

JUICEBOX EPISODE 1

Written by

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JUICEBOX. EPISODE 1

INT. I.T. DEPARTMENT, BASEMENT OF 'COME HERE WITH ME TRAVEL'
(DAY)

The I.T. Department is in a dimly lit basement. On one side of the space is a pile of unused tech equipment and boxes of old travel brochures, on the other side is the NIALL, the Head of the I.T.'s workspace.

On a table in the centre of the room is an amateur podcast set-up, including a Zoom Recorder, an iPad with the Sound-effects application open and three microphones in table stands.

Also on the table are two wine bottles, one half empty. EMILY (30) and MAGGIE (29) are at the microphones, sipping wine from Company Coffee mugs.

EMILY sits back with one foot on the table. She is Bleach-blond, American and has what her parents describe as a "quirky style." She wears a Jean-Jacket with a prominent Steve Martin, arrow-through-his-head, Iron-on patch.

MAGGIE sits cross-legged next to Emily in an office chair. Maggie is Irish, with long and pretty brown hair. She is small in stature and possesses a plucky, "little sister in the tree-house" type energy.

NIALL (33) is wearing expensive headphones and is working the Zoom Recorder from behind his laptop. He strikes a Clark Kent-type silhouette in thick black frames and a flannel shirt.

EMILY takes a sip of wine from a Coffee mug.

EMILY

I'd have this wine again.

MAGGIE

Though the bar is pretty low after last month's Phoenix Zinfandel "situation."

Beat.

I'd clean our refrigerator shelves with my own mouth before I took another sip of Phoenix Zinfandel.

EMILY and MAGGIE shudder at the memory.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

So if you're just tuning in-

EMILY
 (Speaking to the listeners)
 ...which you aren't because this is
 a podcast..

MAGGIE glares at EMILY

MAGGIE
 If you're JUST tuning in, at Petrol
 Station Wino's, we get drunk off
 Ireland's *cheapest*, Petrol Station
 bought wine so you don't have to.

EMILY
 Unless you need to.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 Unless you need to.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 Alright... *Wine-Gums*..

MAGGIE covers the mic with her hand

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 You're *totally* set on calling the
 listeners "Wine-Gums?"

EMILY nods emphatically, then notices NIALL on his phone
 under the table.

EMILY
NIALL! *Get off your phone!*

Beat.

Listeners, our Producer, let's be
 honest, our friend, Niall,
 literally made us sign a 'No Phones
 While Recording' agreement before
 we started recording today.

MAGGIE
 (To Niall)
 You laminated it like.

NIALL, frustrated presses 'PAUSE' on the recording and
 removes his headphones.

NIALL
 I'm on my phone for the podcast.

EMILY holds up a very official looking laminated agreement.

NIALL (CONT'D)
 Christ sake, I'm tweeting the show
 link to celebrities with big
 followings.

MAGGIE

Huh? I know I'm new to podcasting,
(To Emily) but is that a thing?

NIALL

If we can get someone of note to
listen to the podcast, maybe
they'll tweet about it and we can
get your listener numbers into the
double digits..

EMILY

That's actually inspired! Marketing
is my profession and I didn't even
think of that...

MAGGIE

You're an aspiring comedian who
runs the social media accounts for
a travel company.

MAGGIE hits a button on the iPad that plays a "BUUUUURNED"
sound clip. MAGGIE and EMILY swap cheeky grins.

EMILY

(Cheekily)

ASPIRING Comedian?? I'm very happy
with my *artistic freedom*, THANK
YOU. Speaking of being an unpaid
comedian..

NIALL starts recording again.

EMILY (CONT'D)

DUBLIN, If you're free this
Thursday night, my comedy show,
CAVE COMEDY is back on in the
basement of Wigwam after a brief
hiatus due to..

Beat.

EMILY (CONT'D)

... my broken heart.

EMILY hits a button on the iPad, accidentally playing the
"BUUUUURNED" sound effect again.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Whoops! Wrong one..

EMILY hits a different button, playing a saddened crowd
"Awwwwwwww"-ing sound effect.

EMILY (CONT'D)

That's right, listeners. My boyfriend of TWO and a HALF years broke up with me. (Pause) The day before Valentine's Day-

MAGGIE

SO he could spend it with the woman he was cheating on her with-

EMILY

BUT, it's okay, cause now I have more time for the podcast and my stand-up comedy, and my best friend Maggie here, but most importantly... I never, EVER have to watch TOP GEAR ever again.

MAGGIE

To no more Top GEAR!

MAGGIE AND EMILY clink mugs. MAGGIE leans into the mic.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(Timidly) Also, *wine-gums*, I'll be performing at Cave Comedy this Thursday. Since we recorded our last podcast, I've actually started doing stand-up myself.

EMILY

See, listeners, you have to come!

MAGGIE

OKAY, *Wine-Gums* this Merlot from... *Golden Farms* will set you back the quite frankly extortionate price of €6! But now it's time to talk:
NOTES.

MAGGIE and EMILY mutter like posh Victorians.

NIALL hits a button on his laptop and plays a pre-recorded segment jingle sung by EMILY

"MAGGIE and EMILY are a couple-a-dotes, Time for 'em now to discuss the notes....in the wiiiiinnneeee"

EMILY

I'm getting notes of metal. Metal-y grapes or...

EMILY takes another sip.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Nails?

MAGGIE swirls the wine in her mug, sniffs and sips.

MAGGIE

Notes of coins and-

MAGGIE takes another sip and then perks up with a discovery.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

That club out in Swords we used to go to in college!

EMILY

Bar *BADOS*?! This tastes like that carpet used to smell!

EMILY (CONT'D)

Remember that time we were there for Joanna's birthday and we couldn't find you for ages and when we did, you were talking to that old man who said you reminded him of his dead wife so you let him touch your hair-

MAGGIE

EMILY-

EMILY

YOU LET HIM TOUCH YOUR HAIR and then you *made-out* with him!

EMILY is laughing. She has wine-teeth.

MAGGIE

That was you.

