

CONVERSATIONS WITH FRIENDS

EPISODE ONE

by

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Based on the novel  
CONVERSATIONS WITH FRIENDS by Sally Rooney

Developed with the assistance of BBC Drama

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1 EXT. CRICKET PITCH, OUTSIDE TRINITY. LATE AFTERNOON. SD1. 1

FRANCES (21) is sitting on the grass, looking up at BOBBI (21), the blue sky behind her. Bobbi's got her phone in her hand, open on notes, she glances at them.

BOBBI

Here's a riddle. / I am inherently  
worthless

FRANCES

But highly prized

BOBBI

I will empty out / your bank  
account -

FRANCES

Am all about love -

BOBBI

But I have a heart of stone / and  
have been known

Together:

FRANCES & BOBBI

To prefer to be owned.

Bobbi stops, looking down at Frances.

FRANCES

What?

Bobbi looks at the words on her phone.

BOBBI

I put a break in after empty out -

FRANCES

I preferred it -

Bobbi thinks. Repeats the line to herself. Shakes her head. She sits down on the grass besides Frances.

BOBBI

It's funny. It's *angry*.

Frances scrunches her nose up.

FRANCES

A heady mix.

BOBBI

You're so **good**.

They look at one another, warm, Frances's arm against Bobbi's side.

FRANCES

I have to go to the library.

Bobbi nods.

BOBBI

Okay.

(smiles)

I don't.

Beat. Frances doesn't want to move.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Off you fuck then.

Frances smiles. Gets up.

1A EXT. TRINITY, MOMENTS LATER. SD1.

1A

FRANCES is walking slowly towards the library, her bag on her back, in her own head.

1B INT. BERKELY LIBRARY, TRINITY. AFTERNOON. SD1.

1B

FRANCES sits at a desk, papers and books around her, making notes. She looks focused, calm.

2 OMITTED

2

2A EXT. O' CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN. EARLY EVENING. SD1.

2A

FRANCES walks down O'Connell Street, she turns on to her own street and walks up to her front door. She turns the key in the lock and makes her way inside.

2B INT. HALLWAY, FRANCES'S FLAT. A LITTLE LATER. SD1.

2B

FRANCES steps inside her flat. She has headphones on. She closes the front door, pulling an earphone out. There's a noise coming from the kitchen.

3 INT. KITCHEN, FRANCES'S FLAT. CONTINUOUS. SD1.

3

FRANCES walks into the kitchen. MEGAN (22) is in there cooking. She turns and looks at Frances.

MEGAN

Hey. I won't be a minute -

Frances shakes her head.

FRANCES  
No no, don't worry -

She smiles. Frances goes to the sink and fills a glass with water from the tap. Megan resumes cooking.

MEGAN  
Good day?

Frances nods.

FRANCES  
You?

Megan nods.

MEGAN  
Mmhm.

Keeps cooking. Frances goes to the door.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
I'm actually going to head home  
tomorrow - snagged an earlier lift.

FRANCES  
Oh, OK. Have a good summer.

MEGAN  
Yeah. You too. And good luck with  
the rest of your exams.

FRANCES  
Thanks.

Frances leaves.

MEGAN  
(calling after)  
I'll leave the keys on the table.

3A INT. FRANCES'S BEDROOM. LATE EVENING. SD1. 3A

FRANCES is studying in her bedroom. She can hear MEGAN pottering around the flat.

3B INT. FRANCES'S BEDROOM. MORNING. SD2. 3B

FRANCES is lying awake in bed, her alarm goes off.

3C EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HALL, TRINITY. MORNING. SD2. 3C

FRANCES is standing in a corridor, surrounded by students, waiting to go into an exam hall.

People are standing in huddles, talking. Her hair is damp, clean. She holds a (reusable) coffee cup, finishing it off.

3D INT. EXAM HALL, TRINITY. MORNING - A LITTLE LATER. SD2. 3D

FRANCES is in an exam hall. Students, including AIDEEEN and PHILIP are sitting in rows behind single desks. She's writing, fast, head down, focused.

3E EXT. FRONT SQUARE, TRINITY. MIDDAY. SD2. 3E

FRANCES, PHILIP and AIDEEEN exit the exam hall. Bobbi is waiting for them with cans to celebrate the end of their exams. She passes them out and they all accept enthusiastically. They cheers, and take big swigs, happy. They chat as they walk away.

3F INT. BAR, DUBLIN. LATER - EVENING. SD2. 3F

FRANCES is sitting at a table with PHILIP, BOBBI, AIDEEEN, ANDREW, and some other friends.

BOBBI  
Where're you staying?

Aideen sips her drink.

ANDREW  
Right by Central Park.

AIDEEEN  
My Mum has this pal from school who married this *ridiculously* rich, like, finance guy -

BOBBI  
Oooh my fav -

They laugh.

ANDREW  
They've got about seven spare rooms -

BOBBI  
In Manhattan? That's disgusting -

FRANCES  
It sounds amazing.

BOBBI  
Come on now Frances, you and Philip get to read unsolicited *novel* submissions for no fucking money whatsoever -

PHILIP

Excuse me.

FRANCES

(faux serious)

I get paid *handsomely* per book report Bobbi.

ANDREW

What are you doing Bobbi?

BOBBI

Volunteering -

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Teaching English.

AIDEEEN

Of course -

PHILIP

To who?

BOBBI

To people who don't speak English, Philip.

