

# MEN UP

*Inspired by the remarkable true story*

Written by  
Matthew Barry

QUAY STREET PRODUCTIONS  
BOOM CYMRU

B B C

1 EXT. SWANSEA - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 1. 15:15

MUSIC UP: *Oasis, Shakermaker...*

We are FLYING. Over Swansea.

Endless WHITE-SAND BEACHES and rows of tightly packed TERRACED HOUSES, all presided over by the looming PORT TALBOT STEELWORKS. An ugly, lovely town. CAPTIONS fill the screen:

**IN 1994 THE WORLD'S FIRST CLINICAL TRIAL FOR A NEW DRUG,  
UK-92480, WAS HELD IN SWANSEA.**

We keep MOVING, flying inland now, the iconic 90s MUSIC propels us forwards, onwards --

CUT TO:

2 EXT. SWANSEA - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 1. 15:15

MEURIG JENKINS, 41, a good man with a shameful secret, on his PUSH BIKE, no helmet, hurtling through the city streets --

**UK-92480 WOULD BECOME ONE OF THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL,  
PROFITABLE AND HIGH-PROFILE DRUGS IN THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE.**

Meurig speeds up hill. Down hill --

**IT WOULD BECOME: VIAGRA.**

Along the Mumbles seafront. Furiously peddling.

**THIS DRAMA IS BASED ON ACTUAL EVENTS. THE MEN ON THE TRIAL  
HAVE BEEN FICTIONALISED.**

CUT TO:

3 EXT. LOCAL HIGH STREET - DAY 1. 15.20

Meurig, pushing his bike, heads along a high street, passes a NEWSPAPER SANDWICH BOARD: "Torvill & Dean Denied Gold at Winter Olympics."

Approaching a little door, next to a BETTING SHOP, Meurig pulls out a scrap of paper. Checks the address. This is it.

He reaches for the BUZZER. Retracts his finger. Thinking twice. But then, he presses it. After a beat --

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Top floor.

A shrill BUZZ as the DOOR OPENS. Meurig heads inside...

CUT TO:

4

**INT. SMALL TOP FLOOR "THERAPY OFFICE" - DAY 1. 15:32**

4

A sad, sparse room. Two chairs, small table, box of tissues. Meurig sits opposite JOANNA WOOTLE, 40s, an earnest and incompetent psycho-sexual therapist. Zero medical training.

JOANNA

Why don't you start by telling me  
why you're here today?

A beat. Meurig shifts. Joanna stares intently. Then:

MEURIG

Well. Thing is, I've tried Spanish  
Fly and creams and --

JOANNA

You're impotent?  
(off his discomfort)  
Martin, can I call you Martin?

MEURIG

It's Meurig, actually --

JOANNA

It's important that we converse  
freely. Candidly. Openly. In fact,  
that's something I'll be encouraging  
you to do with your penis.

Meurig LAUGHS. Then stops. *She's being serious?*

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Communicating with one's "member"  
engenders a sense of trust and  
confidence. You'll have to give him  
a name, of course.

MEURIG

Him?

JOANNA

Unless it's a "she" perhaps?

MEURIG

You're asking me to name my --

JOANNA

Peter. Paul. Matthew, Mark, Luke,  
John. Carol. Anything you like.

MEURIG

This is a wind up? I'm not gonna...  
I can't... talk to it --

JOANNA

(then:)

When was the last time you had  
sexual intercourse with your wife?

Meurig burns with SHAME. Then --

MEURIG

Eighteen months... Two years, maybe?

JOANNA

And she's aware of your malady?

MEURIG

My... no. She's... no.

JOANNA

How would you feel about inviting  
her to one of our sessions --

MEURIG

No. No fucking way. That's not  
happening. Not ever. Sorry. Sorry  
for swearing.

JOANNA

Martin, psycho-sexual therapy can  
produce extraordinary results but  
you have to trust the process.  
Lean into it. It's very likely that  
your lack of potency is the result  
of repressed psychological trauma --

MEURIG

Don't think I've got trauma --

JOANNA

It's repressed.

MEURIG

Don't think it is.

JOANNA

Classic.

Meurig is regretting this already. Then:

MEURIG

What are my options? If this, you and me, don't work out and, being honest, on first impressions, not looking good, is it?

JOANNA

There are a number of medical treatments available. All fairly 'agricultural' in my opinion.

MEURIG

I'll try anything.

JOANNA

There's penile prosthesis, an operation under general anaesthetic, which involves fixing inflatable rods into the shaft of the penis which are then...

(with hand actions)

... Inflated by a pump hidden inside the ball sack.

Silence.

MEURIG

Anything else?

JOANNA

Injections can be self administered into the base of the penis before intercourse. But they can be painful and also cause priapism -- a persistent erection.

Silence.

MEURIG

Anything else?

JOANNA

There's the penis pump, which creates a vacuum and encourages blood flow into the shaft. However, it can result in bruising, pain and even numbness if used incorrectly.

Silence.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
 Or there's always the MUSE  
 suppository which involves inserting  
 a small pellet directly *up* and *into*  
 the urethra prior to sex.

A beat. Meurig slowly CROSSES HIS LEGS.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
 So, any thoughts on a name?

Off Meurig, wishing the ground would swallow him up.

CUT TO:

5

**EXT. RUGBY CLUB - DAY 1. 16:30**

5

Meurig slices his way through PARENTS and KIDS and TACKLE BAGS as the under 10's rugby practice winds up. He playfully steals the BALL from a YOUNG KID --

MEURIG  
 It's Ieuan Evans on the ball --

LLEWELLYN  
*Oi! Dad!*

LLEWELLYN, 7, chases, laughing! Meurig keeps running --

MEURIG  
 To Jenkins, to Moon, to Nigel  
 Walker!

Meurig approaches another boy. GRUFF, 9, his eldest. He SIDESTEPS him. Gruff now also laughing!

GRUFF  
*Daaaaaad!*

MEURIG  
 It's Walker! He side steps one, two!  
 And it's a try for the Grand Slam!

Meurig touches down the TRY in front of his wife FFION, 40 --

FFION  
 (light)  
 Walker?! Hobbler more like --

MEURIG  
 I am a finely tuned athlete, thank-  
 you-very-much.

FFION

With your two left feet. Where have  
you been? Thought you'd come off  
that bloody bike again --

MEURIG

Got stuck in work --

Meurig's late because he was at his doctor's appointment. But  
his first instinct is to lie and he does so effortlessly.

Meurig's best mate, LEIGH BENNETT, 40s, a big kid, and the  
U10's rugby coach, crosses --

LEIGH

Oh here he is, Nye Bevan. Staying  
for a jar?

Meurig to Ffion:

MEURIG

Don't mind if I stay for one, do  
you?

FFION

No, come on, let's go home. I'm  
freezing...

CUT TO:

6

EXT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - DAY 1. 16:45

6

A little terrace, squeezed into the city.

Ffion has just pulled up in the car. Meurig too, on his bike,  
having cycled alongside. The kids piling out --

FFION

Shoes off! Straight in the bath!  
(off their moans)  
Bath! Now! You're stinking!

Meurig watches them pile into the house. As if he's on the  
outside of his own family, looking in.

CUT TO:

7

INT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1. 22:05

7

Meurig on the sofa, BBC News on the TV. (A young Tony Blair  
attacks new Tory legislation as "an absolute farce"). The  
*thud-thud* of feet on the stairs. Meurig tenses. Ffion enters,  
in her dressing gown, a silk nightie beneath, as she scoops  
up shoes, toys, the usual detritus of family life.

FFION

Kids are asleep. You taken your  
insulin?

MEURIG

Yes, I've taken my insulin.

FFION

Right. Think I'm gonna go up myself.  
You coming up?

Panic rising, Meurig's eyes fixed on the telly --

MEURIG

I'm watching this.

A beat.

FFION

Why don't you come up?

MEURIG

Yeah, I will. I'll be up after this.

Ffion moves towards Meurig. She leans in, KISSES him. A  
glimpse of what they were. What they still could be.

FFION

Meurig. Come upstairs.

CUT TO:

8

INT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - STAIRS - NIGHT 1. 22:08

8

Ffion leads the way, up the stairs. For Meurig, it's like  
climbing a mountain. That SILENCE, screaming. That TENSION,  
building.

Meurig's like, *fuck, fuck, fuck...*

CUT TO:

9

INT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT 1. 22:10

9

Meurig is perched on the edge of the bed, still dressed,  
struggling with a knot in his shoelaces. Ffion watches from  
across the room. Waiting. For sex. Then:

MEURIG

*These bastard laces --*

FFION

Here, let me.

Ffion takes off her dressing gown, her silk nightie beneath. She approaches, bends down in front of Meurig, on her knees. She takes Meurig's shoe and gently unties the laces...

FFION (CONT'D)  
There. All done.

A beat. Ffion runs her hand up the inside of his leg...

MEURIG  
(stop)  
Love --

Ffion leans in, eyes down, her hand moving to his crotch --

MEURIG (CONT'D)  
I'm tired. Ffion?

But she keeps moving --

MEURIG (CONT'D)  
Ffion. Stop.

Silence.

MEURIG (CONT'D)  
I'm knackered, that's all.

After a beat, Ffion rises --

FFION  
... Can't keep doing this.

Ffion departs, holding back a flood of emotion. Meurig watches her go, hating himself...

CUT TO:

10 OMITTED 10

11 INT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1. 22:30 11

Meurig back downstairs now, in-front of the telly. But he's not watching. He's drowning. In SECRETS and SHAME.

He can't keep doing this either...

CUT TO:

12 INT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT 1. 22:32 12

Ffion sits on the bed. Numb. The sound of the TV echoes from downstairs. Meurig, her husband, seems so far away...

After a beat, Ffion, defeated, pulls off her silk nightie as we see she is wearing a padded bra. As she takes that off and pulls on a comfy nightie we see: Ffion's double mastectomy scars. That's why she's so desperate for Meurig's love. His affection. She thinks this is all her fault...

CUT TO:

13

INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 2. 10:05

13

A big MEDICAL CONFERENCE. Nice hotel.

From the stage, DR. DYLAN PEARCE, 40s, upbeat, pioneering, a charismatic firebrand, addresses a room of DOCTORS and ACADEMICS at the '94 BRITISH DIABETIC ASSOCIATION CONFERENCE.

DR. PEARCE  
Cock. Dick. Pecker. Prick.

Some of the CRUSTY OLD ATTENDEES shift. *What on earth?*

DR. PEARCE (CONT'D)  
Tool. Cobra. Joystick. One eyed  
monster. The Colonel. Schlong.  
(off their shock:)  
Good. Now we've got that out of the  
way... Because, the thing is, people  
hear the word impotence and they  
wait for the punchline. It's all  
willies and jokes but men kill  
themselves over this. And the  
numbers are astonishing.

The ATTENDEES watch on. Some are wide eyed. In shock.

DR. PEARCE (CONT'D)  
40% of diabetic men in their 40s  
suffer from some form of impotence  
problem. 50% in their 50s and 60% in  
their 60s. But this is an epidemic  
that is being completely ignored by  
the entire medical and academic  
community.  
(then:)  
Meanwhile, there are men out there,  
so many men, suffering in silence...

CUT TO:

14

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - DAY 2. 10:10

14

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

CUT TO:

15

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 2. 10:10

15

COLIN WHITE, 60s, retired but still wears an old suit every day, sits in his little chair, in the living room of his little house, nestled deep in rural Swansea, cluttered with nick-nacks. He talks on the LANDLINE --

COLIN (ON PHONE)  
Twenty across. "Christmas greenery."

Colin completes the *South Wales Evening Post* CROSSWORD. Just like he does every day. Nothing ever changes in Colin's life.

WE INTERCUT  
WITH:

16

INT. TERESA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 2. 10:10

16

TERESA RIGBY, 60s, long time widow, also sat in her little chair, completing the same crossword --

TERESA  
-- Conifer?

COLIN  
Nine letters.  
(then:)  
We'll come back to it. Nine down.  
"Tempt." Six letters.

TERESA  
... Entice?

COLIN  
That's the one. That'll do nicely.  
(then:)  
Thirteen across. "Swollen or  
becoming swollen." Nine letters.  
First letter "T", second letter "U".  
(then:)  
Duh, duw, these are getting harder.

TERESA  
... Tumescent?

A beat while Colin checks it --

COLIN  
Bloody hell, I think it is and all.  
You're on fire!

TERESA  
(then, deliberately:)  
I've always liked that word.  
(MORE)

TERESA (CONT'D)

*Tumescent.* Can you hear it? The way  
it turns, rolls in the mouth.

Colin's breath catches. It's starting. The dirty talk...

COLIN

That's a... an onomatopoeia, if I'm  
not mistaken.

TERESA

Are you... *tum-es-cent*, Colin?

COLIN

Shall I...  
(his attempt at dirty talk)  
Fill in the box?

TERESA

Oh yes. Fill it in.

COLIN

(then:)

Having said it's an onomatopoeia --

TERESA

*Write it down, Colin.*

Colin scribbles TUMESCENT in the CROSSWORD. Pushing. Hard.

COLIN

T-U-M-E-S-

Suddenly, Colin's little pencil SNAPS --

TERESA

What happened?

