

**The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time adapted by Simon Stephens, based on the novel by Mark Haddon**

*JUDY is writing a letter to her teenage son Christopher about why she left a few years ago. Christopher has been told by his father that she died.*

JUDY:

I was looking through some old photos last night, which made me sad. Then I found that photo of you playing with that train set we bought you a couple of Christmases ago. And that made me happy because it was one of the really good times we had together. Do you remember how you played with all the time and you wouldn't go to bed because you were still playing with it. And we told you about train timetables and you made a train timetable. And there was this little wooden station too and we told you how people who wanted to go on the train went to the station bought a ticket and got on the train. You played with it for weeks and weeks and weeks. I liked remembering that a lot.

Dear Christopher. I said I wanted to explain to you why I left when I had the time to do so. Now I have plenty of time. So, I'm sat here with this letter and the radio on and I'm going to try and explain. I was not a very good mother Christopher. Maybe if things were different, maybe if you were different, I might have been better at it. But that's just not the way things turned out.

I'm not like your father. Your father is a much more patient person. He just gets on with things and if things upset him he doesn't let it show. But that's not the way I am, and nothing is going to change that. Do you remember when we went Christmas shopping together? And we went into Bentall's and it was really crowded, and we had to find a Christmas present for Grandma. And you were frightened because of all the people in the shop. And you crouched down on the floor and put your hands over your ears and you were in the way of everyone and I was so cross because I don't like Christmas shopping either. And I told you to behave and I tried to pick you up and move you. But you screamed and knocked all those mixers off the shelf and there was a big crash and everyone was staring and I saw that you had wet yourself and I wanted to take you out the shop but you wouldn't let me touch you and we just had to wait until you had stopped screaming. And then I had to walk you all the way home, which took hours because I knew you wouldn't go on the bus again. I remember that night I just cried and cried and cried.

Your father was really nice about it at first, he made you supper and put you to bed. And he said these things happen and it would be ok. But I said I couldn't take it anymore and he said I was being stupid and told me to pull myself together. And I hit him which was wrong, but I was so upset. We had lots of arguments like that. Because I often thought I couldn't take it anymore. And by the end we stopped talking to each other very much because we knew it would always end in an argument. And I felt really lonely.

And that was when I started spending lots of time with Roger. And I know you might not understand any of this but I wanted to try to explain so that you knew. I said that I couldn't leave you and he was sad about that but he understood that you were really important to me.