

CHRISTOPHER. I have to go back because I have to sit my maths A-level.

JUDY. You're doing maths A-level?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes. I'm taking it on Wednesday and Thursday and Friday next week.

JUDY. God. Christopher. That's really good.

ROGER. Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER. But I can't see Father. So I have to go back to Swindon with you ...

JUDY. I don't know whether that's going to be possible.

CHRISTOPHER. But I have to go.

JUDY. Let's talk about this some other time, OK?

CHRISTOPHER. OK. But I have to go to Swindon.

*He stands and leaves.*

JUDY. Christopher. Please.

## 53 → 44. LONDON STREET AT NIGHT

CHRISTOPHER. What time is it?

SIOBHAN. 7 minutes past 2 in the morning.

CHRISTOPHER. I can't sleep.

SIOBHAN. It's because you're scared of Mr. Shears. You're being silly.

CHRISTOPHER. There's nobody about. You can hear traffic.

*Christopher wanders down the street.*

SIOBHAN. What cars are there?

CHRISTOPHER. A Fiesta. A Peugeot. A Ford Granada. A Mini Cooper.

SIOBHAN. What colours are they?

CHRISTOPHER. I can't tell. I can only see orange and black. And mixtures of orange and black.

SIOBHAN. Look at the things people have in their front garden.

CHRISTOPHER. Oh yes. Is that an elf?

SIOBHAN. It's a gnome. And a teddy bear. And a little pond, look.

CHRISTOPHER. And an oven.

I like looking up at the sky.

SIOBHAN. Me too.

CHRISTOPHER. When you look at the sky at night you know you

are looking at stars, which are hundreds and thousands of light-years away from you. And some of the stars don't exist anymore because their light has taken so long to get to us that they are already dead, or they have exploded and collapsed into red dwarfs. And that makes you seem very small, and if you have difficult things in your life it is nice to think that they are what is called negligible which means they are so small you don't have to take them into account when you are calculating something. I can't see any stars here.

SIOBHAN. No.

CHRISTOPHER. It's because of all the light pollution in London. All the light from the streetlights and car headlights and floodlights and lights in the buildings reflect off tiny particles in the atmosphere and they get in the way of light from the stars.

JUDY. Christopher?

*Judy starts looking for Christopher.*

SIOBHAN. I have to go.

CHRISTOPHER. Don't.

SIOBHAN. I have to.

JUDY. Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER. Siobhan? Siobhan? Where are you? Siobhan?

JUDY. Christopher? Christopher?

*Christopher stands up. Judy stares at him.*

Jesus Christ. What are you doing out here? I've been looking for you. I thought you'd gone. If you ever do that again, I swear to God, Christopher, I love you, but ... I don't know what I'll do.

You need to promise me you won't leave the flat on your own again, Christopher. Christopher do you promise me that?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes.

JUDY. You can't trust people in London.