

THREADBARE V6

Written by

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LOGLINE:

When the internet crashes mid-sewing session, a group of friends must rely on instinct, humour and camaraderie to help one anxious bride-to-be finish her wedding dress, with a little unexpected fun along the way.

SHORT SYNOPSIS (50 WORDS):

At a friendly sewing bee, Lucy faces a crisis when the internet fails just as she is working on her wedding dress. Her friends rally round with encouragement, tea and humour. Without online help, the group discovers the joy of teamwork, cheeky banter, and finding confidence in each other.

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Treatment

Genre: Dark comedy with heart

Setting: A cosy community sewing room in a small UK town, equipped with sewing machines, tailors' dummies, overlockers, and a projector for digital patterns.

Time: One evening session, 7:30pm-10:00pm

Tone: Warm, witty, character-driven; think *Detectorists* meets **The Great British Sewing Bee**, with a sprinkle of absurdity

Synopsis:

In a cosy community sewing room, four friends gather for their regular evening sewing bee. There's **Pam**, a fast-talking 50s vintage fan with a wicked sense of humour, **Margaret**, a prim, proper and composed NHS manager and new member of the group, **Derek**, a tech-loving hypnotherapist and founding member, and **Lucy**, a young teaching assistant anxiously preparing her own wedding dress.

As the evening begins, Lucy is poised to tackle a complex part of her dress using online tutorials, but disaster strikes when the entire internet goes down. Without access to her guides, Lucy panics, convinced she will ruin the bodice. Her friends rally around her with warmth, humour and encouragement, determined not to let her down.

With only their experience, teamwork and tea to rely on, they improvise, laugh and stitch their way through the evening. Along the way, a cheeky conversation about the meaning of upside-down pineapples brings unexpected comic relief, bonding the group further.

As Lucy gains confidence and the bodice comes together, the friends reflect on how much richer the evening has been without digital distractions. In the end, Lucy's dress is saved, her spirits are lifted, and the group leaves closer than ever, embracing the simple joy of friendship, fabric and a bit of fruit-inspired mischief.

In the end, the loss of the internet doesn't tear them apart it knits them closer. They rediscover the joy of making, of sharing knowledge face-to-face, and of being present in the room. With no screen in sight, it turns out the strongest connection was right in front of them all along.

FADE IN:

1

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - SEWING ROOM - EVENING

1

A warm, welcoming room. Six sewing stations, each with a machine. Nearby, an overlocker, coverstitch machine and several tailors' dummies. Adjacent, a cutting room filled with bags of fabric and a projector for pattern work. The scent of fabric and machine oil mingles in the air. Clock reads 7:30 PM.

The door swings open to reveal DEREK (63), cheerful and calm sitting at one of the sewing stations with his projects strewn over the desk.

PAM (58), quick, colourful and with a Northern Irish lilt, enters in a bold 50s vintage frock and plonks her bag down at her station. She rolls up her sleeves and flashes a grin at Derek.

PAM

I hope you're ready for greatness,
because my zip's going in straight
tonight - no excuses!

The door opens again.

LUCY (28), warm-hearted but tired-looking, enters carrying a delicate, half-finished WEDDING DRESS on a hanger, plus a bag of tulle and boning. She moves carefully, like carrying treasure. She gently sets it on a tailor's dummy and exhales.

MARGARET (40s), prim, proper, composed but warm, an NHS manager and a new member of the group, bustles in, balancing her sewing bag and a flask of tea.

LUCY

Tonight's the night. If I get the
bodice sorted, we're on track for the
big day.

Margaret sits down and gives Lucy a comforting smile. She looks at Lucy's hopeful face and gestures to the unfinished dress.

MARGARET

Oh love, it's going to be stunning.
We've got you.

LUCY

I've got three tutorials bookmarked...
one for the boning. Fingers crossed.

DEREK walks into the cutting room, carrying a cable and a small toolkit. He plugs in the projector and straightens up with a grin. He walks back into the sewing room.

DEREK

Right, pattern's ready to project.
Let's make wedding magic.

Everyone bustles warmly, unpacking fabric, threading machines. The familiar chattering hum builds.

PAM

Derek, if this pattern's as complicated as your last metaphor about subconscious fear, we'll need therapy and tea.

DEREK

I promise. This time – simple. Like love.

MARGARET

That's never simple, Derek.

Everyone laughs.

Suddenly, the projector screen flickers, then blinks off.

DEREK

That's odd. It was just working–

The sewing machines slow, lights flicker. The comforting buzz dies.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Well that was weird! It looks like the projector has gone off line.

Lucy is looking at her iPad desperately pressing it getting more anxious as she does it.

LUCY

My tutorials... I can't get them up.
YouTube isn't bloody working.

