

## RS#6 Ed, Judy, Roger, Christopher

Start



ED. I'm talking to her whether you like it or not.

JUDY. Roger. Don't. Just ...

ROGER. I'm not going to be spoken to like that in my own home.

ED. I'll talk to you how I damn well like.

JUDY. You have no right to be here.

ED. He's my son in case you've forgotten.

JUDY. What in God's name did you think you were playing at saying those things to him?

ED. You were the one that bloody left.

JUDY. So, you decided to just wipe me out of his life altogether?

ROGER. Now let's just all calm down here, shall we?

ED. Well, isn't that what you wanted?

JUDY. I wrote to him every week.

ED. What the fuck use is writing to him?

ROGER. Whoa. Whoa. Whoa.

ED. I cooked his meals. I cleaned his clothes. I looked after him every weekend; I looked after him when he was ill. I took him to the doctor. I worried myself sick every time he wandered off somewhere at night. I went to school every time he got into a fight. And you? What? You wrote him some fucking letters.

*Christopher gets up out of the sleeping bag.*

JUDY. So you thought it was OK to tell him his mother was dead?

ROGER. Now is not the time.

*Christopher finds his Swiss Army knife.*

ED. I'm going to see him. And if you try to stop me ...

*Ed gets into Christopher's room. Christopher points his knife at him.*

*Judy comes in.*

JUDY. It's OK Christopher, I won't let him do anything. You're all right.

ED. Christopher?

*Ed squats down, completely exhausted.*

*Christopher still points the knife at him.*

Christopher, I'm really, really sorry. About — About — About the letters. I never meant ... I promise I will never do anything like that again.

*Ed spreads his fingers and tries to get Christopher to touch him.*

*Christopher ignores him. He still holds his knife out. He groans.*

Shit. Christopher, please.



End