

Golden Productions

Pilot Script:

The Casting Couch

Written by  
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Story & Characters by  
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INT. JIM AND FINTAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

CU of ACTRESS 1's face.

ACTRESS 1

...and brought me again to where  
my mother lay, amid the coals and  
the dust.

Pause. ACTRESS 1 looks expectantly off camera.

FINTAN (OS)

Okay, that was great. What was  
that again?

ACTRESS 1

It's the final monologue from the  
play *The Bed My Father Made*.

FINTAN (OS)

Yeah, it was great. Very moving.  
Could you try that again except  
this time pretend that you're  
free falling?

ACTRESS 1

Freefalling?

FINTAN (OS)

Yeah, it's just for the part  
we're casting for, she falls out  
of a plane at one stage and her  
parachute doesn't open.

ACTRESS 1

Oh right, yeah.  
Um...  
That's not really happening in  
the play though.

FINTAN (OS)

It doesn't matter just give it a  
go.

BRIAN (OS)

You're keen to get the part  
right?

ACTRESS 1

Oh yeah, absolutely.

ACTRESS 1 pauses to compose herself and then looks  
downwards with an expression of terror on her face.

ACTRESS 1 (CONT'D)

(Screaming)

I can still remember the first  
time I went to Ballinamuck...

EXT. STREET. DAY.

JIM walks towards the office talking on his mobile.

JIM

But Cora I don't have the money.

...  
I know, I know, but I just don't see why I should have to pay half of a holiday for you and your boyfriend. I really don't think that was part of the alimony agreement.

...  
Okay, okay. But I'm not paying for the sex adventure room. You can just stay in a normal hotel room.

...  
Alright, fine. But just jungle madness not the emperor's palace, the handmaidens are a total rip off.

...  
As soon as I have it. You think I like being broke? Fintan and I are spending every waking hour trying to drum up more work.

JIM opens the front door of the office and starts climbing the stairs.

INT. JIM AND FINTAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

ACTRESS 1 is finishing her monologue still free falling.

ACTRESS 1

(Out of breath)

...to where my mother lay, amid the coals and the dust.

FINTAN (OS)

Aaaannd hit the ground.

ACTRESS 1 does her best impression of hitting the ground after a five minute free fall.

ACTRESS 1

Aah. Buh.

FINTAN (OS)

That's great. Listen, we'll give you a call.

ACTRESS 1

Okay. Thanks.

ACTRESS 1 leaves and the CAMERA TURNS to find FINTAN and BRIAN sitting behind a desk on the other side of the room. Both are dressed in bedraggled tuxedos and have cans in their hands. After the door clicks closed BOTH crack up laughing.

FINTAN

Hahaha.

BRIAN

How did you come up with that free falling stuff? It was brilliant.

FINTAN

I don't know, I don't know. It just came to me. Divine inspiration or something.

INT. OUTER OFFICE. DAY.

JIM comes into the outer office to find several young women standing around going over their lines. He looks at them confused. One looks up at him.

ACTRESS 2

You have to sign in with the receptionist, that girl over there.

JIM

I'm not- I know who the- What are you doing here?

ACTRESS 2

Ophelia.  
It's from Hamlet.

JIM walks over to SUZIE.

JIM

What's going on?

SUZIE

Auditions.

JIM

For what?

SUZIE

The film.

JIM

The film? What film?

SUZIE

Ummmm. The...film.

JIM  
That didn't explain anything.  
That was just you saying the  
words slower.

SUZIE  
Oh. Good. Is there anything  
else I can help you with today?

JIM shakes his head and walks over to their office.

INT. JIM AND FINTAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

JIM comes in to find FINTAN and BRIAN behind the desk.

FINTAN  
(To BRIAN)  
Okay, I'll get the next one. You  
be the writer this time. And do  
the German accent.  
(Notices JIM)  
Oh hey, how's it going?

JIM  
What's going on?

FINTAN  
What?

JIM  
What are all those girls doing  
outside?

FINTAN  
They're here to audition.

