

THE DAVIESES

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EXT. STREET. MORNING

South Wales valleys. A modest Victorian mid-terrace house.
A bedroom window clatters up violently.

ROY (O.S)
NOT THE LAPTOP! Please...

A laptop careers out of the window and down onto the road.
ROY, 50, dark hair and sideburns, leans out the window.

ROY
Shit!

He disappears. Heavy footsteps. The front door opens. Roy,
wearing pyjama bottoms and a string vest, rushes into the
street. He kneels and examines the laptop.

DIL, 50, dark hair and spectacles, appears at the window.

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

Roy presses keys, we hear a dismembered female voice.

FEMALE VOICE
You like these titties big boy?

DIL
50 year old man looking at webcam porn!

ROY
Christ they make these tough.

INT. DAVIES BEDROOM. CONT

In the house next door, IEUAN, 44 and MORFYDD, 42, are having
morning sex. Dil's furious voice is audible from the street.

DIL (O.S)
I'VE got tits Roy!

Ieuan is trying not to be put off by the commotion. He closes
his eyes and focusses on the task at hand.

DIL (O.S)
(Screeching)
Don't sneak to the spare room to look at
tits. Just look at mine!

Ieuan's face dissolves into panic.

IEUAN
Shit. Sorry.

MORFYDD

I told you, it's ok. Cuddling is nice.

Distraught, Ieuan rolls off and lays on his side facing away from Morfydd, who stares at the ceiling. In the background, the bedroom door flies open. Daughter GWEN, 10, runs in.

GWEN

Dad, Dewi's using Bampi for scams again!

Gwen thrusts her iPad forward. An ancient man with a walking stick and an American flag around his shoulders shuffles towards the camera. Below, a caption 'VIETNAM WAR HERO WALKS FOR GUN RIGHTS', and a figure of \$41,000, rising rapidly.

IEUAN

Aw, bloody hell.

EXT. BACK GARDEN. MORNING

Small, neat garden. DEWI, 12, sits in a director's chair next to a camera tripod. He lifts an oversized megaphone.

DEWI

TURN!

BAMPY, 83, 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! Remember, they're taking our guns!

IEUAN

Take down that page at once!

DEWI

Aw Daaaad.

Ieuan turns to walk in, then comes back out.

IEUAN

And refund those Americans!

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Ieuan is at the head of the table. They are all eating noisily except Gwen, who is scrolling and tapping at her iPad.

IEUAN

Dewi, what did I say about monetising your Grandfathers Alzheimers.

DEWI

(Bored)
You said stop monetising your Grandfathers Alzheimers.

IEUAN

You had NO intention of giving that money to... Gun Rights.

MORFYDD

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

Gwen puts her iPad down on the table.

GWEN

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

MORFYDD

We'll see.

Ieuan stops chewing his toast. Looks aghast at Gwen.

IEUAN

Have you had your eyebrows tattooed!?

Gwen and Morfydd share a guilty look. A loud horn from outside. Gwen and Dewi stand up and grab their devices, then hurry to get on the school bus.

IEUAN

Has she had her--

MORFYDD

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

IEUAN

What? You don't need a personal trainer!

Morfydd puts the dishes in the sink and walks out. Ieuan, suddenly vulnerable, watches her leave.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Ieuan is washing dishes at the kitchen sink. He pauses to gaze out of the window at the green valley. Empty and peaceful.

He looks back at Bampy, stood near the table, resting on his walking stick. He is lost in another world, quietly singing a song, as if 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 an 83 year old into a muscular 44 year old, dressed in his miners gear. The curve of Bampy's spine remains during the morph because the younger version has one boot on a chair, doing the laces.

YOUNGER BAMPY

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

Ieuan is now six years old, staring at his super hero father. He's sat on the worktop next to his MAM, 40, doing the dishes.

IEUAN'S MAM

Daddy's going to work now.

Younger Bampy comes over, gives Ieuan's cheek a twiddle.

YOUNGER BAMPY

See you later Ieuan bach!

IEUAN'S MAM

Is it the vote today?

YOUNGER BAMPY

Yes love.

IEUAN'S MAM

We're penniless as it is. If you strike
we'll have to beg people for food!