EMILY pauses and remembers the night.

EMILY

That was me.

NIALL

CHEERS. All I did in college was make Mix CDs for the girls I fancied.

MAGGIE

(A little tipsy) You were still doing that two years ago when we met you!

Beat.

Didn't you make one for Emily when we started working here?

EMILY

(Changing the subject)
OKAY. Now it's time for a new segment called... *5 Second Wine Chug!* Where we all, including Producer Niall, have to chug as much wine as we can in 5 seconds!

MAGGIE

DISGUSTING! Let's do it!

EMILY, MAGGIE and NIALL chug their wine.

PEARL (32) enters the basement and starts walking down the basement stairs.

Newly promoted, Office Manager, PEARL is dressed to impress. (but still wants to be seen as "one of the girls") in a black trousers and a matching yellow top and cardigan. She is carrying a stack of binders.

PEARL

(Sincerely friendly) PAL-I-OS!
Lunch break in the basement? How very... "sexy medieval" of you..

MAGGIE, EMILY and NIALL pause like children caught by their parents stuffing sweets into their mouths.

MAGGIE

Pearl! We're not doing--

PEARL finally notices the wine bottles and microphones.

PEARL

(Like George Takai)
Oh, My.

PEARL (CONT'D)

You're recording your Wine Podcast at work. During work hours. You're day drinking, at work...

NIALL

Sorry Pearl, It's my fault-

EMILY and MAGGIE shoot him looks to say, "You don't have to be chivalrous."

PEARL

Stop your explaining right there,
Buster. We're all still on Lunch.
Let's just say that *Officer Manager*
Pearl, who of course would have an
obligation to report you, didn't
see any of this... Your breezy,
chilly, *cool, Friend* Pearl
would never report her pals
because...

PEARL (CONT'D)

(Bad New Jersey accent)
... *Pearl, ain't no Goddamn RAT.*

EMILY

Thank you, Pearl.

MAGGIE

Thanks Pearl.

PEARL

Emily! Girl, you've lost weight!
What's your secret?

EMILY

Just.. (Looking down at her wine)
better habits I guess-

PEARL sees the time.

PEARL

There's one more minute left of
lunch and so, one more minute until
Officer Manager Pearl clocks back
in...

EMILY and MAGGIE leap into a frenzy, frantically cleaning up the wine evidence. They swish and spit mouth wash into empty water bottles they brought for this very purpose.

NIALL puts away the recording equipment and spins back around to his work station.

EMILY and MAGGIE run up the stairs.

PEARL (CONT'D)

(Calling after them)
And drink some coffee please!

PEARL lovingly watches them rush back into the office

PEARL (CONT'D)

...you *bleedin'* beautiful, best buds of mine.

INT. 'COME HERE WITH ME TRAVEL' RECEPTION (DAY)

The 'CHWMT' windowed reception area is bright with natural light. A wall monitor plays a video on loop of Irish travel destinations.

There is a wall display of hundreds of travel brochures below posters featuring the company's featured tours and mini-breaks.

Between the entrance and the lift that leads to their corporate offices, sits a reception desk, affixed with the company's colourful logo.

Sitting at the desk is JOHN (24), a smiley temp with unwieldy curly hair. He is practicing close-up card magic.

FIA (25) is head of reception and is dressed like Norma Desmond from 'Sunset Boulevard' in a kaftan and head-wrap. Fia is painting their nails and eating pistachios.

PEARL walks by the desk with purpose on her way outside. She is still carrying her stack of binders.

JOHN

Can I give you a hand with all those binders, Pearl?

PEARL

Oh! (Laughing) I actually forgot I was holding these! You know, I can watch a whole episode of 'Tipping Point' and not even realise I've been holding a chair the whole time.

FIA stops eating pistachios and looks up.

FIA

Why would you be holding a chair?

PEARL

In case my house-mate, Mikey, wants to join. He never does though. He just locks himself in his room cause he says he's got too much work to do. Which is weird, cause he's a bartender...

JOHN
 (Sincerely)
 YEAH. That is weird.

Fia rolls their eyes.

PEARL
 (Excitedly referring to the binders) I just compiled some of my favourite research on Dublin's ancient history, threw in some fun facts, sprinkled in some puns here and there and drafted a few maps, a lot of maps, actually.

Beat.

Of course, they have their own way of doing things; Tour Guiding IS an art form, after all.

FIA perks up at the sound of PEARL referring to Tour-Guiding as an "art form."

FIA
HA.

JOHN
You should be a Tour Guide, Pearl, you'd be great!

FIA
 Darling, he's right. Tell Grainne you want to do tours, I beg you.

PEARL
 (Laughing nervously) "Tell" Grainne?! HOO-BOY, I don't think anyone has ever "TOLD" Grainne anything...

JOHN
 Grainne is so scary and also smells so good. (Pause) Why does she smell so good?

FIA
 (Ignoring John) The company could use a guide like you.

As FIA speaks, they look out the front window to outside where tour-guides, EANNA, PADRAIG and AOIFE are smoking roll ups and bowing to each other. They are wearing costume-y looking hats.

FIA (CONT'D)

They're hacks, biding their time
before they "*finally*" get the call
to perform in a James Joyce solo
play on a cruise ship or some other
diddley-eye, derivative, vomitus
CRAP. You have passion, Pearl.
PASSION. Use it.

PEARL

(blushing)

That's very kind, Fia, but I have
to tell you, the tour guides are
actually incredible people. They
have a culture and a short hand we
couldn't possibly understand...

THEY look out the front window to the Tour Guides.

EANNA tips his hat. Aoife produces a new hat from her
satchel.

PADRAIG produces a small yellow shop bag and excitedly pulls
out a brown wig.

EANNA suddenly notices that PEARL, FIA and JOHN are watching
them and performs a mysterious hand-signal. Instantly, the
three of them part ways in opposite directions.

FIA

WHAT are they?

INT. MAGGIE AND EMILY'S DESK

EMILY and MAGGIE are slumped at their desks.

MAGGIE is sluggishly dragging her computer mouse, designing a
sales graphic.

