

DAI HARD

Animated Comedy Pilot

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EXT. STREET. MORNING

South Wales valleys. With a rusting pit wheel looming over the terraced street, a bedroom window clatters up violently.

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

A laptop careens out of the window and down onto the road. ROY (50's) string vest, dark hair and sideburns, leans out.

ROY
Shit.

He disappears. Heavy footsteps. The front door opens and Roy rushes into the street. He kneels and examines the laptop. DIL (50's), bespectacled and angry, appears at the window.

DIL
I've had it up to here 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?

ROY
Christ, they make these tough.

INT. EVANS BEDROOM. DAY

Next door, DAI and MORFYDD Evans (40's) are trying to have morning sex. Dil's screeching is audible from outside.

DIL (O.S)
I'VE GOT TIT'S ROY!

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

DIL (O.S)
DON'T SNEAK TO THE SPARE ROOM TO LOOK AT TIT'S, JUST LOOK AT MINE!

Dai's face dissolves into panic. Soon, he stops.

DAI
DAMMIT! I was there. I was there!

MORFYDD
It's ok... just cuddling is nice.

Distraught, Dai 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 said I've caught dementia from touching Bampy's toothbrush!

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING

Dai sits helping BAMPY (80's), late-stage dementia, eat his toast. Everyone else rushes around in a blur. DEWI (12) is packing sandwiches, an apple and a kitchen knife into his bag.

DAI

Dewi, what have I told you about diagnosing your sister with terminal illness? WHAT'S THAT KNIFE FOR??

DEWI

SELF-DEFENCE, MUN!

Dewi exits, Gwen sprints past and into the hallway, now with MASSIVE thick black eyebrows. Dai double takes.

DAI

GWEN! That's expensive shoe polish, that is!

Morfydd bustles past putting her coat on.

MORFYDD

--I'll be late home love, I'm going to see a Personal trainer.

DAI

What? You don't need a--

MORFYDD

BYEEEEEEE!

The door slams. Sudden silence. Dai and Bampy are alone.

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING

Dai washes dishes at the kitchen sink. He pauses to gaze out at the green valley. Empty and peaceful. He looks back at Bampy, stood near the table, resting on his walking stick. He is in another world, his singing barely audible.

BAMPY

Calon Lan yn llawn daioni, Tecach yw na'r lili dlos...

[FLASHBACK]

A memory takes hold in Dai. Bampy morphs from his 80's to his 40's, now dressed in his coal miner's 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!

Dai is now a toddler, sat on the worktop next to his MAM doing the dishes. Younger Bampy comes over, twiddles Dai's cheek.

YOUNGER BAMPY
 See you later Dai bach!
 (To his wife) See you later sweetheart.

DAI'S MAM
 Is it the vote today?

YOUNGER BAMPY
 Yes love.

DAI'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 Dai presses his face to the kitchen window.

EXT. VALLEY. DAY [YOUNG DAI'S POV]

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

[END OF FLASHBACK]

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Dai snaps out of it. He looks down at his apron and rubber gloves. Sighs at the comparison he's drawn with Younger Bampy.

BAMPY
 Haha! Haha!

Bampy is playing a game with the dog. Every time Bampy moves his stick, Tickles play bows. Bampy stops, looks up. A wet patch appears on the crotch of his trousers. He is mortified.

BAMPY
 Sorry.

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

BAMPY
Sorry.

DAI
Let's get you sorted.

Dai, 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.

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. Dai's lost interest in me too. I can't even get him up now.

DIL
Are we that unattractive?

MORFYDD
I'm going to a Personal Trainer after work down Cardiff.

DIL
Ooh, really?

MORFYDD
Sick of being sexually invisible to my own husband.

OLD WOMAN #1

(Frail) If you can't get it from your husbands, go and get it somewhere else.

OLD WOMAN #2

(Frailer) One day you'll wake up and you'll be too old to get it anywhere.

DIL

Ha! Ladies, really!

Morfydd is not smiling.

INT. PUB. EVENING

Dai and Roy are sat at the bar. Sturdy barmaid, MARY (50's), places two pints in front of them.

ROY

I should never have fixed that bloody floorboard. Can't hear her coming now.

DAI

Telling you Roy, webcam porn is a one-way ticket to divorce. That's what ended Mary's first marriage.

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.

MARY

I just LOVE watching men doing the ironing.

Roy glances nervously at Dai.

MARY

One Saturday my husband came home from the rugby early. Ynsybwl away. I was sat on the washing machine, 1500 RPM, laptop open. There in HD Video is my husband's uncle Trevor, ironing his work shirts for Monday.

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

MARY

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

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

MARY

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

ROY

How do you know I was looking at titties
in Kazakhstan?

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, cradling his laptop. The other headlines
are ***New curtains for that Mrs Adams*** and ***Mrs Rabiotti - she
didn't did she?*** Sub headline ***She did..***

ROY

Bloody tabloid rag.

