

BINGE

by

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Episode 1: Jazz

60 minute TV drama series pilot

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INT. NIGHTCLUB - LATE EVENING

FIVE FRIENDS on parade by the bar, all 20. Girls: JAZZ, FEBRUARY and CHANELLE. Boys: JOSH and GONK. All smiles, having fun, lining up a row of shots.

JAZZ (V.O.)
They call us binge drinkers.

Shots necked in one. Laughter. They know how to party.

JAZZ (V.O.)
Yeah, we like a drink. But I don't think people quite understand us.

INT. SERVICE STATION SHOP - AFTERNOON

JAZZ sits bored at the till. Out-of-bed hair, almost gothy make-up, a girl with attitude... yet an essence of vulnerability leaks through the cracks. She gazes out through the paypoint glass, wishing for better things.

JAZZ (V.O.)
We work our tits off. Day after day, week after week, the same old shit. The weekend is our only release from the monotony.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - LATE EVENING

JAZZ, CHANELLE and FEBRUARY on the dance floor. A PRETTY-BOY DICKHEAD, all crisp shirt and gelled hair, catches JAZZ'S eye. Mmm, she likes the look of him.

JAZZ (V.O.)
We get hammered on booze, fucked on weed and get off with strangers. We think we're invincible.

JAZZ and PRETTY-BOY DICKHEAD dance close. Hands wander, lips and tongues say hello to each other.

INT. PUB - EARLY EVENING

JAZZ sits at a table, swigging a bottle of lager.

JAZZ
Thing is, time is running out.

BARRY TRENT, journalist, sits opposite, scribbling notes. 41, unfashionable suit, way too sensible haircut, the kind of guy you think still lives with Mummy.

JAZZ

Which means we've got to cram in as much fun as possible... before it's too late.

BARRY

But you said you were invincible. Surely that means you've got all the time in the world.

JAZZ

Nah. It won't be long... four, maybe five years until we all start thinking about settling down. And that's when all our partying will stop. So all we're doing is making the most of our freedom... while we still can.

JAZZ drains her beer bottle. Plonks it on the table beside three fellow empties.

JAZZ

Same again please.

OPENING TITLES.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - LATE EVENING

JOSH and GONK prop up the bar. GONK, laddish, self-assured. JOSH also thinks of himself as a geezer, but he's more the sensitive soul you wish your daughter would meet.

JOSH pouts over the sight of JAZZ on the dance floor. She's still getting fresh with PRETTY-BOY DICKHEAD.

JOSH

Look at the state of Pretty-boy Dickhead. What is Jazz thinking?

GONK

To be fair, Josh, you can't blame the girl for milking her newfound celebrity status.

JOSH

Celebrity? She did an interview about binge drinking for the local paper. That hardly makes her world-famous.

GONK

Pretty-boy Dickhead don't seem to agree.

JOSH

What does she see in him? The twat is a total poser.

GONK

You sound like you're jealous.

JOSH

Just looking out for the girl, that's all.

GONK lobs him an amused glance. He's worked it out.

JOSH

What?

GONK

You fancy her, don't you?

Of course he does. But --

JOSH

Who, Jazz? Shut up, as if.

GONK

Oh, mate, you are seriously in denial.

JOSH

It's not like that. We're just friends.

GONK

Yeah, right. She might see you as just a mate. But in that dirty little mind of yours, that girl is a bunk-up waiting to happen.

JOSH looks away. Takes a swig of his drink, ruffled.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - LADIES' TOILETS - LATE EVENING

CHANELLE sorts out her lippy in the communal mirror. She's attractive, boasting a lovely size 12 figure (not stick-thin, thank God), all curves in the right places. The noticeably meeker plain-Jane FEBRUARY stands a short distance behind her.

FEBRUARY

Do you realise how many times you've touched up your face tonight?

CHANELLE

I need to look glam at all times, babes. You never know when a scout's on the prowl for fresh talent.

FEBRUARY
In this shithole?

CHANELLE plumps up her breasts in the mirror.

CHANELLE
Be prepared, that's what I always say.
You seriously think I want to slog it
out in that café all my life? That is
so not me. Chanelle Hope is destined
for the big time.