MAGGIE

You'd assume drinking would make my
soulless graphic design job more
fun, but it's just made me sleepy.

EMILY

(Looking at her computer
screen, tearing up)
Day drinking just makes emotional.

MAGGIE

'Unlikely Animal Friendships?'

EMILY turns her screen to show MAGGIE

EMILY
 (Through tears)
 It's blind goat and a kitten and
 they're best friends!

MAGGIE'S phone begins buzzing and pinging none stop.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 Maggie! This monkey and squirrel
 are holding hands like they're
 walking to school..

MAGGIE
 EM! Look at your phone!

EMILY
 You KNOW I smashed it when we went
 dancing last week. Don't. Be.
 Cruel.

NIALL runs up, holding out his phone.

NIALL
 Have you seen this?!

MAGGIE
 YEAH! The podcast's twitter is
 blowing up!

EMILY
 What now?

NIALL
 HOZIER tweeted about the podcast!

EMILY
 THE SINGER? *'Take me to Work'*
Hozier?!

MAGGIE
 CHRIST SAKE, Emily, for the 50th
 time, it's CHURCH. Just read this.

MAGGIE holds up her phone to EMILY's face

EMILY
 (reading MAGGIE's phone)
 "Lads, do yourselves a favour and
 listen to the Petrol Station Winos
 podcast. The Donkey Water episode
 is gas. Two friends getting drunk
 and reviewing cheap wine.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Highly recommend" And then there's
a black heart emoji for some
reason.

NIALL

And his followers are NO JOKE, look
at these numbers! We've got almost
a THOUSAND new subscribers in the
last hour.

MAGGIE

Are you serious??

EMILY

GET LOST!

NIALL

You're both welcome, by the way!

MAGGIE

Thanks for tweeting at
celebrities, Niall.

EMILY

Thank you, Niall.

MAGGIE

We have to celebrate, right??
(pointing to NIALL)
Drink?
(pointing to EMILY)
Drink?

EMILY

No, I don't think so...

MAGGIE

Oh. Right. *Sorry*, I've just never
had a podcast before and I thought-

EMILY

MUTHA-FUGGING, HOZ-I-ER listened to
our podcast, let's get
DRRRRIIIUUUUUUUUUUUNNKKSSSSSSSSSS.

EXT. DUBLIN CITY (NIGHT)

EMILY, MAGGIE and NIALL celebrate their new found success
with a ticker showing their listener numbers steadily rising
into the thousands over a bed of 'TAKE ME TO CHURCH' by
Hozier, out of chronological order similar to a music video.

90 SECOND MONTAGE OF THEIR NIGHT OUT

-EMILY and MAGGIE getting called on stage at THE GEORGE to
lip-sync to 'Take me to Church' at THE GEORGE's weekly lip
sync contest

- EMILY, MAGGIE and NIALL celebrating in their local, clinking pints and showing the bartender HOZIER's tweet on their phones.

- EMILY and MAGGIE showing women in the bathroom cue their phones, the women mouthing "Hozier?!" and high-fiving them.

- CONT. at the George: EMILY, MAGGIE pulling NIALL on stage to join as they sing. EMILY puts NIALL in a chair and dances around him while MAGGIE kicks her feet up into the air.

-MAGGIE throwing up in the street.

- CONT. at the George: EMILY and NIALL are doing what looks like an interpretive dance (still to 'Take Me to Church') while MAGGIE does shots with someone in the front row

- EMILY, MAGGIE and NIALL dancing in a nightclub. EMILY and NIALL seem to be getting closer to each other.

- EMILY, MAGGIE and NIALL silently stuffing their faces at a chipper. MAGGIE throws up.

- CONT. at The George at the song's crescendo, MAGGIE get's sick all over the stage to the horror of everyone. EMILY and NIALL try to help until an annoyed Drag Queen kicks them out into the street.

EXT. ALONG THE LIFFEY (NIGHT)

MAGGIE, EMILY and NIALL drunkenly walk home.

EMILY

MAGGIE, you're so smart and you
don't bullshit, you take care of me
and I love you.

MAGGIE

NO, YOU ARE! You're the bloody best
person I know, my life would be
boring shite without you. You're
the good-est girl.

MAGGIE grabs EMILY's face.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(Very seriously) THE GOOD-EST GIRL

EMILY spins around to NIALL, putting her hands on his shoulders and looking into his eyes.

EMILY

NIALL! Grumpy, Niall. Lovely, Niall. When me and Maggs started working at *Come Here with Me*, I hated everyone, I didn't think anyone was cool. But then I met you and you're SO cool and now you're such a good friend. We would never have a podcast with you.

NIALL

Thanks, Em. I just like being around you. I want to be around you all the time. You're so funny... cool.

EMILY

I'm cool?! I'm not cool, I'm a wreck.

MAGGIE is distracted by her scarf which she can't seem to put on in a way that will stay on. Without MAGGIE seeing EMILY gets very close to NIALL until their faces are almost touching.

NIALL

Ha, that too. I wish we worked closer because... you're so cool.

EMILY

(Whispering) *This* close?

EMILY and NIALL share a very drunken kiss. MAGGIE looks up in time to see it and puts her fists in the air in a celebration yell.

MAGGIE

YAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

EMILY and NIALL stop and join in.

ALL THREE

YAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

INT. ENTRANCE OF COME HERE WITH ME TRAVEL, DAY (THE NEXT MORNING)

SLOW MOTION. EMILY and MAGGIE burst through the doors of *Come Here With Me Travel* wearing sunglasses and sipping iced-coffees like they're in a hip-hop video. People at their desks turn in awe.

PEARL is wearing a homemade Petrol Station Winos T-shirt and holding a box containing more for the office. EMILY and MAGGIE continue strutting. Suddenly MAGGIE lurches forward.

EMILY and MAGGIE are actually hung-over. MAGGIE dives into the toilets and EMILY walks into a plant.

INT. EMILY AND MAGGIE'S DESKS.