They laugh.

FRANCES

Please try not to be jealous of our summers, guys -

PHILIP

Yes, when you're spending your days at the Met and the Statue of Liberty -

BOBBI

Oh my God Philip, no one goes to the Statue of Liberty -

PHILIP

Seriously?

He's wide eyed. They are laughing.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I. Genuinely think that that's where I'd go on day one.

Bobbi laughs, not cruelly.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

You're *from* there - of course you wouldn't visit there - like I wouldn't do Dublin Castle or the Viking Splash tour -

They laugh.

BOBBI

I love that you see the fucking  
Viking Splash Tour as your  
equivalent of the Statue of Liberty

More laughter.

AIDEEEN

Okay! Where next? Lumo's on...

Philip, Andrew and the others affirm enthusiastically. They start to grab their things.

PHILIP

What about you two?

Frances and Bobbi look at each other.

BOBBI

I'm actually wrecked.

FRANCES

Me too.

BOBBI

We'll leave you guys to it.

They smile at each other, and gather their things.

4

INT. SUPERMARKET. EVENING. SD2.

4

FRANCES and BOBBI are walking around a small supermarket, a little tipsy. It's pretty quiet, people shopping on their own, an OLDER WOMAN slowly pushing a trolley. She gives Bobbi a small second glance which Bobbi registers. The gates are just starting to be brought out around the booze, but not yet closed. Frances is carrying a basket, Bobbi puts a bottle of wine in. And then another. She pulls a bit of a face - like maybe a third? Frances laughs.

5

INT. SUPERMARKET. EVENING - MOMENTS LATER. SD2.

5

FRANCES and BOBBI are standing by a row of magazines, the shopping basket with the booze and some crisps in by their feet. Bobbi is holding a copy of Men's Health, Frances a copy of GQ.

Frances is laughing, Bobbi is reading from the magazine, a serious expression on her face - she's reading from it as though it's poetry perhaps, as though she's Kate Tempest - the emphasis on the end of the sentence, taking it slow.

BOBBI

You don't have to go -  
(pauses for effect)  
(MORE)

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Full Keto -

(pause)

To enjoy the Muscle building. The Muscle building benefits that fat has to offer -

FRANCES

(laughing)

To offer -

BOBBI

(reading - still treating it like performance poetry)

Have those nuts -

(pause)

That Avocado -

Frances doubles up laughing. Bobbi flicks through the pages.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

I mean, it's actually quite good.

FRANCES

With the right intonation, everything can be poetry.

BOBBI

Stop, we - you - have actual skills.

Frances nods. Sure. She puts her magazine back.

FRANCES

We're being so obnoxious.

Bobbi nods, amused.

BOBBI

I know. The worst. I love us.

Frances nods. Laughs.

6

EXT. SUPERMARKET. EVENING - MOMENTS LATER. SD2.

6

BOBBI and FRANCES are leaving the supermarket, in a good mood. They walk down the street.

7

OMITTED

7

8

OMITTED

8

9 INT. LIVING ROOM, FRANCES'S FLAT. NIGHT. SD2. 9

FRANCES and BOBBI are sitting on the couch, drinking the wine, eating crisps. They're laughing, chatting easily, happily. They're watching something on TV - a wild-life documentary or similar. They aren't really paying attention to it - or when they are, they are commenting, reacting animatedly.

9A INT. LIVING ROOM, FRANCES'S FLAT. LATER. 9A

It's late. There's an empty bottle of wine. Bobbi stretches a little. Drains her glass.

BOBBI

I should head.

She stands up slowly.

FRANCES

Okay. Text me when you're home.

They hug.

BOBBI

Sleep tight. Night.

She leaves. We sit with Frances for a moment, hearing the door close.

9B EXT. FRANCES' FLAT. NIGHT. MOMENTS LATER. SD2. 9B

BOBBI exits the apartment building. She takes a breath of the night air, and starts to walk home.

9C EXT. PARK, DUBLIN. DAY. SD3. 9C

FRANCES is sitting on a park bench writing in her notebook, drinking a coffee (reusable cup).

10 OMITTED 10

11 OMITTED 11

12 INT. BAR, DUBLIN. NIGHT. SD3. 12

FRANCES and BOBBI are inside the pub - performing BIG DATA to a reasonably busy, young crowd, including PHILIP, JULES and DARA. Most people are engaged, watching. A few others continue their conversations. Bobbi and Frances are confident together, funny - a good duo.

13

INT. BAR, DUBLIN. LATER - NIGHT. SD3.

13

FRANCES and BOBBI are on their way to the bar.

They pause with PHILIP, JULES and DARA, getting congratulated on their set. Bobbi is making them laugh. Frances and Bobbi look at each other - affectionate, warm, a little conspiratorial. They break away and go to the bar.

MELISSA, 30's, is down the bar. Someone moves away and she spots BOBBI and FRANCES.

MELISSA

That was really great -

Bobbi and Frances look at her, surprised, she smiles.

BOBBI

Thanks -

The bartender starts to take Melissa's order - a glass of wine.

Bobbi turns to Frances.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

That's -

FRANCES

Yeah.

BOBBI

That writer -

FRANCES

Yeah -

BOBBI

(enthusiastic)

That was nice of her -

FRANCES

She's coming -

Melissa is walking behind them, with her glass of wine, she smiles again, not necessarily intending to stop or say anything.

