

Fruit

Episode 3: The Lesbian House Party From Hell

THE QUEEN: And this, girls, is what you've missed on Fruit:

Three weeks have passed since Episode 2 and Izzy has started her new job as an agony aunt. She's posted three columns so far and is rapidly developing what Aisling calls: like a sorta queer cult following?

Shane, still lying to his friends about his STI results, has continued to hide his head – his HIV diagnosis - in the sand - secrecy.

Zara, in an effort to ignore her impending homelessness, unemployment and the general sense of despair hanging in the air, has taken to movie nights and Mizzonis pizzas with the newly heartbroken Aisling. And speaking of a newly heartbroken Aisling...

Beep

A ringing tone.

Voicemail.

AISLING'S VOICEMAIL – RECORDED BY CHARLIE: You've reached Aisling Gannon's phone but sadly she can't come to it right now. She might be dead or working or more likely is somewhere loving me very much anyway I'm sure she'll call you back whenever she's done loving so leave a message after the beep. Beep. Beep. Ok real beep this time. BEEP.

Beep.

AMELIA: Good evening Europe, it's Belgium calling. Not really Belgium, it's Sandymount but same thing really same love of luxury goods. First things first Aisling: Change. Your. Voicemail! Cuz unless I have spectacularly misjudged your recent Instagram posts I think you're now single and I thought she needs me. She needs me! So I coldcalled to say I'm having a big fat huge lesbian/queer/whogivesafuck houseparty in my new gaff next week and you're invited. You know I love a little surprise at every party and I think having you returned to the cattle market freshly single would be a delightful little la surprise. Do come do come do come. Do I just hang up is that how you end a voice–

Beep.

The DART Is Daddy

DART: Ding Dong! Our next stop is Grand Canal Dock and can I just say you girls are looking tres chic tonight xoxo

IZZY: Does this DART announcer sound weird to you?

AISLING: Like it always does.

IZZY: It's weird. It sounds weird to me.

ZARA: We've crossed the Liffey, everything sounds weird to me rn.

SHANE: We haven't been to a gay party in so long I feel like a football hooligan.

ZARA: Do you think the Demon Twinks will be here?

IZZY: God I hate them.

SHANE: Me too.

IZZY: They don't even make their own placards for protests! Fake bastards.

AISLING: Would ye stop it. They're our comrades.

ZARA: Vom.

IZZY: I think they will be here I was watching their TikTok live –

SHANE: Why the fuck –

IZZY: I follow their poetry account. They've a poetry account! All four of them together. [QueerPoetry4TheRevolution](#)

ZARA: Is this what Padraig Pearse died for?

AISLING: Treat all these children of the nation NOT equally.

SHANE: I mean this sincerely I'd rather suck Joe Duffy's toes than listen to those faggots read some poetry.

AISLING: Shane –

SHANE: I mean it. I'll make like Van Gogh and slice my ears off if I ever have to hear that nonsense one more time.

ZARA: Melodrama by Lorde.

IZZY: Love.

Record scratch. Timewarp. Whatevz.

SHANE: Okay listen I feel like you need to hear this from me and me only. Everyone has their enemies in life. Cain had Abel. Sodom had Gammorah, I think. Andy Warhol had Valerie Solanis, Barack Obama had actually fulfilling his campaign promises. Me, my friends and I? We've got these four insufferable fucking twinks who genuinely make me want to scoot buck naked across hot coals on my asshole. Shep. Mona. Davide. Conrad. They're earnest they're disgusting they write poetry and they've 100% explored eachothers bodies in not sex positive ways and I swear they're like the reason the queer movement has stalled. We. Hate. Them.

Record scratch. Timewarp. Whatevz.

AISLING: Don't, come on Izzy put the phone away now...

IZZY: he has to hear it!

SHANE: Think of my EARS I can't afford to cut them off...

ZARA: They've 40,000 followers? Le Gag wtf.

CONRAD: (*TikTok*) Hi. I'm Conrad. This is a poem. Hatred, We Face It Every Day. Over come it We May But Still We Must Slay...

SHANE: Turn it off I'm melting I'M MELTING!

IZZY: Ding dong the witch is dead...

ZARA: I can't believe I came here. I hate gay parties.

AISLING: Stop it

ZARA: I do! The lesbians love you I don't fit in one bit

AISLING: If your shyness didn't come across as arrogance maybe...

ZARA: I'm not shy?

IZZY: You look like you're going to pee your pants whenever a lady talks to you?

ZARA: No it is not my debatable shyness it's because gay gals love you Aisling and not me!

AISLING: Cop on.

IZZY: Croissant must have been waiting with her gay life invite in hand for that breakup, Ash.

AISLING: Stop calling her Croissant she's not even French she's from Wexford.

ZARA: She used to say she was French. All the time. She wore berets and cooked macaroons.

AISLING: And you wore snapback caps.

ZARA: What's wrong with tha?

AISLING: Her mother is French.

SHANE: My mother's from Derry you don't see me lobbing petrol bombs about the place.

IZZY: Shane! That is so insensitive.

ZARA: After my horrifying break up no french lesbians popped up inviting me to parties.

IZZY: I want you to know Zara sincerely that I hate Shiv I hope her new HBO show is shit.

AISLING: You'll be fine Zara. Horse this into you sure you'll be flying.

ZARA: Edibles? Girl last time I had an edi I ended up flashing my tits in Amsterdam saying hot girls could buy me for a fiver.

IZZY: Do you remember! And Shiv roared at you.

AISLING: Ah ah! Shiv Talk is now banned.

SHANE: Thank God I'm so sick of talking about ancient history with you three.

ZARA: Oh fucking hell I shouldn't have come tonight I hate parties.

DART: Ding Dong! Next stop Lansdowne Road you better take that edible girl and have yourself a good time now...

ZARA: Fine It'll make this bearable give it to me.

SHANE: I don't want any, I'm not drinking tonight.

AISLING: Okay who flew a spaceship over here and snatched your body?

SHANE: Can't a girl go sober without Sunday Match commentary?

ZARA: Not when your raisin d'renchray was getting fingered and necking shots no.

IZZY: Are these double choc? They're amazing.

AISLING: I don't know Davide didn't say what flavour they were...

ZARA: Davide?

IZZY: Wait where did you get these?

AISLING: Davide deals now. It helps feed his gym habit apparently.

IZZY: Davide Demon Twink Davide? The Queer Nation Davide? Oh my god I can't eat this...

SHANE: Aisling look at me! Look at me! Are you fraternizing with the enemy?

AISLING: I'm on his close friends that's where he advertises...

IZZY: YOU'RE on HIS close friends? I'm going to be sick.

SHANE: Aisling Gannon who even are you? First of all you're breaking up with Charlie without consulting with your coven first and now you're buying enemy illicit goods? Who are you?

AISLING: It was three weeks ago. I'm over it.

IZZY: He's not. He's still posting Sinead O'Connor fan cams on his Insta.

SHANE: Hasn't Sinead been through enough?

AISLING: No what we are going to do tonight is make a good impression at this gay party have a gay old time and reconnect with our gay old selves right? I want to get so fucked tonight that I can't remember my own name, my mother's name or the 45th President of the United States.

SHANE: Kamala Harris?

AISLING: We're going to have a fucking outrageous night okay! We're gonna shake some titties and and serve some cunt and love ourselves do you hear me girls?

IZZY: Are you having a breakdown?

