

THE DAVIESES

Animated Comedy - Pilot Episode

Written by

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EXT: PONTYFARGOED - SUNRISE

A small town nestled in a beautiful South Wales valley. In the foreground is a road sign: 'Pontyfargoed'.

EXT: STREET - CONT.

A Victorian mid-terrace house. Typical of a mining town. A whistling postman slowly cycles into view from the left. A bedroom window clatters up violently.

ROY (O.S)

NOT THE LAPTOP... NOT THE LAPTOP...

A laptop careens out of the bedroom window, knocking the postman clean off his bicycle. Floorboard footsteps. ROY LLEWELYN, 49, leans out the window, wide-eyed with disbelief.

ROY

My laptop!

He disappears. Footsteps down the stairs. The postman gets back on his bike and cycles off with a grumble.

The front door opens. A compact, unshaven man with dark hair, wearing pyjama bottoms and a white string vest, rushes out into the street. He kneels and examines the laptop.

ROY

(Pressing keys)
Might be alright actually...

DIL LLEWELYN, 48, dark hair and spectacles, appears at the door wearing a white dressing gown open to a pink nightie.

DIL

I've had it with you Roy Lewis. You're like a grubby teenager!

ROY

Dew, they make these things tough.

He turns the laptop over, underneath is a sticker, 'Wifeproof'. The logo is the silhouette of a woman brandishing a rolling pin.

DIL

A 49 year old man looking at Ukrainian webcam porn!

ROY

There's very little industry in the Ukraine! You saw that programme about Chernobyl. Remember that woman? Her husband melted.

DIL

And...

ROY

Well I'm helping women like her buy food for their kids!

The curtains twitch in the bedroom window next door. A pair of eyes google out from behind them.

INT: DAVIES MASTER BEDROOM - CONT

IEUAN, 49, is peering out the window. He has dark brown hair and is thin with a slight paunch. His wife, MORFYDD, 49 is sat at the dressing table analysing herself in the mirror. She is slim and pretty but full of self-doubt.

MORFYDD

What's he done now?

IEUAN

Hang on, I'm trying to listen...

EXT: STREET - CONT

DIL

I'VE got tits Roy. You can look at my tits whenever you want.

ROY

I know love.

DIL

You don't need to sneak to the spare room to look at tits. Just look at mine!

ROY

I will sweetheart.

DIL

(Imploring)
You don't even need to wake me up! Just roll me over and lift up my nightie.

INT: DAVIES MASTER BEDROOM - CONT.

Ieuan is still peering out.

IEUAN

Roy's been looking at naked women in the Ukraine.

Ieuan walks to sit on the bed behind his wife.

MORFYDD

Why the Ukraine?

IEUAN

Something to do with Chernobyl.

MORFYDD

(Clasping a tiny belly roll)
Am I getting fat?

IEUAN

What? No! Where did that come from?

MORFYDD

Well for one, all these funerals at the nursing home. You can't go to work these days without eating cake!

IEUAN

You don't HAVE to eat it Morv...

MORFYDD

(Realisation)
It's workplace abuse.

IEUAN

You can just say no to the cake!

MORFYDD

And your Grandfather has started beeping when I walk backwards. As if I'm an articulated lorry.

IEUAN

Oh Morv, that's the dementia. The doctor said we mustn't take his beeping personally...

MORFYDD

He knows what he's doing.
And you don't even LOOK at me anymore.

IEUAN

I'm nearly 50 love. (Absent minded) I
don't even look at YOUNG women any more...

MORFYDD

Ieuan!

IEUAN

Well, things change for a man as he gets
older. Those thoughts fade away around
44/45.

MORFYDD

...do they?

IEUAN

I mean, when I was 22 I couldn't get out
of bed without having a sneaky...

MORFYDD

I'm not asking for much Ieuan! I just
want you to LOOK at me. Smack my bum
when you walk past. Take me dancing. I
want mechanical, half-asleep sex first
thing in the morning. I just want to
feel like a NORMAL WOMAN.

The bedroom door flies open. Daughter GWEN, 10, runs in.

GWEN

Dad! Dewi's turning Bampi into an online
crowdfunding scam again...

Gwen thrusts her iPad towards them. An ancient man with a
walking stick and an American flag draped around his shoulders
is walking slowly towards the camera. Below is a caption
'Vietnam War Hero Walks For Gun Rights', and to the right is a
figure of \$41,000, rising rapidly. Ieuan looks defeated.

IEUAN

Aw, not again...

He strides out of the bedroom.

EXT: BACK GARDEN - CONT.

Typical valleys back garden. The yard, where the below takes place, then a neat lawn. DEWI, 12, is sat in a director's chair next to a camera on a tripod. He lifts an oversized megaphone to his lips.

DEWI

TURN!

BAMPY, 94, turns and starts off in the opposite direction, excruciatingly slowly. Ieuan appears at the back door.

IEUAN

Dewi Davies!

DEWI

Not now Dad, Bampy's walking for gun rights.

Dewi puts the megaphone to his mouth again.

DEWI

More pride in the flag Bampy. Remember, they're taking our guns!

IEUAN

Turn that camera off and take down that crowdfunding page. You will refund every one of those poor Americans you've just scammed.

DEWI

Aw Daaaad!

INT: KITCHEN - BREAKFAST.

Ieuan at the head of the table. Bampy and Morfydd opposite each other, then Gwen and Dewi. They are all eating noisily except Gwen, who is scrolling and tapping at her iPad.

IEUAN

Dewi, what have I told you about exploiting your Great Grandfather for material or commercial profit?

DEWI

(Bored)
Bampy didn't spend 58 years working down a coal mine just to be used as a pawn in my money-making schemes.

IEUAN

Correct!

DEWI

But Dad I was making a killing!

IEUAN

And I admire your entrepreneurial spirit. But Bampy is NOT a Vietnam war hero...

DEWI

He is a war hero though.