COLIN

My pencil snapped.

The spell broken. Teresa rolls her eyes. She stands. (Her phone connected via a cord). Then:

TERESA

What if we were to meet up, in  
person?

Colin freezes. Suddenly terrified --

TERESA (CONT'D)

Colin? Are you still there?

COLIN

(then:)

Twenty two down. "School transport."  
Three letters. That's *bus*, that is,  
that's an easy one --

TERESA

It's just, we've been talking on the  
phone for a while now --

COLIN

I like talking.

TERESA

So do I. I love it. These last few  
months, getting to know you. But  
wouldn't it be nice to put a face to  
the voice? We could have a cup of  
tea, slice of cake, down Mumbles.  
Walk on the beach.

(off his silence:)

I could come to you. Or you come to  
me, we could make a day of it.

(then:)

... Colin?

A beat. Colin slowly, sadly, replaces the RECEIVER, ending  
the call. It breaks his heart but he can't meet Teresa.

ELAN (O.S.) (then:)

You're *twp*, Colin *bach* --

Colin's mam, ELAN, 80s, a force of nature, in the doorway --

COLIN

Mam, stop listening in to my bloody  
calls, will you? How many times!

ELAN

Your Catrin's been dead and buried  
ten years, God rest her soul. It's  
time to move on --

COLIN

Mam. Leave it.

ELAN

Always the same with you. Cosy  
little chats, day and night, and  
when they want to meet you cut and  
run. Well let me tell you this, good  
boy, you need to get out of this  
house, before it kills us both!

Off Colin, his mam's right. He can't go on like this...

CUT TO:

17

INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 2. 10:20

17

Back at the conference, DR. PEARCE continues, in full brilliant flow --

DR. PEARCE

Just last month a new policy document was published that outlined every single conceivable aspect and complication of the disease, except one. No prizes for guessing what it was.

(then:)

Isn't it time we shook off our Victorian attitudes towards sex and start accepting that managing sexual dysfunction is an integral part of providing diabetes care? We should be prepared to routinely ask our patients about sexual function.

(finally:)

Impotence is *the* most neglected complication of diabetes. And yet we don't talk about it. Not ever. This has to change. We have to change. We owe it to these men -- to change.

To the side of the stage, Dylan's longtime Clinical Nurse, MOIRA DAVIES, mid 40s, begins to CLAP. She turns to the rest of the audience who begin to CLAP, somewhat half-heartedly. One or two snicker. Moira CLAPS harder.

But one man, who we'll come to know as ESHAAN MALLICK, 40s, smooth as silk, watches on. *Has he just found his man?*

CUT TO:

18

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 2. 22:15

18

TOMMY CADOGAN, 50s, loyal, insecure, wipes the shaft of his cock with an ALCOHOL PAD. He picks up a NEEDLE, plunges it into a VIAL of CAVERJECT and draws out the liquid medication.

Taking a breath, he INJECTS the drug directly into the shaft of his penis. (!) He winces. It's painful. Then:

RHYS (O.S.)

... Tommy?

TOMMY  
Yup! All done! Just gimme a minute.

Tommy massages. Waiting for the magic to happen.

CUT TO:

19

**INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 2. 22:18**

19

Tommy emerges into the bedroom (framed from the waist up) --

TOMMY  
*Gentlemen, start your engines...*

RHYS LANCEY, 50, his partner of over twenty years, Drama teacher at the local comp, is sat up in bed, marking his students' essays. Rhys glances up. Smiles. Ready.

- Tommy and Rhys, under the covers, kissing. All pretty restrained, polite. Rhys reaches for Tommy's knob. He strokes back and forth. Back and forth. A little faster now. Then:

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Awww! Stop! Stop!

RHYS  
You alright?

TOMMY  
Fine. Just... gimme another minute.

Tommy breathes deeply. It's not the first time he's experienced pain following a CAVERJECT injection --

RHYS  
You're not fine, you're in agony.

TOMMY  
*Gimme a sec --*

RHYS  
Tommy, just stop. It's not worth it.

A shadow falls across Tommy's face. Then:

TOMMY  
I can... finish you?

RHYS  
Leave it, shall we, for tonight?  
I've got to be up early for school.

Tommy sits up, edge of the bed --

RHYS (CONT'D)  
What? What did I say?

TOMMY  
(then:)  
This is how it starts...

RHYS  
Oh God not this again --

TOMMY RHYS (CONT'D)  
You'll get bored, frustrated Tommy, I'm tired, give it a  
and start looking elsewhere -- rest --

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Maybe not today or tomorrow or next  
week but you will.

Rhys exhales. Then:

RHYS  
You wanna get a bloody grip, you  
do. I don't want anyone else. How  
many times? You're driving me nuts  
with all this nonsense! Alright?

TOMMY  
Fine.

RHYS  
Good.

Rhys reaches out, turns off his little LAMP. Off Tommy,  
feeling rejected. It's not alright.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - DAY 3. 07:30 20

ESTABLISHING SHOT: The next day. The sun rising.

CUT TO:

21 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 3. 07:30 21

Tommy, not long out of bed, not yet dressed, emerging with a  
coffee in hand. The sound of the SHOWER running --

CUT TO:

22 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY / BATHROOM - DAY 3. 07:32 22

Tommy pads along the hallway, approaching the bathroom.

ANGLE ON: Tommy enters the bathroom --

TOMMY  
Rhys, hurry up, I've got --

But Tommy freezes as he spies Rhys JACKING OFF in the shower, his back to Tommy, hand against the wall. Really going for it. After a beat, Rhys turns, clocks Tommy --

RHYS  
... Fuck! Jesus, Tommy! Get out!

Tommy backs out, closing the door behind him.

Off Tommy, devastated. Despite Rhys's assurances he's convinced that, if he can't perform, he's going to lose him.

CUT TO:

23

INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 2. 12:00

23

Dylan stands on the periphery of the CONFERENCE as GUESTS mingle, quite content with his little plate of sandwiches.

Moira approaches with --

MOIRA  
Dr. Pearce, this is --

ESHAAN  
Eshaan. Eshaan Mallick.

Eshaan holds out his hand --

DR. PEARCE  
Dylan. How d'you do?

They SHAKE --

ESHAAN  
It's lovely to meet you. And thank you -- for leading the charge. I agree, attitudes must change --

MOIRA  
(*Big. Deal!*)  
Eshaan works at Pfizer.

*Pfizer.* This lands on Dylan.

ESHAAN  
I was hoping we could arrange a time for you to visit our labs in Kent?  
(off his look)  
(MORE)

ESHAAN (CONT'D)

I have something that I think will  
be of interest to you. Something...  
quite extraordinary.

Off Dylan's intrigue...

CUT TO:

24

EXT. PETE'S HOUSE - DAY 3. 17:15

24

The suburbs.

PEETHAM 'PETE' SHAH, 40s, accountant, middle-class, tired,  
pulls up to his nice semi-detached in his Mercedes.

Pete's wife, ALYS, 40s, comfortable and confident in her own  
skin, hauls BOXES from her car. Spying her husband, she  
points to the BOXES, as if to say: *Look! They arrived!*

CUT TO:

25

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING 3. 18:30

25

Pete stands back, "admiring" Alys's display of Ann Summers'  
products. Lingerie, dildos, whips etc etc --

ALYS

What do you think?

PETE

Yeah. It's. Uh. It's... good.

ALYS

Twenty-five percent commission on  
everything I sell, thank-you-very-  
much. I'm my own boss.

Alys picks up a dildo --

ALYS (CONT'D)

Look at this one, how realistic it  
is. Veins all over it. Brilliant.

The DOORBELL goes.

ALYS (CONT'D)

That's them! That's the girls,  
they're here! Go on, get out, quick!  
Pete, go, go --

CUT TO:

26

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - DINING TABLE - NIGHT 3. 20:15

26

Pete perched at the dining table, surrounded by papers and accounts. A SHRIEK of LAUGHTER from the living room. And another. All those women, in there. Laughing.

Are they laughing at him? Has Alys told them? Oh God!

CUT TO:

27

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT 3. 20:17

27

The Ann Summers' Party in full swing. A dozen women, all laughing. Hooting! Boozed up. A few bottles of non-expensive wine and the odd can of Stella. (Nothing too posh).

Alys and CERI HOWELLS, 50s, at the heart of it all --

CERI  
(re: dildo in hand)  
Cor, bit of weight to this, init --

ALYS  
Now that one is the dearer of the lot. But, by all accounts, it is the best --

CERI  
Take my money, luv.

Laughter! Pete ventures in --

PETE  
Evening ladies.

CERI  
Oh. Here comes the stripper!

PETE  
Alys, can I borrow you?

CERI  
Oh bugger off, Pete, we don't need you no more -- we got batteries now!

More laughter! Squeals of delight! Alys rises --

ALYS  
Excuse me...

CERI  
Take the whip with you, Alys!

GO TO: Pete and Alys, in the hallway --

PETE

How's it going in there?

ALYS

Ceri's already a bottle of Blue Nun down. Can you tell? Oh but Pete, I love it. I do. I've sold three vibrators, four sets of stockings, two fluffy handcuffs and a chocolate cock.

PETE

That's great, that is. Well done.

ALYS

Feel like a proper business woman. Well, I am now, with this. That's what I am. I'm a business woman.

PETE

Really proud of you.

(then, has to ask:)

Listen, you haven't told the girls, have you, about...

ALYS

About what?

(then, realising:)

Pete, no, of course I haven't. Do you really think I would?

PETE

No, I know that... It's just, I can hear you laughing and I thought --

ALYS

Nobody's laughing at you, Pete.

(then:)

This isn't about you, for once. It's about me. If that's okay?

PETE

Course it is. Sorry. I. I really am proud of you.

Another SHRIEK of LAUGHTER from the living room --

ALYS

Better get back to it.

Pete nods. Alys peels off. Off Pete, he's never felt so inadequate. So alone. Just like Meurig. And Colin. And Tommy.

All those men. And thousands more.

FADE TO:

28

INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 2. 12:20

28

Dr. Pearce and Eshaan huddled in a corner. Two GEEKS in their element. Talking cock.

ESHAAN

We think it might be something to do with blocking the PDE5 enzyme. And without the PDE5 breaking down the cGMP enzyme --

DR. PEARCE

The levels of blood in the corpus cavernosa continue to build. Makes sense.

ESHAAN

But here's the amazing thing: It's localised, only happens when the man is sexually aroused.

DR. PEARCE

Because PDE5 is specific to the penis?

ESHAAN

Precisely.

DR. PEARCE

And it's a pill?

ESHAAN

A single pill.

A beat.

DR. PEARCE

How did you --

ESHAAN

Complete accident. We were trialling a new drug for angina on coalminers in My-rur Tud-ful (sic) --

DR. PEARCE

Merthyr Tydfil.

ESHAAN

And it just happened. This one chap,  
it was his first erection in  
thirteen years. He ran home,  
actually ran home to his wife...

DR. PEARCE

And the others? Please tell me there  
were others --

ESHAAN

Man after man. It was... biblical.

A beat.

DR. PEARCE

Eshaan, if this is real, this is,  
it's Kinsey. It's penicillin!

ESHAAN

Let's not get carried away. Until we  
start clinical trials nobody really  
knows what's going on --

DR. PEARCE

*Eshaan. I have to lead that trial.*  
It has to be me. You need me. My  
impotence clinics, the diabetes  
clinics, all of my work, published.  
The BMJ. Look it up. I'll send it to  
you. Because I'm telling you now,  
I'm promising you, you won't find  
anyone who knows more about  
impotence than me.

(finally:)

That trial is mine. It has to be.

Off Dylan, no way he's taking no for an answer.

FADE TO:

29

INT. LOCAL SUPERMARKET - DAY 4. 10:30

29

Meurig's wife, Ffion, stacks shelves at the supermarket.

MAN (O.S.)

'Scuse me love, where d'you keep the  
Johnnies?

Ffion turns. It's Leigh, Meurig's mate from the rugby club. A  
beat. Ffion bursts into TEARS...

CUT TO:

30

EXT. LOCAL SUPERMARKET - DAY 4. 10:35

30

Ffion and an uncomfortable Leigh outside, sat on the curb, post tears. A beat.

LEIGH

Not... come back, has it?

FFION

No. No. It's... nothing like that.  
I'll need check-ups every six months  
or so but... I'm still all clear.

LEIGH

There we are then. That's good.

FFION

(then, *has to say it:*)  
I think Meurig's having an affair.  
(off his look)  
Please don't lie to me --

LEIGH

Fi. I --

FFION

*Is he?*

LEIGH

No. I -- don't think so. Why? --

FFION

He barely looks at me, hasn't  
touched me in God knows how long --

LEIGH

There's no way he's off shagging. He  
knows he's punching. We all do.

(off her smile / thawing)  
What's he said then?

FFION

Nothing. But then we hardly talk. I  
mean, we talk, but it's not about  
anything. The boys or what we're  
having for our tea. What's on the  
telly...

Silence.

FFION (CONT'D)

It's me. I'm not attractive to him  
anymore --

LEIGH

Bollocks. And if he doesn't want you, I'll have you. I would, I'd bloody run away with you right now... Down the M4, let's go...

