

ALEX. Edward
Edward

RUPERT. Edward

ALEX. Teddy

RUPERT. Like a bear

ALEX. Like a bear

RUPERT. Like Rupert

ALEX. Yes.

Scene Ten

ALEX. A crisp morning, a pink onesie covered in yellow stars, a purple cardigan that clashed horribly, but it's all they had and I didn't want you to be cold my love. Socks so small that when I took them out of the packet I thought, these won't fit. But they did. Perfectly. A blue beanie, knitted but in a charming way. A grey comforter folded under your head, a teddy bear tucked in beside you, and his red tie secretly hidden under the blanket. You have his nose. You have your daddy's nose.

I'm going to paint your room. I'm going to decorate your nursery. I'm going to fill it with stars.

Daddy won't like that, Daddy will hate that, I think Daddy may hate me.

People bring food to my door, literally. People I don't even know or like come to my door, present me with a hotpot, a Thermos of soup, endless fucking brownies and then they come back a day later and pick it up and ask what I'd like next, what takes your fancy? They don't ask me how I am, they don't even know your name. I just want them to say your name.

So I spice it up, I spend hours researching difficult meals, curries with obscure spices, or a passion fruit and papaya pie, a twelve-hour beef stew. They do it, they cook it all, these people who now feel they know me. That they know you.

I want to know what you look like, I want to hear your laugh I want to hear your cry. I want to pick up your sock and test the temperature of your bath with my elbow. I want, I want to have your comforter permanently thrown over my shoulder and I want to manically search the flat for your lost toy that you just can't sleep without. I bought so much Tupperware so that I could have chopped-up carrots on me like a mum, like a real mum. I hate myself, Christ I'm a fucking cliché who talks to her dead baby. Why hasn't the earth stopped turning, why aren't buildings collapsing? Where are the alarms and the police and the army? How can there still be sun when you didn't get a chance to feel it on your face? Why was it you? Where did you go?

Scene Eleven

RUPERT. You're painting

ALEX. Yes

RUPERT. That's excellent

ALEX. Thank you

RUPERT. What are you painting?

ALEX. Teddy's room.

RUPERT. Okay

He notices the colour of the room.

You're painting it yellow.

ALEX. You see we never decided

RUPERT. On what?

ALEX. We never decided on the colour

RUPERT. No I guess not.

ALEX. We never decided on the colour of his room.