DAI

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

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

MARY

Personal trainers prey on unfulfilled
wives. You keeping Morfydd fulfilled?

Dai looks at his shoes.

DAI

Well, I... Since the Pot Noodle factory
closed and Morfydd became sole
breadwinner, I just can't seem to--

MARY

--Viagra. Best thirty quid you'll ever
spend. I take it myself.

ROY

You're a woman?

MARY

All about blood flow. My rose petals go
up like balloons on Viagra. Tony says
it's like a birthday party down there
when we're--

ROY

--Jesus Mary, leave it out!

INT. PHARMACY. DAY

Dai enters and approaches the female PHARMACIST (30's).

DAI
Hi. Um... So. I was wondering if...

The pharmacist watches him squirm.

DAI
Thing is, ah. How do I put this.

The pharmacist picks up a packet of tablets from the counter.

PHARMACIST
Viagra. Thirty pounds please.

DAI
How did you--

PHARMACIST
Going out like hot cakes since they
closed the Pot Noodle factory.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Bampy, Dewi and Gwen are eating tea. Dai hasn't touched his.

GWEN
Dad, why's your face so red?

Dai glances at a mirror on the wall. His face is a spectacular deep red. The front door slams.

MORFYDD (O.S)
Hiya!

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

Dai rushes out to greet Morfydd.

DAI
Hiya love, come with me.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

Dai, taking his shirt off, leads Morfydd into the bedroom.

MORFYDD
What's the matter with your face love?

DAI
Nothing. Come on, get 'em off.

Dai shifts a chest of drawers across to cover the door while Morfydd disrobes. Dai joins her under the blankets.

MORFYDD

(Excited)
You used to be like this after rugby.

Dai, concentrating, begins to look anxious.

MORFYDD

It's ok. Just take your time.

Dai's panic rises.

MORFYDD

Rub it by my... No, not hard enough.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

Time has passed. We listen from outside the bedroom door.

DAI (O.S)

I just need some sort of... temporary splint. If I can just get him inside--

MORFYDD (O.S)

--Ow! That's just hurting now. No. Oh just don't bother!

A loud creak of bedsprings, footsteps, then Morfydd angrily bursts out of the bedroom in her dressing gown.

INT. CLUBHOUSE. EVENING

Mary places a pint in front of Dai. She is puzzling it out.

MARY

No... this is a good thing.

DAI

Good?? I can't even get it up with Viagra! That's terrible!

MARY

Means it's not your body letting you down, it's your mind.

Mary glances around the clubhouse then leans close.

MARY

I've got just the thing you need.

She pops briefly out the back and returns with a metallic helmet contraption with wires and electrodes attached.

MARY
Bought this on the dark web.

DAI
What is it?

MARY
It doesn't have a name. It doesn't even exist. The East Germans invented it in the eighties to root out Western spies.

Mary leans in again.

MARY
It's been converted into a sex toy. The electrodes turn off your anxiety neurons and activate your *arousal* neurons.

DAI
God, it's hideous.

Mary passes it to Dai, who inspects it suspiciously.

MARY
Pop it on for five minutes before sex. The power dial is on the side. Don't go to full power though. Half is enough.

DAI
(Absent minded) Don't go to full power.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Dai is washing dishes. He looks nervous. Bampy, Gwen and Dewi are eating tea. Gwen glances over to the kitchen worktop.

GWEN
What's that, Dad?

Cut to the metallic helmet device, plugged in and charging up on the counter. It is beeping and the lights are flashing.

DAI
Nothing. Eat your dinner.

DEWI
It's a special device to treat your brain tumour.

GWEN
I haven't got a brain tumour!

DEWI
Dad, it's best to be honest with her.

GWEN

(Weakly)
What?

The front door slams. Dai hurries into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

Morfydd plonks her keys on the table.

DAI

Go upstairs and get your kit off.

MORFYDD

Ooh, ok! You sure?

DAI

I'll be five minutes. Just gonna...
freshen up.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY

Dai puts the helmet on. Half power. A powerful whine, loud beeping. Dai waits. Looks down at his crotch. Nothing.

DAI

Come on you bastard!

He glares down at his crotch. Eventually, he loses patience.

DAI

Fuck it.

He moves the dial to full power. Immediately, his eyes squeeze shut. Pressure seems to build up inside him. Suddenly, his eyes open wide and he starts screeching in German [Subtitled].

DAI

DEM BAUERN KANN MAN NICHT TRAUEN!!
[The farmer cannot be trusted]

He barrels around the bathroom trying to remove the helmet.

DAI

DIE OPERATION BEGINNT UM MITTERNACHT!!
[The operation begins at midnight]

Finally, he succeeds in ripping it off, then collapses to the floor and begins puking. Eventually, the puking stops. Dai lays breathless in the mess. A knock on the door.

MORFYDD (O.S)

Love, you ok?

End of sample