

THE TWO GOATS - EPISODE ONE

Written by

Matthew Holmes

Episode One - "Never Work with Children or Animals"

1 EXT. THE DRIVEWAY OF A LARGE DETACHED HOUSE - DAY 1

"It's Magic" by Pilot plays as The Two Goats, Rick and Michaela, are chased away from a children's birthday party. They scurry down the driveway and throw a trunk and various magic paraphernalia into their beaten-up van. The tires on the van screech, and Michaela struggles to shut the door on the passenger side as Rick recklessly drives the van off the drive.

2 INT. THE TWO GOATS VAN - DAY 2

Rick (Early 30s, skinny, and balding) looks in the side mirror to see an angry parent chasing the van and shaking his fist. He is covered in bird feathers and blood. Rick puffs his cheeks and then turns to argue with his younger sister Michaela (Late 20s, attractive, tall, blonde) who seems relaxed despite the chaos.

RICK
(Sarcastically)
Well, that went well!

MICHAELA
(Casually)
Ah, we've had worse gigs.

RICK
(Irritated)
Worse? Michaela, why on earth did you think the doves were a good idea?

MICHAELA
Kids love birds!

RICK
Sure they do... In a cage, or on a branch. Just not as confetti.

MICHAELA
Oh, that's not fair, they weren't like confetti. They were just a bit more... Dispersed than expected.

RICK
Michaela, they lost all their feathers!

MICHAELA

(Laughing awkwardly)
Ok, ok, so that part wasn't ideal,
but--

RICK
(Angrily brushing
feathers off his jacket)
--Not ideal? There were feathers in
the crisps, feathers in the jelly,
stuck to the party hats, and the
cake looked like a bird's nest!

MICHAELA
(Shrugs)
Well it was you that left the cover
off the fan!

RICK
Yeah, because I wanted a dramatic
wind effect! How was I supposed to
know it would turn into a poultry
blender?!

MICHAELA
(Unconcerned)
Anyway, most of the parents didn't
seem too concerned.

RICK
(Shaking his head)
That's because they were too busy
wondering why you picked that song.

MICHAELA
(Confused)
What was wrong with the music?
Everyone loves Wham!

RICK
Wham? Do You Wanna Be in My Gang is
a Garry Glitter song you tool!

MICHAELA
(Realizing, horrified)
Ohhh... right. That probably explains
why one of the dads kept staring at
me as I was dancing to it.

Michaela pauses to reflect.

MICHAELA
I thought he just fancied me! You
know, wanted it.

RICK

Wanted it? I'm pretty sure he just wanted you to stop butchering doves in front of his four-year-old son and friends!

MICHAELA

(Smug)

Well birds don't actually count as animals. So technically, it's not butchering.

RICK

(Exasperated)

Oh, for god's sake!

A tense pause, as Rick breathes deeply, calming himself.

RICK

(Calmly, with a smirk)

Wait until I tell Mum and Dad about this.

MICHAELA

(Defensive)

Please don't, they'll worry... Anyway, I stand by my choice of trick, birds usually go down well at a party!

RICK

(Mocking)

Yes, yes, they do but only when they're not being pulped and sprayed over a bouncy castle to the soundtrack of a convicted pedophile!

MICHAELA

(Shrugging)

Like I said, we've had worse shows.

RICK

(Deflated)

Like when? This is a whole new low... Name one time when things have gone that badly?

MICHAELA

Ok then, what about Benidorm 2017...? Auntie Jill's 2nd wedding...? Oh, and then there was the scorpion incident!

RICK
(Exasperated)
Hmm yeah, that was unfortunate for
all concerned...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

3 INT. FAMILY LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK TO: 1999)

3

A 10-year-old Rick, in a magician costume, performs a magic trick with Michaela (age 8), acting as his assistant. The scene is grainy, recorded on a retro video camera.

YOUNG RICK
Magic Mickie, please pass me
Stinger so that I can make him
disappear.

Michaela opens a Tupperware box, pulling out a small scorpion by the tail.

MUM
(Horrified, turning to
the camera)
Good god Steve! Please tell me that
isn't real?

DAD
(Unconcerned)
Oh, it's fine, they've got to start
somewhere. And it's not even
poisonous!

MUM
(Angrily)
You were supposed to get them a
hamster!

YOUNG RICK
Ladies and gentlemen, watch me make
this scorpion disappear before your
very eyes! Alakazam.

Rick removes the cloth and the scorpion has disappeared. The gathered family are a mix of proud and impressed.

DAD
See? Told you it was fine.

MUM
(Muttering, tense)
It's really not fine.

4 INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (1999)**4**

The room is dark. Rick and Michaela's parents are fast asleep, however there is a scorpion slowly descending the wall above the bed.

A moment of quiet tension followed by a loud scream from Mum.

MUM
(Panicking)
STEVE! IT'S ON ME!

DAD
(Groggy, unconcerned)
Remember, it's not poisonous.

MUM
(Screaming)
GET IT OFF!

END OF FLASHBACK

5 INT. THE TWO GOATS VAN**5**

Rick winces at the resurfaced memory.

MICHAELA
(Laughing)
You're lucky we're not still
grounded for that!

Before Rick has a chance to respond, Michaela continues her trip down memory lane.

MICHAELA
Oh, and what about when you
convinced Dirty Steve to let us
perform at his kids Christening,
you made a right mess of that.

RICK
How was I to know the Vicar only
had one leg? I'd have put a
handrail below the trapdoor had I
known!

MICHAELA
And don't even get me started on...

RICK

--Anyway, today was all your fault!
Another thing, was it really
necessary to go back for a party
bag!?

Michaela is now stuffing cake in her mouth, the cake has a
feather in .

MICHAELA
(Mumbling)
Can't go to a party without getting
cake--

RICK
(Angry)
--You are a nightmare!

RICK
(Deflated)
I don't know how long I can keep
doing this. I thought we'd have
made it by now. Performing for real
crowds, maybe even on TV. We'll
never get to Vegas at this rate!

The hands-free phone in the van rings interrupting Rick's
downcast rant, the caller ID shows Alex.

ALEX (O.S.)
Hi gang, how did my favourite magic
act get on at little Freddie's
birthday bash?

MICHAELA
Smashed it!

RICK
Hmm, we definitely didn't, it was a
disaster, we literally got chased
out!

Michaela shrugs her shoulders, she has finished her cake but
pulls a small bird feather from her teeth.

