

1

INT. DÁITHÍ'S OFFICE - DAY

1

DÁITHÍ (37, happy, warm) is speaking directly to camera from inside his office. He is filming a video for his website.

DÁITHÍ

So, the big question. Why should you choose me as your wedding celebrant ahead of all the hundreds of other lovely celebrants? Well, I'm *devilishly* handsome. That's a given. And as well as your ceremony, I'm delighted to say that I can also take care of your evening entertainment. So, if you love power ballads and you're not afraid to see a grown man cry, get in touch and ask about my Céline Dion package. But in all seriousness, why should you choose me? Because I freakin' love love! I'm a loud and proud big, mushy romantic. I know from experience how incredible it is when you find your soulmate. My wedding day was the happiest of my life, and our lovely, personal ceremony was the best part of it. That's what made me want to become a celebrant - I want to help you have the happiest, most romantic day of your life, too!

2

INT. MARIANNE'S BOX ROOM - MORNING

2

HARD CUT to Dáithí rolling off a semi-deflated airbed in a box room. A suitcase is in the corner, which looks like it's exploded, with its contents strewn everywhere. The room is chaos. Dáithí looks hungover and deeply depressed. Things are not good.

DÁITHÍ

Ow.

From where he falls, Dáithí sees a giant bag of Wotsits. He stretches to reach for the bag, but it's empty. He drops it.

DÁITHÍ (CONT'D)

Brilliant.

TITLES: HOPELESS

3

INT. MARIANNE'S KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - MORNING

3

Dáithí is making a coffee. As he turns, he jumps when he sees MAYA (25, Eastern European, intimidatingly beautiful), wearing only a Foo Fighters t-shirt. Dáithí spills his coffee on his bare feet.

DÁITHÍ
Shit! Sorry.

MAYA
Sorry...

DÁITHÍ
My fault. Sorry.

MAYA
Maya.

DÁITHÍ
No, no. That's on me.

MAYA
No, Maya. I'm Maya.

DÁITHÍ
Oh, right. Yes, hi. Hello.

MAYA
Do you have orange juice?

Maya heads for the fridge.

DÁITHÍ
Ummm...I'm not sure. I -

MARIANNE (60, a genuine smile permanently etched on her face) enters. She sees Dáithí.

MARIANNE
Oh, you're up, love.

Maya closes the fridge door, holding a carton of orange juice. Marianne doesn't look at all surprised to see her. Maya, though, does look rather confused.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
(to herself) Oh, another one. (to Maya) Hello, darling. Can I get you a glass? Is Ritchie not up yet?

RITCHIE (34, supremely self-assured) enters the kitchen. He gives his mum a kiss on the cheek as he passes.

RITCHIE
Hello, beautiful.

He approaches Maya and gives her a kiss on the cheek, too.

RITCHIE (CONT'D)
Two beautiful women! What a way to
start the day.

Maya is confused. Dáithí attempts to leave with his coffee.

MARIANNE
Sit down, love. I got pastries.

DÁITHÍ
I'm alright with just the coffee,
Marianne. Thanks, though.

MARIANNE
Nonsense! You've got to eat before
your wedding.

MAYA
You're getting married?

MARIANNE
No, he's already married.

RITCHIE
Yeah. To my sister.

MAYA
But -

RITCHIE
Sorry, he *was* married to my sister.

DÁITHÍ
I'm *still* married to your sister.

RITCHIE
That's the spirit.

MARIANNE
(to Maya) Can I get you a tea?
Coffee?

RITCHIE
Tea for me, please, Mum.

Maya, overwhelmed, shakes her head. Marianne returns to
bustling around.

MAYA
You live with your mother?

RITCHIE
No, babe. She lives with me.

DÁITHÍ
That's right. She lives with
Ritchie. In *her* house.

MAYA
And who is...

RITCHIE
That is my sister's ex-husband.

DÁITHÍ
Not ex.

MARIANNE
Be nice to your brother, Ritchie.

RITCHIE
Not my brother anymore, though, is
he?

MAYA
Wait. Whose wedding is it today?

DÁITHÍ
Paul...someone. I think. I can't
remember.

RITCHIE
He's a wedding celebrant.

MAYA
Like a priest?

RITCHIE
Yeah.

DÁITHÍ
No.

RITCHIE
Well, it kind of is.

DÁITHÍ
It's really not.

MAYA
Well then, what do you do?

DÁITHÍ
I perform wedding ceremonies.

MAYA
Like singing?

DÁITHÍ
No. I do the service.

MAYA
Like a priest?

RITCHIE
Yeah.

DÁITHÍ
No.

MAYA
I'm confused.

Marianne approaches. She gives Ritchie a coffee.

MARIANNE
Croissants, pain au chocolat or the
one with raisins?

DÁITHÍ
No, honestly. I'm grand with -

MARIANNE
I'll just get you one of each.

