

COMPLICATED

by

Mikey Jackson

Episode 1

Daughters and Lovers

30 minute TV sitcom pilot

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

**INT. KIRK'S BEDSIT - AFTERNOON. DAY 2**

KIRK YOUNG, 22, who could easily win Geeky Misfit of the Year answers the door to SPENCER GRIMES, 22, soaking wet, strands of pondweed in his sodden hair, swathed in nothing but an oddly dry dressing gown. KIRK screws up his face at the sight.

KIRK

In a parallel universe, that look might pass as fashion. Here... no.

SPENCER

It was all I could whip off somebody's washing line at such short notice.

KIRK blinks, perplexed, as SPENCER enters a typical geek's dive. Posters of aliens, Star Trek, that kind of thing.

SPENCER

Kirk, I need your help with a dilemma.

KIRK

Oh, mate, you know I hate dilemmas. It was bad enough earlier, deciding out of Cornflakes or Coco Pops.

SPENCER

What did you choose?

KIRK

Toast.

KIRK frees a sprig of pondweed from SPENCER'S hair.

KIRK

What's with the green stuff? Did you take a dip in the local duck pond? Or... is your sodden state a direct result of a daring escape from alien abduction?

SPENCER

Oh, not this again. You think everything is alien-related.

KIRK

Don't knock it. I read an article in UFO Spotter's Monthly where --

SPENCER

Kirk. I did not get abducted by aliens.

KIRK

How do you know? They could have wiped your memory. Of course, dirty tricks like that would never work on an expert like me. They'd have to get up pretty early in the morning to pull their alien wool over my eyes.

SPENCER

Yeah. At least eleven o'clock.

KIRK

So what's your explanation?

SPENCER

It all started with a phone call.

KIRK

What phone call?

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING. DAY 1**

We rewind to ONE DAY EARLIER. Here's SPENCER in overalls, high up on a ladder, cleaning a window. His mobile sings for attention. He struggles to pluck it from his back pocket, checks the display, oh, no, it's her again, and puts it to his ear.

SPENCER

I hope this is important. I'm up a ladder.

**EXT. HIGH STREET/SURBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING. DAY 1 (INTERCUT)**

Meet the caller, TIFFANY YOUNG, 20, busy peroxide hair, phone to ear, laden with multiple shopping bags as she weaves through a chaotic confusion of fellow SHOPPERS.

TIFFANY

Like, duh. Emergency of the year awards. I'm getting evicted from my flat. The letting agency wants me gone by tonight.

SPENCER

Ouch. That's a bit harsh.

TIFFANY

I don't know what their problem is. I'm only five months behind with the rent. How I'm expected to pay up is beyond me. They know I'm between jobs at the moment.

SPENCER

To be fair, Tiffany, you've been between jobs since the Middle Ages.

TIFFANY

Oh, that's right, Spencer. Kick me when I'm down. You're supposed to be on my side.

SPENCER

Book yourself an appointment with Citizen's Advice. They'll be able to help.

TIFFANY

And miss out on all the sales? Massive no-no.

SPENCER

I don't believe you. You're on the brink of homelessness, yet there you are, clothes shopping.

TIFFANY

It's called retail therapy. You wouldn't understand, it's a woman thing. Let's face it, I might as well max the plax while it's still loyal. By the way, where are you at the moment?

SPENCER

I told you. Up a ladder.

TIFFANY

I need to see you. Usual place. Now.

SPENCER

I'm at work.

TIFFANY

Then un-work yourself. You're self-employed, you can do what you like.

SPENCER

I can't just leave a job half finished.

TIFFANY

Oh, really? You'd better decide what's more important. Your chamois leathers or your girlfriend.

She hangs up abruptly.

**INT. KIRK'S BEDSIT - AFTERNOON. DAY 2**

A quick return to the PRESENT DAY. KIRK sits on the bed, watching SPENCER towel dry his hair.

KIRK

What was your decision?

SPENCER

Tiffany, as per usual.

KIRK

Yeah, my sister can be pretty persuasive. When I was ten, she convinced me to wear her frilly dress for the day, all because she reckoned it matched my eyes. I've never really been the same since.

SPENCER lobs him a weird look, then shrugs it off.

SPENCER

Look, I need to get shot of this dressing gown. Can I borrow some of your clothes?

KIRK points to a nearby chest of drawers.

