

TONYPANDY

Pilot Episode

Written by Phil Hamer

Phil Hamer  
blackwoodboy@hotmail.com  
+44 (0) 7812 052664

EXT. L.A.X AIRPORT. DAY

A limo pulls up outside departures. BODYGUARD #1 and BODYGUARD #2 (30's) step out, huge men wearing jeans and NFL jerseys. Bodyguard #1 opens the rear door. EMMA LOPEZ, 40, steps out.

The Hollywood actress is petite and stunningly beautiful with blonde hair and a deep tan. She looks around.

EMMA  
Where are they?

Her manager, NIGEL (50's) steps out after her and looks around at the quiet concourse. He speaks in an English accent.

NIGEL  
Fuck me. Right, back in. We'll do a lap.

He dials a number as they all clamber back into the car.

NIGEL  
Jeff! I said 7:30, the fuck are they?

EXT. L.A.X AIRPORT. DAY

The limo pulls up outside departures again. The bodyguards step out and #1 opens the rear door. Emma steps out, smiling.

This time, a group of photographers rush over and unleash a barrage of flashes and shouted questions. Emma is guided through the chaos by her burly guards, and into departures.

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE. DAY.

Emma, Nigel and her guards stride through the lounge. One PHOTOGRAPHER has remained, snapping away from close quarters.

NIGEL  
That'll do mate, we just wanted outside.

He carries on snapping. Emma is becoming annoyed.

NIGEL  
The lighting in here is unfavourable.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
No idea what you're talking about buddy.

NIGEL  
You're not one of Jeff's?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Who's Jeff?

Nigel nods at Bodyguard #2, who looks around to check no-one is watching, then reaches out and fleetingly touches the

photographer's shoulder. The photographer looks at his own shoulder, then looks quizzically at Bodyguard #2.

PHOTOGRAPHER

What the fuck was--

Suddenly, he collapses onto the floor, gripping his shoulder and screeching in agony. Emma stops, panicked.

EMMA

Enzo! I told you to stop doing that!

Airport police have seen this and are marching over.

EMMA

Shit!

Nigel pulls out a wad of notes and ushers them away.

NIGEL

Go. I've got it.

Nigel plasters on a smile and goes to head off the police.

EXT. MOUNTAIN. DAY

A windblown mountain top high above the Welsh valleys town of Tonypandy. The sun is rising over distant green hills. Sheep graze peacefully. We hear a faint, repetitive creaking sound.

EXT. MEADOW. DAY.

A little more sheltered in this green meadow, but the creaking sound is now a rhythmical but deafening screech.

EXT. BARN. DAY.

A large barn next to an ancient farmhouse. The rusty shutter is being heaved up by rusty chain, one shrieking yard at a time. A sheepdog, Bessie, darts out as the legs of the chain puller inside are revealed. Somewhere inside the barn, a weather forecast is being delivered on a tinny portable TV.

INT. AEROPLANE. DAY.

Emma is sat in first class with her feet up, watching a movie. A male PASSENGER (30's) approaches, his phone on camera mode.

PASSENGER

Ms Lopez, I'm so sorry to bother you.  
I'm *literally* your biggest fan.

Bodyguard #2 appears behind the passenger.

EMMA

Enzo, no!

Bodyguard #2 fleetingly touches the shoulder of the passenger, who glances around curiously at him, then back to Emma.

PASSENGER

I loved you in--

Suddenly, he collapses to the floor, gripping his shoulder and screeching. Emma stands up, now almost in tears. She turns to Nigel, watching a movie in the seat behind.

EMMA

Nigel, tell him to stop!

EXT. BARN YARD. DAY.

Balding, bushy bearded LLEW, 40, sits on an ancient tractor with no wheels, eating the porridge straight from a pot and looking out contentedly over a sun-dappled valley.

He wears muddy boots and filthy blue overalls over a cream jumper, but he is clean and fresh eyed. Bessie jumps up.

LLEW

Give me a second mun.

INT. BARN. DAY.

