

TRUDY MADELEY DEEPLY

by

Mikey Jackson

Episode 1:

Work And Other Four-Letter Words

30 minute TV sitcom

[www.mikeyjackson.com](http://www.mikeyjackson.com)

FADE IN:

**EXT. BUSY STREET - MIDDAY**

Slow-moving heavy traffic. Let's focus on a sluggish bus sailing past.

TRUDY (V.O.)

I've never phoned you before. I guess that makes me a Samaritans virgin. So forgive me if I mess it up. My name is Trudy Madeley.

**INT. BUS - MIDDAY**

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

TRUDY

In a few weeks time, I'll be twenty-five. And 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 shambles. Three days ago, I walked out on my boyfriend Rick.

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

TRUDY enters, horrified eyes drawn to the occupied bed. She gasps at the gyrating bum shape in the duvet.

TRUDY (V.O.)

Usual story.

RICK'S head emerges, 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. His most sincere eyes.

RICK

This is not how it looks.

**INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - MORNING**

A rigid SUPERVISOR sits self-importantly behind her desk; power suit, all empathy surgically removed, you know the sort.

TRUDY (V.O.)

Oh, and this morning, I lost my job.

SUPERVISOR

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

TRUDY

You're making me redundant?

SUPERVISOR

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

TRUDY

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

SUPERVISOR

You can have a well-earned lie-in tomorrow morning.

The SUPERVISOR offers the mother of all condescending grins.

**INT. BUS - MIDDAY**

And we're back on the bus again, phone convo still going on.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Are you feeling suicidal?

TRUDY

I don't think so.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

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

TRUDY

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

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

And is there a history of depression in your family?

TRUDY

Well, my cousin cried for five whole days when his goldfish died. But he was only seven at the time, so that probably doesn't count.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Right. I suggest anti-stress therapy.

TRUDY

Okaaay. What does that involve exactly?

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

It's quite simple. You scream at the top of your voice while standing stark naked in the middle of a football pitch.

**EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - DUSK**

A NAKED FEMALE FIGURE in the distance, hard to make out. Arms raised, yelling loudly. One big ARRRRGHHHHHHHHHHH!

**INT. BUS - MIDDAY**

The phone call continues.

TRUDY

Already tried that. It didn't work.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Really? I so wish I'd been there. Did the cold air made your nipples stick out like bullets?

TRUDY

Oi, do you mind? That is well stalker. You're just as bad as Rick.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

That's because I am Rick.

TRUDY

What? Since when did you join the Samaritans?

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

I haven't. You've obviously called my number by mistake.

TRUDY

Eh? How?

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

I have a theory... but that would involve you having the Samaritans saved to your contacts list?

TRUDY

I have got the Samaritans saved.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Oh. Have you?

TRUDY

Hasn't everybody?

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

No.

TRUDY

Oh. Hold on, why are we even having this conversation?

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Don't you see? My name must be above the Samaritans in your contacts. You selected my number instead. It must be fate. Which means you still want me.

TRUDY

Like hell I do.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

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

TRUDY

I can't. I'm... at the Job Centre.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

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

TRUDY

How do you know that?

RICK'S head pops round TRUDY'S seat, phone to ear.

RICK

I'm sitting right behind you.

TRUDY, gobsmacked.

TRUDY

Are you stalking me?

ARNIE

Course not. Well, maybe just a little bit.

TRUDY

Leave me alone.

RICK

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

Not for me, it wasn't. I've met some right fit birds in that place.

Total daggers from TRUDY. She'd love to punch him, but... no. Not worth the effort.

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 doors swish open. TRUDY alights from the vehicle and heads down the road. RICK also emerges, hastily stepping out onto the pavement.

ARNIE

Trudy, wait.

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

TRUDY

What?

RICK

Admit it. You can't live without me.

TRUDY

Oh, I think I can.

RICK

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

TRUDY

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

RICK

That was me being romantic.

TRUDY

No. That was you being a tosser.

RICK

Just 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?

Again, she stops in her tracks and turns around. Middle finger salute. And then it's back to marching away.

RICK

Trudy.

This time, she doesn't respond. All RICK can do is watch the girl walk out of his life.

**INT. PUB - AFTERNOON**

SINITTA, barmaid, 24, mobile phone in hand, actively fingering her touchscreen. 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 culling the dick-pics I've been sent over the years.

TRUDY

How long has that taken you so far?

SINITTA

Two hours. Oooh. I think I'll keep that one.

And then she realises --

SINITTA

Hey. Why aren't you at work?

TRUDY

My employers have given me a holiday.