KIRK

Yeah, sure. You'll find a pair of jeans and a tee-shirt in the top drawer.

SPENCER opens the drawer. He pulls out the jeans. Oh, God, these trousers are bright orange! He looks at KIRK and makes a face.

KIRK

It's fashion.

SPENCER

Yeah, in a dark cave maybe.

KIRK

That's all I've got.

SPENCER concedes, fair enough. Then he pulls out the tee-shirt and holds it up. It sports the slogan "UFO spotters do it at night." Again, he screws up his face at KIRK.

KIRK

Take it or leave it, Spencer.

SPENCER

It'll have to do. Got any spare boxers?

KIRK searches the through the untidiness of strewn clothes, paperwork, litter and whatnot on the floor.

KIRK

Down here somewhere. Aha, there you go.

He chucks over a pair of boxers. SPENCER catches them, then makes yet another face. Yuck.

SPENCER

Kirk. I meant a clean pair.

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING. DAY 1**

THE DAY BEFORE. TIFFANY sits alone at a table, a trillion shopping bags by her feet. SPENCER enters and joins the girl.

SPENCER

This had better be good.

TIFFANY

It is. Brilliant idea of the decade.  
Let's get ourselves a flat together.

SPENCER

I haven't got that kind of money. And besides, I couldn't leave Mrs Peabody in the lurch.

TIFFANY

You'd rather rent one tiny room with a certified nutter than shack up with your fiancée?

SPENCER

Oh, engaged now, are we?

TIFFANY

The old bat's got a screw loose. She acts like she's your mother, ironing your clothes, cooking your meals. I'm surprised she doesn't tuck you in bed at night.

By SPENCER'S pained wince, she does. TIFFANY is gobsmacked.

TIFFANY

It's official. She's barking.

SPENCER

It was only the once. That time when I was struck down with the lurgy.

TIFFANY

Spencer. How long have we been going out?

SPENCER

Almost a year, why?

TIFFANY

That makes us practically married. Don't you see? It doesn't make sense us paying two lots of rent.

SPENCER

One lot of rent. You never bother with yours.

She delivers the mother of all scowls.

SPENCER

Tiffany, renting a flat would be mental. I can barely afford to live on my earnings as it is.

TIFFANY

Then get shot of that stupid window cleaning round and find yourself a proper job.

SPENCER

Oh, yeah, like it's that easy.

Her predicament fully sinks in. Worried o'clock.

TIFFANY

Oh, God. What am I going to do? I don't think I could handle Cardboard City. Cold. Wet. Nowhere to plug in my straighteners.

SPENCER

Tell you what, I'll have a quiet word with Mrs Peabody to see if you can move in with me.

TIFFANY

You what? That woman refuses to let me sleep over, so she's hardly likely to grant me permanent residence.

SPENCER

There must be somewhere you can go. What about your parents?

TIFFANY

Oh, them. The old man, he disappeared off the face of the earth before the ink was dry on the divorce papers. And my mum... well... we haven't spoken for a couple of years.

SPENCER

Maybe this is the perfect opportunity to make amends. At least then you'll have a roof over your head.

TIFFANY

Have you gone doolally or something? Moving back into the family home is a street-cred no-no. I could get beaten up for even considering it.

**EXT. STREET - MIDDAY. DAY 1**

We follow SPENCER'S somewhat rusty old van. It sports "Grimes Window Cleaning Services" on its flanks.

He is alone in the van. He passes a broken down car by the roadside, bonnet up. GRACE YOUNG, 41, too well-dressed to even consider a tinker, grimaces at its innards. SPENCER pulls over and steps out.

SPENCER

Excuse me. Need a hand? Oh. Hello, Mrs Young.

GRACE throws him a quizzical glance.

SPENCER

Don't you recognise me? Spencer Grimes. Your son Kirk's best friend from school.

GRACE

Ah, I remember you now. Shy spotty lad.

SPENCER

Oh. I suppose I was back then.

GRACE

Always wore your school jumper back to front, but never noticed.

SPENCER

Did I?

GRACE

And who could forget your terrible flatulence problem? I lost count of the times I blamed the cat.

The look of sheer horror on his face amuses GRACE.

GRACE

Relax. I'm only joking. -- Wow, doesn't time fly? Look at you, all grown up. You're certainly looking well.

SPENCER

So are you.