BOBBI

Thanks so much. That was really kind of you to say.

Melissa stops.

MELISSA

I really loved it. Great writing.

BOBBI

Frances is the writer. I'm, like, her muse.

Melissa laughs. Frances frowns.

MELISSA  
I need a muse.

BOBBI  
I don't operate exclusively.

Melissa smiles, she likes this.

MELISSA  
Has she been musing for you long?

FRANCES  
We started in school.

BOBBI  
We were fucking then too, but we  
don't do that anymore.

Melissa laughs - surprised.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
We dropped the fucking, but kept  
the poetry -

MELISSA  
That sounds like the wrong way  
round -

BOBBI  
I know right -

Bobbi laughs. Melissa sets down her wine on the bar.

MELISSA  
(to Bobbi)  
You're American? Are you? It's hard  
to tell sometimes, half of Dublin  
sounds American -

Bobbi nods.

BOBBI  
I'm legitimately American. New  
York.

MELISSA  
Bit of a change.

BOBBI  
Oh yeah. I was like - look at this  
little baby city -

MELISSA

When I first moved over from London  
- I kept having this...recurring  
dream there were parts of the city  
I hadn't discovered. Like - the  
"restaurant district". And wake up  
and be like - Ah. This is actually  
it.

Even Frances laughs at this.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

But I love living by the sea.  
Swimming every morning makes up for  
a lot.

BOBBI

The cold water swimming thing - I  
can't -

MELISSA

You should try it.

BOBBI

I know. I know, it's a religion -  
but it's freezing -

Melissa looks at Frances.

MELISSA

How about you?

FRANCES

Equally sceptical.

Melissa looks over their heads - a MAN - NICK (30s) is approaching. She raises her hand in a wave, they turn and look at him. He looks at Melissa, at Bobbi and Frances, questioning. He's wearing a suit, a nice coat.

MELISSA

Hey.

NICK

Hi.

Melissa looks at Frances and Bobbi, explaining.

MELISSA

This is Nick. My husband.

NICK

Sorry. I'm earlier than I said I'd be.

MELISSA

This is Frances. And Bobbi.

He glances at them both. Bobbi waves.

BOBBI

Hi.

He smiles. Looks at Melissa.

NICK

Did you. Want to stay for another or -

MELISSA

No. You're tired.

She smiles at Bobbi and Frances. Finishes her wine.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

It was very lovely meeting you both.

FRANCES

You too.

MELISSA

We should do a swim sometime - I promise I'll convert you.

BOBBI

I'll text you my number.

She takes out her phone.

14

EXT. STREET, DUBLIN, LATER. SD3.

14

FRANCES and BOBBI are walking through Dublin.

BOBBI

Did you ever read her book?

FRANCES

I've got it. I've just never read it.

BOBBI

It's good. You'd hate it.

They pause at a bus stop. A bus is approaching. Bobbi hails it, and squeezes Frances's hand, yawning.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Night Frances.

Frances smiles, watches Bobbi get on the bus, and starts walking.

15

INT. PUBLISHING OFFICE. MORNING. SD4.

15

FRANCES is standing with PHILIP (21) in a small, open plan publishing office. They are standing near two desks that are close together, surrounded by shelves with files on them. SUNNY leads them through. Philip is holding some files. Frances has her rucksack on. They have mugs of tea.

SUNNY

I have to run - but I'll leave you in Philip's capable hands.

FRANCES

Thanks, Sunny -

Sunny smiles and leaves the office. Philip gestures to an empty desk.

PHILIP

So you can sit there.

FRANCES

That's very decent of you Philip.

Philip smiles.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Where do you sit?

Philip shrugs.

PHILIP

Here. It's like a hot desking thing.

FRANCES

Oh good. So I can read to you.

He narrows his eyes, shakes his head.

PHILIP

No. You read. To yourself. In your head.

FRANCES

That's very difficult.

PHILIP

And then you write your report.

FRANCES

I sit here and make an assessment on someone's creative abilities when I'm not qualified - and, more crucially, I'm fundamentally opposed to the whole notion - that sounds like a really solid plan -

PHILIP

(laughing)

Frances, you said you wanted to do this -

FRANCES

I mean, what happens if I've had a shit morning? Am I allowed to just make arbitrary decisions and we'll use that as a barometer of cultural excellence, will we?

PHILIP

Don't get excited Frances. You write it, I read it and if you happen to have an undiscovered genius in that pile, then maybe someone more important might get to hear about it.

She shrugs.

FRANCES

Alright then.

He smiles. Sits down.

PHILIP

Oh. And you can expense lunch.

She laughs.

FRANCES and PHILIP are reading manuscripts and drinking tea. Frances laughs. Philip looks up.

FRANCES

(not looking up)

I was wrong. You can absolutely assess someone's creative abilities.

She looks up. Grins.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

This is factually fucking atrocious.

He shakes his head slightly, smiling.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(reading)

'His stomach was soft, like marshmallows. His face, however, was serious.'

Philip laughs.

PHILIP

His face, however?

She nods, deadly serious, wide eyed.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

That's not real. That's you.

Frances shakes her head, flips the manuscript to show him.

FRANCES

Nope. That's Helena's debut novel.

Page 24. I shit you not.

Philip laughs.

16A

EXT. FRANCES' APARTMENT. MORNING. SD5.

16A

FRANCES leaves her building carrying a reusable coffee cup and her swimming bag.

