

# TRUDY MADELEY DEEPLY

by

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Episode 1:

Work And Other Four-Letter Words

30 minute TV sitcom pilot

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**EXT. BUSY STREET - MIDDAY**

Slow-moving traffic. We focus on a sluggish bus sailing past.

TRUDY (V.O.)

I've not called you before. That makes me a Samaritans virgin. My name is Trudy Madeley. I have a severe medical condition: a quarter-life crisis.

**INT. BUS - MIDDAY**

TRUDY MADELEY faces front, melancholy, mobile phone to ear.

TRUDY

In a few weeks time, I'll be twenty-five. What have I got to show for such a pitiful existence? A verruca that refuses to budge, one boob noticeably lower than the other...

She looks down. Left breast adjusted with her free hand.

TRUDY

...and a Chinese tattoo on my bum that's supposed to mean "success," but more than likely says "twat." My life is a total car crash. Three days ago, I walked out on my boyfriend Rick.

**INT. RICK'S FLAT - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

TRUDY enters, horrified eyes drawn to the gyrating motion happening in the occupied bed.

TRUDY (V.O.)

Usual story.

RICK'S head emerges from under the duvet, a tortoise from its shell. Oops! TRUDY looms over him, hands upon hips, livid.

TRUDY (V.O.)

He got his willy wet in enemy territory. Again.

RICK

This is not how it looks.

**INT. HUMAN RESOURCES BITCH'S OFFICE - MORNING**

A rigid HR BITCH sits self-importantly behind her desk; power suit, all empathy surgically removed, you know the sort, every firm has one.

TRUDY (V.O.)

Oh, and this morning, I lost my job.

HR BITCH

Miss Madeley. I bring good news and bad news. I'm afraid we're letting you go.

TRUDY

You're making me redundant?

HR BITCH

Don't take it too personally. We did say it was only a temporary position.

TRUDY

That was five years ago. What's the good news?

HR BITCH

Tomorrow, you can pyjama-binge your favourite TV show box-sets to your heart's desire.

**INT. BUS - MIDDAY**

And we're back on the bus again, phone conversation with the Samaritans still going on.

MALE PHONE VOICE

I see. Do you have any suicidal thoughts?

TRUDY

Only when I'm listening to Ed Sheeran.

MALE PHONE VOICE

Have you taken a lethal overdose in the last twenty-four hours?

TRUDY

Wouldn't I be dead by now if I had?

MALE PHONE VOICE

And is there a history of depression in your family?

TRUDY

My cousin cried for five days when his goldfish died. But he was only seven at the time. So I'm guessing that doesn't count.

MALE PHONE VOICE

Right. Final question. Do you fancy a quick shag at my place?

TRUDY

Jesus, that is well stalker. You're just as bad as my ex-boyfriend Rick.

MALE PHONE VOICE

That's because I am Rick.

TRUDY

What? Since when did you join the Samaritans?

MALE PHONE VOICE

Since never. You've called my number in error. Well, when I say in error, I reckon you did it on purpose.

TRUDY

Don't flatter yourself, nob-face. Easy mistake to make. You're one above the Samaritans in my contacts list.

MALE PHONE VOICE

Are you saying you've literally got contact details for the Samaritans saved to your phone?

TRUDY

Yes. Hasn't everybody?

MALE PHONE VOICE

I'm... pretty certain nobody has.

TRUDY. Vacant face alert. And then she shrugs it off.

MALE PHONE VOICE

Look, Trudy, please. Pop round the flat. Let's sort things out.

TRUDY

No chance. My anxiety is doing cartwheels as it is. Besides, I'm busy. At the Job Centre.

MALE PHONE VOICE

No, you're not. You're on the bus.

TRUDY

How do you know that?

RICK ALLCOCK'S head pops round TRUDY'S seat, his phone pressed against his ear.

RICK

I'm sitting right behind you.

TRUDY. Gob-smacked.

TRUDY

Oh, my God, are you stalking me?

RICK

No. Well, maybe just a little bit.

TRUDY

Leave me alone.

RICK

Oh, come on, Trudy. We had something.

TRUDY

No, Rick. You had something. And then you gave it to me. Having to visit that sexual health clinic was well blush.

RICK

You're so sexy when you're angry.

TRUDY

You know what? It's a pleasant day. I think I'll walk.

She dings the bell and makes her way down the aisle.

**EXT. STREET - MIDDAY**

The bus pulls up, the door swishes open. TRUDY alights from the vehicle and heads down the road. RICK also emerges.

RICK  
Trudy, wait.

TRUDY twists to face him, hands upon hips, sour face.

TRUDY  
What?

RICK  
At least tell me where you're  
dossing down at the moment.

TRUDY  
You think I'm that mental? The  
last headache I need is being  
woken up at piss-off o'clock by  
another one of your drunken  
acapella serenades.

RICK  
That was me being romantic.

TRUDY  
No. That was you being a cock.

RICK  
Please. Give me one more chance.  
I'll prove to you I can change.

TRUDY  
Forget it. I'm not going down that  
road again. It's far too painful.  
And itchy.

And she's off, leaving RICK standing alone.

RICK  
You'll be back in my arms in no  
time. Just you wait and see.

TRUDY  
I'd rather turn lesbian.

