

WINE 'DOWN

"PILOT"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. VINEYARD BAR - LATE AT NIGHT

(Kirsty, Julien, French #1 and French #2)

KIRSTY AND JULIEN DRINK THEIR THIRD BOTTLE OF WINE, APIECE.  
KIRSTY SPINS A WORLD GLOBE.

FRENCH #2 (O.S.)

Last call!

KIRSTY

I'm so tired of the judgements from  
everyone. So what if I'm divorced...  
twice.

JULIEN

So what if I'm not in my 20's, I'm  
still a twink.

KIRSTY

Oh, honey. I don't think you even  
qualify as a twunk?

JULIEN

Listen, Black Widow.

KIRSTY

I'm so done with the states. They just  
don't get me.

JULIEN

They don't get us. California keeps  
acting like I'm old. Last time I went  
to brunch they offered me a senior  
discount.

(MORE)

JULIEN (CONT'D)

I know I usually date older but was it  
a drag brunch or a drag-me brunch?

KIRSTY

You're only what forty?

JULIEN

You're paying for all of this. Look at  
this hair! I haven't even peaked yet.

JULIEN'S TEETH SLIP OUT. KIRSTY PRETENDS NOT TO SEE THIS.

KIRSTY

That's it. Time to be bold. Decision  
made. Wherever this lands, that's  
where I'm moving.

JULIEN

I'll move with you. You seem stable  
enough. Sounds great.

JULIEN'S TEETH SLIDE AWAY. KIRSTY STRUGGLES TO IGNORE THIS.

JULIEN

Spin it! Oh, (finds teeth, pounces,  
catches, inserts) Spin!

FRENCH #2 AS HOT BARTENDER APPEARS, SPINNING IN A CIRCLE. THEY  
SMILE. KIRSTY SPINS THE GLOBE, IT LANDS ON ANTARTICA.

KIRSTY

That doesn't count.

JULIEN

Just a warm-up.

KIRSTY

Yeah! Just getting it started! What  
are we in a rush for?

FRENCH #2

Last call!

KIRSTY

You already called that!

FRENCH #2 GRABS THEIR DRINKS. KIRSTY AND JULIEN ATTEMPT TO GRAB  
THEM. KIRSTY SPINS, LANDING ON RUSSIA.

KIRSTY

(Spinning) Best two out of three!

JULIEN

(Spinning) That was two! Let me spin.

KIRSTY

Out of three! Antartica, Russia. I get  
one more.

JULIEN

Three strikes you're out you Jeter-  
cheater.

KIRSTY

This is my game you slippery lip.

SHE FIGHTS HIM OFF, UNTIL HE BITES AT HER. DISGUSTED, SHE RUNS  
AWAY. JULIEN SPINS, LANDING ON SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE.

JULIEN

Ok! Ok!! I did it! We have a winner!

KIRSTY

(Reading France) Lemme see! Yes! First  
try, too. Lucky bastard. Oui! Oui oui!

THE TWO HIGH FIVE. FRENCH #2 APPEARS, NOW SPEAKING ABSOLUTE GIBBERISH-FRENCH TO USHER THEM AWAY, AS THE CURTAIN ROTATES THROUGH BACKDROPS, RE-SETTING THE BAR'S ATMOSPHERE, INDICATING TRAVEL.

KIRSTY

Whoa! Did we just... Time jump?

JULIEN

How much did we drink?

KIRSTY

Bitch, did you order absinthe?

THE PAIR FALL OFF THEIR BARSTOOLS. ONE OF THE LIGHTS DIRECTLY ABOVE BURNS OUT. KIRSTY POPS UP, TAKING A BIG SWIG FROM A RANDOM CUP AND COLLAPSE BACK DOWN. JULIEN ATTEMPTS TO DO THE SAME BUT NEVER MANAGES TO LEAVE THE FLOOR. FRENCH #1 IS REVEALED ROTATING THE CURTAIN BACKDROPS.

FRENCH #1

Don't mind me, I'm just turning over  
the bar. (direct to Camera) I say in  
French, of course.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:INT. BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

(Kirsty and Julien, French #1, French #2, and Carol)

KIRSTY IS SPRAWLED OUT, IN A MUCH-TOO-HOT BEDROOM AS THE CURTAINS ARE ABRUPTLY FLUNG OPEN BY FRENCH #1, NOW A FRENCH-MAID. THE LIGHT HITS JULIEN'S EYES, WHICH ARE WIDE OPEN.

KIRSTY

Oh my god!!

FRENCH #1 SLAPS JULIEN. HE CRACKS HIS NECK, UNBOTHERED.

JULIEN

That hit the spot! Top of the morning.

KIRSTY REMAINS SCREAMING. FRENCH #1 SLAPS HER.

KIRSTY

Ow! Usually I don't like to be slapped  
before 11 AM... but maybe that's how  
they say hello here. (To Julien)  
Blink, could you blink? You look dead!  
I don't like corpses!

JULIEN

Does anyone like corpses?

FRENCH #1 SMILES WILDLY, HOLDING A CANDLESTICK.

FRENCH #1

I'm just joking.

JULIEN

What's she said?

KIRSTY

Why do you sleep like that? Like,  
like, like the living dead? (imitates)

JULIEN

That's not how I sleep.

KIRSTY

Back me up here Pepe LeFool!

FRENCH #1

I hate Americans.