17

OMITTED

17

17A

EXT. SEA. DUBLIN. LATE MORNING. SD5.

17A

FRANCES, BOBBI and MELISSA are swimming in the sea. It's cold, but lovely, a fresh, bright day. They are all enjoying the water and each other's company. They have swum quite far out and are heading back towards the shore.

17B EXT. BEACH, DUBLIN. A LITTLE LATER. SD5.

17B

FRANCES, BOBBI and MELISSA are pulling clothes on over their swimsuits and towel drying hair.

BOBBI

That. Was. Amazing -

Frances and Melissa look at her, laughing at her enthusiasm.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

(tipping her head back,  
arms outstretched)

The Irish Sea! Who fucking knew!

17C EXT. NICK AND MELISSA'S HOUSE, MONKSTOWN. A LITTLE LATER. 17C SD5.

FRANCES, BOBBI and MELISSA arrive at Nick and Melissa's house and make their way inside.

17D INT. KITCHEN, NICK AND MELISSA'S HOUSE. A LITTLE LATER. 17D SD5.

FRANCES is standing in Nick and Melissa's kitchen. MELISSA is opening and closing the fridge, putting things on chopping boards, the kettle on to boil, a pan on the stove.

BOBBI is looking around the room in a fairly obvious way, admiring the books and the pictures on the walls. Frances is watching more covertly.

There's a dog, following Melissa around the room.

MELISSA

I'm gonna jump in the shower if you  
don't mind -

FRANCES

Course not.

MELISSA

Takes me ages to get warm.

Frances smiles, polite.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

There's another shower through  
there. I've put clean towels on the  
side, jump in if you want?

Bobbi nods.

BOBBI

Yeah. Thanks.

She looks at Frances.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
That okay?

Frances shrugs, nods, sure.

FRANCES  
I'm not cold.

Melissa smiles, standing in the doorway.

MELISSA  
Okay. Well. Help yourself to  
whatever you like.

Frances nods.

FRANCES  
Can I do anything?

Melissa shrugs, thinking.

MELISSA  
No, no, just relax.

Frances nods.

Melissa leaves. They watch her go.

17E INT. KITCHEN, NICK AND MELISSA'S HOUSE. A LITTLE LATER. 17E  
SD5.

FRANCES stands in the kitchen, taking in the surroundings of Nick and Melissa's world. There's a busy shelf stacked with books. She runs her finger along the spines. There's the noise of the shower in the bathroom next door.

Outside, the sun is shining. She looks around the room, at the books and art. Her hair is damp.

There's the noise of the front door opening and closing, and keys going down on the side.

NICK (O.S.)  
Hey.

Frances turns, feels a little self conscious, as though she's been caught doing something worse than looking at some books.

NICK comes in, carrying some shopping bags. He looks surprised to see Frances. Recovers. The dog is hopping around his feet.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Oh. Hi. How's it going.

She nods.

FRANCES

Hi.

(awkward wave)

Frances.

He nods.

NICK

Sure. Course. One of the poets.

He puts the bags down.

NICK (CONT'D)

How was the swim?

She smiles. Nods.

FRANCES

It was good.

BOBBI steps out of the bathroom into the hallway, her feet bare. She smiles at Nick.

BOBBI

Hi.

He looks at her. Nods.

NICK

Hey.

She nods, sort of waits.

BOBBI

I'm sorry, what's your name again?

He laughs.

18

OMITTED

18

19

INT. KITCHEN, NICK AND MELISSA'S HOUSE. A LITTLE LATER. SD<sup>5.9</sup>

BOBBI and FRANCES, NICK and MELISSA are sitting at the table. They're eating - pasta and bread and salad and cheese. They're drinking white wine. The dog is asleep in the corner.

FRANCES

Your house is very cool.

BOBBI

I love it. You two are such grown ups.

MELISSA

I know.

BOBBI

How long have you lived here?

Melissa looks at Nick.

MELISSA

Six years?

Nick nods. Think so.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

(to Bobbi)

I moved over around when you did, I suppose.

(to Nick)

Bobbi's from New York.

NICK

Oh, wow.

BOBBI

Yeah it was a bit of a culture shock at first. There are...a lot of white people here.

NICK

Yeah...I feel like it's better than it used to be, but...

FRANCES

I mean it's still pretty mono (cultural) -

MELISSA

What brought you over?

BOBBI

My parents got jobs. They're academics. They hate each other.

MELISSA

Nick's the only person I know whose parents are still in love. And super demonstrative. It's actually quite uncomfortable to be around.

BOBBI

I mean no one should have to deal with that.

Bobbi and Melissa are enjoying each other. Melissa makes an effort to draw Frances and Nick into the conversation.

MELISSA

(to Nick)

Frances studies English

(to Frances)

Nick studied English and French.

Frances nods. Oh right. Looks at Nick.

BOBBI

Did you like it?

Nick thinks.

NICK  
Yeah. I loved it.

Bobbi and Melissa both wait a beat, thinking Frances or Nick might say more, but neither do.

BOBBI  
Were you big in the Players crowd then?

Nick smiles. Winces a bit.

NICK  
I was, yeah.

A lull.

MELISSA  
Do you write other stuff Frances?  
Like, other forms? Prose?

Frances shakes her head.

FRANCES  
No.

MELISSA  
How come?

Frances blinks. Thinks a little bit.