IEUAN

Different war! And you had NO intention of giving that money to... Gun Rights... whatever that even means.

DEWI

It doesn't have to mean anything, they're Americans. Just wrap the Stars and Stripes around an old fogey and shout the word guns. It's printing money.

MORFYDD

Ieuan, you have to say, it showed considerable savvy.

IEUAN

But it was dishonest. (Holding one finger up in the air) I won't have ONE dishonest penny in this house. The day you move out is the day you can start manipulating the general public.

Ieuan munches thoughtfully on his piece of toast for a moment.

IEUAN

Provided it doesn't involve your Great Grandfather.

Gwen puts her iPad down on the table.

GWEN

Mam, can I go to the beauty show in Cardiff next week?

MORFYDD

Gwen, you're too young for beauty shows.

GWEN

I'm ten years old!

MORFYDD

Exactly!

GWEN

Kelly Griffiths has got her eyebrows tattooed and she's only eight.

MORFYDD

Kelly Griffiths' mother wears pyjamas to the post office.

There is a honking horn from outside. Gwen and Dewi moan, then stand up and grab their devices.

GWEN

You let Dewi go to the Warren Buffet seminar...

Gwen and Dewi leave to get on the school bus.

IEUAN

Love You!

Morfydd puts her mug on her plate and does the same for Bampy, ready to take the dishes to the sink.

MORFYDD

I'll be late home tonight. I'm going to see a Personal Trainer after work.

IEUAN

What?

MORFYDD

In Cardiff.

IEUAN

No! You don't need a personal trainer!

Morfydd stands and starts reversing out from the chairs to take the dishes to the sink.

BAMPY

Beep! Beep! Beep!

MORFYDD

Yes I do Ieuan.

Morfydd puts the dishes in the sink, grabs her keys from the table and walks out of the kitchen. Ieuan, suddenly feeling alone and vulnerable, looks into space, worried.

INT: KITCHEN - MID-MORNING.

Ieuan is standing at the kitchen sink, facing away from us, washing dishes. He is gazing out of the kitchen window.

EXT: PONTYFARGOED VALLEY - IEUANS POV. CONT.

The green valley rolls off to the distance. Atop the hills are light brown slag heaps. At the base of the hills are small woods where the mines once stood.

Ieuan looks at Bampy, stood near the table, resting on his walking stick. He is lost in another world, quietly singing a song, as if singing it from a different world a long time ago...

BAMPY

(Singing weakly)
Calon lan yn llawn daioni... Tecach yw
na'r lili dlos...

A memory is taking hold in Ieuan. Bampy morphs from a 94 year old man into the muscular version of him aged 49, dressed in his miners outfit. The curve of Bampy's spine remains during the morph but only because the younger version has one miners boot up on a chair, doing up the laces.

YOUNGER BAMPY

(Singing strongly) Dim ond calon lan all
ganu... Canu'r dydd ac chanu'r nos...

Cut back to Ieuan, who is now a four year old boy staring wide-eyed at his super hero Grandfather. He is sat on the kitchen worktop next to his mother, who is wearing an apron and doing the dishes facing away from us.

YOUNG IEUAN

Is Bampy going to work Mam?

IEUAN'S MAM

Yes lovely, he's going to work.

Younger Bampy comes over to them, holding his miners helmet in one hand. He gives his Grandsons cheek a twiddle.

YOUNGER BAMPY

See you later Ieuan bach!
(To his daughter) See you later
sweetheart, your mothers just popped out
for eggs and milk.

IEUAN'S MAM

Ok Dad.

Younger Bampy places his hand on his daughters shoulder.

YOUNGER BAMPY

That man wasn't worth tuppence you know.
You've done the right thing...

IEUAN'S MAM

But now Ieuan hasn't got a... (Hands still
in the sink, she lowers her head) I
won't be able to show my face down the
Social...

YOUNGER BAMPY

Nonsense. You've done the right thing
for Ieuan. Doing the right thing for
your family... that's more important than
pride.

Younger Bampy kisses his daughter on the forehead then leaves the house. Young Ieuan stands up on the worktop and presses his face to the kitchen window.

EXT: BACK GARDEN - IEUANS POV. CONT.

Younger Bampy walks out through the garden gate and down the street onto the main road, where he joins a throng of miners marching to work. The tune of Calon Lan, which has been a hum in the background, now becomes the booming sound of a thousand miners singing it on their way to work.

PAN UP TO:

EXT: PONTYFARGOED VALLEY - IEUANS POV. CONT.

The valley is dark. The slag heaps are black and menacing and where the small woods are in the present day stand coal mines with their winding pithead wheels. The miners stream like ants down the valley to the mine.

Now the valley morphs back into the green, beautiful, empty modern day version.

INT: KITCHEN - CONT.

Ieuan looks down at his washing up gloves and apron. He sighs at the comparison he's drawn between himself as a 49 year old man and Younger Bampy as a 49 year old man.

We hear Bampy talking. He is using his walking stick to play with the dog.

BAMPY

Get the stick! Get the stick!

Every time Bampy moves his stick, Tickles play-bows and shakes his tail vigorously.

BAMPY

Hahaha! Get the stick!

Bampy stops suddenly. He looks up, worried, and a wet patch appears on the crotch of his trousers.

IEUAN

Oh Bampy, don't worry about it. Let's get you sorted out shall we?

BAMPY

Sorry...

IEUAN

It's ok, we all get oopsy trousers.

BAMPY

Oopsy Trousers!

Ieuan, full of love, leads Bampy out of the kitchen to change his clothes.

EXT: NURSING HOME - MORNING.

The sign outside reads 'Sunset Nursing Home'. Underneath, in smaller font, 'Not Long Now...'. .

INT: NURSING HOME - COMMUNAL LOUNGE.

A bored nurse leads a small group of new residents into the communal area and stops to give them instructions.

