

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 CHANEL. 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, CHANEL and FEBRUARY on the dance floor. A WHITE-SHIRTED DICKHEAD catches JAZZ'S eye. Mmm, she likes him.

JAZZ (V.O.)

We get hammered on booze, fucked on weed and get off with strangers. We think we're invincible.

JAZZ and the WHITE-SHIRTED 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.

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 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 bottle. Plonks it on the table.

JAZZ

Same again please.

OPENING TITLES.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - LATE EVENING

JOSH and GONK prop up the bar. GONK, laddish, self-assured. JOSH thinks himself as a geezer too, 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 the WHITE-SHIRTED DICKHEAD.

JOSH

Look at the state of that white-shirted 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

That white-shirted 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

CHANEL sorts out her lippy in the huge communal mirror. She's gorgeous, curvy, cracking figure, nice pair. 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?

CHANEL

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?

CHANEL plumps up her breasts in the mirror.

CHANEL

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

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

CHANEL

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 them off the sight. And then we begin to wonder if this girl is a closet. It certainly looks that way.

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

FEBRUARY

Um. Good, good.

CHANEL

Just, "good, good?"

FEBRUARY

What else do you expect me to say?

CHANEL

(like, duh)

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

FEBRUARY would love to say that. But we can see she hasn't got the confidence.

FEBRUARY

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

CHANEL

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 the WHITE-SHIRTED DICKHEAD by the hand. They halt in a secluded area in front of a horrible bright green vehicle.

JAZZ
Here will do.

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

WHITE-SHIRTED DICKHEAD
But 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!

WHITE-SHIRTED 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?

WHITE-SHIRTED DICKHEAD
Condom won't roll on.

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

She takes the helm. WHITE-SHIRTED DICKHEAD reddens, foolish, but loves her fingerwork.

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

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

Too late. The driver's 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, livid, 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 any more.

JAZZ

It's Jazz.

TARA

Not on your birth certificate.

JAZZ

I don't get it. 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 scoffs. Loudly.

TARA

Oh, come on, love, you've seen what
he's been like lately. Won't speak to
me. Refuses to do anything together. 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 wanked on whisky? 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 men?

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

She listens to the caller. It's 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 lies face down, passed out on the floor, empty 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.

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 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 rooms. 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? 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 pricing up goods and placing them on the shelves.

JOSH

Do you reckon they'll end up getting divorced?

JAZZ

That's the last thing I want. Then again, maybe it's for the best. They practically lead separate lives as it is.

JOSH

Know what I think? You need to bring them together somehow. Revive a shared interest.

JAZZ

Like what?

JOSH

I don't know. What do they like doing as a couple?

JAZZ thinks about it.

JAZZ

Arguing.

JOSH

Is that all?

She thinks about it some more.

JAZZ

Yeah. And they're very good at it.

JOSH. Disillusioned.

JOSH

Oh. Back to the drawing board.

JAZZ lobs across the kind of affectionate smile a doting mother offers a giggling infant.

JAZZ

I am so lucky to have you.

JOSH'S face glows. Hope. "Have you" sounds good.

JAZZ

You are such a good friend.

JOSH'S face loses some shine. "Friend" doesn't sound so good. But no, don't surrender. Now is a good time for --

JOSH

Listen. Jazz. I was wondering if you'd... like to go out on a --

The door opens. In walks BARRY the journalist.

BARRY
How is Jazz this fine morning?

JOSH shrinks into the background.

JAZZ
Not too bad, thanks, Barry.

BARRY grabs a large bag of sweets and trots over to the till.

BARRY
Amazing. The very moment I develop an
urge for a bag of humbugs, I pass your
place of work. What are the chances?

JOSH rolls his eyes at BARRY'S twatty cheese. This goes unnoticed. In contrast, JAZZ smiles as she scans the bag.

EXT. SERVICE STATION FORECOURT - MIDDAY

A parked car. We can't make out the DRIVER'S identity through the glass. Trilby hat, dark glasses, leather gloves. The mystery person is taking snapshots.

INT. MYSTERY CAR - MIDDAY

Now we're inside the vehicle. The camera, pointed at JAZZ and BARRY exchanging money for goods. Snap, snap, snap!

INT. SERVICE STATION SHOP - MIDDAY

BARRY
So. Did my article bring you fame and
fortune?

Unseen by JAZZ and BARRY, JOSH sports a glare as he prices up goods, clearly reminded of last night's white-shirted dickhead.

JAZZ smirks at the thought of that same dickhead.

JAZZ
You could say it brought me some extra
attention.

BARRY
Glad to hear it.

That awkward moment when a guy grapples for further conversation, but instead falters like a tosspot. The usual gestures. Stammering. Nodding dog. Idiot smile.

BARRY

Well, I'd... better make a move.

Nervous beam. A backward amble towards the exit.

BARRY

You know how it is. Things to do.
Places to go.

EXT. SERVICE STATION FORECOURT - MIDDAY

The mystery car is driven away.

INT. SERVICE STATION SHOP - MIDDAY

BARRY reaches the door and opens it. Then a pause. One final smile at JAZZ.

BARRY

See you later, crocodile.

He clearly doesn't realise it's meant to be "alligator." And as he leaves, JOSH and JAZZ trade perplexed glances.

JOSH

What was that all about?

JAZZ

I have no idea.

She shrugs it off. And then she's reminded of --

JAZZ

Oh. What was that you were saying?
Something about going out.

JOSH

Oh, yeah, that. Um...

This is JOSH'S chance. A perfect opportunity to reveal his true feelings. He prepares himself and... bottles it.

JOSH

Forget it. It's nothing important.

JAZZ shrugs a fair enough. JOSH turns away, his face a vivid masterpiece of self-kicking failure.

INT. JAZZ'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LOUNGE - EVENING

JAZZ is home at last. She looks knackered. GARY, a tad drunk, is stretched out on the sofa, watching TV, drinking whisky.

GARY

All right, love? Good day at work?

JAZZ

It was crap. Just like every other day.

No sign of TARA. JAZZ looks disappointed.

JAZZ

Don't tell me. She's bugged off out again.

GARY

Actually, you'll find your mother upstairs in her room.

JAZZ

Oh. What's she doing up there?

GARY

We might have had a... a slightly massive row.

INT. JAZZ'S PARENTS' HOUSE - TARA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

JAZZ walks in to find --

-- TARA on the bed, legs open wide, sorting herself out with a vibrator. Buzzzzzz!

JAZZ curses, twisting away, covering her eyes, repulsed. TARA spots her and panics.

TARA

Jasmine!!

She whips away the offending weapon and sits herself up, straightening her hitched-up skirt.

TARA

Haven't you bloody heard of knocking? Wonderful invention!

Awkward frigging moment of the year for the pair of them. JAZZ risks uncovering her eyes. Phew, the horror's gone.

JAZZ

Fuck's sake, Mum. I never want to see that again.

TARA

That's what you get for barging in uninvited. What do you want anyway?