FRANCES  
I like the impermanence of it. The.  
Performance thing, I.

She blushes slightly.

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
I feel a bit sick when I think  
about it lasting forever.

MELISSA  
I always thought writing was about  
some kind of desire for permanence.  
I feel like I'm trying to find  
clarity when I write...and when I  
do, I want to. Keep it.

Frances shakes her head slightly.

FRANCES  
I think I'm trying for that. But.  
(shrugs)  
It just doesn't feel possible.

Melissa nods, picks up a cigarette packet on the side.

MELISSA

Sure -

FRANCES

Or maybe I don't want to package it  
for people to own.

BOBBI

Frances is a communist.

FRANCES

Thanks, Bobbi -

MELISSA

So books understood as a commodity.

FRANCES

Maybe. In a sense. It depends. The  
really good ones are more than  
that.

Frances looks down at her hands. Melissa laughs - not  
unkindly.

MELISSA

The rest of us are just grinding it  
out on the production line.

She stands up, the cigarettes in her hand, picking up her  
wine glass.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Smoke.

Bobbi looks at her.

BOBBI

D'you mind if I -

MELISSA

Please.

They leave, heading for the conservatory. Frances picks at  
her spaghetti, a little self - conscious.

She looks up at Bobbi and Melissa in the conservatory,  
lighting their cigarettes. Bobbi says something and it makes  
Melissa laugh - really laugh.

Frances smiles slightly.

FRANCES

I guess I'm kind of surplus to  
requirements.

Nick follows her gaze. Looks back at her.

NICK

Is Melissa playing favourites?

FRANCES

It's okay Bobbi's everyone's  
favourite.

NICK

Really? I warmed to you more.

FRANCES

Yes, I thought we had a natural  
rapport.

Nick smiles and looks away.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Sorry.

She takes a sip of wine.

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
I'm not great at these things.

NICK  
I think you're doing pretty well.

FRANCES  
Thanks.

She takes another sip of wine. He pours himself some water from the jug.

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
This is really delicious. Thank you.

He nods. No worries.

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
Are you um. Are you in something at the moment? Is that the worst question?

He smiles.

NICK  
Yeah. A play.

She nods.

FRANCES  
Are you not enjoying it?

He looks a little surprised. Thoughtful. He looks up.

NICK  
I mean it's.

He thinks.

NICK (CONT'D)  
It's nice to be working. I know people say that and it's.

He shakes his head.

NICK (CONT'D)  
The play's fine - not a very bold choice. *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. Do you know it?

She nods.

FRANCES  
I read it a long time ago. I haven't seen it.

NICK

It's melodrama. Which. Is not a dig, I'm not - like, people say that, don't they in a... Disparaging. But. I mean. That's the point - that's the *fun* of it - it's like, a proper play where stuff happens.

Frances takes a sip of wine and glances back at Melissa and Bobbi. Bobbi is animatedly telling Melissa a story.

FRANCES

I should see it.

Nick looks at her.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

I liked it when I read it.

He nods. Thinks for a moment.

NICK

If you like I could always set aside tickets. No pressure. The production isn't great. Nothing groundbreaking.

She nods. He narrows his eyes, doubtful.

NICK (CONT'D)

You're being polite.

She shakes her head. Smiles.

FRANCES

No, I'd really like to see it.

He takes out his phone.

NICK

If I take your email then I can sort some -

She nods. He passes her his phone. She starts to put her email address in. He looks at her as she types.

NICK (CONT'D)

What um. What do you write about?

She keeps typing. Looks up at him. He pulls a face.

NICK (CONT'D)

That's a terrible question.

FRANCES

The worst.

He smiles.

NICK

I'll think of another one. Maybe something lighter.

Pretends to think.

NICK (CONT'D)

So are you a committed Communist?

She laughs. Passes his phone back.

FRANCES

Not really. No. I don't do anything about it at all.

(she laughs)

Which must make me sound -

He shakes his head, kind, thoughtful.

NICK

No. Not at all.

He smiles. Looks at her.

NICK (CONT'D)

It's good...in whatever way to...Most of us just kind of swim around in a pretty aimless comfortable...

She looks at him.

NICK (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm not making much sense.

FRANCES

No, not at all. I mean you are, I think.

20

INT. TAXI. A LITTLE LATER. SD5.

20

FRANCES and BOBBI are in the back of a taxi. They chat lightly about Nick and Melissa and the evening. A comfortable silence settles in.

Frances looks out of the window, thoughtful, tired.

21

INT. HALLWAY, FRANCES'S FLAT. LATER. SD5.

21

The flat, empty and quiet, lights off.

The sound of a key turning in the lock and then FRANCES walks in. She stands in the doorway for a moment, flicking the lights on. There's a small table - she throws the keys down on it. Looks at it.

She walks into a bathroom, opens the door and turns the light on. She goes into the kitchen and turns the light on.

She comes back into the hall.

22

INT. FRANCES'S BEDROOM. A LITTLE LATER. SD5.

22

FRANCES is lying in bed, her clothes still on. The lights are on. She's fast asleep.

23

INT. SECOND HAND BOOKSTORE, DUBLIN. MORNING. SD6.

23

FRANCES and BOBBI are in a secondhand bookstore. Neither is looking for anything specific.

BOBBI

Don't you think it's weird that they're married?

Frances pauses.

FRANCES

Weird how?

Frances watches Bobbi pull a book down and then slide it back somewhere else.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

You think they're not, like. Well suited?