Llew pours wheat from a sack into an ancient stone grain mill, then takes hold of the wooden beam which protrudes out to the side and starts pushing it slowly around in a circle.

EXT. STREAM. DAY.

The crystal clear stream is bridged by a thick wooden plank. Preceded by the zooming Bessie, Llew, carrying two large buckets of feed, steps up onto the plank and strides across.

EXT. MOUNTAIN. DAY.

Llew shakes the feed into a feeding trough as dozens of sheep rush over and bustle around his feet.

LLEW

Don't fight now!

EXT. MOUNTAIN. DAY

Llew is using his whistles and calls to get Bessie moving the sheep through a small gate into the next field.

EXT. FACTORY. DAY

Llew is one of several people striding toward a modern, white factory. The large sign on the roof reads POT NOODLE.

INT. FACTORY. DAY.

Llew stands at a conveyor belt wearing a net over his beard. A batch of Pot Noodles arrive without lids. Llew visually checks their contents, then pulls a lever. The machine comes down onto the Pot Noodles. When it rises, they all have lids.

INT. BREAK ROOM. DAY.

Llew is sat alone, happily tucking into his sandwiches. The heavy set LUCY (20's) approaches his table. He seems to shrink and desperately seek escape as she sits down opposite him.

LUCY  
Hiya Llew!

LLEW  
Hello.

LUCY  
Oh my God what a morning. I been having ructions with Sophie Llewelyn-Evans on lids. Barbie or Oppenheimer?

LLEW  
Sorry?

LUCY  
Don't you even dare. It's Barbie by miles. Feminist masterpiece.

Llew quickly wraps his remaining sandwich and, like a cat on a hot tin roof, tries to escape. However, he has no opening.

LUCY  
Mind you, I heard Ryan Gosling flirted so hard with Margot Robbie in the wrap party that Eva Mendes had to go and do transcendental meditation in the toilet. Mind you, he was all over Emma Stone like a yeast infection in La La Land by all accounts.

A bite out of her sandwich almost gives panicking Llew the opening he needs, but Lucy is happy to talk with a full mouth.

LLEW  
Well, I better--

LUCY

--Emma Stone was amazing in La La Land. Mind you, she was only in it cos Emma Lopez was in rehab. I love Emma Lopez. Can you believe she slapped Ryan Wright in the Oscars?? Mind you, he called her Mam a cunt so he had it coming.

The tall, wiry MANAGER (30's) pops his head in. He is brisk, efficient and very camp.

MANAGER

Ok ladies and gentlemen, back to work!

Llew is up off his chair like toast out of a toaster.

LUCY

Llew! Didn't he? Ryan Wright had it coming off Emma Lopez?

LLEW

Um.

Llew disappears, leaving Lucy chatting to an empty room.

LUCY

I'd be Emma Lopez if I was a movie star. She's a badass mutherfuckin bitch oh my God can you imagine?

INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY.

Llew is choosing a packet of biscuits when he spots two men enter the aisle. DAI and PHIL (40) are gregarious and laddish. Llew tries to duck away but has been spotted.

PHIL

Oi Oi!

LLEW

Oh! Alright boys.

DAI

Been looking for you! Remember Graham Baxter from school?

Llew cannot bring the name to mind.

PHIL

Fingered Yvonne Marshall in Geography.

LLEW

Oh. Aye.

DAI

He's getting married. Stag do Saturday at the Libs.

PHIL  
You're coming.

LLEW  
Oh, well--

Dai and Phil close in as they impart the fiendish plan.

DAI  
--It's gonna be fucking amazing! We found this woman online who fires ping pong balls out of her muff.

PHIL  
We're gonna spike Baxter with Rohypnol and tie him down so she can use him as target practice.

DAI  
Then she's gonna suck him off on the pool table. We got it all planned!

PHIL  
We've hired a photographer! We're gonna create an album of the whole thing and put it on all the tables at the wedding  
HAHAHAHA!!