DÁITHÍ
Really, Marianne. I'm fine.

She leaves.

RITCHIE
What do you want, treacle?

MAYA
What?

RITCHIE
Well, Mum's got pastries in, or I
can take you out for a bite? I know
a place that does the best kedgerees
in Oxford. They smoke their own
haddock. It's flaky as fuck.

MAYA
I don't...

MARIANNE

You're not wearing that suit that's hung on the door, are you, Daithí?

DÁITHÍ

Um, yeah.

MARIANNE

Well, you'll need to leave that with me to iron.

DÁITHÍ

No, really, Marianne. I'll just -

MARIANNE

Don't be silly. You can't show up to a wedding looking like a hobo who's been dragged backwards through a hedge. No offence, love.

MAYA

Wait, so you're...

DÁITHÍ

Ritchie's brother-in-law.

RITCHIE

Technically.

DÁITHÍ

Not 'technically'.

MAYA

So...where's your wife?

DÁITHÍ

She's...at home.

RITCHIE

She threw him out.

DÁITHÍ

She didn't throw me out. We're just going through a very temporary...bump.

MAYA

What happened?

DÁITHÍ

Nothing.

Marianne brings Dáithí a plate of pastries, then heads for the utility room, talking as she goes.

MARIANNE

You eat up, love, then hop in the shower. And I've got some of your laundry in the drier.

DÁITHÍ

That's far too much. Honestly, Marianne -

MAYA

Wait, so you're married to Ritchie's sister, but you live here?

DÁITHÍ

Temporarily.

Marianne re-enters. She's holding a pair of Dáithí's boxers delicately, as though they might crumble to dust. They have more than the usual number of holes.

MARIANNE

Were you planning on keeping these, love? Or should I burn them?

DÁITHÍ

They're fine, thanks, Marianne.

MARIANNE

I can get you some fresh ones when I'm out today?

DÁITHÍ

Honestly not necessary. But thank you anyway.

MARIANNE

Well...okay, love.

Marianne exits with the boxers.

RITCHIE

Bit of brotherly advice, Dáithí. If you're going to be dating again, you might want some undies that don't look like they have more holes than...

He turns to Maya.

RITCHIE (CONT'D)

What has loads of holes?

MAYA
I don't care.

DÁITHÍ
I'm not going to be dating anyone.

RITCHIE
Not with keks like that, you're not.

MAYA
What did you say? That word.

RITCHIE
What? Keks?

MAYA
No. Dahoo? Like a sneeze.

RITCHIE
Oh, right. Lolz. No, that's *Dáithí*.
That's his funny little Irish name.

MAYA
Daffy? Like the duck?

Ritchie laughs.

DÁITHÍ
No, it's *Da-hee*. It's Irish.

MAYA
It's weird.

MARIANNE
It's a lovely name. My mum was Irish. You know, if Ritchie was a girl, we were going to call him Meadhbh, but spelt the Irish way where it looks like it's been written by a cat walking across your keyboard.

MAYA
I don't understand this whole situation. It's strange. I want to leave.

RITCHIE
Alright. Let's get dressed and get some eggs in you.

Maya stands, as does Ritchie.

MAYA
Nice to meet you, Ritchie's mum.

MARIANNE
And you, love.

MAYA
I'll see you again.

MARIANNE
(to herself) That would be
something, wouldn't it?

Maya leaves and Ritchie follows her out. Marianne returns to the utility room, and Dáithí is left alone. He takes a joyless bite of a pain au raisin, and looks like the very definition of depression.

4 INT. MARIANNE'S BOX ROOM - MORNING 4

Dáithí enters the room post-shower in a towel, and Marianne has left his suit and shirt, ironed, on his made airbed. She's also left a pair of boxers out for him, along with a banana and an apple for his lunch.

He lifts his boxers, and observes a sizeable hole in them. Perhaps Marianne was right...

5 EXT. DÁITHÍ'S CAR - MORNING 5

Dáithí is driving, looking like a shell of a man. He has the radio on. *Happy* by Pharrell Williams - far too cheery for Dáithí. He changes the station. *Walking on Sunshine* by Katrina and the Waves. Changes again. *Feelin' Good* by Nina Simone. Changes again. *Lovin' Each Day* by Ronan Keating.

Dáithí can't catch a break. He changes station again. *Finally*, a song he can get on board with - *Everybody Hurts* by R.E.M. He drives on.

6 EXT. A MEADOW - DAY 6

Dáithí gets out of his car, carrying his bag. Even though his suit is ironed, he still manages to look scruffy. It's like the air around him needs ironing.

He looks around, and sees a bespoke sign for the wedding - an arrow with 'HAPPILY EVER AFTER' written on it, directing guests to the ceremony. Dáithí looks at it with cold disdain, then trudges towards the ceremony space.