JIM  
But we're not making anything.  
We've got nothing lined up. What  
are they auditioning for?

FINTAN  
For the laugh.  
(Calls outside)  
Next!

JIM  
What?

FINTAN  
We were bored so we put an ad in  
the paper. Auditions, etc. It's  
amazing. We're telling them to  
do all kinds of crazy shit and  
they just do it. Actors, they're  
brilliant.

JIM

What?! You can't get people to audition for...nothing.

FINTAN

No. Of course not. We make stuff up. We have an ongoing bet on who can come up with the craziest plot that they'll still buy.

BRIAN

I reckon I'm still in the lead with the girl who can smell into the future.

JIM

No, I meant it's immoral. You're wasting people's time. And our time. We're supposed to be finding work here. You can't just use this office as your personal amusement park.

FINTAN

We're not just amusing ourselves. This is important stuff. We're...we're actually doing this for you.

JIM

How exactly is this for me?

FINTAN moves towards the door.

FINTAN

Well...this is a great way for you to meet women. Get over that bitch of yours.

JIM is about to object when the next auditionee comes in.

FINTAN (CONT'D)

Hi, how you doing? What's your name?

ACTRESS 3

Julia Synnott.

FINTAN

Great, come in Julia. This is our director Jim.

ACTRESS 3

Hi.

ACTRESS 3 puts out her hand. After a pause JIM takes it.

JIM  
 Uh...hi. Thanks for...coming  
 down.

INT. JIM AND FINTAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

The guys audition a number of girls. FINTAN leads things while BRIAN sits drinking and JIM sits quietly, angry and embarrassed.

ACTRESS 2  
 (Hopping)  
 Dear Laertes bring to me my  
 father so that he may kiss me on  
 my cheek.

FINTAN  
 Okay. Aaaaannd, change legs.

CUT TO:

ACTRESS 4  
 (Indignant)  
 ...so take a moment to think  
 about it before you tell me I've  
 got it easy. Because I'm a  
 geologist.

BRIAN  
 Great. Now...try it...you were  
 very Grand Canyon there. We want  
 it to be more Niagra Falls.

ACTRESS 5  
 Oh, yeah, yeah. Okay. I get  
 you.

CUT TO:

ACTRESS 6 runs around the floor squealing like a pig.

FINTAN  
 That was fantastic. Thanks.

BRIAN can't hold back the laughter and snorts loudly. He tries to mask it by blowing his nose.

As ACTRESS 6 leaves JIM leans in to FINTAN.

JIM  
 (Angrily, whispering)  
 Right, I'm stopping this. It's  
 gone too far now. What if  
 someone finds out about it.

FINTAN  
 It's fine, relax. So have you  
 seen one you like yet?

JIM  
I don't want to date any of these  
idi-

JIM stops as TINA, an attractive girl in her late 20s enters.

FINTAN sees JIM's expression. He pats him on the back.

FINTAN  
(Smiles)  
Hi, come on in. What's your  
name?

TINA  
Tina Bishop.

FINTAN  
Tina, great. This is Jim our  
writer. Jim's going to tell you  
a little bit about the film  
aren't you Jim?

Pause.

JIM  
(Bashful)  
Um, yeah. It's a...  
(Coughs)  
It's a thriller.

FINTAN  
(Prompting)  
About...

JIM  
(Embarrassed)  
About a woman who discovers  
that...the government  
are...swapping people's brains.

FINTAN  
Great. Have you got an audition  
piece for us Tina?

TINA  
Yeah, it's the final monologue  
from The Bed My Father Made.

FINTAN  
Perfect.

INT. JIM AND FINTAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

TINA is finishing her monologue.



TINA

...and brought me again to where  
my mother lay, amid the coals and  
the dust.

FINTAN

Well, that was excellent. What  
did you think Jim?

JIM

Yeah, it was great. Uh, well  
done.

TINA

Um, can I ask, when are you  
filming 'cause I'm starting a  
play in a couple of months.

FINTAN

Oh no, we'll be done by then.  
We're starting filming next week.

