Pride
by
Stephen Beresford
EXT. MARK’S BLOCK OF COUNCIL FLATS. EARLY MORNING.

A stack of drab council flats. Only one stands out, a huge hand painted banner, hanging from its window. THATCHER OUT.

INT. MARK’S FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY.

A CLASH poster above the cooker, a Soviet flag beside it partially obscured by a life size cut out of Eartha Kitt. MARK walks in, wearing boxer shorts, and switches on a crappy little portable TV. TISWAS. Lenny Henry being gunged in a cage. He switches over. A wave of policemen charging a picket line of striking miners. He switches on the kettle...

REPORTER (V.O.)
With the strike now entering its fourth month, neither the miners nor the police -

...opens a kitchen cupboard and pulls down a mug. His hand hovers for a moment over a second, before deciding against it. MARK’S attention flits to the set - a MINER’S WIFE with an infant on her hip.

MINER’S WIFE (TV)
...Trying to feed our kids. We’re being bullied by the police. Lied about in the papers -

A tea-bag dumped into the mug. MARGARET THATCHER is on now -

REPORTER (V.O.)
- by the Prime Minister last night.

MARGARET THATCHER (ON TV)
This year, as before in our history, we’ve seen men and women with brave hearts, defying violence, scorning intimidation and defending their rights to uphold our laws.

MARK’S expression changes. A YOUNG GUY enters, buttoning his shirt. The kettle starts to boil.

YOUNG GUY
I left my number. Just in case.

MARGARET THATCHER
By their actions, we have seen a new birth of leadership in Britain.

YOUNG GUY
Maybe see you on the march, then.

MARK’S oblivious. The YOUNG GUY leaves. The kettle’s reaching a crescendo of steaming and bubbling.

MARGARET THATCHER
And that is the most important thing - the most enduring thing - that is going to come out of this coal strike. A new birth of leadership!
The kettle clicks. Done. MARK starts to smile.

INT. MARK’S FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY.

MARGARET THATCHER still speaking. MARK, frantically rummaging in the cupboards. He finds what he’s been looking for. A huge PLASTIC BUCKET is triumphantly plonked down in front of the TV obscuring everything else completely. We marvel at it, filling the screen. Then the bucket is snatched up and we’re whisked off with it to -

(OVER CREDITS:)

EXT. COUNCIL BLOCK. DAY.

MARK now has a few buckets beside him and his neighbours are handing him more. An OLD MAN shouts at MARK from above -

OLD MAN
(Shouting)
I’ve spoken to the council about your deviant parties.

MARK
There’s no need to do that, just knock on the door, we’d let you in.

The WOMEN laugh. The OLD MAN gets apoplectic.

OLD MAN
(Shouting after)
They’re sending a policeman.

MARK
(Turning, waving)
Oh, I do hope so.

He heads off, barely balancing his armfuls of buckets.

INT. JOE’S PARENT’S HOUSE LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Bromley. A comfortable, suburban living room: JOE (20) opens a birthday present over breakfast with his MUM and DAD. JOE’S DAD is watching the Miners’ Strike on the news with rapt attention. JOE opens the present to reveal a brand new camera. There’s a card with a badge attached: 20 TODAY! JOE smiles at his MUM then turns to his DAD.

JOE
Thanks, Dad.

JOE’S DAD nods but doesn’t take his eyes off the TV. JOE takes a sneaky look at the clock on the mantelpiece.

INT. STEPH’S BEDROOM. DAY.

STEPH; (25) plonks herself down in front of a mirror covered in post-cards and cut outs of forties screen icons.
She sticks a cigarette into the corner of her mouth, eyes the pictures -

**STEPH**
Right then, ladies -

- and starts pumping her mascara.

**EXT. ALLOTMENT. DAY.**

An allotment lock-up. MIKE (28) is standing over a sheet on the floor with a large dripping paint-brush in his hand. He starts to paint.

**INT. JONATHAN AND GETHIN’S BEDROOM. DAY.**

GETHIN (Late 30’S) walks into his bedroom and looks at his boyfriend, JONATHAN (Late 30’S) cocooned under the duvet. He looks at his watch, then at the lump.

**GETHIN**
(Smiley)
You coming?

GETHIN has a slight Welsh lilt, smoothed out by years of living in London. The lump grunts - and none too kindly - then rolls over. GETHIN shakes his head.

**EXT. STREET. DAY.**

JOE running to catch a suburban train.

**EXT. STREET. DAY.**

A shot of the London skyline. Beginning of a June day.

**EXT. STREET. DAY.**

MARK, loaded with buckets, marching past a wall plastered with graffiti and dominated with a huge anarchy symbol.

**EXT. TUBE STATION. DAY.**

JOE comes to an astonished standstill. Caption on screen: **Saturday June 30th, 1984. GAY MEN and WOMEN marching past the end of the street. Banners, whistles, all very political. It’s edgy. Defiant. JOE watches as a banner sails past: GAY LIBERATION FRONT. GETHIN is at the forefront of this group, he’s blowing on a whistle, his fist raised in the air. The caption continues GAY PRIDE MARCH. LONDON. JOE does a little controlled breathing to soothe his nerves.**

**EXT. GAY PRIDE PROTEST MARCH. DAY.**

JOE trots alongside the march. One foot on the kerb. One foot off. A gang of skinheads are shouting abuse.
One flings a can at him. A policeman laughs. JOE ducks into the safety of the march.

### EXT. GAY PRIDE PROTEST MARCH. DAY.

JOE arrives in the march. He’s walking beside MIKE still struggling with his rolled up banner. They walk side by side, JOE still looking for his nearest available exit. Skinheads are on both sides doing Nazi salutes.

MIKE
Here, mate - grab hold of this will you? *(The banner)*

JOE
Oh. Sorry. I’m not -

MIKE
Five minutes. Just til my friends get here.

JOE
It’s just - I don’t really want to be too visible.

The banner unfurls: QUEERS! BETTER BLATANT THAN LATENT.

MIKE
First Pride?

JOE
First anything.

MIKE
This is the best way. Throw yourself in.

JOE
The thing is - I’m actually from Bromley.

MIKE
Don’t worry about that. We’re a broad church.