On EMILY's desk are two framed photos of her and (*presumably*) ex-boyfriends with GABRIEL BYRNE'S face glued on, covering the ex's. On MAGGIE'S desk are a few Kinder Egg toys, reconstructed in various, *slightly* inappropriate ways and a small fish tank which is home to a Ken Doll EMILY made into a mermaid as a gift. The background of the fish tank is a picture of her and MAGGIE wearing face paint and having fun at a festival.

EMILY and MAGGIE slump down at their desks.

EMILY

Eurrrrgh.

MAGGIE

Oh god.

EMILY

I'm dying.

MAGGIE

Oh god.

PEARL approaches.

PEARL

Wow. Just...wOW.

EMILY

Please stop shouting, Pearl.

PEARL

(giggling)

You're, like, actually celebrities.
Everyone is talking about the
podcast.

MAGGIE

What are you taking about Pearl?

PEARL turns to the rest of the office, who aren't paying attention.

PEARL

(Doing a nerdy voice))

"Er, Pearl what are you talking about??" HOZIER! Hozier tweeted about your podcast!! My god. It's just...it's all happening. I knew you two were special from the moment you started here two years ago. I wrote it in my diary. I said, "These two beauts are talents and soon the world will know it too."

MAGGIE

Relax, it's just us now.

PEARL

OF COURSE I can get you a coffee, You're my best gal pals!

MAGGIE

Pearl, honestly my brain is melting out my ars-

EMILY

Two coffees. 5 sugars.

GRAINNE (50) the branch manager calls PEARL from across the office

GRAINNE O.S.

PEARL? My office in one minute please.

PEARL

Yes, of course!

(to EMILY and MAGGIE)

Grainne must be back from London early. Duty calls but I love you, love you, love you!

PEARL blows them kisses before rushing off.

DAVE (35) Accounts Manager, approaches EMILY and MAGGIE.

DAVE has a Goatee and is wearing an electric blue, button up shirt. He has a leather cuff and a way too many bracelets.

DAVE

So I hear you have a famous podcast, now?

EMILY and MAGGIE are slumped in their chairs and stare unemotionally over their sunglasses at him.

EMILY

I don't know, Dave. People are listening to it so I guess-

DAVE

(Interrupting) Looking well, Emily! Don't get me wrong, you looked good before; I prefer a woman over a girl, like.

EMILY

Well, that's good.

MAGGIE

Well, that's good.

DAVE

(CONT) But good on ye, getting your figure in order.

Beat.

So podcasts, that's the "*thing*" now these days, huh?

MAGGIE

Been around for a while Dave.

DAVE

Yeah, I heard this podcast where the person was supposed to be murdered but then apparently it was some other people and this person basically had to be in prison for ages and they're still in there even though everyone knows they didn't do it and they just don't want to get them out because it's been too long so they just let him stay there.

MAGGIE

That sounds horrific.

DAVE

Ah, no, it's alright like.

INT. GRAINNE'S OFFICE, DAY.

Inside GRAINNE's office is a standing desk.

On the walls are several photos of 'COME HERE with me TRAVEL's CEO, GRAINNE:

- 1) GRAINNE breaking ground on the office building in the early 2000s
- 2) GRAINNE in race car overalls next to an F1 car.
- 3) GRAINNE giving a speech at Leinster House, wearing a lab-coat.

PEARL rushes inside the office, sits down and produces a notepad.

GRAINNE O.S.
Just a moment, Pearl.

PEARL hears the push of a button and the standing desk slowly lowers into a sitting desk, revealing GRAINNE herself elegantly seated behind it.

GRAINNE (50) has a Mythic presence. She is Earth Mother and God of Thunder in a tailored suit.

PEARL notices a picture of on GRAINNE's desk of her atop of Machu Picchu, assisting in the delivery of a baby alpaca. Next to that photo is a recently framed photo of GRAINNE on her wedding day.

GRAINNE
There was an article in Guardian
this morning about female
executives feeling pressure to
overcompensate in the workplace.

Beat.

Did you read it?

PEARL
I didn't, no.

GRAINNE suddenly slams down the alpaca portrait.

GRAINNE realises she's made a mistake and laughs at herself, fixing the Alpaca portrait. GRAINNE picks up her wedding portrait, glances at it for a moment and then tosses it into a cardboard box on the floor next to her desk.

GRAINNE
Well, the article was rubbish.

GRAINNE (CONT'D)
(Reminiscing) Mmmm, Machu Pichuu.
Have you been?

PEARL

I haven't, no.

GRAINNE

Well you simply must, it's life changing.

PEARL

Is everything okay Grainne?

GRAINNE

Glorious, pet.

GRAINNE rises from her seat and starts pacing around the office.

GRAINNE (CONT'D)

Someday you'll learn the greatest single thing a person can do for you is irreparably disappoint you. You can't put a price on clarity.

PEARL

Are you and Mr. Griffin...?

GRAINNE gazes out her office window.

GRAINNE

Mr. Griffin will be remaining at the London Office indefinitely. Yes, he was having an affair. Yes it was with the woman we were subletting from while he set up the new branch. Yes, our marriage is over and yes, of course I am fine. Thriving.

PEARL

That's a lot to take in.

GRAINNE

Let's move on to matters of more relevance, shall we?

GRAINNE sits.

GRAINNE (CONT'D)

Our Tour Guides have all contracted glandular fever, so I've sent them home. You'll be leading the Dublin History by Night Tour this evening.

PEARL
Tonight? But I...

GRAINNE
 Tonight's tour is extremely important. There will be an overseas investor present, so I need you to lead the tour to the best of your ability. Can you do that for me, Pearl?

PEARL
 (in shock)
 Yes, of course. Thank you, Mom, Sorry, Mammy. Jesus. Thank you, Grainne.

GRAINNE hears PEARL but is looking at papers on her desk and doesn't flinch.

GRAINNE
 Don't be embarrassed, Pearl.
 Happens all the time.

FADE TO:

INT. EMILY AND MAGGIE'S DESKS.