They both realise they're admiring each other a bit too much and check themselves. Ahem!

GRACE

Are you a mechanic these days?

SPENCER

Hardly. But I do have experience in that particular field. My van breaks down at least once a month.

SPENCER reaches into her car and turns the ignition key. Cruck!

SPENCER

Uh-oh. Sounds like your engine's had it. This car is going nowhere.

GRACE

Oh, great, that's all I need.

As SPENCER puts the bonnet down, he seizes an opportunity.

SPENCER

If you've got to be somewhere, I don't mind giving you a lift.

GRACE

Oh, could you? That would be wonderful, thank you.

SPENCER

Madame. Your chariot awaits.

A chivalrous SPENCER opens his passenger door for GRACE, but out spills a chaotic cascade of spent sandwich cartons, crisp packets and empty bottles.

SPENCER winces, embarrassed.

GRACE

I see you eat healthily.

SPENCER

Um. Where would you like dropping off?

GRACE scans his face, working things out in her head.

GRACE

Are you hungry?

SPENCER

Starving.

GRACE

Then let's do lunch.

**INT. RESTAURANT - EARLY AFTERNOON. DAY 1**

With childlike curiosity, SPENCER dissects his posh "work-of-art" meal. It's a cylindrical chunk of meat, topped with greenage and drizzled with a strange-coloured sauce.

GRACE

Is there a problem, Spencer?

SPENCER

Not being funny, but when you suggested lunch, I thought you meant something I'd be able to recognise.

A smile from GRACE. She finds his actions endearing.

GRACE

I take it you don't frequent places like this too often.

SPENCER

To be honest, the nearest I ever get to exotic is the kebab shop. I blame my Mum and Dad. They were never that adventurous. Well, not until they parted from this life.

GRACE

Oh. I'm sorry to hear that. It must be horrible to have lost both parents.

SPENCER

Oh, no, no, no, they're not dead. They moved to Spain.

GRACE

Ah.

SPENCER

Spur of the moment thing. They sold the house and opened a bar out there.

GRACE

They left you in the lurch?

SPENCER

Well, you could say Dad considered my welfare. He bought me the window cleaning round. Off a man in a pub.

GRACE can't help but raise another smile.

GRACE

You must miss them.

SPENCER

Yeah, right, as if.

And off her funny look --

SPENCER

If you met my folks, you'd understand. So. What do you do for a living?

GRACE

Same as you.

SPENCER

Window cleaning?

GRACE

I meant I also run a small business. A vehicle hire company. Which is ironic, seeing as my car broke down.

SPENCER

Doing well?

GRACE

Not bad. This year, I'm expecting turnover to hit a million.

SPENCER. Astonished. Inadequate alert! Time to lie.

SPENCER

Well, my business isn't exactly small. I employ about... fifty people... covering most of this district.

GRACE

Wow. I'm impressed.

SPENCER

Yeah, I usually control things from the office. But I'm covering for one of the lads who's off sick.

GRACE

Oh? Nothing serious, I hope.

SPENCER begins to falter. He's clearly crap at fibs.

SPENCER

Um, no, it's... a headache.

GRACE

Is that all? You are way too soft.

SPENCER

I meant a bad cold. No, worse than that. Appendicitis. A broken leg.

GRACE

Which one is it?

SPENCER

All of them.

GRACE lobs him a weird look. Nervous smile from SPENCER.

SPENCER

Poor bloke always seems to catch whatever's going round.

As a sceptical GRACE opens her mouth to speak, SPENCER'S mobile bursts into life. To get out of this conversation, he takes the call at lightning speed, not checking who it is.

SPENCER

Grimes Window Cleaning Servi-

**INT. SHOE SHOP/RESTAURANT - EARLY AFTERNOON. DAY 1 (INTERCUT)**

TIFFANY, distressed, phone to ear, at the till counter.

TIFFANY

Spencer. Emergency code red. My credit card has been refused. The shoe shop won't let me have this gorgeous pair of red stilettos. Seriously, they've got heels so high they should come with a free oxygen canister.

Shit, it's her! SPENCER hastily thinks about it, then --

SPENCER  
Oh, hello... Dave.

He covers the phone with his palm and whispers to GRACE --

SPENCER  
It's Dave. One of my employees.

TIFFANY  
Who the hell's Dave? It's me, you gonad.