JOE
No, I mean - sorry - it’s the train. It’s a bit further out than people think -

MIKE
*(Shouted, crossly)*
Oi! - I’ve been dragging this on my own since Marble Arch -

STEPH has appeared. JEFF following; both carrying buckets.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Are they buckets?

STEPH
I’m surprised you have to ask that question, Mike, coming from Accrington.
JEFF
Mike, does anything get rid of love bites?

MIKE
No. Where is Mark now?

MARK
Right. Listen up everyone -

MARK’S arrived. JOE is immediately struck by his energy.

MIKE
Where exactly have you been?

MARK
I want everyone to take a bucket and start rattling. This is for the miners.

MIKE
We agreed on a banner.

MARK
It’s a show of solidarity. Who hates the miners? Thatcher. Who else? The police, the public and the tabloid press. Sound familiar?

MIKE
But surely -

MARK
The only problem we’ve got that they haven’t is Mary Whitehouse. And that can only be a matter of time.

MIKE
Mark -

MARK
I know. It’s not been planned, it’s not been thought through - but it’s a really good idea isn’t it? (Big smile) Isn’t it?

MIKE
And what am I supposed to do with this?

MARK
Give it to the Lesbians. They love a banner.

MIKE
Looks like you’re off the hook, mate.

JOE watches as the banner is passed back to a bunch of lesbians behind. Released from its grip, he suddenly feels very exposed. He tries to walk alongside this new group for a moment, but as they disperse to collect cash, he falters and steps away.
EXT. DAY. GAY PRIDE PROTEST MARCH.

JOE stands, watching. A WOMAN approaches, with a LITTLE GIRL. She sees the march then turns to JOE.

WOMAN WITH LITTLE GIRL
(Gestures to the march)
Disgusting.

JOE smiles and nods. The WOMAN and LITTLE GIRL move on. JOE looks sickened and unhappy. He’s about to turn away when he hears

MARK’S VOICE (O.S.)
Collecting for the miners.
Gays and lesbians supporting the miners and their families.

JOE plunges himself back in. He pushes through the crowd, searching wildly. Finally he spots MIKE, rattling his bucket.

JOE
I was wondering - Do you need-?

MIKE
Well, well. It’s Bromley.

JOE
I mean, my last train’s actually not for ages -

MIKE hands him a bucket. He smiles and starts rattling. Just as he starts to get into his stride he stops and sees a SWEET LITTLE OLD LADY is standing beside the march holding up a lovingly home-made sign. It reads BURN IN HELL.

EXT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. NIGHT.

A post Pride party in full swing. The building throbs with music, people hang out of every window. We find a phone box outside...

INT. PHONE-BOX / TONY AND MARION’S HOUSE EVENING.

JOE on the phone. Echoing, stinky London phone box. MARION at home with Larry Grayson on TV behind.

JOE
It’s just a couple of lads from College. And one of them lives in Chislehurst so he can’t be late either. I’ve got my key.

MARION
Just mind yourself on that last train. There’s weirdos and all sorts on there.

JOE
Thanks Mum.

Joe puts the phone down, pushes open the door and hurries into...
INT. HALLWAY. GETHIN AND JONATHAN’S FLAT ABOVE G.T.W. NIGHT.

JOE climbing the narrow stairs to the flat above the shop. It’s an explosion of noise and life. New Romantics, Bronski Beat ‘flat-tops’, the odd Mohican. There are banners hanging from the bannisters, torn and trampled like battle pennants. A handsome, shirtless punk passes, hands him a beer. JOE blushes. He sees MARK and MIKE through the open door to a bedroom, counting coins. He stares at MARK for a second.

GIRL’S VOICE (O.S.)
Oi Bromley. (He looks around) Down here.

STEPH, sitting, smoking. He goes to her.

STEPH
I’m hiding from that girl.

JOE
Why?

STEPH
She broke my heart at a Smith’s concert.

JOE
I’ve never met a lesbian before.

STEPH
Really? I’ve never met anyone who irons their jeans.

JOE
I live at home.

STEPH
No shit. (Points to his badge) And is that where you got that lovely brooch?

JOE
That’s embarrassing.

STEPH
It’s also illegal, darling. Sixteen for breeders. Twenty-one for gays. Did you learn nothing on that march? You’re still a minor.

JOE
Jesus -

JOE removes it hurriedly. STEPH takes his can, lifts it.

STEPH
Victory to the minors. What about Mum and Dad? Do they know you’re a big fairy? (JOE shakes his head) I’d keep it that way if I were you. My mum threw me out when I was fifteen. Mind you, I was snogging the baby-sitter.

MARK, MIKE and several others, troop past them. JEFF appears.
JEFF
They've counted it.

STEPH
(Turning)
Well, come on. You collected as much as anyone.

JOE chases after her, joining the column now walking downstairs. A man appears beside JEFF, CHARLIE.

CHARLIE
(Very spiky)
Stephanie, were you with Jeff in The Bell last night?

JEFF
(Touching his neck)
Charlie, for fuck’s sake - it's a bruise okay? My neck. Is bruised.

JOE passes them, following STEPH into the shop downstairs.

INT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. EVENING.

The shop has about twenty people in it. (Including RAY and REGGIE(20’S) GETHIN and CHARLIE.) MARK and MIKE are sitting next to each other. The party thumps away upstairs.

MARK
Pretty good march today. Not much in the way of beatings or abuse. Hardly any petrol bombs or Swastikas. Is it me? Or are the Police getting soft?

A small laugh. MARK’S in his element. Just warming up.

MARK (CONT’D)
It’s funny - They’ve stopped hanging around outside our clubs lately? What’s that about? Do you think they finally got sick of all that Donna Summer?

(Bigger laugh)
My guess is they went somewhere else. To pick on someone else. My guess is that while we’re enjoying a temporary reprieve, they’re here -

MARK holds up A TABLOID. A POLICEMAN squaring up to a MINER.

MARK (CONT’D)
- Giving these poor sods the shit we usually get. Now these mining communities are being bullied. Just like we are. Bullied by the police. Bullied by the tabloids. Bullied by the government.

YOUNG GAY MAN
Do any of them need a hug?
MARK
No. What they need is cash. And they need it urgently.