She twists around, strikes a pose, showing off her cleavage.

CHANELLE
Well? What do you think?

FEBRUARY falters, thrown by the sudden eyeful. Her eyes are fixed on the girl's breasts. She can't take her lookies off the sight. And then we begin to wonder if this girl is closeted. It certainly looks that way.

FEBRUARY then checks herself and aims her eyes instead at her friend's face.

FEBRUARY
Um. Good, good.

CHANELLE
Just, "good, good?"

FEBRUARY
What else do you expect me to say?

CHANELLE makes a "like, duh" face.

CHANELLE
"Chanelle, you've got well delish
tits," that's what.

FEBRUARY would love to say that. But she's got no confidence.

FEBRUARY
Don't you think that bra's a bit on the
tight side?

CHANELLE
Oh, Feb, it's two sizes too small. I
can hardly breathe, but it's doing
wonders for my cleavage. I just hope I
don't pass out on the dance floor. That
would be, like, well blush.

EXT. CAR PARK NEAR NIGHTCLUB - LATE EVENING

Weaving through parked cars, a giggling JAZZ leads PRETTY-BOY DICKHEAD by the hand. They halt in a secluded area in front of a ghastly bright green vehicle.

JAZZ
Here will do.

JAZZ whips off her knickers. Her short skirt barely conceals her modesty. PRETTY-BOY DICKHEAD looks unsure.

PRETTY-BOY DICKHEAD
There's people about.

JAZZ
So?

He still looks troubled. JAZZ calls out --

JAZZ
Hey, everybody! Look at us! We're just about to have sex!

PRETTY-BOY DICKHEAD
Shhhhh!

JAZZ
See? Nobody's taking any notice. Just get yourself sorted.

JAZZ chucks her undies in her handbag while he drops his trousers and fiddles blindly with his wotsit.

JAZZ
What's the matter now?

PRETTY-BOY DICKHEAD
Condom won't roll on.

JAZZ
You've got it inside out, you dick.
Here. Let me do it.

She takes the helm. PRETTY-BOY DICKHEAD reddens, foolish, but he's loving her fingerwork.

JAZZ turns around and bends over, placing both palms flat upon the bonnet of the car.

JAZZ
Hurry up and do the business before I change my mind.

Too late. The driver-side door opens. An annoyed MIDDLE-AGED MAN (KEN) steps out, hoisting up his trousers.

KEN
What the hell do you think you're doing
on my bonnet?

JAZZ grimaces. Oops! Still in bent-over stance, she peers through the windscreen at TARA, the middle-aged woman KEN was servicing. Shit! Instant mutual recognition.

TARA
Jasmine?!

JAZZ
Mum?!

EXT. AREA OUTSIDE NIGHTCLUB - LATE EVENING (2 MINS LATER)

JAZZ sits alone on a low wall, fuming, puffing away on a spliff. TARA approaches, tarty, short skirt, high heels.

TARA
Oh, there you are.

JAZZ is not best pleased to see the wayward parent.

TARA
I thought you'd given up smoking.

JAZZ
It's not a cigarette.

TARA disapproves as she sits down beside her daughter.

TARA
That shit is no good for you. -- Give
us a toke.

During this convo, the joint is passed to and fro.

JAZZ
Oh, Mum, how could you? Right in the
middle of a car park.

TARA
Oh, so it's all right for you to bend
over for England. I bet you didn't even
know his name.

JAZZ
I'm not married with a kid.

TARA

You're twenty years of age, Jasmine.
Hardly a kid anymore.

JAZZ

It's Jazz.

TARA

Not on your birth certificate.

JAZZ

If you don't love Dad, why are you
still married to him?

TARA

Who says I don't love your father? I've
stuck it out all these years, haven't
I? It's him who's the problem.

JAZZ

Laying the blame elsewhere. So
predictable.

TARA

Oh, come on, love, you've seen what
he's been like lately. Zero
conversation. Tanked up to the
eyeballs. I honestly don't know what's
wrong with the man.

JAZZ

You staying in once in a while might
help.

TARA

You what? And sit there watching him
getting wankered on whisky all evening?
That's hardly my idea of fun, thank you
very much.

JAZZ

Don't you think you're getting a bit
too old for chasing cock?