MAGGIE is soullessly adding a clover to a leprechaun holding hands with Daniel O'Donnell while EMILY is scrolling through the Instagram of topless wood workers.

MAGGIE suddenly perks up and rolls her chair over to EMILY.

MAGGIE stares, smiling at EMILY.

EMILY
 What?

MAGGIE
 You kissed Niall last night.

EMILY
 WHAT? HA HA... What? No I didn't.

MAGGIE
 Shut your dumb face. Do you fancy him?

MAGGIE stares knowingly at EMILY.

EMILY

OKAY, yes. It's weird, I know, but I think I *actually* like him. Like, *like him*, like him. Obviously, we're work friends so it's not the *best* idea.

Beat.

And I know he liked me when we first started here when I had that Scottish boyfriend (to herself) Jesus, I always have a boyfriend, don't I?

Beat.

But last night something just.. clicked, you know? At one point, when we were dancing I could not stop staring at his triceps, like I just wanted to pounce on him and-

MAGGIE

OKAY, okay gross. Blech, blech ick-

EMILY

You asked!

MAGGIE

I know, I just don't want to picture it. It's like imagining Margaret Thatcher having sex..

EMILY

Let's never unpack that, please... Anyway, I think I'm going to ask him to hang out.

MAGGIE

Maaaaybe you should wait a little bit? You just broke up with Darragh.

EMILY

Darragh broke up with me.

MAGGIE

What happened to "focusing on yourself??" Last week you literally woke me up crying saying "you're always in a relationship" and you "don't know who you are," remember?

EMILY

YEAH... but I'm allowed a little fun, aren't I?

MAGGIE

You can't just have "fun" with Niall!

EMILY

I appreciate you looking out, but I can look after myself, thank you.

NIALL approaches them. He is staring at his phone trying to act nonchalantly.

NIALL

(Awkwardly)

Waaaaazzzzzzzzuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuup?

NIALL grimaces at himself. EMILY suddenly becomes a lot more self aware.

EMILY

Yo-diddly-o, cuz.

EMILY and NIALL laugh awkwardly as MAGGIE looks on horrified at what she is witnessing.

MAGGIE

Hey-ya Niall, how's the head? We're pretty wrecked like.

EMILY

Yeah, I don't even remember leaving the pub, I mean, did we leave? I mean, is *this* the pub?

EMILY laughs nervously as she motions around the office.

NIALL

(awkwardly)

Ha yeah, like..

NIALL picks up a stapler and puts it to his ear.

NIALL (CONT'D)

Erm, hello? Is this last night? What happened?

EMILY picks up her phone.

EMILY

Yeah, hello, police, I'd like to report a missing memory please.

MAGGIE

Christ.

EMILY and NIALL laugh awkwardly and then both fall silent, embarrassed at themselves.

BEAT

NIALL

Well... see ya.

EMILY

See ya!

NIALL walks away shaking his head unsure of why he just acted like a complete idiot. EMILY puts her face into her hands and groans in embarrassment. MAGGIE stares at her.

MAGGIE

My god.

EXT. TEMPLE BAR, DUBLIN. (NIGHT)

PEARL is stood in front of a small tour group of the usual "tourist looking" people as well as a corporate looking woman with a clipboard, and a cartoonish looking man with a handlebar moustache.

PEARL recognises the woman as an investor and instantly looks even more nervous as she glances at her watch and clears her throat.

PEARL

Dublin. The fair city. Known for her mirth as much as her mysteries. It has been said-

An AMERICAN TOURIST with the handlebar moustache raises his hand.

AMERICAN TOURIST MAN

(interrupting)

Pardon me, young lady but are we standing in Temple Bar?

PEARL

Yes! Temple Bar stretches from-

AMERICAN TOURIST MAN

(interrupting)

HOT DAMN, thought so!

(MORE)

AMERICAN TOURIST MAN (CONT'D)

My Granddaddy was born in Temple Bar, smack dab in the middle. Y'all can probably tell by my hair, but I'm Irish, finally took the trip home.

PEARL

That's lovely. You're very welcome.

AMERICAN TOURIST MAN

(interrupting)

I'm an O'Mally if you've heard of us. My Granddaddy O'Mally was a Seamus and lived here till he was 15. That Mick done taught me everything I know and I grew up knowing all the Irish lore and legends so if any-

PEARL

(Cutting him off)

That's fabulous, the tour actually ends in an historic pub, so that would be the perfect time for you all to chat and get to know-

AMERICAN TOURIST MAN

Granddaddy Seamus said to me before he died, he said, "You know Billy" My name is William but I go by Billy, "You know Billy, you have the luck of the Irish." And I said, "I'm not very lucky at all then, my wife is pregnant, again! How'm I gonna afford another???" You know how it is. Pulling y'all's legs but that's the Irish for ye!

PEARL looks up at the investor who is taking notes. PEARL looks at her watch.

PEARL

Ha ha, yes. That's us now. Alight! Lots to see on this very well thought out tour, so let's get to it! Temple Bar is known-

AMERICAN TOURIST MAN

WHO WANTS TO SEE MY FAMILY CREST?!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT OF WIGWAM PUB, THE CAVE COMEDY CLUB. NIGHT

The pub's basement is dingy, haphazardly decorated. An audience of around 40 people sit in folded chairs, facing a makeshift, palette stage, lit by clip-on work lights. An alternative COMEDIAN is performing a comedy routine with a sock-puppet and a bucket of milk on a stool.

At the back of the room, EMILY and MAGGIE are drinking pints of water and chatting quietly while they watch the stage.

MAGGIE

Remember the thing he used to do
with pudding?

EMILY

That was funny. (BEAT) I don't miss
cleaning up the pudding, though.
Like, if you're going to do a dirty
pudding protest bit; AMAZING, I
love it, you're an artist and I
raise my glass, but JESUS CHRIST
clean up after yourself.

THE COMEDIAN vehemently dunks his head into the milk bucket and then spits it into the puppets mouth, covering the stage with milk.

EMILY and MAGGIE share a deep sigh.