Dai and Phil dissolve into helpless laughter. Llew chuckles along. Eventually Phil leans in and speaks with a quiet awe.

PHIL  
It's gonna go down in folklore mate.

LLEW  
Uh, I don't think I can do Saturday.

DAI  
Oh here he fucking goes. What's happened to you man?

PHIL  
You used to be fun in college.

LLEW  
Well, I mean, that was 22 years ago--

DAI  
Come on! Ping pong balls out the muff?

PHIL  
Baxter getting sucked off unconscious on the pool table?

Llew looks at his watch.

LLEW  
Oh, sorry boys. I gotta get to my Mum's.

He hurries away, leaving them shaking their heads sadly.

DAI  
What's happened to him?

PHIL  
Pathetic.

INT. CHECKOUT. DAY

Llew is at the self-checkout. He places several coins into the slot and picks up his two magazines and packet of biscuits.

SELF-CHECKOUT VOICE  
(Electronic) Thank you for shopping at  
FoodSave. Have a nice day!

LLEW  
You too.

A little sheepish, Llew nods at the machine then hurries out.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME. DAY.

Llew is sat in a chair next to his MUM (80's), reading *Farmers Weekly* magazine. His Mum is reading *Woman's Weekly*. He takes a digestive biscuit from the plate between them.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

A sparse bedroom with just a single bed. The alarm clock reads 21:02. Llew gets down onto his knees next to his bed, places his hands together, and starts mouthing a silent prayer.

EXT. MEADOW. DAY.

A beautiful sunny morning in the picturesque meadow. Llew is digging sludge out of a blocked stream and piling it up on the bank. Bessie zooms past as he shovels another load.

INT. PUB. DAY.

Llew is sat with fellow farmer TERRY (50's) at a table. They each have a pint of ale but are sat in silence facing slightly away from each other. One of them will nod occasionally. Almost a conversation of silent nods and cheek puffs.

Barmaid CERYS (50's), drying glasses, and customer KATHY (60's) are staring over sympathetically from the bar.

CERYS  
Why can't farmers actually talk to each other?



A cheek puff from Terry is replied to with a nod from Llew.

KATHY

Well, they seem happy enough though!

CERYS

Hey, Llew!

Cerys gestures him to come over. He does so. Cerys and Kathy gather close, ready to sort his life out.

CERYS

Anything nice planned this evening?

LLEW

I'm gonna sit down and have a nice--

CERYS

--Apart from your bar of chocolate.

LLEW

Oh, move the sheep. Sort them tractor wheels out.

KATHY

It's Saturday night mun! You should be cwtching up with a nice woman!

CERYS

Aren't you lonely up there?

LLEW

Lonely? I got Bessie and three dozen sheep!

CERYS

No, but you know...

Kathy leans in and nods toward a dark haired woman, ELERI (30's), sat glumly with a friend in the corner.

KATHY

How about Eleri? She's nice!

Eleri glances over just as Cerys, Kathy and Llew are looking over. Cerys and Kathy beam at her. Eleri smiles back.

CERYS

Good job in the post office. Just bought a nice house. *Definitely* on the market.

Eleri is now being cajoled by her friend into coming over. It actually gets quite physical and Eleri is literally pushed off the edge of her chair. She stands and smiles. Llew cringes and tries to move away but Kathy gently grabs his arm.

KATHY

Just speak to her!

As Eleri, gangly and awkward, arrives at the bar, Kathy slides away. Eleri is nervous, eyes wide and voice trembling.

ELERI  
Two pints please Cerys!

CERYS  
Rightio!

Eleri glances at Llew, staring down into his pint. She twice smiles and nearly speaks, but loses her nerve each time.

CERYS  
How's that new house of yours Eleri?

ELERI  
Great! Lovely! Yep, really lovely.

CERYS  
Llew was just saying how cold he's  
getting up there in that farmhouse all  
by himself.

LLEW  
Was I?

ELERI  
(Hopeful)  
Was he?

CERYS  
Place needs a woman's touch.