Ffion smiles. Laughs. Leigh can always make her laugh --

DARYN (O.S.)

Oi, break time's over --

Ffion's manager, DARYN MARCH, 30s, proud, camp, arrives --

FFION

(under breath)

*Jesus-Bloody-Christ...*

DARYN

Oh nice that is. Lovely. Forget my mother's hard of hearing, did you? I can read your potty-lips from here --

FFION

(to Leigh:)

Don't say anything. Even if he is off shagging some other woman. Not sure I wanna know...

Ffion rises, heads back inside...

CUT TO:

|    |                                       |    |
|----|---------------------------------------|----|
| 31 | <u>OMITTED</u>                        | 31 |
| 32 | <u>OMITTED</u>                        | 32 |
| 33 | <u>INT. RUGBY CLUB - DAY 4. 13:20</u> | 33 |

Thumping WORK OUT MUSIC. A "Keep Fit" class in full flow, led by a SVELTE INSTRUCTOR, barking orders at the MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN assembled, all moving as one, on the BEAT.

INSTRUCTOR

Step to your right! And left!

And in the middle of the class we see Moira (Dr. Dylan Pearce's research nurse).

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Arms in the air! And... step! Step!

As we PAN ALONG the participants we find... Tommy. Moving out of time, drenched in sweat. He's had enough.

After a beat, he peels off. Moira clocks him...

CUT TO:

34

**EXT. RUGBY CLUB - DAY 4. 13:25**

34

Tommy sits on a low wall, a Chomp chocolate bar in one hand, can of Coke in the other. Moira, towel in hand, approaches --

MOIRA

(of the Chomp)

Oh my God! Are you actually kidding me? Chomping on a Chomp?!

TOMMY

What?! My blood sugar. Thought I was gonna pass out.

MOIRA

Blood sugar my eye.

TOMMY

Moira, I'm diabetic! It's a very serious condition!

A beat. Tommy laughs. She knows him far too well.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Alright, fine. Fine! I just fancied a Chomp. But I was sweating bullets in there --

MOIRA

I knew it! Come on then, chuck one over --

Tommy produces a second Chomp from his pocket. Moira takes it, *thank-you-very-much*. And there they sit, these old mates.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Did I tell you, we've got this new trial in work. A clinical trial....

TOMMY

Sounds fascinating.

MOIRA

No. It is. It's for diabetics.

(off his look)

Diabetic men, specifically. Who can't, uh, you know, who struggle --

TOMMY

Bloody hell, Moira, spit it out --

MOIRA  
Who can't get it up.

TOMMY  
What's that got to do with me?

MOIRA  
*Tommy...*

TOMMY  
I said what I said to you in  
confidence. How is this "never  
talking about it again?!"

MOIRA  
There's no-one else here!

TOMMY  
Moira, I'm not having this  
conversation with you!

Tommy drains the last of his Coke, hops off the wall, when --

MOIRA  
Just listen to me: It's a pill.

Tommy stops, turns --

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
... No more injections.  
(then:) Point is, they've picked us to run  
the trial. At Morriston. I mean,  
they had wanted to use a local  
private hospital. But that's Sancta  
Maria --

TOMMY  
The one with the nuns? MOIRA (CONT'D)  
It's run by nuns.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
-- So that was a non-starter.

TOMMY  
(then:) What do I have to do?

MOIRA  
That's the thing. The trial is only  
really open to heterosexual men.

Tommy rolls his eyes --

TOMMY

Well, what's new?

MOIRA

The ultimate goal, apparently,  
according to the trial protocols,  
is... vaginal penetration --

TOMMY

Moira, I am NOT having vaginal --

MOIRA

That's not what I'm saying.

(then:)

I know you're not straight. But they  
don't have to know that. Do they?

Off Tommy, catching on...

FADE TO:

35

INT. MORRISTON HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE DYLAN'S OFFICE - DAY 4. 35  
14:00

Meurig stands, his hands gripped tightly to an EMPTY WHEELCHAIR. A wheelchair which was meant to be in Ward 17 twenty minutes ago. But Meurig is waiting. Waiting. We HOLD on Meurig. Finally --

Dylan approaches, FILES in hand, heading back to his office. He offers Meurig, a mere porter, only a cursory nod.

MEURIG

Haven't got five minutes have you,  
doc?

Dylan stops. Turns.

DR. PEARCE

... Excuse me?

MEURIG

A few of the boys, the other  
porters, I overheard them, joking,  
talking... About your line of work.

(then:)

And something about a trial?

DR. PEARCE

You'd better come in.

CUT TO:

Moments later, Dylan leads Meurig into his office --

MEURIG

All started eighteen months, two years ago now. They said it was type one diabetes, which was unusual, 'cos it normally comes on much earlier apparently --

DR. PEARCE

Meurig, do you have trouble achieving or maintaining an erection?

We PUSH IN on Meurig, almost paralysed with fear --

MEURIG

(finally:)

Yes.

There. He said it. Finally, he just said it.

CUT TO: A few minutes later now, Meurig sits opposite Dylan, who makes notes.

DR. PEARCE

And you didn't have any issues achieving an erection before the diabetes diagnosis?

MEURIG

None. I only turned forty last year.

DR. PEARCE

The good news is that there are treatments available --

MEURIG

I've tried 'em. I've tried them all. Creams and potions and pumps. Nothing's worked. I need surgery or the injections, 'cos the therapist, she said that --

DR. PEARCE

What therapist?

MEURIG

The one... from the back of the girlie magazine. Not mine, one of the boys in work --

DR. PEARCE

A psycho-sexual therapist?

(off his nod)

Meurig, from what you've just told me, your condition is not psychological. This idea that sexual dysfunction in diabetes patients is psychogenic just isn't true. It has a physical cause and won't improve without a physical treatment, no matter how old, or young, you are.

(then:)

Why don't I make an appointment for us to talk all of this through in more detail at my impotence clinic --

Meurig recoils. This is all so real now. "Impotence clinic."

MEURIG

It's just. Thing is, it's my anniversary coming up. And Ffion, she's had... breast cancer. And she lost her, you know --

DR. PEARCE

She had a mastectomy?

MEURIG

Double mastectomy.

(then:)

She thinks all of this is her fault. And it's not.

A beat. Then:

DR. PEARCE

Well, there is a trial, it's true, due to start in the next few weeks. It's a new drug that could potentially allow men, like yourself, to achieve and sustain an erection by simply taking a pill --

MEURIG

A pill? No injections, no... implanting?

DR. PEARCE

Just a pill.

MEURIG

How many pills?

DR. PEARCE  
One pill.

MEURIG  
Every day?

DR. PEARCE  
As needed.  
(then?)  
We'll be recruiting men over the  
next few days. I assume this is  
something you'd be interested in?

MEURIG  
... A *PILL*??!

Off Meurig, thrown a lifeline...

FADE TO:

37 EXT. MORRISTON HOSPITAL - DAY 5. 15:30

37

Establishing shot: A new day.

MUSIC IN. Tommy ventures towards the HOSPITAL RECEPTION as he spies a PRINTED (WORD PROCESSED) SIGN that reads: "CLINICAL TRIAL THIS WAY >>" Tommy peels off...

CUT TO:

38 INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - DAY 5. 15:30

38

Dr. Pearce is setting up for the start of the trial. He puts a few MAGAZINES in the waiting area. Turns them. Just so.

Moira bounds in, a pile of VHS TAPES in hand --

MOIRA  
Porn's arrived!

DR. PEARCE  
Have you watched? How is it?

MOIRA  
Let's just say that I'm looking forward to my next visit from the plumber and leave it at that --

DR. PEARCE  
Where did you get it?

MOIRA  
Newport. That little sex shop just outside the city centre --

DR. PEARCE  
What did you say?

MOIRA  
Said it was for science.

DR. PEARCE  
What did they say?

MOIRA  
They said it was the best line  
they'd ever heard and gave me a free  
tube of lube for my troubles.

And off she goes, VIDEOS in hand. Happy as you like.

CUT TO:

39

EXT. CLINICAL TRIALS BUILDING - DAY 5. 15:33

39

Establishing shot: Tommy halts outside another building. A PRINTED (WORD PROCESSED) SIGN on the door reads: "CLINICAL TRIAL ENTRANCE".

Tommy takes a breath, steadyng himself, daring to hope...

DR. PEARCE (PRE-LAP)  
The trial is open to diabetic men  
between the ages of forty and sixty-  
five...

CUT TO:

40

INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - DAY 5. 16:00 - 16:40

40

Dylan and Moira (her name badge reads "Clinical Nurse") opposite their first potential patient. EDDIE O'CONNOR, 50s, a bull-dog of a man. He stares. Inscrutable.

DR. PEARCE  
It'll run for around four weeks in  
total and is completely  
confidential.  
(off his silence)  
Here's an information sheet...

Dylan proffers the INFO SHEET. Eddie doesn't take it. Then:

DR. PEARCE (CONT'D)  
You can take it home with you. Read  
it and come back with any questions.

Still Eddie stares. Finally:

MOIRA  
There'll be dirty videos to watch...

EDDIE  
Where do I sign?

Off Eddie, an alpha male, snatching at the info sheet.

JUMP TO: Dylan and Moira now opposite Colin --

DR. PEARCE  
For the first stage, there'll be two visits to the hospital where you'll be given either a placebo or the real thing, and hooked up to a strain-gauge. On your second visit, if you received the placebo on the first, you'll get the real thing. And vice-versa --

COLIN  
A strain --

DR. PEARCE  
Gauge.

MOIRA  
It's a plastic hoop. Fitted around the shaft of the penis, and connected to a Rigi-Metric device, to measure the hardness of any erection.

COLIN  
*Duw, duw. What a world --*

Off Colin, a rabbit in the headlights...

JUMP TO: Dylan and Moira now opposite Pete --

DR. PEARCE  
For the second stage, we'll be inviting you to take some tablets home with you --

MOIRA  
To "enjoy", with your wife --

A beat. Pete leans over the table. And hugs Moira. "Thank you! Thank you!" That's how much it means to him...

JUMP TO: Dylan and Moira, opposite Tommy. [Moira and Tommy, pretending they don't know each other. All part of the plan].

TOMMY

Thank you. She'll be delighted.

Off Tommy, shooting Moira a furtive glance. Heart pounding.

FADE TO:

41 **OMITTED** 4142 **EXT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - DAY 6. 08:10** 42

Establishing shot: Early morning. Meurig, harried, emerges from the house with his bike, closing the front door behind him. A beat. The door opens as Ffion, in her dressing gown, emerges --

FFION

Oi! Where are you off?

MEURIG

Picked up an early shift --

FFION

You didn't say anything? -- Meurig?!

(then, more bewildered than anything else:)

Happy Anniversary to you and all.

CUT TO:

43 **EXT. SWANSEA - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 6. 08:25** 43MUSIC HARD IN: Ini Kamoze, *Here Comes the Hotstepper*

Meurig tears through the city, laser focused. Up hill. Down hill. A sense of steely determination.

CUT TO:

44 **INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - CORRIDOR - DAY 6. 08:55** 44

MUSIC CONTINUES.

SLOW MOTION as Meurig *strides* down a long corridor.

A man off to war.

HARD CUT TO:

45 **INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - WAITING ROOM - DAY 6. 09:20** 45

MUSIC CUTS DEAD.

Awkward SILENCE now as Meurig, Colin, Tommy, Pete, Eddie and the other MEN, about a dozen in all, complete paperwork.

All shifting. Furtive glances. Meurig looks, and feels, like a baby amongst these older, weathered men.

Tommy glances up to find Eddie staring right back at him.

EDDIE

I did your guttering last year.  
(off his hesitation)  
That's right, Park Avenue?

TOMMY

I -- uh --

EDDIE

Yeah, definitely you --

MOIRA (O.S.)

Meurig Jenkins? Colin White?

Moira emerges. A couple of TRIAL BOOKLETS in hand. (Hard backed folders, larger than A4. Each patient has one. They're carbonised so that everything can be duplicated) --

As Meurig and Colin rise --

MEURIG

Not going in together, are we?

MOIRA

We've got a few clinical rooms back there --

MEURIG

Gonna say, bit cosy.

MOIRA

I'll take you both through...

Colin extends his hand to Meurig --

COLIN

Best of luck.

They shake. And into the breach they go...

CUT TO:

Moira leads a nervous Meurig through to one of the clinical rooms.

Meurig spies the TV/VHS player on a trolley at the end of a single bed. A glass of water and tissues on the side table. And then, an anatomical penis model. His eyes widen.

MOIRA  
Dr. Pearce will be through in just a moment.

A long, awkward silence.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
Some water for you there. And tissues. If you need them.  
(then:) We'll have the cleaner in after, so no need to hold back. They'll give the walls a good wipe down. Ceiling too.

MEURIG  
Ceiling?

MOIRA  
If my Steve's anything to go by.

Dylan bounds in --

DR. PEARCE  
Ah Meurig. Welcome, welcome --

MEURIG  
Alright, doc?

DR. PEARCE  
If you could drop your trousers and pop yourself on the bed for us.

