

'Beach in Our Time' / 'The Great Escape'

Episode 5 or 2: 1985 – Barry Island

2nd Draft

By

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&

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Scene 1

EXT. SUNNYSIDE ROAD. EARLY MORNING. (Music?)

The milk cart turns into a street which we can see is fairly steep. Close-up of Malc as we hear bottles shift to the back of the cart. Malcolm winces.

Malc: No, not again...I can't stop.....I'll never get it going again.

A bottle falls off the cart. Malc reacts (as if to say, "Could've been worse") but then grits his teeth as his float struggles up the hill. Its electric motor is now really straining. An old lady on the pavement with her little dog overtake Malc (who reacts).

DISSOLVE TO:

Malc smiles as he finally steers his cart into the dairy...but the smile soon evaporates when he spots John, the foreman, who is watching Malc arrive and glancing alternately at the clock on the wall.

Malc: Sorry I'm a bit late, (BEAT) one smashed.

Foreman: ...again

Malc: Thanks for letting me finish early, Andy.

Foreman: Well you're just about on time now. Have a good one in Barry.

Malc: Cheers, John.

Scene 2

EXT. EARLY MORNING. MALCOLM ARRIVES HOME.

As he enters his house we have a view of the house opposite which is higher up the hillside and literally looks down on Malc's, appearing to loom in an oppressive way. On the drive is a nice and shiny camper van parked and ready to go (eg it's facing 'front-out').

In the drive of Malc's house is a red Cavalier. It is parked next to a caravan which is just slightly *too* worn out.

Inside, Audrey is buzzing around, holding an unfinished Rubik's cube. She is getting her family's holiday stuff together – bottles of Corona (pop) and a multipack of Wotsits, hats and sun cream, a Wolves scarf and a red Sony Walkman (tape-playing).

Malc opens the front door.

Malc: Mornin', Aud.

Aud: Mornin' Malc. How you feelin'?

Malc grunts and shrugs his shoulders as he heads for the stairs.

Malc: How you getting on?

Audrey (a bit stressed): Busy.

Malc: I'm going to get an hour's kip, (BEAT) then I'll sort out that roof-rack.

Aud: Do you really think we've got time for a sleep? I've got the boys to sort out and finish packing...

Malc: What's up with you?! Just wake me up with a cup of tea in an hour.

Aud reacts as if to say, "What am I – your servant?!"

Malc (continues): Why didn't you get up a bit earlier?

Aud chucks the Rubik's cube at him.

Aud (half joking): I need my beauty sleep.

Malc (also joking): That's true.....(BEAT) What do you mean you need your sleep – I need sleep too! I was up at 3 this morning! When you were dreaming of a romantic rendezvous with Simon le Bon on his multi-million-pound yacht, I was delivering milk on a Dairy Crest milk float down Sunnyside Road! (BEAT) Well you're driving so fair enough. We don't want any accidents.

Aud: You don't really think I'm driving while towing that dilapidated box do you?

Malc: OK, I'll drive...as long as you let me have an hour's kip.

He walks slowly up the stairs.

Audrey: Go on. I'll be up in an hour.

The clock on the wall says 7.10am.

CUT TO:

Audrey wakes him up (with no tea).

Malc: Ooh, thanks love.

Aud: Not a problem darl'.

CUT TO:

Malc walks, yawning and zombie-like, across the landing towards the toilet. He passes another clock. It says 07.20am – but Malcolm doesn't notice.

Downstairs, the radio is on and Aud is still busy. She has been joined by Elton, Malc and Aud's elder son.

The (upstairs) toilet flushes and Malc wanders down, rubbing his eyes. We (and Malc) hear the DJ do a time-check (as he then leads into a snippet of news or gossip about Elton John doing something less than cool).

Malc: He just said it's twenty minutes after seven!

Aud: I woke you up early because you told me you had things to do and the roof rack will take ages and it's proving difficult to prise Craig out of bed.

Malc: Any chance of a cup of tea?

Aud: Why don't you go and do whatever it is you were going to do? I'll make you one after you've done the roof rack.

Malc: I'm having my tea no matter what!

