INT. CROFT HOUSE - NIGHT

Firelight flickers across the stone walls. Gran's knitting needles click steadily. Seren lies on the rug, an astronomy book open before him.

GRAN
Ye'll ruin yer eyes, readin' in this light.

Seren doesn't look up from his book.

SEREN
Did ye know the stars we see arenae even there anymore?

Gran's needles never miss a beat. Thinks for a moment before answering.

GRAN
Doesnae matter how long ago they burned out. They're still lightin' up the sky.

Seren traces the star chart with his finger, his face illuminated by the firelight.

SEREN
I might do my school project on astrophysics. There's so much we still dinnae know about the universe.

GRAN
Well, ye've always had a head for numbers and ideas... The sky's full of mysteries.