SPENCER  
What's the matter, Dave? Problem with your round?

TIFFANY  
Have you gone mental or something?

SPENCER tries his hardest to keep up the charade.

SPENCER  
Oh, good. Glad everything's fine.

TIFFANY  
Spencer. Read my voice. I need fifty quid. Urgently.

SPENCER  
I'm not made of money!

He notices GRACE giving a puzzled frown. Uh-oh.

SPENCER  
Oh, um, what I mean is, I don't have that much in petty cash.

TIFFANY  
Petty cash? What are you snorting?

SPENCER  
Look, I'll use my phone to transfer funds from my bank account into yours. Will fifty pounds do?

TIFFANY  
Have you had a bang on the head? That's what I asked for. Fifty quid. Which I need now. -- Where are you, by the way? I can hear chinking of plates.

SPENCER

I'm having lunch with... a customer.

TIFFANY

Since when did you entertain clients?  
You're a window cleaner, not a  
theatrical agent. Just get me that  
money ASAP.

SPENCER

Will do.

TIFFANY

Cheers, big ears. Love you.

SPENCER doesn't respond.

TIFFANY

Well? Aren't you going to tell me you  
love me back?

SPENCER'S face drops from a great height.

TIFFANY

I'm waiting.

SPENCER doesn't know what to do.

TIFFANY

Spencer. My rock hard knees could  
seriously scupper your future plans for  
a family. Tell me. Now.

SPENCER

I... um... love you too.

A grimace from SPENCER. GRACE throws a quizzical look. TIFFANY  
hangs up. SPENCER lobs GRACE a nervous beam.

SPENCER

Me and the lads, we have a very close  
working relationship.

**EXT. OUTSIDE GRACE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON. DAY 1**

The van pulls up and parks. SPENCER and GRACE both climb out and  
walk to the front door --

SPENCER

Thanks for lunch, Mrs Young. Even  
though I never did find out what I had  
on my plate.

GRACE

It was the least I could do. And please. Call me Grace. -- Oh, do you have a business card? Just in case I ever require a window cleaner.

He checks his pockets. Plucks out a card and hands it over.

GRACE

Thank you.

She plants an appreciative kiss on his cheek. He looks away, bashful, unsure, a little guilty.

GRACE

Ah, I get it. Girlfriend.

SPENCER

Afraid so. As a matter of fact it's your...

A pause. Does he really want to tell her he's dating her daughter? Of course he doesn't.

SPENCER

...oh, just some girl I know.

GRACE

Already taken. Story of my life.

SPENCER

Oh, no, no, no, it's nothing serious. Not what you'd call a proper relationship. More like good mates.

GRACE stands in silence. This throws him. He can't quite tell what's going on in that head of hers.

SPENCER

Right. I'd best be off.

The two of them stare at each other. They look as if they're about to kiss. Then OMG, they do, bloody hell, it's a full-on snog. And when they pull away --

GRACE

Oh.

SPENCER

Oh.

GRACE

Did we actually do that?

SPENCER

Um, yeah. I think we did.

Again, they stare at each other. Then --

SPENCER

I really must make tracks.

GRACE

Bye, Spencer.

GRACE enters her house. SPENCER looks pleased with himself as he climbs into --

**INT. SPENCER'S VAN - PARKED - AFTERNOON. DAY 1**

-- the van. He's just about to spark up the engine when his mobile rings. Caller display check. Oh, no, it's his other half again. He takes the call. And before he can even speak --

TIFFANY (V.O.)

Got my shoes. Thanks, babe. And now I need another favour.

SPENCER

No chance, Tiffany, you've totally skinted me out.

TIFFANY (V.O.)

I'm not talking about money. This is something else. I need you to convince Mrs Peabody to take me in.

SPENCER

I thought you said it was a bad idea.

TIFFANY (V.O.)

Yes, I know. But desperate times call for desperate measures.

SPENCER stares at GRACE'S house. Then he snaps out of it.

SPENCER

Okay, I'll pick you up now.

SPENCER turns the ignition key and the van brmmms into life. And then he reverses the vehicle out of the driveway.

**INT. MRS PEABODY'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - AFTERNOON. DAY 1**

MRS PEABODY, 50ish, is busy ironing. She proudly holds aloft a crease-free pair of SPENCER'S boxer shorts. And enter SPENCER. MRS PEABODY shows off her handiwork.