

**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*

SAMMY

**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 friggin' 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 wrigglin' 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*

Mickey Eddie's my best friend, Mam. He lives up by the park an' . . .  
Mrs Johnstone Mickey . . . get in the house.

Mickey What?

Mrs Johnstone Sammy, you an' all. Both of y' get in.

Sammy But I'm older than him, I don't have to . . .

Mrs Johnstone I said get, the pair of y' . . .

Mickey (*going, almost in tears*) But I haven't done nothin'. I'll see y' Eddie.  
Ta ra, Eddie . . .

*Mickie exits into the house*

Mrs Johnstone Sammy!

Sammy Ah. (*To Edward*) I'll get you.

Edward Have I done something wrong, Mrs Johnstone?

Mrs Johnstone Does your mother know that you're down here?

*Edward shakes his head*

An' what would she say if she did know?

Edward I . . . I think she'd be angry?

Mrs Johnstone So don't you think you better get home before she finds out?

Edward Yes.

Mrs Johnstone Go on, then.

*Edward turns to go, then stops*

Edward Could I . . . would it be all right if I came to play with Mickey on another day? Or perhaps he could come to play at my house . . .

Mrs Johnstone Don't you ever come round here again. Ever.

Edward But . . .

Mrs Johnstone Ever! Now go on. Beat it, go home before the bogey man gets y'.

*Edward walks towards his home. As he goes Mrs Johnstone reprises "Easy Terms". The Lights crossfade to the Lyons' house*

#### Music 12: Easy Terms (reprise)

Should we meet again,

I will not recognize your name,

You can be sure

What's gone before

Will be concealed.

Your friends will never learn

That once we were

On easy terms.

*Mr and Mrs Lyons enter their house as Edward walks home*

*Edward reaches his home and walks in. His mother hugs him and his father produces a toy gun for him. Edward, delighted, seizes it and "shoots" his father, who spiritedly "dies" to Edward's great amusement. Edward and his father romp on the floor. Mrs Lyons settles herself in an armchair with a story*

*book, calling Edward over to her. Edward goes and sits with her Mr Lyons joining them and sitting on the arm of the chair*

*Mrs Johnstone turns and goes into her house at the end of the song*

*Mr Lyons gets up and walks towards the door*

Edward Daddy . . . we haven't finished the story yet.

Mr Lyons Mummy will read the story, Edward. I've got to go to work for an hour.

*Mrs Lyons gets up and goes to her husband. Edward goes to the bookshelf and leafs through a dictionary*

Mrs Lyons Richard you didn't say . . .

Mr Lyons Darling, I'm sorry, but if, if we complete this merger I will, I promise you, have more time. That's why we're doing it, Jen. If we complete this, the firm will run itself and I'll have plenty of time to spend with you both.

Mrs Lyons I just—it's not me, it's Edward. You should spend more time with him. I don't want—I don't want him growing away from you.

Edward Daddy, how do you spell bogey man?

Mr Lyons Ask Mummy. Darling, I'll see you later now. Must dash.

*Mr Lyons exits*

Edward Mummy, how do you spell bogey man?

Mrs Lyons Mm?

Edward Bogey man?

Mrs Lyons (*laughing*) Edward, wherever did you hear such a thing?

Edward I'm trying to look it up.

Mrs Lyons There's no such thing as a bogey man. It's a—a superstition.

The sort of thing a silly mother might say to her children—"the bogey man will get you".

Edward Will he get me?

Mrs Lyons Edward, I've told you, there's no such thing.

*A doorbell is heard (see Vocal Score)*

*Mrs Lyons goes to answer the door*

Mickey (*off*) Does Eddie live here?

Mrs Lyons (*off*) Pardon?

Mickey (*off*) Does he? Is he comin' out to play, eh?

Edward (*shouting*) Mickey!

*Mickey enters, pursued by Mrs Lyons*

Mickey Hi-ya, Eddie. I've got our Sammy's catapult. Y' comin' out?

Edward Oh! (*He takes the catapult and tries a practice shot*) Isn't Mickey fantastic, Mum?

Mrs Lyons Do you go to the same school as Edward?

Mickey No.