ALEX (O.S.)
(Disingenuous)
Oh, Oh-no, that's awful... Anyway,
did they pay upfront?

MICHAELA
Oh yeah!

ALEX (O.S.)
(Cheerful)

Excellent!

Rick rolls his eyes.

ALEX (O.S.)

Right team, I've got you another gig... Birthday party, this Saturday.

RICK

(Grumpy)

Another party, what about the proper shows you promised?

ALEX (O.S.)

Relax Richard, big gigs don't happen overnight. You've got to put the work in, polish the act, and most importantly... Pay the bills.

RICK

(Sarcastic)

Great, so we'll keep performing for toddlers and geriatrics.

ALEX (O.S.)

(Rambling)

Exactly, for now... Keep the lights on, hold the roof up, put bread on the table...Er, keep the wine rack stacked... uh, make sure the hamster's wheel keeps spinning! Whatever. You get it. Money's important.

RICK

(Sarcastic)

Thanks for the economics lecture Alex, very educational.

ALEX (O.S.)

Besides, what else are you doing on Saturday, washing your hairline?

Rick looks unamused and irritated by Alex's joke whilst Michaela chuckles.

RICK

(Unamused)

Ha Ha Ha.

ALEX (O.S.)

So, they did have a band booked,
but the bassist has caught the cla
--erm, he's got an illness, it's
not important why, but they had to
cancel. They need entertainment,
and who better than Didsley's own
dazzling duo?

MICHAELA

I'm game, what's the plan?

ALEX (O.S.)

Some old boy's 50th. Friend of a
friend. Loves old-school magic.
It's a winner!

Rick puffs out his cheeks and sighs heavily.

RICK

(Sighing)

Fine. But I don't want any more
cock ups!

ALEX (O.S.)

(Cheerfully)

Brilliant! We'll pop by Magic
John's, return that dodgy trick,
and pick up something fresh for the
show. Sound good?

RICK

(Grumpy)

Ok fine!

ALEX (O.S.)

Perfect! Shall we say 3 o'clock?

RICK

(Underwhelmed)

Sure.

ALEX (O.S.)

How about you Mickie?

MICHAELA

Can't. Working at the Lobster
tonight, so I need to get ready.
But you'll sort something great,
I'm sure.

ALEX (O.S.)

Of course! Anyway, I've got to go.
Need to find something stronger
than coffee for this hangover.
Catch you later!

Rick sighs again as the scene ends.

6 EXT. OUTSIDE MAGIC SHOP - AFTERNOON

6

Two workers are up on ladders, dismantling the "Magic John's Magic Shop" sign. Worker 2 is awkwardly removing screws with a screwdriver, while Worker 1 steadies the sign. It sways slightly as they work.

WORKER 1
(Carefully prying the
sign off)
Alright, easy does it. This thing's
older than my grandma.

WORKER 2
(Removing screws)
Looks like it's had almost as many
screws too!

WORKER 1
(Not amused)
Easy now!

Worker 2 finishes unscrewing one side, and the sign wobbles precariously.

WORKER 1
(Serious)
Right... Its loose now.

WORKER 2
(With a smirk)
Just like your gran after bingo
night.

WORKER 1
(Irritated)
Last warning!

The sign wobbles dangerously as Worker 2 struggles to hold it steady.

WORKER 2
(Nervously)
Uh... I think it's slipping!

WORKER 1

(Snapping)
That's because you're moving you
muppet!

With a loud crash, the sign breaks free and smashes to the ground.

WORKER 1
(Angry)
Brilliant. Now look what you've
done!

WORKER 2
(Peering down at the
wreckage sheepishly)
At least it's not the new one.

Rick and Alex are walking down the street toward the shop, slowing their pace as they notice the workers.

RICK
What's happening to Magic John's?

ALEX
Maybe John is finally getting some
work done.

RICK
The place is a bit tired to be
fair.

COLIN (O.S.)
(Shouting)
Rick! Alex! Wait up!

RICK
(Groaning)
Oh no... It's Colin

ALEX
(Positive)
Remember, fan engagement is very
important.

Nerdy Two Goats super fan Colin, rushes across the street. He's wearing a "Two Goats" t-shirt with Rick and Michaela's faces printed slightly distorted, surrounded by the words "The Two GOATS". The logos and fonts look shoddy, like they were thrown together without much thought.

COLIN
(Out of breath)

I knew I'd find you guys! I saw something about the shop changing and thought, "There's no way Rick wouldn't be here." And here you are!

RICK
(Glancing at the t-shirt,
then at Alex, annoyed)
Is this what you've been spending
the budget on? T-Shirts and you
didn't even tell me?

ALEX
(Confused, defensive)
I don't know what you mean? I
haven't sorted any merch yet.

RICK
(Pointing at Colin's
shirt)
Then where'd he get that?

Alex pauses and looks at Colin as the realization dawns.

ALEX
Wait...You made that yourself,
didn't you?

COLIN
(Beaming with pride)
Oh yeah! There's no official
merchandise yet, but I couldn't
wait. Pretty cool, right?!

Rick and Alex exchange a knowing look, eyebrows raised.

RICK
(Shaking his head,
sighing)
He's lost the plot.

ALEX
(With a smirk)
I know, he's a few fries short of a
Happy Meal.

RICK
More than a few! The Coke's flat...
I reckon even the toy's knackered.

Alex chuckles. Rick then looks at Colin again, growing more exasperated.

RICK
Yeah, cool is one word for it...

RICK
(To Alex)
To be fair, at least he's more
proactive than we are.

COLIN
(Totally oblivious)
I made a few extra shirts in case
anyone else wanted one!

Colin holds up his backpack showing more t-shirts inside.

RICK
(Sighing)
Of course you did... Look, Colin,
you need to get a life. Seriously,
find another hobby. Preferably one
that doesn't involve us.

ALEX
(Quickly stepping in,
whispering to Rick)
Go easy, you'll scare off our free
labour.

Colin pulls a notebook from his backpack as Rick and Alex
start to walk towards the shop.

COLIN
Anyway, I brought some ideas for
new tricks!

RICK
(Deadpan)
Great. Because we were running out
of things to go wrong.

COLIN
(Excitedly)
Okay, okay, new trick ideas!
Picture this. The classic rabbit-
out of the hat trick - except we
use a live ferret! They're way more
unpredictable, so it's, like,
double the suspense.

ALEX
(Muttering to Rick)
And double the lawsuits when it
bites someone.