AISLING: Shut the fuck up and get these edibles into you girls...

DART: Ding Dong! Next stop Sandymount and you better dismount for some slutty fucked up gay houseparties and take it from me girls you all better just fuck shit up.

IZZY: Are you hearing this! Is anyone hearing these crazy announcements?! This DART's gone off the rails!

Music. Into...

Croissant

IZZY: (*whispered to SHANE*) It stinks in here.

SHANE: (*whispered*) Could at least have lit a scented candle. You can afford this house but not a Dunnes Stores bayleaf and neroli? Please.

AMELIA: AHHHH! Aisling Elizabeth Mary Gannon, I knew you would come. I knew it I knew it I knew it. My seventh sense told me.

AISLING: You've only seven senses? I've eight.

AMELIA: Preternatural taste is the eighth I'm certain is it?

ZARA: You say that and you've seen the ex boyfriend?

AMELIA: Zaza Gabour sweetheart you're as dynamite as ever you look so young. SO FRESH. Suncream does that for you. Ugh Look at you all in your little costumes you all look so FUN why didn't I think of fancy dress?

IZZY: We're not wearing any costumes.

AMELIA: I wish I had dressed up! If all that ketamine hadn't killed my sense of spontaneity I'd have dressed up just like you! Oh such sweet doves It is so good to have you all back, with All of Us again.

AISLING: Well if you all didn't stop inviting us to parties we'd have kept coming wouldn't we?

AMELIA: Yes. Yes. Oui. Of course. Aisling Aisling come come come I HAVE to give you the tour this house will give you the shingles -

AISLING: The shivers?

AMELIA: Sure.

SHANE: Excuse moi Madame Moisselle, Madame Croissant, where I can leave my coat? Is there a cloak room handy?

AMELIA: Throw them anywhere. There's punch in the kitchen and games out in the garden and the entire house is yours me casa et su casa but! Aisling Aisling Aisling it it is so good to see your lovely cherubic Mayo face you HAVE to see what I've done with this place...

As AISLING and AMELIA walk off..

AISLING: How can you afford this...

AMELIA: My roommate Susan's Dad well he like died sorry to say and...

They're gone off.

ZARA: As if they never said goodbye. I need a drink.

SHANE: Zara just try and enjoy yourself! Set yourself free from the shackles of yourself.

ZARA: Fuck off.

ZARA leaves.

SHANE: What a pissy bitch huh?

IZZY: Shane. Is that edible kicking in or is someone rolling a crucifix joint over there?

SHANE: Where? Oh they are. That takes a lot of skill. If I wasn't Terry The Tee Totaler right now I'd ask for a pull.

IZZY: I couldn't smoke a Jesus crucifix marijuana joint that'd be sacrilege..

SHANE: Wait Izzy. No Izzy! Oh NO Izzy.

IZZY: What? What? Is it the police? Shit.

SHANE: That's them.

IZZY: Who?

SHANE: The Demon Twinks.

IZZY: No! They have mullets now? Run run run -

SHANE: Too late make like Rihanna and get on that Battleship...

SHEP: Oh my Goodness! It's the Scissor Sisters.

SHANE: The famous pop band?

SHEP: No the ladies from Limerick who like murdered someone.

SHANE: Classy.

IZZY: And a Good Eve to you too Shep.

SHANE: *(under his breath)* Good eve? Jesus Christ.

SHEP: This is a fun outfit Izzy? Where'd you just come from? The set of the Movie Elf?

SHANE: Very funny Shepherd's Pie what are you doing at a lesbian party? Scouting out new recruits for your anime gang?

SHEP: No actually we were invited. Imagine.

SHANE: Who's we? Where's the rest of the commune?

SHEP: Watching Anime.

SHANE: Oh that's so sweet

IZZY: Well I four one one am surprised Davide and Conrad could fit through the door with all of the steroids they're taking. Yeah, I watch your tik toks.

SHEP: Yes. You accidentally left a comment at 4am one evening, I assume wine drunk and lonely?

IZZY: Always.

MONA: Oh My Lana Del Rey! It's Lovin Dublin's Hottest Literary Sensation!

SHANE: Ugh! If it isn't CringeTok's biggest poetry star!

MONA: Nice to see you Shane, why aren't you wearing any clothes? Slut.

SHANE: I don't need to. Because I'm hot.

MONA: Really? That's so sweet.

IZZY: How are you Mona?

MONA: I am loving your column Izzy. An Agony Aunt? You? It's inspired really.

IZZY: Thank you.

SHEP: Would anyone like a pull?

SHANE: Why's your joint a crucifix? You like sucking on Jesus's balls so much?

MONA: We like to stand up to the patriarchal theological oppressive systems which surround us.

IZZY: I would not like a pull no but thank you very much for the offer.

SHANE: Where are the twins?

MONA: Davide and Conrad are making cocktails in the kitchen.

SHANE: Are they still together?

SHEP: Of course.

SHANE: That's sweet. I love incest it's my favourite literological trope after lesbians dying tragically.

SHEP: For the last time the boys are not related!

SHANE: They look like brothers it's disconcerting!

MONA: Izzy I really do j'adore your column, it's so brave. How you dispense advice, it's so truthful.

IZZY: Thanks?

MONA: You're welcome. The one about self esteem, that was very brave I thought.

IZZY: Well it was just you know I wasn't really talking about myself.

MONA: So courageous putting that out there. Just j'adore really.

IZZY: Right. Does anyone have a handgun? So I can shoot myself.

Music. Into...

Fruit Punch

ZARA: Why did I come here! I could've just watched Gentleman Jack and had a wank and been happy. Who even drinks punch it's 2023 fuck sakes...

DAVIDE: No Conrad honestly look at me do you think I'm ugly? Like seriously suddenly I just saw myself reflected in the oven and it struck am I horrific? A literal piece of toast?

CONRAD: No.

DAVIDE: You're always so reassuring. Thank you.

ZARA: *(muttered)* Christ. Some fucking Lesbian party this is..

DAVIDE: Zara!

ZARA: Davide! Oh my god you're so big!

DAVIDE: I bench 220 not a sweat on me. Like Prince Andy. And I've been cutting recently haven't eaten had a carb in seven weeks I'm the happiest I've ever been. Amn't I Conrad?

CONRAD: Yah.

ZARA: And the most beautiful I mean I believe it you look swole.

DAVIDE: Oh, Thank you. That means so much. Have you met Susan yet? The home owner?

ZARA: Not yet haven't had the pleasure. She makes a shit fruit punch though.

DAVIDE: Poor dear doesn't seem all there. Oop! PC Culture probably shouldn't say that.

ZARA: Cancelled!

DAVIDE: In good company! With Mel and Kevin! You look so well Zara this goth lewk it's a queen. Isn't it Conrad?

CONRAD: Slay.

ZARA: Not like you Conrad to be so chatty. Are the other two terrors here?

DAVIDE: They're in there, smoking joints. Filthy habit the only narcotic that passes my lips these days is Conrad's cock. Oh I'm bold! I'm bold! Listen Zaza Gabour nearly everyone is here. It's like 2014 all over again and we're all in fish nets finishing college in the middle of a global downturn

-

ZARA: Who's everyone?

DAVIDE: Well there's Martha and Rachel you know those two they're polyamorous post it all over their socials - whores - and then the Brazillians are here we love them don't we Conrad?

CONRAD: Si.

