

# ROCKABYE

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## OPENING IMAGE

*A spotlight in the middle of darkness. A roughly constructed, makeshift bassinet with a baby in it. A soundscape builds. It's the soundtrack of a life—tiny snatches of African music, crying, laughter, a mother singing a lullaby, traffic noises, animal noises, babies crying, soothing words, airplane noises, snatches of conversation, more African music, lullabies, TV, radio—a chaotic but rhythmically beautiful jumble of culturally diverse sounds, stolen from a life.*

*The spotlight diminishes on the bassinet, which vanishes, as the lights come up.*

## SCENE ONE

*An elegant, hiply decorated London mansion.*

*SIDNEY, a very attractive, thin woman in her mid forties, wearing expensive exercise clothes, is sitting on a sofa in a smartly appointed home office with her feet on the coffee table while JULIA, casually dressed, wearing a Bluetooth and carrying a clipboard, stands in front of her.*

*Their exchange is rapid-fire.*

SIDNEY: And the thing—

JULIA: Done—

SIDNEY: The benefit—

JULIA: I said no—

SIDNEY: Nicely?

JULIA: Very nicely—You've previously—

SIDNEY: Yes, I have—

JULIA: Committed to a—

SIDNEY: What?

JULIA: Breast—

SIDNEY: Good—

JULIA: Cancer—

SIDNEY: Excellent—

JULIA: Function previously—

SIDNEY: Good—

JULIA: Previous to their own.

*Quick beat.*

SIDNEY: *Is* there a breast cancer function?

JULIA: No.

*Quick beat.*

SIDNEY: Photos?

JULIA: They wanted the second one—

SIDNEY: The big—the one with—

JULIA: The muscly one—

SIDNEY: The big guy in the thong—

JULIA: In the thong, yes. Well—

SIDNEY: —endowed.

JULIA: Jamal—

SIDNEY: The one with me—

JULIA: He had his crotch in your—

SIDNEY: Where are we with the visa?

JULIA: Howard's onto it. The whole firm is—Howard cancelled the holiday—

SIDNEY: He cancelled a public holiday?

JULIA: Not for the public—

SIDNEY: He cancelled a public holiday?

JULIA: For the firm. You know he's always trying to impress you.

SIDNEY: Did I ask?

JULIA: No.

SIDNEY: Did I?

JULIA: No.

SIDNEY: For your opinion?

JULIA: No you didn't.

SIDNEY: Coloured tabs?

JULIA: They only make single colours.

SIDNEY: I *wanted* multicoloured.

JULIA: You can mix the packets yourself.

SIDNEY: What? *Self-mix*?

JULIA: Let's move on.

SIDNEY: The wheatgerm.

JULIA: Didn't have Peruvian. Only, ah, wherever it normally comes from.

SIDNEY: I have to do everything myself!

JULIA: I've got Esme on the net.

SIDNEY: Esme thinks the net is something you wear on your head at bedtime.

JULIA: I'm training her.

SIDNEY: It has to be Peruvian or I'm bloated—

JULIA: I know.

SIDNEY: The bloats—

JULIA: I know.

SIDNEY: And if that happens, the wardrobe's ruined.

JULIA: Berlin—

SIDNEY: Let's talk about Berlin—

JULIA: Berlin's good—

SIDNEY: Did you stop by?

JULIA: Yes

SIDNEY: And?

JULIA: They have the size six.

SIDNEY: Hallelujah!

JULIA: That's the good news.

SIDNEY: Slowly.

JULIA: The size six is missing a button.

SIDNEY: What?

JULIA: Yes—

SIDNEY: A button?

JULIA: Yes.

SIDNEY: You're kidding me?