

SCENE 1 – THE FLAT**FX BABY CRYING IN A NEIGHBOURING ROOM**

ANDREW Grainne? Which box is it in?!

GRAINNE (OFF – from bedroom) I don't know, Andrew! One of the
 bedroom boxes.

ANDREW (with forced patience) There are about 8,000 boxes out here
 marked bedroom, dear. Can you be any more exact?

GRAINNE No, I can't, *dear*. And if you don't find it soon, I promise you,
 Niall won't be the only one crying.

FX CARDBOARD BOXES BEING TORN OPEN

ANDREW Are all his things in the same box?

GRAINNE I don't know. I'm busy trying to distract him with my chapped
 nipples.

ANDREW Are you feeding him?

GRAINNE No, Andrew. I just thought he might like to have a look at how he's irreparably damaged my breasts. Of course I'm bloody feeding him!

FX CARDBOARD BOXES BEING TORN OPEN

ANDREW This is pointless. I'm not going to be able to find it.

GRAINNE You will. Because neither of us are going to sleep until you find it and unless you've started lactating, you will stop complaining about having to look through boxes and find his bloody white noise machine!

FX CARDBOARD BOXES BEING TORN OPEN

ANDREW Is he calming down at all?

GRAINNE Oh, yes. Can't you hear? He's properly zen.

FX BABY CRYING LOUDER THAN EVER

ANDREW Are you *sure* it's in a bedroom box?

GRAINNE Is that a joke?!

ANDREW Did you not pack an overnight bag with his stuff in it?

PAUSE

ANDREW Gron?

GRAINNE (sheepishly) Yes.

ANDREW Did you pack a –

GRAINNE (impatiently) Yes.

ANDREW Okay, is it in the overnight bag?

PAUSE

ANDREW Grainne?

GRAINNE (sheepishly) Yes.

ANDREW Well, where is that?

FX A CLICK FROM THE BEDROOM. CALMING WHITE NOISE.
BABY CRYING BEGINS TO CALM.

GRAINNE (sheepishly) Got it.

ANDREW Right. Brilliant.

GRAINNE Good boy, Niall! That's it.

ANDREW I don't want to jinx it, but it's been about 15 minutes. I knew they wouldn't ring *all* ni—

FX CHURCH BELLS RINGING FOR MIDNIGHT – 12 LOUD DONGS. BABY STARTS SCREAMING AGAIN. A CACOPHANY.

GRAINNE SON OF A BITCH!

ANDREW Are they *kidding*?!

GRAINNE SON OF A GODDAMNED BITCH!

ANDREW Grainne, the baby.

GRAINNE GODDAMNED MOTHERF-

ANDREW Grainne!

GRAINNE This is insane, Andrew. It's midnight!

ANDREW I know it's midnight! The same way I've known exactly what time
it is every 15 minutes for the past 6 hours!

GRAINNE Which box did you put the whiskey in?

ANDREW Grainne, we live above a bar.

FX BOTTLE BEING TAKEN OUT OF A BAG

GRAINNE Never mind, found it.

ANDREW Overnight bag?

GRAINNE Overnight bag.

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SCENE 2 – THE FLAT

FX **CHURCH BELL – RINGS FOR QUARTER TO THE HOUR.**

WHITE NOISE MACHINE HUMS.

GRAINNE (nearly dead) Andrew?

ANDREW (equally dead) Hmm?

GRAINNE I had the weirdest dream. We decided to move to the countryside to open up a little boutique bar, and we sank all of our savings into it. And we were so excited because we thought it would be great to raise Niall in a quaint little English village. But then these bells kept ringing every fifteen minutes and we couldn't sleep.

ANDREW Grainne?

GRAINNE Mmm?

ANDREW You have to sleep to dream.

GRAINNE That wasn't a dream?

ANDREW No, it's a living nightmare.

GRAINNE Oh God. I think...I think I'm going to lose my mind. It's not even every hour. It's not even every half hour. It's every fifteen minutes. The bells ring *every fifteen minutes*. Literally *every* fifteen minutes. All night.

ANDREW Mmmhmm.

GRAINNE Do you think it's every night?

ANDREW I don't know.

GRAINNE Is it one of those weird little English things? Like Morris Dancing?

ANDREW Morris Dancing?

GRAINNE I dunno, they use bells, don't they? Like, maybe today is the feast of Saint Bellringer. The patron saint of the perpetually exhausted? Maybe we've just arrived on the wrong day. That could be a thing...right?

ANDREW I don't know.

GRAINNE How the hell did Niall get to sleep?

ANDREW White noise?

GRAINNE Irony. That's what's keeping us awake. White noise. Get it? Like posh, rich, white noise.

ANDREW (unemotional, but genuine) No, no, I get it. It's very clever. I'm just...I'm so tired. I worry that if I laugh, I might die.

GRAINNE Quarter to seven. Can we just go to a hotel or something?

ANDREW Can't.

GRAINNE Why?

ANDREW Internet guy coming.

GRAINNE Jesus. What time?

ANDREW Sometime between 8am and an indeterminate point in the next decade.

GRAINNE What are we going to do?

ANDREW I don't know. I'd look up how long a person can survive with no sleep, but we have no internet.

GRAINNE We should go to the church.

ANDREW They won't let us sleep there. We're not C of E. And besides they can't have beds in churches, the council tax implications alone –

GRAINNE No. We should talk to the priest about the ringing.

ANDREW Vicar.

GRAINNE Same difference.

ANDREW I'll try talking to him this morning.

GRAINNE No, I'll go.

ANDREW No, it's alright.

GRAINNE No, seriously, it's too important. I'll go.

ANDREW What's that supposed to mean – *too important*? I can sort it.

GRAINNE No, you *think* you can sort it. You always *think* you're being reasonable, when in fact, you rub everyone up the wrong way.

ANDREW It's called honesty. Most people find it refreshing.

GRAINNE No, it's called rudeness. Most people find it rude.

FX **BABY CRYING**

GRAINNE I'll go.

ANDREW No, I'll go.

GRAINNE It's not like I'm getting any sleep anyway. Make yourself useful
and find the box with the kettle and the coffee in it. And just pour
some water directly into the jar and give that to me.

ANDREW Are you sure you didn't pack the kettle in the overnight bag?

GRAINNE You're playing with fire, my sweet.

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