NURSE

(Robotically)
Welcome to Sunset Nursing Home. The laundry room is open from 8 til 6. You will receive fresh bedding every two days. If you see a bright light, please do not walk towards it.

She flips over a piece of paper on her clipboard.

NURSE

...unless you are on our discount package.

INT: LOUNGE - CONT

Morfydd is feeding grey mush with a spoon to a very old woman. Dil is feeding a very old man close by. The two women talk more quickly together than they do with other people.

DIL

I said to him I said 'I've got tits Roy, why don't you want to look at MY tits...'

MORFYDD

Oh I know...

DIL

Ok, they look like two golf balls in a pair of tights nowadays but they're MY tits do you know what I mean?

MORFYDD

They're your tits...

DIL

He's hardly a prime cut himself any more, he pulled his back last Tuesday changing channel with the TV remote.

MORFYDD

(Shakes head)
Pulled his back changing channel...

DIL

I saw old Mavis outside Costcut last Tuesday. I think it was Tuesday cos randy Llewellyn wasn't there and he's got community service on Tuesdays...

MORFYDD

Yes, he does that on Tuesdays...

DIL

I said how's your Gerwyn, she said he's fine, I said is he still producing the goods? She said fat chance. She said I tried naked hoovering last week.

MORFYDD

Naked hoovering?

DIL

She said, there I was hoovering away all sexy. I had things dangling down that didn't exist twenty years ago. Anyway, he's watching tele, oblivious. She said then I hear this sucking noise.

Dora swats away a spoonful of the mush.

DIL

She said I looked down and I've got my you-know-what stuck in the hoover!

MORFYDD

Her what stuck in the hoover?

DIL

I don't know, she just said her you-know-what.

MORFYDD

Oh God... Mind you, Ieuan hasn't been near me in months. I'm getting fat with all this cake in work. It never stops.

DIL

It's workplace abuse.

MORFYDD

I said that to Ieuan! Anyway, I'm going to a Personal Trainer after work down Cardiff.

DIL

Ooh, a Personal Trainer down Cardiff. There's exciting...

MORFYDD

I'm sick of being sexually invisible.
Even randy Llewellyn outside CostCut
didn't perv when I walked past the other
day AND I was wearing my good dress.

DIL

The red one?

MORFYDD

Yes!

DIL

Oh no...

MORFYDD

Well I'm not having it. Time to get fit.
I'll have randy Llewellyn perving at me
again by Christmas!

DIL

You go girl!

MORFYDD

Well, in my good dress anyway.

Pause while they continue feeding the clients. Then, with a
tiny voice...

DORA

You go girl...

INT: A LARGE GYM - EVENING.

Morfydd, pink, is running on a treadmill. A dark-haired
personal trainer, MILES, 30, stands with folded arms
(enlarging his average biceps) next to the treadmill, looking
superior and disinterested.

MILES

Weight loss is all about polyunsaturated
fatty acids Mrs Davies.

Morfydd is running too fast. She is almost shrieking.

MORFYDD

...IS IT?

MILES

And complex carbohydrates. LEVEL 10!

Morfydd presses a button on the treadmill dashboard and the speed ramps up slightly.

MILES

Complex carbohydrates produce a delayed insulin response Mrs Davies, especially non-starch polysaccharides...

MORFYDD

...OOH, OK.

MILES

LEVEL 12!

Morfydd presses the button again and ramps up to a ridiculous speed. Miles tenses his folded arms so they swell up while two girls walk past giggling. His eyes widen with the exertion. Once they have gone by, he exhales.

INT: ATTIC - DAY.

Ieuan is rifling through dusty old boxes.

IEUAN

Where are you, ya buggers.

He pulls out an ancient, cast iron dumbbell.

IEUAN

Ha!

He continues rummaging.

EXT: BACK YARD - A LITTLE LATER.

Ieuan is looking at his reflection in the kitchen window and pulling frantically at an old fashioned chest expander. A slightly insane grin on his face.

IEAUN

That's what I'm talking about..

Tickles sits and watches, then gives his groin a lick.

EXT: BACK YARD - A LITTLE LATER.

Ieuan now has his shirt off. First, he is doing dumbbell shoulder press with one arm and bicep curl with the other, then switches uselessly between movements that aren't even proper exercises. He thinks he looks amazing.

IEUAN

Yeah... How'd you like those apples? Hmmm?
How'd you like those apples tickles?

Tickles is snoring at Ieuans feet.

EXT: BACK YARD - A LITTLE LATER.

Ieuan is lying on his back, feet in the air, one foot in each handle of the expander, and is pulling the expander apart tamely with his legs and doing chest presses with the tiny dumbbells at the same time.

The radio cassette player is on the window sill and 'Final Countdown' is playing loud as a furious, ecstatic Ieuan does his exercise. Tickles climbs onto his belly.

TAPE

WE'RE HEADING FOR VENUS...
AND STILL WE STAND TALL...
COS MAYBE THEY'VE SEEN US...
AND WELCOME US AAALLLLL YEAH...

IEUAN

(Singing, almost roaring)
WITH SO MANY LIGHT YEARS TO GO
AND THINGS TO BE FOUND, TO BE FOUND
AND SOON THAT WE ALL MISSUN SAALLLLL...

INT: GYM, CORE-WORKOUT MATS - A LITTLE LATER.

Miles is standing in the same poser position but now Morfydd is holding a wobbly plank on the gym mats.

MILES

Do you know why essential amino acids
are called essential Mrs Davies?

MORFYDD

nghh.. no.. nghh.. sorry..

MILES

It's because our bodies can't
manufacture them. If you want to lose
weight Mrs Davies, it's critical to..

Miles stops talking and does another eye-popping arm-tense as
two more girls pass.

INT: LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER.

Dewi and Gwen are sat on the settee watching TV. Ieuan,
sweating, marches in.

IEUAN

Right! Things are gonna change around
here. You two, do your homework!

DEWI AND GWEN

We've done it.

