

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 SORTOW . . .

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.

He 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*

Music.

Mickey (*singing*)
No kids out on the
You could be livin'
Maybe everybody
Gonna be a lon'
Sunday afterno

Just killing time
Try to rememb
I tell them to r
It's gonna be a
Sunday aftern

Edward *in his g
such a way that w*

Mickey

My best frie
Always had
Knew every
He was clea
From Mon
I wish that
Wear clear
Do sums a

Edward *and
My friend*

Edward

My best f
He could
You wou
At the st
He was
From M
I wish th

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 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'.

Sammy 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
Linda
Mickey
Linda
Mickey
Linda
Mickey
yesterd
Linda
Mick
Lind
Mick

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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' any more!

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.

He 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.