

## 6. HOME

*Christopher turns to Ed.*

CHRISTOPHER. I'm sorry.

ED. It's OK.

CHRISTOPHER. I didn't kill Wellington.

ED. I know.

Christopher you have to stay out of trouble, OK?

CHRISTOPHER. I didn't know I was going to get into trouble. I like Wellington and I went to say hello to him, but I didn't know that someone had killed him.

ED. Just try and keep your nose out of other people's business.

CHRISTOPHER. I am going to find out who killed Wellington.

ED. Were you listening to what I was saying, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes I was listening to what you were saying but when someone gets murdered you have to find out who did it so that they can be punished.

ED. It's a bloody dog, Christopher, a bloody dog.

CHRISTOPHER. I think dogs are important too. I think some dogs are cleverer than some people. Nicholas, for example, who comes to school on Thursdays needs help eating his food and he probably couldn't even fetch a stick.

ED. Leave it.

CHRISTOPHER. I wonder if the police will find out who killed him and punish the person.

ED. I said leave it for God's sake.

CHRISTOPHER. Are you sad about Wellington?

ED. Yes Christopher you could say that. You could very well say that.

## 8. SCHOOL

SIOBHAN. How are you today Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER. I'm very well thank you.

SIOBHAN. That's good.

CHRISTOPHER. In the bus on the way to school we passed 4 red cars in a row.

SIOBHAN. 4?

CHRISTOPHER. So today is a Good Day.

SIOBHAN. Great. I am glad.

CHRISTOPHER. I've decided I am going to try and find out who killed Wellington because a Good Day is a day for projects and planning things.

SIOBHAN. Who's Wellington?

CHRISTOPHER. Wellington is a dog that used to belong to my neighbour Mrs. Shears who is our friend, but he is dead now because somebody killed him by putting a garden fork through him. And I found him and then a policeman thought I'd killed him but I hadn't and then he tried to touch me so I hit him and then I had to go to the police station.

SIOBHAN. Gosh.

CHRISTOPHER. And I am going to find out who really killed Wellington and make it a project. Even though Father told me not to.

SIOBHAN. Did he?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes.

SIOBHAN. I see.

CHRISTOPHER. I don't always do what I'm told.

SIOBHAN. Why?

CHRISTOPHER. Because when people tell you what to do it is usually confusing and does not make sense. For example people often say "Be quiet" but they don't tell you how long to be quiet for.

SIOBHAN. No. Why did your father tell you not to try to find out who killed Wellington?

CHRISTOPHER. I don't know.

SIOBHAN. If your father's told you not to do something maybe you shouldn't do it.

CHRISTOPHER. Mmm.

#### 14. SCHOOL OFFICE

MRS. GASCOYNE. Mr. Boone, nobody has ever taken an A-level examination in the school before.

ED. He can be the first then.

MRS. GASCOYNE. I don't know if we have the facilities in the school to allow him to do that.

ED. Then get the facilities.

MRS. GASCOYNE. I can't treat Christopher differently to any other student.

ED. Why not?

MRS. GASCOYNE. Because then everybody would want to be treated differently.

ED. So?

MRS. GASCOYNE. It would set a precedent. Christopher can always do his A-levels later. When he's 18. Which is, after all, the age everyone else takes their A-levels.

ED. Christopher is getting a crap enough deal already don't you think, without you shitting on him from a great height as well. Jesus, this is the one thing he's really good at.

MRS. GASCOYNE. We should talk about this later. Maybe on our own.

ED. Are there things which you're too embarrassed to say to me in front of Christopher?

MRS. GASCOYNE. No. It's not that.

ED. Say them now then.

MRS. GASCOYNE. If Christopher takes an A-level then he would have to have a member of staff, a supervisor, looking after him on his own in a separate room.

ED. I'll pay for it. They can do it after school. Here. 50 quid. Is that enough?

MRS. GASCOYNE. Mr. Boone.

ED. I'm not going to take no for an answer.

*Ed turns to Christopher.*



## 18. THE STREET

MRS. ALEXANDER. What happened to you the other day? I came out again and you'd gone. I had to eat all the biscuits myself. I was looking forward to our little chat.