RICK  
Yeah? Can I watch?

Disgust from TRUDY. Middle finger salute. All RICK can do is watch in silence as the girl marches out of his life.

**INT. PUB - AFTERNOON**

SINITTA JACKSON, barmaid, 24, mobile in hand, actively fingering the screen. A forlorn TRUDY enters and claims a bar stool.

SINITTA

Be with you in a sec, Trudes. I'm freeing up storage on my phone by savagely culling the dick-pics I've been sent over the years.

TRUDY

How long has that taken you so far?

SINITTA

Three hours. Ooooooh. I think I'll keep that one.

And then she realises --

SINITTA

Hey. Why aren't you at work?

TRUDY

My employer has given me my marching orders. So here I am, discarded without a second thought. Officially one of life's used condoms.

SINITTA

Oh, that sucks. What's your poison?

TRUDY

Anything, as long as it's severely alcoholic.

Two drinks are prepared while they talk.

SINITTA

I'll make it a double anything. On the house. It'll cushion the blow.

TRUDY

What blow?

SINITTA

Um. This one. You. Crashing on my sofa. It's not working out.

TRUDY

What? I'm hardly ever there.

SINITTA

Exactly. You treat my flat like a hotel.

TRUDY

You're seriously throwing me out on the streets? Oh, bloody hell, Sinitta. You're supposed to be my bestie. Look it up in the dictionary... under "B." Or better still, look up exactly what you're acting like... under "C."

SINITTA

Quit dishing out the drama, girl. You said you only needed a couple of days to sort yourself out. That was three days ago, so I think you'll find I've fulfilled my obligation.

TRUDY

Fine. Kick me in the vaj.

SINITTA

Oh, Trudes. Don't be like that. There must be somewhere you can go.

TRUDY

Yes. There is one place. That's what worries me.

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE MADELEY HOUSEHOLD - AFTERNOON**

TRUDY. Suitcase in hand. Tail between her legs. She dings the doorbell.

The front door opens. It's MARIGOLD MADELEY, crossing her arms and sporting the sternest of faces.

MARIGOLD

Trudy.

TRUDY

Hello, Mum.

Oozing sarcasm, MARIGOLD indicates to the suitcase.

MARIGOLD

Off on your holidays, dear?

TRUDY

Mum, please. I've got nowhere else to go.

MARIGOLD

Then I suppose you'd better come in.

She steps aside to allow her daughter entry.

**INT. MADELEY HOUSEHOLD - LOUNGE - AFTERNOON**

Enter MARIGOLD and TRUDY. She parks her suitcase on the floor.

MARIGOLD

I warned you what would happen, moving in with Rick. But did you listen? Fat chance. Instead, you went galloping headlong into disaster, thinking you knew best, armed with nothing but blinkered eyes and a pouting vagina.

TRUDY

Mum! I thought you'd be pleased to have your daughter back home.

MARIGOLD

I am, dear. But you need to see it from my point of view. You haven't shown your face here for months.

TRUDY

Well, you know what it's like when you shack up with a new man. You lose contact with the outside world.

MARIGOLD

Yes, granted, your father and I didn't expect to see you for the first couple of weeks, what with all that pelvic pummelling you needed to get out of your system... but four months is an ice age. A lot can happen in that time, this household being no exception.

TRUDY

Mum? What exactly have I missed?  
In this case, spoilers are  
welcome.

And enter BRADLEY MADELEY, TRUDY'S father.

BRADLEY

Trudy. So nice to see you after...  
um... how long has it been?

MARIGOLD

Four long months.

TRUDY tosses her a glare. BRADLEY checks his mobile phone.

BRADLEY

Oh, Marigold, she still hasn't  
texted me back. It's been over  
three hours now. I read somewhere  
that no girl stays away from their  
mobile phone for that long. What  
if it's serious? What if she's  
dead?

TRUDY

What if who's dead? Oh, God, Dad.  
What have you got yourself into  
this time?

MARIGOLD

He's talking about Chelsea, his  
new girlfriend.

TRUDY

Girlfriend?

BRADLEY

Quite a catch actually. Slim.  
Pretty.

MARIGOLD

Yes, and legs right up to her hair  
extensions. God knows what she  
sees in him. Clearly something I  
failed to spot all those years.

TRUDY

Mum? Dad? What's going on? -- Oh,  
please don't tell me you've become  
swingers. That would be well  
cringe on so many levels.

MARIGOLD

Blame your father. His mid-life crisis has flared up again. This time, he felt the need to take on a younger woman.

TRUDY

Can we please hit the rewind button? Aren't you two supposed to be married?

BRADLEY

I'm afraid we've separated.

MARIGOLD

I caught the dirty tosser servicing his little tart in our marital bed.

TRUDY

Oh, my God. Did you walk in on them?

MARIGOLD

No. Worse. I was sleeping in the bed at the time.

TRUDY

What?

MARIGOLD

They only discovered me when I sneezed. I think I'm allergic to her perfume.

BRADLEY

You were supposed to be staying the weekend at your sister's.

MARIGOLD

Then it's lucky I developed one of my migraines and had to cancel.

TRUDY

Errr, excuse me. Why wasn't I told?

MARIGOLD

What, and disturb your little game of "How wide can I open my legs for Rick today?"