Meurig nods. He's nervous. But he drops his trousers and hops on the bed. Moira hands Dylan the STRAIN-GAUGE as she preps the PILL nearby --

DR. PEARCE (CONT'D)  
So, there are two parts to this. First you'll fit the strain-gauge yourself, like so, looping it over the penis --

Dylan demonstrates with the model --

DR. PEARCE (CONT'D)  
You'll then take the pill, wait twenty minutes and press play on the... video.  
(MORE)

DR. PEARCE (CONT'D)

And by the time we collect you, you should be back to your natural state, so to speak. Though I promise to knock first.

(then:)

If you'd like to drop your pants now and secure the strain-gauge.

Moira hands Meuring the strain-gauge as he loops it around the penis. (All framed above the waist) --

DYLAN

How's that feeling?

MEURIG

Good, I think.

DYLAN

... May I?

Meuring nods as Dylan fiddles with the strain-gauge --

DYLAN (CONT'D)

It should be nice and snug but not too tight...

MEURIG

Most action I've had in years, this.

Meuring laughs. Dylan smiles. (He's heard all the jokes).

MEURIG (CONT'D)

Sorry. Bit nervous.

DR. PEARCE

Understandable.

MEURIG

It's my anniversary tonight, so -- this would be a welcome gift.

DR. PEARCE

Everything crossed. Moira?

Moira approaches with the little white PILL (it won't become blue until much later).

MEURIG

Do we know if this is the real thing or --

DR. PEARCE

We don't. Blind trial.

Meurig nods, takes the pill in hand. And there he lays, strain-gauge on, tablet in hand. After a beat:

MEURIG  
Oh, you mean now?

DR. PEARCE  
Please.

Meurig slowly brings the PILL to his lips. Pops it in and washes it down with water. Done.

DR. PEARCE (CONT'D)  
Any problems we'll be just outside.

Meurig nods. And with that, Dylan and Moira depart. (Moira turns, crossing her fingers -- *good luck!*)

Off Meurig, alone now. Waiting. Hoping.

CUT TO:

47

INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - ROOM 2 - DAY 6. 09:50

47

In another clinical room, Colin is sat up in bed, strain gauge fitted. Porn on. All he's missing is the popcorn. In fact, he pulls a packet of Trebor Extra Strong mints from his pocket, pops one in his mouth. Like Meurig, Colin is waiting. Hoping.

CUT TO:

48

INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - WAITING ROOM - DAY 6. 09:55

48

Tommy, Eddie, Pete and the other MEN wait. Still awkward. Eddie looks at Pete, more refined, middle class. Nice shoes. Pete looks up, spies Eddie looking at him --

EDDIE  
Travelled far?

PETE  
Derwen Fawr.

Eddie nods, impressed.

EDDIE  
What is it you do?

PETE  
Accountant. For my sins.

Eddie nods, impressed.

PETE (CONT'D)

... You?

EDDIE

Odd jobs. Construction, mainly.

(then, to Tommy:)

And guttering...

TOMMY

Think you're confusing me with  
someone else. I get that a lot.

EDDIE

Swear it was you --

TOMMY

(in, shutting him down)

You're wrong. Must have been someone  
else.

Moira arrives with her CLIPBOARD --

MOIRA

Tommy Cadogan? Edward O'Connor? Pete  
Shah?

They all glance up --

MOIRA (CONT'D)

If you've finished with your forms,  
I'll take you through...

Off Tommy, he can't believe his bad luck. Is he going to be  
rumbled by Eddie?

CUT TO:

49

INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - ROOM 1 - DAY 6. 09:55

49

Back in Meurig's room, he lays on the bed. Waiting. The CLOCK  
on the wall goes TICK-TOCK. Meurig glances down...

Nothing happening. TICK-TOCK. He sits up, leans forward and  
PRESSES PLAY on the TV/VHS. The PORN begins to play...

CUT TO:

50

INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - OUTSIDE ROOM 2 - DAY 6. 10:00 50

We HOLD on the CLOSED DOOR.

It triumphantly SWINGS OPEN. Colin White. A short, sharp blast of HALLELUJAH. (NOTE: Colin has already achieved an erection and enough time has passed that he's soft again).

CUT TO:

51 INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - ROOM 1 - DAY 6. 10:15 51

Back in Meurig's room, the PORN plays but nothing happens.

CUT TO:

52 INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - ROOM 2 - DAY 6. 10:30 52

Meanwhile, in another room, Tommy is hooked up, PORN playing. Straight porn. *Eurgh!* He holds up one HAND, to try and block out the view of the WOMAN....

CUT TO:

53 INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - OUTSIDE ROOM 3 - DAY 6. 10:30 53

We HOLD on the CLOSED DOOR.

After a beat, it triumphantly SWINGS OPEN. Pete Shah. A short, sharp blast of HALLELUJAH. It worked!

CUT TO:

54 INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - ROOM 1 - DAY 6. 10:35 54

Back in Meurig's room, still nothing.

CUT TO:

55 INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - OUTSIDE ROOM 4 - DAY 6. 10:40 55

We HOLD on the CLOSED DOOR.

It triumphantly SWINGS OPEN. Eddie O'Connor. A short, sharp blast of HALLELUJAH. It worked!

CUT TO:

56 INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - ROOM 1 - DAY 6. 10:40 56

Back in Meurig's room, he's getting desperate now.

**POP FLASH: Sc 30. Joanna, the "therapist," ECU on her mouth --**

**JOANNA**

**Peter. Paul. Matthew, Mark, Luke,  
John. Carol. Anything you like.**

Meurig bites the bullet --

MEURIG  
Hello? Can you hear me? ... Paul?  
... Jack... Simon... Carol?

But it's useless. Meurig remains painfully flaccid. He remains, in his mind at least, a complete failure of a man.

CUT TO:

57 OMITTED 57

58 EXT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - DAY 6. 12:00 58

Eddie rolls a cigarette, pensive. Tommy emerges. As he clocks Eddie, he puts his head down, and darts in the other direction, unseen. Moments later, Colin emerges. Eddie clocks him --

EDDIE  
Alright? How did it go for you then?

COLIN  
Good. Fighting fit.

EDDIE  
(then:)  
Got hard, did you?

COLIN  
Yes. That's... I was being subtle.

EDDIE  
Me too. Cheers to us.  
(then:)  
We should celebrate --

COLIN  
I have to get back --

EDDIE  
Bollocks to that. We'll have a cold one, is it?

At that moment, Pete and Meurig also emerge --

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
And you, boys. Fancy a pint?

MEURIG  
Thanks but I've got my bike and I  
(need to get home) --

PETE  
We'd love a pint!

Off Pete's joy, as we --

HARD CUT TO:

59 **EXT/INT. SWANSEA STREETS/PETE'S MERCEDES - DAY 6. 12:50** 59

MUSIC IN: *Blur, Park Life*

Pete at the wheel of his Mercedes. Eddie rides shotgun, directing. Colin and Meurig in the back. Despite himself, Meurig is quite amused by the whole thing --

The most unlikely gang. But here they are. Lads! Together!

FADE TO:

60 **INT. LOCAL PUB - DAY 6. 15:00** 60

A burst of LAUGHTER! Meurig, Eddie, Colin and Pete in a local pub. All a few pints down now. Nice and loose.

MEURIG  
Hang on now, hang on! Let me get this straight, you just said you think you're in love with her...

PETE  
But you've never even met her?

COLIN  
Not in person, no --

EDDIE  
What other way is there?

COLIN  
We found each other in the Lonely Hearts column.

A beat. Another burst of LAUGHTER!

COLIN (CONT'D)  
Serious now. We'd spend hours on the blower, doing the crossword. Putting the world to rights. We'd even chat a bit of smut every now and then.

EDDIE  
Didn't think you'd have it in you --

COLIN  
Never my forte.

PETE  
What I wouldn't give for a bit of  
smut --

COLIN  
Bill was through the roof every  
month, even with Friends and Family,  
but it was worth every last penny.  
It was bliss. There's been others,  
don't get me wrong --

EDDIE  
Others?

COLIN  
Phone pals. But no-one like Teresa.  
Not since my Catrin passed. But  
don't tell the doctor that --

MEURIG  
How long were you married?

COLIN  
Twenty seven wonderful years.  
(then:)  
She may be gone. But she'll always  
be with me, in here. [Colin taps  
heart].

EDDIE  
And this new piece of fluff?

COLIN  
Teresa. But I'm not sure I'd  
describe her quite like that --

EDDIE  
Listen to me now, you wanna pull  
your finger out your asshole and get  
over there. Tell that Teresa to her  
face how you feel about her --

COLIN  
I can't.  
(then, hushed:)  
What if she wanted more? More than a  
bit of dirty talk? What with my,  
our, condition. What would I say,  
what would I do? I mean I tried one  
of them pumps but it left me black  
and blue --

EDDIE

That's all change now, init? With  
this new pill. We're men again.

Meurig shifts a little. It worked for everyone but him, not  
that he's offered up that information, of course.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Seren's counting down the hours  
until I bring them tablets home.  
It'll be like the last days of Rome  
in Skewen...

COLIN

Not sure I'd even know where to  
start, it's been so long.

EDDIE

Then I'll draw you a picture.

PETE

Eddie's right. World's our oyster.

COLIN

(then:)

I'm surprised by you. That you're...  
afflicted.

PETE

Why's that then?

COLIN

You don't expect it of someone who  
drives a Mercedes, do you?

A beat. Another burst of LAUGHTER.

COLIN (CONT'D)

What? What have I said now?

EDDIE

What haven't you said?

PETE

(then:)

I can't believe we're talking about  
all this --

COLIN

About what?

PETE

This. Us. Knobs! 'Cos we're always  
thinking about it, aren't we?

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)  
 Just never say it. Out loud.  
 Wouldn't dream of it. And yet here  
 we are.

COLIN  
 Nice though, init? To have a chat.

A beat. They all take this in. *Yeah, it is.*

Then, Meurig drains the last of his pint, checks his watch --

MEURIG  
 Right boys, that's me. She's  
 expecting me home.. twenty minutes  
 ago --

The men all protest: "Come on, one more pint!" Etc --

MEURIG (CONT'D)  
 No, really. I've got to go. Really.  
 Really, really, got to go --

Meurig stands, pats Colin on the shoulder --

MEURIG (CONT'D)  
 But you, Casanova, you should go for  
 it. Ta-ra, boys.

"Ta-ra" / "Cheers" etc. Meurig departs. Then:

EDDIE  
 He's right. You gotta take charge.  
 Women don't like weak men.

COLIN  
 (then, to the barman:)  
 Is there a payphone I can use?

CUT TO:

61

INT. LOCAL PUB - FAR CORNER - DAY 6. 15:05

61

Colin slots 10p into the PHONE. He dials, struggling to hear  
 over the music / noise of the pub. Eddie next to him for  
 moral support. Then:

COLIN  
 Teresa... it's me... Colin.  
 (then:)  
 I know you're probably tamping with  
 me. But, what it is, is, I wanted to  
 say -- I've been a right twat.

Pete approaches, balancing three FRESH PINTS --

COLIN (CONT'D)  
 No, I'm down the pub, with the  
 boys... Doesn't matter...  
 (then:)  
 I phoned you to say, to tell you...

Colin looks to Eddie who nods his encouragement: *Be a man --*

COLIN (CONT'D)  
 ... We should meet.

And Colin waits. They all wait. And then, Colin PUMPS HIS FIST! *She said yes!* Eddie and Pete do a little DANCE of joy!

CUT TO:

|    |  |    |
|----|--|----|
| 62 | <b>OMITTED</b>                                   | 62 |
| 63 | <b><u>EXT. RUGBY CLUB - EVENING 6. 19:05</u></b> | 63 |

Ffion (hair and make-up done, nice dress) pulls into the rugby club. Meurig (in a shirt) in the passenger seat --

Meurig checks his watch --

MEURIG  
 Half seven you said you booked the table for --

FFION  
 I know, I won't be a minute now. I have to get Llew's boots --

MEURIG  
 They'd still be here, next week.

FFION  
 He was upset. And we're here now.  
 (then:)  
 Let's go in for a quick drink --

MEURIG  
 Ffion!

FFION  
 What? We've got time for a quick half. Come on --

Ffion hops out of the car.

Off Meurig, not entirely sure what is happening...

CUT TO:

64

EXT. RUGBY CLUB - EVENING 6. 19:06

64

Meurig approaches the club as Ffion trails behind. All the LIGHTS are OFF inside. Strange.

MEURIG

... Where is everyone?

Meurig approaches the ENTRANCE. He stops, looks back at Ffion. He realises. Then:

MEURIG (CONT'D)

Ffion, what the hell have you done,  
here now?

FFION

Just open the door, will you?

Meurig opens the door to CHEERS! The RUGBY CLUB is PACKED with FRIENDS, including Leigh, and FAMILY, PARENTS and GRANDPARENTS and KIDS, including Gruff and Llew --

Meurig turns back to Ffion, as she mouths --

FFION (CONT'D)

Happy anniversary.

Off Meurig, painting on a smile. But this is a nightmare.

CUT TO:

65

INT. RUGBY CLUB - NIGHT 6. 21:45

65

MONTAGE: The PARTY in FULL SWING. A DJ/DISCO up front. Ffion dances with Leigh. Meurig watches on. A touch jealous maybe.

