

Mickey
(*reciting*)

I wish I was our Sammy
Our Sammy's nearly ten.
He's got two worms and a catapult
An' he's built a underground den,
But I'm not allowed to go in there,
I have to stay near the gate,
'Cos me Mam says I'm only seven,
But I'm not, I'm nearly eight!

I sometimes hate our Sammy,
He robbed me toy car y' know,
Now the wheels are/missin' an' the top's broke off,
An' the bleedin' thing won' go.
An' he said when he took it, it was just like that,
But it wasn't, it went dead straight,
But y' can't say no't 'n when they think y' seven
An' y' not, y' nearly eight.

I wish I was our Sammy,
Y' wanna see him spit,
Straight in y' eye from twenty yards
An' every time a hit.
He's allowed to play with matches,
And he goes to bed dead late,
And I have to go at seven,
Even though I'm nearly eight.

Y' know our Sammy,
He draws rudey women,
Without arms, or legs, or even heads
In the baths, when he goes swimmin',
But I'm not allowed to go to the baths,
Me Mam says I have to wait,
'Cos I might get drowned, cos I'm only seven,
But I'm not, I'm nearly eight.

Y' know our Sammy,
Y' know what he sometimes does?
He wees straight through the letter box
Of the house next door to us.
I tried to do it one night,
But I had to stand on a crate,
'Cos I couldn't reach the letter box
But I will by the time I'm eight.

Bored and petulant, Mickey sits and shoots an imaginary Sammy

Edward, also aged "seven" appears. He is bright and forthcoming

Edward Hello.

Mickey (*suspiciously*) Hello.

Edward I've seen you before.

Mickey Where?

Edward You were playing with some other boys near my house.

Mickey Do you live up in the park?

Edward Yes. Are you going to come and play up there again?

Mickey No. I would do but I'm not allowed.

Edward Why?

Mickey 'Cos me mam says.

Edward Well, my mummy doesn't allow me to play down here actually.

Mickey 'Gis a sweet.

Edward All right. (*He offers a bag from his pocket*)

Mickey (*shocked*) What?

Edward Here.

Mickey (*trying to work out the catch. Suspiciously taking one*) Can I have another one. For our Sammy?

Edward Yes, of course. Take as many as you want.

Mickey (*taking a handful*) Are you soft?

Edward I don't think so.

Mickey Round here if y' ask for a sweet, y' have to ask about, about twenty million times. An' y' know what?

Edward (*sitting beside Mickey*) What?

Mickey They still don't bleedin' give y' one. Sometimes our Sammy does but y' have to be dead careful if our Sammy gives y' a sweet.

Edward Why?

Mickey Cos, if our Sammy gives y' a sweet he's usually weed on it first.

Edward (*exploding in giggles*) Oh, that sounds like super fun.

Mickey It is. If y' our Sammy.

Edward Do you want to come and play?

Mickey I might do. But I'm not playin' now cos I'm pissed off.

Edward (*awed*) Pissed off. You say smashing things don't you? Do you know any more words like that?

Mickey Yeh. Yeh, I know loads of words like that. Y' know, like the "F" word.

Edward (*chueless*) Pardon?

Mickey The "F" word.

Edward is still puzzled. Mickey looks round to check that he cannot be overheard, then whispers the word to Edward. The two of them immediately wriggle and giggle with glee

Edward What does it mean?

Mickey I don't know. It sounds good though, doesn't it?

Edward Fantastic. When I get home I'll look it up in the dictionary.

Mickey In the what?

Edward The dictionary. Don't you know what a dictionary is?

Mickey 'Course I do. . . . It's a, it's a thingy innit?

Edward A book which explains the meaning of words. . . .

Mickey The meaning of words, yeh. Our Sammy'll be here soon. I hope he's in a good mood. He's dead mean sometimes.

EDWARD MICKEY

Edward Why?

Mickey It's cos he's got a plate in his head.

Edward A plate. In his head?

Mickey Yeh. When he was little, me Mam was at work an' our Donna Marie was supposed to be lookin' after him but he feel out the window an' broke his head. So they took him to the hospital an' put a plate in his head.

Edward A plate. A dinner plate?

Mickey I don't think so, cos our Sammy's head's not really that big. I think it must have been one of them little plates that you have bread off.

Edward A side plate?

Mickey No, it's on the top.

Edward And ... and can you see the shape of it, in his head.

Mickey I suppose, I suppose if y' looked under his hair.

Edward (*after a reflective pause*) You know the most smashing things. Will you be my best friend?

Mickey Yeh. If y' want.

Edward What's your name?

Mickey Michael Johnstone. But everyone calls me Mickey. What's yours?

Edward Edward Lyons.

Mickey D' they call y' Eddie?

Edward No.

Mickey Well, I will.

Edward Will you?

Mickey Yeh. How old are y' Eddie?

Edward Seven.

Mickey I'm older than you. I'm nearly eight.

Edward Well, I'm nearly eight, really.

Mickey What's your birthday?

Edward July the eighteenth.

Mickey So is mine.

Edward Is it really?

Mickey Ey, we were born on the same day ... that means we can be blood brothers. Do you wanna be my blood brother, Eddie?

Edward Yes, please.

Mickey (*producing a penknife*) It hurts y' know. (*He puts a nick in his hand*) Now, give us yours.

Mickey nicks Edward's hand, then they clamp hands together

See this means that we're blood brothers, an' that we always have to stand by each other. Now you say after me: "I will always defend my brother".

Edward I will always defend my brother ...

Mickey And stand by him.

Edward And stand by him.

Mickey An' share all my sweets with him.

Edward And share ...

Sammy leaps in front of them, gun in hand, pointed at them

Mickey Hi ya, Sammy.

Sammy Give us a sweet.

Mickey Haven't got any.

Edward Yes, you have ...

Mickey frantically shakes his head, trying to shut Edward up

Yes, I gave you one for Sammy, remember?

Sammy laughs at Edward's voice and Mickey's misfortune

Sammy Y' little robbin' get.

Mickey No, I'm not. (*He hands over a sweet*) An' anyway, you pinched my best gun.

Mickey tries to snatch the gun from Sammy, but Sammy is too fast

Sammy It's last anyway. It only fires caps. I'm gonna get a real gun soon, I'm gonna get an air gun.

Sammy goes into a fantasy shoot out. He doesn't notice Edward who has approached him and is craning to get a close look at his head

(*Eventually noticing*) What are you lookin' at?

Edward Pardon.

Mickey That's Eddie. He lives up by the park.

Sammy He's a fringin' poshy.

Mickey No, he's not. He's my best friend.

Sammy (*snorting, deciding it's not worth the bother*) You're soft. Y' just soft little kids. (*In quiet disdain he moves away*)

Mickey Where y' goin'?

Sammy (*looking at Mickey*) I've gonna do another burial. Me worms have died again.

Mickey (*excitedly; to Edward*) Oh, y' comin' the funeral? Our Sammy is havin' a funeral. Can we come, Sammy?

Sammy puts his hand into his pocket and brings forth a handful of soil

Sammy Look, they was alive an' wriggin' this mornin'. But by dinner time they was dead.

Mickey and Edward inspect the deceased worms in Sammy's hand

Mrs Johnstone enters

Mrs Johnstone Mickey ... Mickey ...

Edward Is that your mummy?

Mickey Mam ... 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