

**Narrator**

There's a few bob in your pocket and you've got good friends,  
 And it seems that Summer'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 Lights crossfade to the fairground*

*The Narrator becomes the rifle range man at the fairground*

*Linda, Mickey and Edward rush on*

*Linda, Mickey and Edward pool their money and hand it to the rifle range man. He gives the gun to Mickey, who smiles, shakes 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 fade as Linda misses all three shots. Mickey and Edward turn on Linda in mock anger. They are stopped by the rifle range man throwing them a coconut which is used as a ball for a game of piggy-in-the-middle. When Linda is caught in the middle the game freezes*

*(Picking up the rifle)*

And who'd dare tell the lambs in Spring,  
 What fate the later seasons bring.  
 Who'd tell the girl in the middle of the pair  
 The price she'll pay for just being there.

*He relents and laughs as the frame unfreezes*

*Throughout the following we see Linda, Mickey and Edward smiling their action to the words—coming out of the chip shop, talking, lighting a cigarette by the lamp post*

But leave them alone, let them go and play  
 They care not for what's at the end of the day.  
 For what is to come, for what might have been,  
 Life has no ending when you're sweet sixteen  
 And your friends are with you to talk away the night,  
 Or until Mrs Wong switches off the chippy light.  
 Then there's always the corner and the street lamp's glare  
 An' another hour to spend, with your friends, with her,  
 To share your last cigarette and your secret dream  
 At the midnight hour, at seventeen.

*Throughout the following we see Linda, Mickey and Edward, as if at the beach, Linda taking a picture of Mickey and Edward, arms around each other camping it for the camera but eventually giving good and open smiles. Mickey taking a picture of Edward and Linda. Edward down on one knee and kissing her hand Edward taking a picture of Mickey and Linda. Mickey pulling a*

*distorted face, Linda wagging a finger at him. Mickey chastened. Linda raising her eyebrows and putting one of his arms round her. Linda moving forward and taking the camera. Linda waving the Narrator to snap them. He goes. Linda showing the Narrator how to operate the camera. Linda, Mickey and Edward, grouped together, arms around each other as the Narrator takes the picture. They get the camera and wave their thanks to the Narrator*

It's just another ferry boat, a trip to the beach  
 But everything is possible, the world's within your reach  
 An' you don't even notice broken bottles in the sand  
 The oil in the water and you can't understand  
 How living could be anything other than a dream  
 When you're young, free and innocent and just eighteen.

*Linda, Mickey and Edward exit*

*The Lights fade to a spot on the Narrator*

And only if the three of them could stay like that forever,  
 And only if we could predict no changes in the weather,  
 And only if we didn't live in life, as well as dreams  
 And only if we could stop and be forever, just eighteen.

*The Lights come upon a street*

*We see Edward, waiting by a street lamp*

*Linda approaches, sees him, and goes into a street walk*

**Linda** Well, hallo, sweetie pie; looking for a good time? Ten to seven (*She laughs*) Good time . . . ten to seven . . . it was a joke . . . I mean I know it was a lousy joke but y' could at least go into hysterics!

*Edward smiles*

That's hysterics?

**Edward** Where's Mickey?

**Linda** He must be workin' overtime.

**Edward** Oh.

**Linda** What's wrong with you, misery?

**Edward** (*after a pause*) I go away to university tomorrow.

**Linda** Tomorrow! You didn't say.

**Edward** I know. I think I've been pretending that if I didn't mention it the day would never come. I love it when we're together, the three of us, don't you?

*Linda nods*

Can I write to you?

**Linda** Yeh . . . yeh, if you want.

**Edward** Would Mickey mind?

**Linda** Why should he?

**Edward** Come on . . . because you're his girl friend.