CUT TO:

Malc's outside, struggling with the roof rack. Mike Tripp is outside his house (the one from earlier), across the road. He is taking a pint of milk from his house to his pristine camper van. He spots Malc.

Mike: Good morning.

Malc: Oh, alright, Mike.

Mike: Lovely day for it, eh?

Malc: Yeah, I know – the Quo, Wembley Stadium...Live Aid...if only.

Mike: I meant our holidays.

Malc: Oh, I see. Yeah, them, too.

Mike: We're ever so grateful to your Aud, y'know, Malc.

Malc (getting frustrated): Grateful? What for?

Mike: My Lynne only booked this holiday having been told about it by Aud, back in January, I think it was. Otherwise, we'd have had to go away with her mother again...honestly, she gets travel sick going up stairs! But no, it's a pleasure to be going to same place, at the same time as you and the rest of the Breakwells.

Malc politely laughs with his neighbour, but this, though, is the first that Malc knows of this connection.

Mike: How's the car going?

Malc: It's going OK.

Mike: Where did it come from?

Malc: Steve Gary Davis, my mate.

Mike: It's a bit sharper than your caravan!

Malc: Ah, that's fine...even if it does smell a bit.

Mike: ...and have mice.

Malc: What?

Mike: Only kidding! (Sarcastically) But your Cavalier is looking great. You can't knock a Cavalier's reliability and its safety features are second to none.

Malc: It does me just fine, Mike. I just need to get this sorted. [the roof rack]

Mike: Has it got a carphone? You should get a carphone. They're the future, y'know! Mind you, you'd probably be the world's first milkman to have one. At least Wolverhampton's first.

Malc: Why would I want one of those? The extension in the bedroom is temptation enough for Aud.

Mike (chuckling): Oh yeah...

Malc: ...to run up a big bill.

Mike's son, Ed, brings out a nice cup of tea for his dad. Malcolm continues to struggle with the roof rack.

Malc: Can I have my cup of tea now...please.
(shouting in the direction of his family)

Malc: Where's my tea....anyone....Aud?....Elton?..Two sugars, no milk!

Mike: It's a bit ironic isn't it, a milkman who doesn't drink milk.

Malc: S'pose.

Mike (knowingly): It's almost as if you hold a grudge.

Malc: No

Mike: Not bitter at all about not being able to be a jockey?

Malc: I could have been a jockey.

Mike (Sarcastic): Yes I suppose you could, you being a six-footer...all you'd need is a 15-foot-tall horse and you could've have had a long and successful career.

Malcolm reacts.

Mike (continues): Right, I'm going to go for a little sleep before the journey – we leave in precisely one hour.

CUT TO:

Flashback of the time when the young Malcolm Breakwell finally realised his jockey outfit was far too small for him. He is clearly gutted.

Scene 3

INT. CAR. LATER THAT MORNING.

Malc is driving, holding a map in one hand and a cup of tea in the other. Live Aid is on the radio. It is already very hot in the car, even though all the windows are down. Elton is eating a packet of Wotsits.

Craig: I would though...

Elton: You would what?

Craig: Hate to be called 'Elton'.

Elton: Shut up! At least I...

Aud: Give it a rest, boys.

Craig: Mum?

Aud: Yes, Craig.

Craig: Were you and Dad drunk when you named Elton?

Craig laughs...until Elton thumps him.

Aud: No, of course we weren't drunk!

Elton (to Craig): Get your leg off me!

Craig: It is off!!

Aud laughs. Malc is in his own little world, concentrating mainly on the radio on the road, while fighting to hold the map open on the right page and hold his polystyrene cup of tea which he got from a service station.

Aud lights up two cigarettes, and passes one to Malc. He struggles with the extra thing to hold.

CUT TO:

EXT. The caravan swings dangerously across motorway lanes as they pass a sign which says, "Barry 76" (or similar).

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. Mac glances at both the radio and the road ahead in frustration – all he wants to do is listen to Live Aid (featuring his beloved Quo) which is about to get under way.

Malc: There's a Nissan Sunny literally driving up my arse.

No one listens.

CUT TO:

EXT. The car and caravan start to stray into the other lane and Malc has to swerve to avoid a crash (comedy horn from the car he nearly hits).