Then NIALL enters the club, MAGGIE gives EMILY daggers with her eyes. EMILY smiles at MAGGIE with "hands stuck in a cookie jar" like embarrassment.

NIALL joins EMILY and MAGGIE at the bar.

NIALL

This is class! Never seen so many
people here before!

EMILY

Wait for it..

At that moment two young women wearing HOZIER Concert T-shirts come bounding up to NIALL.

HOZIER FAN 1

HEY-YA! You, Niall? The podcast
producer??

NIALL

Um, yes. (Trying to be cool) Who's
asking?

HOZIER FAN 2
Do ya know Andrew? Can ya get him a message, like?

NIALL
OH. I'm actually *not* Niall. Sorry.

HOZIER FAN 2
(To her friend) We came from *Kinsale* for this, like.

HOZIER FAN 1
I'm *ALLERGIC*. Not funny and they don't even know Andrew.

HOZIER FAN 2
(Excitedly) *Coppers?!*

HOZIER FAN 1
COPPERS!

They leave.

MAGGIE
(To Emily) You finally have an audience and they just want to see Hozier.

EMILY
A crowd's a crowd!

THE COMEDIAN O.S.
Thank you! You've been a fantastic audience...

EMILY
Emcee duties call..

EMILY grabs the blue kitchen roll at the bar and rushes past the crowd to the stage.

THE COMEDIAN
I'VE BEEN RICKY LEAFLY!

RICKY smiles like a goofy kid at EMILY. He hands her the mic and she surveys the milk drenched stage.

EMILY
Let's hear it again for, Ricky!

EMILY unrolls a good deal of the paper towel roll, throws it on the stage and mops it up with her foot.

NIALL looks confused.

NIALL
Is that...?

MAGGIE
Milk? Yeah. New material night.

EMILY gives up trying to clean the milk.

EMILY
Our next comedian is a regular at
the Cave and you may have recently
seen her in an advert for a beer
that rhymes with 'GUINNESS'...
Let's welcome to the stage,...
DEIRDRE MARTIN!

EMILY hugs DEIRDRE, leaves the stage and rushes back through
the crowd.

DEIRDRE
Thank's Emily! And may I say, you
are looking well!

EMILY makes a flirty, tiger-growling noise back to the stage.

DIERDRE
If you couldn't tell from this
haircut, Yes, I do date women.

(Looking down at the stage) Last
time I stood in a man's mess like
this, I was-(voice fading out)

EMILY rejoins MAGGIE and NIALL

NIALL
Have I missed your act, Maggie?

MAGGIE
No "DAD" you haven't missed my
"ACT." (BEAT) Sorry.

EMILY
(To Niall) She gets mean when she's
nervous.

MAGGIE

I'm on next. (Rapidly) *Just remember this is literally my third time doing stand-up and I'm doing all new characters, so it's going to be BAD, just promise you won't lie to me after and say it was good or some shit or I will have an existential crisis.*

EMILY faces MAGGIE, putting her hands on MAGGIE'S shoulders

EMILY

Breathe, your stand-up sensei is here. None of this matters. This is the Matrix...

MAGGIE closes her eyes and deeply breathes in, they've done this ritual before.

MAGGIE

The Matrix... this is all a video game..

EMILY

All these people are all just plugged into a console.

MAGGIE

They're all characters and Laurence Fishbourne is my Dad.

NIALL

Have either of you actually seen The Matrix?

EMILY

(Ignoring NIALL)
You gotta not care or the robots will win.

EXT. CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL (NIGHT)

PEARL is now stood with the tour beside CHRISTCHURCH Cathedral. The woman with the clipboard is still writing away as PEARL continues with the tour.

PEARL

Christchurch Cathedral dates back to the year 1030. The original Viking church was constructed by the Norse King of Dublin...

AMERICAN TOURIST MAN

(Addressing the group)

St. Patrick's Cathedral is MUCH bigger. We're talking a Golf Ball vs. Football size difference, folks! Best cathedral. You'll flip your lids when you see it.

PEARL

That's true, it is bigger, but St. Patrick's isn't actually part of *this specific tour-*

AMERICAN TOURIST MAN

(interrupting)

Who here celebrates Patty's Day??

The Tour Group slowly raise their hands.

AMERICAN TOURIST MAN (CONT'D)

Well course I do, cause I'm Irish and it's like our Christmas! Like a hammered Christmas! Tell you what, us Irish love us a good pint or TEN *am I right!?* Everything is green and I mean, EVERYTHING is green.

PEARL looks frustrated and sees the investor who is still scribbling on her clipboard. PEARL turns away from the group to give herself a pep talk.

PEARL

(To herself like a boxing trainer)
C'mon, PEARL. You can do this, you prepared for this, get it together!
Grow some cojones and show tourist who's Tour Guide. *Do it for Dublin!*

PEARL subtly pumps her fist. She spins around to see the group being lead by the AMERICAN TOURIST towards St. Patrick's.

AMERICAN TOURIST MAN

(in the distance)

Y'ALL NOTICE HOW YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A SINGLE SNAKE SINCE YOU BEEN HERE...

PEARL chases after them

PEARL

HEY! WE'RE HEADING OFF COURSE!

INT. BASEMENT OF WIGWAM PUB, THE CAVE COMEDY CLUB. (NIGHT)
LATER

EMILY, MAGGIE and NIALL are stood next to the bar. The Bartender puts three tequila shots on the bar.

EMILY
Little liquid courage?

MAGGIE
I'd prefer to bomb with a clear head, thank you.

EMILY
Niall?

NIALL
I'm still recovering from last night.

EMILY
(Shrugging)
Waste not, want not.

EMILY starts shooting back the shots. As she's about to down the third, she sees her ex-boyfriend DARRAGH entering the club.

EMILY is taken aback. NIALL sees her looking at DARRAGH.

NIALL
Is the guy in the shorts famous or something?

MAGGIE
(Seeing DARRAGH)
Shit.

EMILY
That's my ex-boyfriend. He *never* came to any of my shows when we were together-

MAGGIE
Remember, this is *The Matrix*. Eh? You're Neo and Darragh is a fucking dildo.

