

TONYPANDY
Pilot Episode

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EXT. L.A.X AIRPORT. DAY

A limo pulls up outside departures. Two huge men, MARCO and ENZO (30's) step out wearing jeans and NFL jerseys. Bodyguards. Marco opens the rear door.

EMMA LOPEZ (40's) steps out. The Hollywood actress is petite and beautiful with blonde hair and a deep tan. She looks around.

EMMA
Where are they?

Her manager, NIGEL (50's) steps out 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 7pm, the fuck are they?

EXT. L.A.X AIRPORT. DAY

The limo pulls up outside departures again. The bodyguards step out and Marco opens the rear door. Emma steps out.

This time, a group of paparazzi 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.

The photographer carries on snapping.

NIGEL
I said that'll do, these lights put ten years on her.

EMMA
Oh, thanks!

PHOTOGRAPHER
No idea what you're talking about buddy.

NIGEL
You're not one of Jeff's?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Who's Jeff?

Nigel nods at Enzo, 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 Enzo.

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!

Enzo grabs the photographer's camera and hurls it to the floor. Airport police have seen this and are marching over. Nigel pulls out a wad of notes.

NIGEL

Go. I've got it.

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

EXT. MEADOW. DAY

A sloped, lushly green Welsh meadow bordered by ancient oaks. Sheep graze peacefully as the early morning sun peeps through the trees. We hear a faint, repetitive creaking sound.

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.

Enzo appears behind the passenger.

EMMA

Enzo, no!

Enzo 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. FARMYARD. DAY

Balding, bushy bearded LLEW (40's) sits on an ancient tractor, eating 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.

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 onto the plank and strides across.

EXT. MEADOW. DAY

Llew shakes the feed into a feeding trough as dozens of sheep rush down the slope for breakfast. He finishes, then turns at a firm, almost angry, female voice.

SARAH MAYFIELD

Ok Williams, no more Mr Nice Guy.

SARAH MAYFIELD (40's), a tall woman in a business suit, clomps awkwardly in high heels across the meadow. LEWIS (20's) a short, wiry man in a tight suit, stumbles along behind.

LEWIS

(To Sarah)

It's Mrs Nice Guy. You're a woman.

Well, Mizz... Mzzz.

Sarah Mayfield waves a document at Llew as she nears. She is about to speak when she steps into a hollow and nearly falls over. Increasingly agitated, she rights herself.

SARAH MAYFIELD

Ten million. I cannot believe you are fucking me so fucking hard, but I've got ten million signed off. Just sign here please I have places to be.

She reaches the bemused Llew and thrusts out the document and a pen. Llew smiles politely.

LLEW

No thank you.

Disbelieving, Sarah watches Llew stride away then stumbles awkwardly after him.

SARAH MAYFIELD

NO THANK YOU??

LEWIS

Master negotiator. Impressive stuff.

SARAH MAYFIELD

How much are you even making from this place?

Llew has a think.

LLEW

Six thousand, four hundred pounds last year.

SARAH MAYFIELD

And you're turning down ten million!

LLEW

There's enough houses down in the valley, we don't need more up here.

LEWIS

Oop! Touche, sir. Controlling the narrative.

SARAH MAYFIELD

These aren't just houses! THEY'RE DELUXE OCCUPATION PLATFORMS!

Her heel finally gives way and she plunges down into the mud. Lewis watches Llew disappear into the distance, then looks down at his boss. He nods.

LEWIS

I mean... negotiation as performance art. He's literally rubbing your nose in the dirt. One might say--

SARAH MAYFIELD

JUST HELP ME UP YOU FUCKING TWAT!

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 seek escape as she sits down opposite him.

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, 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's) 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

--We found this woman online who fires
ping pong balls out of her fanny.

PHIL

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

DAI

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 25 years ago--

DAI

Come on mun! Ping pong balls out the fanny?

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

It's pathetic.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME. DAY

Communal lounge. 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. Then, his mum does the same.

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 the bed, places his hands together, and starts mouthing a silent prayer.

EXT. MEADOW. DAY

A beautiful sunny morning in the picturesque meadow. At the lower treeline, Llew is digging sludge out of a blocked stream. 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. Fix the tractor.

KATHY

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

Kathy nods toward the dark haired 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, eyes wide, speaks with trembling voice.

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.

ELERI

(Hopeful)
Was he?

LLEW

Was I?

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--

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, filming down there. You'll have
 to go around.

Llew peers 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.

End of sample