CHARLIE
Yeah, because the miners have always come to our aid, haven’t they?

MIKE
Why don’t we talk about today?

MARK
Today. With only a couple of buckets. We raised nearly two hundred quid. Think what we could achieve if we really started trying.

YOUNG MAN
I’m from Durham.

MARK
Well, you know what we’re talking about then.

YOUNG MAN
I know those bastards kicked the shit out of me every morning on my way to school. And every night on my way home.

A chill little pause. GETHIN watches him as he leaves.

MIKE
We’re proposing to meet at least once a week - And to do as many collections as we can -

MARK
Oh, and we’ve got a name.

MARK turns the bucket round to reveal initials drawn on.

MARK (CONT’D)

STEPH
It’s not very catchy.

MARK
It’s a support group, Steph. Not a Skiffle band.

MIKE
Let’s have a show of hands, shall we? Who’s in?

MARK and MIKE raise their hands. STEPH too. JEFF, RAY, REGGIE.

MARK
Is that it?

JOE hangs back. By now the room is emptying.
MIKE
Come on guys. Please.

MIKE, MARK, STEPH and JEFF are joined by RAY and REGGIE.

REGGIE
We’ve actually been looking for things we can do together. As a couple.

MARK
This is perfect. You can feed the miners and your relationship. How many’s that?

MIKE
(Unimpressed)
Six.

MARK
That’s better than five.

STEPH
And not as good as seven.

GETHIN steps forward.

JEFF
(Under his breath)
Oh God. Here come the Gay Libbers.

MARK administers a swift kick.

MIKE
Brilliant party, Geth.

GETHIN
I’m sure you can use the back room here - if you’re looking for a base, that is -

MARK
(Pointedly at JEFF)
We are. That’s amazing Gethin. Thank you.

GETHIN
And what about Jonathan? (Glance to JEFF) Or is it exclusively for the under twenty-fives?

MARK
Of course not. Everyone’s welcome -

MIKE
Are you sure Jonathan’s interested?

JONATHAN is visible through the shop window, drunk, dancing.

GETHIN
He’s at a bit of a loose end at the moment. He just needs something to occupy him. A project.

STEPH
What about Bromley over there?
They all look at JOE.

    JOE
    Well. I do have - I’ve just started catering college -

    MARK
    Good. Congratulations all of you. You are the founder members of Lesbians and Gays Support the Miners.

    STEPH
    (Dryly)
    Terrific. Let’s bring down the government.

MUSIC. COLLECTING MONTAGE BEGINS.

EXT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.

RAY and REGGIE, STEPH and JEFF in two sets of pairs, fervently rattling buckets outside the shop.

INT. BROMLEY CATERING COLLEGE. DAY.

JOE at CATERING COLLEGE, staring into space.

    LECTURER
    And there’s the desired consistency. Glossy and wobbly.

The LECTURER shakes the glass bowl. JOE doesn’t look up.

    LECTURER (CONT’D)
    Glossy and wobbly.

INT. STOCK-ROOM. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY

MIKE and MARK in the stockroom on the phone.

    VOICE ON PHONE
    National Union of Mine-workers?

    MIKE
    (Into the phone)
    Hello, I represent a group called Lesbians and Gays support the miners -

He stops. Looks at MARK. The phone’s been put down on him.

INT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.

GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. JOE and STEPH, collecting buckets. GETHIN is re-stocking the shelves. He spots a rather hungover looking JONATHAN and goes to the door.
GETHIN
(Calling)
Why don’t you go out with them today?

JONATHAN
Because I have better things to do than run around with a bunch of kids.

GETHIN
(Shouted after)
What happened to Gay Lib, Jonathan?

JONATHAN
(Looking at the ‘kids’)
I don’t know. What did happen to it?

He goes. JOE and STEPH are watching from the back.

JOE
Is that Gethin’s boyfriend?

STEPH
Jonathan. He stabbed Susannah York with an ice pick. (JOE looks at her) He’s an actor.

JOE watches JONATHAN walk away.

INT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.

MARK on the phone now...

MARK
(Into the phone)
We’ve raised some money, and we’re looking for a mining community to— (listens) Lesbians and Gays support the miners— Sure, but you’ve said that before—

Another phone down. MARK looks at MIKE.

MARK (CONT’D)
They’ll call back. They will.

INT. STOCK-ROOM. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.

Straight after. LGSM meet. MIKE and MARK at loggerheads.

MIKE
Mark— Face it.

MARK
They’re on strike. They’re busy.

RAY
They don’t want to take our money because we’re poofs.
STEPH  
(Quietly)  
And a Dyke.

RAY  
They’d rather starve.

JEFF  
Maybe we should just hand the money over. Anonymously. I mean, we don’t have to say we’re gay do we?

MARK  
No.

JEFF  
At least then, we’d be helping.

MARK  
No. This is a gay and lesbian group and we are unapologetic about that. Jesus, why are we even wasting time with all this?

MARK grabs a bucket and sets off. He stops at the door.

MIKE  
Mark -

MARK  
They will call us back - okay? It has nothing to do with the fact that we’re Poofs -

STEPH  
And a Dyke.

MARK  
They will call us back. End of meeting.

He goes.

REGGIE  
They’re never going to call us back.

MIKE  
Somebody needs to go with him.

Nobody moves.

MIKE (CONT’D)  
First rule of the group - ?

STEPH  
I’ll go.

MIKE  
Thank you, Steph.

STEPH leaves. MIKE shakes his head and looks at the others.
EXT. STREET. DAY.

MARK is banging the hell out of his bucket.

MARK
Lesbians and Gays support the miners!

A PASSER-BY spits on the pavement in front of MARK.

PASSER-BY
(Snarled)
Pervert.

STEPH arrives.

STEPH
First rule of the group, Comrade.
Nobody collects alone.
(Rattles her bucket)
Lesbians and Gays support the miners!

MARK stops rattling his bucket and stares into space for a moment. Suddenly he turns and marches away, leaving STEPH.

STEPH (CONT’D)
Lesbians and gays - (He’s gone) I don’t believe this -

She runs after him.

INT. STOCK-ROOM. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.

GETHIN is rooting through drawers. Everyone gathered around.