Malc: Can everyone kindly shut up now please – the Quo are on in a minute! (BEAT) Maybe one day in the future, a calming voice will play from the dash board and give you all the directions, but until the year 3000 will you let me concentrate!

Craig: The Quo?! Can you actually get any uncooler? I've got a tape – put this on, Dad.

Elton: What is it – Abba?

Craig: Only the best chart compilation you've never heard! I'll teach you all about music.

Elton: What about some Elton John?

Craig: That's even worse than Status Quo! And you're named after him! That's so funny!

Aud: Ooh, yes please! Elton John...I love every song he's ever made.

Eton: I've got 'Breaking Hearts Ain't What It Used To Be' on my compilation. It's in the charts.

Craig: Yeah – at number 56!

Aud: Oh no, I've never heard of that one.

Elton: Oh. Anyway, I like my name. It's never done me any harm.

Craig sniggers.

Craig: Are you sure?! It's never done you anything *but* harm! What about that time when you were picked on at school by a nasty gang of ten-year-olds purely because of your name?

Elton: It's you who's got problems!

Craig: Yeah? I don't think so!

Elton: Mum, tell him!

Aud: Tell him what?

Elton: How cool my name is.

Aud: How 'cool' it is?

Elton: Yeah.

Craig (whispers to Elton): See!

Aud: I don't know about cool. But it is a great name. 'Your Song' was your Dad and mine's first dance when we got married.

CUT TO:

Flashback of the following incident, exactly as it is described by Aud:

Aud (OOS): Your Dad was a bit tipsy and fell over with a dart stuck in his backside. It was like watching a zoo keeper sedate a rhino...only less graceful.

Elton: My name's cool. Deal with it, Crug.

Elton looks out of the window, looking pale.

Craig: You're like a rhino when it comes to girls...only less graceful!

Aud: Craig!

Elton thumps his brother.

Craig: Agghh!

Craig thumps him back.

Aud: Stop it, you two!

Elton: This idiot started it!

Craig: No I did not – you started it!

Elton: Crug!

Craig thumps Elton again and they start to fight. We then hear Richard Skinner on the radio as the build-up to Live Aid grows.

Malc: Pack...It...In.
(Over the Tommy Vance Live Aid intro)

They do, and 'Rockin' All over the World' starts playing.

CUT TO:

EXT. Long shot (several seconds) of the car and caravan, struggling up a hill with 'Rockin' All over the World' playing.

CUT TO:

INT. Malc (close-up) looks increasingly stressed about driving because it's getting in the way of him enjoying Rockin' All over the World.

Malc: We're almost there, Aud. When we get to our site, We've got a few things to sort out, y'know, pitch up...and then I wouldn't mind a bit of a kip. Did y'get any beers? I can't wait to crack open a beer.

He looks over to her. She is asleep. Out cold. The boys have by now quietened down and are both listening to the radio. Aud doesn't respond.

Scene 4

EXT. THE SITE. LATER THAT AFTERNOON.

The Cavalier approaches the site.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. Aud wakes up.

Aud: Ooh, I needed that. Are we almost there? When we get to our site, we've a few things to sort out, y'know pitch up, unpack.

Malc reacts. He then drives into the site and finds their spot and begins to park the caravan on the designated concrete area. The job takes him ages. After four attempts...

Craig: Dad, can we just get out please, I'm boiling. We've been in this sweatbox for h-o-u-r-s!

Elton looks on with interest.

Malc: No, I'll get it this time.

Craig (trying his door): You could've at least undone the child-locks.

Elvis Costello is now playing at Live Aid – which makes the boys want to get out the car even more desperately (they're not fans).

Elton: It's too hot. Let us out first.

Malc: This is not a problem for me. Just hang on a minute.....next time I'll do it.

Malc is obviously feeling the pressure.

Aud (to boys): Just be patient. Just let him take as many goes as he wants. (BEAT) (Quietly to herself and Malc) He'll get it eventually.

Aud rolls her eyes as she knows to let him get on with it.

Malc just gets on with the job, shutting out all distractions. His face is a picture – and reminiscent of how he may look while having sex. Aud reacts.

