

Fruit

Episode One: The Beginning

Underscored.

THE QUEEN: Fruit. Fruit is: *the edible reproductive body of a seed plant*. It's juicy, wet, dripping down your chin. Fruit is plump, ripe, sweet, mottled. One of your five a day. Necessary for human survival. Fruit, it must be said sweethearts, is the very basis of our civilisation.

This Fruit though? It's the story of four gay girls living in Dublin City. Their flirtations, trials, tribulations. This story is juicy, wet dripping down your chin. It is Fruit, darlings, and oh girls I am glad to tell you: it is very much one of your five a day.

Our incredibly necessary story though so begins with a letter to an Agony Aunt. A letter which went a little something like this:

Sounds of typing.

SJP: Dear Auntea Isobel, long time reader, first time writer here. I've been a big fan of your people and Ireland ever since my family first went on vacation to the Emerald Isle twenty years ago – a darling little cottage in county Sligo (*she pronounces it Sleegoh*) which we subsequently bought in the shadow of Benbulbin (*she pronounces it Benbulbean*) which we just renovated with the most divine marble counters. Now though Aunt Isobel, I do truly need your advice. Recently I've been thinking a lot about friendship. My best friend of forty years told me recently she thinks we hurt one another more than we love each other. And it totally floored me! I mean, I've always been a really self-aware person, and yet this hit me like an angry shopper at Barney's! She says lately she comes away from our brunches or evenings on Broadway feeling somewhat diminished by me...

I have to admit Auntea, I don't even really know what that means and have eaten three quarts of Hagen Daz since she said it and gosh darn it I think I'm about to just bloody well eat a fourth. Having devoured your column every time I see it on the social web I'd love to know what you think and I greatly do look forward to reading your thoughts. Is life just a process of always hurting those we love? And then begging for their forgiveness? Good Gucci, I hope not. Looking forward though to hearing back from you Aunt Isobel and with all my love from Manhattan, your New York Girl Friend.

Record Scratch.

SHANE: There's no way that's SJP -

IZZY: Why?

AISLING: For one it sounds like someone who's never been to New York in their life wrote it?

SHANE: For two she's a house in Donegal not Sligo, everyone knows that.

IZZY: Maybe she's protecting her identity!

ZARA: Be honest, why the fuck would Sarah Jessica Parker be writing to you?

AISLING: Why would Matthew Broderick be in a leprechaun movie? He's like esteemed.

SHANE: Okay we love Matthew Broderick we love The Producers but he did do Inspector Gadget...

IZZY: Maybe SJP loves my column. Is that so hard to believe?

ZARA: Girl...

THE QUEEN: Okay okay Darlings that is enough of that we're going to come back to that letter and this little scene later on in our finale. But for now our story really starts however where all good stories do. At Brunch. Obviously.

Music into...

ISOBEL: It's back on the market.

ZARA: Shane? Never been off it.

SHANE: Zara, you know you're only allowed call me "it" if it's followed by "girl". *It Girl*

AISLING: Be nice, Shane, Zara hasn't had a girl come out of her mouth in months. As we well know.

ZARA: That doesn't even make any sense? Like. Zero.

AISLING: Suck it.

SHANE: Oh My Macauly Culkin these eggs are horrible. I've eaten better eggs at a vegan barbecue?

AISLING: The service here has gone to shit, do you remember the last time we came here? When Zara's bacon was raw.

ZARA: Well apparently my bacon has been raw for months now.

AISLING: Oh baba's huffing.

ZARA: You know I'm sensitive about being single! It's like the thing I'm most sensitive about after my huge perky nipples!

IZZY: Can we not talk about genitalia at brunch again? For once can we have enlightening conversations, maybe something philosophical? We should talk about climate activism or the theory of relativity or horticulture as a hobby!

AISLING: Izzy I mean this with all my heart I would rather move back to Mayo and marry a man.

ZARA: You're already living in Dublin and literally about to marry a man?

IZZY: Don't say the M word.

SHANE: Margo Martindale?

IZZY: Marriage.

AISLING: I've no intention of getting married. Ever. And I'm not dating a man I'm dating Charlie he's not a man he's a boy.

SHANE: Ugh fuck me right in the asshole these eggs are honestly horrible I can't eat this. Why do we keep coming here? The service is shit -

IZZY: It's tradition.

SHANE: Yeah well a lot of things are traditional. Beef stews, brown bread, circumcisions but it doesn't mean I would choose to spend my money on them.

AISLING: Izzy what were you going to say earlier about a market? Before these two homos steamrolled over you.

SHANE: I take offense, I do not steamroll I lightly massage..

ZARA: Lightly massage what? A chicken fillet roll?

SHANE: Ok Pack It Up Hillary Clinton..

IZZY: Flicker! Flicker is back on the market.

AISLING: Flicker as in our old college house?

IZZY: No *Flicker as in the 1980s gay disco you made us name our college house after in homage.*

AISLING: Objectively four queer millennials calling our college house Flicker is hilarious.

ZARA: Only you ever thought that was funny Aisling!

AISLING: How is respecting our gay elders not cool?

SHANE: If our gay elders knew what you three got up to in that house they would be roasting more than marshmallows down in hell Girls.

AISLING: My gay elders - Rosie O'Donnell and Linda Martin – they support eating pussy.

SHANE: Linda Martin's not gay? Trust me I've googled it.

AISLING: She won the Eurovision. that's a no return ticket on the Homosexual Express.