CHRISTOPHER. I don't do chatting. I don't like it.

MRS. ALEXANDER. No, I don't suppose you do. Do you like computers?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, I like computers. I have a computer in my room.

MRS. ALEXANDER. I know. I can see you sitting at your computer in your bedroom sometimes when I look across the street.

CHRISTOPHER. And I like maths and looking after Toby. And I also like outer space and I like being on my own.

MRS. ALEXANDER. I bet you're very good at maths aren't you?

CHRISTOPHER. I am. I'm going to do A-level maths next month. And I'm going to get an A-star.

MRS. ALEXANDER. Really? A-level maths?

CHRISTOPHER. I'm the first person to take an A-level from my school because it's a special school. All the other children at my school are stupid. Except I'm not meant to call them that, even though that is what they are.

MRS. ALEXANDER. Well I am very impressed. And I hope you do get an A-star.

CHRISTOPHER. I will.

MRS. ALEXANDER. And the other thing I know about you is your favourite colour is not yellow.

CHRISTOPHER. No. And it's not brown either. My favourite colour is red and metal-colour. Do you know Mr. Shears?

MRS. ALEXANDER. Not really, no. I mean I knew him well enough to say hello but I didn't know much about him. I think he worked in the National Westminster Bank in town.

CHRISTOPHER. Father said that he is an evil man. Do you know why he said that?

MRS. ALEXANDER. Perhaps it would be best not to talk about these things Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER. Why not?

MRS. ALEXANDER. Because maybe your father is right and you shouldn't go round asking questions about this.

CHRISTOPHER. Why?

MRS. ALEXANDER. Because obviously he is going to find it quite upsetting.

CHRISTOPHER. Why is he going to find it quite upsetting?

MRS. ALEXANDER. I think you know why your father doesn't like Mr. Shears very much.

CHRISTOPHER. Did Mr. Shears kill Mother?

MRS. ALEXANDER. Kill her?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes. Did he kill Mother?

MRS. ALEXANDER. No. No. Of course he didn't kill your mother.

CHRISTOPHER. But did he give her stress so that she died of a heart attack?

MRS. ALEXANDER. I honestly don't know what you're talking about, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER. Or did he hurt her so that she had to go into hospital?

MRS. ALEXANDER. Did she have to go into hospital?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes. And it wasn't very serious at first but she had a heart attack when she was in hospital.

MRS. ALEXANDER. Oh my goodness.

CHRISTOPHER. And she died.

MRS. ALEXANDER. Oh my goodness. Oh Christopher, I am so, so sorry. I never realised.

CHRISTOPHER. Why did you say "I think you know why your father doesn't like Mr. Shears very much"?

MRS. ALEXANDER. Oh dear, dear, dear. Christopher look, perhaps we should take a little walk in the park together. This is not the place to be talking about this kind of thing.

### 23. MAP OF HOUSE

SIOBHAN. "The next day, when I got home from school, Father was still at work so I went outside and looked inside the dustbin.

But the book wasn't there.

I wondered if Father had put it into his van and driven to the dump and put it into one of the big bins there but I did not want that to be true because then I would never see it again. One other possibility was that Father had hidden my book somewhere in the house. So I decided to do some detecting and see if I could find it.

I started by looking in the kitchen.

Then I detected in the laundry room.

Then I detected in the dining room.

Then I detected in the living room where I found the missing wheel from my Airfix Messerschmitt Bf109G-6 model under the sofa.

Then I went upstairs but I didn't do any detecting in my own room because I reasoned that Father wouldn't hide something from me in my own room unless he was being very clever and doing what is called a Double Bluff like in a real murder-mystery novel, so I decided to look in my own room only if I couldn't find the book anywhere else.

I detected in the bathroom, but the only place to look was in the medicine cabinet and there was nothing in there.

Which meant the only room left to detect in was Father's bedroom.

I started by looking under the bed.

There were 5 shoes and a comb with lots of hair in it and a monkey wrench and a chocolate chip cookie and a magazine called *Men Only* and a pair of underpants from TJ Maxx with a little bit of pee left in them and a Scooby-Doo tie and a wooden spoon, but not my book. Then I looked in the drawers on either side of the dressing table. But these only contained aspirin and nail clippers and batteries and dental floss and tissues and a spare false tooth and a tampon but my book wasn't there either.