UPBEAT MUSIC HERE?

Eventually, Malc is happy with the position of the caravan and switches off the car's engine. He gets out, lets the boys out and they all stretch and assess the site, the weather and their sweaty, sticky clothes.

Malc then goes straight over to plug the electric in and Aud gets straight into unpacking the bits that need to go into the fridge (milk). The boys, now relaxed and relieved, start messing around and not doing anything productive.

In organising mode Aud goes to empty the cool box but the fridge light doesn't come on.

Aud: Malc? Can you plug the electric in.

Malc: I've already done it.

Aud: That means the fridge isn't working. You'll have to go to the office darl', get the electric fixed.

Malc (Sarcastically): Great!

Aud: Hurry up as well, or the milk'll go off in this weather.

Malc: Boys? You coming with me?

Craig & Elton: No thanks!

They continue messing about.

Malcolm reacts and picks his sweaty shirt away from his skin and trudges off in the direction of the site office. Every other man in sight, he notices, is simply relaxing, drinking beer and listening to or watching Live Aid.

DISSOLVE TO:

Malc...still walking...in the blazing heat, tired, needing a beer.

CUT TO:

Back at the caravan, Mike's wife, Lynne, visits, just as Aud is on her way back inside.

Aud: Alright, Lynne?!

Lynne: Alright Aud. Good Journey?

Aud: Good Journey. You?

Lynne: Yeah good. What are you gonna do?

Aud: About what?

Aud enters the caravan. Lynne follows, seeing this as an opportunity to lean inside and have 'a nose'.

Lynne: We're going to relax and enjoy the splendour on offer in and around Barry.

Aud reacts.

Lynne: What are you gonna do on your holiday – places to visit? Mike wants to go to Rhoose and Mumbles. It's over an hour's drive away, is Mumbles...but that's the beauty of having a camper y'see. You really are in control.

Aud looks bored. The boys are now sitting in deck chairs, playing their Nintendo games (such as Donkey Kong). Lynne goes on, despite Aud just getting with making the place homely (and pretty much ignoring her visitor).

Lynne: It's a traditional fishing village you know, Mumbles.

Aud (to boys): You'll have to wear your Superman pants today Elton because they are the only pants you've brought. I told you if you packed your own case you'd forget something.

Elton (not looking up): But they're kids pants!

Aud (to Elton): I'll put some on my shopping list.

Lynne is now looking bored and ignored.

Aud (to Lynne): Oh, sorry Lynne. We've got lots planned. Barry Island tomorrow...um....hey, we'll have to meet up in the site bar on Friday night for Fats Black.

Lynne: You're here a week, aren't you? We're here a week...

Aud: Yes, we're here a week.

CUT TO:

Malc reaches the site office...and joins the back of a long queue with no one apparently behind the counter.

DISSOLVE TO:

Malc on his way back, having been seen to at last. He is looking even hotter than he did earlier. He can't help but notice (with some envy bordering on jealousy) Mike Tripp relaxing with his kids (a boy and a girl) who are playing happily as he sips a glass of chilled Hofmeister.

Eventually, Malc reaches his caravan.

Lynne: Right, that's my cue...

Malc: Don't leave on my account, Lynne.

Lynne: No, you're alright...I'd better get on with...

Lynne returns to her family.

Aud (to Malc): Sorted?

Malc: Yeah, I spoke to Mann. Said he was really busy and will sort it in the morning. Did you bring any lager?

Aud: No.

Malc: No?! Well what did you get?

Aud briefly searches for and reaches to grab a bottle of sherry. She holds it up and turns it round for Malc to see the label.

Aud: This.

Malc: Sherry?!

Aud: You did not say lager you said alcohol.

Malc: Yes but I meant lager! What am I gonna do – make a trifle?! When have you seen me drink sherry?! I've just run a marathon in the blazing heat – I should be getting a medal, a foil blanket and a cold glass of....Hofmeister or something! Never mind sherry!

Aud: I thought I'd get something a bit different as we're on holiday. Or there's this can of beer I found.

Aud reaches for a can of lager (which was in the same place she got the sherry). Malc pauses to consider the options before taking the warm beer (the lesser of two evils).