MARK
Come on, Gethin. You’re supposed to be a bookshop.

GETHIN
We don’t have maps. It’s a gay bookshop. People ask for the poems of Walt Whitman.

STEPH enters, plonks her bucket down, angrily.

STEPH
I hope there’s a good reason why I’ve been abandoned in the street?

MIKE
(Withering sarcasm)
We’re going to pick some mining town completely at random - and, “just ring it.” That’s the plan, is it, Mark?

MARK
Yep. The town hall, the council -
MIKE
Easy as that.

MARK
Why not? Bypass the union all together.

JEFF
I think it’s inspired.

JOE
So do I.

GETHIN
Here we go...

MARK
See? Even Bromley agrees.

JEFF
Aha!

GETHIN has pulled out a dusty AA road atlas. JEFF snatches it, rifles through.

JEFF (CONT’D)
What do we want? Somewhere North. Industrial.

REGGIE
Humberside. Is that a place?

GETHIN
(Snatching it back)
Jesus Christ -

GETHIN rifles through the pages.

GETHIN (CONT’D)
If it’s miners you’re looking for - Wales.

He drops the atlas on the table, open at South Wales.

JEFF
Of course.

Everyone crowds in.

RAY
(Pointing at the map)
That is a fucking big coal field.

GETHIN
That’s the Brecon Beacons. But that’s a coalfield. And that is.

MIKE
And what are we supposed to do? Just stick a pin in it?

STEPH
Do you know people, Gethin?
GETHIN
I haven’t been back there in sixteen years.

JOE
Why not?

He shakes his head. A beat.

GETHIN
Let’s just say there isn’t always a welcome in the hillsides. Shall I get the phonebook?

MIKE looks at MARK. He’s thinking. Mark’s eyes are alive with excitement. Impatient for MIKE’S approval.

MARK
Well?

REGGIE
What’s the worst that can happen?

STEPH
Hello. I represent a bunch of screaming homosexuals -

Laughter. GETHIN leaves.

JEFF
May I inquire about your communal baths?

RAY
What’s that got to do with the strike?

JEFF
Nothing. I’d just like to enquire.

Laughter. GETHIN plonks the phone down on the table. He has a phone book with him, which he starts to rifle through. MARK reaches for the phone, enjoying the laughter. MIKE pulls it back and puts it squarely in front of himself.

MIKE
(Over the laughter)
Alright. Thank you. If we’re going to do this, we need to take it seriously.

Silence. MIKE looks at MARK. MARK’S intense gaze on him. MIKE’S expression gives nothing away.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Now what’s the Welsh for Lesbian?

More laughs. MARK grins. MIKE smiles as he picks up the receiver.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. DAY.

Large and deserted Miners social club. Sun streaming in from a high window. Dust floating in the sunlight. A telephone rings in the foreground. It rings and rings.
Finally, a small, sweet, frail OLD LADY appears far away, holding a teacup and a tea-towel. She stands, looking at the ringing phone for a moment. She looks off towards the kitchen and then back at the phone. Still ringing. Finally, she walks slowly over to the phone. She puts down the cup and the tea towel and lifts the receiver. As she does so, a TITLE appears on the screen Miners Welfare Hall, Onllwyn, Dulais Valley, South Wales. Her voice is sweet, melodious, gentle.

GWEN
Hello - ?

She listens for a moment. We can only hear indistinct, muffled speech on the other end. She nods.

GWEN (CONT’D)
Yes - ?

More talking from the other end. The camera moves closer and closer to GWEN’S face as she listens to what’s being said. Slowly we watch the dawning realisation. Her little eyes widen. Finally, and with a certain amount of polite but discernible strain, she manages a high pitched sentence.

GWEN (CONT’D)
I see.

INT. STOCK-ROOM GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.
LGSM celebrate their victory. Hugging & Cheering.

EXT. CAFE. LATE AFTERNOON. NEXT DAY.
STEPH, JOE, JEFF, MIKE, and MARK waiting anxiously outside.

STEPH
Welsh people have really black hair, don’t they?

JEFF
Or Ginger.

MARK
It really didn’t occur to you to get a description?

MIKE
She was off the phone that fast -

JEFF
Maybe we should try and look more obviously gay.

STEPH
Achievable goals please, Jeff.

A few more people pass by. They continue to scan the street.

JEFF
I used to date this boy from Cardiff and he had really white blonde hair.
STEPH
Ash.

JEFF
No. White. Dead white.

MARK
Shut up -

JEFF
Flaxen.

MARK
Shut up. That’s him.

They follow MARK’S gaze. DAI DONOVAN (40’S) has stopped nearby and appears to be scrutinizing them.

MIKE
Are you sure?

STEPH
He doesn’t have black hair.

JOE
Or Ginger.

JEFF
Oh my god, he’s coming towards us.

They watch. MARK raises himself up, smiles. DAI nods.

MIKE
How did you - ?

MARK
Same as in a nightclub. It’s all in the eyes.

DAI reaches them. Smiles broadly. Everyone

DAI
I’m Dai Donovan. I’m from the Dulais Valley. You must be - ?

MARK
Yes. Hello.

Hand shaking, greeting from everyone, ‘hello’ etc. DAI takes them in for a second. There’s a smiley, awkward silence.

DAI
So. LGSM. What does that stand for, then?

INT. CAFE. EARLY EVENING.

DAI is looking slightly shell shocked sitting with LGSM, at a very cramped table. The BAG is on the table between them.
DAI
You get a garbled message over the phone - I thought the L was for 'London.' London - something. I never dreamed for a moment it was - L for -

He gestures lightly at STEPH.

STEPH
Hi.

DAI
And this money you’ve collected. That’s all from - gays and lesbians?

MARK
Mostly.

DAI
Well. There we are. ‘From whence cometh my help?’

MARK
This is just the beginning.

DAI
Oh?

MIKE
We’ve got big plans.

DAI
Well, there’s no point pretending I’m not surprised. You can see that. Truth told you’re the first gays I’ve ever met in my life.

MARK
(Friendly)
As far as you’re aware.

DAI
That’s true.

MARK
And you’re the first miner I’ve ever met.

Everyone acknowledges this - ‘Me too, yeah etc.’