IEUAN

Have You? Oh... Right. Well go and wash
those dishes. They don't wash themselves
you know!

GWEN

We've washed them. Dad, we're trying to
watch this.

Ieuan was determined to exert his control.

IEUAN

Right... Ok.

He turns to walk out, then has an idea.

IEUAN

When did you last clean your bedrooms?

DEWI

Yesterday.

IEUAN

Yesterday?? Oh for fu... Anyway, that
stupid television is going off, it's
frying your brains.

DEWI

It's a documentary about funding for
Welsh Education, we're doing a project
in School about it!

Ieuan slumps. He looks between the TV and his children a few
times then turns and leaves the room. Tickles is waiting for
him in the kitchen.

IEUAN

You! Out!

INT: A SEATED AREA OF THE GYM - A LITTLE LATER.

Miles is sat at a table writing while Morfydd, purple-faced,
swigs Tigerade.

MILES

Here's your food plan. Follow it
precisely.

He triumphantly places his pen down on the table.

MILES

Mrs Davies, you've already eaten your
last ever slice of bread.

MORFYDD

Thank you so much for this Miles, I feel
amazing already.

Pumped full of endorphins, and not used to this feeling,
Morfydd is babbling almost uncontrollably.

MORFYDD

You know, I'm just tired of feeling like
I don't fit in my skin any more...

MILES

mm-hmm...

MORFYDD

I used to be a real looker you know?

MILES

(Looks at his watch)
Right...

MORFYDD

It's like...

Morfydd looks away, as if into her past.

MORFYDD

...when you're in your twenties you're just hot. You look amazing without even trying.

MILES

mm-hmm...

MORFYDD

Then you're in your thirties... You can still be hot when you need to be, but it takes an hour or two to get there...

MILES

(Looks at his watch again)
Right...

MORFYDD

And suddenly, I'm in my late forties... I CAN still be hot, but I need five day's notice... you know what I mean?

MILES

(Picks at a finger nail)
Five days notice...

MORFYDD

And my husband hasn't touched me in months...

Miles' right eyebrow shoots up at this piece of information. He is instantly engaged.

EXT: GARDEN - CONT.

At the top of the lawn, Ieuan is standing topless in a new four foot hole, frantically shovelling the earth out. Roy and Dil's heads move into shot above the back fence as they pass by outside. They peer over.

ROY

What you doing Ieu?

IEUAN

Digging a hole.

A pause while Roy takes this in. Ieuan keeps digging.

ROY

Why?

IEUAN

Because...

Ieuan stops digging. Stands up. Looks at Roy.

IEUAN

Well. Because...

He looks down at the hole around him.

DIL

Why do men have to dig big holes in the garden whenever they feel insecure?

IEUAN

No, I mean, you know...

ROY

Does Morfydd know about this?

Ieuan swallows. A shadow of worry crosses his face.

DIL

She's gonna bloody kill you Ieu.

Dil walks on. Roy shakes his head.

ROY

Nice lawn you had there too.

Roy walks on. Ieuan gazes into the hole for a second then scrambles out and starts pushing the earth back into the hole with his bare hands.

IEUAN

Oh Jesus, what have I done?

INT: A SEATED AREA OF THE GYM - CONT.

Miles has become a different person on hearing that Morfydd is sexually frustrated.

MILES

PENETRATION, MORFYDD!

MORFYDD

Yes!

MILES

Weight loss is all about penetration!

MORFYDD

Oh, Is it?

MILES

Penetrating that part of you deep
inside...

MORFYDD

ooh...

MILES

That part of you which can say 'no' to
the slice of cake at work. 'No' to the
biscuits when the adverts come on. (Very
quietly) Can I help you explore that
part?

MORFYDD

Yes! YES!

Miles looks over Morfydds shoulder and notices a woman
standing alone, failing to grasp how to use a resistance band.

WOMAN

How do you use this thing..

Miles glances at his watch.

MILES

You are a beautiful woman Muriel, you
deserve to be appreciated.. I'll see you
same time tomorrow.

Miles dashes off towards the shapely woman. Morfydd has
ignored being called Muriel. She's wide eyed and thrilled.

MORFYDD

Same time tomorrow...

INT: LIVING ROOM - DAY.

Gwen is sat on a dining room chair delivering a YouTube Live
tutorial into the camera on its tripod in front. She is

leaning back and has six snails on her face, with their slimy mucus clearly visible.

GWEN

So, in conclusion, snail mucus contains glycolic acid and increases collagen production, so is a wonderful face mask.

Ieuan, frantic, is in the background, talking on the landline.

IEUAN

I need 4 square yards of turf.
Immediately.

We watch the next line via the actual YouTube Live screen.

GWEN

Next week, I'll have another top exfoliating secret. All I can say for now, is don't throw out that cat litter. Don't forget to subscribe!

IEUAN (O.S)

I'm begging you! My life is in danger!

Gwen reaches forward and clicks the camera off. Dewi walks in as she plucks the snails off her face and places them into a jar. He is careful Ieuan does not hear.

DEWI

I need to hire you.

GWEN

I don't work for capitalist pigs.

Dewi casually fans out a handful of five pound notes.

DEWI

Oh, but you do.

Gwen is angry but faltering.

EXT: PONTYFARGOED RUGBY CLUB - EARLY EVENING.

A rugby club perched high on the side of the green valley. A sign outside says Pontyfargoed RFC. The sun is setting.

INT: CLUBHOUSE - CONT.

Ieuan and Roy are among several people sat at the bar. In the background a squat man throws a darts into a dartboard. A voluptuous barmaid, MARY, 54, is pouring a pint. A chubby red-faced man, IANTO, 57, is sat at the far end of the bar holding court and concluding a colourful story.

IANTO

...so I said to her, take your kippers off the table and pull your drawers up or Reverend Griffiths will need a new set of teeth!

A smattering of laughter through the clubhouse. Ianto takes a bite out of his ham sandwich and addresses Mary, though he is really addressing the whole bar.

