

WELCOME TO WALES

Comedy Pilot

Written by Philip M. Hamer

blackwoodboy@hotmail.com
07812 052664

EXT. GARDEN. DAY

Sunny afternoon. Pan across a stunning garden, past the pool.

TABITHA (O.S)

Oh God.

Past a life-sized chess set. The clipped Home Counties voice..

TABITHA (O.S)

Don't you dare stop...

Pan up onto the veranda of a red brick Georgian mansion, where blonde haired TABITHA and her friend OLIVIA (both 30's) are receiving massages from tanned men. Dark haired Olivia speaks in a broad southern USA accent.

OLIVIA

There was an article in the Wall Street Journal about Chad being the youngest billionaire in construction.

TABITHA

Oh, that's nice.

OLIVIA

(Darkly)
He'd be a trillionaire by now if his workers weren't so lazy.

TABITHA

Oh Seb gave up on the working classes years ago. He sources workers from Burkino Faso. You don't even need to pay them apparently!

OLIVIA

Really?

TABITHA

Apparently, receiving money is against their culture. Lodgings is quite enough.

Below, a tennis match is ongoing between two dark haired middle aged men. Olivia lifts her head enough to look down.

OLIVIA

Go on Chad!

EXT. TENNIS COURT. DAY

On the plush court, SEB and CHAD (both 50's) are in a long rally. Both men are playing the point as if their lives depend on it. Chad smashes a forehand past Seb. Well in court.

SEB

Out!

CHAD

Hah nice try! Game, set and match!

Seb, furious, starts smashing his racket on the ground repeatedly. Chad, exhausted but happy, saunters to his chair, where a young African boy stands ready with towel and drink.

CHAD

Great game Seb!

Chad takes the drink from the boy, sips it, then throws it on the floor and walks away.

CHAD

Better luck next time old boy.

The boy scurries after the bottle. Seb is now furiously thrashing the remains of his racket against the net post.

INT. BANQUETING ROOM. DAY

With an exquisite view of Central London out of the windows, Seb is now smiling and finishing a speech to a gathering of society's richest. Tabitha is smiling to the side.

SEB

...but finally, we have a Housing Minister with a *modicum* of common sense!

Seb tips his glass to a pink faced man sat at the large table, then pulls the drawstring on a large curtain.

SEB

So we can truly unlock the financial potential of this historic place.

Awed gasps. Revealed is a poster titled STONEHENGE MEWS. The image shows the famous monument surrounded by mock Tudor houses, such that the circle of stones form a central 'relaxation area'. The room bursts into applause.

INT. BAQUETING ROOM. DAY

Tabitha and Seb are chatting to a woman, XANTHI, and a man, XANDER (30's). They both have the vaguely bored demeanour and relaxed eyelids of the super-rich. And the whinnying voice.

XANTHI

I see the social justice warriors are out in force!

TABITHA

Oh, God. Don't.

XANDER

Ha! Did you see that TikTok of the protester throwing herself under the wheels of the JCB!

XANTHI

HA! Yes hilaaaarious! She looked like one of Xanders pepperami pizza's after!

TABITHA

Seb has a zero-protestor policy don't you darling?

SEB

Well, if we let these hairy birds stop us building houses we'll have a *proper* housing crisis on our hands.

The HOUSING MINISTER (60's) glides over.

HOUSING MINISTER

Here he is, man of the moment!

Xanthi and Xander turn to head off.

XANTHI

Tabitha, I'm going to Monaco for brunch with Caroline on Friday, you must join me.

TABITHA

Oh how lovely. Thank you!

The housing minister beams as they depart. Seb looks uneasy.

SEB

Could you give us a moment darling.

TABITHA

Oh. Ok.

Tabitha steps to a table to browse the Hors d'Oevres, but keeps her ears pinned to the men. The minister is quietly seething.

HOUSING MINISTER (O.S)

You said it would hit my account this week.

SEB (O.S)

Yes, so... I.T problems at my bank apparently.

HOUSING MINISTER (O.S)

Bullshit!

Tabitha frowns as she nibbles a smoked trout croquette.