RICK

(Unimpressed)

I think we have the rabbit in a hat
part covered for now.

COLIN

(Getting more excited)

Alright, get this. Rick rolls up
his sleeves to prove there's
nothing hidden. Then, out of
nowhere, a pigeon flies out! People
will be like, "How did it even fit
in there?!"

RICK

(Sighing)

No thanks, we've had enough
problems with birds recently.

As Rick, Alex, and Colin approach the shop, the sound of
drilling and muttered curses drifts from the workers who are
now struggling to mount a new sign.

Undeterred, Colin flips through his notebook and excitedly
pitches another idea.

COLIN

Alright, forget that one. What
about this? You know the,
"disappearing box" trick? What if
you add a fog machine, strobe
lights, and live geese? It's got
drama, it's got unpredictability,
it's got... Geese!

RICK

(Stopping in his tracks)

Geese? As in, more than one goose?

COLIN

Exactly! The more geese, the more
magic!

ALEX

Sounds interesting.

RICK

(Joking)

Colin, have you been stiffing glue
or something?

COLIN

(Casually)

Yeah... But what's that got to do with anything?

Rick shakes his head in confusion.

For a split second Alex seems to be actually considering the idea, as they start walking again, he shakes his head disregarding it.

ALEX
(Confused)
Colin, do all your trick ideas involve animals?

COLIN
(Unconvincingly)
Err, no, not all of them.

Colin, clearly flustered, panics as they reach the shop door and throws out one more idea off the top of his head.

COLIN
(Making it up as he goes)
No, no, wait, I've got it! The Magic err... Toaster! Okay, so, we take a piece of toast, right? Like, regular toast - could even have butter on it - and we put it into this special toaster. But instead of it toasting more, it, um... Detosts it! Like, you press the lever, and poof! It comes out as a slice of bread again! Simple, but powerful!

ALEX
(Intrigued)
Detosts it?

COLIN
(Nodding enthusiastically)
Yeah! Like, the audience sees the toast - it's golden brown, it's crispy - and then they're like, "No way is that ever becoming bread again." But then, bam! It's fluffy, squishy bread, just like magic!

ALEX
(Interested)
So... It's a toaster that works backwards?

COLIN
(Excitedly)
Exactly! But it's not just about
the toast - it's a metaphor! Like,
"Things can always go back to how
they were!" It's deep. Plus, people
love toast.

ALEX
(Impressed)
People do love toast!

ALEX
(Turning to Rick)
That's actually pretty good.

Looking unamused, Rick pulls the shop door open.

RICK
(Bemused)
I can't cope with any more of this
madness!

Rick and Alex enter the shop, Colin doesn't take the hints
and tries to follow them.

RICK
(Dismissive)
Goodbye Colin!

Rick firmly closes the door behind him, leaving Colin peering
through the glass.

COLIN
(Muttering to himself)
They'll come around.

Colin turns to leave and glances up at the workmen, who are
still trying to hoist the new sign into place. The ladder
wobbles precariously as one worker struggles to hold it
steady.

WORKER 1
(Grumbling)
Hold it steady will you?

WORKER 2
(Balancing on the ladder)
I am holding it steady!

COLIN
(Helpfully)
Have you thought about centring it?
Might look more professional.

The workers don't break stride or even look at him.

WORKER 2
(Bluntly)
Get fucked!

Colin shrugs and walks off unfazed.

7 INT. MAGIC SHOP - AFTERNOON

7

Rick and Alex enter the shop and immediately look around, confused. The right side of the shop features fridges packed with various alcoholic drinks and shelves of red wine. On the left side, dusty shelves overflow with magic equipment. They walk toward the counter at the back, where Magic John's son, a small and chubby man in his early 20s wearing an early '90s LA Lakers vest, leans casually against the till.

RICK
Morning!

ALEX
Alright, is your Dad about?

MAGIC JOHN'S SON
He's on holiday, so I'm in charge.
He mentioned you might turn up.
Need some more stuff?

Rick glances again at the fridges full of booze and shelves of wine. His confusion deepens.

RICK
(Pointing at the booze)
What's all this about?

MAGIC JOHN'S SON
Slight rebranding, we are now...

Dramatic Pause.

MAGIC JOHN'S SON
(Smugly)
"Penn & Stella" the magic off
license!

ALEX
(Bemused, Underwhelmed)
Does your dad know?

MAGIC JOHN'S SON
(Agitated)

He's in Bermuda. He doesn't need to know. Magic sales are dwindling, booze is where the money is.

Rick exchanges a glance with Alex.

ALEX

John's going to go mad when he sees this.

RICK

(Sarcastic)

Yeah, makes perfect sense. I'm sure the crowds will be queuing out the door to buy a shoddily made top hat and some bargain bin wine that tastes like goblin's piss.

MAGIC JOHN'S SON

(Annoyed)

Ok so how's your career going then? Still needing a locksmith to escape from your own straitjacket?

Behind Rick, Alex gestures frantically in a "don't go there" motion.

MAGIC JOHN'S SON

(Smug)

Also, the joke's on you because the goblin piss has been one of our best sellers so far.

ALEX

(Nodding, impressed)

Wow, really?

RICK

(Angrily changing the subject)

Anyway! First things first - I want a refund on this crap!

Rick slams a box labeled 'Cup and Ball Trick' onto the counter.

RICK

The balls didn't stick to the top of the cups at all like they were supposed to!

MAGIC JOHN'S SON

You were probably doing it wrong.

RICK
What do you take us for, amateurs?

Magic John's son opens his mouth to reply but stops himself, offering a pointed "obviously" look instead

RICK
(Angrily)
Refund. Now. I'm not messing around
- and just wait until your dad
hears about what you've done to his
shop.

MAGIC JOHN'S SON
(Panicking)
Ok, ok, keep your hair on.

Alex laughs. Rick scowls at him, and Alex quickly covers it with an awkward smile.

MAGIC JOHN'S SON
(Nervously)
Uh... sorry, poor choice of words. I
mean, just relax! How about I swap
it for a new trick?

RICK
--No! No! I want a refund. Your
shoddy product nearly ruined the
show.

MAGIC JOHN'S SON
(Thinking quickly)
Alright, but how about this... We've
got some new stuff from Japan. It's
top-notch and massive on the Asian
scene. I'll let you trade for it

Rick pauses, skeptical. Alex enthusiastically nods, clearly intrigued.

Rick then reluctantly nods at Magic John's son.

ALEX
(Encouraging)
Go for it.