YOUNGER BAMPY

Then we'll beg for food. But it won't be
begging. This town is our family.

He kisses his wife's forehead.

YOUNGER BAMPY

Doing the right thing for your family,
that's more important than pride.

He leaves. Young Ieuan presses his face to the kitchen window.

EXT. PONTYFARGOED VALLEY. CONT [IEUAN'S POV]

The slag heaps are black, the valley dark. The miners, singing Calon Lan, swarm down toward the winding pithead wheels.

Now the valley morphs back to the peaceful, green version.

INT. KITCHEN. CONT

Ieuan looks down at his washing up gloves and apron. He sighs at the comparison he's drawn with Younger Bampy. We hear Bampy laughing. He is using his walking stick to play with the dog.

BAMPY

Haha! Haha!

Every time Bampy moves his stick, Tickles play bows. Bampy stops, looks up. A wet patch appears on the crotch of his trousers. He looks devastated.

BAMPY

Sorry.

IEUAN

It's ok Dad, we all get oopsy trousers!

BAMPY

Sorry.

IEUAN

Let's get you sorted.

Ieuan, full of love, leads Bampy out of the kitchen.

INT. NURSING HOME. DAY

A bored nurse leads a group of new elderly 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.

In the far corner of the lounge, Morfydd and Dil are huddled together and feeding grey mush to two frail, OLD WOMEN. They talk much more quickly together than they do with others.

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

They might 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

I saw Mavis outside Costcut last week. 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.

Old woman #1 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

Dunno. She just said her you-know-what.

Morfydd pauses, trying to picture what on earth got stuck.

MORFYDD

Oh God. I think that's happening to me. Ieuan hasn't got it up in months. It's all this cake we're eating in work!

DIL
It's workplace abuse.

MORFYDD
It is! Anyway, I'm going to a Personal Trainer after work down Cardiff.

DIL
Ooh, 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? Oh God, Morv.

OLD WOMAN #1
(Frail) If you can't get it from your husbands, get it somewhere else. One day you'll be too old to get it anywhere.

Morfydd, unsettled, briefly pauses the feeding.

EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY

Ieuan, glum, helps Bampy onto a swing and starts pushing him. Bampy begins to laugh. Soon he is laughing uproariously as he goes a little higher. This helps Ieuan crack a smile.

INT. GYM. DAY

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 and the speed ramps up slightly.

MILES

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

MORFYDD

OH. CAN I STILL HAVE CORNFLAKES FOR--

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.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE. DAY

With the Blue Danube playing on a record player, many elderly couples are engaged in ballroom dancing. They are proud, upright and moving beautifully. Ieuan and Bampy waltz into view (Bampy expertly leading). They are prouder and more upright than any other pair.

INT. GYM. DAY

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

Cos our bodies can't manufacture--

He pauses for another arm tense as two women walk past.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Dewi and Gwen are sat watching TV. Ieuan marches in.

IEUAN

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

DEWI AND GWEN

We've done it.

IEUAN

Oh. Well those dishes won't wash themselves you know!

GWEN

We've washed them.

Ieuan was determined to exert his control.

IEUAN

Right. Ok. Good.

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 television is going off, it's frying your brains.

DEWI

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

Ieuan slumps, looks between the TV and his children a few times, then turns to leave. Tickles is waiting in the kitchen.

IEUAN

You! Out!

INT. GYM. DAY

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.

Pumped full of endorphins, and not used to this feeling, Morfydd starts babbling.

MORFYDD

Amazing! Oh, I'm just tired of feeling like I don't fit in my skin anymore. 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. Without even trying.

MILES

mm-hmm.

MORFYDD

And suddenly, I'm in my forties and I need five days' notice to be hot! You know what I mean?

MILES

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

MORFYDD

Even my Husband doesn't fancy me now.

Miles' right eyebrow shoots up at this piece of information.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY

Up on the lawn, Ieuan is standing in a new four foot hole, frantically shovelling earth out. Roy and Dil's heads move into shot above the back fence as they pass by outside.

ROY

What you doing Ieu?

IEUAN

Digging a hole.

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

ROY

Why?

End of sample