HOUSING MINISTER (O.S)
I warned you!

SEB (O.S)
I'll ring them first thing.

HOUSING MINISTER (O.S)
No-one plays me for a fool.

SEB (O.S)
I would never--

HOUSING MINISTER (O.S)
It's too late Seb. I warned you!

The furious housing minister turns, instantly plasters on a smile and heads into the crowd. Tabitha returns to Seb. He smiles but his hand shakes as he sips his champagne.

SEB
Nice croquettes darling?

TABITHA
I couldn't help hearing, he seemed awfully angry.

SEB
Oh don't worry about Timothy, he always gets punchy on the fizzy stuff.

He puts his arm around Tabitha and leads her into the crowd.

SEB
Now, you must meet Urquie and Tammy!

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Tabitha is at one end of the enormous kitchen packing a night bag, Seb is at the distant other end reading a newspaper.

TABITHA
I'll have to stay over in Monaco darling, the airport workers are going on strike at midday.

SEB
Sorry?

TABITHA
I SAID THE AIRPORT WORKERS ARE GOING ON STRIKE! I'LL BE HOME TOMORROW!

SEB
Huh, froggies downing their tools? Surely not!

TABITHA
Sorry?

SEB
I SAID FROGGIES-- OH DON'T WORRY!

TABITHA
Ciao ciao!

Tabitha strides out with barely a wave, Seb does not look up from his newspaper.

EXT. DRIVEWAY. DAY

Tabitha crunches over gravel toward her range rover. She stops, surprised. There is a MAN, (40's), in dark clothing working away under the range rover. He stops and peers out.

TABITHA
Oh. Hello.

Caught in the act, he stares at her.

TABITHA
You've come to fix the Bluetooth have you?

The man gets quickly to his feet, glances around guiltily, then steps away from the range rover. Tabitha crunches over.

TABITHA
Thank you ever so much! I had Pavarotti's high C cut off halfway through the other day.

The man starts walking toward the high stone walls which border the property, but Tabitha is taking no notice of him.

TABITHA
I felt... *incomplete*.

As Tabitha absent mindedly gets into the car, we see the man sprinting to the high wall and then scrambling over.

As Tabitha closes the door and goes to start the engine, the front door bursts open and Seb barrels through.

SEB
Tabitha, NOOO!!

Tabitha pauses. Winds down the window.

SEB
WAIT!!

Seb puffs over.

SEB

I need the range rover for the moose hunt, can you take the Lambo?

Tabitha glances back to the yellow Lamborghini behind.

TABITHA

The Lambo plays havoc with my sciatica! Oh, move this out the way then.

She steps out of the range rover, swaps keys with Seb and heads to the Lamborghini. Seb climbs into the Range Rover.

SEB

I can't fit a dead moose in a Lambo darling.

He chuckles at a thought and calls out as he turns the key.

SEB

Could fit a few dead protestors in th--

The explosion is so powerful that the Range Rover is immediately obliterated from view by the fierce flames.

INT. SOLICITORS OFFICE. DAY

Tabitha, wearing black, sits in front of a large oak desk. The solicitor, HAROLD WITHINGTON (50's) is solemn but uneasy.

HAROLD

Since the tragic loss of your husband, there have been investigations into his business tax affairs.

TABITHA

As I gather. But that's no concern of mine. I just want to know how much...

HAROLD

Yes?

TABITHA

You see, they've taken the houses away, and the cars, and Mummy's money has been drained away by the residential home.

HAROLD

Yes.

TABITHA

And I can only stay with my Sister so long. She's despised me since Seb, well, left her for me.

HAROLD

Oh. That must be awkward.

Tabitha is losing patience with this dance.

TABITHA

Mr Withington, how much has he left me!?

HAROLD

Um... Right. Your husband has left you...

Tabitha leans in.

HAROLD

Nothing.

No words, just a bemused smile and shake of the head.

HAROLD

Were you aware that Horrington Luxury Homes was registered in your name?

TABITHA

What?

HAROLD

I'm afraid you, personally, owe Her Majesty's Treasury 24 million pounds.