ZARA: That's Spanish.

CONRAD: So?

DAVIDE: And then there's... Oh! No one else of note really, haha. Should we join the others?

ZARA: Who else is here?

DAVIDE: Let's see what the others are up to will we?

Finger click. Or music. Into...

MONA: Zara!

ZARA: Mona.

MONA: You're just in time for a toke on our crucifix joint.

SHANE: Save us.

IZZY: Please.

DAVIDE: Conrad and I love your column Izzy. Look forward to it every week don't we Conrad?

CONRAD: No.

DAVIDE: Ugh! He's so funny.

IZZY: I didn't know my column was such a hit.

MONA: It's just so brave.

IZZY: What does that mean? Why do you keep saying that?

SHEP: Where's Aisling? Is she here? We were all so heartbroken when we heard the news. Being single at 30 it must be so difficult. Then again you three you'd know all about that wouldn't you?

IZZY: We're actually flirty and thirsty and thriving at thirty. Actually.

MONA: My goodness that was a tongue twister! Just like Pretty Kittys Eat Good Pussies. I just made that up what do you think?

SHANE: I hated it. Genuinely.

MONA: You're funny, you kill me. You keep me young.

DAVIDE: Aisling IS here we saw her out in the garden with Amelia. Didn't we Conrad?

CONRAD: Oui.

DAVIDE: Getting very cozy. Let's hope Herself doesn't see.

SHANE: Who's herself? Amelia's hardly seeing someone?

ZARA: Hell would have frozen over and Joan Of Arc would never have burned for that lesbian to settle.

MONA: You're so funny Zara I forgot just how funny you are and let me just say it's so brave of you to be here.. Considering.

ZARA: Considering what?

MONA: Well. You know. Who's here.

ZARA: Who is here why are you all looking at me so funny? It's not my Fucking Dad is it?

IZZY: *(whispered)* Shane. Shane OH NO. No no no no...

SHANE: What?

IZZY: The kitchen. Look look it's -

SHANE: Fuck fuck fuck fuck. Zara! Let us go to the little ladies room do a tinkle. Powder our noses.

ZARA: I don't need to pee.

SHANE: It's Shi-

SHIV: *(coming into the lounge)* You will have to save me a huge bowl of that punch Susan girl it is doing something to me. I just cannot explain. Write that recipe down girl do you hear me? I want that recipay in my Barefoot Contessa cookbook by the end. Of. The. Night. Uh Uh Oh is this where the party is? I was just having a delightful conversation with a lady smoking a hookah in a bedroom upstairs.. Izzy? Shane! What are you... oh.

ZARA: Hi Shiv.

SHIV: Zara. Oh Zara... I forgot how fucking small Dublin is didn't I?

Music. Into...

Two Gay Girls Gossiping In A Garden

AMELIA: Wait! Wait your friends call me Croissant?

AISLING: I thought you knew? They'd say it to your face!

AMELIA: I'm like tres embarrassed.

AISLING: It's just a thing they do. You know what they're like they think they're in a Tina Fey film...

AMELIA: Is it because I'm french?

AISLING: Half French.

AMELIA: Still French?

AISLING: No. Well. The real reason they called you Croissant was well - oh gosh. They used to say when we were in college that there must have been a reason I was always eating you...

AMELIA: NO!

AISLING: And one of them probably Shane said it must be because you're so buttery and flaky.

AMELIA: I'm not even flaky and buttery anymore since I turned 30 I'm stale and crusty.

AISLING: Tough and chewy nobody can even have a nibble?

AMELIA: Down doggy down. One wonders. What did they call Charlie?

AISLING: Oh it changed. Mostly Disappointment probably.

AMELIA: Trident.

AISLING: Sorry?

AMELIA: I've been dabbling with the third eye recently - I follow a glorious psychic on TikTok SenseiMartha47 she does these exercises for like visualisation of the astral plane something just calls to me me me.. Trident for Charlie. Trident.

AISLING: Any particular reason?

AMELIA: No.. No. Let's not bore ourselves will we? With talk of love.

AISLING: Talk of love? When have you ever talked of love before?

AMELIA: I am always speaking le langue de l'amour.

AISLING: You're an avoidant personality type! Always have been.

AMELIA: Comez avec moi and meet my stitch and bitch group they'll love you.

AISLING: See? Avoidant.

AMELIA: Life is too short for reckonings. I knit now.

AISLING: You knit? Aims this is a whirlwind.

AMELIA: Knitting helps me forget that one day I'll die. You'll love the stitch and bitch nonbinaries they're so lovely they all bake bread and have eating disorders.

AISLING: Wow Amelia. Wow.

Music. Into...

Truth Or Dare Time

ZARA: I thought you were in LA?

SHIV: I'm home for a few weeks. I'm shooting something in Wicklow.

ZARA: Cool.

MONA: Well wowee what are you shooting, Siobhan? You didn't Snapchat me that.

SHIV: A fantasy series, something shit they'll dump on Netflix probably.

SHEP: Not like your HBO show I just cannot wait to sink my new pearly whites - Turkey! - into that.

SHIV: It'll be fun hopefully.

DAVIDE: Who are you playing?

SHIV: Angela Bassett's daughter, it's this prestige thing..

DAVIDE: You know Angela Bassett? Dead. Dead! We love her don't we Conrad?

CONRAD: So slay.

DAVIDE: Is she as youthful looking in person?

SHIV: Yes? I suppose?

DAVIDE: That's all them Hollywood types though. Blood of abortions to keep their faces young. Read that online. Didn't I Conrad?

CONRAD: Eh....

SHEP: You know what my Hungry Hungry Hippos my flirty little flamingos my pink little pigs I don't think you can have a queer party without a little game. Let's Truth and Dare will we?

IZZY: I don't know, I think me and Zara want to see this hookah person in the bedroom.

SHEP: Oh don't be fucking boring - let's play. Siobhan you'll play won't you?

SHIV: If Zara wants to?

SHANE: *(muttered to ZARA)* We don't have to...

ZARA: Sure.

SHEP: It's settled then. It's Truth or Dare Time.

IZZY: Slay.

Footsteps. A GASP.

LUCA: Oh my god, *Shaaaaaane!*

SHANE: Oh my God. Luca.

LUCA: Mio dios! I didn't know you'd be here oh my god is this where the party's at come hereeeeeee baby...

SHANE: Hi.

LUCA: I'm just bippity boppity booping to the kitchen for some more wine but come here we should so so so chat later!

SHANE: Oh my god totes yasss, let's get a pinot?

LUCA: Slay!

A chorus of smoker's cough-deepened "Luca's!"

LUCA: Sorry gotta go, my lesbians, you know how they are. They scare me. Call the police. Joke!

SHANE: Right ha ha A Joke

LUCA: Let's talk. Bye - love ya.

Sound of footsteps running off.

IZZY: Eh sorry Mohammed Pally, who was your mate there?

DAVIDE: Yesss Shane, how do you know Luca? I didn't know two fem bottoms made a Sex.

SHANE: I mean I've No clue. Never seen that man before in my life.

IZZY: How come he knew your name?

SHANE: Um, probably from Grindr or something.

IZZY: I didn't see your real name on Grindr. Your name was HornyPlz4Anal last time I...

SHANE: It's for the joke, you know. Shane. Anal. Shanal. Lads love a sense of humour.

IZZY: Shane girl that makes like no sense...