JULIEN

I don't sleep like that cause I don't  
sleep. I have never slept. It's such a  
waste of time. And time is money. Hey,  
Coco Deathnail! Little Louvre. My  
little Louv-er.

KIRSTY

Hey! Marie Antoinette?

FRENCH #1

Listen you two brain rots, little less talking, and a little more action so I can clean up this disgusting styte you filthy pigs. It will take me all day to remove your stench. You stannnnnk! (Direct to camera) I say in perfect French of course, so they do not understand me at all. And therefore remain... unoffended.

KIRSTY AND JULIEN STARE AT HER BLANKLY.

JULIEN

I'm freezing! Can we turn on the heat! Please, por favor!

FRENCH #1

Conquistidors!

KIRSTY

How are you cold? It's 89 degrees in here? I'm sweating like a you know what in a c-h-u-r--

JULIEN

How can you sleep in these conditions?

KIRSTY

I can't! Hello, are you listening! Look at me! This is how... sweaty I am.

KIRSTY RINGS OUT HER HAIR INTO A BUCKET, FILLING IT WITH SWEAT.



JULIEN

This is how cold I am (dumps the same bucket and out drop whiskey ice cubes, ringing it for French #1).

FRENCH #1

This ain't Downton Abbey. Fill it yourself.

JULIEN

This thread count isn't helping! Where do you even find this sandpaper? Party City? Christ!

FRENCH #1

(ripping off sheets) Dior!

A MAN, FRENCH #2 IS REVEALED, WRAPPED AROUND JULIEN'S FEET.

FRENCH #1

Whore. (Gibberish French, exits with sheets)

FRENCH #2

Yes. It is I, Jorge!

JULIEN

Hey!

FRENCH #2

Jor-ge (Gibberish French).

JULIEN

I don't want to sound crazy, but do you have any clue what he's saying?

KIRSTY

(Digging in her language book) Hold on. Say it slower!

JULIEN

Read faster!

KIRSTY

I'm trying.

JULIEN

Bitch are you blind?

KIRSTY

The "doctor" said I'm "supposed" to wear glasses -- put a sock in his mouth, for the love of Christ... (off of French #1 whipping the sheets) ian Dior -- (whispers) but I don't like how they make me look.

JULIEN

That is so (whispers) shallow. You have the perfect face for glasses.

KIRSTY

Evil! Oh yes. Hide Quasimodo. Something else to hide behind. Here comes (curtsyng) little Kirsty from her tower. Ring the bells. Ring the--

JULIEN

Trauma-dump much.

KIRSTY

I'd hardly expect someone with half a jaw to try and tell me what looks good.

JULIEN

Oh so you can see.

KIRSTY

More than I care to.

FRENCH # 2 GIVES A BIG THUMBS UP TO THE JAW COMMENT.

JULIEN

Think about Clark Kent. Very sexy in the glasses... Superman!

KIRSTY

Super can't. Kent? I can't.

JULIEN

You can't with Kent?

KIRSTY

Can't.

JULIEN

Kent is out. Interesting. (Removing glasses from French #2, places them on Kirsty - hugs her face).

KIRSTY

See how wide my face is?

JULIEN

You can't see yourself.

KIRSTY

But you can, and then I have to look at you looking at me and that's enough. Nope. You put them on. (They slide right off his face, immediately) What is this optical illusion? Pick a struggle.

JULIEN

(picking up broken glasses for whimpering French #2) Here, I'll kiss them and make them all better. (Tries to kiss French #2, falls face first)

KIRSTY

(Kicking Julien) Get up Sleeping Beauty. We've got events to attend. My wedding. For starters. Excitement everyone!

FRENCH #1

Very bad luck.

JULIEN

(cleaning French #2's glasses) Didn't you just get divorced.

KIRSTY

If I knew you were going to bring your state of judgmental affairs with you, I wouldn't have brought you on the PJ.

(MORE)

KIRSTY (CONT'D)

Next time, you can fly commercial.

Out. Everybody, out.

JULIEN

Honey, I did that years ago. (Direct to Camera) I resent that joke.

FRENCH #2

(Speaks gibberish French. Direct to audience) Confession, I need a little PSA -- spotlight for me please.

KIRSTY

What is going on?

FRENCH #2

(To audience with dramatic, pop diva moves) What I am saying has not been French. You know that, right? This is what these two uncultured idiots are "hearing" us "say". Is this really how we sound to Americans?

AUDIENCE RINGS OUT YES.

FRENCH #2

Americans... I Ameri-can't. In French.

KIRSTY

Why's Celine Dion still here? Look, if you two want a second round, go to a bath house. Or at least the bathroom. Not in front of me... again. I don't mind but I don't wanna repeat.

JULIEN

Maybe he wants a tip? Why do I always  
end up with the escorts!

FRENCH #1

Costs a lot to put up with you, in  
French.

JULIEN

As if I couldn't lock him down. Did  
you just speak English?

FRENCH #2 EXTENDS OUT HIS HAND.

KIRSTY

Good luck with that, Richard Gere?

FRENCH #2

Ooh that makes me Julia Roberts.

JULIEN

(Handing him money) And Kirsty, you're  
my little Jason Alexander. This has  
been such a fun ride, can't wait to  
not repeat it!

KNOCK AT THE DOOR. IT'S FRENCH #2, JULIEN ATTEMPTS TO KISS HIM,  
IS STOPPED BY FRENCH #2 HAND, WHO GRABS THE GLASSES, AND EXITS.