TINA

Oh great.

FINTAN

Just one second Tina.

FINTAN leans in to JIM.

FINTAN (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

So...do you want to bang her?  
You want to bang her right?  
Yeah, you should bang her. Cool.

JIM

(Whispering)

Just...leave it.

FINTAN

(To TINA)

Well, I think we'd definitely  
like you to come for a callback  
in a couple of days.

TINA

Great.

FINTAN

First though I think you should  
go for coffee with Jim here and  
let him tell you a bit more about  
the film.

JIM

No, I don't think-

FINTAN  
(Pushing JIM out the door)  
So you guys head out now and  
we'll see you tomorrow.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY.

JIM sits awkwardly with TINA.

JIM  
Um.

TINA  
So tell me about the part.

JIM  
Well, let's not talk about that.  
It's boring.

TINA  
But isn't that why we're here?

JIM  
Oh, yeah. That's right. Well,  
um, there's so much to tell.  
It's hard to know where to start.

TINA  
Well, what's her name?

JIM  
Uh...Ursula-  
Actually, let me just...  
(Gets the waiter's attention)  
Sorry, could I get, um, a muffin.  
Thanks. So did you study acting?

TINA  
Yeah, I went to the Gaiety School  
of Acting. So what's she like,  
Ursula?

JIM  
She's...uh...very...oh, actually,  
before I forget, we've got your  
CV and contact details and  
everything, right?

TINA  
Oh, yeah, I left them with your  
assistant. So, what's Ursula  
like again?

JIM  
Oh yes, well, she's very...  
(JIM yawns so his words can't  
be heard.)  
...yaaawwahhhneewaahhuuu.

TINA  
Right. And what does Ursula do  
as a job?

JIM  
Oh yeah, I'm glad you asked me  
that because...

JIM looks around for the waiter who arrives with his  
muffin. JIM stuffs muffin in his mouth.

JIM (CONT'D)  
She's actually a fjmmffllh  
(JIM's words are muffled by  
muffin)  
...so that's obviously a strong  
influence on her.

TINA  
Right, I see. Well, I can't wait  
to read the script. Will I get a  
bit of it for the next audition?

JIM  
Um. Actually, we're keeping the  
script under wraps at the moment.

TINA  
Oh.

JIM  
We just want to get a general  
impression of what you're like as  
an actor at the moment.

TINA  
Oh, well, actually then, I'm  
performing in a piece tomorrow in  
my acting group. We meet up  
every week and just workshop  
ideas and stuff. You should come  
along. They'd love to hear from  
a real writer.

JIM  
Oh, uh, sure yeah.

EXT. THE OFFICE. MORNING.

INT. THE OUTER OFFICE. MORNING.

JIM comes into the outer office. SUZIE is behind her  
desk.

SUZIE  
Hiya, Film Ireland magazine were  
looking for you.

She hands JIM a note and he looks at it.

JIM  
(Distractedly)  
What do they want?

SUZIE  
They were looking for a quote or something. And also Ultimate Casting. And Brendan O'Carroll's agent.

SUZIE hands him two more notes.

JIM  
Right. What did they want?

SUZIE  
To...  
(Looks at her notes)  
...talk to you.

JIM looks at the notes as he walks into his and Fintan's office.

FINTAN is on the phone.

FINTAN  
No, no, no, you're not going to trap me like that John. You know I can't confirm or deny any names until we've actually cast it.  
...  
Maybe. Maybe Colm Meaney has auditioned and maybe he hasn't. I can't release that information to the press. The same goes for Brendan Gleason.  
...  
Oh, you hadn't heard about Brendan Gleason. Well, just, don't tell anyone about that then yeah?  
... (Winks at JIM)  
And listen, anyone that tells you that rivalry for the part has caused a row between the two of them, is blowing the whole thing out of proportion. It's a disagreement at most. A quarrel. A little, *little* bit of a blood feud.  
...  
Well, you heard nothing from me. Okay, talk to you John.

FINTAN hangs up the phone.