Rick sighs, then reluctantly nods.

RICK
Fine. Let's see it.

MAGIC JOHN'S SON
(Smiling)

You won't regret it.

RICK
(Skeptical)
If it's so great, then why are you
so eager to get rid of it?

MAGIC JOHN'S SON
(Shrugging)
People here just don't get it. Too
ahead of its time.

Magic John's son takes the 'Cup and Ball Trick' box, peels off its label, and reveals another label underneath: 'Beer Pong Game.' He nonchalantly places it on a shelf alongside drinking hats, beer bong, and other party games.

Magic John's son disappears into the back room. He returns carrying a massive box labeled 'The Bamboo Torture Chamber.' The box is so heavy he struggles to bring it to the counter, nearly dropping it.

Rick looks bemused, thinks for a second, and seems to realise what the trick does.

MAGIC JOHN'S SON
(Struggling but grinning)
Here it is. State-of-the-art.
Jeopardy, danger... everything
audiences love.

Rick eyes the sharp bamboo sticks pictured on the box, skeptical.

MAGIC JOHN'S SON
(Gesturing to the box)
Collapsible design. Packs small,
plays big. Perfect for big time
performers.

RICK
(Concerned)
Those bamboo sticks look sharp.
This seems... Dangerous.

MAGIC JOHN'S SON
(Confidently)
Danger is good! Everyone loves
jeopardy!

RICK
HMMMMMMMM...

MAGIC JOHN'S SON

I'll throw in a crate of lemon
hooch!

ALEX
(Immediately)
--Deal!

Rick sighs, puffing out his cheeks in resignation.

RICK
Fine. But this one's on you.

Magic John's son pulls out a crate of lemon hooch from under the counter and slams it on top of the Bamboo Torture Chamber box. Rick and Alex awkwardly carry the heavy items towards the door.

ALEX
That's definitely one for Michaela.

RICK
(Deadpan)
Of course it is!

8 EXT. OUTSIDE PENN & STELLA - THE MAGIC OFF LICENSE - DAY 8

Rick and Alex exit the shop, Alex juggling the crate of lemon hooch, while holding the door open for Rick, who struggles with the Bamboo Torture Chamber box. They both pause outside, adjusting their grip on the heavy items.

The two workers step back, revealing the freshly mounted, slightly crooked sign: "Penn & Stella - The Magic Off License!"

A few seconds of awkward silence pass as Rick and Alex trudge up the road, visibly struggling under the weight. Finally, Rick breaks the silence, confused.

RICK
Why the hell did we walk here?

ALEX
(Shrugging, glancing up
at the grey sky)
It's a nice day.

Rick shakes his head in disbelief, Alex just keeps walking, unbothered.

9 EXT. THE LUCKY LOBSTER CASINO - NIGHT

Neon lights flicker above the grand entrance. A large, animated neon sign shows a grinning lobster holding a stack of poker chips in one claw and a martini in the other. Patrons in evening wear shuffle in and out.

10 INT. THE LUCKY LOBSTER CASINO - NIGHT

10

The main floor hums with activity. Slot machines chime, and a roulette wheel spins in the background. Michaela stands at a blackjack table, expertly shuffling a deck of cards with flair. Jim, a scruffy regular, leans on the edge of her table, holding a half-empty drink and watching her intently.

JIM

Oi! Pauline Daniels! Any chance you can magic me up a winning hand?

MICHAELA

(Without looking up)

Sorry Jim. I left my magic wand at home.

JIM

(Laughing)

You could use a bit of luck yourself. What are you doing here anyway, can't you get gigs on stage?

MICHAELA

(Smiling)

Practicing. One day, this'll pay off. Watch this.

Michaela sprays the cards in a neat arc and catches them flawlessly. Dane, a sharply dressed customer at a nearby bar, notices and steps closer, intrigued.

JIM

(Shrugging)

Alright, show-off. Now how about you deal me a hand before I run out of chips?

Jim clumsily tries to place a bet but fumbles, spilling several casino chips onto the blackjack table. A few fall onto the floor and he scrambles to pick them up, muttering and grunting theatrically.

JIM

(Mumbling)

Come back here - you slippery
little... gotcha! These chips are
harder to catch than my ex-wife.

As Jim disappears under the table, fumbling noisily. Michaela and Dane exchange amused looks. Jim resurfaces triumphantly with a single chip.

JIM
This fella wouldn't go down without
a fight.

MICHAELA
Are you ok?

JIM
(pointing to a scratch on
his head)
Yeah but unfortunately I took some
damage during the conflict.

The other players at the table exchange glances and mutter among themselves. One player then loses their hand and groans.

Michaela picks up the chip from the losing player's bet, and performs a sleight-of-hand trick, making one chip seemingly jump between her hands.

Dane steps closer to the table, watching Michaela as she continues working.

DANE
(To Michaela)
Quite the show. Do you charge for
the entertainment?

MICHAELA
(Smiling whilst dealing
cards to other players)
Only if you're impressed.

MICHAELA
(To player)
Stick or twist?

Player 2 opts to twist and busts their hand. Michaela nods and sweeps up their chips with practiced efficiency before turning back to Dane.

DANE
That trick you did with the chips
was incredible!

Michaela again executes the sleight-of-hand trick perfectly, drawing genuine amazement from Dane and the other players. Jim, however, nods as though unimpressed

DANE
(Smiling)
Wow!

MICHAELA
(Smiling with a glance at Jim)
Thanks. Nice to have an audience that gets it.

Not missing a beat Jim scoops up all his remaining chips and heads toward a nearby roulette table.

JIM
You think she's good... Watch me make my wages disappear!

Jim theatrically dumps his chips onto the roulette table, and... loses immediately. He shrugs as Michaela, Dane, and the players exchange confused looks.

JIM
(Triumphantly)
And for my next trick... I vanish!

Jim gives an exaggerated bow and walks toward the exit, leaving Michaela, Dane, and the other players shaking their heads in disbelief.

Dane lingers at the table as Michaela deals another hand to the players.

DANE
You're wasted here. Ever thought about performing for bigger audiences?

MICHAELA
(Laughing, while collecting chips from a losing hand)
One day. Right now, I'm just focused on not getting fired.

DANE
(Smiling)
Fair enough. I'm Dane, by the way.

MICHAELA
Micki. Nice to meet you.

DANE
 (With a wink)
 See you around.

Dane takes his drink, and walks off. Michaela watches him go, a small smile on her face.