SHANE: Whatever Izzy! Come on. Let's play. Now.

Music. Into...

SHEP: First Up We have... MmmMMmmmMMM. Shivvy Shivvy Shiv Shiv!

MONA: Oh my god, you must have just like, known.

IZZY: Known what exactly?

DAVIDE: Who has just the juiciest life right about now.

CONRAD: Dripping.

SHEP: Alright Shiv - truth, or dare?

SHIV: Hmmm. Truth.

SHANE: (*low*) Dry.

SHEP: Ladies, let's confer.

CONRAD: Slay.

SHANE: Zara are you ok-

SHEP: Eh speak no more, gayboy.

MONA: We have an *unreal* question.

SHEP: Shiv, this one's for you - how many people in this room have you rode?

SHIV: Ehhhh.... Like.... A couple? I think. I'm not sure. Let's do something else!

SHEP: Obviously there's like, Mona, and then Jade she's out in the garden playing le cross so I don't know if she counts-

MONA: We didn't ride, actually. We had a meeting of the minds. It was so brave of Shiv to share with me what she shared.

SHEP: Woah. Slay.

MONA: Thank you. It really was slay.

SHIV: It certainly was. Something.

SHEP: But like. There's defo another one, right? It's so just on the tip of my tongue - Mona, Jade, Mona, Jade - but who could possibly-

CONRAD: Zara.

SHEP: Oh my god, RIGHT. Wow. Sorry. Head like a Shiv- I mean, sieve.

MONA: You guys only broke up recently right? Like SO recently? Right Zara?

DAVIDE: Mm-mm-mm Mona darling. These split three years ago, right? That's like a century in lesbian years.

SHEP: I heard it was soo traumatic, like a proper National Day of Mourning in the Dublin lesbo scene.

MONA: I still miss those little videos you both did together. On your Instas. So cute. So brav-

SHIV: Yeah, um, no, er, I don't-

ZARA: Fuck me.

IZZY: Shep you're such a little fuck..

SHEP: Little what? Little what? That's actually so transphobic I can't believe you'd target my height like that Izzy really like what happened to solidarity-

MONA: No I get it though, Shiv, you girls are just on totally different spiritual wavelengths. I've been tres obsessed with SenseiMartha on Tik Tok-

DAVIDE: We love.

CONRAD: Queen.

MONA: -and she says if the vibrations of your aura don't match, you should consider alternative relationships.

ZARA: *(low, beginning to panic)* kill me...

IZZY: What does that actually mean? How can someone's "vibrations" not match?

MONA: Well, Shiv's aura is like a beautiful, unspoiled lake. The universe itself surrounds her with a raw, untainted, cunt energy - she's got the HBO show booked, the Patagonia ad campaign-

DAVIDE: Environmental slay, by the way.

CONRAD: We stan.

MONA: It all just like, screams "I'm high vibrational", versus like, a low vibration, you know?

ZARA: *(low)* Shane Shane I can't do this...

SHANE: *(low)* Izzy, Zara's-

SHIV: *(low)* Zara, are you okay?

SHEP: Oh like I totally comprehend now - the way cooler, way more successful, way sexier you are, the higher your vibes?

SHIV: Shep. Sweetheart. Will you shut the fuck up? There is no need for this. What are you playing at - high and low vibrations - from the smell of you Shep you're high enough for all of us. Leave this well alone. Now.

ZARA: Shane I need to go I need to go... Sorry.. Sorry! I don't feel well... I'll be back! I'll be back

Zara gets up and runs out of the room, fully panicking.

SHIV: Zara?

SHEP: Oh. There She Blows.

IZZY: I'll go.

MONA: *(low)* That's the low vibrations. Her aura looks like the bottom of the Liffey. So not going to interact well with those edibles.

SHIV: Who gave her edibles? Zara's never done well on drugs. Even poppers send her over the edge.

SHANE: Who told you she's taken anything huh?

MONA: Your recently-freed-from-the-tingeyness-of-heterosexuality-friend Aisling bought them from Davide? The four of us girls, we share everything.

DAVIDE: Don't worry they're like mostly protein and vegan and like SO good for Conrad's IBS she'll actually have such a spiritually cleansing and like generally cleansing experience.

SHANE: Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuckidy fuck this SHIT! Shep, you're a Tesco-own-brand Prosecco socialist. You, all four of you, literally make my asshole clench with cringe and the dogs on the street know your poetry newsletter is *derivative*.

SHEP gasps. SHANE leaves.

MONA: It is not derivative it is BRAVE, Shane. BRAVE!

SHIV: Do all of you not get sick of playing games?

SHEP: It's not *my* fault their mate is a lightweight.

DAVIDE: I know Shep literally I know, I gave them my weakest buds not even that good kush it's so genuinely pathetic isn't it?

SHEP: They are literally what's wrong with the gay rights movement Shiv they literally set us back decades-

Music. Into...

Panic Attacks At Really Bad Gaffs

Zara is in full-blown panic attack mode in the bathroom.

The sound of knocking from outside.

IZZY: *(distorted)* Zara? Zara?

ZARA: GO AWAY!

SHANE: *(distorted)* Oh my god. This is it. She's finally gone insane.

IZZY: *(distorted)* Shane!

SHANE: *(distorted)* No but like those sluts would drive me over the edge too...

ZARA: GO AWAY! JUST GO AWAY! NONE OF YOU LIKE ME-

Zara's ears start to ring, we hear.

ZARA: (*upset, to herself*) None of you like me no one likes me no one likes me who would ever wanna like someone like me-

We hear Zara's voice from outside the bathroom now. We hear Izzy and Shane trying the door handle.

SHANE: Fuck, she's locked herself in. Zara come on this isn't a housing protest the cops aren't here you can open the door!

IZZY: Okay, you need to stay here and watch her.

SHANE: *What?* I'm so not qualified to be on distressed dyke watch-

IZZY: I'm getting Aisling! Just talk to her, I don't know! Make sure she doesn't drink bleach!

Izzy's voice gets father away.

SHANE: (quiet) Shit shit shit WWRDD what would Rosie O'Donnell do... Zara, em, I was reading this Vice article about how, like, it's just *such* shit craic to drink bleach-

Music. Into...

Two Gay Girls Gossiping In A Garden Part Two

KAREN THE STITCH N BITCH GIRL: Honestly like guys like honestly no no no like no word of a lie I don't even like knitting like I'm serious I only knit cuz like sometimes the voices in my head tell me to die and like that's SO lame!

AISLING: That is so lame!

KAREN: So lame like come on brain be better you know? Amelia do you know where the toilet is I either need to pee or vomit idk

AMELIA: Upstairs third door on the left. Do you want us to take you up?

KAREN: NO no NO you stay here and like be pretty together or something this is such a cool party nobody ever invites me to lesbian parties You're So Cool Amelia you're like a young Celine Dion.

AMELIA: Don't Wanna Be All By Myself!

KAREN: ANYMORE! Second door on the right okay... *(she trips)* oh shit fuck sorry

She leaves.

AISLING: Should we help her?

AMELIA: No Karen's crazy as fuck. The stich n bitch girls don't even like her. She never thinks a night out is worth it unless she gets fingered. Fact!

AISLING: Why'd you invite her?

AMELIA: I've a thing for lost souls. I suppose I'm sentimental. You though you're obviously not sentimental at all. You didn't speak to me for years.

AISLING: That's not true...

