

THREADBARE v2

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based on a treatment from Paul Howard

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FADE IN:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE, SEWING ROOM - EVENING

A cosy, cluttered room. Fabric scraps, sewing machines, and mismatched chairs. PAM (50s, female) sets up the fabrics and sewing machines. MARGARET (60s, female), lays out the biscuits. BAM! Pam's dropped a sewing machine.

PAM
Oh, biscuits!

MARGE
What's stressin' you, pet?

PAM
We keep losing members.

MARGE
Only to natural causes.

Marge helps herself to a biscuit. Pam gives her a look.

MARGE
What? Putting gossips in their place IS natural causes. Natural consequences, anyway.

PAM
I need the newbies to tell their friends about us.

MARGE
You don't mean that girl again?

Pam shrugs. Marge sighs.

MARGE
Well, so long as she brings that cute man of hers.

Pam laughs. She comes over to take a biscuit.

PAM
Play nice, Margaret.

MARGE
Of course! Maybe also a bit rough...

Pam picks up a packet and inspects it.

PAM
These are nice. Very nice!

MARGE
Someone's been pinching the custard creams.

PAM
So you're rewarding them?

MARGE
They'd make a nice gift. Take
'em.

PAM
Well it's not me!

There's a knock-knocking behind them.

JAN (O.S.)
Hallo, members of the tea club
with occaisional sewing!

JAN (50s, male) sticks his head in. He's the handsome
Scandinavian custodian of the community centre. Pam blushes.

MARGE
(quietly)
Like I said, a gift.

JAN
Have a good evening. Let me know
if you are needing assistance.

MARGE
(quietly)
Ask if he can help you out your
knickers.

Pam blushes. Jan goes to leave.

MARGE
Oh, Jan!

He stops.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Pam has something she'd like to
ask. Go on then, Pam. Ask the
man.

PAM
Uhh... would you like to stay for
tea? And biscuits?

JAN
Do they have the creamy filling?

PAM
Yes.

JAN
I will return.

Pam bites her lip, watching him go.

MARGE

I bet you'd like a taste of his
creamy filling.

Pam swots at her with the packet of biscuits.

PAM

Someone might hear you!

MARGE

It's half past! Nobody's coming.

LUCY (20s), an Instagram-perfect influencer, and DEREK (20s),
her nervous boyfriend filming her for IG live.

LUCY

(into her phone)

Hey guys, it's Lucy here! Back at
my sewing bee... stick around to
see my love rug!

DEREK

Uh, "our" love rug.

MARGE

Back in my day, we all had love
rugs.

Lucy turns, smiling like an American waitress on speed.

LUCY

Say something?

MARGE

(smiling sweetly)

Not to you.

LUCY

(to her phone)

Stay tuned for updates!

PAM

Lucy, let's keep the updates to a
minimum. Focus on the process.

LUCY

Oh, my followers love the
process!

MARGARET

Is your 'process' turning fabric
into landfill?

Lucy rounds on her. She smiles with hate in her eyes.

LUCY

Bless you, Margaret.

MARGE

Bless you too, pet. You need it.

Pam claps her hands to get the room's attention.

PAM

Right! Tonight we'll be
continuing with our projects.

(presenting to phone)

What makes this such a great
hobby is that is artistic as well
as practical. Marge is an expert
in making all sorts of wearables.

Lucy takes the rug out of her tote bag. As she does, Pam
starts impersonating Lucy pouting for a selfie. Derek laughs,
which is when Lucy realises.

LUCY

Wow! What material did you use to
make your cardigan look
threadbare? It's so shabby-chic!

PAM

It's called being sustainable.
Like the opposite of fast
fashion.

Lucy checks her phone.

LUCY

Derek, what's wrong with the
livestream?

DEREK

Guess the connection dropped.
I'll try the data.

Jan returns for the biscuits.

JAN

Is everything still not on fire?

LUCY

Your WiFi is down.

MARGE

(sarcastic)

Heavens to Betsy!

DEREK

And I'm not getting any signal.

JAN

I will fix it and return.

PAM

There's no hurry!

He leaves. Pam looks disheartened. Marge pats her arm.

MARGE
There, there.

Lucy snatches her phone off its tripod. She stares at it, silently freaking out.

DEREK
You okay, Luce?

LUCY
I was mid-livestream! My followers will think I'm dead!

MARGARET
For heaven's sake. Just sew something without showing off.

LUCY
How's your project, Margaret? Still practising doilies? You must have made hundreds.

MARGARET
They've made hundreds of pounds for charity. How much have you raised with your livestreams?

Deathly silence.

PAM
Girls? Is there a problem?

Lucy smiles like a cobra about to strike. Marge turns too - she's also smiling but less manically and more self-assured.

DEREK
Crap!

Derek's finger's bleeding. He sticks it in his mouth.

PAM
Are you hurt?

DEREK
Don't worry about me. I'm just rubbish.

PAM
What were you trying to do?

DEREK
Put the needle right on the edge so it didn't leave a dangly bit.

LUCY
Is there blood on my love rug?

MARGE
Pig.

LUCY
Excuse me?

PAM
Uh... She meant a thread pig. It
makes starting a new stitch
easier. Isn't that right, Marge?

Marge shrugs. Pam grabs a scrap, showing Derek how to use it.

PAM
See, how easy that was?

DEREK
How are you so patient?

PAM
It's easy when you do what you
love.

Jan returns.

JAN
The WiFi cannot be fixed. This is
a big problem.

MARGE
How ever will we cope?

JAN
No, all of the world web is gone.

LUCY
For how long?

Jan shrugs very Scandinavianly.

PAM
Sounds like it's out of our
hands. Jan, would you like that
biscuit?

JAN
Now this I love!

Jan sits with her, taking a biscuit and dipping it to the
point his fingertips get wet. He eats in a single bite.

JAN
(mouth full)
So why are you sewing?

She glances across. Lucy's talking to Derek as if to her
followers. Marge rolls her eyes. Pam turns back to Jan.

PAM
It's just something I love.

FADE OUT.