Michaela starts dealing another hand, one of the players, a middle-aged man, gestures toward Jim, who can now be seen at a cash machine in the corner, loudly berating the machine.

PLAYER
 Is he always like that?

MICHAELA
 (Deadpan)
 Tonight is one of his good nights.

The table laughs as Michaela deals the next hand.

11 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

11

A small, bustling coffee shop. Rick is seated at a table near the window, sipping a black coffee and scrolling on his phone. Michaela walks in, sits opposite him, and pulls out a deck of cards, casually practicing shuffles and sleight of hand.

As she starts flipping cards through the air and catching them, a few nearby customers glance over. One older man furrows his brow in confusion, while a younger woman nudges her friend and whispers, pointing subtly at Michaela.

RICK
 (Looking up, sarcastic)
 Morning. You practicing for the
 World's Least Subtle Entrance
 competition?

MICHAELA
 (Grinning)
 If I am, I'm winning.

RICK
 By a mile.

MICHAELA
 (Smiling, noticing Rick's
 coffee)
 Oh, did you order me one?

RICK
 Cappuccino, obviously.

Michaela grins and starts shuffling the cards with more intricate flair. Nearby customers keep sneaking curious glances as she flips cards dramatically.

RICK

You know, you could try practicing somewhere other than a public place.

MICHAELA

(Still shuffling)

Well, practicing is paying off! A guy at the casino last night said I was incredible.

RICK

(Smirking)

Was it Colin?

MICHAELA

(Smiling, a little coy)

No, someone a bit more... Well put together.

RICK

(Sarcastically)

That narrows it down then.

Michaela continues compulsively shuffling.

MICHAELA

Go on, pick a card.

RICK

(Bluntly)

No.

MICHAELA

Come on! It'll be fun.

RICK

(Skeptical)

Fun for who?

MICHAELA

(Still shuffling)

For me, now pick a card.

Rick sighs, reluctantly takes a card, and looks at it, its the three of clubs. Rick slides the card back into the deck. Michaela starts shuffling again, now even more enthusiastically.

MICHAELA

Prepare to be amazed!

RICK
(Bored)
Can't wait.

Michaela keeps shuffling while Rick's phone buzzes. He checks it sighs.

MICHAELA
Who's that?

RICK
Alex.

RICK
(Reading aloud)
"Don't forget the party tonight.
Can't help with the van, need to
give Ted Sheeran a hand. Meet you
there."

Rick pockets the phone and looks at Michaela, who is still shuffling the cards.

RICK
Typical Alex... I'll need your help
sorting the van out before we go
now.

MICHAELA
(Smiling)
Sure, but only if you promise not
to shout "lift with your legs not
your back" every five seconds.

RICK
(Serious)
Workplace health and safety is
important.

Michaela pauses just briefly smirking, before resuming her card shuffling.

MICHAELA
Yeah, especially when half your job
involves experimental Asian magic
kit supplied by a bloke who also
sells booze for a living.

RICK
(Realising, concerned)

That reminds me, we need to go over the plan for tonight. Do you actually know what you're doing?

MICHAELA
(Nonchalantly, still shuffling)
Of course.

RICK
(Suspicious)
Do you really?

MICHAELA
(Still shuffling)
Just refresh my memory.

RICK
(Mildly irritated)
OK, so we spend an hour or so working the guests, followed by a couple of tricks in front of everyone. Then we get the birthday boy up, and you do the bamboo trick on him.

MICHAELA
(Casually, switching to impressive one-handed shuffling)
Got it.

RICK
(Concerned)
Do you actually know what you're doing with it?

MICHAELA
Relax, I've read the instructions.

Michaela casually pulls a pamphlet from her bag with one hand while shuffling with the other. She tosses the pamphlet onto the table. It's for the 'Bamboo Torture Chamber' trick, and the writing is clearly not in English.

RICK
(Alarmed)
Is that written in Japanese!?

MICHAELA
(Casually)
Yep.

RICK

But you don't speak Japanese?

MICHAELA
(Confidently, still
shuffling)
Yeah, but it has pictures.

RICK
(Very concerned)
There's a lot of exclamation marks
and warning symbols!

Michaela shrugs! Rick puts his head in his hand, increasingly exasperated.

RICK
(Under his breath)
Oh my god.

MICHAELA
(With a grin, still
shuffling)
Seriously, relax. Do everything
just like we rehearsed, and I'll
take care of the bamboo trick.

Michaela suddenly flicks a single card high into the air. It spins dramatically and lands perfectly next to Rick just as the waiter approaches with Michaela's cappuccino.

WAITER
Here's your cappuccino. Sorry about
the delay.

RICK
(Sarcastically)
Did you go to Italy for it?

The waiter gives him an unimpressed look before walking away. Rick picks up the card, it's completely wrong. The queen of hearts.

MICHAELA
(Cheerfully taking the
cappuccino)
Don't be grumpy. Maybe you need
another coffee.

RICK
(Deadpan, holding up the
wrong card)
Maybe you need more practice.

Michaela notices the card is wrong, falters for a moment, then quickly shrugs and sips her cappuccino as Rick shakes his head.

12 EXT. THE DRIVEWAY OF A SEMI DETACHED HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 12

Rick and Michaela stand near a van parked on the driveway of a suburban house. The garage door is open, revealing a chaotic collection of magic props. The back of the van is already partially loaded with items from the previous gig.

RICK

Right, let's get this van sorted.
Unload the kids party junk and get
the new stuff in.

Michaela hauls a huge fan still covered in bird feathers from the van and drags it toward the garage. Feathers float everywhere as she grunts under its weight.

MICHAELA

(Straightening up,
panting)

You know what, great advice earlier
Rick.

RICK

(Surprised)

Oh yeah?

MICHAELA

(Smiling)

Yeah, lifting with your back
instead of your legs makes all the
difference.

Rick stares at her dumbfounded.

RICK

That's the exact opposite of what I
said.

MICHAELA

(Shrugging cheerfully)

Well, whatever. It's working for
me.

Michaela heads back to the van to grab the next item. Elderly neighbour Mary, appears in the garden next door to hang out her washing.

MARY

(From her garden,
cheerfully)
Evening Richard.

RICK
Oh, hello Mary, how are you?

MARY
You know, can't complain. Just
keeping busy.

Mary pulls a leather corset out of a washing bakset and hangs it on the washing line. Rick notices and tilts his head in mild confusion.