BOBBI

I don't know. No. Not really. But. I mean, more, like. Why the fuck get married?

FRANCES

People get married.

BOBBI

Obviously, Frances.

FRANCES

People grow up, get married and have babies.

BOBBI

Yes. Boring people. Boring people who then get a fucking divorce.

Frances laughs.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

But she's. Like. Interesting.  
Conscious. Smart. Like, I can't  
picture them having a Wedding. With  
a dress and those little people on  
a cake. Right?

FRANCES

Maybe they didn't. Maybe she wore a  
jumpsuit and they had a  
cheeseboard, I don't know.

Bobbi laughs.

BOBBI

It's still fucking *marriage*.

FRANCES

You have a crush on her.

BOBBI

Obviously I have a crush on her.

Beat.

FRANCES

I thought he was funny.

Bobbi looks at her, a bit disbelieving.

BOBBI

He barely opened his mouth. Can  
you imagine them together? On their  
own? Fucking? Holding a  
conversation that lasts longer than  
two minutes?

FRANCES

I mean. Who knows what happens  
between two people when they're  
alone, Bobbi.

Bobbi looks at her, curious, thoughtful.

24

INT. LIVING ROOM, FRANCES'S FLAT. LATER - AFTERNOON. SD6. 24

FRANCES is lying on the sofa. She's looking at images of Nick on Google. Mostly screenshots from a TV show - he looks handsome, glamorous. There are a couple of actor headshot images, one of him and Melissa holding drinks at some party.

Frances screenshots one of the photographs and sends to Bobbi writing "Trophy husband?".

25 EXT. STREET, DUBLIN. EARLY EVENING. SD7.

25

FRANCES is walking quickly along a street. She's dressed slightly differently - maybe smarter, or all in black or something. Her hair up, make up on. She's clearly made an effort.

26 INT. THEATRE FOYER. A LITTLE LATER. SD7.

26

FRANCES is in the foyer of a theatre. There are posters for the play on the walls.

Someone walks past her, pushing her slightly. She looks over her shoulder.

FRANCES

Sorry.

27 INT. THEATRE AUDITORIUM. MOMENTS LATER. SD7.

27

FRANCES is sitting in a packed out theatre. She has a programme on her lap. She alternates between flicking through it and looking around at the audience, trying to figure out what kind of person has come here.

She gets to Nick's bio page in the programme and pauses. She looks at his image - it's a black and white headshot - he's looking down the lens.

28 INT. THEATRE AUDITORIUM. A LITTLE LATER. SD7.

28

FRANCES is watching NICK on stage. The costumes are period. He's talking in an American accent - shouting. Frances is sitting up straight, at the edge of her seat, leaning forward a little. She's fascinated by him.

29 INT. THEATRE AUDITORIUM. A LITTLE LATER. SD7.

29

NICK and the cast are in a line, taking a bow.

The audience are applauding. FRANCES is staring at Nick. She claps.

30 INT. BAR / FOYER THEATRE. A LITTLE LATER. SD7.

30

FRANCES is in the foyer, her jacket on. She has her phone out, she's scrolling, but every so often she's looking up at the bar. The foyer is empty now, but the bar filling up.

She sees NICK come out of a side door in the bar and immediately spot a group of friends who wave him over. (NB - we will see some of these faces again at Melissa's birthday in Ep2, and Nick's birthday in Ep11).

One of them whoops and Nick shakes his head, embarrassed. They pass him a pint, he smiles, they clap him on the back - clearly saying well done / nice one and he's shaking his head, dismissive - please can we talk about something else.

Frances watches for a moment, her face flushed, her eyes wide. He doesn't look over. She steps towards him -

And then she pauses, losing her nerve.

And then she leaves.

31 EXT. THEATRE, DUBLIN. MOMENTS LATER - LATE EVENING. SD7. 31

FRANCES takes out her phone. She hesitates. Types.

**Frances:** *You were great. Congratulations. Thanks so much.*  
*Frances.*

She deletes her name. Types an *F*. Looks at it. Hits send and puts her phone in her pocket, then immediately takes it out again, selecting some music to listen to, putting her headphones in her ears and walks on.

31A INT. HALLWAY, FRANCES'S FLAT. A LITTLE LATER. NIGHT. SD7. 31A

FRANCES enters, pulling out her headphones. She checks her phone - there's a message from Nick.

**Nick:** *i'm sorry I missed you. you should have stayed for a drink.*

She pauses, hovering for a moment. Types a reply.

**Frances:** *I didn't want to crowd you. It was really great.*

Hits send. Nick responds quickly.

**Nick:** *thank you. when're you next performing? i'd like to come.*

She smiles. Types.

**Frances:** *You're being polite.*

**Nick:** *reciprocal.*

She smiles again.

**Nick:** *are you guys ever on late?*

She swallows.

32 EXT. CHIPPER/TAKE AWAY, DUBLIN. LATE AFTERNOON. SD8. 32

FRANCES, PHILIP and BOBBI are walking away from a takeaway restaurant with bags. Frances is feeling a little unwell.

PHILIP  
How was the play?

FRANCES  
He was good. The play -

She gestures, "meh."

PHILIP  
Awkward.

BOBBI  
I can't believe you went without me. Was Melissa there?

FRANCES  
I didn't see her.

BOBBI  
She doesn't like Tennessee Williams. She told me.