IANTO

Mary when are you gonna leave that bloody useless husband of yours and come away with me?

MARY

Hah! My turn now is it?

IANTO

I can show you wonderful places Mary!

MARY

(With gusto)
Ianto Williams your 'wonderful places' have been down the clinic more times than Doctor Evans' ford focus. Just leave them down there in a box next time, save yourself the bus fare!

Mary places two pints on the bar in front of Roy and Ieuan.

MARY

Here you go boys...

ROY

Thank you my lovely. (Turns to Ieuan) I think I'm losing her Ieuan.

IEUAN

Roy how many times have I told you, webcam porn is a one-way street to divorce. That's how Mary lost her first husband, isn't it Mary?

MARY

(Wiping a glass)
I couldn't get enough of it Roy.

She looks into the middle distance

MARY

It starts off low-level. Ten minutes
before bed. Before you know it, you're
up til 3am with it.

Mary is now wiping the glass more furiously and there is a
darkness across her features.

MARY

I just LOVE watching bald men doing the
ironing.

Roy glances nervously at Ieuan.

MARY

One Saturday my husband came home from
the rugby... Ynsybwl away... (looks back at
Roy and Ieuan) it was that match where
they moved Thin Tony from the wing into
the front row cos half the forwards had
food poisoning...

All three of them turn to look at a man sat in a wheelchair
with both legs up and his entire body in plaster.

MARY

How's your vertebrae doing Tony?

The man starts blowing into a straw in order to communicate
through a speaking device.

TONY

It. Was. Your. Egg. Sandwiches. That.
Caused. The. Food. Poisoning. You.
Stupid. Bi...

MARY

Anyway, my husband comes home from the
match and I'd lost track of time... There
I was, sat on the washing machine, one
thousand five hundred RPM. Laptop open
and there in HD Video is my husband's
uncle Trevor, ironing his work shirts
for Monday.

Sharp intake of breath from Roy and Ieuan. Mary's glass wiping
has reached fever pitch and she is in a faraway place.

MARY

...I'd never seen collars that sharp
before and I haven't seen collars that
sharp since...

The glass shatters into pieces. She is snapped out of her
trance.

MARY

But the message here Roy is that if you
love your wife, you'll stop looking at
titties in the Ukraine and start paying
attention to her sexuality.

ROY

How do you know I was looking at titties
in the Ukraine?

MARY

Oh, it's in the Gazette, haven't you
seen?

Mary pushes a copy of the Pontyfargoed Gazette across the bar.
Headline is 'Dil Catches Roy Watching Porn'. A photo of Roy
kneeling on the road, eyes closed, cradling his laptop. The
two other headlines on the front page are 'New curtains for
that Mrs Adams' and 'Mrs Rabiotti - she didn't did she!', sub
headline 'She did'.

ROY

Bloody tabloid rag.

EXT: CAR PARK - CONT.

Gwen, facing us, is putting make up on a seated person with
thick, black curly hair. In the background, Dewi is guiding an
articulated lorry into position using signals to the driver.

GWEN

I just want you to know, I disagree with
your fraudulent, capitalist scheming.

DEWI

Oh, here she goes... Greta Thunberg. Happy
to take my filthy money though are you?

GWEN

I need it for the beauty show!

DEWI

That's the thing with you woke liberals.
You're all against exploiting the
vulnerable until you need a few quid
yourselves.

GWEN

He's not vulnerable.

INT: CLUBHOUSE - CONT.

It's Ieuan's turn for the bout of self-pity.

IEUAN

At least your Dil hasn't got herself a
Personal Trainer.

Mary, still sweeping up the glass, sucks in a breath. Roy
grimaces.

MARY

Not one of them sexy Personal Trainers
down Cardiff I hope?

Ieuan nods, then looks down at his feet in despair.

ROY

Oh Ieuan.

MARY

They're predators down there.

Ieuan opens his arms wide.

IEUAN

Look at us Roy. A couple of generations
ago all the men around here were heroic
miners, 14 hours a day underground just
to feed their families. Now what are we?

ROY

Losers.

IEUAN

I spend my day wearing rubber gloves, my
kids don't respect me...

ROY

They were real men back then.

IEUAN

Now I gotta watch my wife go off
training with some slab of muscle down
Cardiff!

ROY

Aye.

Mary has seen enough of this self-pity. She puts both hands on
the bar and bellows at Roy and Ieuan.

MARY

I've had enough of this! (Quieter) You're
judging yourself against gender roles
from half a century ago!

Ieuan and Roy look puzzled.

MARY

It was all black and white back then.
Man! Provide money. Woman! Do EVERYTHING
else. Yes, men went to work, but that's
ALL they were expected to do! No
childcare, no housework, no looking
after your Bampy.

Ieuan and Roy look at each other.

MARY

We ask MORE of our men these days.

Mary calls out to three elderly women sat at a table nearby,
ETHEL, 82, DOREEN, 85 and CATRIN, 87.

MARY

Girls, what were the men like around
here fifty years ago?

ETHEL

(Extremely Gravelly)
Mine was a right bastard.

DOREEN

Hardly saw mine. He practically LIVED
down The Non-Political.

CATRIN

(Very doddery)
Ooh, my Frank would come home from work
and I'd be in the garden. And he'd come
up behind me and lift up my...

MARY

Catrin that's lovely... Thank you girls.

Mary turns to Ieuan and Roy.

MARY

Look, gender roles have evolved. You two ARE real men. The sooner you accept that, the sooner you can treat your wives like real women...

They are unconvinced. Mary looks back to the elderly women.

MARY

Catrin! Calm down love...

Catrin has stood up and, hips thrusting, is frantically acting out Franks role from her garden scene.

The sound of a coach braking to a halt outside. The clubhouse door bursts open and a group of American tourists come into the bar, camera's around necks, loud Bermuda shirts.