KIRSTY

What a romantic, Richard.

JULIEN

Feel free to lose my number.

KIRSTY

(Tearing up paper) Consider it lost.

KIRSTY THROWS THE PAPER ALL OVER THE ROOM.

FRENCH #1

That was my chore list for the day.  
Great. I'm on Holiday now. (Grabs a  
hat and before shutting the door,  
turns, to audience) In French.

JULIEN

What a diva! I knew we would fit in  
here.

KIRSTY

They really get us, right?

JULIEN

Ciao, donna bella.

THEY KISS CHEEK, CHEEK. JULIEN EXITS. KIRSTY SORTS THROUGH  
VARIOUS SHADES OF WHITE SHE FEELS ALLOWED TO WEAR FOR THIS  
PARTICULAR WEDDING.

KIRSTY (V.O.)

Can't go with the all white look  
anymore. What's appropriate? What's  
mindful? What's... demure? What says,  
third times a charm?

SKIPPING OFF-OFF-OFF WHITE FOR A NEUTRAL, TAN LOOK. KNOCK AT  
THE DOOR, IT'S JULIEN, HAND OUTSTRETCHED.

KIRSTY

(opening clutch) Why do I always end  
up with the elderly escorts! (Hands  
Julien his teeth)

JULIEN

Love the dress choice. Very cutsie--

KIRSTY SLAMS THE DOOR ON JULIEN'S FACE -- LOUD BANG. HE FALLS DOWN ALL THE STAIRS. KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

KIRSTY

What??? It's my day. Stop trying to  
steal my spotlight.

DOOR OPENS, SPOTLIGHT ON... CAROL BURNETT. SHE DOES THREE VERY DRAMATIC FACE POSES.

KIRSTY

(Looking around the room) Are you  
OK... What're you looking at?

CAROL

There's been... a mistake!

KIRSTY

Oh is this one of those murder mystery  
events? I love these.

CAROL

No! No murders. Yet!

KIRSTY

Usually I'd play along more but I have  
a wedding to get to. So, Scarlet Maid,  
in the parlor, with the knife, final  
answer.

FRENCH #1 STOPS SAWING AT THE CHANDELIER ROPE WITH HER KNIFE,  
AND POUTS OFF.

CAROL

This is my bedroom and you're  
trespassing in it! (Direct to Camera)  
In French.



KIRSTY

(Gasps. Looks around, to any and  
everyone) Not a clue what she said!

SWIPE LEFT.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE B

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

(Kirsty, Carol, French #1 and Antonio)

CAROL AND KIRSTY HAVE A STAND-OFF IN THE HALLWAY. FRENCH #1 MEDIATES, EGGING THEM BOTH ON.

KIRSTY

(To French #1) Tell her I believe  
she's the one trespassing.

CAROL

Who me? Little old me? (Strangling  
Kirsty) Innocent, little old me? (To  
French #1) Tell her that.

ANTONIO

Girls, girls!

KIRSTY

Don't play the frail card with me you  
little squatter. You relinquished the  
bedroom, as per the terms and  
agreements. I have the paperwork!

CAROL

Nothing's been signed. Nothing is  
finalized until I sign off on it.  
You're the squatter. Tell her that.

KIRSTY

I wish you would hurry up and do that.  
(with paper and pen) Here's a pen!

CAROL

Haven't you had enough pens? With all  
the traffic coming in and out of myyy  
bedroom these past 24 hours. Maybe we  
should install a toll booth and raise  
a little capitol off that HOV lane of  
yours.

KIRSTY

Joke's on you, because every man that  
has come and went is not interested in  
me.

CAROL

What a sad thing to admit out loud.

KIRSTY

They've all been gay!

CAROL

Sleeping with gay men is so 1954. I  
would know.

KIRSTY

(Handed boxing gloves) Why don't I  
send you back to that time period  
then?

CAROL

(Banging together boxing gloves) If  
you can reach this high up from the  
gutter you crawled out of.

FRENCH #1 IS TAKING BETS FROM GROWING CROWD. ANOTONIO GLIDES UP  
THE STAIRCASE HOLDING A TRAY OF MIMOSAS.

ANOTONIO

Ladies, how about we talk this over  
with nice, friendly mimosas.

CAROL

Cool it you tall drink of water.

KIRSTY

We really don't need a man to swoop in  
and save this day! No matter how...  
handsome he is. But not as handsome as  
the man I'm about to marry. I'm the  
real catch here-- we're not inflating  
that beautiful, delectable ego, so you  
just humble yourself real quick, you  
chizzeled by the gods firm tight  
little piece of ass.

CAROL

Somebody got a spray bottle? Down  
Lassie.

KIRSTY

I'm not going to make eye contact with you, you-tempteress, you. I'm an independent woman. I'm a Carl Lentz.

FRENCH #1

The former now-cancelled-pastor that lead many a star astray? Accurate. In French.

CAROL

Listen hot stuff. Before you go and defame the sanctity of marriage further, why not pop by the kitchen real quick in that sack of potatoes dress you picked out. I heard we are out of fries.

KIRSTY

This is not the color of dirt! This is a perfectly suitable off-off-white, thank you.

CAROL

Wayyyy off. No, I respect that you go for love... so many times. Kudos to you on number... what was it again? Remind me, the PI couldn't determine if the count was at husband number 3... or number 7, officially.

KIRSTY

Oh please, your day had Elizabeth Taylor as the go-to-icon. The OG mistress to divorcee pipeline. And no one's ever looked better doing it.