DAI
Now I want you to do something for me. I want you to go back to your community and I want you to convey my thanks - my personal thanks - and the thanks of all the people of Dulais.

MIKE
Of course we will. Won’t we?

Nodding, ‘Yes.’ ‘Absolutely.’ All except MARK. He’s staring.
MIKE (CONT’D)

Won’t we, Mark?

MARK

‘I lift up mine eyes unto the
hills. And from whence cometh my
help?’

DAI

Well spotted.

MARK

I was an altar boy (Huge grin) Who
fancies a pint?

INT. BACKSTAGE. THE BELL, GAY PUB. EVENING.

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Dingy corridor. The roar of the punters, loud music. A DRAG
QUEEN leads DAI, MARK, MIKE, JOE, STEPH and JEFF backstage.

DRAG QUEEN

You can have five minutes.

JEFF

Are you sure about this?

MARK

Dead sure.

JEFF

Yeah, but for Dai -

DAI

I’m alright, lad.

MARK

Trust me, Dai - if you can handle
this - it’s going to make a huge
difference.

DRAG QUEEN

What’s he going to do? Take his
clothes off?

DAI

I’m going to say thank you.

DRAG QUEEN

Well, don’t blame me if you get
bottled.

He pulls back a tatty little streamer curtain and walks out
onto the stage. MARK follows him. We hear rather a lot of
cheers/boos/general rowdiness. Then on the Mic -

DRAG QUEEN (O.S.) (CONT’D)

Right. Shut up you fuckers -

MARK’S VOICE (O.S.)

Thank you. Right. Listen. Some of
you know me - My name is Mark
Ashton -
VOICE (O.S.)

Commie!

MARK’S VOICE (O.S.)
I’m going to invite somebody onto
the stage now who wants to talk to
you -

A few boos. JOE looks over at DAI. He looks nervous.

MARK’S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
And I want you to listen to him. He
comes from the Dulais valley in
South Wales and - well. He’s a
striking miner. And he has
something he wants to say to you -

MARK comes over and pulls back the streamers. DAI steps out.
JOE, STEPH, MIKE and JEFF look at each other.

STEPH

Come on -

STEPH leads them, rushing round to the front to watch.

INT. THE BELL, GAY PUB. EVENING.

DAI walks out onto the stage. There’s a bit of Mic feedback
and he looks out at the crowd. Expectant faces looking up at
him. The DRAG QUEEN and MARK are standing on each side.

DAI
Right then. I’ve had a lot of new
experiences during this strike.
Speaking in public. Standing on a
picket line. And now I’m in a gay
bar.

JONATHAN
(Shouted)
If you don’t like it go home!

GETHIN admonishes him with a dig in the ribs.

DAI
As a matter of fact I do like it.
Beer’s a bit expensive, mind. (A
cheer). But really - there’s only
one difference between this and a
bar in South Wales. The women.
(Looks at DRAG QUEEN) They’re a lot
more feminine in here.

Even bigger cheer. JONATHAN roars with laughter.

DAI (CONT’D)
But what I’m here to say to you
tonight - and don’t worry, it won’t
take long - is thank you.

Silence. They’re really listening. This is unexpected. MARK
looks out into the crowd. JONATHAN is listening intently too.
If you’re one of the people who’s put money into these buckets - if you’ve supported LGSM - thank you.

GETHIN looks at JONATHAN. He’s listening. GETHIN smiles.

Because what you’ve given us is more than money. It’s friendship. And when you’re in a fight as bitter and as important as this one, against an enemy, so much bigger, so much stronger than you - well. To find out that you have a friend you never knew existed - It’s the best thing in the world.

INT. THE BELL, GAY PUB. EVENING.

Money pouring into the buckets now. Crowds around DAI DONOVAN. STEPH talks to two slightly earnest Lesbians, ZOE and STELLA who are dropping money into her bucket.

STELLA
So you’re the only girl?

STEH
That’s right. I’m the L in LGSM.

MARK and MIKE are at the bar, JOE beside them.

MIKE
That was a risky strategy.

MARK
Never be afraid of the grand gesture, Mike.

MIKE
I was more afraid of getting my head kicked in.

MARK brandishes his bucket - brimming with coins. Beams.

MARK
Looks like they’re taking us seriously now though, doesn’t it?

MIKE
(Smiles)
It does, Mark, yeah. It does.

MARK plants a kiss on him. MIKE glows. JONATHAN approaches DAI with GETHIN behind. Stretches his hand. DAI shakes it.

JONATHAN
Good speech. I’ve worked a few tough crowds myself, over the years.

DAI
In politics?
JONATHAN
In panto.

MAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
Okay, everybody!

They look up. There’s someone standing on the bar with a camera. Everybody squeezes into position together.

MARK
That’s something else we could use.

MIKE
What?

MARK
An official photographer.

MIKE
Jesus, Mark, we don’t even have an official typewriter.

MAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
Nice and close, please.

JOE
I could do it. I’ve got a camera. A really good one. I’d be happy to do it.

MIKE
Alright, Bromley. If you’re sure -

MARK
Of course he’s sure. Never let it be said that LGSM discouraged Youth enterprise.

MAN WITH CAMERA
Right then -

JOE beams. They all squeeze in around DAI at the bar.

MAN WITH CAMERA (CONT’D)
What are you all going to say?
Cheese?

MARK
Victory to the miners!

There’s a huge cheer. The flash goes off. It’s an image of joy and energy. In sharp contrast to -

EXT. DULAISS VILLAGE. DAY.

A tattered VICTORY TO THE MINERS poster slapped against a wall. Cold, wet, morning. A troop of MINERS are climbing into a PICKET BUS. SIAN JAMES and her husband MARTIN (Both 20’S, wrapped up against the rain) walking towards the village hall. SIAN looks up at it, nervously. One of the MINERS climbing into the bus, waves to MARTIN.

MINER #1
Martin! Come on!
He waves back, turns to SIAN. He kisses her.

MARTIN
Tell them you’ve run a whole canteen before. You’re not just packing food parcels.

SIAN
Go.

MARTIN
And don’t look so bloody worried. It’s not the first day of school.

She pushes him away, affectionately. MARTIN runs off to the bus and climbs aboard just as it starts to back-fire noisily. SIAN faces the town hall.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. DAY.