Malc: What did she want?

He opens the can and reacts, almost spitting it out.

Aud: Find out some gossip as usual. Nosey cow. She was telling us about the area like she'd swallowed a tourist information guide. 'Traditional fishing village' here, 'historic market town' there...

Malc: That's Mike, that is. (PAUSE) Come on.

Malc takes Aud's hand, switches the radio on and opens them up a deck chair each. On the radio, we hear an advert for the Milk Marketing Board. Malc nearly tips out of his deck chair in his eagerness to change stations. He quickly finds Radio1...and Live Aid. We hear Paul Young, singing 'Do They

Know It's Christmas?', at which point Malc and Aud look at each other and share a laugh (as they're sitting there in scorching heat).

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVENING/NIGHT. The Breakwells are in their caravan, playing cards/ Monopoly by candlelight and drinking sherry...and having fun.

DOES ANYTHING HAPPEN HERE?

FADE TO BLACK.

Scene 5

INT. CARAVAN. MORNING.

Audrey is sorting the bed out and turning it back into a dining table. The weather is sunny. Malc is boiling the kettle to make his tea. The radio is on. The boys are in their bedroom

Craig: Mum?

Aud: Yes?

Craig: Is it possible that you could actually die of Wotsit poisoning?

Aud: I beg your pardon?

Craig: Only Elton's eating another bag of Wotsits.

Aud: Elt, they're for everyone y'know, not just you!

Elton (munching): There's loads left.

Craig: What are we doing today?

Aud: You know what we're doing. We're going to Barry Island, have a look round... So get out of bed and get dressed please. Both of you.

Craig & Elton: We are dressed!

There is a knock on the open caravan door.

Mann: Hello? Come to fix your electric...

Aud (to Malc): Oh no! I forgot about him!

Aud hurriedly finishes off the last of the tidying and sorting.

Aud (to Mann): Coming!

Mann, the handyman, steps inside. Malc and Aud looked at each other, with a bit of shock in their faces.

Mann: Did you say 'Come in'?

Aud: No...yes...well, you here now. Thank you for coming.

Mann: Mornin'. I'm here to fix your electricity.

Malc: Hello, Mann. Yeah, it's not working.

Mann (looking around): Really?

Malc: Yeahman!

Malc quickly changes his comic tone when he sees the handyman noticing everything working perfectly well – kettle, telly, radio...

Malc: But...last night...we, er, played cards by candlelight...I thought there was no electric...

Mann looks a little annoyed, having had his time wasted.

Mann: Oh well, a job less, I s'pose. I'd better get back to the office, there was already a queue forming when I set off.

Mr Mann then trudges off to begin the long walk back towards the site office, clearly limping. Aud and Malc look embarrassed.

Aud: Oh Malc! Poor beggar – look at him! He can hardly walk! Ask him if he can look at our gas supply – that seems to be working perfectly well, too!

Malc and Aud sit on their deckchairs. The radio is playing DLT's snooker based quiz, Pot Black (the 'wag wag oops' sound effect can be heard).

Aud: Right. What else do you want, I'm writing a shopping list here. Let's plan our day.

Malc: You sound just like you're at work, y'know, Aud.

Aud smiles in reluctant agreement.

Aud: All I've got on it so far is Elton's pants.

Malc seems to be lost in his thoughts.

Aud: Malc? (BEAT) Anything else? (PAUSE)

Aud looks up at Malc.

Aud: Malc!

Malc: Eh? What?

Aud: God help us! What's the matter with you?! You're away with the fairies!

Malc: Oh, nothing. Just something Mike Tripp said to me yesterday.

Aud: What was that then, darl'?

Malc: When I packed in the horses I could've...*should've* done something with my life...like Mike...

Aud: What's that love?

Malc: I don't feel I do anything.

Aud (only half listening): I could've told you that.

Malc: No. I don't think my life is....I don't know... I'm doing a weekend with the lads when we get back.

Aud: You organising it are you?

Malc: Yeah.

Aud: It won't happen.

Malc: Maybe that's a good thing.

Aud: Eh? That doesn't sound like the Malcolm Breakwell I know.