Michaela emerges carrying a "Giant Silk Handkerchief Trick", a bulky, overstuffed box that bursts slightly open, revealing an absurd tangle of brightly coloured handkerchiefs spilling out.

RICK
(Confused)
Giant silk handkerchiefs? It's a
50th birthday party, not a circus.
Why on earth would we need those
tonight?

MICHAELA
(Playfully)
You never know.

Rick opens his mouth to argue, looks at her, then at the box, and gives up. He exhales sharply, defeated, as Michaela cheerfully shoves the box into the van.

Mary hums happily as she pegs a whip onto the line. Rick clocks it, his brow furrowing slightly.

Michaela hauls out the awkwardly heavy box labeled "Bamboo Torture Chamber." She stumbles slightly before shoving it into the van with a loud thud.

MARY
(Calling over)
Another show tonight is it?

RICK
(With a forced smile)
Yeah, we're off to dazzle some
unsuspecting party guests.

MARY
(Grinning)

How lovely. Oh, by the way... Did you know that my dog's a magician?

RICK
(Deadpan, bracing himself)
Is he now?

MARY
(Delighted)
Yes! He's a labracadabrador!

Mary cackles at her own joke. Michaela also finds it amusing.

MICHAELA
(Laughing)
You've got to admit, that's good.

RICK
(Unamused)
If by good, you mean painfully inevitable, then sure.

Mary now pegs up a gimp mask onto the line. Rick's eyes widen, and he takes a full step back, staring at the mask.

RICK
(Muttering to Michaela)
There's something odd about Mary. I mean, look at that washing line...

MICHAELA
Maybe she's just adventurous.

RICK
Adventurous? It's like Anne Summers and Marilyn Manson opened a launderette.

Michaela shuts the garage door with a satisfied clap of her hands and leans against the van.

RICK
(Checking the van's contents)
Right, are we done?

MICHAELA
(Nodding confidently)
Yep. All set.

RICK
You're sure we're not forgetting anything this time?

MICHAELA

Relax Rick. Worst-case scenario, we improvise.

RICK

Right, because nothing says
"Professional Magic Act" like
winging it and hoping for the best.

MICHAELA

(Shrugging, climbing into
the van)

Hey, it's worked before.

Rick shakes his head and gets into the passenger seat.

The van sputters to life and Micheala drives it off down the quiet street. Feathers still float lazily through the air, and the gimp mask sways ominously on the washing line.

13 INT. THE SHOW - NIGHT

13

The venue is a lively social club with modest decor. Guests in smart-casual attire mingle, chatting and sipping drinks. In the corner of the room is a DJ, 'Vinyl Richie', who is a white guy dressed as Lionel Richie from the "Hello" video.

Rick is smartly dressed in a suit and top hat, and Michaela wears a plaid skirt paired with a blazer. Sue, a middle age lady meets Rick and Michaela as they enter.

SUE

(Friendly)

Hi, I'm Sue. Thanks so much for coming. It's my husband Pete's birthday.

MICHAELA

Nice to meet you Sue!

Michaela shakes Sue's hand warmly, leaning in for a European style double kiss. Rick simply raises a hand in greeting.

RICK

(Monotone)

Hey.

SUE

You can set up over there, near the DJ. Let me know if you need anything!

Sue points to a cleared space next to Vinyl Richie who is adjusting his wig and 80s sunglasses. Rick and Michaela glance over and nod.

RICK
Great thanks. Let's get the stuff
from the van.

Michaela gives Rick a mock salute.

MICHAELA
On it boss.

As they leave, a guest trips over a chair, spilling their drink. Rick mutters.

RICK
Classy crowd.

"ABRACADABRA" BY STEVE MILLER plays during a montage of Rick and Michaela mingling with guests and performing various tricks with mixed success.

Rick Trick One: Rick performs a card trick, guessing a party guest's chosen card. He initially reveals the wrong card, resulting in a chuckle from the guest. After a small panic Rick recovers on the second attempt, revealing the correct card, the guest is now mildly impressed.

Michaela Trick One: Michaela performs the magic rings trick, seamlessly linking two metal rings together. The small crowd around her claps enthusiastically.

Rick Trick Two: Rick performs a mind-reading trick, correctly guessing a guest's thought of number. Some guests seem impressed, though some also laugh at Rick's dramatic hand gestures.

Michaela Trick Two: Michaela performs a disappearing cigarette trick near the bar to an impressed group. As Sue steps outside for a smoke, she checks her pocket and looks confused when she can't find her cigarettes.

The montage ends with Rick and Michaela gathering near the DJ booth. Rick nods at the DJ, who is oblivious, adjusting his wig again.

RICK
Cough cough!

After twice trying to get the DJ's attention, a frustrated Rick waves and shouts.

RICK

Hello!?

DJ VINYL RICHIE
(Confused)
Is it me you're looking for?

Rick stares, unimpressed. He gestures for the DJ to play the music. Flustered, the DJ fumbles and accidentally plays "Abracadabra" again from the exact point it finished during the montage. Rick mouths, "We've just had that," looking exasperated. The DJ quickly switches to a more traditional magic tune.

Rick and Michaela address the crowd.

RICK
Good evening ladies and gentlemen!
I'm Richard, this is my partner,
Magic Micki, and together we are...
The Two Goats!

The audience offers polite applause as Rick holds up his top hat dramatically.

RICK
We'll start with a classic. This
isn't just any hat... It's magic.

Rick shows the empty top hat to the audience, then theatrically places it on a wooden chest. Before he can continue, a chubby heckler interrupts.

CHUBBY HECKLER
Shame it couldn't magic you up a
hairline!

The audience laughs, including Michaela. Rick's is irritated and replies abruptly.

RICK
(Annoyed)
Well, maybe you could find a magic
jumper and lose some pounds!

The heckler scowls, and the audience gasps. Rick quickly tries to move on, nodding at Michaela.

RICK
Erm... Anyway, Behold, the magic hat!
Magic Micki, the cloth please.

Michaela drapes a cloth over the hat while Rick waves his wand with theatrical gestures. With a flourish, he lifts a large white rabbit from the hat, the audience applauds.

As Rick briefly basks in the applause, the rabbit defecates down his white jacket. The crowd erupts with laughter, and Michaela also stifles a giggle.

RICK
(Looking towards the
buffet)
Well, not my fault. Looks like he's
been at your korma.

A catering lady near the buffet looks offended, while the chubby heckler points at Rick whilst laughing. Rick, now really annoyed, snaps.

