

## RS#1 Ed, Christopher

Start →

ED. What is this?

*Christopher looks at Ed.*

CHRISTOPHER. It's a book I'm writing.

ED. Is this true? Did you speak to Mrs. Alexander?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes.

ED. Jesus, Christopher, how stupid are you? What did I tell you Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER. Not to mention Mr. Shears' name in our house. And not to go asking Mrs. Shears or anyone about who killed that bloody dog. And not to go trespassing on other people's gardens. And to stop this ridiculous bloody detective game. Except I haven't done any of those things. I just asked Mrs. Alexander about Mr. Shears because I was doing chatting.

ED. Don't give me that bollocks. You knew exactly what you were bloody doing. I've read the book, remember. What else did I say Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER. I don't know.

ED. Come on Memory Man. Not to go round sticking your nose into other people's business. And what do you do? You go around sticking your nose into other people's business. You go around digging up the past and sharing it with every Tom, Dick, and Harry you bump into. What am I going to do with you Christopher? What the fuck am I going to do with you?

*Ed throws Christopher's book.*

CHRISTOPHER. I was just chatting with Mrs. Alexander. I wasn't doing investigating.

ED. I ask you to do one thing for me, Christopher. One thing.

CHRISTOPHER. I didn't want to talk to Mrs. Alexander. It was Mrs. Alexander who ...

*Ed grabs Christopher's arm.*

*Christopher screams.*

*Ed and Christopher tussle.*

*Ed hits Christopher hard.*

*Christopher falls.*

*Ed stands above him.*

ED. I need a drink.

*He goes and picks up the book.*

*He leaves.*

*He comes back without the book.*

I'm sorry I hit you. I didn't mean to.

I love you very much Christopher. Don't ever forget that. I worry about you, because I don't want to see you getting into trouble, because I don't want you to get hurt.

CHRISTOPHER. Where's my book?

ED. Christopher, do you understand that I love you?

*Ed holds his right hand up and spreads his fingers out in a fan.*

*Christopher does the same with his left hand. They make their fingers and thumbs touch each other.*

CHRISTOPHER. Is it in the dustbin at the front of the house?

End ←