Margaret is trying to use her phone.

MARGARET

I can't even get google up.

PAM

Oh dear, how did we ever survive without bloody Google?

Derek checks cables, frowns, pulls out his phone.

DEREK

The wired internet is down... and so
is my phone's internet.

Lucy grabs her phone, taps furiously.

LUCY

My phone's down as well!

Margaret checks hers.

MARGARET

Mine too.

Lucy freezes, panic rising. Her hands tremble. She backs
slightly from the dummy, eyes darting.

LUCY

No, no, no. I can't do this without
them. I don't, I've never inserted
boning before. What if I mess it up?
The wedding is in six weeks and I
still have loads to do! If I ruin this
bodice...

PAM

Breathe, love. We're not letting you
ruin anything.

Lucy grips the table, eyes wide. The room feels suddenly
smaller.

LUCY

But I've been counting on that video.
The sequence, the stitching, the
tension settings— I haven't memorised
them. What if I wreck the fabric?

MARGARET

You won't. You're not alone here.

DEREK

We've all done trickier things with
less. We can guide you.

Lucy takes a shaky breath, trying to calm herself. She meets
their eyes. They smile reassuringly.

LUCY

I just... I wanted it to be perfect. For
once.

PAM
Then we'll make it perfect. Together.

CUT TO:

2 INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - SEWING ROOM - 8:15 PM

2

Lucy, still anxious but determined, is trying to pin boning with Margaret helping. Her fingers fumble with the pins. Margaret gently steadies her hands.

LUCY
This can't be right. It looks like
armour for a cat.

MARGARET
It's fine. Let's baste it in and see.

Pam hand-sews lace on her blouse with practised ease, her fingers flying.

PAM
Look at us. No tutorials, no online
patterns. Just tea and instinct.

Derek rummages through a scrap box, pulls out a fabric pineapple and grins.

DEREK
(holding up a scrap)
Speaking of instinct - look what I
found - a fabric pineapple.

LUCY
Is it upside-down?

DEREK
(winking)
Always.

MARGARET
I don't get it. What does that mean?

Derek exchanges a knowing look with Pam.

DEREK
Well, some people use an upside-down
pineapple as a little, shall we say,
signal.

PAM

A signal for swingers, love. You put it in your trolley upside down, and well... you'll soon find out who's paying attention. That's how I met Dave... and how my ex husband met divorce lawyers.

Margaret blushes and laughs nervously.

MARGARET

But what if I'd just put one in upside down by accident?

PAM

What kind of psycho does that? You deserve your freaky fruit fetish foursome.

LUCY

Maybe I should put a cucumber standing upright in the front of my trolley next time – see what happens!

Everyone bursts out laughing. Derek strides over to a dummy.

DEREK

The new shrine. In fruit we trust.

He mock-solemnly pins the pineapple in place. Pam gives a theatrical bow.

CUT TO:

3

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE – SEWING ROOM – LATER

3

Lucy stitches the bodice slowly, guided by Margaret and Pam. Derek checks seam allowances. The room hums with quiet concentration, occasional snips and murmurs.

LUCY

I can't believe we're doing this. I was ready to cry.

MARGARET

(small hug)
We told you. Between us, we've got magic fingers.

Pam glances at Margaret.

PAM

Some more than others. Just saying.

Laughter bubbles around the room.

The CLEANER pops her head in, slightly breathless.

CLEANER

Still no internet. They've been saying
on the wireless – it's a global
outage. No one knows why yet.

Margaret shakes her head, smiling wryly.

MARGARET

The whole world stopped, and here we
are sewing a wedding dress. That's
perspective.

PAM

And priorities!

DEREK

And insanity.

CUT TO:

4

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE – SEWING ROOM – 9:50 PM

4

Lucy's bodice is beautifully pinned and basted on the dummy. The
group circles it, admiring the result. Lucy beams with pride.

LUCY

I actually feel... calm.

MARGARET

It's the silence. No pings. No pings
equals peace.

Pam is holding a Jaffa cake.

PAM

Or it's Derek's stash of Jaffa Cakes.

Pam takes a bite.

DEREK

Those are for trauma. Post-seam-rip
recovery only.

LUCY

Is it weird, but I'm really craving
some pineapple!

DEREK

Oi! Your getting married upside
down pineapple is off the menu for
the near future.

LUCY

Maybe the internet going down isn't
the end. Maybe it's the start of
something quieter.

They all pause. A comfortable, thoughtful silence.

PAM

Next week, we learn smocking, without
streaming.

MARGARET

We're going full medieval.

DEREK

Then it's only a matter of time before
we bring back bonnets.

Everyone groans and laughs.

FADE OUT.

THE END.