IZZY: Guys seriously I was three white wines deep on Daft.ie last night and there it was! Flicker! Your room is still pink Ash! And Zara, by the looks of it the puke plant is still alive.

SHANE: The puke plant! I forgot about her!

AISLING: Could you imagine being back there?

ZARA: Those breeders who took it off us must have moved out.

AISLING: How much?

SHANE: It's a four bed in Stoneybatter so probably just a virgin sacrifice and the blood of your first born..

ISOBEL: it's Three and a half. Thousand. A month.

ZARA: Now that would make a girl kill herself.

AISLING: I thought we agreed no suicide talk at brunch.

ZARA: I thought it was no genitalia talk?

ISOBEL: To think we only paid what? Four hundred each?

AISLING: We left it six years ago though.

ZARA: And Shane had that shite box room - he only paid about three hundred.

SHANE: No. No. I'm spiralling? Six years ago? Are We Old?

IZZY: Aisling is turning 30 in six months!

AISLING: Uncalled for..

ZARA: Didn't Croissant want to turn it into a queer commune?

AISLING: Stop calling her Croissant, her name is Amelia.

ZARA: Whatever, you should just pop up to Pain Au Chocolat and tell her Flicker is available. She can finally make her lesbian bat cave a reality.

AISLING: Haven't spoken to Amelia in years.

SHANE: When you went bi those dykes dropped you like a led balloon.

ZARA: You can't say dyke!

SHANE: Try and stop me.

ZARA: You're lucky there's a table between us

IZZY: I've booked a viewing. For Flicker. Tomorrow.

AISLING: What!

SHANE: Hold The Horses! You wanna move back?

ZARA: No sorry no that is giving too much.. it's giving too much walk down memory lane. Turn back the clock.

ISOBEL: I thought it would be fun! The puke plant, Zara! I want to go back and say hello to it all.

ZARA: I don't want to think about the puke plant! That was like the worst moment of my life.

AISLING: I thought the worst moment of your life was when Siobhan left you?

ZARA: Who are you? Tony Blair with all these war crimes?

SHANE: Oh Zaza You did put the "Sap" into "sapphic" after that one in all fairness.

ZARA: You know what the energy is so negative rn I swear to god I'm gonna have to go to my happy place.

ISOBEL: Your happy place?

ZARA: Every time I get really sad I rewind my life back to that time Izzy pissed her pants in Street 66

IZZY: No! No! Zara I told you to delete that memory forever!

ZARA: It's hilarious!

AISLING: Leave her alone, she's a sensitive bladder.

SHANE: My fave fave fave bit is the lady in the other stall. What did she say again?
Something like:

Record scratch. Music. Timewarp, whatevz.

PISS GIRL: Does anyone else smell pee in here? Like, I know it's a toilet but like. There's definitely like a really strong smell of piss in here? Oh Jesus oh fuck there it is, it's coming for me it's coming for me I'm not wearing any shoes it's going to touch me toes aww own up lads who did it who pissed on the floor you rotten little scumbags? Oh it's really not a healthy colour. Like a deep yellow almost green I would honestly get checked for cancer girls whoever's done that write to the hospital ring an ambulance you know nee naw nee naw – sorry but whoever did this - have you been eating a lot of asparagus? Is this that Gwyneth Paltrow diet? I'd get off that now I'd stick to your meat and two veg dya know what I mean naw I'd honestly get checked cause that colour is NOT healthy like seriously..

Record scratch. Music. Timewarp, whatevz.

ISOBEL: *screams* Why bring it up! Now you're going to have to put *me* on suicide watch.

AISLING: No suicide at brunch!

ZARA: Why can't she joke about it but I can?

ISOBEL: Girls! My depression was like a lifetime ago.

SHANE: If by lifetimes ago you mean two years ago when you watched the entirety of SATC four times and kept calling yourself Cynthia?

ISOBEL: Come on. It was the best time of our lives, living in that house. I'm just sentimental all of a sudden!

SHANE: You'd hardly move back there would you?

ISOBEL: I have to get away from Reggie.

SHANE: Imagine being gay and 70 and having a roommate.

AISLING: You're laughing, but at this rate that'll be you.

SHANE: Girl please I'm not gonna be the other side of forty.

ISOBEL: We are all nearly thirty. That's like three fifths of half a century and I have tits worth five grand, I can't spend my peak pre-MILF years living with a geriatric gay man who asks do I

want to play chess with him or have I read the latest New Yorker or what's my thoughts on Uganda!

AISLING: What's going on in Uganda?

ISOBEL: I don't know I don't listen I replay Lady Gaga Choreo in my head.

AISLING: You'd never afford the rent. Of Flicker. I'm sure Lovin' Dublin aren't paying enough for that.

ISOBEL: That's why you guys will move in with me.

AISLING: Pfft what?

SHANE: If you think I'm going back to that box room...

ISOBEL: I'm joking. Half joking. But if Aisling brings Charlie that'd be five of us and the rent-

ZARA: A) No way could I afford that

IZZY: You don't know that you could get cast in a Marvel Movie like tomorrow.

ZARA: B) NO way would I live with Charlie.

AISLING: Why not?

ZARA: He cuts his toenails into the SINK, Aisling.

AISLING: That was one time.

ISOBEL: He's just... straight, babe. He plays rugby.

SHANE: And Xbox.

ZARA: Honestly, you were so gay in college, Ash - and then that man trapped you with all his "I love Liam Neeson movies" this and "Leinster final" that. You used to do poppers on Tuesdays, Aisling! Now you watch The Walking Dead.