FINTAN (CONT'D)  
Hey. How was your date?

JIM  
It-  
Fine.  
Who was-

FINTAN  
Did you bang her? You banged her  
right?

JIM  
No, I didn't. Who were you just-

FINTAN  
Are you meeting up again?

JIM  
Yeah, tonight. Who was that?

FINTAN  
(Excited)  
Oh yeah. The Evening Herald. I  
was talking to the Tribune  
earlier. The phone's been  
ringing off the hook. Someone  
must have leaked word about the  
auditions to the press. Now  
everyone's jumping over each  
other to find out about the film.

JIM  
What film?

FINTAN  
The film. It's huge. Everyone  
loves it. Man, this film could  
be our golden ticket.

JIM  
But *what* film? There is no film.

FINTAN  
Well, entertainment.ie begs to  
differ with you there buddy.  
(Points at his computer screen)  
They're calling it the most  
eagerly anticipated film since  
The Matrix Reloaded.

JIM

No. There is no film. We don't have a script. We don't have any funding. You just made it up to amuse yourself. What are all these people going to say when they find out? We'll be a laughing stock.

FINTAN

Success is the best advertisement. This is the perfect opportunity to raise our profile. When people hear we're directing a major film they're going to want to hire us for other jobs.

JIM

And when they hear it's all fake they're going to want to sue us. You've got to call this off. Say the film has been cancelled or something.

FINTAN

Sure.

(Picks up the phone.)

I'll start by calling your girl. What was her name again?

JIM

No, I'll tell her.

FINTAN

Oh really? Oh well, good luck with that. I'm sure she'll be delighted you lied to her.

JIM

I didn't- It'll be fine. I'll tell her tonight. No problem.

INT. ACTING STUDIO. NIGHT.

JIM walks into the studio with TINA. The group of about 15 actors turn round and applaud him. TINA stands beside him smiling.

JIM

Um, thanks.

BREAK.

INT. ACTING STUDIO. NIGHT.

People are milling around the room. JIM is talking to one of the actors, TERRENCE.

TERRENCE

Thanks so much for coming down this evening. We don't often get celebrities in here.

JIM

Well...

TERRENCE

What did you make of the scene?

JIM looks around for TINA.

JIM

Yeah, it was great. Very...inspiring. I really did feel like I was under the sea.

TERRENCE

Wow. Well, of course, if you ever write anything and want to try it out with real actors you're always welcome.

JIM

Oh that's very kind, thanks.

TERRENCE

Are you working on anything new at the moment?

JIM

(Distractedly)

Uh, just, a thing, about a pirate.

(Spies TINA)

Sorry, excuse me for a second.

JIM touches TINA's arm as she walks past.

TINA

Oh hey. What did you think?

JIM

Uh yeah, you were really good.

TINA

Did you like the piece? Kevin's brilliant isn't he?

JIM  
Uh, yeah, great. Very  
lobsterlike. Listen, do you want  
to head on somewhere?

TINA  
(Taken aback)  
Uh...

JIM  
To talk about the film.

TINA  
Oh. I can't I'm afraid. I have  
to get up tomorrow and hand out  
leaflets. But, I'll see you at  
the callback tomorrow afternoon  
in your office right?

JIM  
No! No, it'd be best if my  
brother doesn't see you.

TINA  
Why?

JIM  
Oh. Um, he's just really  
busy...with the film and all.

TINA  
So, I don't have a callback?

JIM  
No.

TINA looks disappointed.

TINA  
Okay. Well, I guess I'll see you  
round.

JIM  
Oh no, uh, what I mean  
is...you've got the part.

TINA is delighted. She hugs JIM.

INT. JIM AND FINTAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

JIM rushes into the office. FINTAN looks up.

JIM  
Listen. We've got to continue  
with the "thing" for a while.



FINTAN

(Disgusted)

What?! You mean you still haven't banged her?!

JIM

No, I just...I just think it could be a good idea to...like you say, raise the profile of the company a bit.

FINTAN

Yeah, I knew you wouldn't be able to tell her.

