

INT. KEBAB SHOP - NORTH SIDE OF DUBLIN - DAY

DONAL, 27 short and muscular, and FURGUS, 28 tall and chubby, peer through a glass counter as a TURKISH MAN makes two doner kebabs.

FURGUS
Extra cabbage, no onions.

DONAL
Extra onions, no cabbage.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Donal and Furgus stand at the bus stop devouring their massive kebabs.

Sauce and bits of food drip down their hands and onto the ground.

A bus rounds the corner and heads towards them.

DONAL
Shit, the bus.

The two lads stuff the entirety of their kebabs into their mouths just as the bus doors open.

They wipe their hands on the kebab wrappers, and toss them without regard as to where they land.

They hop on the bus.

INT. BUS - DAY

DONAL
(food in mouth)
Two for Blackrock.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

The bus pulls away as Donal and Furgus look at the apartment complex before them. It is modern, clean, and landscaped.

FURGUS
Is this the right place?

Donal consults a newspaper listing of apartments.

INSERT NEWSPAPER:

Three are circled, two of the three are crossed off.

BACK TO:

DONAL
Looks like.

FURGUS
Maybe it's owned by an old lady,
like, who knows nottin' 'bout costs
these days.

DONAL
I'm not living with no old lady.

Donal walks toward the building.

FURGUS
She could be nice.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX ENTRANCE - DAY

Donal pushes the intercom button for apartment 3.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Yes.

DONAL
We've come round 'bout the
apartment.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Yes, come up.

The door buzzes and Donal pushes it open. He tosses the newspaper on the ground before he enters.

Furgus follows after him.

FURGUS
She doesn't sound old.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Donal knocks on the door of apartment #3. It opens immediately.

BRIGID, 30, amazing body, long blonde hair, stands before them.

FURGUS
Huh, huh, hi. I'm F-, f-, f-

DONAL
Furgus. And I'm Donal, pleasure to meet you.

Donal flashes her a smile.

Brigid twitches her nose like a rabbit.

BRIGID
I smell onions.

Donal closes his mouth and stops smiling.

Brigid looks them up and down.

INSERT BRIGID'S P.O.V.:

Donal's t-shirt stretches against his bulging arm muscles.

Furgus looks at her like a shy puppy dog with large brown eyes and cute dimples on his cheeks.

BACK TO:

Brigid sniffs the air one more time.

BRIGID
Alright, come in.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Donal and Furgus step into a modern living room. Couches, chairs, tables, curtains: all white, all gleaming.

FURGUS
Wow, nice place.

BRIGID
It was nicer when I had a workout room room and a study.

She glares at them as if they were personally responsible.

FURGUS
S-, s-, sorry.

Brigid giggles and flashes them a smile worthy of a lipstick commercial.

BRIGID
I like you.

Furgus blushes.

Donal opens his mouth, then closes it again quickly.

BRIGID (CONT'D)
So I'm going to get straight to the point.

Brigid pauses for dramatic effect.

BRIGID (CONT'D)
I'm a Sommelier.

FURGUS
Somon-

BRIGID
A Sommelier is a connoisseur of fine wines.

FURGUS
Conni-

BRIGID
And I am excellent at my job, do you know why?

Furgus sticks his hand timidly into the air.

FURGUS
You're pretty?

Brigid smiles at Furgus.

Donal glares at him, and covers his mouth with his hand.

DONAL
It's not because you're pretty,
it's because you're beautiful.

BRIGID
It's my nose.

FURGUS
Cute nose.

DONAL
(hand to mouth)
Beautiful nose.

Brigid turns and starts walking away from them.

DONAL (CONT'D)
(whispering to Furgus)
Now look what you did.

DONAL (CONT'D)
Me?

BRIGID
The grape-
(beckoning to the lads)
Follow me.

They follow Brigid out of the living-room and into the hallway.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - SAME

Brigid walks ahead down a long white hallway.

Donal and Furgus silently fight each other for a place next to her.

BRIGID
The length of fermentation-
(opening a door)
Bedroom one.

The lads peek in. Brigid walks on.

BRIGID (CONT'D)
The wood of the barrel-
(stern)
Keep up.

The boys scramble to follow her.

BRIGID (CONT'D)
The amount of filtration-
(opening another door)
Bathroom. I have my own.

She walks on.

BRIGID (CONT'D)
Each of these things plays a roll
in the delicate layering of nose
and body of a wine.

They pass a closed door.

FURGUS
What's in there?

BRIGID
My room. It locks.

She walks on.

BRIGID (CONT'D)
Only the most sensitive and refined
sense of smell can comprehend the
true nature of a wine.
(opens the last door)
Bedroom two.

The lads peer in.

BRIGID (CONT'D)
My nose, it is one of those noses.

DONAL
(talking into his sleeve)
You can smell good, yeah?

BRIGID
I can smell like a bomb sniffing
dog.