CAROL

You picture yourself a little miss Elizabeth Taylor, don't you?

KIRSTY

I do favor her. (Grabs drink, blinking feverishly. Walks down the stairs)  
Thank you so much.

CAROL

See the way she blinked? That elevator doesn't quite go to the top floor.

ANOTONIO

You might've found your match.

CAROL

(To Antonio) A match for what? A house fire? And do stop smirking. She didn't win this round. (Slams a button on the wall, and all the stairs become a slide. Kirsty slips, we hear her collide down the stairs) Nobody beats me. Remember that. (grabs and sips mimosa) Mm, nobody outwits, outsmarts, nor outplays me or my name isn't--

FRENCH #1 / FRENCH #2

(Appearing, then swiftly exiting)

Carol Burnett!

CAROL

I'm a world renowned superstar, baby.

FRENCH #1 / FRENCH #2 /  
CAROL

We say, in French or whatever.

CAROL

Because apparently I can speak in any  
language! The language of comedy,  
love, and what is in this drink  
Antonio, am I detecting a twist of--

KIRSTY (V.O.)

I'm OK! Thank god I'm light on my  
toes. This drink is great!

CAROL ROLLS DOWN A BOWLING BALL. KIRSTY SCREAMS.

SWIPE RIGHT.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

## SCENE C

INT. VINEYARD BAR - MOMENTS LATER

(Kirsty and Julien, French #1, French #2, Antonio, and Carol)

KIRSTY GRABS AN ICE PACK FROM BEHIND THE BAR. FRENCH #1 IS RE-POSITIONED AS A PATRON TO THE BAR, WATCHING FUTBOL ON ONE OF THE SCREENS. JULIEN SITS NEARBY, SOPPING WET.

KIRSTY

(Icing face) Guess you're finally  
sweating like the rest of us now, Jay?

JULIEN

You know I had those removed. What  
happened to your head?

KIRSTY

Let's just say... I'm glad I get to  
wear a veil. (Walking towards door)  
Let's not do the goodbye thing again.

JULIEN

I wouldn't go out there if I was you--

FRENCH #2 IS MOPPING, SCREAMS IN GIBBERISH FRENCH AS KIRSTY  
OPENS THE DOOR TO HURRICANE WINDS.



JULIEN

Please... don't... stop.

KIRSTY

I'm from tornado alley, a little  
weather never stopped me.

KIRSTY CIRCLES OUT AND RIGHT BACK IN, SOAKED TO THE BONE.  
FRENCH #2 POSES LIKE CUPID, WHILE KIRSTY SPITS OUT WATER - A  
PICTURESQUE FOUNTAIN. FRENCH #2 THROWS THE MOP ON THE GROUND  
AND WALKS AWAY.

JULIEN

Isn't it ironic? Don't ya think-- It's  
like rayayayan--

KIRSTY

Please don't. Stop.

JULIEN

It's a free ride when you already--OK,  
I'll put that song away.

ANTONIO

(Handing towel) Do you want me to  
drive you?

JULIEN

KIRSTY

Yes.

No.

JULIEN

Speak for yourself. You're not the  
only one with very important plans  
today, little miss centering self of  
the universe. There's another sun  
here.

KIRSTY

So, you're the son? Little old for  
that now don't you think?

JULIEN

I am not in daddy territory. (Beat)  
I'm not!

ANTONIO

I really don't mind driving. It's your  
big day!

JULIEN

KIRSTY

Thank you.

Absolutely not.

KIRSTY

I ordered a cab. And I will not be  
splitting it. I can't have any  
distractions. And you... (to Antonio)  
are most certainly that. No eye  
contact.

JULIEN

I'll take hers. One good look for the  
road.

KIRSTY

My cab cancelled! No. Under no  
circumstances am I getting in a car  
with you two!

SWIPE RIGHT.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE D

INT. ANTONIO'S CAR - TEN WET MINUTES LATER

(Kirsty, Julien, Antonio, and a goat)

JULIEN, UPFRONT, KIRSTY MOTIONSICK IN BACK NEXT TO A GOAT.  
ANTONIO DRIVES LIKE CREULLA DE VIL.

KIRSTY

(To goat) Mooooooooooove.

ANTONIO

Americans never cease to amaze me.

JULIEN

In our stupidity? Don't lump me in  
with her. I know that's not the sound  
a goat makes. Baaaaaaack up. Good?

ANTONIO

Don't touch the merch.

JULIEN THROWS HIS HANDS IN THE AIR.

JULIEN

Yes sir! Hard to get! Interesting  
foreplay choice, sir.

ANTONIO

Mr. Darcy is our number one cheese producer on the vineyard.

JULIEN

I'm not giving Darcy. I can.. let me adjust (Brooding) Nah. This is not coming naturally. Let me workshop it.

GOAT BAAAA'S.

KIRSTY

Cute. I don't mean to be too proud, nor too prejudiced against farm animals riding with me on most days but I don't want to smell like wet cow hide on my wedding day!

JULIEN

You're so insensitive. That's not a cow. Mr. Darcy is a greatest of all time.

KIRSTY

This was not on the vision board! The vision board is suddenly not visioning!

ANTONIO

What is this guy of yours like?

JULIEN

Well, he's a little aloof. Hard to get-could work on his driving.

KIRSTY

I don't know! I've never met him.

