

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 ... 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 cease 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 ...

MR LYONS

Mr 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? Mim?

Mr 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 . . . 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 child's shoes from the floor

I do really think you should see a doctor.

Mr 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?

Mr 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 sweep the shoes off*)

The Lights fade to a single spot on Mrs Lyons

Music 16: Shoes Upon The Table (reprise—2b)

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 percussive 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 beams 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 (*picking up a stone*) I will.

Mickey (*bending for a stone*) Well, I will. I'm not scared, either. Are you Eddie?

Edward Erm . . . well . . . erm . . .

Linda He is look. Eddie's scared.

Mickey No, he isn't! Are y' Eddie?

Edward (*stoically*) No . . . I'm not. I'm not scared at all, actually.

Linda Right, when I count to three we all throw together. One, two, three . . .

Unseen by them a Policeman has approached behind them

Policeman Me mother caught a flea, she put it in the tea pot to make a cup of tea. . . . And what do you think you're doing?

Linda and Mickey shoot terrified glances at Eddie, almost wetting themselves

Edward (*mistaking their look for encouragement*) Waiting for the ninety-two bus. (*He explodes with excited laughter*)

Linda He's not with us.

Mickey Sir.

Linda Sir.

Policeman No. He's definitely with us. What's your name, son?

Edward Adolph Hitler.

Edward laughs until through the laughter he senses that all is not well. He sees that he alone is laughing. The laughter turns to tears which sets the other two off

The three children turn round, crying, bawling, followed by the Policeman

The three children exit

The Lights crossfade to the Johnstone house