Then I looked in his wardrobe. In the bottom of the wardrobe was a large plastic toolbox, which was full of tools for 'DIY' which means doing-it-yourself, but I could see these without opening the box because it was made of transparent grey plastic. Then I saw that there was another box underneath the toolbox.

The other box was an old cardboard box that is called a shirt box because people used to buy shirts in them."

*Christopher finds these things including, finally, the shirt box.*

"And when I opened the shirt box I saw my book was inside it."

*Christopher finds his book.*

"Then I heard Father's van pulling up outside the house and I knew that I had to think fast and be clever.

I heard Father shutting the door of the van.

And that is when I saw the envelope.

It was an envelope addressed to me and it was lying under my book in the shirt box with some other envelopes. I picked it up."

*Christopher finds the envelope.*

"It had never been opened.

It said:"

JUDY. Christopher Boone, 36 Randolph Street, Swindon, Wiltshire.

SIOBHAN. "Then I noticed there were lots of envelopes and they

ED. Give me your coat I'll hang it up.

How was school?

CHRISTOPHER. It was good thank you. Joseph Fleming took his trousers off and went to the toilet all over the floor of the changing room and started to eat it, but Mr. Davis stopped him.

ED. Good old Mr. Davis eh?

CHRISTOPHER. Joseph eats everything.

ED. Does he?

CHRISTOPHER. He once ate one of the little blocks of blue disinfectant, which hang inside the toilets. And he once ate a 50-pound note from his mother's wallet. And he eats string and rubber bands and tissues and writing paper and paints and plastic forks. Also he bangs his chin and screams a lot.

ED. I know how he feels. Christopher I've got to go out.

CHRISTOPHER. Why?

ED. I've just had a call. There's a lady. Her cellar has flooded. I've got to go out and fix it.

CHRISTOPHER. Is it an emergency?

ED. Yes mate.

CHRISTOPHER. It is raining very heavily.

ED. It is.

CHRISTOPHER. The rain looks like white sparks.

ED. Christopher if I go out, will you be OK?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, I will because there's no one around because everybody's staying indoors.

ED. Good. Good. Good. Good lad.

CHRISTOPHER. I like looking at the rain.

ED. Terrific.

CHRISTOPHER. I like it because it makes me think how all the water in the world is connected.

ED. Does it?

CHRISTOPHER. This water, this rain has evaporated actually from somewhere like maybe the Gulf of Mexico maybe or Baffin Bay and now it's falling in front of the house.

ED. I'll have my mobile with me.

CHRISTOPHER. Yes.

ED. So you can call me if there's a problem.

CHRISTOPHER. Yes.

ED. Behave yourself Christopher yeah?

CHRISTOPHER. Yeah.

## 27. HOME

ED. Look, maybe I shouldn't say this, but ... I want you to know that you can trust me. Life is difficult, you know. It's bloody hard telling the truth all the time. But I want you to know that I'm trying. You have to know that I am going to tell you the truth from now on. About everything. Because ... if you don't tell the truth now, then later on it hurts even more. So ... I killed Wellington Christopher. Just ... let me explain. When your mum left ... Eileen ... Mrs. Shears ... she was very good to me. She helped me through a very difficult time. And I'm not sure I would have made it without her. Well, you know how she was round here most days. Popping over to see if we were OK. If we needed anything ... I thought ... Well ... Christopher, I'm trying to keep this simple ... I thought we were friends. And I guess I thought wrong. We argued, Christopher, and ... She said some things I'm not going to say to you because they're not nice, but they hurt, but ... I think she cared more for that bloody dog than for us. And maybe that's not so stupid looking back. Maybe it's easier living on your own looking after some stupid mutt than sharing your life with other actual human beings. I mean, shit, buddy we're not exactly low-maintenance, are we? Anyway, we had this fight. Well, quite a few fights to be honest. And after this particularly nasty little blow-out, she chucked me out of the house. And you know what that bloody dog was like. Nice as pie one moment, roll over, tickle its stomach. Sink its teeth into your leg the next. Anyway, we're yelling at each other and it's in the garden. So when she slams the door behind me, the bugger's waiting for me. And ... I know, I know. Maybe if I'd just given it a kick it would probably have backed off. But, shit Christopher, when the red mist comes down ... Christ, you know what I'm talking about. I mean we're not that different me and you. And it was like everything I'd been bottling up for two years just ... I promise you, I never meant for it to turn out like this.