CUT TO: Meurig and Leigh at the bar, being furnished with FRESH PINTS --

LEIGH

What d'you think then?

Leigh nods over to CARA, 30s, short skirt, boob tube --

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Her name's Cara. Thirty two. Goes like the clappers. I can't barely keep up. It's filth. Utter filth.

Meurig shifts, desperate to shut down the conversation.

MEURIG

Seems nice.

LEIGH  
 There's nothing nice about her.  
 (off his unease)  
 You alright?

MEURIG  
 Fine.

A beat.

LEIGH  
 And how's everything... at home?

Meurig tenses --

MEURIG  
 What?

LEIGH  
 Nothing. It's just. Something Ffion  
 said, that's all --  
 (off his look)  
 Nothing bad. I think -- I dunno, she  
 was a bit upset that's all --

MEURIG  
 Upset about what?  
 (off his hesitation)  
 Why's she talking to you about it?

LEIGH  
 Meurig, it's not a big deal --

MEURIG  
 Sounds like it is. What did she say?  
 (more aggressive now)  
 Tell me what she said --

Just as it looks like things are about to get HEATED --

FFION (O.S.)  
 (on MICROPHONE)  
*Can I have a bit of hush please --*

Ffion on stage, next to the DJ, MIC in hand. MUSIC CUTS.

FFION (CONT'D)  
 Thank you. *Diolch.* Thank you. Hello.  
 (then:) Fifteen years ago I married the love  
 of my life --

Assembled FAMILY and FRIENDS are like: *Awwww* --

FFION (CONT'D)

Now most of you here will know that it's not been an easy couple of years for us. "Bollocks to cancer," and that's all I'll say about that.

LAUGHTER. CLAPS! CHEERS! --

FFION (CONT'D)

You'll also know that last year Meurig turned forty. And we weren't able to celebrate, 'cos of everything going on. So, I wanted to get everyone together. For a big piss up, yes. But also to say -- thank you, to Meurig. My husband. My school sweetheart. For everything.

(then:)

I remember when he made his move --

*Ohhhh.* Meurig watches on. All eyes on him --

FFION (CONT'D)

End of term disco, it was. The slow dance. We were barely sixteen and, ever the romantic, Meurig had one of his mates come up to me: "*Meurig Jenkins wants to dance with you.*" Gethin Fry, it was. What ever happened to him? Anyway, there we were on the dance floor, he took my hand and we... swayed. It was lovely. Romantic. Then he tries to slip me the tongue...

More LAUGHTER --

FFION (CONT'D)

I was so shocked, I think I slapped him. Then I slip *him* the tongue and we've been together ever since...

LAUGHTER! *Awwwwww* --

FFION (CONT'D)

All to say: I love you.

(then:)

Now let's get pissed!

LAUGHTER! Ffion pulls Meurig onto the DANCE FLOOR. It's lovely and romantic. But Ffion can feel Meurig tense...

FFION (CONT'D)  
 (hushed, w/ a fixed smile)  
 Please don't show me up. Just hold  
 me, Meurig. Hold me.

FADE TO:

66

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY / STAIRS - NIGHT 6. 21:50

66

Pete, drunk, stumbles into the house. He stops in the hallway, raises his hands in the air --

PETE  
 HE HATH RISEN!

Lights go on. Alys, half asleep, pads down the stairs --

ALYS  
 ... Pete? Are you drunk?!

PETE  
 Bastard blotto, I am!

ALYS  
 Bloody hell, where have you been?

PETE  
 With the boys. Down the boozer.  
 Eddie said we'll do it again next  
 week... Alys, I haven't had friends  
 since school!

As Pete attempts to pull off his jacket, stumbling --

ALYS  
 Did you drive?

PETE  
 Noooo. I got a taxi. Come here, come  
 here...

Pete approaches Alys, pulls her close --

ALYS  
 Oh God, you stink --

PETE  
 I love you, my darling --

ALYS  
 Okay, that's nice. I love you too.  
 Now let's get you to bed. Come on --

PETE  
 No listen to me. Alys, Alys.  
 (off her look)  
 It worked. It really worked...

ALYS  
 What did?

Oh. Then she realises: The trial. Pete more emotional now --

PETE  
 It's all gonna be okay now. Me and  
 you. We're gonna be okay...

Pete holds Alys close. But as we PUSH IN on Alys we see she's  
 entirely inscrutable...

FADE TO:

67

EXT. MUMBLES BEACH - NIGHT 6. 21:55

67

Tommy walks along the beach. Waves crashing. Illuminated by  
 moonlight. A lonely walk, as his mind ticks over...

CUT TO:

68

INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY / KITCHEN / LIVING ROOM - 68  
NIGHT 6. 22:20

Rhys, pensive, at the sink WASHING UP. (No gloves). Out of  
 the window, he spies Tommy heading up the drive --

ANGLE ON: Tommy enters through the front door, pulling off  
 his coat. PIP the dog, jumping up --

RHYS  
 Where the hell have you been? I've  
 been worried sick --

TOMMY  
 For a walk.

RHYS  
 I've been home hours. You could have  
 left a note...  
 (then:)  
 Well? How'd it go?

Tommy shakes his head --

RHYS (CONT'D)  
 Maybe on the next visit.

TOMMY

No way I'm going back. They made me  
watch straight porn.

RHYS

*Eurgh* --

TOMMY

And d'you remember last year, we had  
the gutters done by that man who  
never shut up? He was there! On the  
trial. And he remembers me. And if  
he remembers me, he'll remember you -  
-

RHYS

What did Moira say?

TOMMY

Nothing, it doesn't matter, I'm not  
going back anyway. I'm done.

RHYS

Okay. If that's what you want?

TOMMY

Yeah, it is. And I've been thinking.  
You should... take a lover.

RHYS

"Take a lover?" Are you having a  
stroke?

TOMMY

*Just listen.* I'm saying, I won't  
mind. Not that I'd want to know the  
details, obviously. But I'd  
understand. That's what I'm saying.  
I'm giving you permission.

RHYS

Oh right. That's nice of you.

(then:)

Maybe that Scottish lad who works at  
the petrol station? Or Eduardo from  
work...

TOMMY

I'm being serious.

RHYS

So am I. I'll have them both.

TOMMY  
*Rhys, this isn't a joke!*

RHYS  
(then:) Tommy, you need to stop getting yourself so worked up. It's not like we can't do other stuff, is it?

TOMMY  
I dunno, you tell me --

RHYS  
Oh not this again. I'm not gonna keep apologising to you for having a wank in the shower. People wank. Men wank. That's what happens --

A beat. Rhys realises, that's not what happens for Tommy.

RHYS (CONT'D)  
(then:) I don't want to fight with you.

TOMMY  
I don't want to fight with you.

Rhys approaches Tommy.

RHYS  
You should go back. For the next visit. Not for me. For you.

Off Tommy, he's got a decision to make...

CUT TO:

69 **INT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT 6. 69**  
**23:35**

Meurig and Ffion arrive home. Ffion kicks off her shoes as Meurig hangs up his coat. A long, painful silence as Ffion resolutely avoids Meurig's eye --

MEURIG  
Not talking now, are we?

FFION  
What's new?

Ffion heads into the KITCHEN. Meurig follows --

MEURIG  
 What did you say to Leigh then?  
 (off her silence)  
 Reckons you were upset.

Ffion, making herself a squash, stops. Turns.

FFION  
 Told him I thought you were cheating  
 on me.

Meurig LAUGHS. Then stops. She's serious?

FFION (CONT'D)  
 (then:)  
 Are you? Having an affair?

MEURIG  
 What sort of question is that?

FFION  
*Or is it me?*  
 (off his look)  
 'Cos if it is, I get it. Really, I  
 do. You stayed when I was sick, 'cos  
 what kind of man would you have been  
 to have walked out? But now I'm not.  
 So, you can go, if that's what you  
 want --

MEURIG  
 Lost the plot you have --

FFION  
 Meurig, you can barely look at me  
 anymore, let alone touch me.  
 (more vulnerable now)  
 What's happening to us?

A beat where Meurig might open up. But he can't. Then:

FFION (CONT'D)  
 I think you should stay at your  
 mam's for a while --

MEURIG  
 What's that supposed to mean?  
 (off her silence)  
 Ffion --

FFION  
 I think you've fallen out of love  
 with me. And... I think we're over --

Meurig instinctively moves towards Ffion --

MEURIG  
No. We're not over --

FFION  
Can you just go. Please. Just go --

Meurig reaches out but Ffion bats his hand away --

MEURIG  
... It's not you.  
(off her look)  
I can't... I can't...

FFION  
What, Meurig? You can't what? What  
can't you do?

MEURIG  
*I can't have sex!*

Stunned silence. Then:

FFION  
... 'Cos of me?

MEURIG  
'Cos I'm impotent.

Ffion almost laughs. Stops. Then:

FFION  
What did you just say?

MEURIG  
Since the diabetes.

Ffion reeling, a million questions spinning, racing --

FFION  
What's your diabetes got to do with  
anything?

MEURIG  
They think it's linked --

MEURIG (CONT'D) FFION  
To do with vessels or nerve Who thinks it's linked?  
damage or something --

MEURIG (CONT'D)  
The doctor! Jesus, Ffion, I'm trying  
to tell you!

FFION

You're impotent?

(then, rage building:)

You let me think it was me, for all this time? I asked and asked, I begged you to tell me what was wrong... and you said nothing!

MEURIG

I know --

FFION

Do you have any idea the crap that's been going through my head for the last eighteen months? Is he bored of me? Should I try a new technique, buy sexier underwear? And the whole time, you knew! You knew!

MEURIG

What was I meant to say: "Sorry about your breast cancer, love. By the way, I can't get it up no more." I was ashamed. This isn't meant to happen to people my age. I didn't know what to do!

Silence.

Tears prick Ffion's eyes. She's tired. Exhausted. Then, devastatingly, calmly even, she turns and walks away...

CUT TO:

70

EXT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT 6. 23:45 70

TEN MINUTES LATER, Ffion alone in the back garden, smoking. Looking out at the city below, twinkling. Meurig approaches. Sits next to her. A long silence. Then:

FFION

Look at us. No tits, no cock.

Silence.

FFION (CONT'D)

I used to love sex. Shagging you, in the beginning. But then you wake up one day and there's two kids and a mortgage and a job and a life, a big, full life, and it all becomes... routine. Something you do.

(MORE)

FFION (CONT'D)

Once a week, on a Saturday morning,  
before the kids get up... Just to  
get it done, over with...

MEURIG

Bloody hell, Ffion. We're not dead  
and buried yet. And why didn't you  
say something, if that's how you  
felt --

FFION

Because *that's* what I've missed.

(off his look)

The routine sex. The scheduled sex.  
The Saturday morning sex with my  
husband. Just lying there, with you.  
You, Meurig. I've missed you...

MEURIG

I'm right here.

FFION

But you haven't been, have you? Not  
really. Not for a long while now...

MEURIG

That's all gonna change.

(off her look)

I'm on a trial. A clinical trial. At  
the hospital. For a pill, it's a new  
drug to treat --

FFION

What are you talking about?

MEURIG

It's a clinical trial.

FFION

*A clinical trial?* How have you kept  
all of this from me? I'm meant to be  
your wife --

MEURIG

I didn't want to tell you until I  
knew it was gonna work. I didn't  
want to worry you. I've had one dose  
and... nothing. But that could have  
been the placebo. But next time,  
hopefully it's the real thing. And  
if it works, it's gonna make  
everything normal again. It's gonna  
make everything better --

(off her silence)

(MORE)

MEURIG (CONT'D)  
 Ffion? Please, talk to me. What are  
 you thinking?

FFION  
 I'm thinking: God, I want you inside  
 me...

And there they sit, lost, together...

FADE TO:

71 EXT. SWANSEA - ESTABLISHING SHOTS - DAY 7. 07:30 71

Meurig CYCLES through Swansea. Focused. Determined.

CUT TO:

72 OMITTED 72

73 INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - ROOM 1 - DAY 7. 09:10 73

Meurig on the bed as Dylan checks the strain-gauge is  
 securely fastened around his penis --

DR. PEARCE  
 How's that feeling?

MEURIG  
 Good. Not too tight.

Moira approaches with THE PILL --

MEURIG (CONT'D)  
 Let's hope this is the one.

Moira hands over the pill --

MOIRA  
 Best of luck.

A beat. Meurig pops the pill in his mouth and washes it down  
 with some water. Off Meurig, desperately hoping.

CUT TO:

74 INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - OUTSIDE ROOM 1 - DAY 7. 09:40 74

We HOLD on the CLOSED DOOR.

A long beat. It remains closed. Stubbornly closed.

But then, it triumphantly SWINGS OPEN. Meurig! It worked!

MUSIC HARD IN: M People, *Moving On Up* --

And now, in a totally BONKERS and JOYOUS FANTASY SEQUENCE, Meurig turns to the camera. A cheeky, knowing smile.

