

An' maybe say a littler prayer  
Cos I'm the fastest draw  
The 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 group of children become a brigade of US troops*

**Sergeant**  
OK men, let's get them  
With a hand grenade.  
Let's see them try and get outta this.

**Corporal  
Rest**  
He's a hot shot Sergeant  
From the Ninth Brigade

**Sergeant**  
(*to grenade*)  
He's never been known to miss  
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' zees 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 tops 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 . . .

**Sammy** (*interrupting; chanting*)  
You're dead

Y' know y' are  
I got y' standin'  
Near that car  
But when y' did  
His hand was hid  
Behind his back  
His fingers crossed  
An' so he's not  
So you fuck off!

**Linda**

**Mickey**

*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 weren'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** (*undaunted; 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 twinny 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 twinny 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 . . . y' 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 15: Shoes Upon the Table (reprise—2a)**

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. Edward . . .

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 . . .