Bobbi smiles at Frances.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
She thinks he's too mannered.

FRANCES  
Yeah. I mean. That's the point though isn't it? It's not like it's accidentally mannered?

BOBBI  
Frances. You're being annoying.

Frances smiles.

FRANCES  
Yep. Sorry.

32A INT. KITCHEN, FRANCES'S FLAT. LATER - NIGHT. SD8. 32A

FRANCES, BOBBI and PHILIP eat their take away, chatting, laughing.

32B INT. HALLWAY, FRANCES'S FLAT. A LITTLE LATER - NIGHT SD.8 32B  
FRANCES shows PHILIP out the door.

She walks back to the living room; BOBBI is asleep on the sofa.

Frances walks into the kitchen

32C INT. KITCHEN, FRANCES'S FLAT. CONTINUOUS. SD8. 32C  
FRANCES is boiling water for her hot water bottle.

33 INT. LIVING ROOM, FRANCES'S FLAT. LATER - NIGHT. SD8. 33  
FRANCES and BOBBI have fallen asleep on the sofa. Frances has her hot water bottle. It's dark, quiet, the sound of rain.

And then Frances wakes up, with a gasp of pain. She's sweating, her hair sticking to her forehead, her cheeks flushed. Her hand goes to her pelvis and grips, she sucks in air between her teeth, closes her eyes. She makes a noise.

FRANCES

Fuck.

Reaches out, she tries to sit up - it hurts too much. She takes a second, holding her abdomen, trying to breathe through the pain. Doesn't work.

Bobbi stirs slightly, but doesn't wake.

Frances swings her legs off the sofa and tries to stand up - it hurts. She holds onto her abdomen, gripping it tightly and pushes herself off the sofa.

34 INT. BATHROOM, FRANCES'S FLAT. MOMENTS LATER. SD8. 34  
FRANCES is sitting on the bathroom floor. She is resting her head on the side of the bath. Her cheeks are flushed, her hair sticking to her face.

There's a gentle knocking on the door.

BOBBI (O.S.)  
(through the door)  
Frances?

Frances swallows. Closes her eyes.

FRANCES  
Mmm.

BOBBI (O.S.)  
Are you okay?

Frances exhales, shakily. She looks at her hand - it's trembling.

FRANCES  
Period pain.

BOBBI (O.S.)  
You suffer. Is it very bad this time?

FRANCES  
Yeah.

BOBBI  
Have you got painkillers in there?

Frances swallows. Shakes her head.

FRANCES  
No.

BOBBI (O.S.)  
Hang on.

Frances rolls her forehead against the bath, Bobbi's footsteps padding away down the hall. She grips her abdomen still.

Bobbi's footsteps approach.

She cracks open the door and hands Frances a packet of pills and her hot water bottle, and gently closes the door.

FRANCES  
You should go home.

There's a pause. She hears Bobbi breathing.

BOBBI  
No. I'll stay.

Frances moves, pushes harder on her stomach.

FRANCES  
I'll be fine. Go. Get some sleep.

There's another pause. Frances looks at the door.

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
Please.

There's a moment. She hears Bobbi's feet padding away down the hall.

35 INT. BATHROOM, FRANCES'S FLAT. DAWN. SD9. 35

FRANCES is lying, curled up on the bathroom floor, clutching her hot water bottle to her abdomen still. There's a gentle knock on the door.

Frances gets up and opens it. BOBBI steps in. She looks at Frances, her face folds in a concerned expression.

BOBBI  
Oh Frances.

Frances looks at Bobbi. Smiles weakly.

FRANCES  
You stayed.

36 OMITTED 36

37 INT. BAR, DUBLIN. LATER - NIGHT. SD9. 37

FRANCES is talking to DAN, the promoter - he has a clipboard.

FRANCES  
Is there any chance Bobbi and I could go towards the end tonight?

DAN  
Sure, I don't care - as long as you work it out with the others, I'm not fussed Frances.

FRANCES  
Thanks.

38 INT. TOILETS, BAR. NIGHT. SD9. 38

BOBBI is leaning against the sinks, her back to the mirrors. FRANCES is in front of them, opposite her. They have a bottle of white wine that they are passing back and forth and drinking from.

Frances is staring at her reflection in the mirror. Her features seem to be doing something odd - coming apart from her face or something, she keeps studying her reflection. Bobbi looks at her.

BOBBI  
How're you feeling?

FRANCES  
Better.

Bobbi narrows her eyes. Looks at Frances staring at herself.

BOBBI

Stop staring at yourself.

Frances blinks. Refocuses to look at Bobbi.

FRANCES

Okay.

She swallows.

39

INT. BAR. A LITTLE LATER. SD9.

39

FRANCES and BOBBI are performing DIAMONDS together. It's going well, Bobbi is getting laughs. Frances feels hot, clammy, faint. She blinks - the light is too bright.

Bobbi is speaking for a longer section - Frances looks up, looking out into the room, her eyes scanning the crowd - MELISSA at a table with some friends, PHILIP at the back with some of his friends. Frances sees the door open at the back and NICK comes in, head down but glancing up at the same time.

Frances feels her skin prickle. She starts to speak.

39A

INT. BAR. LATER. SD9.

39A

FRANCES and BOBBI walk with drinks over to MELISSA and NICK, Bobbi leading the way as they weave through little groups of people.

MELISSA

Well done.

NICK

It was brilliant.