RICK
(Angrily to the Chubby
Heckler)
You can shut up, you mess, you'll
be in a state tomorrow... Given the
amount of it you have shoved down
your face!

The heckler looks offended, and there is a gasp from the crowd.

Meanwhile, Alex walks into the club, he sees the situation developing on stage but seems unconcerned as getting to the bar is clearly his priority. He shrugs and charges to the bar.

Michaela steps forward and pick up the rabbit, stroking its head, and talking to it like a baby. With lots of Charisma, she diffuses the tension.

MICHAELA
Ladies and gentlemen, this little
fella looks tired. What do you say
we send him back to wonderland for
a rest?

Rick regains his composure and lowers the rabbit back into the hat. Michaela holds the cloth over it while Rick waves his wand. When the cloth is removed, the rabbit is gone. Rick places the hat on his head, earning a round of applause as he and Michaela awkwardly take a bow.

Just as the applause fades, some rabbit poo trickles out of the hat onto Rick's brow. Rick quickly wipes it away with his sleeve, hoping no one else noticed.

At the bar, Alex is drinking a pint whilst talking to Sue and two other party guests, they look disinterested.

ALEX

So yeah, I handle all the bookings
and admin side of things.

SUE
(Feigning interest)
That's interesting.

ALEX
I manage some other acts too. If
you ever need entertainment again,
let me know. I've got a singer, a
dance troupe, even a high-quality
dog act. Great prices for parties!

Sue nods politely, not fully engaged.

SUE
Oh, right. Yes, I'll keep that in
mind.

Rick and Michaela stand in the corner of the room, where
their makeshift performance space is set up. Vinyl Richie is
still at his DJ set nearby. All the party guests are now
gathered around.

RICK
Ladies and Gentlemen, for this
trick, we are turning Japanese.

RICK
This ancient contraption, made from
authentic bamboo, has baffled
audiences for centuries. Tonight,
we'll show you why...

MICHAELA
Or at least we'll try. If not, it's
back to IKEA for a refund.

The audience laugh.

RICK
But before we begin, we need a very
brave volunteer. Where's the
birthday boy?

The crowd points to Pete, the chubby heckler from earlier.
Pete's mates nudge him forward, laughing and chanting.

MATES
Go on Pete!

Pete reluctantly steps forward, glaring at Rick. Rick looks
nervous as he recognizes him.

RICK
(Awkwardly)
Ah... Pete. Wonderful. Just the man
we need.

PETE
(Annoyed)
Didn't think I'd be part of the
show.

RICK
(Awkwardly Smiling)
Let's give Pete a big round of
applause, everyone!

The crowd claps, though Pete's mates are clearly having the most fun. Michaela opens the bamboo chamber and gestures for Pete to climb in.

MICHAELA
Just step right in birthday boy.

Pete hesitates but eventually tries to climb in. It's clear the chamber was not designed for someone of his size.

RICK
(Whispering to Michaela)
Erm... was this thing tested for...
larger volunteers?

Pete squeezes himself into the chamber, grunting and shifting uncomfortably. An unconcerned Michaela addresses the audience.

MICHAELA
A perfect fit! Made to measure.

Pete mutters under his breath as his mates laugh hysterically. Michaela steps back, grabbing the first bamboo spike. Rick nods toward Vinyl Richie, he gives a thumbs-up. After a few seconds he presses a button, and a loud gong reverberates through the room.

Michaela pushes the bamboo spike through the chamber. Pete yelps as the crowd gasps, then bursts into applause when Pete is unscathed.

MATES
Woo, Yes Pete!

Pete sweats and shifts uncomfortably, glaring at Rick. Michaela beams, grabbing the second spike.

RICK

Now, we raise the stakes...

Vinyl Richie play the gong sound again.

Michaela pushes the second spike through, her confidence growing. Pete flinches, and his mates cheer louder.

MATES

Get in there, Go on lad!

Alex, Sue, and another couple of friends are still at the bar, they smile, cheer, and clap clearly enjoying the show.

RICK

For the third pass, we'll require
absolute precision!

Vinyl Richie fist-pumps and triggers another gong sound. Pete is still petrified and grits his teeth. Michaela's confidence has built, and she skips forward, poking the spike through the chamber. Pete groans, but the audience cheers as he remains unharmed.

RICK

Let's hear it for Pete!

The crowd claps as Pete climbs out of the chamber looking relieved. He waves awkwardly as he starts to walk off. His mates aren't having it.

MATES

(Chanting)

One, more, spike! One, more, spike!

The chant builds, catching on throughout the room. Alex and Sue are still at the bar.

SUE

(Chanting)

One, more, spike! One, more, spike!

ALEX

(Chanting and pumping his
fist in the air!)

One, more, spike! One, more, spike!

DJ VINYL RICHIE

(Chanting and pumping his
fist in the air!)

One, more, spike! One, more, spike!

MICHAELA

(Chanting)

One, more, spike! One, more, spike!

Rick and Michaela exchange a look. Pete's face drops.

RICK
(Laughing)
Guess we're not done.

The chant of "One more spike!" reverberates through the room. Rick steps forward, Pete looks visibly nervous, shaking his head as his mates push him back towards the chamber.

RICK
Ladies and gentlemen, you've
spoken! One more spike it is!

The crowd erupts in cheers. Rick glances at Michaela, who grins and grabs the fourth spike, twirling it theatrically.

RICK
This is the ultimate test of skill,
precision, and bravery! Let's hear
it for Pete, our fearless
volunteer!

Pete mutters something inaudible but clearly unenthusiastic. His mates cheer louder, raising their drinks in celebration

RICK
(Encouraging the
audience)
Come on, let's make some noise for
Pete!

The crowd claps, whistles, and stomps their feet. Pete cringes as Michaela steps into position, fully feeding off the room's energy.

Rick nods again at Vinyl Richie, who then sounds the gong one last time.

Michaela raises the bamboo spike high above her head, twirls it flamboyantly, and thrusts it toward the chamber far more forcefully than before.

A loud yelp of pain echoes, the crowd gasps, and then falls silent. Vinyl Richie lowers his sunglasses in shock.

At the bar, Alex freezes mid-sip of his pint, staring in horror as Sue is horrified.

SUE
(Panicked scream)
Oh my God, Pete!

Alex looks shocked, puffs out his cheeks, takes very large gulp of his pint, and then turns to the bar to order another drink.

ALEX
(Nervous)
Double whiskey please - No ice!