SIAN is packing food parcels, with OTHER WIVES. It’s dull work. She looks across the room wistfully at the Welfare committee. The meeting’s in full swing.

MAUREEN
What do they need to come here for? We sent them a thank you note.

HEFINA
Every other support group has been invited -

MAUREEN
Every other support group was approved by the whole committee.

DAI
Oh, I see.

MARGARET DONOVAN
Dai had to make a snap decision, Maureen.

GWEN
This is all my fault.

MARGARET DONOVAN
He was in London - What would you have done? Told them to keep their money?

HEFINA
Alright - I run a civil meeting here. If you want to scream and shout, get on the pickets.

That exchange was between MAUREEN ROPER (40’S) DAI and his wife MARGARET DONOVAN (40’S), GWEN (70’S) the old lady who answered the phone to LGSM and the Queen Bee of the miners’ wives, HEFINA HEDDON(50’S) a fiery, powerful woman, who has run the Miners Welfare for many years. SIAN is listening intently, fascinated.
MAUREEN
I don’t have a problem with - what they are.

GAIL
None of us do.

MAUREEN
It’s the men. You bring a load of gays into a working men’s club and you get trouble. I’m sorry.

DAI
No other group has raised as much money -

MAUREEN
I’m not disputing that.

DAI
Or been so consistent.

SIAN
Then why don’t you just invite them?

All heads turn to look at SIAN at the edge of the room.

SIAN (CONT’D)
I’m sorry, but everyone’s saying they don’t have a problem. Good. They’ve raised the most money so - Invite them.

A little beat. SIAN reddens.

HEFINA
And who the bloody hell are you?

INT. SIAN’S KITCHEN. EVENING.

SIAN’S cooking fishfingers under the top grill, talking excitedly. The KIDS are sitting at the table. MARTIN beside.

MARTIN
You did what?

SIAN
I know. But Hefina - she’s like the head honcho - absolutely terrifying - well, she obviously can’t stand this Maureen -

MARTIN
Kids, mind the fishfingers.

He leads her to the other side of the room, voices low.

SIAN
What’s the matter? You told me not to sell my self short.
MARTIN
I’m not talking about that. Gays and Lesbians? We’re trying to fit in here, Sian.

SIAN
What?

MARTIN
Volunteer, I said. Run the canteen.

SIAN
They didn’t want me on the canteen. They wanted me on the committee.

MARTIN
Alright. So, keep your head down. Do the paperwork. Don’t start stirring it all up, inviting a load of gays and lesbians -

SIAN
Oh. That’s it, is it? You know, I had you down as many things - but prejudiced was never one of them.

MARTIN
I’m not prejudiced.

SIAN
No?

MARTIN
I’m a realist. I know what small towns are like, Sian - and I know exactly how those lads are going to react.

SIAN
You think so?

MARTIN
I know so. I’m standing on the bloody picket with them day after day.

A little beat.

SIAN
(Quietly)
It was a majority decision. The committee decided -

MARTIN
Well, I hope you and your bloody committee can guarantee their safety, Sian. I do. I really do.

He walks out. SIAN’S anger gives way to a troubled look.

EXT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. EARLY MORNING.

GETHIN is scrubbing a spray-painted ‘QUEERS’ off the front of the bookshop. Across the road, a few kids laughing at him.
RAY, REGGIE, STEPH, ZOE and STELLA and MIKE are loading bags into a battered COMMUNITY THEATRE Mini-bus. JOE fiddles with his camera. MARK strides out of the shop and over to the van.

JOE
(After him)
I got the camera, Mark.

STEPH
He’ll be even more impressed if you can get it out of the case.

JONATHAN comes out of the shop. Goes to GETHIN.

JONATHAN
Last chance to change your mind.

GETHIN shakes his head. JONATHAN kisses him and goes to the van. GETHIN grabs him.

GETHIN
Make sure you take care of yourself, okay? And ring me. Ring me when you arrive.

Another kiss. JONATHAN leaps into the van.

JONATHAN
All aboard the deviants bus. No pushing, no community singing and absolutely no back-chatting the driver.

JOE looks at GETHIN. He’s watching JONATHAN with the intense, loving concern of a long established relationship. It’s a new thing for JOE.

INT. MINI-VAN. DAY.

JOE, clambering to a seat. STEPH is giggling with ZOE and STELLA so he climbs over and sits near the front.

JONATHAN
Right. Where are we going?

RAY
Wales.

JONATHAN
Fuck me. Someone better roll me a little spliffette.

JEFF
What I’d like to know is what Bromley told his Mum and Dad.

REGGIE
Yeah.

JONATHAN
I just - It’s no big deal.

MARK
Come on.
JOE
I said I was doing so well at college, that they’re sending me on a residential course.

STEPH
Doing what?

JOE’S enjoying the attention but still going red. Finally -

JOE
Choux pastry.

A roar of delight from LGSM. REGGIE starts a chant which they all take up-

REGGIE
(Chanting)
Bromley! Bromley! Bromley!

The van pulls away.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. DAY.

SIAN staple guns a poster onto the notice-board. ‘LGSM support group visit - TONIGHT.’ In the background, MAUREEN pointedly clatters pots and pans in the kitchen. GAIL comes over. They both look at the poster.

GAIL
Bit late in the day for that, isn’t it?

SIAN
This is the fourth one I’ve done.
(GAIL looks puzzled)
Fast as I put them up - they pull them down. I’m running out of staples.

GAIL frowns. SIAN slams in a ridiculous amount of staples.

INT. MINI-VAN. DAY.

STELLA, ZOE and STEPH are singing, loudly.

STELLA, ZOE AND STEPH
(To the tune of Glory, Glory Hallelujah)
Every woman is a lesbian at heart.
Every woman is a lesbian at heart -

REGGIE
You can’t possibly say that every woman is a lesbian -

ZOE
Why not?

REGGIE
Because they’re not. Esther Rantzen isn’t a lesbian. My Mum’s not a lesbian.
STELLA
How do you know?

REGGIE
How do I know that my Mum’s not a lesbian?

RAY
What he’s saying is that you can’t make grand sweeping generalizations. It’s not acceptable.