JIM

I...hinted at it.

FINTAN

Oh really? And how did you do that?

JIM

(Guiltily)

Well...I told her she's got the part.

FINTAN

Oooh. Jimmy Jim Jim, never give them the part before you've given them the part.

JIM

The...?

BRIAN

Rule 1. Rule 1.

FINTAN

Well, luckily for you things have been progressing. I haven't even had to stir it. This stuff is just coming to us.

I've had people ringing me all night. The Film Board want to invest 2 million in the film.

JIM

(Amazed)

What?!

FINTAN

And an American company want to put 4 million in.

JIM

(Amazed)

What?!

FINTAN

I've had the Minister for Defence ringing me up and saying we can use the Irish army for the battle scenes. Someone else asked me to comment on the rumour that Cillian Murphy has fired his agent for not getting him an audition. And The Irish Times have already said they're going to give the film 4 stars. This thing is happening. We can't back down now.

BRIAN

And I also promised a part to a girl in Fire & Ice last night. I can't remember her name but if I can go through some headshots I should be able to recognise the top of her head.

FINTAN

Come on. We can make this happen.

JIM looks at the floor and sighs.

JIM

(Guiltily)

I also told Tina the read-through was tomorrow.

FINTAN

Tomorrow?!

JIM

Well, you're the one who told her we started filming next week!

FINTAN

It's fine. We can tell her it's been postponed.

SUZIE enters.

SUZIE

Hi, sorry, I meant to give this message to you earlier but I...didn't.

JIM

What's the message?

SUZIE

Uh, the Americans rang and said can they bring 3 people to the table reading tomorrow rather than 2.

JIM

How did *they* find out about it? Jesus. What does the whole world ring each other up after I've gone to bed? This is insane! What the hell are we going to do? We don't have a script.

FINTAN

It's fine. I know some damn good writers.

INT. JIM AND FINTAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

JIM is sitting with a pad of paper in front of him.

FINTAN is pacing.

BRIAN is reading a porn mag.

JIM

Okay. So what is this film about?

FINTAN

Well, you told Tina it was a thriller about the government swapping brains right?

JIM

Yes.

JIM writes this down.

FINTAN

...and I've told people it's a romantic comedy about a priest and a horse, a horror about a wheelchair that's possessed by the spirit of a dead race car driver, and a sci-fi about a world where trousers have been outlawed.

BRIAN

And a western about a cowboy who's a defrosted Neanderthal.

FINTAN

Yes. And a drama about a woman who's lost her bedside lamp.

BRIAN  
Set on a Viking spaceship.

FINTAN  
Set on a Viking spaceship.

JIM  
(Confused)  
Right. Which is it then?

FINTAN  
Well, it's got to be all of them.

JIM  
(Sarcastic)  
Oh, that's fine then.

FINTAN  
It's grand. We'll just stick all those ideas together and we'll be done.

JIM  
Just stick them together?! None of these films has anything to do with each other. How are you going to link a possessed wheelchair and a Neanderthal cowboy?

BRIAN  
(Thinks)  
Brothers?

FINTAN  
That's good.

CUT TO LATER: DAY

FINTAN is writing as BRIAN dictates. JIM is pissed off.

BRIAN  
And then...they meet up on a beach and embrace each other warmly. The End.  
And that's the entire plot of The Shawshank Redemption.

FINTAN finishes writing.

FINTAN  
Brilliant. Now we have something to compare our script against we can get started.

JIM shakes his head.

CUT TO LATER: EVENING

JIM is on his feet.

JIM

How about if the Neanderthal gets  
the wheelchair pregnant and it  
gives birth to the priest?

FINTAN

Brilliant.  
(Turns to BRIAN)  
Write that down.

FINTAN notices that BRIAN's page just has drawings of  
hats on it.

FINTAN (CONT'D)

Wait a second, who's writing this  
down?

BRIAN

I thought you were writing it  
down.

FINTAN

But you have the pen and paper.

BRIAN

Well, I'm not writing it down.