JULIEN

She thinks she's on Love at First Sight.

KIRSTY

Let's not dismiss the power of connection.

JULIEN

By that she means a strong WiFi router.

KIRSTY

Yes, I met him online. That's how it's done in the digital age, fellas. Get with it. And it's been six months! Which is like 2 years face-to-face. Long distance is so much more difficult.

JULIEN

(Flirting with Antonio) We're not all delusional like this, I swear. Unless you like that.

KIRSTY

He just so happens to be in Europe at the same time as me. So, we're making the most of it.

ANOTONIO

That's a big leap.

KIRSTY

(Defensive) When you know you know!

ANTONIO

What if this person is fish catting?

KIRSTY

Look, Antonio Banderas, we are lovers.

When we fall, we fall hard, OK? We're not gonna fall and sprain an ankle.

We'll end up in a whole body cast.

JULIEN

That's how we fell for each other. As friends. I'm very much single which you should consider taking advantage of. This doesn't happen often.

KIRSTY

So, I guess you didn't need to ride along in the car did you?

JULIEN

The guy I'm seeing today is casual. He knows that. It's just your run of the mill international fling.

ANTONIO

How long have you two known each other?

JULIEN

We've been talking off an on online  
for some time but he won't show his  
face. Very demure.

ANTONIO

Is America further behind? That word  
went out of style a while ago. (To  
Camera) I say in French. Re-  
focusing... (To Julien and Kirsty)  
When did you two meet?

KIRSTY

We met on a Thursday.

JULIEN

Last Thursday. At LAX.

KIRSTY

That's an airport.

ANTONIO

Oh, I have never heard of LA.

KIRSTY

I detest sarcasm.

JULIEN

Keep at it. I am Gen Z, I detest  
sincerity. Lie to me big boy. Lie like  
a rug.

KIRSTY

Only one lying is you about your age.  
The only way you're Gen Z is if it's  
Generation Xanax.

JULIEN

Xanax starts with an X! I'm much more  
generation Zoloft. But basically, if I  
don't have a means of income here or  
like a love interest that will marry  
me, in the next 2-3, I'm SOL. Shooting  
blanks.

KIRSTY

No one wants to hear how you're  
shooting that! Just when I thought I'd  
scrubbed that image from my head!

JULIEN

I'm shooting 0-2, you pervert.

KIRSTY

I'm 2-0 (raspberry).

JULIEN

My short lived friend.

ANTONIO

You two act like an old married  
couple. You need to get married.  
You've got the dress! Why don't you  
two get married?

KIRSTY AND JULIEN LAUGH INSANELY.



ANTONIO

It could solve your deportation issue.

JULIEN

Oh, thank you so much, I needed that laugh.

ANTONIO

What is so funny?

JULIEN

If you couldn't tell, (leans on Antonio) I'm more into this side of the car.

ANTONIO

The Goat? I am now the one who is joking. I know you meant me. You keep touching me.

JULIEN

You're so aloof! I love it.

KIRSTY

And no offense, but he reads European andddd gay.

JULIEN

Me no metrosexual.

ANTONIO

But you could be bi or pan. Like me.

JULIEN GRABS THE WHEEL, THEY ALL SWERVE. ANTONIO BARS HIS STRONG ARM ACROSS JULIEN'S CHEST. THE GOAT IS IN KIRSTY'S LAP.

JULIEN

Knee jerk reaction. But great response timing.

KIRSTY

(holding stop watch) .06

JULIEN

Wow. That's our second highest record.

I like to put myself in near death experiences to allow the man I'm interested in to partake in his primal instincts -- stimulating his heroic complexes. Look at me, I'm just a dainty little damsel. Save me. Save me. Help. Don't remove the arm!

KIRSTY

And to think you mistook this as marriage material... for me. Great pick for somebody else. Anyone with a strong insurance policy, contingent on psych evals quarterly. My guy is perfect. 6', even--

JULIEN

So 5'10".

KIRSTY

Blonde.

JULIEN

Gross.

KIRSTY

Italian!

JULIEN

Just like you.

ANOTONIO

You are not Italian. You are American.

KIRSTY

Italian-American. He loves to yacht  
and he's gainfully employed. What more  
does one need?

JULIEN

A yacht.

ANTONIO

A connection.

JULIEN

More precise measurements.

ANTONIO

Intimacy. Commonality.

KIRSTY

Hold up! This is my stop!

KIRSTY HOPS OUT OF THE CAR. ANTONIO LEANS ACROSS, JULIEN  
PUCKERS UP, AS ANTONIO OPENS HIS DOOR.

ANTONIO

The door tends to get jammed up.

JULIEN

I know the feeling. (Exiting car)

SWIPE RIGHT

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE E

INT. CHURCH HALL - 10 MINUTES LATER

(Kirsty, Julien, French #1 and French #2)

KIRSTY STANDS AT AN ALTAR. HER VEIL IS LIFTED BY FRENCH #1, NOW A MINISTER WHO IS SNAPPING HIS FINGERS, SHOWING A STOPWATCH.

KIRSTY

Wait one more minute. (Holding phone)

He's going to show up! You wouldn't  
happen to be this profile would you?

(Tries to kiss French #1) I'm sorry

this is a very confusing language

barrier. And it says 0 feet!

JULIEN BACKS INTO KIRSTY, THEY FLY OFF THE PULPIT AREA. BOTH HOLDING PHONES.

JULIEN

Wait a minute. Hold up. Hold up!