STELLA, ZOE AND STEPH
Every woman is a lesbian at heart.
Every woman is a lesbian at heart.

EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY.
The VAN speeding away, STEPH, ZOE and STELLA still singing.

STELLA, ZOE AND STEPH (O.S.)
Every woman is a lesbian at heart.
(The VAN has almost disappeared).
...Including Reggie’s Mum.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. DAY.
Miners arriving at the hall. The atmosphere is old school, unreconstructed, working class. Loud, laddish banter. It’s in stark contrast to -

INT. MINI-VAN. AFTERNOON.
REGGIE hands out sandwiches, RAY beaming proudly beside him.

REGGIE
I’ve done Cheese and pickle, Egg and cress, and these are Country Ham.

STELLA
What about the vegans?

RAY
He was up at six making these, Stella.

ZOE
(To STELLA)
We could just eat the bread.

MIKE
What are you going to do when you get to Wales?

STELLA
What do you mean?
MIKE
They’re eating out of food parcels, for god’s sake. They’re not going to start cooking you mung beans.

STEPH
There’s no need to make it personal, Mike.

MARK
Listen. I’m not having this group shown up because you won’t eat what’s put in front of you –

ZOE
This is a principle, Mark. Exactly what we’re supposed to be fighting for –

STELLA
And can I just ask – Who appointed you leader?

MIKE
Oi. If it wasn’t for Mark –

JONATHAN screams over all of them.

JONATHAN
Right. Enough. The next person to speak will be abandoned at the hard shoulder. Be they Vegan, Vegetarian or Trans-bloody-sexual cannibal. Got it?

Silence. He passes his tin back. MIKE starts to roll.

EXT. SEVERN BRIDGE. LATE AFTERNOON.
The VAN crossing the bridge.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. LATE AFTERNOON.
The VAN driving down a remote lane.

EXT. WELSH LANDSCAPE. LATE AFTERNOON.
The little VAN swamped by the huge Welsh landscape.

INT. MINI-VAN. EVENING.
Van pulls over. MIKE has a map spread out on his lap.

MIKE
We should have turned left at this village.

JONATHAN
How can that be a village? It doesn’t have any vowels.

A little silence. JONATHAN looks out of the window.
JONATHAN (CONT’D)

Hang on a minute -

MARK
(Looking round)

Yes?

JONATHAN

I think so.

MARK

Are we here?

JONATHAN

We’re here.

STEPH

Oh my god.

They all crane out of the windows. It feels like the furthest thing from London it’s possible to imagine. There are kids on chopper bikes, staring.

EXT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.

LGSM standing outside the working man’s club. Lights inside. Noise. They stand staring for a moment. Terrified.

MARK

Right then.

He walks forward. The others follow, and none too quickly. As they go, JOE looks round to see the kids on chopper bikes following. He speeds up to catch the others.

EXT. ENTRANCE HALL. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.

Inside we can hear the noise of fairly raucous drinking. There’s also now a Country and Western band playing.

MARK

I guess, we just -

JONATHAN

I think I’m starting to freak out, slightly.

MARK steps towards the door just as it swings open. It’s GWEN. She sees them, blinks for a moment, then shouts -

GWEN

Dai? Your gays have arrived!

INT. KITCHEN. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.

LGSM are with DAI, MARGARET, GAIL, GWEN, SIAN and CLIFF. There’s a lot of handshaking, ‘How do’, Welcome to Dulais’ etc.

DAI

This is my wife, Margaret. This is Gail.

(MORE)
CLIFF, A rather shy, formal, old-school miner, Secretary of the Welfare, is presenting LGSM with a ledger so they can sign in. His manner; serious, official but courteous, masks his slight discomfort.

CLIFF
I’m going to officiate you.

JONATHAN
(Quietly)
Oh, good.

CLIFF
Name here, please. And in the corresponding box, the group or organisation you represent, in this case -

DAI
Lesbians and Gays Support the Miners.

CLIFF
Yes. Quite. Absolutely.

MARK starts the sign in.

MARK
Thank you. Thank you very much for having us.

GWEN
Now. I’m hoping you can clear something up for me about lesbians.

SIAN
Not now, Gwen.

GWEN
It’s something I was told in the covered market and to be honest, it did surprise me -

DAI
We’ll get them settled in first, shall we? Who’s making the speech?

MIKE
Speech?

DAI
It’s no big deal. One of you just needs to get up and say a few words.

SIAN
Just so everyone knows who you are, like.

DAI
I’ll tell the band to shut up and then we’ll push you on.
SIAN, GAIL, GWEN, MARGARET and DAI leave. DAI turns.

DAI (CONT'D)
And welcome. All of you. To be honest - I never thought you’d come.

He smiles. They leave - CLIFF last. As he reaches the door he gives a stiffly formal little nod. LGSM look at each other.

MARK
Anyone else feel like appointing themselves leader...? I didn’t think so.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.

About 150 miners and their families. There are big, burly miners at the bar and their (in some cases) bigger, burlier wives sat at the tables with pints. There’s a stage with a huge colliery banner above it. LGSM enter the hall, staying as close as possible to the wall. Everything stops slightly as they arrive. MARTIN looks at his mates, nervously. SIAN, MARGARET, HEFINA and GAIL are standing together for support. The Country and Western band stops playing, heightening the tension even more. There’s a moment of complete hiatus. The two groups facing each other like a wild west saloon. The tension is broken by feedback from a Mic. It’s DAI on stage.

DAI
(Into the Mic)
Now then, ladies and gentlemen. We’re joined once again by one of our support groups. Lesbians and Gays Support the Miners. And, er - Will you please now welcome their spokesman to the stage? Thank you.

Applause from SIAN, HEFINA, MARGARET and GAIL, but not many others. MARTIN isn’t applauding and most of the other MINERS are staring in slight disbelief. MAUREEN has her arms folded. MARK ascends the stage. A FEMALE SINGER IN A COWBOY HAT steps aside. The DRUMMER does a half-hearted little Boom-tish.

MARK
Thank you, Dai. Thank you, erm - (He reads their name off the drum) ‘Falling Leaves.’


