

# JIMBO & SISTERS CALLBACK

JIMBO: What?

EMILY: You don't... *look* Irish.

JIMBO: What?

EMILY: You're not...Irish.

JIMBO: Why the fuck would I be Irish?

EMILY: I just... I thought... Somebody may have told me you were in the Irish Mafia.

JIMBO: *What?*          CLARA: What?          ROSE: Well, okay...

EMILY: Yeah. Silly, right?

JIMBO (amazed): There's an *Irish Mafia*?

EMILY: *I know, right?!*

ROSE: *Seriously?! How does no one know this?*

JIMBO: No way, that sounds like some made up shit right there. That's some Samuel Beckett type shit.

EMILY (upset with herself for not thinking of this one): Samuel Beckett!

JIMBO: What the fuck is wrong with you people? (to CLARA)  
You seriously wanna live here?

ROSE: It's not so bad!

JIMBO: I'm getting the bear, taking a piss, and then we're going.

CLARA, ROSE and EMILY: *NO!!!!*

(CLARA, ROSE and EMILY all run to stand in front of the entrance to the bathroom.)

JIMBO: What *now*?

ROSE: You can't go in there!

EMILY: The toilet –

CLARA: Is broken.

JIMBO: So?

EMILY: We don't—

ROSE: We don't have a toilet.

CLARA: No. No toilet.

JIMBO: Well, which is it? Is it missing or is it broken?

ROSE: Broken.

CLARA: Missing.

EMILY: Both. It's both.

JIMBO: That's not possible.

EMILY: It was broken so we took it out.

ROSE: Yes—

CLARA: Just ripped it right out of there.

JIMBO: You ripped the toilet out of your own bathroom?

EMILY: Yes.

ROSE: Absolutely.

CLARA: Uh huh.

JIMBO: *Why?*

ROSE: Oh, we just—

EMILY: Wanted to start fresh—

CLARA: It had to go.

JIMBO: I'm pretty sure you can fix a toilet if it's broken, you don't have to go tearing it out of the floor.

EMILY: Man, that's *good to know*. ROSE: Oh, really? CLARA: Next time.

EMILY: Guess we could have saved ourselves *a lot* of trouble.

JIMBO: You guys didn't have time to unpack, but you had time to remove the *toilet* from your apartment?

EMILY: Priorities.

JIMBO: What the fuck is going on?