AISLING: Well we all have to grow up sometime.

SHANE: I don't know how you've stuck at it for six years.

AISLING: Not everyone has a three quickies in the back of a Mazda and done rule.

SHANE: Here's what I think: why let them get bored of you?

ZARA: You can't tell me, Aisling, that that sex is still good. I just know you're not loving it. You used to have lesbian orgies and now you're on a chipsticks only diet.

AISLING: You know dog shit, Zara. The sex is *fanfuckingtastic*.

Record scratch. Music. Timewarp, whatevz.

CHARLIE: Ugh. Ugh. Fuck. fUck. Yeah yeah dya like that? Do you like that my little kitten??

AISLING: Yeah. Yeah so so good.

CHARLIE: Oh fuck - I wanna - I wanna kiss you so hard I suck your soul out.

AISLING: Really?

CHARLIE: Yeah I wanna. Fuckkkk. Wanna suck on your tits like a newborn baby.

AISLING: Okay.

CHARLIE: I know it's your birthday I know it's your birthday but do you mind fuck fuck fuck if I finish first? Then I'll yeah of course I'll finish you then..

AISLING: Of course yeah...

CHARLIE: Oh jesusjesusjesus fuck fuck woof! Woof! Woof!

He howls as he finishes. Like a wolf.

CHARLIE: Ok. Oh my god okay. You're the best. Do you want me to...

AISLING: No. I think I'll just go to sleep.

Record scratch. Music. Timewarp, whatevz.

ISOBEL: Does he still howl like a wolf when he-?

AISLING: No! He doesn't! I told you that was just like, a joke we had because I'm Team Jacob. Tay Lautz addicted. Werewolf, like, enjoyer...

She trails off. The group are silent for a beat.

ZARA: It's disgustinggggggg sorry it's so disgusting! You've locked yourself in a literal heterosexual cage with a wolfman.

AISLING: He's not a wolfman!

SHANE: He has been posting a suspicious amount of pork chops on his Instagram.

AISLING: It's his all-meat diet guys I've told you-

ISOBEL: You're all too hard on him! He's wonderful, Aisling. I hope if I ever settled down you all wouldn't savage him like you do Charlie. Even if my boyfriend was also a rabid carnivore who always smells like meat.

AISLING: Thank you.

SHANE: Settling down. Is this what Yes Equality was for?

IZZY: Literally yes.

ZARA: All I'm saying is that like, life moves in seven year cycles Aisling, you know, your life cycle could be like ripe for a change.

A surprising outburst.

AISLING: That is Enough. I don't want to talk about Charlie or change or cycles or us getting old or any of it. I am done with this shitting all over him okay? Ok? Done. Shane did you get your STI results yet?

SHANE: Oh I see how it is it's every gay for themselves, I see.. No I didn't get them yet.

SHANE's phone buzzes. Grindr notification.

IZZY: You said you weren't gonna have sex till you got the results!

SHANE: I'm not! A girl can look but not touch can't she. Besides it's Boring anyway just some fella saying I take a nice pic. Ugh! Leave me alone. Loser! I don't have anything anyway I'm certain I'm clean.

AISLING: I hate how you say that. Clean.

SHANE: It's true. I'm not sick I'm not itching like a bitch I'm so clean you could call me Mr Muscle.

IZZY: Respectfully, I would never call you that.

AISLING: Are you serious about Flicker, Izzy? Would you really move back?

ZARA: In a heartbeat she would. Look at her!

IZZY: Oh I could never afford it and I know you all wouldn't come with. But a girl can look and not touch, right? Or in this case a girl can look and book a viewing but not rent.

SHANE: Do you remember them? Fucking hell, the best days ever. Fuck you Izzy, you've made me miss it now.

AI SLING: Tch there's no going back girls. The only way is forward.

IZZY: Unless the only way forward is going back?

SHANE: Okay whatever fuck Flicker I've a real question here: is that waiter hot?

ZARA: He's not he looks like Mel Brooks..

IZZY: Who's Mel Brooks?

SHANE: If Mel Brooks was a thotty with a phat ass?

IZZY: Oh he's coming over here Shane he must have heard you.

SHANE: I know my fag voice is loud but it's not that loud!

HUNTER: How was all that for you guys?

IZZY: Gorgeous, thank you.

HUNTER: Can I get you ladies anything else then? Sorry ladies and sir ladies and SIR.

AI SLING: Don't worry he's used to it.

SHANE: I consider it a compliment actually.

IZZY: We're all good though thank you.

HUNTER: Cool.

SHANE: Also, sir, can I just say: compliments to the chef, those eggs? Like the Drag Queen... Divine.

HUNTER: Haha I'll be sure to let them know. Just to let you ladies know though we do need this table for 2.15...

ZARA: Don't worry I've a date to get ready for so we will be leaving pronto.

HUNTER: Oh wow! Who's the lucky guy?

AI SLING: Some would say he's the luckiest guy in the whole wide world.

HUNTER: I can see that. Would you like me to bring the bill or...

AISLING: We'll get you at the till.

HUNTER: Nice. I love your dress by the way it really makes you look like. Like a Summer Leaf In An Autumn Breeze.

IZZY: Oh wow. Thank you. That's so sweet!

HUNTER: You're welcome.

HUNTER goes off.

IZZY: What!

SHANE: I'm sorry that was hot that was sriracha sauce! That was HOT!