There is a sliding sound, then a soft thump. Mr Withington peers down at the floor in front of his desk.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM 14. DAY

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR ROSS (50's) has one foot up on the table and a mean leer on his face as he yells at a bawling Tabitha.

D.I ROSS

I'll ask you one more time, where did you put the bodies after you'd chopped them up??

TABITHA

I told you, I don't know what you're talking about!

D.I ROSS

LIAR!

A knock on the door. A junior officer pops his head in.

JUNIOR OFFICER

Um, sir this is room 14. The slasher is in 4.

D.I ROSS

Oh.

JUNIOR OFFICER

Sorry. Ha, the 1 has fallen off look!

D.I ROSS
Who's this then?

JUNIOR OFFICER
Tabitha Horrington. Tax evasion. Oh
shit...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM 4. DAY

A dribbling, maniacal man, SLASHER, is sat at the table across from D.I EVANS (50's) and DETECTIVE HIGGS (30's). He is twitching and making odd noises.

D.I EVANS
For the last time, did your husband ever
make payments to the Housing Minister?

DETECTIVE HIGGS
She's not gonna spill.

D.I EVANS
Ah, we'll have to let her go.

DETECTIVE HIGGS
Mrs Horrington, you must not leave the
country, do you understand?

SLASHER
Meep.

DETECTIVE HIGGS
Thank you. You're free to leave.

The slasher looks at the open door, looks back uncertainly at the detectives, then stands and strides out.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM 4. DAY

D.I Evans is now interviewing Tabitha.

D.I EVANS
Mrs Horrington... You are definitely Mrs
Horrington right?

TABITHA
Yes.

Horrific screams from outside. D.I Higgs just closes the door.

D.I.EVANS
Now, if you co-operate with us, we will
write off the 14 million.

TABITHA
Oh. I see.

D.I EVANS

We suspect the Housing Minister is granting planning permissions in exchange for financial payments. Would you know anything about that?

TABITHA

Gosh no. I mean, Seb liked to bring Jeremy on holiday with us. But that's not illegal!

D.I EVANS

On holiday?

TABITHA

Yes. Oh, I've got pictures, look!

Tabitha unlocks her phone and scrolls through several pictures from exotic places of a smiling Seb shaking hands with the beaming Housing Minister while passing him briefcases.

TABITHA

That was in St Tropez, that's the Bahamas... Oh God, look at Seb's hair!

Evans looks triumphantly at Higgs.

D.I EVANS

Fantastic, can we import these pictures?

TABITHA

Oh, of course! And I'll be free to go?

D.I EVANS

Well. Yes. But there is one thing.

The police officers glance awkwardly at each other.

D.I EVANS

Mrs Horrington, we believe the bomb was supposed to kill you. As a message to your husband.

TABITHA

Me!?

D.I HIGGS

And as you got a clear look at the perpetrator, we believe further attempts will be made on your life.

D.I EVANS

Now, for your own safety, we'd like to put you onto a witness protection programme.

TABITHA

Oh God. Ok. The South of France please.
No, Tuscany!

D.I EVANS

HOWEVER, we can't afford to do that.

D.I HIGGS

Funding cuts.

D.I EVANS

But we do suggest you start a new life
elsewhere.

Tabitha's face has fallen.

D.I HIGGS

And maybe dye your hair black. We can
buy the hair dye for you. Can we buy the
hair dye for her?

D.I EVANS

I think so?

EXT. MAYFAIR MEWS. DAY

Tabitha, fearfully looking around, puts her key into the front
door. It does not fit. She looks quizzically at it, then moves
to the front window and peers in.

TABITHA

Stephanie? It's me! My key won't fit.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

STEPHANIE (30's) and her son JOAQUIN, 8, are hiding behind the
kitchen table.

JOAQUIN

Why are we hiding from Aunt Tabitha?

STEPHANIE

Because Aunt Tabitha has been living
here quite long enough.

In the background, Tabitha puts her hand to the window.

TABITHA

I can see you Stephanie. Have you
changed the locks?

End of sample