

Relative Shame

"Pilot"

"A frazzled couple, Faye Fox and Jet Hound, attempt to maintain sanity and romance in their Cotswolds home, beset by unruly pets and a relentless parade of eccentric family members, whose meddling turns every domestic moment into a comic disaster."

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TEASER

INT. FAYE AND JET'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

A kitchen that looks like a crime scene. Beyond the island, a pristine conservatory overlooks a "Living Magazine" garden in the Cotswolds. The contrast is jarring.

JET HOUND (early 30s, wearing an apron) is backed into a corner.

Two cats, HARRY and RON, are on the counter, staring him down like tiny gargoyles. HERMIONE, a giant of a dog, has her paws on the marble, breathing heavily into Jet's face.

Jet is on his phone, whispering urgently.

JET

*I can't talk, Mum. The beast is awake.
No, not Faye. The bloody dog! She's
looking at me like I'm a tray of Greggs'
steak bakes. Why couldn't she just get a
Labradoodle like a normal person?*

Hermione lets out a low growl. Jet flinches.

JET (CONT'D)

(To the dog)

I'm getting it! I'm getting the chicken!

(Into phone)

*She's used to Faye's posh voice. She
doesn't respect me, Mum. She thinks I'm
the help.*

Jet gingerly opens the fridge, pulls out a raw, whole chicken, and slides it across the floor like a puck. Hermione lunges. CRUNCH. Jet winces, gagging slightly.

JET (CONT'D)

(into phone)

*I'm a hostage in my own home. I'm being
held for ransom by a dog that weighs
more than a Fiat Punto... No, Faye's
still at school. She hasn't been home
before seven all week. I'm basically a
single parent to three sociopaths and a-*
(sighs)

*Mum? You've hit the 'Mute' button with
your chin again. Mum?!*

He hangs up. He turns to the counter. Harry is slowly tapping a WHITE CHOCOLATE COOKIE toward the edge of the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JET (CONT'D)

*Harry. Don't you dare. That is the only
sugar-free joy I have left in this
house.*

The front door slams. FAYE FOX (mid-30s, wearing a power suit that's seen better days) enters, lugging a bag of marking and a giant, hideous papier-mâché sculpture.

FAYE

I'm home! Did Mum call back about—

Harry gives the cookie a final, spiteful nudge.

JET

CATCH!

Faye drops the sculpture - which shatters - and lunges. She catches the cookie an inch from the floor in a perfect rugby dive.

Hermione, face stained with chicken juice, decides this is a game. She barks, a sound that shakes the windows, and tries to leap onto Faye's back while she's still on the floor.

FAYE

*Down, Hermione! I am your mother, not a
climbing frame!*

The dog sits, looking dejected. Faye stands up, shaking herself off. She looks at the shattered papier-mâché on the floor.

FAYE (CONT'D)

*Well. That saves me from telling Kevin
in Year 9 that his self-portrait looks
like a melted bin bag.*

She walks to the counter. Ron immediately knocks a bowl of biscuits onto the floor.

FAYE (CONT'D)

*Really? The "look me in the eye while I
do it" move?*

Jet hands her a sponge. Faye ignores him. She looks at the cookie in her hand, the one Jet was protecting, and takes a massive, desperate bite.

FAYE (CONT'D)

This is better than sex.

(CONTINUED)

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JET

I'm right here, Faye.

FAYE

I know. Move. You're blocking the bin.

She sweeps the broken biscuits into the bin with her foot, then turns and plants a kiss on Jet's cheek.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Missed you, Handsome.

JET

Missed you too, Buttercup.

Jet looks at the dog, who is licking her chops, then back at his wife-to-be. He makes a small gagging sound.

JET (CONT'D)

You know, when you said "Let's move to the Cotswolds," I thought there'd be hampers and quiet walks. I didn't think I'd be living in a low-budget remake of Cujo.

FAYE

Shut up and pour me a gin. A large one. Before I put the dog in your spot on the bed.

Faye hops up to sit on the counter, swinging her legs, while Hermione starts licking the shattered papier-mâché.

MAIN TITLES.

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