

I'm lying. I do have sleep issues. I mean historically. I have historical sleep issues. They can reappear in times of stress. And this is a time of stress.

I go through my set – Reasons Why It's OK For Me To Love Hugh Grant, Annoying Doorbells, Things You Learn About Your Mates In An Escape Room, New And Better Names For All

Could I have gone for a piss and left it unlocked? Don't remember doing that. Did I sleepwalk? Haven't done that since I was six years old. Haven't wet myself since I was six either. And, no, I haven't wet myself. But thanks for asking.

I'm breathing – just breathing - and thinking that probably the best thing to do in this situation is to ! . pretend it's not happening. Just pretend it's not happening. I'm going to go back to sleep because that's the priority here - sleep. The most important thing is sleep. I'll deal with this douchbag (CONSIDERS) Douchbag?. I'll deal with this douchbag in the morning. It could be a funny story. Could be material. I mean he might be a nice guy. He might be a dick. He's probably a dick. Right. Come on. Sleep. Sleep now.

FX WHEEZY BREATHING, LIP SMACHING

Sleep.

FX WHEEZY BREATHING, A BODY MOVING UNDER BEDSHEETS

Sleep.

He's a dick.

FX A FART

I am not making this up. This is a sealed cabin. The windows don't open.

FX ANOTHER FART

“Hey buddy” I hear myself saying.. Not too loudly. “You got the wrong cabin mate. Excuse me, mate. But you’re in my cabin.”

FX BREATHING CONTINUES

“I’ve got a gig tomorrow. I need to sleep. Can you hear me?”

FX BREATHING CONTINUES

So I’m on my feet now, flicking the lights on. Turns out douchbag bunk invader is a man with grey-hair. He’s wearing an eye-mask and green tartan pyjamas. He’s sleeping like the dead. Foetal position.

first big break. I'm in with a chance. My 'People Who Exercise In Public' material always gets the biggest laugh of the night. No matter who else is on the bill. That, and my bit about the 'Ripen-at-Home Plums'.

There's an agent interested. Mel. She wears statement earrings and her twitter bio says 'comedy agent, but nice..'

She told me last week that she worried I might be too 'surface level'. What she means by that is I don't do Dead Dad Shows. They're all the rage these days, Dead Dad Shows. Everyone's doing confessional, vulnerable. Everyone's like: "I tried to kill myself when I was a gay teenager in the 90s and now

MUSIC - STEVE REICH, SIX MARIMBAS 8.44 -- 8.54

FX FOOTSTEPS AND TRAIN RATTLES

The bogs are occupied so I head through the seated carriage. Families are sleeping – kids piled on top of their parents. A bloke with a blonde beard eyes me with recognition I don't understand. He looks like he wants a fight. He nearly says something. I nearly say something back but I don't.

FX TOILET DOOR LOCKING

In the toilet mirror, an addled person stares back at me. It's Becca. We've always looked alike, me and Becca. And the Becca in my mind is always addled. Even though (you'll be pleased to know) she's not addled anymore. She's a regular people person now is Becca – now that she's with-child and happy.

And now she's expecting a grandchild, Mum is also happy. I am aware that Mum had a Not-Depressed-Life at some point in the past but I don't remember it so it's like meeting a stranger. Turns out Mum's a people person too. Traitor.

It takes zero skill to get pregnant. A walrus can get pregnant. I work an office job, get a pension, get a mortgage without as much as a 'well done, son'. Becca lets Brian from Gourmet Burger Kitchen inseminate her and suddenly she's the Second Coming.

Brian grows geraniums on his windowsill, which is apparently why Becca fell in love with him.

Mum doesn't know I've quit my job to become a full-time comedian. I'm going to tell her after the show - after she's seen me up there killing it.

FX TRAIN NOISES, FOOTSTEPS

When I get there, the bar carriage is deserted. Clock on the counter says 3:42am. Panic. Don't panic. I call out. "Excuse me, hello" like a prick. The grill is down on the bar so I unpick the lock. Need water. Won't sleep without water. There's cans of soda water. I nail one. I would have paid for it if someone had been here. I'm not a criminal.

Becca has started ringing me up and telling me stories. Her stories aren't funny stories like yours used to be. Her stories are 'allegorical'. What Becca is trying to tell me, with all her stories, is that I don't have to be such a prick all the time.

But I do have to be a prick. You die suddenly of an undiagnosed heart defect when I'm six years old. That means I have to be prick. I was six. She was nine. She got three more years of you than I did. Three whole years.

Becca and Brian have a joint email address. They're going to go on family holidays and sleep with their kids piled on top of them. She's going to start saying things like "show me you're listening" and "drat".

I'm on my third elderflower tonic water when Blonde Beard from the seated carriage comes in, followed by the Guard who looks exhausted and weary. Blond Beard is pointing at me. What is his problem? I'm the victim here. Weary Guard asks what I'm doing. I explain that the bar was unmanned. Weary Guard has a pimple between his eyebrows. He seems too young for this level of responsibility. I want to ask his name but he tells me to empty my pockets. I produce seven

miniature bottles of Glenfiddich, three packets of shortbread and a bag of salted almonds.

Turns out Blonde Beard is a copper. "Always on duty, sometimes off shift". He offers to radio the BTP at the next station stop. They can arrest me there. I tell

I lock the door after he's gone. I slip under the covers. Sleep time. I go through my set – Reasons Why It's OK To Love Hugh Grant, Annoying Doorbells ! I am going to die on my arse tomorrow if I don't sleep now.

I think of Intrusive-Thoughts Laura and her rainbow rollneck jumper and her dick jokes. She's funny. And brave. She is brave. I do see that. Mum will prefer her to me. I prefer her to me.

FX LIGHT SNORING

MUSIC – SIX MARIMBAS 0.00--

FX A SNATCH OF COMEDY CLUB ATMOS AND APPLAUSE

Hello Edinburgh Chortle Awards, thank you for having me. My name's James and I'm !
(HESITATES)
I'm !
(HESITATES)
I'm dying on my arse.

FX A FART. MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY AT 0.37

I'm too little.

I'm too