chase.

Mickey, Linda and Edward *enter, laughing and exhausted.*

The Narrator enters.

Narrator There's a few bob in your pocket and you've got good friends,

And it seems that Sumner's never coming to an end,

Young, free and innocent, you haven't got a care,

Apart from decidin' on the clothes you're gonna wear.

The street's turned into Paradise, the radio's singing dreams,

You're innocent, immortal, you're just fifteen.

The Narrator becomes the rifle range man at the fairground.

Linda, Mickey and Edward *pool their money and hand it to the rifle range man. He gives the gun to Mickey, who smiles, stakes his head and points to Linda. The man offers the gun to Edward but Linda takes it. The boys indicate to the rifle range man that he has had it now Linda has the gun. They eagerly watch the target but their smiles*