AMELIA: It SO is!

AISLING: You're the one who disappeared! When we finished college you hopped off the face of the Earth. As far as I was concerned anyway. For years now I've watched these parties all over Insta. You know, I didn't miss them one bit.

AMELIA: Liar.

AISLING: We were close you and I. Then you just disappear. That always stung Aims. Then there's just a voicemail years later!

AMELIA: You scared me.

AISLING: What?

AMELIA: All those years ago. You made me so scared. So nervous! It's true, don't laugh at me.

AISLING: I'm the least intimidating person in the whole wide world!

AMELIA: You would shine so bright! And you commanded everything like you were Sgt Pepper! It was beautiful and made me feel so nervous too! How I was drawn to you like a moth.

AISLING: I don't know what to say.

AMELIA: Say nothing at all then. That's what I do. I'm avoidant apparently.

AISLING: Have I lost some of my lustre?

AMELIA: Yes. But so have we all as we've gotten older.

Garden door opens.

IZZY: Aisling! Aisling!

AISLING groans.

AISLING: What? What's wrong now?

IZZY: Answer your phone!

AISLING: Why?

IZZY: Zara's having a panic attack in the bathroom.

AISLING: The edibles weren't even that strong -

IZZY: Shiv is here.

AISLING: Fuck!

AMELIA: Oh of course! Oh no Ash I should have told you..

AISLING: Amelia, sorry I..

IZZY: Come on!

AISLING: I'll be back. To continue this. Whatever this is.

AMELIA: Don't worry I'll find you this time.

Music. Into...

Bathroom Break-Downs / Bathroom Break-Ins

Footsteps and knocking on the bathroom door. Zara is still mumbling to herself.

AISLING: Zaz! Zaz it's me.

ZARA: No one likes me no one likes me I'm rotten I'm so fucking rotten...

AISLING: ZARA! It's Ash I'm here.

Aisling tries jiggling the handle and the lock.

ZARA: Stop! Just leave me here. Just go away, just go away, just GO away

AISLING: Zara, it's Aisling. Can we please talk?

ZARA: Fuck off! Everyone here hates me and they all think I'm such a little freak and I know you do too.

SHANE: (quiet) *What the fuck?*

AISLING: I actually love you, Zara, and yeah you are such a little freak. Can you come to the door? Please?

ZARA: Aisling it's vibrating, the door is vibrating.

IZZY: It's just sexy and spiritually aligned Zaz don't worry about it<3

SHANE: It's literally just the weed! You had an edible remember Sharon Stoner?!

IZZY: Shane *really*-

ZARA: Oh GOD-

AISLING: (*low*) I don't know what she's on like! I asked Davide for his fifteen year old girl blend specifically so this wouldn't happen.

IZZY: It's her anxiety. Shiv and those fascist Demon Twinks. It's everything.

AISLING: Zara I promise, if you open the door it'll just be me, okay? The door won't vibrate if it's unlocked.

ZARA: No vibrating?

AISLING: Promise.

SHANE: (*low*) Bet that's the first time she's promised no vibrating in her life- hey!

Izzy elbows him.

IZZY: Not the time.

The lock on the door clicks. Aisling enters the bathroom.

AISLING: Oh janey mac, Zara, what are you doing on the floor?

ZARA: The mirror. I looked so horrible.

AISLING: Here, come on, sit up-

ZARA: Why are you helping me? I'm so embarrassing. This is so embarrassing.

AISLING: What do you mean? This *definitely* isn't the most embarrassing thing you've- I mean, what do you mean?

ZARA: I'm awful, Aisling. I feel like I'm a random janky puzzle piece that doesn't fit anywhere. There's always someone else who matches. Someone who's perfect sized and shaped and just made to be with all the others and I'm just *not*.

AISLING: Zara....

ZARA: I'm a stupid fucking lesbian and I look like a stupid fucking lesbian but even the other stupid fucking lesbians don't like me and don't tell me it's not true because I don't like it when you lie. I always know when you're lying.

AISLING: Right. That's it. Look at me - cmere, look at me, so you know I'm not lying. You feel like that odd piece because you're throwing yourself into the wrong boxes. You're like, the corner of one of those babies dressed-like-a-flower jigsaws trying to jump on to a monopoly board.

ZARA: What...?

AISLING: My point is, you fit. You have a place where you fit. You don't have to prove you can bend yourself to fit their game, Zara.

ZARA: But where? Where does someone like me fit?

AISLING: With me. With Shane. With Izzy.

ZARA: No I-

AISLING: We love you, Zara. We'll love you no matter how many HBO shows you book.

ZARA: Really? Even if I don't book any?

AISLING: Even if you only book theatre in the midlands.

Shane opens the bathroom door.

SHANE: Better not be any *lesbianing* going on in here.

IZZY: We brought some water. I was gonna bring snacks, but I kinda figured after the whole “edibles” situation....

ZARA: Thanks.

SHANE: We were worried about you Zara. Don’t do that again. That was like terribly uncool.

ZARA: I’m sorry. The whole thing with Shiv, and-

IZZY: You don’t need to explain yourself. You do, however, gotta let us give you a big, faggy, *hug-*

SHANE: Not on the bathroom floor oh jesus mary AND josef -

ZARA: Oh guys never let me do drugs ever ever again.

AISLING: Ah It’s not really drugs is it? It’s weed.

IZZY: At least you didn’t flash Shiv your tits this time.

ZARA: Oh my God! Shiv! What the fuck is she doing here?

SHANE: Yeah come on piss off to LA you aul bag.

ZARA: I’m so embarrassed.

AISLING: Use that feeling. Let it fuel you.

ZARA: To what?

IZZY: To get a new bad bitch gf!

Music into...

Do Two Fem Bottoms Make A Top?

SHANE: Okay okay right, so that’s Red Bulls for Zara and Aisling, white wine for Izzy?

ZARA: You don’t have to play daddy mixologist, I’m fine now I won’t freak out again Ever.

SHANE: Listen, If there's one thing that gets a group of gays over collective trauma, it's killing brain cells. I'll be back in ten, try to at least migrate from the tiles to the bathtub. Please.

He closes over the door and immediately bumps into LUCA.

LUCA: Shane!

SHANE: Oh my god, Luca.

LUCA: Girl is it time for that pinot? I saw you coming out of the bathroom and I-

SHANE: You can't go in there, there's a group of crying lesbians.

LUCA: Slay for them, I think parties are not good unless at least three lesbians are crying. That's not why I came over here, though. I wanted to thank you for your text. About your diagnosis.

SHANE: Yes. You never replied.

LUCA: Yeah I'm sorry about that. I get that was a bit weird. I deleted grindr on a whim when I was high - never do coke and try to get your bit - and then realised I had no other way to get in touch with you. Awkward.

SHANE: It's fine we've all been there..

LUCA: Yeah. Em. But what I really wanted to say is there's like, no problem. I've been on PrEP for the past year. Never missed a dose. So it's grand. Like Irish people say it is so grand.

SHANE: Ohwow. That's... that's really great. Wow.

LUCA: Are you - are you okay?

SHANE: Yeah, no, I guess I just wasn't expecting that. Your kindness. More "you ruined my life, you disgusting little plague rat" less "it's all g girl".

LUCA: Well I've always said Brazilian men are way better than Irish men.

SHANE: I'm converted. Thank you.

LUCA: I was pretty sad to realize I couldn't get in touch with you though.