TOURIST #1

Is this the Tom Jones meet and greet?

MARY

Oh yeah... I forgot about that. It's in the car park around the back.

IEUAN

Tom Jones?

TOURIST#2

THE Tom Jones right... The singer?

Ieuans eyes close as the reality dawns on him.

IEUAN

Oh no...

MARY

Yes yes, THE Tom Jones.

IEUAN

I DON'T FU..

Cut to the back car park. There is a temporary stage with a large sign overhead: 'TOM JONES MEET AND GREET'. Underneath that: 'AMEX ACCEPTED'. On the stage stands Bampy, black curly wig, tight purple trousers and frilly purple shirt.

Dewi is standing next to Bampy in a smart silver suit with a microphone in his hand.

DEWI

Gather around everyone, (mic feedback)
come and meet the Treforest Tiger
himself, TOM JONES!

Polite but enthusiastic round of applause from the tourists.

DEWI

(Quickly, smoothly)
Forty dollars a picture, eighty dollars
signed. We would do a hundred dollars
for a kiss ladies, but we don't have
enough defibrillators on site to bring
you all around...

Polite laughter.

DEWI

Having said that maybe you'd die happy
if you were kissed by the great Tom
Jones, after all what are you Tom?

He places the microphone in front of Bampy's face. Bampy just burps quietly. Then a large bout of microphone feedback.

DEWI

...after all what are you Tom?

BAMPY

(Small voice)
...sex bomb, sex bomb.

Wondrous 'aaaah's' from the crowd, followed by a large round of applause. The back door of the clubhouse bursts open and there is Ieuan, in a purple rage.

IEUAN

DEWIIIIII!

EXT: LARGE GYM CAR PARK - DAY.

Morfydd is in the car, peering into the rear-view mirror and applying bright red lipstick. The radio is playing in the background. A song fades out, it was INXS, Need You Tonight.

It is drivetime radio with two local FM DJ's. One is the 'Straightman' and the other is the 'Funnyman'. Straightman is smooth and cheesy, Funnyman is fast talking and comedic.

DJ #1 (THE STRAIGHTMAN)

I need you tonight...

DJ #2 (THE FUNNYMAN)

Can it wait til tomorrow Dave, I've got
the plumber coming around

DJ #1

No, that was the song... 'I NEED YOU
TONIGHT...!'

DJ #2

And I'm very flattered but, frankly,
you're a married man...

DJ #1

Now, let me take you on a journey...

DJ #2

You're not taking me anywhere in THAT
van.

DJ #1

Back to 1983 to be precise...

DJ #2

Did the police find the DNA evidence?

DJ #1

And a group of six Miners...

DJ #2

Six minors? That's how you got into this
mess in the first place...

DJ #1

It's the Flying Pickets...

The song 'Only You' by the Flying Pickets starts. Morfydd
stares at herself in the mirror. The song becomes the backing
to a montage which flicks between Morfydds gym sessions over a
few weeks and various images to represent the gradual drifting
apart of Ieuan and Morfydd.

Montage - Various

1. Morfydd: Putting her lipstick away, grabbing her bag
and walking into the gym.

2. Ieuan and Morfydd fifteen years ago. Fuller hair, younger faces. They are dancing to a slow song in the rugby clubhouse, gazing into each other's eyes. Cut to them walking along the ridge overlooking Pontyfargoed at sunset. Morfydd barefoot, carrying her high heeled shoes. They're laughing. Holding hands. They pause, stunning sunset panorama behind them, and kiss.
3. Morfydd: Struggling with a shoulder press. Miles, standing directly behind her, gently pushes up on her arms to help her get to the top of the rep. She smiles at him in the mirror.
4. Ieuan and Morfydd ten years ago with Dewi in his high chair and Gwen asleep in a cot. Frazzled, trying various things to stop Dewi crying. Teddies, rattles, cuddly rabbit. Ieuan pulls out a five pound note. Dewi stops crying, takes the note. Cut to Ieuan and Morfydd crashed out asleep on the settee, Dewi sat in his high chair coolly counting a pile of bank notes.
5. Morfydd: Different outfit. Better physique. Standing on a Bosu ball doing fast squats. She loses balance and topples backwards. Miles catches her in his arms. She looks up at him, flushes, and smiles. He looks down at her and smiles back. His tooth twinkles.
6. Ieuan and Morfydd seven years ago. Sat on a park bench on the ridge overlooking the valley. Large gap between them. They look blankly at the view. 5 yr old Dewi leaps up onto Ieuan from the left, runs across the bench, onto Morfydd, off to the right. Followed by 3 yr old Gwen. Followed by tickles. They are unmoved.
7. Morfydd: Different outfit. Much better physique. She performs a barbell deadlift. Personal best. She puts the bar down and raises her arms in celebration. Goes to Miles. They hug. The moment lingers.
8. Ieuan and Morfydd present day. Standing in the bathroom brushing their teeth, staring sightlessly into their own eyes. Cut to Ieuan lying at one edge of the bed, eyes open. Cut to Morfydd at the other edge, eyes open.

The song fades and we are with Morfydd and Miles in the car park. Several weeks have passed.

EXT: GYM CAR PARK - DAY.

MORFYDD

Miles, these past few weeks have been incredible. I feel like a new woman!

MILES

Well, you're making great progress.

Miles touches her upper arm.

MILES

Morfydd... I need to tell you something.

MORFYDD

Yes Miles?

MILES

I think... I think I'm falling in love with you.

MORFYDD

(Eyes widen)
Miles...

MILES

I want you Morfydd... I want you like I've never wanted a woman.

MORFYDD

Gosh Miles, I don't know what to say...

In one movement, Miles reaches into his back pocket, removes a small card and hands it to her.

MILES

Meet me Friday night at this hotel. 8 o'clock.

MORFYDD

Miles, this is all so sudden, so quick.

Miles firmly grabs Morfydd by the arms.