KIRSTY / JULIEN

(Beat) Are you-

JULIEN

@ Cody all the Banks?

KIRSTY

Tom Ripple?

JULIEN

No? It literally says my name on the app. You need to wear your glasses.

KIRSTY

This is the Grind! For brand new couples to match.

JULIEN

Bitch you're on Grindr. And you're marked as a Man!

KIRSTY

No I'm not, look!

CLEARLY MARKED PRONOUNS OF HE/HIM.

JULIEN

You look through some glasses!

KIRSTY

It explains the headless torsos.

FRENCH #1 WILDLY AND BROADLY TARGETS THEM TO MOVE OFF THE STAGE, SPRINKLING HOLY WATER EVERYWHERE AS MANY PEOPLE IN LINE'S PHONES PING. RANDO IN LINE DOES THEIR EYES UP AND DOWN, POINTING. BOTH KIRSTY AND JULIEN RECEIVE THIS PHOTO, IMPRESSED.

KIRSTY

I just wanted to get married!

FRENCH #2 RUSHES IN.

FRENCH #2

Stop this!! This cannot go through. We  
had a real connection.

JULIEN

Aw! See! He wants me. I told you, I'm  
totally hot enough to lock that down!  
Score! Yes! I will! I do!

FRENCH #2 RUNS RIGHT PAST JULIEN, AND INTO THE ARMS OF THE  
RANDO WHO SENT BOTH OF THEM PHOTOS.

JULIEN

That was embarrassing for me.

KIRSTY

Hello, I'm the one in a dress? How do  
you think I feel?

KIRSTY TOSSES RANDO AND FRENCH #2 THE BOUQUET. JULIEN GIVES  
THEM A THUMBS UP. FRENCH #2 INDICATES THAT IT'S HUGE. JULIEN  
AND KIRSTY ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THEY SAW. FRENCH #2 HITS RANDO WITH  
THE BOUQUET. JULIEN AND KIRSTY RUN FOR THEIR LIVES.

KIRSTY

This was not on my vision board!!

JULIEN

I don't wanna go back to the states.  
I'm gonna sound like all those other  
basic, when I lived abroad people. I  
just want a permanent vacation.

HIDING IN A BUSH, AS THE CROWD CHASING THEM RUNS PAST.

KIRSTY

Oh, you just have it so hard. You and  
your trust fund baby lifestyle.

JULIEN

My what?... I forgot I told you that.  
Yes! I... definitely have that money.

KIRSTY

Are you not a trust fund baby @ Tom  
Riddle me this?

JULIEN

I'm listed as myself on the app.

KIRSTY

You told me you're a trust fund baby  
off the app.

JULIEN

Fake it till you make it, sir he/him.  
At least I understand pronouns.

JULIEN AND KIRSTY STEP OUT OF THE BUSH.

FRENCH #1 / FRENCH #2

There's the Americans and their gender  
hangups (chasing)

KIRSTY AND JULIEN JOG-IN-PLACE IN FRONT OF A MOVING SCREEN.

KIRSTY

The buttons were so close together.  
Sue me! I just want looooooove!

JULIEN

Give it four months you'll be married  
and divorced by then! Yay!

KIRSTY

You calling me a Tramp?

JULIEN

According to the app you ain't no  
lady.

KIRSTY

Bob Marley slack jaw looking--

JULIEN

Potato Munchausen by peroxide--

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

SCENE F

INT. VINEYARD BAR - THREE HOURS LATER

(Kirsty, Julien, French #1, French #2, Carol, and Old Woman)

JULIEN IS STILL RUNNING IN PLACE. FRENCH #1 ROTATES THE CURTAIN. KIRSTY IS SEATED ON A STOOL. FRENCH #2 SITS FURTHER DOWN AT THE BAR, FURTHEST DOWN SITS CAROL.

JULIEN

This isn't burning off the alcohol. I  
still feel drunk?

KIRSTY

I can't believe I almost got married  
to such an iiiiiiiddddddiooooo--

JULIEN

Idiosyncric bestie! When we fall, we  
fall fast. What was it you said, this  
ain't no fall and pop your collar kind  
of dynamic. This is a fall and shatter  
your ribcage and bust out your tail  
feathers kind of--

KIRSTY

Close enough. (Cheers) Here, here.

FRENCH #1

So, you want to close your tab?

KIRSTY

Tab? Didn't you get the memo? I own this bar! You all work for me!

FRENCH #2

I do not. I am a patron (Direct to camera) I say with great conviction in sloppy, unmissable drunken French. That even they understood, despite this made up language barrier.

KIRSTY

(Standing) Carol! You need to sign this paperwork. Enough dillydallying.

CAROL

(Without any papers) I'm in the middle of a crossword puzzle.

KIRSTY

Here. (Intersecting middle fingers) 2 down, this-is-my-bar, 4 across, bitch. Solved.

CAROL

Those two don't intersect--

KIRSTY

No more excuses. If you want to live here, continue living here. I don't care. But you won't have the upstairs area. You will have to be confided to the re-purposed stable en suite. And I don't mind you coming in and telling me how you feel about things every once in a while because you kind of remind me of my na-na and I... miss her.

CAROL

Honey, that would be lovely. If you weren't gripping me like the grip reaper right now. I know I'm old but... it's not my time yet. And if you kill me, I will haunt you.

SHE SIGNS THE PAPERWORK AND HANDS IT OVER, REBUKING KIRSTY'S ATTEMPT FOR A HUG.

