

(Name of Show)

("Title of Episode")

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

FADE IN:

INT. B&B. DAI'S BEDROOM - DAY - 2001

Insert:

A computer screen shows promotional images of Tom Jones' impersonators from all over the world: Japan, Zambia, Wolverhampton.

An 11 year-old boy counts out and painstakingly chooses a blue pencil from a small collection of blue pencils.

He looks through the impersonators and methodically writes down their name and country in large untidy handwriting.

Then he goes to his wall and sticks them precisely onto a map of the world, at the centre of which is an arrow pointing to a small village in Wales. The word 'Glynfridd' is written above it.

DAI (V.O.)

Tom Jones was born in Treforrest, Pontypridd, Wales, on the 4th of June 1940. He's the son of a coal miner.

Tom Jones is an international showbiz legend and he is very well known. According to on-line encyclopedia 'Wikipedia', he is still our country's biggest household name. He is often referred to as 'The Voice' which is what my Dad calls me.

I was born in Glynfridd, Wales, on the 14th of May 1990. I am the son of John James Williams, who is also known as J.J.

J.J Williams is also the name of a former Welsh rugby union player who gained thirty caps for Wales - as a winger. He was born in Nantyffyllon on the 1st of April 1948 - and he's now a painter and decorator in Bridgend.

My Dad is not a decorator. My mam used to say he never finished a job off properly. My Dad is an impersonator. Me and my Dad have been interested in Tom Jones for all of my life. My Mam's interested in him too...

The boy is DAI WILLIAMS. Dai has Asperger Syndrome.

DAI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My name is...

This is his world.

His world is interrupted by a self conscious KNOCK.

J.J WILLIAMS, 45, stands in the doorway, offers Dai a weak smile and a black duffel coat.

J.J  
Your mam's waiting. Dai.

Dai doesn't acknowledge him. He sticks another name up on the map above Glynfridd 'J.J Williams'. Then he leaves without taking the coat, past J.J, who turns and follows him.

We see that J.J is also holding a funeral urn.

J.J (CONT'D)  
Dai. Put your coat on son.

DAI  
I don't like it.

J.J  
I'm not saying you have to like it, I'm just saying you have to put it on, it's nippy out and we're going up the bryn so...

DAI  
I don't like it.

EXT. THE B&B - DAY

A sign in the front window 'Vacancies /Swyddi gwag.'

Dai is heading purposefully out the front door of 'The Green Green Grass of Home' a small B&B. He is now carrying a portable CD Player.

J.J  
I'm just saying it would be good if you could put it on for once. Dai?

J.J is following.

J.J (CONT'D)  
I'll carry your coat then, shall I? Dai? Dai!

Dai doesn't respond, he cuts ahead, across their ramshackle garden, past a big old oak tree.

J.J (CONT'D)

Right then. I'll carry your coat.

DAI (V.O)

My name is Dai Williams. My new coat has a label in it. It says my name on it and aged ten, but I'm not ten, I'm eleven. I'm small in stature, but second oldest in my year.

The label itches on my neck and I don't like itching so I don't like my coat.

By the side of the B&B stands an old National Express bus. 'The Jones Bus' is painted on the side - in once lurid blue and yellow 1970's font. It's now wedged up, bricks for a front tyre - going nowhere.

Dai glances at it as he walks swiftly past.

DAI (CONT'D)

You need to fix the bus...

J.J catches up with him.

DAI (CONT'D)

The bus needs fixing.

J.J

I know and I'll fix it, won't I?  
Just not now. Not today.

EXT. GLYNFRIDD - DAY

Together they make their way down through the small farming village of Glynfridd.

They don't stop. There's not a lot to stop for: an uninspiring High street, run down local shops, a primary school. They could be in any struggling rural community.

Together, they head past the open doors of the Working Men's Club, where a group of old men sit on the steps and blow up golden balloons.

Dai and J.J are leaving the village now, up and into:

EXT. GLYNFRIDD BRYN - DAY

Glorious Welsh countryside.

Mountain after mountain after mountain.

Sheep after sheep after sheep.

BLEAT after BLEAT after BLEAT.

Father and son now stand on a hillside. From here you can see everything. It's stunning.

J.J tries to take in the view, Dai doesn't, he is only aware of a black sheep standing nearby.

EXT. GLYNFRIDD BRYN - DAI'S P.O.V

The black sheep appears to be staring at him.

DAI (V.O)  
This sheep looks like Delilah...

Dai tries to stare back at the sheep.

DAI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
..but she's not Delilah. She just looks like Delilah.

The sheep continues to stare at him.

DAI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Delilah is my Mum's favourite sheep.

A Beat.

The sheep BLEATS. Dai BLEATS back.

J.J (O.S.)  
Dai. You ready?

He's still intent on the black sheep.

J.J (CONT'D)  
'you ready with the music Dai?  
You have to be ready now...

J.J's in front of him, blocking his view of the sheep.

J.J (CONT'D)  
...ready to say goodbye.

DAI (V.O.)  
Delilah was my mum's favourite sheep.

EXT. GLYNFRIDD BRYN - DAY

Dai nods and tries to focus as J.J opens the funeral urn and then gestures to him to press 'play' on the CD player. He does.

The upbeat singing voice of Tom Jones (Recommended track: Tom Jones 'It's not Unusual') fills the hillsides.

The black sheep and the surrounding flock stir and scatter as two other voices join with Tom: J.J's rich and deep and Dai's, unexpectedly strong, more animated than his speaking voice.

They SING with all their hearts.

And J.J scatters Carol's ashes - holds the empty urn up to the sky in salutation.

And the music stops.

J.J  
It's happening Carol...

He takes a breath, lowers the urn.

J.J (CONT'D)  
Next week. Ready or not...(A Beat  
- quieter) I don't know if we'll  
ever be ready.

J.J looks down over Glynfridd.

DAI  
We need to go home now...

J.J nods, lost in a memory.

DAI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We need to go home now.  
You need to fix the bus. It's  
important to be organised.

...And then he picks up the coat, turns to Dai to offer it again - wants to offer more. But it's too late; Dai is already striding off, awkward and determined, making his way back down the bryn.

J.J holds the coat to himself, watches him go. Follows.

In the distance, the black sheep that looks like Delilah - but isn't, BLEATS loudly.