AISLING: Compliments to the chef?! Princess Di Alert.

SHANE: Fuck off I panicked. I love a stupid man when you can see their little brains whirring it's so hot. Like seriously how long do you think it took him to come up with that like? His whole wee American life working towards it. Ugh!

ZARA: Stupid men are a dime a dozen.

SHANE: But stupid men with a dumptruck??

IZZY: Don't be so loud he'll hear you.

ZARA: No but do I look straight? Seriously do I look straight?

ISOBEL: Maybe he just really wants me to tip?

SHANE: Zara you can trust me on this you do not look straight and Isobel you can certainly trust me on this nobody wants just the tip from you.

AISLING: Who's the date with?

ZARA: Just some girl.

AISLING: Okay.

ISOBEL: Do we, like, know her?

ZARA: No.

ISOBEL: Right, well. What's everyone's plans for the week?

SHANE: Work.

AISLING: Work.

SHANE: Get my STI results.

ZARA: Work. You?

ISOBEL: Work. You're all coming to my gig tomorrow night, though, right?

AISLING: We wouldn't miss it for the world. Right I'm paying for this..

SHANE: No let me it's fine I can..

AISLING: It's my week.

ZARA: Let her pay she's a solicitor for gods sake!

AISLING: Classy!

IZZY: Flash that blood money honey!

A brief burst of music. Into...

Sounds of the street.

HUNTER: Sorry M'am? Sorry Ma'm wait the lady with the lady with the New Yorker totebag?
 Yes sorry you, you forgot this..

IZZY: Oh did I? Gosh. Oh no no I don't actually need that.

HUNTER: It's your receipt –

IZZY: Well I'm actually you know like going paperless recently. Sustainable gyal et cetera.

SHANE: ohmygod.

IZZY: And my friend Aisling actually paid...

HUNTER: That's really commendable M'am yeah save the turtles –

ZARA: ohmygod.

IZZY: Right?! Who thinks about the turtles in all this?

HUNTER: Exactly! But I did actually write my number on this receipt for you to have and I thought you might want to have that. Maybe for future. Texting?

IZZY: I'd love to! That would be. Lovely. But I do really have a sustainability thing going I'd honestly be sick as a dog if I took that receipt.

HUNTER: That's so fair you're so principled like Jane Fonda or Malala.

AISLING: ohmygod.

IZZY: Malala I love her I really hope she's happy –

SHANE: Jesus Christ Aisling do something.

AISLING: Okay sir thank you so much I will take this receipt and I will personally put your number in Izzy's phone.

HUNTER: Right on.

IZZY: I'll text!

HUNTER: Cool yeah you text me that's cool.

IZZY: Bye.

HUNTER: Bye!

SHANE: Isobel O'Rourke! You minx!

IZZY: Walk on walk on walk on.

ZARA: Come on! Slut era! (*She makes gay noises*) Little slut era!

IZZY: Stop it stop! I don't even want to talk about it right now just walk and don't look back!
Aisling! doN'T Look!

AISLING: Izzy I think he wants you.

IZZY: If any one of you look back right now I will personally turn you to stone.

Music into...

So, Do You Like Period Dramas?

Sounds of a Starbucks.

ROISIN: Do you do this often?

ZARA: Not really.

ROISIN: You seem like a dater. There's an aura.

ZARA: Of. Desperation?

ROISIN: Hm.

ZARA: Well I was in a relationship for a while before, obviously, but I've been out of it a few years and I'm younger than all my friends, they're all nearly 30 and seem mostly happy and one of them's like hideously settled and

ROISIN: What age are you?

ZARA: 27 nearly 28. Fuck.. I shouldn't have mentioned my ex should I? That's like, lethal injection for a first date isn't it?

ROISIN: You brought her up.

ZARA: Guilty. Ten years, two suspended.

ROISIN: Maybe people notice.

ZARA: What?

ROISIN: The desperation.

ZARA: Right. Right. How was your coffee?

ROISIN: Quite bland, actually. I don't usually do a Starbucks coffee, I'm a bit of a connoisseur, actually. Artisanal, fair-trade stuff. Local baristas. No faceless corporations. But as you said, this was... convenient.

ZARA: Yeah, totally, I'm so into that trading fair stuff. But it was the closest to me and to you, so...

ROISIN: What was it you liked about me? On my profile?

ZARA: What did I like about you?

ROISIN: Mhm. My therapist, more of a spiritual guide really, Sensei Martha, I met her online, she tells me to verbalize my value so my aura stays indubitable. So what did you like about me?

ZARA: ... your. Smile?

ROISIN: Mmm.

ZARA: I loved your. Eyes. You looked like you'd be a... fun time. Your bio.

ROISIN: What part?

ZARA: You said that your favourite pastime was to crack ladies open and suck their insides out like a crab claw.

ROISIN: Mm.

ZARA: Do you eat a lot of pussy, then?

ROISIN: Not really.

ZARA: Right.

ROISIN: Do you?

ZARA: Yeah! Yeah, like all the time. Drowning in puss ha ha someone throw me a life raft

ROISIN: Cool.

There's an awkward silence.

ZARA: So your bio.. on Bumble. You don't actually crack women open like their crab claws?

ROISIN: My friend wrote that.

ZARA: Pity.

ROISIN: I don't appreciate vulgarity really. The lowest sign of life, I think - something animalistic about it.. You know even monkeys and dolphins are vulgar.

