

SLICE OF LIFE - THE SERIES

PILOT EPISODE

HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE

by

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Six Page Extract (of a Twenty Five Page Script)

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FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: "SLICE OF LIFE."

A FANFARE of royal horns.

TITLE CARD: "EPISODE ONE: HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE."

A British flag flies against a clear blue sky.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In what is being hailed as a
landmark in her fifty-year reign -

EXT. GRAVY STREET - WILTON HOUSE - DAY

Limousine glints in the sun, British flags wave on its fenders, as it cruises down a seedy residential cul-de-sac. "LIVE" flashes repeatedly in red at the top corner of the screen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Queen Elizabeth the Second will
spend a week in the home of an
average London family, chosen at
random.

Limousine stops. CHAUFFEUR gets out, runs to the back door, opens it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
According to Buckingham Palace
spokesman, William Bugger -

QUEEN'S blue shoes hover over the gravel.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Queen, in an effort to bridge
the gap between herself and her
subjects, and to quieten critics'
claims that she has grown out of
touch with her people -

Chauffeur lays a red carpet under Queen's feet. Moving backwards, he unfurls the carpet down the path to the house.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Has agreed to be in the company
of a TV crew filming her stay
with the Wiltons of Gravy Street,
east London.

Queen gracefully steps onto the red carpet and stares tight-lipped at the house with her trademark frozen glare.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In a show of jubilation not seen in Britain since Victoria's day, Her Majesty's arrival is greeted with ecstasy by the entire community.

A CROW CAWS, O.S.

A single DOG crosses the empty street, hesitates, turns towards the Queen, squats down.

Queen raises her white-gloved hand, gives a cursory wave.

The dog runs away, leaving a steaming poo on the pavement.

QUEEN (V.O.)

Of course 'one' is excited at the prospect of tightening bonds between royalty and the others.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

A Lego block model of the palace sits on gleaming parquet.

QUEEN (O.S.)

It is a wonderful opportunity to reinforce the fallacy - er, fact, we are all woven from the same threads.

Queen, utterly composed, sits before a red velvet backdrop.

QUEEN

Royalty is but a name, and we are all human, yes?

Loud scuffling and growling O.S.

Queen, annoyed, turns towards it.

PRINCE PHILIP, on all fours, tartan blanket in his mouth, plays tug-of-war with an infuriated CORGI.

Queen purses her lips, looks coldly at the camera as she gracefully sips tea from the china cup.

INT. WILTON HOUSE - DAY

RICHARD WILTON and KAY WILTON face the camera. Both are 40-something, boxy, bored, uncomfortable on their couch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Richard and Kay Wilton, and lovely daughter Lucy, were chosen from thousands of Londoners for the privilege of hosting this historic event at the family home.

TITLE CARD (across the bottom of the screen throughout):

NAME: Richard Wilton

AGE: 40

JOB: Who's asking? Will this be passed onto the dole?

AMBITION: To drink a shot from Christina Aguilera's navel.

RICHARD

Damned if I know how we got chose. I blame Kay. She's always entering these dumb contests -

KAY

Right, for dishes, or a new car, or house, or -

RICHARD

Typical, isn't it? We don't win anything useful, oh no, not us. WE get the bleeding Queen.

KAY

It's not my fault -

RICHARD

Who's fault is it then? Jesus...
(to camera)
We ain't even getting paid for it.

Richard drags his hand through his hair and storms out.

Kay bites her lip, looks into camera.

KITCHEN

Kay half-heartedly shoves a dust mop across the floor.

TITLE CARD (across the bottom of the screen throughout):

NAME: Kay Wilton

AGE: Oi, mind your own business.

JOB: That would be nice.

AMBITION: Yeah, wouldn't mind that as well.

DOT (O.S.)
You must be thrilled, luv.

KAY
(monotone)
Yeah. Thrilled.

DOT (O.S.)
It's not every day you have
royalty visit, present company
excepted -

Perched on the counter like a skinny vulture, DOT, 40's, a frizzy-haired blonde in skintight pants and halter top.

TITLE CARD (across bottom of screen throughout):

NAME: Dot Hendricks, Neighbor

AGE: I got the body and drive of a girl of 16, and if you don't believe me, my phone number is XXXX-XXXXXXXX

JOB: Beverage dispenser. (Barmaid)

AMBITION: To break a million hearts, just like Di.

DOT
It's an honour, Kay.

KAY
If it's such a bloody honour, you
take her.

DOT
Where would I put her?

LUCY WILTON, 16, dour, blue hair and leather jacket, slouches in and roots around inside the refrigerator.

TITLE CARD (across the bottom of the screen throughout):

NAME: Lucy Wilton

AGE: 16 - I'm legal, you know

JOB: On the.

AMBITION: To be famous.

LUCY
You're not sticking her with me.
Old people smell funny.

KAY

Where's your freaking manners?
Don't you see we've got company?

DOT

That's alright, luv, I'm like one
of the family.

KAY

Not you.

Kay indicates the Camera Crew.

Lucy chuckles, poses like a model.

LUCY

Look, mum, I'm Madonna.

BEDROOM

Lucy sits on her bed facing the camera, stroppy, fidgets,
puffs a cigarette.

LUCY

I thought mum and dad were
pulling my leg when they said the
Queen was coming here.

Lucy stubs the cigarette out into the ashtray beside her,
looks at it, venomous.

LUCY

I nearly stomped them both to
death when I found out she was
sharing my bed.

She smiles, leans back, crosses her legs, very much the
flirty teenager. Black fingernails stroke her legs.

LUCY

But the producer of this show's
promised me a job, so I'll give
her a chance.

Lucy lights another cigarette.

LUCY

She just better not try anything.
I don't go that way... At least,
I don't shag antiques.

Lucy inhales the smoke deeply.

EXT. GRAVY STREET - WILTON HOUSE - DAY

Queen stands stock still by the front door, waits.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Finally, the time has come for
 them all to meet. The atmosphere
 is positively electric with
 suspense.

Queen stares at the door. Nothing happens. She turns to
 Chauffeur.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The all-important first
 impression.

Chauffeur leaves the car, runs up the path, rings the
 doorbell.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Psychologists suggest that the
 first three seconds are
 absolutely crucial in creating a
 lasting impression.

Chauffeur bows, walks back to the limousine.

The Queen straightens her clothes, her flowery hat, and
 prepares for the door to open...

Lucy appears at the door. Queen semi-smiles. Lucy rolls her
 eyes.

LUCY
 Oh. It's you. MUM! DAD! SHE'S
 HERE! Come in and sit down - but
 don't touch anything.

INT. WILTON LOUNGE - DAY

Queen's eyes widen in horror as she looks around. Manky old
 carpets, grime, clutter everywhere.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 In order to allow for one hundred
 percent authenticity, the
 producers have not interfered in
 any element of the Wilton
 household.

A CAT, perched on a wardrobe, bats Queen's hat.

Queen takes a handkerchief from her purse, lays it on the
 edge of a chair, sits, handbag on lap, ever the lady.