SHANE: Oh?

LUCA: Yeah, especially since you really seemed to like when I touched you here and here and then when I kissed right here-

LUCA leans in to kiss SHANE and SHANE panics.

SHANE: Oh, no, no Sorry, I need to go. I can't. I'm not interested, I have to pee.

We hear SHANE running away down the hall.

LUCA: Luca Luca Luca why do we keep doing it? Liking men?

LUCA curses in Portuguese.

AMELIA: Lucille, how wonderful to see you!

LUCA: Madam Amelia I swear to Ru this party is fucking crazy.

AMELIA: Butweloveyouweloveyouweloveyou

LUCA: Yah yah yah whatever I love you too I need a pull on that hookah. Fuck men MY GOD...

We hear LUCA leave muttering in Portuguese.

AMELIA: Knock knock knock, open sesame, I've come looking for a lady - oh! Absolute joy and euphoria - I've found three!

AISLING: Mother bear duties, you know how it is.

AMELIA: I don't know what you mean, I haven't mothered a bear since I showed our dear Luca Lucille how to smoke shisha. Speaking of smoke - I haven't seen a room full of eyes this red since my sleep paralysis days.

ZARA: I ate an edible and I live to regret it.

IZZY: Ugh Zara, (*mocking Mona*) "You're so brave". Will we stand up?

ZARA: Is that *so* necessary right now?

IZZY: Come on, Zaz, looks like the high femme lesbian convention have booked this room.

Izzy and Zara start to get up.

AMELIA: Oh Zaza, a word from the wise...

ZARA: Where?

AMELIA: Where what?

ZARA: Where's the wise?

AMELIA: Oh! Ahaha. Delightful! This is my wisdom. There's a Sensei I follow on tiktok, and she says a bad trip on drugs doesn't always show your third eye what you want to see, but they do always show you what your third eye *needs* to see.

ZARA: This wouldn't happen to be a Sensei Martha would it? I've been watching her she's literally Andrew Tate for gay girls...

IZZY: Come on. Out. Out. Out.

Izzy shoves an unimpressed Zara out the bathroom door.

Music. Into...

Through The Looking Glass

General house party coming & going sounds, Izzy and Zara wandering between rooms.

ZARA: Woah... I think I'm still a little buzzed.

IZZY: Buzzed. Buzzed. Buzzed.

ZARA: Ugh.

IZZY: Come on now. You don't like bees?

ZARA: I feel like it's one of those things people assume about queer women. That we all like cutesy insects or forage or like want to live in cottages.

IZZY: That sounds so rotten. I don't know if I could ever get horny living around expensive porcelain or like, doilies.

ZARA: Doilies. Dollee? That's such a made up word.

IZZY: All words are made up, Zaz. Zaz. Zaaaz.

ZARA: Is it the edibles, or is that Jeffrey Dahmer?

IZZY: Jesus Zara. That's Susan who owns the house. It's not a costume party.

ZARA: Scarlet for her.

IZZY: Scarlet for her hairdresser.

ZARA: Scarlet for her Nanny for having her ma for having her wha? Come here, are you still texting that waiter?

IZZY: Hunter. I'm going on a date with him!

ZARA: Fuck off. When?

IZZY: I'm making him wait like all good girls should. Soon. Hopefully.

ZARA: You Julie Andrews whore!

IZZY: I will give him my spoonful of sugar when the medicine is ready to go down you feel me?

ZARA: No!

They pass a room where some funky vibey tunes are playing. Very Caterpillar in Alice in Wonderland meets Donna Summers.

IZZY: Hold it, this must be the Hookah-

ZARA: Shhhhhh. Sh. Listen.

Record scratch. Time Warp. Whatever.

ZARA: Alri I know yis don't want me to interrupt the story but I feel it is my obligation as the subject of indignation to set the scene. No, I am NOT thinking about my successful ex or how I just made a massive fucking scene or how life is shit and everything is meaningless or how I deserve so much more! What I am actually really thinking about is: there's a woman man person THING sitting in this room in front of us puffing on this huge fucking hookah surrounded by slut pop twinkz gazing up at this creature adoringly and honestly? Thank fuck for distractions, girls.

Record scratch. Time warp. Whatever.

IZZY: God, the size of that hookah. The amount of vape in here could power a whole secondary school's worth of Elf Bar habits.

MAN WITH A HOOKAH (MWAH): *(exhales)* I actually think it's so homophobic to even have, like, laws.

The TWO STONER TWINKS murmur in intoxicated agreement, awe.

STONER TWINK: Yas man.

TWINK STONER: Bro. Meow. Purr. Sip sip sip.

STONER TWINK: Bro wtf?

TWINK STONER: Sipping the milk

STONER TWINK: Mmmm I know that's right

MWAH: Like..... We should just be allowed do whatever we want? Like why do we listen to a piece of paper? Because we're afraid of prison? Hah. (*she smokes*) We're abolishing those.

STONER TWINK: The slay agenda.

TWINK STONER: Do you think we're already in prison? Like right now?

STONER TWINK: Like in this room? Or like -(gasp)- in our minds?

TWINK STONER: Bro.

MWAH: Gay people are all in a prison in their minds.

TWINK STONER: Really?

STONER TWINK: Fuuuccck Bro....

MWAH: All gay people, at all times, are spiritually trapped in a never-ending episode of *I'm a Celebrity, Get Me Out of Here Season 2*. But our Bushtucker trial... is living in a society....

STONER TWINK: I'm the Katie Price then. Gonna go to the jungle eat some kangaroo testes and find myself a mid-2000s popstar ride him into the sunset.

TWINK STONER: Didn't Katie and Peter Handre get divorced? Like, years ago?

MWAH: All gay people are spiritually divorced.

TWINK STONER: So real! in my heart! I feel that so real.

STONER TWINK: Literally orbiting in space right now with these takes.

TWINK STONER: Literally -

STONER TWINK: Sunburnt from these hot hot HOT takes.

TWINK STONER: Yeah yeah yeah like I've sunstroke from these takes like heat death maybe like the universe?

STONER TWINK: Ookay???

ZARA: (*hushed*) Divorced from fuckin' reality it seems. Ugh. I hate this party Izzy. I should never have come. I just had a panic attack! In front of my ex!

IZZY: Oh. Zara, I'm sorry. I'd be petrified too if I was you. Shiv is pretty powerful.

ZARA: Can we go home? Now. Please. I'm ready to leave all of this behind me.

IZZY: Of course. Of course. I'll Taxi it.

ZARA: Twink watch for five more minutes first?

IZZY: You read my mind.

MWAH: Olaplex, I'm convinced, was collectively manifested by the collective innate feminine desire to have really like, decadently luscious hair....

The High Femme Lesbian Convention

AISLING: Aims -

AMELIA: Is Zaza Gabour okay? Poor her I didn't realize she was so hung up on Siobhan I'd have told you she was coming if...

AISLING: She was caught off guard. Who hasn't been thrown by an ex in the wild? She's fine now. I'm a terrible friend though! That whole time I was comforting her I was thinking of you.

AMELIA: You don't have it in you to be a terrible friend. You're a Pisces.

AISLING: What does that mean?

AMELIA: Aisling Mary Elizabeth Gannon. You don't know who you are do you? Or what you want to be? Or what this life ought to be don't you not? I can see it clear as all my crystals.

AISLING: Amelia. Who died and made you God huh?