After ordering his stronger drink, Alex pulls out his phone and starts dialling.

ALEX
(On the phone)
Ambulance Please!

14 EXT. OUTSIDE THE VENUE - NIGHT

14

Rick and Michaela sit on a low wall outside the venue, looking dishevelled and deeply embarrassed. Michaela inspects a small rip in her plaid skirt. Nearby, Alex leans against the back of the ambulance, talking to Sue, who looks upset but calm. Inside the ambulance, Pete sits on a stretcher, with a large, bloodstained giant silk handkerchief from The Goats' van wrapped around his injured arm. A paramedic adjusts an oxygen mask over Pete's face.

Alex seems to have calmed the situation with Sue, he says goodbye and then approaches Rick and Michaela, looking unusually serious.

RICK
(Turning to Alex)
Well, what's the damage?

ALEX
Luckily you missed all the major arteries!

Michaela exhales in relief, glancing at Rick, who shakes his head in disbelief.

ALEX
Good news is, she's not pressing charges... Bad news is, I didn't charge them either.

Rick seems to grasp the severity of the situation and reluctantly nods.

MICHAELA
(Exasperated)
What? All that effort for nothing?

RICK
(Snapping)
You're lucky we're not being sued!

Michaela rolls her eyes while Alex tries to defuse the tension.

ALEX
Alright, come on, let's head home.
We'll clear up tomorrow.

Alex, Rick, and Michaela begin walking toward the van when a paramedic jogs over.

PARAMEDIC (DANE)
Excuse me! Wait a second!

The Goats and Alex turn around. Michaela's eyes widen as she realises that the paramedic is Dane from the casino. Dane also recognises Michaela and smirks.

DANE
(Looking at Michaela)
Ah, of course. The call-out said
"magic act gone wrong." I should've
guessed.

Rick and Alex exchange confused looks. Michaela blushes.

MICHAELA
(Quietly)
We met at the casino.

RICK
How interesting, a paramedic with a
gambling problem.

Dane chuckles, unbothered. Michaela elbows Rick, embarrassed.

DANE
So I have to ask about the bamboo
sticks? Where did they come from?
Were they clean?

Rick and Alex look at each other, fumbling for an acceptable answer.

ALEX
Japan.

RICK
Maybe.

ALEX

Sort of.

RICK
(Shrugging)
Probably?

DANE
(Nods, unconvinced)
Right. We'll give him a tetanus
shot, just to be on the safe side.

Dane glances at the ambulance and chuckles at Pete's giant silk handkerchief bandage.

DANE
Stylish bandage that you gave him,
very chic.

MICHAELA
(Proudly)
That was me... Improvisation under
pressure.

Dane smiles. Michaela smiles back, while Rick sighs heavily.

DANE
Well, if nothing else, your act has
introduced avant-garde first aid.

DANE
(To Michaela)
Not how I imagined bumping into you
again. But, hey, since I have,
maybe we can plan a less chaotic
encounter? Say over a drink?

MICHAELA
(Excitedly)
Yeah, absolutely!

Dane pulls a notepad from his pocket, scribbles down his number, and hands it to Michaela.

DANE
(More seriously
addressing the group)
Anyway, be careful next time and
leave the acupuncture to the
professionals. I don't want to be
called out to another one of your
shows!

Rick and Alex nod awkwardly, while Michaela looks thrilled despite everything.

DANE

Goodnight.

Dane jogs back to the ambulance. Michaela stares at the paper smiling.

The Goats and Alex turn and walk towards the van. Rick looks dejected.

ALEX

(To Rick)

Come on, cheer up Richard... It's not all bad... At least I've got you another gig lined up.

MICHAELA

(Excited)

Ah brilliant!

RICK

(Sarcastic)

Oh really? Great, I wonder who Plaid the Impaler is going to maim next?

Rick looks over at Michaela and shakes his head but Michaela doesn't seem to care.

ALEX

Don't worry this one will be easy, it's just a hen party. I have a plan, I'll fill you in later.

RICK

(Shocked, annoyed)

Hen party? No chance, that will be awful. Besides I want some proper shows, this amateur, small stuff is painful.

The ambulance drives off.

RICK

(Looking at the ambulance)

Literally!

MICHAELA

Relax, how hard can a hen party be?

RICK

The way it has gone recently the bride will probably have to be stretchered down the aisle.

ALEX

Listen, I'll get you some big shows soon, but remember, we need to earn. Money is important... We need, you know--

RICK

(Pleading)

--Please, I can't take any more of your money metaphors! Speaking of earning money, where were you for most of the night.

ALEX

(Shrugging, nonchalant)

Helping Ted Sheeran out.

MICHAELA

(Confused)

What happened to him?

ALEX

(Deadpan)

Snapped his G-string.

Michaela gasps, horrified.

MICHAELA

(Concerned)

Oh my God, the poor guy!

ALEX

No, his guitar string! I just had to go to a music shop for him.

MICHAELA

(Laughing)

Oh, that's a relief.

RICK

Well at least we know who your priority act is.

ALEX

(Patronising)

Its not like that, you'll always be my favourites.

MICHAELA

(Naively)

Aw thanks mate!

RICK

(Unconvinced)

Hmm.

Rick, Michaela, and Alex get into the van. Rick drives, visibly grumpy still. Michaela sits in the passenger seat, and, Alex is in the back.

15 INT. THE TWO GOATS VAN - NIGHT

15

RICK
Well, that went well.

MICHAELA
(Casually)
We've had worse gigs.

RICK
Worse?

MICHAELA
Oh yeah, well what about that time
you--

RICK
--Let's not get into all that
again!

MICHAELA
Ok, but tonight nearly ended in a
punch up because of you!

ALEX
Yeah, to be fair, "You've eaten all
the curry, you mess!" That was
pretty special, even for you.

MICHAELA
You need to stop losing it.

RICK
(Apologetic)
It doesn't happen that often... I
just hate hecklers, and ok so I
might have snapped a bit.

ALEX
It was like the tikka masala ran
out at the Jeremy Kyle show's
Indian buffet.

RICK
(Confused)
Hmm...OK?

ALEX

Well at least Michaela had a good evening, right Mickie?

Michaela gleefully stuffs a piece of birthday cake into her mouth.

RICK

You're ridiculous!

MICHAELA

Can't go to a party without getting cake.

RICK

(Exasperated)

Every time?

As The Two Goats' van drives out of the venue carpark, their white rabbit appears by the bins and starts rummaging through the garbage.

THE END