FINTAN

What the hell are you doing then?

BRIAN

It's a mood board.

JIM

Alright. Start again. I'll  
write it down this time.

JIM takes the pen and paper off BRIAN.

FINTAN

Okay.  
(Takes a deep breath)  
We open on the Viking spaceship  
hurtling towards the sun.

JIM starts writing.

CUT TO LATER: NIGHT

The three guys are just staring into space.

BRIAN  
Can I just say one more time why  
I think we should have the  
lesbian Eskimo orgy scene?

FINTAN  
Forget about it, we've got too  
many orgies in there as it is.

JIM  
Listen, this is getting us  
nowhere. We've got a rough  
outline now. How about we each  
take a third of the script and go  
off on our own and write it?

FINTAN  
That sounds like a plan.

INT. OUTER OFFICE. NIGHT.

JIM sits at Suzie's desk biting his nails and  
occasionally typing.

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

FINTAN sits in his car and types.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

BRIAN sits at a bar and writes.

INT. OUTER OFFICE. NIGHT.

JIM is finding it hard to stay awake. He yawns.

He takes a sip of coffee.

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

FINTAN can't find a comfortable position in the car. He  
squirms around in his seat.

His laptop bumps off the car horn.

FINTAN looks around worried someone will see him.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

People bump into BRIAN's table as he writes. He looks up  
annoyed and then goes back to writing.

A pint gets knocked over onto his pieces of paper. BRIAN  
is furious.

BRIAN  
Ah for fu-!

BRIAN looks around to see who did it, but can't see so goes back to his pieces of paper. They're ringing wet. He shakes his head in disgust.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 What a waste. Barman, another  
 pint please.

INT. OUTER OFFICE. NIGHT.

JIM's phone rings. He looks at it.

It's Tina.

He pauses then answers it.

JIM  
 Hi.

TINA (OS)  
 Hi, it's Tina.

JIM  
 Yeah.

TINA (OS)  
 Are you free at the moment?

JIM looks at the clock. It reads 11:30pm.

JIM  
 I'm kind of busy actually. Is  
 everything okay?

TINA (OS)  
 Yeah, I just...needed someone to  
 talk to. You're sure you're not  
 free?

JIM  
 Ummmmmmmmmmmmmm. Well, I could  
 probably step out for a couple of  
 minutes.

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

FINTAN is staring at his computer screen. Occasionally he types.

His phone rings.

The phone screen says "Wankbucket".

FINTAN  
 Hey, how you getting on?

BRIAN  
 Okay. You?

FINTAN  
Yeah, alright. I'm about a quarter of the way through my stuff now.

BRIAN  
Yeah, me too.

Pause.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Do you want to go to Quantum?

FINTAN  
Yep.

FINTAN opens the car door.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TINA'S FLAT. NIGHT.

JIM arrives at Tina's door. He rings the bell.

After a pause TINA answers in her silk dressing gown.

TINA  
Thanks for coming.

JIM  
Hey, no problem.

JIM goes to move past TINA but she doesn't notice and just stands in the doorway, instead launching into her problems.

TINA  
I just feel really weird at the moment. It's like I feel a need to satisfy this, like, aching for a completeness in my life, which I always hoped would come from acting, but now wonder if maybe acting is the precipice rather than the landing of my emotions...

JIM looks longingly into TINA's flat.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

FINTAN and BRIAN laugh and drink. They each have a drunk girl sitting beside them who laughs along.

Occasionally they write stuff down on a pad of paper.



INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TINA'S FLAT. NIGHT.

JIM has his arm against the doorframe propping himself up while TINA talks.

TINA

...and that's, I think, why I've never felt grounded with my feelings towards myself.

JIM

So...maybe I should come in. And we can talk some more.

TINA

Oh. I really need to get some sleep. I wanna be fresh for the big read through tomorrow. I'll see you in the morning.

TINA closes the door.

JIM sighs and slumps against the door. The door pops open, sending him to the ground.

He quickly jumps up, closes the door and gets out of there.