ZARA: Right. So then. So, do you like period dramas? Sometimes when I'm sad I watch lesbians in period dramas kiss on Youtube and it cheers me up. Have you ever seen *Gentleman Jack*-

ROISIN: I'm going to go. I promised sensei Martha I wouldn't do anything that didn't fulfil me anymore and you're like nice but I'm not sure our vibrations are aligning here?

ZARA: It's only been half an hour... I haven't even told you about the acting.

ROISIN: Well, maybe you should have been acting like a cooler date. Thanks for the slave labour coffee.

ZARA: Yeah. No bother.

Beat.

ROISIN: "The more you search for love it the harder it'll be to find." That's what Sensei Martha says. You should so look her up. On Tiktok. She has three life partners and met God on ayuhuasca in Peru. Bye.

ROISIN leaves. We hear her docs stomping off. Zara groans to herself. She starts typing on her phone.

ZARA: Sensei... Martha...

A video loudly plays in the coffee shop.

SENSEI MARTHA: Hello my beautiful enlightened soul children, today I'll be showing you, yes YOU, how you can use all natural ingredients to bleach your vajeena and aligns the chakras in your clitoroose-

ZARA hastily shuts it off.

ZARA: Someone put me out of my misery. Please.

Music. Into...

Watching TV With Bae

Sounds of The Walking Dead off the TV.

CHARLIE: I love this part. I love this part!

AISLING: Oh fuck, yeah, Carol whallop that walker! Yeah baby now that's a French Kiss.

CHARLIE: Is it not Chef's Kiss?

AISLING: No it's a French kiss? When someone does something really well?

CHARLIE: Nah, that's a chef's kiss. This is a French kiss.

They kiss. It's... graphic.

CHARLIE: See it tastes like croissants buttery and flaky.

AISLING: Do not mention croissants to me please.

CHARLIE: I never got this croissants thing with you like why do you hate them so much?

AISLING: Who actually likes French people? They're so arrogant with their smelly onions and skinny cigarettes.

CHARLIE: I don't know about that but a chef's kiss on the other palm is when you eat a good protein shake and you think mwah mwah mwah this is bellissimo or somethin.

AISLING: A protein shake, really?

CHARLIE: *(he sighs, genuinely hurt)* One of the lads at the gym today said I'm letting myself go.

AISLING: Excuse me?

CHARLIE: He said I should lay off the Chinese. *(he does an impression of a gay gym bro)* "Victoria Beckham is less of a spice girl than you are, Charlie!" Like what does that even mean!

AISLING: Fuck him. All our generation has to look forward to in this world is mass extinction events and spice bags, that guy needs to get a grip.

CHARLIE: I'll cut back anyway. Don't want to lose this bod for you.

AISLING: Cop yourself on, Dad Bods are in.

CHARLIE: You say that, but genuinely I think you could be swept up by some 21-year-old like Greek god - somebody with blonde hair and draining board abs and like perfectly shaved pubes like in the shape of a crisp V or something you know.

AISLING: Bold of you to think I would leave you for a 21-year-old. They'd at least have to be 23.

CHARLIE: You could pull a 21-year-old. You're mad fit for 30.

AISLING: Thanks. 29 though. For another few months.

Wet squelching noise from the television.

CHARLIE: Awwww I love this bit! How she just cracks that skull open. She's a cracking character – Carol. Cracking. See what I did...

AISLING: How could I not see that Charlie?

More squelching and screaming from the television.

CHARLIE: How was brunch today?

AISLING: Grand yeah. Izzy found out Flicker's back on the market.

CHARLIE: No way.

AISLING: She wants to move back. Can you imagine?

CHARLIE: Place was a shithole.

AISLING: That was the charm.

CHARLIE: Did Shane get his STI results?

AISLING: Not yet apparently.

CHARLIE: Hopefully it'll be grand. Is Izzy looking forward to her gig tomorrow?

AISLING: Yeah like she's- .

Another SCREAM and the sound of bones breaking. CHARLIE reacts with glee, his interest turned.

CHARLIE: Oh fucking hell Rick is a fucking legend did you see that? Fuck me man...

A beat.

AISLING: Charlie... do you ever think...

CHARLIE: What?

AISLING: That seven years is long enough to be with someone?

He switches off the TV. Instantly.

CHARLIE: Sorry Aisling are we sorry what are we having this conversation right now?

AISLING: No! No we are not. I was just thinking, like completely by myself today about how life apparently moves in seven year cycles or something and we're nearly at seven years so.. are we like, ripe for change?

CHARLIE: Ripe? Like stinking?

AISLING: No not ripe maybe but like, I don't know, like a consolidation or like... I don't know. Oh! Maybe on the weekends I've too much time on my hands.

CHARLIE: Yeah.

Beat.

CHARLIE: I don't know about any of that like, ripe, stuff, but all I do know is that every day I wake up beside you is a day that I feel like really happy. And that I've won the Lotto, or like

maybe the EuroMillions if it's been a really good time for a while. And that feeling only gets bigger and bigger every morning beside you, so you know. Yeah. That's what I think.

AISLING: Okay. Sure that's good enough for me then.

He puts the TV back on.

CHARLIE: Get this on the next episode there's like a really slick guy with a tiger and these sick af braids...

AISLING: How'd he get a tiger in rural Zombie America?

CHARLIE: Sure I dunno, we've seen Tiger King! Like those Americans they have tigers everywhere. Sure like, there's one in the Hangover. Best film ever made.

AISLING sighs.

