

THREADBARE V7

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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.

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.

A warm, welcoming room. Four sewing stations, each with a machine. Nearby, an overlocker, cover-stitch 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, raucous 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 straight in
tonight!

Derek raises his eyes as if she's said something rude.

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, 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 an encouraging smile. She looks at Lucy's hopeful face and gestures to the unfinished dress.

MARGARET

It's going to be stunning.

LUCY

I've got an amazing tutorial
bookmarked 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 "easy one" we'll need therapy and a stiff drink.

DEREK

I promise. This time – simple. Like love.

MARGARET

That's never simple, Derek.

LUCY

It was for me, much easier than this flipping dress!

PAM

Ah, young love ..wait till your'e on your third like me. Then you'll be buying your dress from a charity shop!

Everyone laughs.

Suddenly, the projector screen flickers, then blinks off.

DEREK

Odd. It was just working–

The, lights flicker. The comforting buzz dies.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Oh.. It looks like the projector is off line.

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

LUCY

My tutorial... I can't get it. YouTube isn't bloody working.

Margaret is trying to use her phone.

MARGARET
I can't even get google up.

PAM
That sounds like my current
husband.
How did we ever survive without bloody
Google?

Derek checks cables, frowns, pulls out his phone.

DEREK
The internet is down... and my phone
isn't working either.

Lucy grabs her phone, taps furiously.

LUCY
My phone's down as well!

Margaret checks hers.

MARGARET
Mine too.

PAM
Have we been hacked by hostile
forces?

DEREK
No it will be the signal.., cable
..mast ...Central computer thing.

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?!
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 tricky things like this. I've handled many a bone in my time. We can guide you.

PAM mouths to Margaret

PAM

Have you done boning?

Margaret shakes her head.

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

LUCY

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

MARGARET

Then we'll make it perfect. Together. Let's start.

Pam makes 'how the fuck are we going to do that face' to Margaret.

2

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

2

Lucy, still anxious but determined, is trying to pin boning with Margaret and Derek 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

I think it's fine. Let's baste it in and see.

PAM

Now basting is my forte, let me in. (She dives in to help) get some blue thread Derek

DEREK

Yes ma'am!

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

Derek brings over the thread and a fabric pineapple, he grins.

DEREK
Look what I found – a pineapple.

PAM
You holding it upside-down?

DEREK
(winking)
Always.

Derek exchanges a knowing look with Pam.

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

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

MARGARET
Signal?

PAM
A signal for swingers, love. You put
it in your trolley upside down and you
soon meet all sorts. It's how my ex
husband met divorce lawyers.

Margaret blushes and laughs nervously.

MARGARET
What if I just put one in upside down
by accident?

PAM
No one does that! But maybe it would
bring a bit of spice to your life.

MARGARET
That kind of spice I can do
without!

LUCY
What if you put a cucumber standing
upright in the front of the trolley!

PAM
Or a couple of oranges down your
bra!

MARGARET
That would just be shoplifting!

Everyone bursts out laughing.

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
We told you. Between us, we've got
magic fingers.

Pam glances at Margaret in a 'can't believe we've pulled this
off' way.

The CLEANER pops her head in, slightly breathless.

CLEANER
Still no internet. They've been saying
on the radio - it's gone off in the
whole world. No one knows why yet.
It's frightening isn't it! Maybe its
aliens.

DEREK
Thank you Patricia, (he guides her
out) it won't be aliens it will be
the main server outage..
something..

Margaret shakes her head, smiling wryly.

MARGARET
The whole world stopped, aliens taking
over and here we are sewing a wedding
dress.

PAM
People will always get married!

DEREK
And need clothes.

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

Amazing.. I can't believe we did it
and 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

That was traumatic Derek.. Pass
them around, I never thought we
could do it.. But seriously thank
you all so much.

They all pause. A comfortable, thoughtful silence.

PAM

Now we know how to bone, next week,
can we make a corset?

MARGARET

I won't be wearing a corset!

DEREK

That would look very nice on
you!(he beams at Pam and leaves to
put the Jaffa cake box away)

LUCY

Husband number four(she points in
Dereks direction)

They all laugh.

THE END.