NIALL
You saw he's wearing cargo shorts, right?

EMILY
He's knows this is my show.

MAGGIE
Be cool Em, his dumb friends were probably just looking for something to do. Pretend you don't care.

EMILY
(Inadvertently loud)
I DON'T CARE.

MAGGIE
Sure you're okay?

EMILY
I'm GREAT! I promise.

EMILY throws back the last shot and gingerly jogs up to the stage as DEIRDRE finishes her set.

DEIRDRE
And, yes. I DO have a cat allergy.
Thank You! Have a great night!

DEIRDRE hands EMILY the mic and EMILY takes the stage. EMILY'S energy is manic as she speaks to the audience.

EMILY
The fab-u-lous Deirdre, everyone!
Our next act is my BEST friend, but before I bring her up, I'm going to talk to you lovely folks for a moment... You all having a good night? How GREAT has tonight been??

MAGGIE and NIALL watch tensely from the back of the room

MAGGIE
(Solemnly)
Hold onto your butts. (whispering to NIALL) *Jurassic Park.*

NIALL nods.

EMILY
Soooo, a lot of people I know have been saying to me, "Oh my god! Emily, you look like you've lost weight!" And I'm like, yeah, that's cause I have, your eyes do not deceive you. And they're like, (whiney voice) "Emily..
(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

how did you do it??? What's you're secret??" So then I get in real close, cause, ya know...*secrets..* And I say, (whispery voice) "Well, the first thing I do in the morning is... wake up alone." Please note, Dieters, that it's crucial, that up to very recently you were *not* sleeping alone, ALSO: if you can afford it, invest in a big bed so you reeealllly feel alone.

NEXT. I go to my ex-boyfriend's *new girlfriend's* Instagram and I scroll back to a few months ago when I know they started sleeping together. I look at her selfies and I imagine her taking them, knowing he was going to look at them, maybe even jerk off to them-- maybe even think about her selfies while WE were having sex!

And then I just close my eyes and imagine their text conversations, "Hey Blueberry-" give her a pet name you think he would of given her and it'll make you eat less. "HEY BLUEBERRY, Miss your body." or "Blueberry, it's never felt like this with anyone." or "My sexy Blueberry, sorry I can't meet you, Emily's grandfather died so I have to hang out here, can't wait for us to be together." Or ANY variation of those. GET CREATIVE, HAVE FUN it's YOUR. WEIGHT LOSS. JOURNEY.

The AUDIENCE sits in uncomfortable silence. MAGGIE and NIALL watch helpless from the back. DARRAGH and his friends get up to leave.

EMILY (CONT'D)

DARRAGH! You're going to miss my top tip! If you want to get into truly, great shape, think about all the promises he made and all the time you spent together and the way he used to look at you and if you think about it long enough-

DARRAGH and his friends leave. The door makes a noise as it closes behind them.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 HA. If you think about it long
 enough, you'll realise that YOU
 are, in fact, unlovable! HOPE
 YOU'RE ALL WRITING THIS DOWN.

EMILY stares out into the crowd. The room is silent.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 (Awkwardly)
 But, heeey THAT'S OKAY. Cause I'm
 lookin' GREAT, *right?* (BEAT) SEE.
 I've managed to turn you all
 against me. Proved my point. Well,
 you'll LOVE our next comedian and I
 promise, she's the funniest person,
 let's give some love to MAGGIE
 BRADLEY!

MAGGIE is still standing at the back and breathes in a deep,
 concerned sigh as she starts to head to the stage.

EMILY on the verge of heavy tears runs off stage and out the
 back door.

MAGGIE picks up the microphone off the stage.

MAGGIE
 SO, just a reminder that it's *new*
material night...

EXT. ST PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL

PEARL's TOUR GROUP stands around the AMERICAN TOURIST MAN as
 he improvises a nonsense "Irish" song. The TOUR GROUP happily
 claps along while THE INVESTOR writes notes on her clipboard.
 PEARL sighs in defeat and then starts clapping along.

EXT. MIDDLE ABBEY STREET IN FRONT OF WIGWAM PUB, NIGHT

EMILY is sitting on the ground, her face and eyes red and
 swollen from crying. NIALL comes out and sits next to her.

NIALL
 Is that an act you've been refining
 for a long time or-

EMILY
 Perfecting more like. You see
 comedy is all about getting it *just*
 right.

EMILY and NIALL laugh.

NIALL
Are you alright?

EMILY
I don't know. I mean, I just kinda-

NIALL
Spiraled in front of a room of
strangers? Most of them Hozier
fans?

EMILY
Ha, Yes. That. Thank you, Niall.

NIALL winks.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Darragh... really hurt me. Clearly.
But, what's worse is, I let him. I
let him and I knew it would happen.
From the very beginning I knew
there was something wrong..

NIALL
Was it the cargo shorts?

EMILY
(laughing)
I actually didn't mind the shorts.

NIALL
Now I know there's something wrong
with you.

Uproarious laughter comes from the inside the club.

EMILY
Sounds like Maggie's doing better
than she thought! I should get back
in there, I told her I'd give her
feedback.

NIALL and EMILY both stand up to leave, as EMILY starts to
open the door, NIALL gently grabs her arm.

NIALL
Wait. Just while I have the courage
to say this. I... You know I fancy
you and I... I want to kiss you-

EMILY leans in to kiss NIALL and he stops her.

NIALL (CONT'D)

BUT, you're my mate who's going through a... *thing* and maybe you should finish going through that *thing* before any new *things* happen and it ruins any friendships...

EMILY

Thing? Yeah, seeing as I basically just held an audience hostage that's probably for the best.
(BEAT) Friends it is.

EMILY jokingly punches NIALL in the shoulder.

NIALL jokingly punches her back, accidentally punching WAAAAY too hard. EMILY grabs her arm, wincing in pain.

EMILY (CONT'D)

FUCK!