CAROL

2 down (Raspberry, thumbs down) and 4 over (Intersects thumbs for a holy cross, repelling Kirsty)

JULIEN

Wait a minute. How are you two--

KIRSTY

Why're you surprised I am good with closing deals?

(MORE)

KIRSTY (CONT'D)

I'm an owner of a mediocre vineyard in the middle of Europe, which I was able to buy off the settlements as a two-time divorcee. I'm Clark Cat, baby.

JULIEN

To live in your brain... I meant how are you able to speak with her?

KIRSTY

Because that's Carol Burnett you freaking idiot. Who wouldn't be able to speak with her? That's America's sweetheart.

CAROL

(Walking away) Enough! Even I, the iconic Carol Burnett, cannot handle all of this sincerity. As a Gen Z, it's not my thing. The Z is for Zzzzz. Sleeping whenever the hell I want to.

JULIEN

That's not Carol Burnett.

KIRSTY SLAPS JULIEN. CAROL SLAPS JULIEN. JULIEN ALMOST SLAPS HIMSELF.

JULIEN

(Peering through monicle) Nope. I'm right. Here, you look.

KIRSTY

Is this day sponsored by board games  
or something? Somebody already tried  
to play Clue with me, and now you're  
over here playing freaking Monopoly  
man with this mess. Who even wears  
these?

JULIEN

I have a bad eye! Look through the  
looking glass, Alice.

KIRSTY FOCUSES HER EYE AROUND THE ROOM, SEEING THINGS CLEARLY  
FOR THE FIRST TIME. THE COW IS A GOAT. ANTONIO IS FAR TOO  
GORGEOUS. THE BURNT OUT LIGHTBULB. AND CAROL BURNETT IS  
ACTUALLY AN OLD WOMAN.

KIRSTY

I'm confused. Where's Carol?

JULIEN

There's no Carol. Think about it  
logically... why would Carol be in a  
shitty vineyard bar--no offense--in  
the middle of nowhere? I'm telling  
you, Carol's not here.

KIRSTY

So... that was... an old random woman  
this whole time that I've been  
speaking with.

THE OLD WOMAN RE-ENTERS, MAD AS FIRE, GRABS KIRSTY'S DRINK,  
SPLASHES IT ALL OVER HER -- BUT IT'S EMPTY. JULIEN GRABS HIS  
AND DOWNS IT BEFORE SHE CAN SPLASH IT. OLD WOMAN WALKS AWAY.

KIRSTY

Not old. Older. Older than me. Gen Z!  
You're so Julie-a Andrews! Besties to  
who I really thought you were which is  
Carol--

JULIEN

Stop while you're ahead.

KIRSTY

Let me live in my delusionment.

JULIEN

What's impressive about this, you know  
more than the onset of what is clearly  
glaucoma... is that you were speaking  
full Italian to her.

KIRSTY

You're the delusion-mental now.

JULIEN

You definitely spoke Italian!

KIRSTY

Why would I do that? No one here is  
speaking Italian?

JULIEN

Everyone has been speaking Italian...

KIRSTY

Since when?

JULIEN

Since the... I don't know, 3rd  
century, maybe? Are there any linguist  
historians in this bar?

FRENCH #1

Google is Free.

JULIEN

That reminds me, can I get the WiFi?

KIRSTY

They don't speak Italian in France.

JULIEN

That's a weird router name.

KIRSTY

Listen, Jay Julien the Jet plane. The  
language in France is French.

EVERYONE STOPS WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

JULIEN

(Laughs, stops) Please don't tell me  
you think we're in France...

KIRSTY

Duh. Duh-efinitely not.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE G

INT. VINEYARD BAR - FLASHBACK TO THE FIRST NIGHT IN BAR

(Kirsty, and Julien)

ON THE GLOBE, KIRSTY'S EYES SEES JULIEN POINTING TO FRANCE, BUT  
WITH THE MONICLE'S TRUE FOCUS, IT IS CLEARLY A POINT TO ITALY.

KIRSTY (V.O.)

No. No. No, I... Eye...

RESOLVE TO:



ACT TWO

SCENE H

INT. VINEYARD BAR - CURRENT TIME, CONTINUOUS

(Kirsty, Julien, French #1, French #2 and Carol)

EVERYONE WATCHES THE INTENSE FABRIC OF SOCIETY COLLAPSE INSIDE  
KIRSTY'S HEAD

KIRSTY

I put the Eye in Italian. Certo!

EVERYONE REMOVES THEIR BERETS, AND STOPS MUMBLING IN FRENCH,  
REPLACING IT WITH BROAD STROKES OF GIBBERISH ITALIAN.

FRENCH #1

(Direct to Camera) That's right. I  
didn't know French, myself. So here's  
me speaking Italian. (Gibberish)

FRENCH #2

(Direct to Camera) Is this what we  
sound like to you all?

AUDIENCE SCREAMS YES.

FRENCH #1

This is so offensive and inaccurate.

FRENCH #2

Mamma mia!

FRENCH #1

So... let me get this straight.

JULIEN

Good luck. I stopped trying years ago.

(Direct to camera) I resent that joke.

FRENCH #1

You two moved here to build out our  
flailing winery?

KIRSTY

Sure did!