CHARLIE: Ash actually later on would you mind having a look at my ingrown toenail again? Think the smell is coming back.

AISLING: Sure.

Music. Into...

Our Old House

Sounds of the street.

MAGGIE: Mondays really really really are the worst.

ISOBEL: You're telling me.

MAGGIE: What am I telling you? You look a prized slapper with that make up you must have been at it all morning. I'll tell you a secret. I fell off my bike on the way here.

ISOBEL: Oh no!

MAGGIE: Clear went twit twoo over the handlebars. That's a sight isn't it. Maggie Doberman doing cartwheels in the morning breeze. I say.

ISOBEL: Were you hurt?

MAGGIE: Knee's banged up a bit but it's wonky anyway, had a car crash when I was young. Drunk driver. That's my childhood for you. I've had trouble with things on wheels though, can't even wheel a bin straight. It was my mother crashed that car. God rest her. Oh now now my knee. Oh now. It really is all go isn't it?

ISOBEL: By the sounds of things.

MAGGIE: You're here to see the house.

ISOBEL: I am.

MAGGIE: Gorgeous little spot. Stoneybatter. Sign of a good space in Dublin City I say is the student apartments. Then you know there's a good coffee shop nearby some supermarkets bit of cheap bread maybe a...

ISOBEL: Love cheap bread.

MAGGIE: Really? Looking like that? I once ate four focaccias in one sitting, was burping olive oil for a week. There we go.

Door opening. They go inside.

MAGGIE: 860 emails I got about this place. You're lucky you sent me such a lovely email, I near shed a tear at that line bout realising who you truly were in this place. Though I'd cry at anything. Whenever I think of Cher I'm gone, just weeping. My mother loved Cher, god rest her. *Do you Believe In Life After Love...* Take it from me. Love isn't everything.

ISOBEL: Yeah oh yeah my last boyfriend. So nice. But he did crosswords.

MAGGIE: Now there you go. You'd prefer if they just dealt drugs or something wouldn't you? I'm doing a cattle call later on for this place now mind, probably be hundreds here looking at it. Gosh it is warm isn't it?

ISOBEL: Three years I lived here. I came from the worst times of my life to maybe the best of them here. It hasn't changed a bit.

MAGGIE: It is expensive mind. For the price they're asking they could have sprayed some fabreeze or at least done up the walls. Can't tell if it's the colour of that paint job or the smell in here that has me gagging.

ISOBEL: We painted that.

MAGGIE: Now that you say it it does look quite nice. It's Bright.

ISOBEL: Don't worry I hate it too.

MAGGIE: Fucking ghastly. Oh I can't be dealing with this heat, are you warm?

ISOBEL: Not really.

MAGGIE: It's the menopause that's what my Craig says. I'm too young for that I think. I'm only 53. Mind you the sheets be sopping wet every morning. I feel like I'm a slug between the sheets at this rate or one of those Tesco mozzarella balls sopping about in my own juice.

ISOBEL: My Mam got it when she was 49. She said it was great, didn't have to shave her legs anymore.

MAGGIE: Was her husband always bothering her about the smell?

ISOBEL: My Dad's dead.

MAGGIE: Car crash?

ISOBEL: Cancer.

MAGGIE: Silent killer. I'm sure he's probably doing a wee jig up in heaven anyway.

ISOBEL: Here's hoping.

MAGGIE: Tch. This menopause will be no good to me. I don't shave my legs anyway, god knows Craig doesn't be looking at them. He's an elbow man really, god love him. Gosh! The heat. You've it all ahead of you girl. Enjoy all of it while you can. If I could go back... I'd never be embarrassed to buy a pad again.

Izzy is taken aback.

ISOBEL: Really? I've never felt embarrassed to. Do those things.

MAGGIE: Oh my knee is banjaxed, gave it a right dig when I went down. Can you afford this place? It ain't cheap.

ISOBEL: I don't know. I think I just wanted a look at it.

Beat.

ISOBEL: I didn't realise when we lived here. That life would get so much harder after we left. This place was a cocoon I guess and we didn't know it. I'd even take the smell of week old rubbish or vodka on the carpets or mouldy old cheese in the fridge again if it, if I could feel as safe as I did then.

MAGGIE: Oh love take it from me. Life never gets any easier.

ISOBEL: How long do I have? Before you rent it.

MAGGIE: I've had to turn my emails off. They'll be banging down the door soon for this place. Love, it would be an awful shame for you to let this go. Chance doesn't strike twice.

ISOBEL: I don't know, Maggie. I don't know what to do at all really. If the world was perfect and full of rainbows and I had loads of money and like Palestine was free from oppression, I think I'd live back here in a heartbeat. But the world isn't perfect is it?

Music. Into...

Speaking?

SHANE at work, hums some Lady Gaga.

His phone rings.

SHANE: Hello?

DR GREEN: Hi, is this Mr Shane Kennedy?

SHANE: Speaking?

DR GREEN: It's Alice here from the clinic? We met a few weeks ago for your tests...

SHANE: Oh yes of course! Dr Green! You've just had a baby boy. How is he?

DR GREEN: He's fine. I'm not.

SHANE: I hear power naps are wonderful.

DR GREEN: I'm talking to you right now on the phone but really I'm having a fantastically wonderful power nap.

SHANE: Multitasking. Slay for you girl, I support that.

DR GREEN: Is this a good time to talk?