ANGLE ON: The MUSIC propels us forward as Meurig walks, nay struts, along the corridor, DANCING along to the track --

- *Take it like a man, baby, if that's what you are...*

Meurig passes Dr. Pearce and Moira who HIGH FIVE him --

- *'Cause I'm moving on up, you're moving on out...*

CUT TO:

75 **OMITTED**

75

76 **EXT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - FANTASY SEQUENCE - DAY 7**

76

Meurig emerges into the SUNLIGHT followed by, seemingly, the entire STAFF and EVERY LAST PATIENT of the hospital --

- *Moving on up, nothing can stop me...*

It's a proper, fully CHOREOGRAPHED DANCE ROUTINE.

- *Moving on up, you're moving on out...*

They all move as one, in unison, in perfect JOY --

- *Time to break free, nothing can stop me...*

CUT TO:

77 **EXT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - FANTASY SEQUENCE - DAY 7**

77

Meurig approaches his house, hops off his BIKE, leaving it to clatter on the street, as he heads inside --

- *Moving on up, moving on up, moving on up...*

CUT TO:

78 **INT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - FANTASY SEQUENCE - DAY 7**

78

Meurig opens the FRONT DOOR. And there is Ffion, her back to him. Suddenly, the sound of the FRONT DOOR shutting --

**BREAKING THE FANTASY SEQUENCE** --

Ffion spins, hoover in hand. Then:

FFION (O.S.)  
What's the matter? You look weird.

Off Meurig's smile - *it worked!*

DR. PEARCE (PRE-LAP)  
For the final stage of the trial  
we'll be sending you home with a  
number of tablets...

CUT TO:

79 OMITTED

79

80 INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - DYLAN'S OFFICE - DAY 7. 10:00 80  
10:40

\*

Meurig back in-front of Dylan and Moira --

DR. PEARCE  
We'll be asking you to keep a diary,  
to record your sexual experiences --

MEURIG  
I'm no Dylan Thomas, doc --

DR. PEARCE  
It's a tick box diary. Very simple.

JUMP TO: Colin sits opposite as Dylan hands him the pills --

DR. PEARCE (CONT'D)  
One a day. No more. No less.

JUMP TO: Tommy sits opposite as Dylan hands him the pills --

DR. PEARCE (CONT'D)  
And no placebos this time. Just the  
real thing...

JUMP TO: Pete opposite as Dylan hands him the pills --

PETE  
You're like father Christmas, you  
are.

A beat. He leans over, this time he HUGS Dylan.

FADE TO:

81 INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - DYLAN'S OFFICE - DAY 7. 11:00 81

Dylan and Moira sit in front of Eddie.

DR. PEARCE

Before we give you any pills, we just wanted to double-check some of our data with you. On your first visit you told us that you had achieved an erection?

EDDIE

Aye, that's right. Miracle it was.

A beat. Dylan feels for Eddie but he pushes ahead --

DR. PEARCE

Then, this morning, you took the second and final hospital dose. Which also --

EDDIE

Stiff as a board.

Moira pushes a PRINT OUT across the table --

MOIRA

This is a print out of the Rigi-Metric data from both sessions --

Eddie confused, not sure what he's looking at. Then:

DR. PEARCE

The stress analysis shows that, in fact, you didn't achieve an erection on either day --

Eddie glances up. Caught in a lie. After a long beat --

EDDIE

Well it's wrong.

Eddie, embarrassed, shamed, sits in furious silence. Then:

DR. PEARCE

With all clinical trials, it's really important that patients are honest about --

EDDIE

I was honest.

DR. PEARCE

(then:)

This isn't easy. I get that. But the truth is that not 100% of medicines are effective for 100% of people, 100% of the time --

Eddie SLAMS his FIST on the table! Hard! Loud!  
Silence.

EDDIE  
*It happened.*

Eddie scrapes his chair back, rises, and leaves.

CUT TO:

82 INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - WAITING ROOM - DAY 7. 11:05 82

A furious Eddie storms through the waiting area. All of our men are there as an NS NURSE hands out the TICK BOX diaries in the b/g --

COLIN  
... Eddie?

But Eddie keeps moving. Fast. This is a man who can't remember the last time he cried and yet, TEARS prick his eyes. Off Colin, concerned for his friend.

CUT TO:

83 OMITTED 83

84 OMITTED 84 \*

85 EXT. MUMBLES BEACH - DAY 7. 15:45 85

Tommy and Rhys walk their dog along the beach --

RHYS  
... Then Carla starts running her gums, saying that lesson plans need to be delivered a week earlier --

TOMMY  
Carla doesn't know her arse from her elbow --

RHYS  
I know that. But she's Deputy Head, so I've got to sit there and pretend I'm listening. And then Mike --

TOMMY  
I was back to the hospital today.  
(off Rhys's look)  
Didn't wanna say anything...

RHYS  
-- For the trial? TOMMY (CONT'D)  
... In case it didn't work.

RHYS (CONT'D)  
And... did it? Did it work?  
(off his look / nod)  
Tommy! Bloody hell! Why didn't you  
say?! There's me banging on about  
Carla. -- How was it? How do you  
feel?

TOMMY  
They've given me some of the pills,  
to use at home --

RHYS  
Are you joking?

TOMMY  
No --

RHYS  
Where are they now?

TOMMY  
At the house.

RHYS  
Then what are we doing here?!

TOMMY  
I -- thought maybe we could make a  
night of it? Go out for a nice meal?  
Like a proper date --

RHYS  
You want to wear white on your  
wedding day and all?

TOMMY  
I think that ship sailed long ago!

RHYS  
Come on, we'll go out. We'll go to  
Vivaldi's. It'll be nice. I'll wine  
and dine you. And then, I'll take  
advantage of you...

Tommy laughs. And then, he goes to take Rhys's hand. But Rhys  
instinctively pulls away. He nods to another STRAIGHT COUPLE  
nearby, walking their dog...

CUT TO:

86

INT./EXT. EDDIE'S GARAGE / HOUSE - DAY 7. 15:45

86

Amongst his tools and paints and stepladders, we find Eddie in his car. Scared, lonely and full of shame. The garage door shut. Then we see that he's run a HOSEPIPE from the exhaust, into the window. Eddie doesn't want to be here anymore.

A beat. Eddie's hand slowly moves to the KEY, already in the ignition. He turns it. The engine SPLUTTERS to life.

And there he sits. Five seconds. Ten seconds. We STAY on Eddie. Fifteen seconds. We PUSH IN. Twenty seconds now.

Suddenly, Eddie CUTS the ignition. Barrels out of the car and opens the GARAGE DOORS. Stepping into the daylight, he sucks in the fresh air. Almost doubled over, he glances up to spy... Colin, rounding the corner. They LOCK EYES. Then:

COLIN  
... Eddie?

Colin takes in Eddie. The car. The HOSEPIPE. Colin knows...

FADE TO:

87

EXT. EDDIE'S GARAGE - DAY 7. 15:50

87

A few minutes later. Colin and Eddie sit on the cold concrete outside the long row of terraced garages. Then:

COLIN  
Nurse said she couldn't tell me  
anything. Patient confidentiality.  
(off his silence)  
And I'm glad I came. 'Cos whatever's  
going on, this isn't the answer --

EDDIE  
It didn't work.

COLIN  
Clearly.

EDDIE  
No. The tablets. They didn't work.  
Nothing has.

COLIN  
But you said --

EDDIE  
I know what I said. Been lying  
through my teeth.

COLIN

(then:)

This the first time you've... done  
something like this?

Eddie nods. It is. He fights back the tears. Colin places a hand on his arm. It's awkward. He retracts it.

COLIN (CONT'D)

What was going through your bloody  
head?

A beat.

EDDIE

I just -- I don't know how I ever  
look the boys in the eye again,  
anyone in the eye, knowing what I  
am. I'm a weak man. Half a man.

(then:)

And I was lying there, watching that  
porn. Those men, pumping away. Not a  
bloody worry in the world. And *I*  
can't do that, can I? Can't compete  
with that. I just felt, I felt so...

COLIN

Inadequate?

EDDIE

Yeah.

COLIN

I know what that's like. You see all  
these blokes down the pub, on the  
telly, in the porn, and you just  
think -- bastards. Why do they get  
to be normal and I'm... not?

EDDIE

Not just me though, is it? I  
promised Seren this was gonna work,  
it was gonna fix me. Finally. But  
all I'm doing is letting her down.  
Again. And again. And again.

A beat.

COLIN

Do you love her?

EDDIE

Course I do.

COLIN  
And does she love you?

Eddie nods. She does. Then:

EDDIE  
"Why can't you just pee out of it  
and be happy." That's what she said  
to me, when this all started.

COLIN  
There you are then.

EDDIE  
Yeah. If you believe that.

Eddie is clearly struggling to. Then:

COLIN  
I met Catrin when I was nineteen, we  
were married by twenty-one and I was  
impotent by the age of thirty-nine.  
What is it they say? Life begins at  
forty. I thought mine was over. My  
marriage. Life. Everything. It  
wasn't true. And those years we had  
together -- after -- they were some  
of the best we ever had. And then  
she died. She was taken away.

(then:)  
I would have given anything,  
anything, for more time with her.  
You've got that time. Don't throw it  
all away now, over this. Because,  
I'm telling you, I know, for a fact,  
that you don't have to.

A beat.

EDDIE  
So what do I do?

COLIN  
Go back. Finish the trial. If the  
tablets work at home. Great. If they  
don't. *Que sera, sera.* Or in the  
words of my lovely mam: "Fuck 'em  
all."

Eddie smiles. He's still shaken but at least he's listening.

CUT TO:

88

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 7. 15:52

88

Pete positions two SMALL, WRAPPED PRESENTS on the table. The sound of the FRONT DOOR opening and shutting --

ALYS (O.S.)

Pete?

PETE

In here love --

Alys enters, SHOPPING BAGS in hand --

ALYS

... What's all this?

PETE

Presents, for you. And an apology, from me. For being... well, you know. But that was before. And things'll be different now.

(off her hesitation)

Go on then, open them --

Alys drops the bags. A little unsure as she reaches for the first PRESENT, peeling back the WRAPPING PAPER --

PETE (CONT'D)

Don't look so scared!

Alys opens the first present. A small box of --

PETE (CONT'D)

They're business cards.

ALYS

They've got my name on them?

PETE

I know. They're yours. And if you turn them over, there's a little picture of a dildo on the back.

Alys turns a card over. Nothing. Pete laughs.

ALYS

Very funny.

PETE

Do you like them?

ALYS

I love them. They're fab. Thank you.

PETE  
(the second present:)  
Don't forget that one.

A little more enthusiastic, Alys tears at the WRAPPING. A small BOX. She opens it, pulls out a little bottle of PILLS.

ALYS  
What's this?  
(off his look)  
Oh.

PETE  
No placebos. Just the real thing.  
That's what they said.  
(off her silence)  
Thought you'd be pleased.

ALYS  
No, I am. That's great.

PETE  
D'you want to --

ALYS  
I've got to put the shopping away.

PETE  
Tonight, then? We'll have a nice dinner first, is it?

ALYS  
Yeah. Okay.

A beat.

PETE  
Right. I'll pop out now, pick us up a nice bottle of wine. Big night.

Pete departs, beaming. Off Alys, the PILLS in her hand. Totally deflated. This is not what she wants...

CUT TO:

|    |  |    |
|----|--|----|
| 89 | <u>OMITTED</u>   | 89 |
| 90 | <u>INT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - BEDROOM - DAY 7. 15:55</u> | 90 |

Meurig and Ffion in bed, having SEX. A stolen moment, with the kids downstairs. Meurig on top. All a bit stilted. Uncomfortable. Ffion has her shirt on, still self-conscious about her mastectomy scars.

FFION  
Over that way a bit.

Meurig repositions himself, GRUNTING --

FFION (CONT'D)  
*Shhh.* Meurig, the kids.

Meurig tries to take Ffion's top off, make this sexy --

FFION (CONT'D)  
No, don't --  
(then:)  
Meurig, I've got to get ready for  
work --

MEURIG  
I just need to do this --

Off Ffion, almost feeling like she could be anyone right now.  
Mechanical, perfunctory sex. And neither is enjoying it.

FADE TO:

91

EXT. SWANSEA BAY - DAY 7. 16:30

91

Meurig and Leigh on a bench, the whole bay in front of them.  
He's just told best-mate Leigh about what's been going on.  
The impotence. The pills. Everything.

A long silence.

LEIGH  
Why didn't you tell me all this  
before? Meant to be your best mate.

MEURIG  
Not something you wanna go shouting  
about, is it?

LEIGH  
And these pills, they're doing the  
trick?  
(off his nod)  
... But?

MEURIG  
Dunno. I thought that getting it up  
again would solve everything. That  
me and Ffion, we would go back, to  
like it was. Before all this. Before  
she got sick.  
(then:)  
(MORE)

MEURIG (CONT'D)

Feels like I failed her before, when  
I couldn't... Now I can and I'm  
failing her all over again.

(then:)

What would you do, if you were me?

LEIGH

I've no idea --

MEURIG

Leigh. Please. If I don't fix this,  
I'm gonna lose her --

LEIGH

Bloody hell, Meurig. How would I  
know? What did you do -- before --  
before all this...

MEURIG

(then:)

We'd go out. On a date. Or I'd cook  
her a curry, we'd have a laugh.