Brigid turns around and starts walk back toward the living-
room.

The boys don't miss a beat in following her.

FURGUS
Good stuff!

BRIGID
Not in a world where flat mates
think it is appropriate behavior
to... it's too disturbing!

FURGUS
Accidently spill food on the couch?

DONAL
Set things on fire?

BRIGID

Pass wind.

The sound of Furgus's stomach rumbling.

FURGUS

No!?!

DONAL

Gross!

FURGUS

We'd never do that.

DONAL

Never!

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Brigid stops abruptly. Furgus bumps into Donal. Donal elbows him.

Brigid turns around and they both smile.

She looks them over once more.

The lads look eager to please. Furgus wiggles uncomfortably.

BRIGID

Good. No belching, brush teeth
before breakfast and after every
meal, and no passing gas. Let's go
out.

FURGUS

A date?

BRIGID

A trial. I have work in an hour.

FURGUS

I'd love to.

DONAL

Me too!

BRIGID

I'll get dressed. You make
yourselves comfortable.

Brigid walks out of the room. A door closes with a click.

Furgus lets one rip.

FURGUS

Ahhhh.

DONAL

(whispering)

What are you doing my man? She's hot!

FURGUS

(whispering)

I'm sorry! I was holding it the whole time.

DONAL

Jesus Christ that smells like the back arse of a pig.

FURGUS

Help me fan it out the window.

The boys try using their hands.

DONAL

You're just spreading it around.

FURGUS

The window.

DONAL

The door.

Furgus runs to the window and opens it out onto the street.

Donal opens the door to the hallway.

FURGUS

I still smell it!

DONAL

Fan the air around.

The two lads open and close the door and window to create air movement.

FURGUS

Shouldn'ta had the extra cabbage.
Shouldn'ta have had the extra
cabbage.

DONAL
Go home. I'll tell her you felt
sick.

FURGUS
I'm not going anywhere.

DONAL
You saw the way she looked at me.

FURGUS
You can't even talk to her Onion
Breath.

Donal holds his hand up to his mouth, breaths on it, then
inhales.

DONAL
Fuckin' onions.

Donal starts brushing his teeth with his finger of one hand
while swinging the door open and closed with his other.

Brigid walks into the living-room. She is wearing a short
black skirt, a little vest that is cut to show plenty of
cleavage.

Furgus closes the window. Donal closes the door.

Brigid regards them suspiciously.

DONAL (CONT'D)
(examining the door lock)
The door looks secure.

FURGUS
N, n, nice view.

FURGUS' P.O.V.

Below the window is a parking-lot and dumpsters.

BACK TO SCENE:

Brigid's nose twitches.

The lads stand like statues.

BRIGID
Keep the window shut. It smells
like cabbage out there.

Brigid walks to the door and the lads follow.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

The classified apartment section of the newspaper blows past them as they walk against the wind.

Furgus walks behind. Every time he steps he farts.

EXT. RESTAURANT - SAME

They stop in front of a chic restaurant.

INSERT RESTAURANT SIGN:

Fond of Fondue

BACK TO:

FURGUS
Is this going to cost much?

DONAL
We already ate out today is all.

BRIGID
I work here, I eat for free.

Brigid enters the restaurant.

FURGUS
Does that mean that we do too?

Donal shrugs and follows her in.

Furgus lets one out, then enters.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Donal and Furgus sit at a table together by candle light.

In front of them is a platter of meat and cheeses. Three little fondue pots bubble on the table.

FURGUS
What do we do?

BRIGID
You cut the cheese.

Brigid stands next to them, now wearing a white apron over her skirt and holding a bottle of wine.

BRIGID (CONT'D)
And dip it in the sauce.

Brigid pops the cork from the bottle of wine.

Furgus shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

All around him wine bottles pop their corks, oil bubbles burst, chunks of meat and cheese are extracted from fodue with loud farting sounds.

Conversations sound all around them.

WOMAN 1
I love trains too. I like how they
put, put, put-

MAN 1
Talk about tooting your own horn,
the guy was a real ass hole-

WOMAN 2
It's unbelievable how people can
just drop a bomb and rip the land
apart-

MAN 2
I was stuck in traffic yesterday
and the sound of the honking-

Looks out the window and sees thing blow past

Wind rattles the windows and howls

Furgus lets out a little "poot!"

FURGUS
I, I'm sorry. Just give me a
chance! I'll never eat a kebab
again.

BRIGID
The type of guy who would eat a
smelly kebab in the first place is
never living in my house. You're
North side through and through.
(to Donal)
Donal come on, let's go back to our
place.

Donal lets out a massive seismic long booming drawn out fart.
He stands up.

DONAL

Wanna get a doner kebab Furgus?

FURGUS

With extra cabbage?

DONAL

And onions.

The two of them walk out of the restaurant leaving Brigid's
nose twitching.