

TOM Night time. Food time. Something.

EMILY Person missing me, same person missing you. Same person. No one.

TOM Family.

EMILY Family with bigger problems.

TOM Better than none.

*Beat.*

EMILY Stars out and an appointment, ey? Stars out and a *memory time*?

TOM No.

EMILY Yeah.

TOM No.

EMILY Well what are you doing?

TOM Just sitting.

EMILY Something to do with that. In that box.

TOM Leave us alone.

EMILY Who's us?

TOM Me.

EMILY Free to wander round. Don't have to go anywhere.

TOM Bedtime.

EMILY Bedtime for you too.

TOM Nuh. I don't sleep.

EMILY Everyone sleeps.

TOM Not me.

EMILY Full of crap. You're a crap box.

TOM Go on. Get your night sleep. Miss it soon.

EMILY I'll be good. Just a swap.

TOM He doesn't think so.

EMILY He's an old crank.

TOM No he's not.

EMILY Hermit. Loser. Too long up the mountain with a book and a memory time.

TOM Gave it all up for us.

EMILY We didn't ask him to.  
Anyway, we're young. We'll adapt. Chameleon style.

*Silence.*

TOM What's a chameleon?

EMILY Adapty-machine.

TOM Adapty how.

EMILY Colour changes.

TOM Light brown to ... dark brown. Woo.

EMILY Rather be chameleon. Chameleon, not a Vultron.

TOM Lookee you, all the words.

EMILY Vultron. Soary bird. Looks down, eats your skin. Picks your bones. Leaves em clean.

TOM Feral.

EMILY Chameleons, better. No bone picking. Just curious.  
Bout the box there. One you're hiding.

TOM What box.

EMILY Behind your back. Behind your cheeks.

TOM Private.

EMILY Just wanna know is all. Not take, not change.

*The radio crackles into sound. A whistling sound, like wind.*

TOM Go on. Get out.

EMILY I knew it! Memory time.

TOM Piss off.

EMILY Make me.

*They both stand their ground: TOM ignoring EMILY,  
EMILY staying in his space.*

W/MAN How does a breeze sound through soft, wet leaves?  
Does it whistle? Does it tease?  
Does it make a sound at all?

But you don't care about that now.  
Your favourite time of the week.  
My favourite time of the week.

Starting in —

TOM Listening to memory time. Creeping here or not.

EMILY Thought you didn't listen.

TOM Shut up.

EMILY You shut up.

*THE WEATHERMAN recites 'The Vine' by Robert Herrick.*