Malc: Well, y'know...maybe it's time I..maybe it's time I became a bit more responsible. Cut down on my drinking, stop the horses... Maybe it is time I grew up and thought about things. What do you reckon, Aud?

Aud: Is all this to do with your Dad going?

Malc: Maybe, I dunno. Maybe. Anyway...

Aud: Whatever you think's for the best, Malc. Just keep on being you, that's all I ask. Anyway, don't worry – it doesn't matter if you're a drunken gambler and failed jockey. You know we love you for it

Malc: Yeah thanks. (BEAT) And why is the Tripps' camper so close to the shop and office and bar and everything and we're bloody miles away?! (PAUSE) Look at you, sitting there...they say your life at home is supposed to be an extension of your job...

Aud: Oh shut up(!) It just takes me a couple of days to unwind y'know.

CUT TO:

The boys on their BMXs. They spot two girls of a similar age walking through the site. Both pairs clock each other. Craig sees Elton has spotted the girls. Elton is eating Wotsits again.

Craig: Don't bother. You're not gonna speak to them cos you know you're gonna have to tell them your name.

Elton: Not true.

Craig: Most kids your age are out trying to buy lager, but you're not. Why's that?

Aud (shouting,OOS): Come on boys, we're off now, put your bikes inside.

The boys race off back to the caravan.

Scene 6

EXT. BUS STOP. LATER THAT MORNING.

The Breakwells are queuing for the bus to take them on the 15-minute journey to Barry Island. Elt's eating his third bag of Wotsits of the morning. His fingers are now orange.

The sun is already beating down.

Malc: You boys thought our car was hot yesterday – you wait til we get on the bus!

Aud: Well it's a good job we brought those bottles of pop with us. Where are they?

Malc: I thought you had them...

Aud: (BEAT) Well I suppose we'll have to quench our thirst with an early drink on the front then, eh?!

The bus turns up and the Breakwells join everyone else in the queue as they board.

Music (what song?)

CUT TO:

Malc and Aud are in a rock bar. Aud is buying the drinks.

Aud: I'm glad we've come here. The boys are probably having fun spending their pocket money on a gift for us.

CUT TO:

Elton – handing over money...not for gifts, but for lager and crisps at another bar. He then joins Craig, who congratulates Elton with a pat on the back for finally plucking up the courage to buy alcohol. The boys are in a very similar situation as their parents, even standing in exactly the same position.

Music (song?) + montage begins...

The boys are having lots of fun:

- Watching and laughing at other people
- Messing about with the waves
- Getting a t-shirt printed
- Buying a comic each
- Spending the money they've been given (how is this shown?)
- They spot the girls in the arcades. They are about the same age but seem to be more confident.

Craig is putting 2ps into a shove-a-penny game. He's not moving from it, despite Elton tugging at his arm to move on. Having finally had enough, Elton swipes Craig's winnings the tray by Craig's knees and legs it. Craig gives chase. Elton darts in and out of the machines, trying to give Craig the slip but Craig is never that far behind.

Craig: Give me back my money!

Elton: Got to catch me first!

Elton glances over his shoulder as he evades Craig's out-stretched hand and nips round the side of a machine. Still running, he faces front again, clearly enjoying his success over Craig...then BANG! He slams straight into the girls.

The music (+ montage) ends at the point of impact.

Elton is stunned and the girls are shocked. Craig then pulls down his brother's shorts...to reveal Elton's Scooby Doo pants.

Elton (to girls): It's alright – our Mum's buying me some cooler ones.

Craig: Yeah, they've got Superman on them!

The girls roar. Elton looks like he's never been as embarrassed in his life.

Girl 1(to Elton): What's your name?

Elton: Er, Craig...

CUT TO...

Scene 7

INT. BISTRO. EARLY EVENING.

Aud is at a table in a small bistro. Malc is in the lav. They're enjoying their usual mid-holiday meal and both are a bit drunk. Malc returns and sits down.

Aud: Here, Malc, d'you remember Benidorm? It was just like this place...

CUT TO:

('73 Music?) Flashback (from the Benidorm episode). They're in the same kind of small, Spanish-looking restaurant/bistro. As they sit down and tuck into some bread and olives, Malc spots a fly in the olives.