INT. JIM AND FINTAN'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

The clock on the wall reads 5am.

The guys all look shattered. They sit round a desk.

JIM

Okay, let's all read each other's scripts and see if they work together.

Each passes their part of the script to their left and they start reading.

CUT TO LATER

JIM sits waiting. FINTAN and BRIAN are reading.

BRIAN

Fuck. I never saw that coming.

JIM looks over at him.

JIM

That's the start you're reading.

BRIAN thinks about this.

BRIAN

Huh.

FINTAN finishes the last part of the section he's reading.

JIM and FINTAN turn to each other.

JIM  
Well?

FINTAN  
This...is...fucking...brilliant.

JIM  
Do you think? I can't really tell. I don't think I even know what a story is any more.

FINTAN  
Man, this is fucking great. This is going to be *huge*.

JIM  
Really? Yeah, maybe. Maybe you're right.

FINTAN  
Maybe? There's no maybe about it. This is solid gold. I can't believe we've actually pulled this off.

JIM  
(Becoming convinced)  
Yeah, yeah, it is good. Yeah.

FINTAN  
It's fucking amazing. I can't wait till people get a load of this. What time's the read through?

JIM  
(Looks at his watch)  
About an hour in the Stephen's Green Hotel.

FINTAN  
(Triumphant)  
It's go time.

INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY.

A long table surrounded by chairs sits in a meeting room. There are bottles of water on the table and scripts at each seat.

JIM stands nervously waiting.

3 people in suits arrive.

FINTAN

Hey guys, come on in. The actors will be arriving in a sec. Just take a seat anywhere.

INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY.

The table is surrounded by people all eyes on the script. Various people read aloud. FINTAN reads the action descriptions.

JIM glances nervously at the suits.

TINA

But how could Dr Parsons have known that Michael wanted to kill him?

ACTOR A

Unless he was Michael.

TINA

Exactly because their brains had been swapped.

FINTAN

Samuel looks over Ursula's shoulder.

ACTOR A

Oh no, the Vikings!

CUT TO LATER:

ACTOR B

Forget about it, it's useless. We can never win. As soon as we try to stand up to them they lock us up.

ACTOR C

But don't you see, that's exactly why we need to fight. *Because it's impossible, because it's futile, that's what makes it essential.* For how can a man ever be truly free in shorts?

CUT TO LATER:

FINTAN

Fr O'Shaughnessy slaps Horse's face. Then pauses and looks into his eyes. They kiss.

CUT TO LATER:

ACTOR C  
By Odin, that Neanderthal is  
pretty handy with a Smith and  
Wesson.

CUT TO LATER:

ACTOR B  
I love you Ursula.

TINA  
I love you too Diane.

ACTOR B  
Wait. I smell trouble.

CUT TO LATER:

ACTOR D  
(Weeps)  
But it was a good lamp.

CUT TO LATER:

FINTAN  
The Eskimos make love.

CUT TO LATER:

TINA  
This goes right the way to the  
top. Right to President  
Horseface.

CUT TO LATER:

FINTAN  
...where they meet up on a beach  
and embrace each other warmly.  
The End.

FINTAN looks around expectantly.

Everyone is dumbfounded.

JIM looks nervously from person to person.

People look down at their scripts speechless.

Eventually a voice is heard.

TINA (OS)  
That was shit.

JIM turns to see it's TINA.

JIM  
What?

TINA  
That was...shit.

ACTOR C  
Yeah, it was shit. It  
was...complete shit.

ACTOR D  
Yeah, you're right. That was  
shit.

Everyone mutters their agreement.

The SUITS get up and leave.

JIM watches them go.

JIM  
Eh, but, wait...

TINA also gets up and leaves.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Tina. Where are you going?

Everyone gets up and starts to walk out.

As people walk past in disgust, FINTAN leans in to JIM.

FINTAN  
Don't worry about it man, she  
wasn't that good. She's pretty  
uncoordinated. Believe me, it  
was like sleeping with a wonky  
shopping trolley.

THE END