MILES

Love has no speed limits Morfydd! I want you. I know you want me. Friday, 8 o'clock.

He bends down, kisses her on the top of the head and walks away.

MORFYDD

Friday, 8 o'clock. (Turns to look at Miles walking away) I'll be there...

INT: THE DAVIES HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON.

Gwen is performing a make-up tutorial on Bampy, who is sat in his armchair with bright red lips. A group of 10 year old girls are sat on the floor in front.

GWEN

Most important to me, as a lady of a certain age, (leans into Bampy) is just a LITTLE bit of colour corrector under the eyes... where you can get a bit purple-y blue. Especially if you've been up drinking pop with the boys 'til gone seven, am I right ladies...?

Knowing titters from the girls.

GWEN

I'm looking at YOU Stacey Rabiotti!

Cut to a dark-haired girl in the crowd. She is 'smoking' a candy cigarette through a cigarette holder and speaks with the alpha confident drawl of a woman who has lived her life.

STACEY

Hey if God wanted us to sleep, he wouldn't have invented boys.

GWEN

Now I AM going to do a little bit on the upper lash line. I'm thinking Saturday morning, popping out for milk. You want that little safety net. That (American accent) 'little bit going ooonn'...

More titters. Gwen leans into Bampy again.

GWEN

And this isn't about boys... Stacey Rabiotti... This is about confidence. We're here. We deserve to be here. And we're not going away.

From the settee, behind a broadsheet newspaper.

DEWI

MAAAM! Gwen's using Bampy to preach first wave feminism.

INT: KITCHEN - CONT.

Morfydd is sitting at the table drinking wine with Dil.

MORFYDD

LIVE WITH IT DEWI! Sorry Dil, you were saying...

DIL

(Conspiratorially)
So I've already got the tablets from the chemist, I'm going to crumble three of them up and put them in his steak and kidney pie tomorrow night.

MORFYDD

Surely one would be enough?

DIL

No, I have to go in hard. He's got no drive anymore. It's healing up Morv.

MORFYDD

I'm sure it's not healing up Dil. Can they heal up? (She looks down) No, I'm sure they can't.

A round of applause from the next room. In wobbles Bampy with a face full of make-up. He sits down at the head of the table.

MORFYDD

Bampy you look beautiful. (To Dil) Gwen really does have a talent for this. So important for kids to have a passion...

DIL

Speaking of passion, how's the Personal Training going with that hunk down there in Cardiff?

MORFYDD

(Too high pitched)
It's fine...

DIL

Morfydd...

MORFYDD

It's good...

Morfydd glances at Bampy, who is looking in a hand mirror and plucking his eyebrows with a pair of tweezers. He seems oblivious. She leans in close to Dil, who mirrors her.

MORFYDD

He wants me Dil... He WANTS me...

DIL

You bitch!

MORFYDD

I know! He wants to meet me tomorrow night in the Barkley Hotel down Cardiff...

Dil

The Barkley Hotel! They give you your own slippers in the Barkley Hotel.

Dil is fit to burst. She clasps Morfydd's forearm.

DIL

Are you going??

Morfydd looks at Bampy. He is now tweezering his nose hair

MORFYDD

Yes, I think I am!

Dil grabs her glass and takes a massive swig.

DIL

(Stares at her wine)
Oh no. This is where the sensible friend says... 'No! You're my best friend and I cannot let you meet that rock hard slab of meat for a night of shagging.' Is that what I have to do?

MORFYDD

(Shakes her head)
Yes?

DIL

That's not me Morv. I'm the other friend. I'm the one who says 'Why not?'. We're WOMEN... We need to FEEL like women.

Morfydd takes a massive swig of her wine.

DIL

The only option I'VE got is putting Viagra into my husband's pie. If I was asked to a hotel by a personal trainer I'd be down that A470 like a bat out of hell. (Looking away) Well, once I'd been for a back and crack... Have you had a back and crack?

MORFYDD

I went this morning before work.

DIL

You're a woman Morv. Just enjoy being a woman for once...

Morfydd groans and plants her face down onto the table.

EXT: WILLIAM STREET - EVENING.

Roy staggers along the street towards his doorway, drunk. The living room curtains twitch as he approaches, singing.

ROY

Bread of heaven... Bread of heaven...
FEEEEED ME TIL I WANT NO MORE!

The front door opens explosively. A furious Dil steps out into the street in her best dress, no spectacles, full make up.

DIL

What time do you call this!?

ROY

Quarter past seven love.

DIL

Your dinner was on the table at six!

ROY

That's alright, I don't mind cold pie...

DIL

I've given it to the dog you drunken fool!

ROY

(Swaying)
The dog? Aw what a waste!

Dil turns to the side. A realisation.

DIL

Oh shit. I've given it to the dog.

An excitable woof. Goldie appears out of the doorway, leaps onto Dil's leg, and starts humping it furiously.

DIL

Get off me! Goldie, Get off me!

INT: THE DAVIES LIVING ROOM - CONT.

Ieuan, Dewi, Gwen and Bampy on the settee in front of the TV. Dewi is upside down, reading 'MoneyMaker' magazine. We hear Goldie barking outside and Dil shrieking.

DEWI

Dad, do we need two kidneys?

GWEN

Be quiet Dewi, BoggleBox is starting!

TV NARRATOR

(Soft northern drawl)
In the UK, twenty million of us spend
our evenings in front of the telly..

Cut to the TV. A family of four is slouched on a settee watching TV.

TV NARRATOR

The Jones family is watching the first
episode in the new series of Bogglebox.

The family on the TV are sat in silence watching THEIR TV, much like the Davieses.

IEUAN

I don't get this programme. You're just
watching people watch TV.

Cut to the TV, the dad on the settee speaks.

TV DAD

I don't get this programme. You're just
watching people watch TV.

The programme cuts to the Jones family TV. On that TV, a family of four sits watching TV. The dad on THAT settee speaks.