Cerys takes the money and gives Llew an imploring look as she heads away to the til. Llew and Eleri are now alone, but neither has the confidence to speak. Eventually...

ELERI  
Yeah, gets cold in my place too,  
especially when--

LLEW  
Well, these sheep won't move themselves!

Llew slips off his chair and out the door in a flash, leaving Eleri on the verge of tears. Cerys returns with her change.

CERYS  
Oh bloody hell mun!

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Llew, whistling, strolls down the street. Soon, his way is blocked by a barrier. Large white trucks fill the road ahead. A bored LOCATION ASSISTANT (20's) looks up from his phone.

LOCATION ASSISTANT  
Sorry mate, filming down there. You'll  
have to go around.

Llew peeks at the trucks and hive of activity beyond.

LOCATION ASSISTANT  
Some movie about the American Civil War.

LLEW  
*American civil war?*

LOCATION ASSISTANT  
Apparently the Rhondda looks like West  
Virginia on camera.

The assistant looks furtively around, then leans in.

LOCATION ASSISTANT  
I'm not allowed to say who's in it. Been  
sworn to secrecy.

LLEW  
Oh ok, well--

LOCATION ASSISTANT  
--Emma Lopez!

LLEW  
Emma Lopez.

A vague recollection of hearing the name recently.

LOCATION ASSISTANT  
Blew all the budget on her apparently.  
Nothing left for the script.

Llew finally draws a blank.

LOCATION ASSISTANT  
You know, Emma Lopez. That psycho who  
slapped Ryan Wright at the Oscars?  
There she is look. Proper stropky bitch.

He points to a blonde woman in a white dress under powerful  
lights in the distance. Llew, mildly interested, shrugs his  
shoulders as he heads off.

LLEW  
Oh. There we go then.

INT. NEWSAGENT. DAY.

Llew stands in front of the chocolate bars, licking his lips.  
He scans the rows of chocolate like Charlie Bucket.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Emma strides down the street with her guards just in front. She has a coat over her white dress, and rants to herself.

EMMA

The fucking nerve. More truth? More fucking truth? How about three fucking Oscar nom's of truth you old trout!

Llew exits the shop, then stands back as he sees the huge men approach with Emma behind. Emma doesn't realise Llew is there.

EMMA

Fucking bastard. *Fucking bastard!*

Llew, alarmed at her distress, steps forward and stands in front of the men just as they reach him. He puts his hand out.

LLEW

Woah. Are you ok lovely?

They all stop. Emma looks at him, bemused.

BODYGUARD #1

Please mind your own business, sir.

LLEW

With respect, I'll mind my own business when this lady tells me she's ok.

Bodyguard #2 looks around to check no-one is watching, then reaches out to Llew's shoulder. But Llew is too fast. He grabs his wrist and holds it in an iron grip. The two men stand eye to eye. Bodyguard #2 tries to free his wrist but cannot.

EMMA

No, I'm fine! They're with me.

Llew glares at bodyguard #2, then finally lets his wrist go.

EMMA

Sorry for the confusion.

LLEW

Nope, my fault. I'm sorry.

The three walk on. Bodyguard #2, cowed by the encounter, rubs his wrist. Bodyguard #1 is highly amused.

BODYGUARD #1

Hey, Enzo just got owned by a hillbilly!

BODYGUARD #2

Fuck you, asshole.

As they turn a corner, Emma briefly glances back at Llew.

EXT. FILM SET. DAY.

Emma, minus coat, is sobbing and standing over a SOLDIER (30's) in a wheelchair with no legs, wearing a Confederate civil war uniform. His Southern accent borders on caricature.

SOLDIER  
My legs! They blew off my legs!

EMMA  
Darling, you don't need legs to love me!

DIRECTOR (O.S)  
CUT!

SOLDIER  
God Daing!

The soldier stands up tall, carrying the fake wheelchair with him, and lights a cigarette. The director has a French accent.

DIRECTOR (O.S)  
More emphasis on the 'need'!