SINITTA

Great.

TRUDY

A permanent one.

SINITTA

Oh. Not so great. What you having?

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

So just like that, you're throwing me out on the street?

SINITTA

I suppose you could call it that, yeah.

TRUDY

Oh, bloody hell, Sinitta. You're supposed to be my best mate.

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 teeth, just like everybody else.

SINITTA

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

TRUDY lobs across a pained expression.

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 rings the doorbell. The front door opens. It's IRENE MADELEY, somewhat surprised to see the girl.

IRENE

Trudy.

TRUDY

Hello, Mum.

A now-stern IRENE indicates to the suitcase.

IRENE

Off on your holidays, dear?

TRUDY

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

IRENE

Then I suppose you'd better come in.

She steps aside to allow her daughter entry.

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

Enter IRENE and TRUDY. The suitcase, parked on the floor.

IRENE

I warned you what would happen, moving in with Rick. But did you listen? No. Instead, you went galloping headlong into disaster, thinking you knew best, armed with nothing but blinkered eyes and a pouting vagina.

TRUDY

Mum!

IRENE

Well. It's true.

TRUDY

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

IRENE

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 bloke. You lose contact with the outside world.

IRENE

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.

TRUDY

Mum!

IRENE

But four months is a long time. A lot can happen in four months. This household being no exception.

TRUDY

What do you mean?

The front door opens. BRADLEY MADELEY, TRUDY'S father is home.

BRADLEY  
Afternoon, Irene.

He puckers up to greet her with a kiss. She recoils.

IRENE  
In your dreams, Bradley.

BRADLEY  
Oh. Sorry. I forgot I'm not allowed to do that any more.

TRUDY  
Why not?

BRADLEY realises his daughter is here. He avoids the query.

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

IRENE  
Four long months.

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

BRADLEY  
She still hasn't texted me. It's been three hours now. 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?

IRENE  
Ah, that'll be Chelsea, his new girlfriend.

TRUDY  
Girlfriend?

BRADLEY  
Quite a catch actually. Slim. Blonde.

IRENE  
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.

BRADLEY

Do you think she's gone off me?

IRENE

That wouldn't be too difficult.

TRUDY

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

IRENE

If you must know, your father's mid-life crisis has flared up again. This time, he felt the need to take on a younger woman.

TRUDY

Woh, woh, woh. Can we just rewind a bit please? Aren't you two supposed to be married?

BRADLEY

Not any more. Your mother has chucked me.

TRUDY

Chucked you?

BRADLEY

Yes. You know. Packed me in. Blown me out. Given me the elbow.

TRUDY

Yeah, yeah, I know what it means, Dad. But why?

IRENE

I caught the dirty git shagging his little tart in our marital bed.

TRUDY

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

IRENE

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

TRUDY

What?

IRENE

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

BRADLEY

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

IRENE

Then it's lucky I fell ill with flu and  
had to cancel.

TRUDY

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

IRENE

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

TRUDY lobs her another scowl.

IRENE

Doesn't matter now anyway. It's all  
water under the bridge. Nothing else  
has really changed around here. We  
still live under the same roof. Just in  
separate rooms.

TRUDY

And that works?

BRADLEY

Chance would be a fine thing. She used  
to be difficult to live with. Now she's  
bloody impossible.

IRENE

But what can we do? The housing market  
around here never did recover from the  
crash. We can't buy, we can't sell,  
we're both stuck here.

BRADLEY

Yeah, tell me about it.

IRENE

Still. Every cloud has a silver lining.  
Whenever your father gets the urge, I  
no longer have to turn over and think  
of England.

TRUDY

Don't you mean lay back?

IRENE

And look up at his wide-eyed sweaty face? Ooh, no, dear.

TRUDY

I can't believe you two have split up.

IRENE

It was inevitable. Bound to happen sooner or later. Like a long queue at the checkouts when you're running late. Or haemorrhoids.

She takes note of TRUDY'S sullen face.

IRENE

I know, I know. It's reminding you of your break-up. But cheer up, Trudy. You and I, we can be single girls together. All right, so you've lost your nightly portion of rock hard meat...

TRUDY

Mum!

IRENE

...but at least you've still got your job.

TRUDY

Ah. Actually, I've sort of lost that too.

IRENE

Oh, Trudy. Is this really how I brought you up?

IRENE plucks her coat from the back of a chair.

IRENE

It's lucky your mother's here as per usual to sort it all out. Now, choppity-chop. We need to pay an urgent visit to the Job Centre.

TRUDY doesn't like the sound of that.

TRUDY

What do you mean we?