SHANE: Oh yea sure, I'm working, but I think my manager got broken up with this weekend and so it's only me in and honestly finding out I've gonorrhoea would at least make this day interesting...

DR GREEN: Well, sorry to disappoint, but we would actually love for you to come in to collect your results.

SHANE: Oh? Okay?

DR GREEN: It's just procedure and you did tell us you'd prefer if possible to receive results in person if possible -

SHANE: Or over the phone either I mean I don't mind I just didn't want a grim kinda text -

DR GREEN: Well, would Wednesday work for you?

SHANE: Sure, fine, totally, what time?

DR GREEN: Say 2pm in the clinic?

SHANE: I'll be there.

DR GREEN: And Shane -when coming in for results it's good sometimes to bring someone who's close to you with you, for support. So, if you do have someone who could come in with you, that would be great.

SHANE: Well I don't, actually. I really don't have anyone in Dublin who I'd be.. no I don't have anyone.

DR GREEN: That's no problem, we'll take as good a care of you as possible so. We'll see you at 2pm on Wednesday then.

SHANE: Sorry Doctor, should I be - I mean is there something I should be preparing for?

DR GREEN: We'll talk through the results and everything when we see you on Wednesday. Have a nice day Shane, and we'll see you then.

SHANE: Okay yeah thanks, I hope you get some sleep.

DR GREEN: I don't need some sleep, I'm asleep right now remember? Thank you Shane I'll see you Wednesday.

SHANE: Bye, see you then.

She hangs up. Beat.

SHANE: *(under his breath)* What the fuck?

Music. Into...

Sounds of typing on phone.

ZARA: What's the vibe for tonight question mark? Studio 54 glam girlies or like Joan Jett rocker queer chic question mark?

AISLING: I'm feeling rocker queer chick plssss

ZARA: Izzy what u wearing

ISOBEL: Clothes

AISLING: Oi oi

ZARA: U are SO boring

ISOBEL: I'm doing my make up.

ZARA: Shane wot u wearing question mark?

Silence.

AISLING: Ghosted!

ZARA: Don't you give me the seen u demon whore slut exclamation mark times 4!!!!

Phone ringing.

FLORENCE: *(her best telephone voice, borderline falsetto)* Hello?

SHANE: Sorry is this Mrs Bucket?

FLORENCE: Speaking? Who is this?

SHANE: Mam it's me. Shane.

FLORENCE: *(falsetto drops, normal voice)* Aw jaysus Shane pet how are you? I didn't see the name on the screen. Your father and I are watching a film here. It's a gay one you'd love it about a wee black boy in America. It's Shane, John. Shane yes, I'll ask him I will - we thought you were one of those scam calls. Your father got a call from Romania the other day. A woman asking him to marry her. I said go on now John pack your bags and go you'll have a far better time with her she'll have the energy for you- .

SHANE: Christ, Mam.

FLORENCE: Your Father's giving me a look now, Shane, going all bright red. Ah no we've a great sex life don't we John now please god you don't lose it as you get older ah you won't. Your father's a very virile man, Shane. I'm sure you take after him in that department. Oh he's rolling his eyes at me.

SHANE: Good.

FLORENCE: What's wrong?

SHANE: What?

FLORENCE: You only call when something's wrong.

SHANE: Nothing's wrong.

FLORENCE: That's good because your father here has been giving out to me for pausing and stopping the movie. He'll hate me for telling you but he cried when the boy's mother shouted at him - don't look at me like that John I can see the wee Kleenex up your sleeve - what's the film's name John?

SHANE: Moonlight. It has to be Moonlight Mam.

FLORENCE: He's just calling for a chat John, nothing's wrong. We're grand anyway, pet. Still here. Your father made shep herd's pie for the dinner. Lamb mince lovely so it was.

SHANE: Very nice.

FLORENCE: What are you up to tonight?

SHANE: I'm just getting ready for a gig -

FLORENCE: Well you'll enjoy that gig now and have a nice drink and talk to a pretty boy and you'll be flying.

SHANE: I'll try.

FLORENCE: Your father's wondering did you read that book he sent you?

SHANE: Not yet.

FLORENCE: He says it's very good. He says Graham Norton's a brilliant writer but he is just so funny anyway on the tv how could he not be?

SHANE: Tell him I'll get on it ASAP.

FLORENCE: Well don't be reading it drunk tonight Shane now you won't enjoy it. He says he'll get on it, John, he hasn't read it yet. He's busy, he's busy, he has to go to brunches. I'll have to go here now Shane, your father's getting stroppy.

SHANE: Mam there's something I need to tell you.

FLORENCE: What is it now Shane?

SHANE: It's nothing actually just like a tiny thing but I suppose I'm worried about...

FLORENCE: Oh for fucks sakes, Shirley Temple get down, get down, that fucking dog getting hairs everywhere. Don't patronise me John I'm sick of it! What is it you were gonna say Shane...

SHANE: Nothing. It's grand, I'll call you later on in the week.

FLORENCE: No no go on something's worrying you?

SHANE: No, do you know what, Mam if you're not going to be fucking bothered it's fine you're busy enjoy your movie...

FLORENCE: Oh don't you be getting all huffy now you're always cutting off your nose to spite your face...

SHANE: I'm not huffy. I'm not cutting off my nose to spite my face. You're busy, you're not bothered talking to me that's A okay...

FLORENCE: 29 going on 13 Shane some things never change.

SHANE: Bye.

FLORENCE: Oh he's your son John he's as stroppy as you...

SHANE: Good luck.

