

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?