Two friends

By Alfie James from the play “My boy Danny”

**RORY:**

We were just two friends, us against the world on a perfect summer day. He turned up at my house and woke me up by flicking water at my face. I groaned and threw a pillow at him for disturbing my prefect dream. My mum had let him in. I swear she liked him more than she liked me. The sun was out, not a cloud in the sky. We grabbed my bike from the shed and took the tube out of the city and grabbed an ice cream scoop and used his fake ID to get a couple of smart price energy drinks from the offy and a packet of Benson Silvers. We walked through the park shielded by trees and laughed at the dogs chasing the sticks. He kicked the football that strayed away from the kids playing. I poked fun at him for trying to act like the next Beckham or Ronaldo and he gave me a playful push and even tried to trip me up which ended up with both of us in a heap on the grass laughing. We were just two friends, us against the world on a perfect summer day.

We took a ride out onto the country road, talking about girls and quoting lines from songs like best buddies do. He talked about West-Ham and how they should be playing more tactically and named the players which they should be playing instead of benching. How great Andy Carroll was and could be if only he wasn't always injured. I stood there balancing behind him on the bike agreeing with everything that he said hoping that he didn't realize that I hadn't a clue what he was talking about. He was my first best friend. He could have been speaking in another language and I wouldn't had cared. He took out his sunglasses and put them on at he started climbing the hill. I couldn’t help but laugh at how cool he was trying to be.

Hold on! He screamed. His feet peddled harder and harder. Faster and faster as we sped up the hill, higher and higher. Wait for! Wait for it! He yelled. My heart sank. My eyes widened. Hold on tight! Here we goooo! The top of the hill got closer and closer. I knew what was coming. I should have been petrified. I should have been throwing up by now in fear. The bike sped over the top and down the other side on the open road, taking my breath away in just one gust. I screamed: Shittttt! He was laughing. I was laughing. He stopped peddling, but still we were speeding down the hillside. I grabbed hold of his arms tighter. He took his hands off the handlebars and stretched them out like wings on a plane. Take my hands, Rory, he yelled. I was shaking. Come on, Rory. Take them! I took them. (Louder) I took them! We screamed and laughed as we sped faster and faster on the edge of what could easily be the end. The wind blowing through our hair. We were free. Absolutely free. Not a care in the world. Living for the moment. We were just friends, us against the world on a perfect summer day.

We found a patch in a field and sat in the sun. He cracked open the bottles and we sat and talked some more. What we wanted to do after College, our dreams. There was nothing we couldn't talk about. We told each other jokes which no one else would understand. I told him about my fears. My insecurities and he didn't laugh. He just ruffled my hair and told me to stop being a soppy bollocks and that he thought that I had nothing to worry about. We smoked my first cigarette. I choked and he couldn't help but laughing. There was nowhere else that I'd rather be. We were just two friends. Us against the world.

Time stood still that day. Time went so slow, yet so fast that whole summer. It was him and me. Best buddies forever. There's not a day that goes by when I don't wake up hoping to see him sitting at the bottom of my bed or standing in front of the mirror, trying on one of my tops with a slice of toast which my mum had given him in his mouth. I'd do anything to tell him to piss off, moan at him for being too early or throw a pillow at him. Two friends, against the world on a perfect summer day.

*(Pause)*

He was in a gang. *(Beat)* That's why he died.