LEIGH

Then do that. Have a laugh. And stop  
trying to have sex. Sod that. Make  
love to her. It's not the shagging  
that's gonna save you. And for God's  
sake talk to her. That's what I'd  
do. I'd talk to her. And I'd listen.  
I'd listen to every word that ever  
came out of her mouth. And I'd never  
get bored of it.

Beat.

MEURIG

How long have you been in love with  
her?

Another long silence.

LEIGH

It's not me she wants. It's you. So  
don't piss it all up the wall now...

FADE TO:

The sound of the DOORBELL as Colin approaches the door. Clean  
shirt. Hair combed. A bundle of nerves. He can see the  
outline of Teresa through the frosted glass. He stops before  
the door. A beat. Deep breath. *This. Is. It.*

Colin goes to open the door. But it's sticking --

COLIN  
Hang on, sorry, just a sec --

Colin tugs at the door. Finally, it budges, opens --

TERESA  
(then:)  
Hello, Colin.

CUT TO:

93

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - EVENING 7. 17:00 - LATER

93

Colin and Teresa at the table. Finishing up their chops and peas. It's silent. Awkward. Neither know what to say.

TERESA  
That was lovely. Not too tough. Hard to get a chop just right.

COLIN  
Hope you're not too full, I picked up a tub of *Gino Ginelli* for afters.

TERESA  
Very swish.

Another awkward silence. Then:

TERESA (CONT'D)  
Funny, how we can talk for hours on the phone and here we are, not sure what to say to each other --

COLIN  
It's been a long time since I've entertained.

TERESA  
Entertained? I'd hoped we were courting...

Colin glances up, hopeful --

COLIN  
(then:)  
Thought you'd take one look at me and run a mile.

TERESA  
You're handsome. Strapping.

COLIN

You too. I mean... not strapping,  
like a bloke. Lithe. Like a woman.

TERESA

(then:)

Why don't we get the dishes out the  
way and get down to it?

COLIN

Down to it?

TERESA

Dive straight in.

As Teresa stands, Colin pulls the TABLETS from his pocket,  
pops one in his mouth and washes it down with some water.

Off Colin as we, CUT TO --

A FEW MINUTES LATER: Colin and Teresa side-by-side on the  
sofa, shoulders touching, hunched over the CROSSWORD. (This  
wasn't exactly what Colin had in mind and now he's hard...)

A RECORD PLAYER on low next to them --

TERESA (CONT'D)

Twenty-one across. "Painting."

COLIN

Which would make five down...

COLIN (CONT'D)

"Gammon."

TERESA

"Gammon."

Colin and Teresa share a glance. The ice breaking now. This  
is more like it...

TERESA (CONT'D)

(then, of the record  
player:)

Ohhh I love this one.

Teresa reaches out, turns up the RECORD PLAYER --

MUSIC UP: Mary Hopkin, *Those Were the Days*

Teresa rises --

TERESA (CONT'D)

Come on, dance with me --

COLIN

Don't be daft.

TERESA

Come on. Are we courting or not?

A beat. Colin rises. (Clandestinely adjusting his erection). And right there, in the middle of the room, they dance. Colin trying to keep his crotch a respectable distance from Teresa.

But then, she feels it, against her leg --

TERESA (CONT'D)

Oh hello. Colin, you're...

COLIN

*Tumescent.*

(off her smile)

Mam won't be back 'til late.

HARD CUT TO:

94

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING 7. 17:30

94

Colin and Teresa, post-coital, breathless, in his twin bed. After a beat:

COLIN

I'm all out of puff.

TERESA

You're not the only one.

Teresa turns to Colin, he's got TEARS in his eyes --

TERESA (CONT'D)

Hey, what's the matter? Was it me?  
Was I terrible?

COLIN

No, you were perfect. It was  
perfect. It's nothing.

TERESA

It's obviously something.

A long pause. Then:

COLIN

After Catrin. I thought that was it.  
I'd be alone forever. But it doesn't  
have to be that way, does it?

TERESA

No, doesn't have to be. I miss John.  
Still do. I miss him dearly. But  
he'd want me to be happy.

(MORE)

TERESA (CONT'D)  
 And that's how I feel right now,  
 with you. Happy.

A beat. Colin sits up.

COLIN  
 I need to... tell you something.  
 About why I didn't want to meet up,  
 in person. And how come I ended up  
 changing my mind.

TERESA  
 Okay...?

COLIN  
 Don't think it's what you're  
 expecting.

Off Colin, ready to open up, to jump in at the deep end...

FADE TO:

95

**INT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 7. 19:00**

95

Meurig makes a CURRY as Ffion arrives home from work, pulling off her coat, dumping bag etc --

FFION  
 What's all this?

MEURIG  
 I'm making a curry. Smells alright,  
 not sure how it tastes mind --

A beat.

FFION  
 Where are the kids?

MEURIG  
 At your mam's. They're staying over.

FFION  
 They've got school tomorrow --

MEURIG  
 They're all packed and ready to go.  
 She'll drop them off in the morning.  
 (off her confusion)  
 Thought we could have a night  
 together --

FFION  
 Why?

MEURIG

Why not? It's what we used to do.  
Been to Blockbuster and everything.

Ffion spies the BLOCKBUSTER VHS on the side counter --

MEURIG (CONT'D)

Jurassic Park. It was either that or  
Shindler's List and apparently it's  
a bit of a downer.

(off her smile)

Some cans in the fridge...

Ffion takes in Meurig. He's making a real effort. She thaws --

FFION

D'you want one?

MEURIG

I'm alright for the minute.

FFION

Me too. I'm alright.

Ffion watches Meurig potter about. Really making the effort.

FFION (CONT'D)

Do you want me to get the plates  
out?

MEURIG

Yeah, if you like.

Off Meurig, doing his best. And Ffion appreciates it.

CUT TO:

96

INT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 7. 20:30 96

Meurig knelt down in-front of the VHS player --

MEURIG

I think it's chewed the bloody tape!  
Oh God, it has and all, it's chewed  
the whole thing...

Ffion on the sofa, the curry laid out on a small table in-front of her, suppressing LAUGHTER. Meurig turns --

MEURIG (CONT'D)

Oi - it's not funny!

FFION

I'm not laughing!

But Ffion LAUGHS HARDER --

MEURIG

Yes you are! Ffion, we'll get fined  
for this! My name will be mud down  
that Blockbuster now --

More LAUGHTER! Meurig rises, approaches Ffion --

MEURIG (CONT'D)

Right. Think it's funny, do you?

Meurig playfully grabs hold of Ffion and TICKLES her --

FFION

(laughing)

No! Stop! Meurig!

But Meurig continues. Ffion hoots! It's fun. And lovely. Just like they used to be. And before long, Meurig's on the sofa with Ffion, rolling around. Finally, he stops tickling her --

FFION (CONT'D)

(then, out of breath:)

That wasn't fair. You know I can't  
handle a tickle.

And there they are. Face to face. Close. Intimate. Finally, intimate. Meurig leans in. They KISS. Tender. Romantic.

Meurig pulls away. Then, Ffion leans in. They KISS again. A little harder now. More urgent. Intimate. After a beat --

FFION (CONT'D)

Where are they? The pills.

MEURIG

In the bathroom.

FFION

Go and get them.

Off Meurig and Ffion, ready to try again...

CUT TO:

Meurig and Ffion having sex. And it's good. Hot. Intimate. Ffion moves on top, controlling. Feeling sexy.

After a beat, Ffion tentatively, slowly removes her top. She self-consciously places her hands over her mastectomy scars.

Meurig slowly, with care, and love, removes her hands. Then:

MEURIG  
You're so beautiful.

Their EYES LOCKED. In love. And on the road to recovery...

FADE TO:

98

INT. VIVALDI'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT 7. 21:00

98

Tommy and Rhys, menus in hand, waiting to be seated --

TOMMY  
I'm telling you it wasn't here!

RHYS  
Yes it was. Phil's fourtieth. We sat over there. You had the carbonara and it repeated on you all night.

TOMMY  
Oh right. Yes, I do remember now. Wasn't that the night Tracey fell into a bush --

RHYS  
No you're thinking of / New Year's Eve.

TOMMY  
/ New Year's Eve. That's right. God she was pissed.

As Tommy glances up he locks eyes with --

DR. PEARCE  
Hello.

Dylan approaching, TAKEAWAY bags in hand. Tommy freezes.

TOMMY  
Oh. Hiya.

An awkward beat. Then --

RHYS  
I'll do the intros, shall I? I'm Rhys --

DR. PEARCE  
Dylan.

RHYS  
Nice to meet you Dylan.

Another awkward beat.

DYLAN  
Well. Have a good night.

Tommy nods. Rhys, bemused by the whole encounter, places an innocuous arm on Tommy's lower back. Dylan clocks this. Glances at Tommy. Abject fear in his eyes. Tommy pulls away.

Dylan exhales. It's confirmation. Tommy is gay. (And therefore ineligible for the trial).

Off Dylan, dreading having to deal with this...

FADE TO:

99

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 7. 21:00

99

Pete, full of it, and Alys, dreading this, at the kitchen table. The scrape of knives and forks. Fish and parsley sauce. Pete's pills next to his water glass. It's all Alys can do not to stare at them.

PETE  
I was thinking, you'll have to register as self-employed. I can do your accounts.

ALYS  
Not sure I'll be earning enough to be paying tax --

PETE  
Doesn't matter, have to declare it. And you never know, don't sell yourself short.

Pete puts his knife and fork down. Finished.

PETE (CONT'D)  
That was lovely.

A beat. Pete reaches for the pills. Reads the label.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Right. What have we got here?

Off Alys's rising panic. She's not ready for this.

FADE TO:

100

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 7. 21:30

100

Pete in his old dressing gown, plumping pillows on the bed. Prepping. He checks himself in the mirror. Pulls out a stray hair from his nose. Cups his hand, checks his breath. He glances down. It's working! He's "tenting"!

ALYS (O.S.)

Ready then?

Pete turns. Alys in the doorway, in a silk dressing gown. There's nothing sexy about this but Alys is trying. She wants to try. Wants to make this work.

PETE

(under breath)

Carpe Diem, Pete Shah. Carpe Diem.

Pete nods. Alys approaches Pete. They kiss. Soft at first. Alys leans back onto the bed...

- Pete opens his dressing gown. They kiss again. Harder now. He enters her, moaning. Moving back and forth.

ALYS

Pete...

Pete caught in the moment, keeps going --

ALYS (CONT'D)

Pete! Stop!

Pete suddenly stops. Stands, ties his dressing gown --

PETE

What? What's wrong?

ALYS

... I don't want to.

Alys moves to the other side of the bed.

ALYS (CONT'D)

I thought I could. But I can't.

PETE

Did it hurt?

ALYS

No.

PETE

Then what is it?

(off her silence)

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)  
 Is it because we were moving too  
 quick?

ALYS  
*No. It's because I don't love you  
 anymore.*

Off Pete's shock.

CUT TO:

101

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 7. 21:40

101

Alys pulls a bottle of whiskey from a kitchen cupboard, pours herself a drink in a MUG. Pete arrives, hastily dressed, angry now, terrified --

PETE  
 No, I'm not having this. We've been married eighteen years! We've got a house. A mortgage. We're going to Torremolinos in July, it's already paid for --

But Alys is resolute, her mind made up --

ALYS  
 I should have said something sooner.

PETE  
 And what? It just slipped your mind?

ALYS  
 Think I got used to it, over time. And it's not like you ever noticed anything was wrong. And it didn't matter so much, before, when you were... when you couldn't...

(then:)

You were a man I shared a house with. A lovely man. A lovely house. But now... now there's *this*. And I don't want to do that. Not with you. Not anymore.

PETE  
 Is there someone else?

ALYS  
 No.

PETE  
 I'm just that repulsive to you?

ALYS

You're not repulsive, Pete. We've just... it's like we've become more friends than --

PETE

We're not friends, Alys, we're married! You're my wife!

But she's silent. Pete more desperate now --

PETE (CONT'D)

Tell me what I need to do. I'll throw the tablets away, we can just go back, to how it was --

ALYS

I don't want to go back, Pete. That's what I'm trying to tell you.

PETE

(then:)

This is those parties, this is. You haven't been the same since you started with all that, rubbing it in my face, embarrassing me --

ALYS

Those parties have got nothing to do with you! And I'm not divorcing you because...

PETE

-- What did you just say?

ALYS (CONT'D)

... I hosted one Ann Summers' party!

PETE (CONT'D)

(then:)

You're divorcing me?

ALYS

(finally:)

Yes.

CUT TO:

102

INT./EXT. PETE'S MERCEDES/SWANSEA STREET - NIGHT 7. 22:20 102

Pete behind the wheel, speeding, no idea where he's going or what he's doing.

- Pete rolls to a stop at a RED LIGHT. A few cars behind, we might glimpse a POLICE CAR, not that Pete's noticed. After a beat, the light turns GREEN. But Pete doesn't move. Frozen.

*BEEP! BEEP!*

The car behind beeps Pete. Still, he doesn't move.

*BEEP! BEEP!*

PUSH IN on Pete as the BEEPING continues. Growing louder.