We move back to see a cramped, chaotic film set. The DIRECTOR (50's) is a stressed, wiry man with white hair and beard.

EMMA  
You don't NEED legs to love me.

DIRECTOR  
Less!

EMMA  
You don't need legs to love me.

DIRECTOR  
More!

EMMA  
You don't need legs to love me.

DIRECTOR  
That'll do! Get rid of his cigarette!

A young male PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (20's) rushes over and plucks the cigarette from the soldiers mouth.

SOLDIER  
Cotton picking, son-of-a--

DIRECTOR  
--WE'RE GOING AGAIN!

EMMA  
Wait! Wait, I'm running out of tears.

DIRECTOR

More tears! She's running out of tears!

The production assistant rushes off, but not before a sly comment just loud enough for Emma to hear.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Emma Stone doesn't run out this fast.

EMMA

I heard that!

EXT. FILM SET. DAY.

Again Emma is standing, sobbing, over the amputee soldier.

SOLDIER

My legs! They blew off my legs!

EMMA

Darling, you don't need legs to love me!

SOLDIER

(Dissolving into tears)  
But I need legs to play ball with Jonny,  
to dance with Mary-Anne, to go a huntin'  
with Otis.

He picks up a shotgun and puts the end of the barrel in his mouth. Therefore, his next words are barely comprehensible.

SOLDIER

Nghit as well eng it all nghow!

Emma grabs hold of his lapels.

EMMA

YOU'RE THEIR DADDY! Legs or no legs--

DIRECTOR

--CUT! Fuck sake Tim, say the words  
first then put the gun in your mouth!

EXT. FILM SET. DAY.

Lights off, Emma puts her coat on and heads toward a trailer.  
A PRODUCER with a small camera crew follows. She notices.

EMMA

Can I help you?

PRODUCER

Making of doc. Full access on set.

EMMA

Have you got access to my trailer?

PRODUCER

Uh. No.

EMMA

Fuck off then.

The crew slump. Emma turns and heads to her trailer, then notices *another*, smaller crew, just a CAMERA MAN and BOOM OPERATOR, still following.

EMMA

Who the fuck are you?

BOOM OPERATOR

Making of the making of.

EMMA

What?

BOOM OPERATOR

Access all areas.

EMMA

Including my trailer?

BOOM OPERATOR.

Sorry.

EMMA

Oh, this is bullshit. NIGEL!

Nigel is chatting and flirting with the young male production assistant. He looks up, then hurries over.

EMMA

Have these clowns got trailer access?

NIGEL

Ah. Yes. Sorry.

EMMA

What!?

BOOM OPERATOR

In fact, can you tell them to fuck off again? That was great conflict but we had the light all wrong.

Emma looks at her manager. He shrugs his shoulders.

EMMA

Fuck sake Nigel!

The boom operator gathers the Making Of crew around again. Emma takes a deep breath and tries to control her anger.

EMMA

From the top?

BOOM OPERATOR  
Please.

She turns to the original crew.

EMMA  
Can I help you?

PRODUCER  
Making of doc. Full access on set.

EMMA  
Have you got access to my trailer?

PRODUCER  
Uh. No.

EMMA  
Fuck off then.

Emma storms into her trailer, followed closely by the camera man and boom operator.

BOOM OPERATOR  
(Whisper)  
Stay on the face!

INT. TRAILER. DAY.

Emma storms into her trailer but expertly waits for the two men to be inside before slamming the door shut. The camera man is right in her face but she is a pro. She takes off her earrings, looks sadly in the mirror, heads to the bathroom.

The two men remain right behind her as she opens the bathroom door. She walks in and they try to follow. This is too much.

EMMA  
You're fucking joking.

INT. TRAILER. DAY.

Emma and Nigel pour over a contract with the boom operator.

EMMA  
There! Nothing about the bathroom.

NIGEL  
Sorry chaps.

Emma heads to the bathroom. She pauses, then comes back and turns the TV on. She turns it up loud.

**End Of Sample**