They don't want to complain so Aud talks Malc into swapping the bowl with another table's bowl. An elderly couple come into the restaurant and sit at that table. Aud can't help letting out a giggle. The elderly couple look to Aud.

Aud disloyally looks to take the elderly couple's side and playfully gives Malc the 'evils'.

Aud (to the couple): You can't take him anywhere...only back to apologise.

Seconds later, the elderly couple are unknowingly munching on said fly.

Aud blurts out a giggle which draws the attention of the fly-eating couple.

Malc (to the couple): I like big restaurants. Not too quiet. (BEAT) (To Aud): Do you want chips?

Aud: No, I'll have some of yours. With loads of mayonnaise on them!

Malc: Mayonnaise?! Salad cream! Salad cream is the working man's mayonnaise!

Aud smiles warmly at Malc.

Malc: Aud, d'you know what? (BEAT) I've just realised...my life is like a bottle of milk that's been left out of the fridge and is gonna going off.

Aud: What do you mean, love?

Malc: Well, since Dad died...I...I dunno.

Aud: Hey, come on, love. Your life's just fine. Yeah? We're like a well-oiled machine, you and me. In fact, we all are – you, me and the boys, too. Team Breakwell, that's what we are. Yeah? So don't you worry, Big Man.

Malc: You know, you're right, love. I'm ok. Things are just fine.

Aud: You shouldn't doubt a thing, y'know. There's this chap at work, Sidney his name is...

Malc: Back in a minute, Aud. I can't concentrate.

He hurriedly gets up and rushes off in the direction of the toilet, leaving his wife a bit shocked at his sudden departure – and just as she was offering him comfort and reassurance.

CUT TO:

The waiter picks up two plates puts them on a tray with some other nice-looking bits. MALC then emerges from the toilet, spots the two plates and other bits on the trolley and quickly heads back to the table and sits down, just as the waiter makes his way over in their direction.

Malc: Here we go, Aud, sit up...look at this(!)...

Malc licks his lips and rubs his hands in hungry anticipation. The waiter then continues walking to another table. Malc is gutted – Aud shakes her head in disbelief.

DISSOLVE TO:

Malc and Aud are finishing off their meal. The waiter approaches as they put their knives and forks together.

Waiter (to Malc): Are you finished? Tea? Coffee?

Malc: (BEAT) I'll have one if you're having one.

CUT TO:

Craig is wincing as he can tell Elt is struggling. Craig assertively rushes to his brother's aid.

Craig (to the girls): This is Elton (BEAT) he's been like a brother to me.

Elton then throws up between two fruit machines.

Elton: Why did you make me buy alcohol?!
(BEAT) You stupid berk!

Craig: What about the three bags of Wotsits you've eaten - your fingers are the colour of carrots!

The girls slip away (they've seen enough mature and intellectual action for one day). Elton is not sad at all to see them go.

Elton: Why d'you always have to interfere and make me do something ridiculous? I didn't wanna buy beer! I just wanted to play and have a laugh!

Craig goes to Elton offering sympathy.

Elton: Get off me, Craig. Leave me alone.

Craig: Ah, c'mon!

Elton: Honestly, Craig, I'm alright as I am. You're such a child!

Craig: Yeah, cos nicking someone's winnings from a fruit machine while wearing a pair of Scooby Doo pants is very grown-up isn't it!

And you would've got away with it too if it weren't for those pesky kids!

Scene 8

INT. THE BAR. (MUSIC?) EVENING.

The Breakwells are in the bar with the Tripps to see a non-pc comedian called Bernard Davidson. (A poster can be seen at some point indicating that further down the bill is Jim Manning). It's Friday night and they're all leaving tomorrow.

Aud and the boys are sitting at their table, chatting and laughing together. Malc is at the bar, getting a round in. It is busy. We see that the barman is both cross-eyed and miserable.

Malc is just finishing off with him when they start to have a row. It appears that although the barman had been looking directly at Malcolm, he was trying to give Malc's change to a bloke three feet along the bar, who happens to be Mike Tripp. Mike smirks at Malc, as if to apportion blame to his neighbour, and only begrudgingly gives Malc's change back to the barman to give to its rightful owner.