MAGGIE bursts through the door, beaming from her set. She comes in at the exact moment NIALL punches EMILY and compulsively slugs NIALL in the stomach. He doubles over in pain.

EMILY (CONT'D)

CHRIST MAGGIE! It was an accident!

MAGGIE

Oh, sorry Niall...

NIALL

(Struggling to speak)
How'd it go, Mags?

MAGGIE

I KILLED! I *really* KILLED.

MAGGIE is delighted with herself and then takes stock of her two friends, one all red faced grabbing her arm and the other still doubled over.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

....pints?

INT. COME HER WITH ME TRAVEL, NIGHT (LATER)

PEARL walks into the empty office. She looks defeated and sad as she walks to her desk and sits down.

PEARL starts singing 'Boys Don't Cry' softly and then very loudly to herself.

Suddenly, she spots GRAINNE who is stood watching with her arms crossed.

PEARL jumps with a scare.

GRAINNE is wearing tailored white painting coveralls and of course looks amazing.

PEARL

(STARTLED)

JESUS and MARY STEENBURGEN! Sorry!
I didn't think anyone was here!

GRAINNE

I came back in to do some
redecorating and you came in to..
sing?

PEARL

I just needed to be in a friendly
place.

GRAINNE

And how was the tour?

PEARL

*I... well...uh... There was this
awful American man there, not that
Americans are, "awful".. Some of my
best friends are American, but YOU
KNOW.*

*And then he hijacked the tour and
we got kicked out of St. Patrick's
cause he tried to start a Trad
session--*

I'm sorry Grainne. I failed you. I
failed 'Come Here with Me
Travel'... and you know what? I
failed myself.

GRAINNE

You had a bad night, love.

PEARL's head hangs even lower.

GRAINNE (CONT'D)

Cry all you'd like, but do keep in
mind, *permanent* Tour Guides are at
their core, resilient.

PEARL

I know, I'm sorry, wait I'm... am I'm a *permanent* tour guide?

GRAINNE

Yes Pearl, you are an official, 'Come Here with Me Travel' tour guide.

PEARL

But, I, I couldn't handle it, I-

GRAINNE

Pearl, I'm making you a permanent tour guide because you work hard, you're dedicated, and most importantly, you have *never* called in sick.

PEARL

What about the investor? I really blew it!

GRAINNE

Oh, right, they actually had to reschedule for next week.

PEARL

(to herself)

So that woman just had a clipboard?

PEARL (CONT'D)

I guess this means the other guides don't have glandular fever...

EANNA, one of the four tour-guides leaps out from behind a desk, startling GRAINNE and PEARL. He rips off the handlebar mustache he was wearing earlier.

EANNA

That's right! It was I all along!

PEARL

EANNA?! You were the man on the tour??

GRAINNE

Eanna. I told you: NO MORE HAZING OF NEW TOUR GUIDES. And have you been here hiding here all night?

EANNA

I have, fearless leader.

EANNA bows to GRAINNE who rolls her eyes and not wanting to deal with the Tour Guides, leaves for her office. He approaches PEARL.

EANNA (CONT'D)
 Welcome to the Guide Circle, Pearl.
 (He kneels, taking Pearl's hand)
 You have passed the tests.

EANNA puts a circle badge with a "T" in the centre in her hand. We hear clapping and we pull out to see the other three tour guides revealing themselves, standing up in different places around the room.

PEARL
 (overwhelmed)
 Thank you... thank you all!

(BEAT)

TOUR GUIDES
 GUIDES! GUIDES! GUIDES!

PEARL
 (joining)
 GUIDES!
 (abruptly stopping)
 Wait... did you say "tests" plural?

GRAINNE O.S.
 GO HOME EVERYONE!

INT. EMILY AND MAGGIES APARTMENT. FRONT ROOM. NIGHT

EMILY and MAGGIE are lay out on the sofa in their pj's watching bad television.

MAGGIE
 (to the tv)
 The head on him it's like a bloody
 hot air balloon!

EMILY laughs but she isn't paying attention, she is smiling at a baby pig GIF on her phone from NIALL.

MAGGIE
 Ah, I still would though to be
 fair.

MAGGIE realises EMILY isn't paying attention.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

So.. tonight I got asked to perform at the Offaly Music festival..

EMILY looks up from her phone.

EMILY

You did? The festival's comedy booker was at the show?

MAGGIE

Yeah, turns out she's a Hozier fan and listened to the podcast, so.. it was just really lucky..

EMILY

I'll say.. Just three gigs and you booked a major festival. (PAUSE) So I guess she saw my meltdown then.

MAGGIE

She probably thought it was a joke.

EMILY and MAGGIE both know this isn't true.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I haven't decided if I'm even going to do it. *Like you always say,* "Festivals are corporate bullshit."

EMILY

Do the festival, Maggie. I mean, they *ARE* bullshit, but you'll get paid, plus free drink and food or whatever-

MAGGIE

They probably just booked me to fill some quota.

EMILY

The *hilarious* comedian quota??

MAGGIE

Thanks, Em.

EMILY

(Swallowing her feelings) I can't believe you killed tonight and I missed it. (BEAT) Do your set for me now?

MAGGIE

What? Wouldn't that be weird?

EMILY jumps up and moves the coffee table against the wall and redirects a light creating a stage. SHE picks up an overly ripe banana and stands on the coffee table.

EMILY

Our headliner tonight is known for
being my BEST FRIEND, farting in
her sleep and once stuffing
FOURTEEN Frubes in her mouth at
once, welcome to the stage...
MAGGIE BRADLEY!!!

MAGGIE takes the banana gets up on the "stage."

MAGGIE

Thank you, thank you! It's great to
be back in the sitting room! My
first character is woman who loves
jam but accidentally made too
much..

MAGGIE performs the start of her "Jam Lady" impression, her face oscillating between delight and horror.

CAMERA PULLS OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE APARTMENT AND WE SEE MAGGIE PERFORMING HER SET AND EMILY CACKLING WILDLY.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER CREDITS:

Pearl is stood in her front room, holding a chair, transfixed by Tipping Point on the television.