FRENCH #2

But you're from California? Why did  
you move all the way across the world  
just to do what you could do up the  
road--

KIRSTY

Because I am Italian-American. And  
that's why I have Italian  
citizenship... to be able to apply for  
this vineyard in Italy. Which I did,  
on purpose, knowing fully where it was  
located this entire time.

JULIEN

When you rattle off like that, you  
convince no one.

KIRSTY

I have two identities. American and Italian. I speak two languages and rock them both. Just like Car Dent.

JULIEN

OK, let's put you to bed.

KIRSTY

(Grabbing paperwork) Right. Spoken like a true husband.

JULIEN

Do we need is a spray bottle? Simmer down, Balto.

KIRSTY

(Holding one, spraying) Say no more. After last night's heat, I need it.

THEY LAUGH, TOGETHER. HOBBLING UP THE STAIRS.

KIRSTY

Don't get the paperwork wet!

JULIEN

Wait a minute. (Grabbing papers) What paperwork did you give her to sign? This is a marriage license. Oh... we're married married now.

KIRSTY

No it isn't. (Using dominant eye,  
switches paper to other side of face)  
Oh... well, on the bright side I guess  
this means you get to stay here?

JULIEN

Come on, honey. This way honey.

KIRSTY

(Direct to Camera) I so resent this.  
What in the Odd Couple knock off is  
this? The Gay Divorcee? A Star is  
Forewarned?

JULIEN

I already picked out our first couples  
activity.

KIRSTY

Dior? Cartier? (Direct to Camera)  
Gentlemen Prefer Car Alarms?  
Absolutely Not Fabulous? I Loathe  
Lucy?

JULIEN

Those flagship stores are in France.  
I'm taking you to a glasses shop  
tomorrow. Any glasses shop. I don't  
even care if they primarily sell wine  
and whiskey glasses, you're getting  
them.

KIRSTY

And so are you. No man that I'm  
married to is wearing that mess.

(Direct to Camera) Kind of Lean  
Cuisines? Cat on a Hot Tin--

SWIPE UP.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE I

INT. BEDROOM - JUST UNDER TWO MINUTES LATER

(Kirsty, Julien, Antonio, Old Woman, and Carol)

THE TWIN BEDS ARE PUSHED TOGETHER, KIRSTY READS ARCHITECTURE  
DIGEST, JULIEN READS PEOPLE MAGAZINE.

KIRSTY

Woof, it is hot in here. Here, you  
take all the covers.

JULIEN

This is such a dream!

KIRSTY

Really, this is what you've always  
wanted?

JULIEN

It brings me joy. Not just to me but  
to my reincarnated self. Maybe we were-

KIRSTY

A married couple in the 1950's with  
zero attraction to each other, who  
made a little arrangement. And lived  
in bliss until the red scare, in which  
time we were both outed and then  
outed from society?

JULIEN

Those were the days.

KIRSTY

Yeah, that rings true. Good night  
"daddy".

JULIEN

Good night sugar mamma.

KIRSTY

You're not a twink.

JULIEN

I'm not a trust fund baby.

KIRSTY

Was that your foot? Don't be getting  
all footsy with me.

HE KICKS HER. SHE KICKS BACK AND HE FLIES OUT OF BED.

KIRSTY

I can see why our reincarnated selves  
wanted a divorce.

JULIEN

But we've learned so fast! Here!

THEY PULL THE BEDS APART. TURN OFF THE LIGHTS, SIGH. BOTH, OPEN PHONES. JULIEN'S APP DINGS.

JULIEN

Kirsty... you're still on the wrong app.

JULIEN

Damnnit.

CAROL

(Peeking in door) How're you two enjoying my bedroom?

KIRSTY

We'd enjoy it a lot more if you signed the correct paperwork!

CAROL WHACKS AT THE ROPE. THE CHANDELIER UNTETHERS AND CRASHES TO THE FLOOR, LANDING BETWEEN THE BEDS.

KIRSTY

I don't want to sound paranoid, but I think she intended for that to hit me.

KIRSTY / JULIEN

You missed.

OLD WOMAN SHRUGS AND LEAVES. LIGHTS OUT. KIRSTY'S PHONE LIGHTS UP, AN APP DINGS.

KIRSTY

Who is on the wrong app now!

JULIEN

Read it.

KIRSTY

Do I want to screw? Wow, my eyes really are bad.



JULIEN

No, you read that correctly. Come on,  
we've both been thinking about it all  
day!

SWIPE LEFT.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE J

INT. VINEYARD BAR - 1 AM

(Kirsty, Julien, Antonio, Carol, French #1, French #2, and Old Woman)

JULIEN AND KIRSTY ARE SCREWING IN A NEW LIGHBULB. CAROL SIPS TEA.

KIRSTY

You're screwing it wrong.

JULIEN

No, I know how to screw!

KIRSTY

You gotta righty-tighty you lefty-loosy.

JULIEN

Does this count as consummating our marriage?

CAROL

How many blondes does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

OLD WOMAN

Better yet, there was that joke about  
a blonde and a gay walk into a bar--

ANTONIO

(Entering) It goes in--

KIRSTY / JULIEN

No! We don't need a man's help.

THE BULB DROPS. SHATTERS.

FRENCH #1 / FRENCH #2

(Peeping heads in) Oompah!

KIRSTY

Are you sure we're in Italy and not  
Greece?

ALL

Yes.

KIRSTY

Goes to show that, no matter where you  
go... the people just don't really get  
us, do they?

JULIEN

They really don't.

END OF ACT TWO

END OF SHOW