TV DAD ON TV DADS TV

I don't get this programme. You're just watching people watch TV.

Cut back to the Davieses.

IEUAN

Is this what western society has become?
Empty-headed zombies staring at empty-headed zombies?

Dewi speaks out from behind his magazine.

DEWI

It's capitalism Dad. It's beautiful.

GWEN

When we're staring at televisions, our frontal lobe switches off. We're wide open for the corporations to tell us what to buy.

DEWI

It's like shooting fish in a barrel.

Cut to the TV. 'Bogglebox - Back Soon!' Cut back to the Davieses settee. We hear a TV advert.

TV ADVERT

Are you tired of your TV only having two million pixels? (Sad trumpet tune) Well have a look at this one... IT'S GOT THIRTY BILLION PIXELS! YOU NEED TO BUY IT NOW!

IEUAN

We haven't got many pixels mind...

Morfydd appears in the doorway wearing her good dress. The red one. She takes a deep breath and walks into the room with a tinkle of car keys.

MORFYDD

Kids! Homework.

DEWI & GWEN

Aawwww...

They slouch past Morfydd and into the kitchen.

DEWI

Taliban.

Ieuan gets up and goes to Morfydd.

IEUAN

You look stunning love... Bingo is it?

MORFYDD

(High pitched)
Yes, just the bingo.

IEUAN

You'll be giving randy Llewellyn a heart attack. (Pecks her on the lips.) I'll make the kids tea.

Ieuan walks into the kitchen. Morfydd stands and watches him. She steps towards the kitchen and speaks, unsteadily.

MORFYDD

Ok, I'm off now...

No reply. Dewi and Gwen are at the table and Ieuan is trying to open a pickle jar.

MORFYDD

I said I'm off now...

Dewi is looking down at his work but he reaches across the table and takes Gwens calculator.

GWEN

Oi! Don't take stuff without asking!

DEWI

YOU don't take stuff without asking!

GWEN

No, YOU don't take stuff without asking, you devious kleptomaniac.

IEUAN

(Without looking up from his pickle jar)
Dewi, stop gas-lighting your sister.

Cut back to Morfydds face. A moment of extreme conflict.

INT: HOTEL ROOM - IMAGINATION

Miles is laying on the bed, tastefully naked except for a magnificently fluffy pair of slippers.

INT: KITCHEN - CONT.

Morfydd looks at Ieuan, bent double trying to open the pickle jar...

IEUAN

...stupid ...bloody ...I'll kill you!

Gwen wanders over, takes the jar and opens it. Ieuan slumps.

Morfydds POV, she turns and walks towards the front door. Bampy moves into view from the left. He turns to face her. He has a wet patch on his crotch.

BAMPY

Opsy trousers! Ieuan!

Morfydd is taken aback. Ieuan comes rushing from the kitchen.

IEUAN

I got it Morv. Oh Bampy, don't worry about it. Let's get you sorted out shall we?

BAMPY

Sorry...

IEUAN

It's ok, we all get oopsy trousers!

BAMPY

Oopsy Trousers!

Ieuan, full of love, leads Bampy towards the stairs to go and change his clothes. Morfydd suddenly looks unsure. She looks at Ieuan leading Bampy away.

She turns and looks at the front door.

Turns back to look at Ieuan with Bampy.

Back at the front door.

She places her hand on her chest. Finally, she turns and runs to Ieuan, turns him around, and throws her arms around him.

MORFYDD

Oh Ieuan!

IEUAN

Woah! I thought you were going to bingo?

MORFYDD

Bingo's been cancelled... And I love you
so much I could explode!

IEUAN

I'd rather you didn't love. I've only
just done the hoovering.

Morfydd buries into Ieuans neck. Bampy looks on.

IEUAN

Kids, off to Dil's. I'm taking your
mother dancing...

INT: RUGBY CLUBHOUSE - A LITTLE LATER.

A band is on the small stage singing the Flying Pickets song,
'Only You'. At the busy bar, Mary is getting chatted up by a
man with sideburns and a very sharp, seventies style collar.
Ieuan and Morfydd are slow dancing on the packed dancefloor.

MORFYDD

I can't remember the last time we looked
into each other's eyes like this...

Ieuan looks away, searching for an answer.

IEUAN

...when that wasp stung me on the eye
outside the chemist?

MORFYDD

No Ieuan...

IEUAN

Sandra's wedding?

MORFYDD

No, it was a rhetorical question love.

IEUAN

Oh...

Morfydd nestles into Ieuans neck.

IEUAN

Morv, I've been so fixated on not
stacking up as a man that I forgot to
make you feel like a woman.

MORFYDD

Ieuan you're everything that a woman
could want. I am so lucky to have you.

Ieuan and Morfydd gaze into each other's souls. The camera
slowly spins around them.

IEUAN

Come with me...

EXT: RIDGEWAY OVERLOOKING PONTYFARGOED - SUNSET

Ieuan and Morfydd hurry along the ridge overlooking
Pontyfargoed. Morfydd is barefoot, carrying her high heeled
shoes. They're laughing. Holding hands. They pause, stunning
sunset panorama behind them, and kiss. Then drop out of view.

FADE OUT

INT: THE DAVIES LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK.

A flashback scene focussed on the settee. Bampy is listening
to what we were hearing as Morfydd was preparing to leave.

GWEN

Oi! Don't take stuff without asking.

DEWI

YOU don't take stuff without asking.

GWEN

No, YOU don't take stuff without asking,
you devious kleptomaniac.

IEUAN

Dewi, stop gas-lighting your sister.

Bampy watches Morfydd. He's lucid. He knows what is happening.
They have lost sight of each other. He knows what he must do.
He reaches for the bottle of Tigerade on the stand next to the
settee. He pours a small amount over his crotch. Doing the
right thing for your family... that's more important than pride.

IEUAN

...stupid ...bloody ...I'll kill you!

Bampy stands up and shuffles off towards the doorway.