Frances flushes a little.

BOBBI

It's roasting.

They make to move.

40

EXT. BAR. A LITTLE LATER. SD9.

40

MELISSA, NICK, BOBBI and FRANCES and a few of the others are outside. Melissa lights a cigarette.

MELISSA

What did you think of the play the other night?

Frances nods.

FRANCES

Yeah. It was.

Nick pulls a bit of a face. Melissa looks at him, at Frances.

MELISSA

I can't watch it.

Frances looks at Nick.

FRANCES

I thought you were very good.

Melissa smiles. Nick rubs the back of his head.

BOBBI

Don't you feel a bit conflicted?

Nick looks at her.

NICK

Generally, or...?

She smiles.

BOBBI

You're playing a gay character. And you're a straight man.

NICK

Hm. Is Brick gay? Bisexual maybe...

BOBBI

You make it sound like gay is the destination and bisexual is like a stop on the way...not quite there.

Nick narrows his eyes. Smiles.

NICK

Yeah?

BOBBI

I mean Frances is bisexual so you've probably totally offended her.

FRANCES

Jesus Christ, Bobbi.

Nick smiles again - not rising.

NICK

Then I apologise.

Melissa looks at Frances.

NICK (CONT'D)  
I promise I feel very conflicted  
Bobbi.

She raises her head. Looks at him, thoughtful.

BOBBI  
Okay. As long as you're self  
flagellating and having an awful  
time.

He smiles. Laughs. Nods.

NICK  
I am. Promise.  
(pause)  
And I'm sorry I was late.

Frances looks at Nick who is looking to the side - his face is in profile, he looks tired.

She swallows. He turns and looks at her.

41 EXT. STREET, DUBLIN. LATER - NIGHT. SD9.

41

BOBBI and FRANCES are walking home. Bobbi is eating some chips as they walk. It's late, some people still out, heading home, a few people walking from bars to clubs.

BOBBI  
He's just so quiet.

FRANCES  
I'm quiet.

BOBBI  
You take up a lot of space with  
your quietness. He's like.

She knocks her head. Laughs.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
Nothing going on up there.

Bobbi shoves a chip into her mouth.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
Okay fine, maybe he's not dumb, but  
he's devoid of personality.

FRANCES  
That's what you said about me -

Bobbi pulls a face, points a finger.

BOBBI

Bullshit - I said you didn't have a real personality - Like your personality isn't fixed - but you are undoubtedly solid and deep ...

Frances continues to laugh. Bobbi laughs, too.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

He's. Lacking.

They walk on. Frances takes a chip.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

She's like.

She pauses, thoughtful. Frances waits.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

One of the most interesting, fascinating people I've ever met.

FRANCES

Wow.

BOBBI

(smiling)

I mean. Maybe that's a slight exaggeration.

FRANCES

Yeah, but even so.

42

INT. BAR, DUBLIN. EARLIER. FLASHBACK. SD9.

42

We're back in the bar, FRANCES and BOBBI on stage. Frances is watching NICK walk in from the back. We hear the continuation of the dialogue from the previous scene.

BOBBI (V.O.)

He's like perfectly nice. I can see that he has aesthetic qualities - but even his like, goodlooking-ness is so fucking generic -

FRANCES (V.O.)

Being generically good looking is being just straightforwardly attractive, isn't it?

We're with Frances as she walks to the bar, Bobbi up ahead of her, greeting MELISSA with a warm hug, Nick standing back, watching Frances, almost smiling.

43 EXT. BAR, DUBLIN. EARLIER - AS BEFORE. FLASHBACK. SD9. 43

We are back close to where we left off the previous scene outside the bar. A little later. BOBBI and MELISSA are chatting with a few other people.

FRANCES and NICK are a little off to the side..

FRANCES

Thanks for coming.

He nods.

NICK

I liked it.

We stay on his face, very close. We continue to watch Frances and Nick as they talk but the sound bleeds out. Over these mute pictures we hear Frances' voice.

FRANCES (V.O.)

He's sort of impossible to read.  
But. Open at the same time. I keep thinking it's because he's an actor - like, used to being observed, and in control of his expressions and.

44 INT. LIVING ROOM, FRANCES'S FLAT. LATER. SD9. 44

FRANCES and BOBBI are sitting on the sofa. They each have a glass of wine, the open bottle on the floor. Frances continues to speak.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

It's kind of fascinating.

She shakes her head. Sips her wine. Bobbi thinks. Nods. Yawns.

45 EXT. BAR, DUBLIN - AS BEFORE. SD9. 45

NICK is looking at FRANCES. We are back to hear a repeat of his last line:

NICK

I liked it.

He shakes his head.

NICK (CONT'D)  
I don't really know how to be  
articulate about it beyond that,  
but.

He blinks. Laughs a bit.

NICK (CONT'D)  
'I liked it.'  
(shakes his head)  
Would've been better if I'd said  
nothing.

They both smile, relaxing.

NICK (CONT'D)  
I'll craft an email. It will be  
full of compliments. And be in  
complete sentences.

FRANCES  
But won't require (us to make) eye  
contact.

NICK  
Exactly.

Her breath quickens.

FRANCES  
We could try though.

46

INT. LIVING ROOM, FRANCES'S FLAT. NIGHT. SD9.

46

FRANCES and BOBBI have finished their wine. Bobbi is looking  
at her phone. Frances is lost in thought.