*Ed holds his right hand up for Christopher to touch.*

*Christopher ignores it. Ed stares at Christopher.*

OK. Look. Christopher. I'm sorry. Let's leave it for tonight, OK? I'm going to go downstairs and you get some sleep and we'll talk in the morning. It's going to be all right. Trust me.

STATION POLICEMAN. Are you all right, young man?

CHRISTOPHER. You're too old.

STATION POLICEMAN. Are you all right, young man?

CHRISTOPHER. No.

STATION POLICEMAN. You're looking a bit worse for wear. The lady at the café says that when she tried talking to you, you were in a complete trance. What's your name?

CHRISTOPHER. Christopher Boone.

STATION POLICEMAN. Where do you live?

CHRISTOPHER. 36 Randolph Street.

STATION POLICEMAN. What are you doing here?

CHRISTOPHER. I needed to sit down and be quiet and think.

STATION POLICEMAN. OK let's keep it simple. What are you doing at the railway station?

CHRISTOPHER. I'm going to see Mother.

STATION POLICEMAN. Mother?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, Mother.

STATION POLICEMAN. When's your train?

CHRISTOPHER. I don't know. She lives in London. I don't know when there's a train to London.

STATION POLICEMAN. So, you don't live with your mother?

CHRISTOPHER. No. But I'm going to.

STATION POLICEMAN. So where does your mother live?

CHRISTOPHER. In London.

STATION POLICEMAN. Yes, but where in London?

CHRISTOPHER. 451c Chapter Road, London NW2 5NG.

STATION POLICEMAN. What is that?

CHRISTOPHER. That's Toby, my pet rat.

STATION POLICEMAN. A pet rat?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, a pet rat. He's very clean and he hasn't got bubonic plague.

STATION POLICEMAN. Well, that's very reassuring.

CHRISTOPHER. Yes.

STATION POLICEMAN. Have you got a ticket?

CHRISTOPHER. No.

STATION POLICEMAN. So how precisely were you going to get to London then?

CHRISTOPHER. I have a bank card.

STATION POLICEMAN. Is this your card?

CHRISTOPHER. No it's Father's.

STATION POLICEMAN. Father's.

CHRISTOPHER. Yes, Father's.

STATION POLICEMAN. OK.

CHRISTOPHER. He told me the number. It's 3558.

STATION POLICEMAN. Shhh. Why don't you and I take a stroll to the cash machine, eh?

CHRISTOPHER. You mustn't touch me.

STATION POLICEMAN. Why would I want to touch you?

CHRISTOPHER. I don't know.

STATION POLICEMAN. Well, neither do I.

CHRISTOPHER. Because I got a caution for hitting a policeman but I didn't mean to hurt him and if I do it again it'll be a lot worse because of the caution.

VOICE ONE. Please Insert Your Card.

STATION POLICEMAN. You're serious aren't you?

CHRISTOPHER. Yes.

VOICE ONE. Enter Your Personal Identification Number.

STATION POLICEMAN. You lead the way.



**42. MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE  
CHRISTOPHER'S BEDROOM**

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.  
LONDON POLICEMAN. Mr. Boone.  
ED. What are you doing here? Did you call him?  
LONDON POLICEMAN. Mr. Boone, come on mate.  
ED. Don't you mate me. This is my son.  
LONDON POLICEMAN. I know. This can all be sorted out. Just come with me. Please.  
JUDY. Ed, you should go. He's frightened.  
ED. I'll be back.  
Christopher. I'll be back. I promise you Christopher. I promise you lad.

*Christopher groans.*

*London policeman makes Ed leave.*

*Roger watches them both leave.*

*Judy and Christopher are left alone together.*

JUDY. You go back to sleep now. Everything is going to be all right. I promise you.

*They leave Christopher in his room. He lies down. He settles.*