AMELIA: Avoidant!

AISLING: I know who I am.

AMELIA: Knowing who you are is easy. Being who you are is hard. You're not being.

AISLING: I'm here amn't I?

AMELIA: But your heart is somewhere else.

AISLING: Let's not bore ourselves will we? With talk of love.

AMELIA: We only get one chance. One trip around this astral plane Aisling make every bit of it count. If you love him love him.

AISLING: What if I love someone else?

AMELIA: You don't.

AISLING: Is that a prediction? What your third eye is telling you?

AMELIA: It's years of knowing you. Intimately.

AISLING: Intimately?

AMELIA: Croissant

AISLING: I regret not spending more time with you Amelia. I regret that we never made it work. I regret lots of things. Leaving Charlie, maybe it's just one of many.

AMELIA: Ugh! What use is all of that?

AISLING: I missed you.

AMELIA: We've so much time left for love affairs, Aisling. Isn't that cracking?

AISLING: What about tonight? I came here tonight wondering that. In the back of my mind. Would there be time for a love affair tonight?

AMELIA: I've been tied down Ash.

AISLING: You? Tied down?

AMELIA: I wish. Oh I want it. Really badly. Like a terrible take away but.

AISLING: What fucking Ice Queen tied you down?

SHIV: Aims there you are I have been stuck for an hour with those fucking demon twink...

AISLING: Aims?

SHIV: Aisling! I knew with the others here you wouldn't be far behind.

AISLING: Siobhan.

SHIV: Really? When have I ever been Siobhan to you?

Record Scratch. Timewarp. Whatevz.

AISLING: Shiv and Zara were like our Posh and Becks, our Toad and Badger or Portia and Ellen. The four of us would sit up at night talking about Zara's relationship, poring over it like it was the latest issue of Glamour. And you didn't hear this from me but all those years ago? Shiv was right to break up with Zara. The relationship was shit it was stagnant af and Shiv had cheated - I hope just a one off mistake - and Zara never would have left anyway. She's a puppy dog lover. Too loyal ever to leave. I count my blessings every day I learnt that lesson cause of her. To never be like her. But I will tell you this and I will tell you it for free. I am fucking livid to see Shiv's hand on Amelia's arm and the tender way she holds it. They're together. Cunts.

Record Scratch. Timewarp. Whatevz.

SHIV: Aims told me. About Charlie. I'm sorry, I thought you two were forever. Thought maybe I'd get a wedding invite one day soon.

AISLING: It'd seem you and I have a habit of breaking people's hearts, Shiv.

SHIV: I regret what happened...

AISLING: Regrets! Theme of the night.

SHIV: I was friends with all of you too. It fucking sucked to be dropped like that.

AISLING: Well, maybe you'll consider that Shiv the next time you decide to have an affair?

SHIV: You were always fond of a high horse, Ash. Acting as if we all don't make mistakes.

AISLING: Some of us don't.

SHIV: I'm so glad.

AISLING: Would you look at the time! And we've another party to get to this evening and everything.

AMELIA: It's 3 in the morning Ash don't leave..

AISLING: That's 10pm Aisling Time. A lovely night really, *Aims*, thank you. Suppose I'll wait another six years for another invite. Shiv.

Music. Into...

In The Night Garden

Shane comes out of the house panting.

SHANE: Fuck. Fuck. Shane you fucking fucking idiot.

CONRAD: Are you ok?

SHANE: Jesus. Conrad. What are you doing standing there like a prick?

CONRAD: I saw you coming out of the house. Do you want a cigarette?

SHANE: No! No I don't want a cigarette. Do I look like I want a fag from a fag right now?

CONRAD: Sorry.

SHANE: What are you apologising for?

CONRAD: Are you ok?

SHANE: What do you care? All you are is a broken Arnotts underwear mannequin parroting your little "slayyyys" and "yaaaaasses" to the point where it makes me want to literally gouge out my fucking ears so bad I'd put Van Gogh to shame and you could all call me Sunflowers.

CONRAD: Wow.

SHANE: Yeah. That's Poetry for you.

CONRAD: You don't have to be like this.

SHANE: What?

CONRAD: Angry.

SHANE: Suck my dick you roided up cunt.

A Beat.

Garden door sliding open.

DAVIDE: Connie? Con Con? Come inside, Mona's making us that Parisian tea on the stove. The one she got at Donnybrook Fair looks delish...

CONRAD: Coming.

SHANE: Woof woof let's jump into Daddy's lap will we?

Beat.

CONRAD: I look at you. I see a little boy trapped inside a grown man's body crying wishing he could be free to taste the air and joy again.

SHANE: Who do you think you are? A snivelling lap dog of a man. You pale in comparison to me.

CONRAD: We feel bad for you, Shane. All of us. We really do.

Conrad leaves, nonchalant.

Beat.

SHANE: Fuck - FUCK- fuck

IZZY: Shane!

Izzy's voice comes from inside, a little away.

IZZY: The taxi is here! Come on, I don't know how much longer I can be responsible for mine *and* Zara's sanity. Shane will you come on... What's wrong?

SHANE: Can I move back in? With you and Zara? When you get a place? Like it doesn't have to be Flicker. Actually it might be better if we didn't, all the memories we have there-

IZZY: Taxi. Come on. No Time. We'll talk in the Taxi.

Music into...

DAVIDE: What did he say to you?

CONRAD: Nothing. There's something really wrong with him. More evil than usual.

DAVIDE: There's something really wrong with all of them. The way she had that panic attack earlier and ran out? Tch. They really are fascists aren't they?

CONRAD: Yah.

Music. Into...

Real Bad Bitches Drive Taxis

Street sounds. Outside the party. Music faint in the distance. Gang are walking down the driveway to the wet street. Waiting for a cab.

AISLING: You know what okay the party was a flop and gay people are torturous but I had such a good time. I'm having a good time! Because of you three!

ZARA: Ye big lezzer.

IZZY: *(whispered)* What happened with Amelia?

AISLING: *(whispered)* Tell you later.

IZZY: *(whispered)* Uh oh.

SHANE: Well here's this for a shit fucking night CONRAD of all people just told me he feels sorry for me. I think I've you all beaten on the shit sympathy scales here.

ZARA: Even me? I cried over my ex.

IZZY: Everytime you drink red wine you cry over your ex.

ZARA: Quilty.

SHANE: I mean CONRAD! God Am I A Fucking Loser?

AISLING: Well...

IZZY: OKAY! This is it I cannot do this - Out on to the street, put some distance between us and this house, NOW immediately... These Vibes I refuse to endorse! Go go go.

Footsteps in the distance, coming from the house. It's Shiv.

SHIV: Zara! Hang on!

AISLING: Ohhhh dear. Ohhh no. Um, Izzy how far is that Taxi??

IZZY: Too far. Brace for impact.

SHANE: Pretend we don't hear her pretend we don't hear her...

SHIV: Zara. Hey.

ZARA: Shiv.

SHIV: Hi.. Listen, I had to say. Before you left - I'm sorry how that game went in there. Truth or Dare, I mean fuck Shep is such a little shit stirrer.

SHANE: Wow. The nicest thing I've ever heard someone call him.

IZZY: Ssh.

SHIV: I know he also is a fascist but, I mean it. He was out of line. They all were. It was shit to see you upset, Zar, and I never really never meant to make you feel like that. Not this time anyway.

ZARA: Thanks.