*BEEP! BEEEEEEEEP! BEEP! BEEP!*

Suddenly, Pete snaps -- rushes out of the car and before he knows what he's doing he's pounding his FISTS against the window of the other car and twisting the WING MIRROR off!

He's gone feral!

The sound of POLICE SIRENS. FLASHING LIGHTS. *Oh shit...*

FADE TO:

103 EXT. SWANSEA - DAY 8. 09:15

103

Drone establisher.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - OUTSIDE DYLAN'S OFFICE - DAY 8.04  
09:30

Tommy and Moira, hushed, conspiratorial --

MOIRA

I've been thinking about it, all night. Just go in there and insist, absolutely, that you're married.

TOMMY

Moira, he saw us. I'm gay. That's why he called me in, I know it is --

MOIRA

He saw Rhys put his arm on you, so what? That doesn't mean anything.

TOMMY

What if he asks to see a marriage certificate? What do I do then?

MOIRA

Tell him... You'll get it. But you moved house not long ago and it got lost. So you'll have to phone the council and they'll have to send you a copy. And all of that takes time.

TOMMY

By which time the trial is over?

MOIRA

It's the only way he doesn't kick you off. But he's nice, Dylan. He's so lovely and if you just say --

Suddenly, the DOOR swings open. Dylan. A beat.

DR. PEARCE

You can come through now.

A beat. Tommy heads inside, followed by Moira.

CUT TO:

105

INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - DYLAN'S OFFICE - DAY 8. 09:32 105

Tommy opposite Dylan, a naughty pupil in-front of the Headmaster. Moira stands nearby.

DR. PEARCE

I'm sorry to have to do this --

TOMMY

Doctor, if I could (explain) --

Moira tenses. He's clearly not going to follow her advice.

DR. PEARCE

But there are protocols. Not *my* protocols but --

TOMMY

Please? If I could just...

(off his silence:)

We've been together, me and Rhys, over twenty years but... it's only really friends and family that know. And. With Rhys being a teacher and Section 28 and what not, we just, it's easier to... tell people what they want to hear.

DR. PEARCE

I understand. And I'm... I wish it didn't have to be like this. Have sex with who you want, I couldn't care less. But you did lie. To me. And... I have to protect the integrity of the trial.

A beat. Tommy looks to Moira. And then back to Dylan:

TOMMY

You're right. I did mislead you. I lied. I'm a liar. I'm a brilliant liar. Won't find a better one than me. And d'you know why? 'Cos I've had to. My whole life. Just to get by. School, college, work. Medical trials. Wish it wasn't that way, I really do. But it is. And I don't expect you to understand 'cos you've never had to apologise for walking into a room and just being who you are. You'll never know what that's like. All I ever wanted, with this drug, was a chance to feel a bit more normal. And, for a while there, I did. But if you think I'm gonna sit here and beg and grovel and apologise just for being me. Then you're wrong. I'm not gonna do that.

Dr. Pearce is clearly moved by this. Moira too.

DR. PEARCE

You're right. And you shouldn't.

(then:)

But I do now need your tablets back.  
Have you got them with you?

A beat.

TOMMY.

No.

It's clear that Tommy is lying. An uncomfortable beat:

DR. PEARCE

I'm going to need you to hand them over to me.

A beat. Tommy dips into his pocket, pulls out the BOTTLE. He places them on the table. After a beat, Dylan takes them.

DR. PEARCE (CONT'D)

Look, this isn't the end of the road. If the trial is a success, there'll be others and, with a fair wind, before too long, you'll be able to buy it on the open market --

TOMMY

How long are we talking? Weeks?  
Months? ... Years?

DR. PEARCE  
Years. It would be years.

Tommy's head falls. Years.

CUT TO:

|     |   |     |
|-----|---|-----|
| 106 | <u>OMITTED</u>                            | 106 |
| 107 | <u>OMITTED</u>                            | 107 |
| 108 | <u>EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 8. 10:00</u> | 108 |

Pete emerges from the police station, a little clear plastic bag of his belongings in hand. Meurig, Eddie and Colin waiting at the bottom of the steps.

COLIN  
Here he comes...

MEURIG  
Al Capone.

EDDIE  
You daft twat.

A beat. And then Pete simply cries. Right there. A grown man, sobbing. Eddie and Colin embrace him.

CUT TO:

|     |   |     |
|-----|---|-----|
| 109 | <u>EXT. BREAKFAST / BURGER VAN - DAY 8. 10:40</u> | 109 |
|-----|---|-----|

Meurig, Pete, Eddie and Colin chow down on bacon sandwiches and cups of tea in styrofoam cups (from the nearby BURGER VAN) at the top of Tower Hill, overlooking all of Swansea.

COLIN  
What happens now?

PETE  
We get divorced, I suppose.  
(then:)  
Those pills are cursed. They've ruined my life.

EDDIE  
Least they worked for you.  
(off their looks)  
Took three of the buggers last night  
and still soft as a Mr. Whippy in  
June --

A beat as Meurig and Pete process this --

MEURIG PETE  
But. Didn't you say -- I thought --

EDDIE  
Nah. Never did the trick, in the  
end. Not quite.  
(then:)  
Still. Dab hand with the old fingers  
so it's not all doom and gloom.

Laughter. But Colin takes in Eddie, knowing that he's just  
"fronting" for the group. Then, Meurig turns to Colin --

MEURIG  
What about you? How did it go with --

COLIN  
Teresa. Aye, not bad.

Colin can't help but smile --

EDDIE  
You sly fox.

COLIN  
Ended up telling her about the  
pills. Thought she might've done a  
runner but she loved it. Wants to  
buy shares in Pfizer. And I'm  
thinking of asking her to move in.

EDDIE  
Don't you live with your mam?

COLIN  
For now. Maybe we can look at  
getting a little place of our own.  
Down by the sea, maybe.

MEURIG  
Good for you.

PETE  
(then:)  
They didn't ruin my life, those  
pills, not really. Me and Alys,  
we've been living on borrowed time  
for years. If I'm being honest, I  
knew that. Deep down. Maybe this is  
a blessing, somehow. Maybe we can  
both be happy now. She deserves  
that. To be happy.

Silence.

COLIN  
So, those tablets you've both got.  
Won't be needing them now, will you?

PETE EDDIE  
Alright, Casanova, calm down! Bloody hell!

MEURIG  
Don Juan over here!

LAUGHTER. Meurig drains the last of his tea --

MEURIG (CONT'D)  
Right. Anyone for another cuppa?

"Oh aye" / "One for me" Etc.

PETE  
I'll give you a hand.

Meurig and Pete head back to the burger van. Just Colin and Eddie now. Then:

EDDIE  
You didn't say nothing, to the boys,  
about --

COLIN  
Course I didn't.  
(then:)  
You gonna be alright?

EDDIE  
Aye. I'll be fine.

COLIN  
Not gonna... do anything stupid  
again, are you?

EDDIE  
(offhand)  
If I do, you'll be the first one I  
call.

A beat. Colin turns to Eddie --

COLIN  
(deadly serious)  
No, but do. Call me. Anytime. Day or  
night.

A beat as this lands on Eddie. Tears prick Eddie's eyes as Colin places an arm on him. This time, it's not awkward.

COLIN (CONT'D)

We've got to keep talking. It's the only way. And bollocks to all this pretending now. Lying. You're enough. We're enough. Just as we are.

EDDIE

How did you get so bloody wise?

COLIN

I remember something my Catrin always used to say: "*I know what the meaning of life is. We're all just walking each other home.*" She was right. That's all we're doing. We're just walking each other home...

And there they sit, looking out over Swansea. The pills may not have worked for Eddie but this is real honesty, real intimacy, between two men. And although he's not fixed, far from it, Eddie's got hope. That he can get through it...

CUT TO:

110

EXT. LANGLAND BAY - DAY 8. 16:30

110

Tommy and Rhys walk Pip along the cliff top trails. A few RAMBLERS/WALKERS passing with their HIKING POLES --

RHYS

... They can't just throw you off!

TOMMY

They did.

RHYS

'Cos you're gay?

TOMMY

Because I lied.

RHYS

'Cos you're gay!

(to a passing WALKER:)

Afternoon.

(then:)

What did Moira say?

TOMMY

That I did the right thing. That she was sorry. That she can't get the tablets back.

RHYS

Oh sod that. I'm going round to that hospital right now, I'll tell Moira -

TOMMY

Rhys, just stop. This isn't Moira's fault. She was only ever trying to help.

(then, his voice cracking with emotion)

I'm sorry it didn't work out.

RHYS

Why are you saying sorry to me?

Tommy shifts. Fights back tears. Rhys knows why. Because Tommy is scared that if it doesn't work, he'll lose him.

RHYS (CONT'D)

I told you it doesn't matter. And I meant it. All that matters is you and me... Okay? ... Okay?

Tommy nods.

RHYS (CONT'D)

You're the love of my life. And if I could marry you, I would.

This lands on Tommy. It's what he wanted, *needed*, to hear --

TOMMY

(then, light:)

Well that's never gonna happen.

Suddenly, Rhys leans in and kisses Tommy. Shocked and delighted, Tommy pulls away --

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(of the WALKERS)

Rhys, there are people --

RHYS

Fuck 'em.

A beat. Tommy laughs. Rhys too. And he leans back in to kiss him. They'll make it, together, with or without viagra...

CUT TO:

111

EXT. JENKINS FAMILY HOME - DAY 9. 08:15

111

Meurig hopping on his bike. Ffion nearby --

FFION  
D'you want me to come with you?

MEURIG  
(amused)  
What for?

FFION  
Dunno. Say thank you, to the  
doctors.

MEURIG  
You daft sod.

FFION  
Well, I am. I am thankful. They gave  
me my husband back.

A beat. This lands on Meurig, how much this drug has changed  
everything for them. He leans in -- kisses Ffion. Then --

GRUFF & LLEWELLYN  
*Eurgh!! Dad! Mam!!*

REVEAL: Gruff and Llew, in the WINDOW, watching on, in their  
school uniform. Meurig and Ffion laugh. A family, reunited.

FADE TO:

112

INT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - WAITING ROOM - DAY 9. 09:20 112

We PAN ACROSS the waiting room. For the final time, our men,  
including Meurig, Colin, Eddie and Pete are there. Comparing  
diaries, notes, sexual activity --

MEURIG  
(reading Colin's diary)  
You were at it like rabbits --

COLIN  
Making up for lost time.  
(reading Meurig's diary)  
You had a fair go, by the looks of  
it --

MEURIG  
Just getting back in the swing of  
things.

A beat.

EDDIE

Pleased for you, boys. And proud to  
know you.

PETE

It's been a privilege.

A beat. Dylan and Moira arrive in the doorway --

DR. PEARCE

Right, gentlemen. Diaries at the  
ready. And we'll take you through  
one at a time...

MOIRA

(checking clipboard:)

Meurig Jenkins?

DR. PEARCE

You're up first...

MUSIC IN: D:Ream - *Things Can Only Get Better*

CUT TO:

113

EXT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - DAY 9. 12:00

113

MUSIC OVER. Meurig, Eddie, Colin and Pete depart the hospital, in lock step. SLOW MOTION. No longer strangers. Forever changed. Colin places an arm around Eddie.

They're just walking each other home.

We DRONE UP, taking in the whole of Swansea below...

CUT TO:

114

INT. PFIZER MANUFACTURING LABORATORY - DAY

114

The iconic 90s MUSIC CONTINUES over a KINETIC SEQUENCE now as we see the PRODUCTION of "Viagra."

- In a vast lab, the ACTIVE INGREDIENTS and BULKING AGENTS are MIXED in a TUMBLE BLENDER.

CUT TO:

**THE TRIAL AT MORRISTON HOSPITAL WAS THE FIRST CLINICAL TRIAL FOR VIAGRA TO BE HELD ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD.**

BACK TO:

- For the next stage, the PILL is FORMED and SHAPED using a series of rotating cylinders called a TABLET PLATE.

Then they are COATED and PACKAGED. Hundreds, thousands of tablets, flying off the production line.

CUT TO:

**AT THE END OF THE TRIAL, WHEN THE MEN WERE ASKED TO RETURN THEIR UNUSED TABLETS TO PFIZER, MANY REFUSED. ONE MAN EVEN WROTE A LETTER OF COMPLAINT, DEMANDING MORE.**

BACK TO:

115

**INT. PFIZER MANUFACTURING LABORATORY - DAY**

115

The TABLETS are then loaded onto waiting LORRIES to be transported all over the world. Ready to change lives.

CUT TO:

**FOLLOWING FURTHER MEDICAL TRIALS VIAGRA WAS APPROVED FOR USE BY THE FDA IN MARCH, 1998, AND THE EUROPEAN MEDICINES AGENCY IN SEPTEMBER OF THE SAME YEAR.**

BACK TO:

116

**ARCHIVE FOOTAGE**

116

Finally, we see a collection of ARCHIVE MEDIA FOOTAGE: NEWS REPORTS and NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS and LATE NIGHT TALK SHOW jokes about this new drug. It's a cultural phenomenon.

CUT TO:

117

**EXT. CLINICAL TRIALS AREA - DAY 9. 12:00**

117

\*

We end on a final image of our men, leaving the hospital, as we --

SNAP TO BLACK