TARA

Oi, you. I may be approaching forty,
but that doesn't mean I'm ready for my
coffin just yet.

JAZZ

I hope you used protection.

TARA

Oh, hark at the Virgin Mary taking the moral high ground.

JAZZ is tired of this shit. She stands up and hands her mother what's left of the joint.

TARA

Now where are you going?

JAZZ

I need a drink.

And as she heads for the club --

TARA

Jasmine.

JAZZ stops in her tracks. Turns around.

JAZZ

What?

TARA

Are you going to tell your dad?

It seems to take forever for JAZZ to say --

JAZZ

That's not my job, Mum. It's yours.

JAZZ walks away. TARA remains on the wall, one final puff of the spliff, regarding her daughter's words.

INT. JAZZ'S PARENTS' HOUSE - JAZZ'S BEDROOM - MORNING

JAZZ is asleep. Nearby, on the bedside cabinet, her mobile phone begs for immediate attention. Eyes still closed, she blindly reaches across and takes the call.

JAZZ

Unless there's been an accident,
somebody has died or the world's coming
to an end, go away. I haven't had
enough sleep yet.

She listens to the caller. It's clearly not the best of news. Eyes open, rolled toward the heavens.

JAZZ

Give me half an hour.

She kills the phone. Lays back. Offers a jaded sigh.

INT. JAZZ'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LANDING - MORNING

JAZZ in her nightie. She heads for the bathroom. Her father GARY lays face down, passed out on the floor, empty whisky bottle in hand, obstructing the bathroom door.

JAZZ
Dad. -- Dad!

No response. She gives him a soft kick. There's a faint grunt from GARY which almost sounds like, "What?"

JAZZ
I can't get to the bathroom.

Deadweight GARY shows no signs of movement.

GARY
Why not?

JAZZ
You're blocking my path.

GARY
You'll have to step over me. I've lost the use of my legs.

JAZZ is not amused as she does indeed step over him.

INT. JAZZ'S PARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

TARA sits at the table, munching on toast. JAZZ enters in her service station uniform. She heads straight for the kettle and begins to prepare herself a coffee.

TARA
You going into work today?

JAZZ
Looks like it.

TARA
But it's Sunday.

JAZZ
Somebody's pulled a sickie.

TARA
They take advantage of you.

JAZZ
I know. But it's a job. Not ideal, but at least it's regular spends coming in.

JAZZ joins her mother at the table.

TARA

I wish some of that attitude would rub off on your father. The lazy git's applied for sod all since his redundancy.

JAZZ

Give him a chance, it's only been two weeks.

TARA

Yes, but the mortgage won't pay itself. -- I take it Sleeping Beauty's still certified dead on the landing?

JAZZ delivers an "afraid so" nod.

TARA

See what I mean? I don't know why we bothered moving into separate bedrooms. He never makes it into his.

JAZZ

I don't get it. Dad's never been the heavy drinking type.

TARA

He's certainly making up for it now.

JAZZ

So what's the story?

TARA

How should I know? I told you, he won't say a bloody word to me. Why do you think I piss off out of it?

JAZZ needs to ask. It's bugging her badly.

JAZZ

Who was that man last night?

TARA

His name's Ken. A friend of a friend from work.

JAZZ

Is it serious?

TARA

No, don't be daft. He's just a --

A wrestle for a suitable phrase.

JAZZ

Convenient penis?

TARA

Oh, very droll. I was going to say a bit of a laugh. Nothing for you to worry about.

JAZZ doesn't look too convinced.

TARA

Honest to God, love, it's just a casual fling. Ken means nothing to me.

JAZZ

Good. Then you won't mind dumping him and sorting it out with Dad.

TARA

You what? And give up the only fun I've got in my life?

JAZZ

Mum, please. This house is fucked up enough as it is. Only you can un-fuck it.

TARA

Fine, fine, if that's what you want.

JAZZ

It is what I want.

And with a generous dash of resent --

TARA

Then your wish is my command.

INT. SERVICE STATION SHOP - MIDDAY

JAZZ at the till, down in the mouth. JOSH works there too. He's re-stocking the shelves.

JOSH

Do you reckon they'll end up getting divorced?