

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 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

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

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

Tomorrow you can stay in your jim-jams.

INT. BUS - MIDDAY

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

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

I see. 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.)

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.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Right. Final two questions. One: Are you feeling horny? And two: Do you fancy a shag at my place?

TRUDY

Jesus, 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.)

Since never. You obviously 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.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Are you saying you've actually got the number for the Samaritans saved to your phone?

TRUDY

Yes. Hasn't everybody?

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

I'm... pretty certain nobody has.

TRUDY. The vacant face of discombobulated confusion.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Look, the point is, this very phone call 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. 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 doors swish 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 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 cock.

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?

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, barmaid, 24, mobile phone 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

Two 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 a holiday.

SINITTA

That's good.

TRUDY

A permanent one.

SINITTA

Not so good. 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

You're seriously throwing me out on the street? Oh, bloody hell, Sinitta. You're supposed to be my bestie.

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

IRENE

Trudy.

TRUDY

Hello, Mum.

Oozing sarcasm, 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. TRUDY parks her suitcase on the floor.

IRENE

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.

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... but four months is an ice age. A lot can happen in that time. This household being no exception.

TRUDY

And that means what exactly?

And enter BRADLEY MADELEY, TRUDY'S father.

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

Oh, Irene, she still hasn't texted me back. It's been 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?

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.

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

BRADLEY

I'm afraid we've separated.

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 developed one of my migraines and had to cancel.

TRUDY

Errr, 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 glare.

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? Sure, we could sell the house and split the proceeds, but what would that buy in this town? Two garden sheds, that's what. In short, 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, it's no longer yours truly here who has to lay back and think of England.

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 a supermarket checkout when you're running late. Or... haemorrhoids.

IRENE 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

What do you mean we?

INT. SUPERMARKET MANAGER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

TRUDY and IRENE sit waiting for the interviewer to turn up.

IRENE

I'll tell you what, that Job Centre has changed beyond recognition. Where have all the job boards disappeared to?

TRUDY

These days, it's all computerised.

IRENE

And do they really need people standing behind podiums to welcome in the jobless? They reminded me of daytime TV gameshow contestants. Then again, I suppose they do that to make the long-term unemployed feel at home.

TRUDY

Mum, give it a rest. That mouth of yours hasn't stopped spouting out crap since we got here.

IRENE

Oh, thank you very much. Don't you forget, young lady, it was me who got you this job interview.

TRUDY

Yes. I know. Pity it included embarrassing me in front of the entire universe in the process.

IRENE

What did I say that was so wrong?

TRUDY

"Give my bloodsucking daughter a job right now before she eats me out of house and home."

IRENE

You have to be cruel to be kind. And look. It got you a foot in the door, didn't it?

TRUDY

I suppose. But I still don't understand why you had to tag along.

IRENE

Why do you think? To make sure you don't muck it up.

TRUDY

But why get me an interview here? I have zero previous experience of working in a supermarket.

IRENE

Ah, but I have. The manager will snap you up for sure when he finds out you've got a mother you can tell you how it's done.

TRUDY doesn't look too won over.

IRENE

Have faith, Trudy. This job is as good as yours.

INT. HIGH STREET CAFE - LATE AFTERNOON

BRADLEY sits at a table, coffee in hand. TRUDY enters, not a happy bunny. She joins him at the table.

BRADLEY

I take it the job interview didn't go as planned.

TRUDY

No, no, it was a success... sort of.

BRADLEY

That's good, isn't it?

TRUDY

It would have been if Mum didn't keep interrupting every question thrown at me by banging on about her vast retail experience.

BRADLEY

To be fair, it clearly helped. When do you start?

TRUDY

I don't. They gave the job to her. -- What about you? Did you manage to get in contact with Chelsea?

BRADLEY

Oh, yes. Turns out she's not dead after all. And I've since learnt that young women can indeed go more than three hours without consulting their mobile phones. Apart from at weekends.

TRUDY

So when do I get to meet her?

BRADLEY

Sooner than you think. Here she comes now.

They both watch CHELSEA FLOWERS enter. OMG, she's a typical blonde bimbo, eighteen years of age. She throws an overblown wave at BRADLEY.

CHELSEA

Bradley babes!

BRADLEY waves back. A lovesick smile stretches his face. TRUDY is stunned. She says to BRADLEY in a disapproving whisper --

TRUDY
She's a bit young.

BRADLEY
Eighteen to be precise.

TRUDY
But you're, like, almost dead.

BRADLEY
Yes, okay, admittedly, she's young enough to be my daughter.

TRUDY
Dad, she looks young enough to be my daughter.

CHELSEA
Hiyas.

BRADLEY stands up. He and CHELSEA go for a full-on snog. Ugh, it lasts ages. All TRUDY can do is sit there in cringe mode. Eventually, they free each other, much to TRUDY'S relief.

CHELSEA
You must be Trudy.

TRUDY
That's right. His twenty-four-year-old daughter.

CHELSEA
Awww. You're so lucky. Bradley's such a lovely guy. I wish he was my dad.

TRUDY grimaces.

TRUDY
Errrrm. That probably wouldn't work out in your favour.

CHELSEA
Why not?

TRUDY and BRADLEY swap glances. Is this girl for real?

CHELSEA
Oh, God, yeah, I get it now. I wouldn't be able to fuck him.

Other CAFE CUSTOMERS double take at her colourful vocab. BRADLEY, to save face, stands up and says --

BRADLEY

I'll get you both a coffee.

And he quickly heads for the counter. CHELSEA sits down.

CHELSEA

Oh, Trudy, it's so lovely to meet you.
I'm Chelsea Flowers.

TRUDY

Chelsea Flowers?

CHELSEA

I know. It's a silly name, but when that garden show is on TV, I feel really famous.

TRUDY

Didn't your parents think things through before they named you?

CHELSEA

They didn't have time. I was an unexpected arrival. My Mum didn't even know she was pregnant.

TRUDY

She never noticed the bump?

CHELSEA

She just assumed she was piling on the pounds. And the contractions, well, she put them down to a bad case of wind. She let rip with what she thought would be the biggest fart in history and out I popped. Apparently, I landed on my head.

TRUDY

Somehow, I can believe that.

CHELSEA

My Mum didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Nor did all the other passengers on the bus.

TRUDY

You were born on a bus?

CHELSEA

Yeah. Imagine the shock on their faces.
Aww, I wish I'd been there.

TRUDY. Absolutely perplexed.

TRUDY

You were there.

And here comes BRADLEY, back with the coffees. He sits down beside CHELSEA.

BRADLEY

Everything all right?

CHELSEA

Ooh, yes. We're getting on like a horse on fire.

TRUDY and BRADLEY exchange unsure glances at horse.

INT. MADELEY HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

The breakfast table. IRENE, BRADLEY and a hungover TRUDY.

TRUDY

I am mega hanging this morning.

IRENE

Serves you right for staying out all hours last night, boozing it up with Sinitta. It's not like you can afford it at the moment.

TRUDY

Mum, get off my case. Sinitta paid. Her apology for evicting me from her sofa.

IRENE

Everything happens for a reason. If Rick hadn't done the dirty on you, you wouldn't have ended up at Sinitta's. Likewise, if Sinitta hadn't turfed you out, you wouldn't be enjoying life back here in the family home.

TRUDY

Exactly. That's why she felt the need to apologise.

TRUDY takes a bite of toast. A grimace. Not in the mood. Back on the plate it goes.