SHIV: Look, this is so cringe to be saying in front of your mates - sorry - but I just wanted to see you before you go to say: I'm happy I saw you tonight. All of you, actually. I've missed how weird you all are. I mean even by homosexual standards you're weird.

IZZY: Cheers.

SHIV: What I am saying is: I'm sorry, Zar, that we didn't see eachother sooner. There would have been a time if you told me we wouldn't have seen eachother for years, I would have cut like all my thumbs off. It's weird how life is.

ZARA breathes for a moment and steadies herself.

ZARA: It was nice to see you too, Shiv. I'm glad it's all working out for you. With the show and America and stuff, I'm excited to see it when it's out.

SHIV: Really? I'm sweating a bit. Put anyone on a screen next to Angela Bassett and it's like putting a piece of trash next to Angela Bassett.

ZARA: What was she like?!

SHIV: Oh Zar! She's exactly what you expected. She looks at you and your whole head explodes and your pussy goes nuts!

ZARA: Ohmygod!

SHIV: I swear it's so real!

ZARA: You'll be so Ok Shiv. Remember that production of All My Sons you did in college? You brought people to tears with a Texan accent! Do you know how hard that is? Imagine how good you're gonna be now you've fleeced HBO.

AMELIA: *(calling from the house)* Shiv? Shiv! Come back in, Mona's showing us how to open beers with our mooncups! It's so post-masculine....

SHIV: Bye. Let's not leave it three years will we?

ZARA: No. We won't. Thanks, Shiv.

Shiv heads back into the party.

SHANE: God that was excruciating.

ZARA: Really?

IZZY: Every second worse than the last.

ZARA: I feel great, actually.

AISLING: Are you serious?

ZARA: That felt pretty decent, I think. I feel ok.

AISLING: Are you sure?

ZARA: I think so? I was looking at her there when she was leaving just thinking you're just a person making your way in the world. Like everyone else! She's just a person! Like me!

IZZY: Did you take a puff of yer one's hookah?

SHANE: Not to be that bitch but Shiv was fucking terrible in All My Sons what were you ON about!

ZARA: Sometimes we lie to people to make them feel better! It's called empathy.

AISLING: When have you ever tried to make someone feel better in your life?

ZARA: Girl everytime I eat some pussy it's an act of charity bitches be weeping with joy like...

SHANE: Gross! Why are you so gross!

IZZY: Oh thank fuck it's here. Navy blue Chrysler Voyager.

Sound of a car approaching.

IZZY: Actually Zaz, Shane was saying he wants to move back in with us.

AISLING: What?

ZARA: That could be mad cute. Rent is cheaper, bills are split, it's way easier to find a three bed.

SHANE: My presence would obviously, like, be a huge perk too.

The car stops next to them.

Beep beep!

MORO: Chariot of Fire for the Lady Isobel is it?

IZZY: This is she. Hop in girlies.

AISLING: I wanna move in with you guys too.

IZZY: What?

AISLING: This. The gang. I want us all to live together. Like old times. Maybe that's what I need?-

SHANE: We'll discuss your involvement later. Just get in the car before another ex pops up or someone calls me evil-

Shane's phone buzzes.

SHANE: Oh one minute...

AISLING: Typical gay guy rushing -

LIAM: *(texting)* Shane, texting late out tonight I didn't mean what I text you b4 comma Sorry but dot dot dot Didn't want 2 reply to you slash I'm drunk full stop. I'll meet you give me few weeks I'll text dot dot dot

IZZY: Sorry for the delay Moro.

MORO: No bother, sure the meter is running.

SHANE: *(texting, monotone)* It's ok full stop. Out too full stop. We should meet soon comma, better in person text me when you're ready dot dot dot thank you Liam really for replying fullstop.

He sends it and puts the phone away. He gets into the car and closes the door after him.

ZARA: Who was that Shane, an ex lol?

SHANE: Why would it be an ex it was no one. My Mam just.

ZARA: Sorry why is your mam texting you at 3am?

IZZY: Shane. Listen you just have to meet Moro we've only known eachother like a little jiffy but I feel like I've known her my whole life...

MORO: It's the same for me - soul sisters so it is

AISLING: I bet you say that to everyone

MORO: Before they tip yeah -

IZZY: She is a legend this is Dublin City's premiere FreeNow artiste.

SHANE: An artiste is it?

MORO: You know yourself. When I do a donut with the Chrysler I'm a Picasso.

ZARA: Werk.

MORO: Jesus aren't you some lucky fella Shane, all these fine ladies around you - but sure you're a catch yourself. I can see that. Though it is dark out.

SHANE: I do my best work at the witching hour.

ZARA: Is it weird being like a girl taxi driver? Or like, a woman, taxi driver. Or like, a taxi driver who is a woman-

MORO: It's like being a woman in any other profession. I get paid less, so I feck around more. But at least with this job, I get the chryz. Absolute micky magnet.

AISLING: Preach it queen.

Record Scratch. Timewarp. Whatevz.

IZZY: And just like that the four of us were to move back in together. To find our new Flicker. To face our thirties together like we did our twenties. As we rode off into the night in that taxi which smelt faintly of like clove rock and pee I felt like we were in a rocketship blasting off into the infinite unknown of space. If I had known then that agreeing to move back in together may have destroyed our friendships forever, would I have still done it? Gosh. I don't know. I really don't know at all.

Record Scratch. Timewarp. Whatevz.

SHANE: Moro turn that music up! We're celebrating!

MORO: What are we celebratin?

AISLING: The future!

ZARA: No more fucking gay parties!

SHANE: Amen.

Moro turns up the song. It blares.

MORO: Where are we off to first then girls?

IZZY: Home! All of us are going home.

Next Time On Fruit...

THE MC: Willkommen! Bienvenue! Welcome! To our first ever official Street 66 sponsored by Dublin City Council QueerCabaret!

PAUL: Well, you know what they say, it's all diet, sleep, and a really good doctor.

MEREDITH: I'm sorry I say we'll leave work early have a little treat and all I do is cry cry cry it's like I'm 15 again and Daddy said I can't have any more bergamot salted ice cream. And they wondered why my eating was disordered!

HUNTER: Are you okay?

IZZY: I told you not to come.

LIAM: I came here today because this is an exorcism. Because I needed to get you out of my system.

SHANE: Pathetic. I am so fucking pathetic.

AISLING: I'm gay.

MEREDITH: As in happy?

PAUL: You'd be a pretty girl you know if it wasn't for all this bitterness.

ZARA: Fuck this –

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.

Created by Ultan Pringle and Lisa Nally

Written by Ultan Pringle, Hiram Harrington, and Lora Hartin

Edit, sound design and disco tracks by Ultan Stanley, with compositions & theme song by HK Ní Shioradáin (that's me!)

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
Luke Dalton as Charlie,
Emily Long as Amelia,
Seirce Mhac Conghail as The DART,
Emmanuel Okoye as Conrad,
Felix O'Connor as Shep,
Heather O'Sullivan as Mona,
James Kavanagh as Davide,
Khanyisile Mbukwane as Shiv,
Murilo Ortunho as Luca,
Sophue Coote as Karen The StitchNBith Girl,
Choy-Ping Clarke-Ng as Stoner Twink,
Berry Murphy as Twink Stoner,
Michael Fry as The Weird Hookah Man,
Maureen Penrose as Moro,
Kerill Kelly as Liam,
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.