People are clearly confused about who the barman is serving at any given moment. This pisses him off even more.

Malc gets back to the table and puts the tray of drinks on it.

Malc: Did you see him, at the bar there?

The rest of the family shake their heads as Malc dishes the drinks out. The Tripp family's table is visible, not too far away from the Breakwells'. We also see another row ensue at the bar – this time involving the barman, Mike Tripp and another bloke three feet along the bar from him.

Malc: No? I've just had a run-in with him. He's so cross-eyed, nobody knows who he's serving! He was looking at me but trying to give my change to a bloke three feet away...Mike Tripp! And he – the cheeky Wotsit – wouldn't give it back!

Malc picks up his pint and says cheers with Aud and the boys.

Malc is clearly enjoying his family's company and the boys smile back at their dad. This also makes Aud smile. The holiday appears to have served its purpose.

Mike Tripp is in the background, carrying his family's drinks and shouting obscenities at the cross-eyed, miserable barman. Everyone in the room – including Aud and the boys – starts to look at Mike and the barman. Unfortunately, this is the moment Malc tries to be sentimental for the first time in his life.

Malc: I'm really proud of you boys.

Aud (talking about Malc): Ignore him – he's drunk!

Craig (talking about Mike): He's well gone!

Malc: Not at all, love. I'm serious.

The comedian starts making jokes about comparisons in the barman's and Mike's appearance. Mike continues to shout at the barman, and now also tries to have a go back at the comedian, who is now publicly taking the mickey.

Elton: Thanks, Dad. (CONFUSED PAUSE) Why's that then?

Malc: Well, y'know...

Mike then tries to turn the room's attention to Malc.

Mike: If you're looking for 'funny' everyone, here's your man...

Malc (becoming distracted): You're just chips off the old block, aren't you, eh? Happy within yourselves...cool, calm, collected, adults...

Mike points at Malc. Then continues...

Mike: The six-foot failed jockey...the milkman who hates milk...the drinking man's answer to...

Malc: Here's a good idea – why don't you drink this!

At that point, Malc makes everyone in the room laugh – except, notably, Mike and Lynne – as he defends himself by throwing his pint at Mike.

Mike: Never could take a joke, could you? But you'd happily spend your holiday in a joke of a caravan!

Just like his father, Cyril, Malc flips with beer-fuelled rage.

Malc: You've been looking down on me from the moment you moved in!

Mike: What...last Saturday?

Malc: No, two years ago, when you moved into Grove Road!

Mike: No I have not!

Malc: Yes you have! Well today it's my turn!

Malc turns to the room and blurts out something which is a secret about Mike, uses offensive language (or *is* offensive) or is just inappropriate. (*WHAT DOES HE SAY?*)

Scene 12 (Credits)

EXT. THE SITE. DAY.

The family are preparing to go home.

As Malc unhooks the caravan. Aud is unpegging some washing and Elt's Scooby Doo pants are hanging out. Plus the T-shirts the boys have had printed with 'I'm with this idiot' (preferably in Welsh) and arrows pointing at the other t-shirt.

Malc notices someone with a bag full of beer or bread coming back from a shop that is extremely close to their pitch.

Music (on the car radio) begins as it starts to rain and they leave the site. The boys are sitting silently in the back, contemplating the return journey (at least it's cooler than last week) and also their return to normality after the fun of a holiday. Malc is driving and holding a cup of black tea.

Malc: When are you back at work, Aud?

Aud: Same as you – the 22nd, Monday.

Malc: It's not the 22nd on Monday.

Aud: Yes it is.

Malc: It's not.

Aud: It is! Today's the 20th, tomorrow's the 21st and Monday's the 22nd...

Malc: I don't believe it...

Aud: What?

Malc: I'm supposed to be back at work today, on the 20th!

Aud: Oh Malc, you haven't got the date wrong again?!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE ROAD HOME. DAY.

The family approach their house. (The Tripps aren't back yet).

As Malc pulls over and finally parks the caravan (more fuss), a milk bottle on the window ledge falls and smashes onto their drive when they get home.

The (Very) End.