SHANE hangs up the phone.

SHANE: That fucking woman.

Music. Into...

JOHN: Shane son it's your Da. John. Your Mother's been showing me how to work these voice mails so thought I'd... Finished that Moon movie. Very moving now I have to say. People have it tough. Heard your Mother and you fighting earlier on the landline - always you two like Cats and Dogs. Too similar that's the problem. Your Mother's angry a lot lately. I'm in the toilet sending this so she won't hear me. It wasn't lamb stew I made either, it was mutton. Big difference. Of about a few years. Anyway I'm going to hang this up now, just wanted to say hello and I hope you're enjoying your night out. You'll like that Graham Norton book. It's moving though all the same. Life, Shane, life can be very sad can't it? Well we just keep going on huh and anyway sure we're all still here and that's the main thing. Don't be a stranger. Love, your Dad. John.

Music. Into...

Gorgeous Gorgeous Girls Gig

Sounds of a pub.

AISLING: I love that top.

ZARA: Vincent De Paul. Speaking of tops, where's Charlie?

AISLING: Left him at home.

ZARA: Cutting his toenails again is he?

AISLING: No, I cut them for him now, don't you know that's how straight presenting relationships work?

ZARA: Bet you love cutting toe nails.

AISLING: I'm a total slag I luv it. Were you annoyed about yer one yesterday?

ZARA: Aisling, if bad dates annoyed me, I'd be in the Liffey. I'll just try again and again and again until I find someone to love.

AISLING: There's so much more to all this than "Romance".

ZARA: Says the woman who's been settled like Cromwell for seven years now.

AISLING: You'd have settled too if she hadn't left you.

ZARA: More the fool me. My landlord rang today.

AISLING: Uh oh.

ZARA: She wants to meet us this week. Popping around on Friday.

AISLING: What are you going to do?

ZARA: Hope the fucker isn't selling.

AISLING: You'll have to move back to Balbriggan.

ZARA sighs and stares at the world around her.

ZARA: Ash I feel lost. Like nothing is ever gonna work out.

AISLING: Would you stop that. You've got us. Didn't you say once everything will work out just fine when it's the four of us?

ZARA: That doesn't sound like something I would say.

AISLING: Well you and Shane have gotten bitter the older you've gotten.

SHANE: Oh! And a merry fuck you too, Aisling. I'll have you know my pussy's sweet like cherry cola.

AISLING: Where've you been Lana?

SHANE: Got held up.

AISLING: Doing what, shavin your hole? it's literally ten o'clock?

SHANE: Oh would you like my diary Aisling? Would you like to track my every movement?

AISLING: No. It'd bore me to tears.

ZARA: What're you drinking?

SHANE: Vodka orange. Triple. Has she been on yet?

AISLING: She's next.

ZARA: (*inhaling*) Is that Calvin Klein?

SHANE: Please. Yves Saint Laurent.

AISLING: You look gorge.

SHANE: Well I knew there'd be plenty of limp wrists at this .

ZARA: Any STI news?

Tiny breath. Beat.

SHANE: They rang me earlier. I'm clean. Mister Clean. Clean as a whistle.

ZARA: Fuck. That's amazing considering how many times a day I hear that Grindr noise. It's like a dinner bell.

AISLING: Excuse me, we are sex positive in this house! She's just mad you're getting more strap than she is.

SHANE: So can we put all that to bed now then? Stop policing my sex life please? Everything's fine. (*Pause*) Everything's so fine.

Beat.

Music. Into...

Next Time On Fruit:

ZARA: Good morning fag hags what's on the menu for today are we still movie nighting this evening question mark?

AISLING: She's got a promotion, she's my boss now.

CHARLIE: (*upstairs*) And she's making you work on your day off?

CORALINE: You have to be smart, Zara. Nobody, especially in this country, is going to cast a bald headed lesbian who wears Calvin Klein boxers.

MEREDITH: He just looks so *simple*, yet, *endearing*. The kind of man who couldn't do a Wordle but can eat your puss puss you know? Ha!

AISLING: Are we doomed here forever to repeat the same conversations Charlie? Hamsters on a wheel.

SHANE: Fuck off.

ISOBEL: That's not fair. Why is everyone being so catty tonight!

ZARA: Fuck off you Shane!

JOAN: Well, would that this devil could afford to wear prada.

ZARA: Whatever happened to art?

CORALINE: Disney bought it.

Credits:

Read by HK.

Thank you for listening to Fruit. If you enjoyed today's episode please don't forget to like and subscribe and tell your best friends too!

Fruit is presented by LemonSoap Productions, in association with Once Off Productions.

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Logo design by Sarah Brady

Photography and production support by Owen Clarke

Produced by Lisa Nally

With

Madison Cawley as Zara,
Ois O'Donoghoe as Izzy,
Lisa Nally as Aisling,
Ultan Pringle as Shane
Jolly Abraham as SJP,
Siomha McQuinn as Piss Girl,
Luke Dalton as Charlie,
Liam Bixby as The Waiter,
Meg Reilly as Roisin,
Lora Hartin as Sensei Martha,
Cheryl Ferguson as Maggie,
Esosa Ighodaro as Doctor Alice,
Kathy Keira Clarke as Florence,
Vincent Brightling as John
and PJ Kirby as The Queen.

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Be sure to follow us on Instagram, TikTok, Twitter and Facebook to be first to hear all the latest goss and don't forget to tune in next week for another fabulous and fruity episode.