MARK (CONT’D)
Actually - Dai Donovan made a speech at our local pub and - he’s a pretty tough act to follow -


MARK (CONT’D)
So - maybe now is the moment for my musical tribute to Judy Garland.

Nothing. Not from Falling Leaves. Not from the room. Not even from LGSM. MIKE’S face is a frozen grin of desperate support.
MARK (CONT’D)
Listen, we raised this money because we want to help you. That’s it. And we’ll keep on trying to help you for as long as you want us to. Because we’ve been through some of the same things you’ve been through, and -
(An inspiration -)
Listen - if one in five people is gay, then one in five miners must be too, right? So that’s at least a fifth of you who’s pleased to see us?

He smiles. Deadly silence. A scraping chair or two. MIKE’S staring at him - What? MARK knows he’s blown it.

MARK (CONT’D)
Thank you. Thank you for inviting us here.

He steps away from the Mic. A small smattering of applause starts up - DAI, MARGARET, SIAN, HEFINA, GAIL. MARTIN doesn’t applaud and neither do most of the MINERS. CLIFF is watching the reaction. MAUREEN leaves, followed by a few others. Soon all that can be heard is the scraping of chairs.

INT. BEDROOM. DAI DONOVAN’S HOUSE. NIGHT. LATE.

DAI enters, smiling. MARGARET looks up from her book.

DAI
There we are. All settled in.
(MARGARET looks unimpressed)
It’s teething problems, love.
Everything’ll be alright once they start to mix.

MARGARET just switches off the lamp before rolling over.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAI DONOVAN’S HOUSE. NIGHT. LATE.

The whole of LGSM cramped together on the floor in their sleeping bags. Whispering.

RAY
I’m not talking about running away.
I’m talking about making a dignified exit.

REGGIE
Tomorrow. Before dawn.

MIKE
We can’t just waltz into a town like this and expect them not to -

RAY
Slit our throats?

MIKE
Be cautious.
REGGIE
I don’t know about anybody else, but I don’t have to travel to Wales to get my head kicked in. I can get that very easily at home.

MARK
Anyone who wants to go should go. But I came here to help.

RAY
They don’t want your help.

MARK
Then they can tell me that. To my face. Until that time, I’m a member of LGSM and I’m going to do what I set out to do. No hiding, no running away and no apologies.

JONATHAN
Me too.

MIKE
Yeah.

STEPH
And me.

JOE
And me.

EXT. DOLFORWYN CASTLE, POWYS, WALES. DAY.

CLIFF leading. The others follow, tumbling over the hill.

CLIFF
According to legend, the Maiden Sabrina came here, see? And became Goddess of the River Severn.

HEFINA
How’d she manage that then, Cliff?

CLIFF
By drowning.

HEFINA and SIAN stifle giggles as he shyly recalls the verse -

CLIFF (CONT’D)
‘Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool,
Translucent wave -’

JONATHAN is following, amazed and amused.

JONATHAN
I love him.

The others tramp on. DAI and MARK are the last to arrive.
MARK
I grew up in Northern Ireland, I know all about what happens when people don’t talk to each other. That’s why I’ve never understood — What’s the point of supporting gay rights but nobody else’s rights. You know? Or — workers’ rights but not Women’s rights — it’s — I don’t know — illogical.

DAI
There’s a lodge banner down in the welfare. We bring it out for special occasions. It’s a hundred years old. I’ll show it to you one day. It’s a symbol like this —
(Extends his hand)
Two hands.
(Mark takes it)
That’s what the labour movement means. Should mean. You support me and I support you. Whoever you are. Wherever you come from. Shoulder to shoulder. Hand to hand.

SIAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
Dai —?

EXT. BATTLEMENTS. DOLFORWYN CASTLE. DAY.
DAI and MARK join the others. They’re looking down at the road far below. JOE takes pictures. We see Police vans on the road below. Convoys of them.

CLIFF
There they go. They’re bringing them up from London and Bristol. All over.

HEFINA
They’re pulling people in for anything now.

MIKE
They can’t do that.

SIAN
There’s two from my street in custody right now. Lee and Carl.

CLIFF
(Shouted)
Where’s your humanity? We’re citizens of this country, mind — Citizens.

MIKE
No. I mean — they can’t do that. That’s illegal.

DAI looks at him.
EXT. PATH AWAY FROM THE CASTLE. DAY.

JONATHAN, CLIFF, RAY, REGGIE, DAI, SIAN and MARK walking down from the castle. The others in the background behind.

JONATHAN
A police officer has the right to stop you if - and that’s the important word, here - if he has reasonable grounds to believe that a crime is going to be committed.

DAI
You’re absolutely sure about this.

JONATHAN
Police harassment, dear. I could set it to music.

SIAN
(Looks up, impatient)
And if he does?

JONATHAN
- Then he must formally charge you within 24 hours of that arrest. But concrete evidence means something that will stand up in court. It doesn’t mean not liking the look of you. And that’s the same whether you’re standing on a picket line or trolling up Clapham High Street in full drag.

RAY and REGGIE exchange a pained look. SIAN’S already racing ahead.

HEFINA
Where you going, Sian?

SIAN
Police station. Tell Martin to mind the kids.

She’s gone. Leaving the others staring after...

EXT. STREET. DULAI S. DAY.

RAY, REGGIE, MARK, JONATHAN, STEPH, JOE, MIKE and JEFF walking toward the welfare.

REGGIE
Nobody said anything about hiding who we are.

MARK
(Simply)
Yes, they did. You.

REGGIE
I just think - If everybody takes it easy on the -
RAY
Flamboyance.

REGGIE
Then we’re more likely to fit in.

JONATHAN
I’m sorry. Just to be clear. When you say flamboyance you mean gay. And when you say everyone you mean me.

RAY
Jonathan –

JONATHAN
Good. It’s just that I haven’t spoken nineteen-fifties in quite a while.

They’ve arrived at the welfare now and enter into –

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. DAY.

- a rowdy, male environment. MINERS, including CLIFF, DAI and LEE’S younger brother JOHNNY, celebrating the release of CARL and LEE. LEE and JOHNNY clock them as they enter. They’re pleased to see HEFINA wave to them from across the hall.

HEFINA
Over here, please. Chop-chop. We’re packing parcels.

LGSM cross the room. LEE appears to be leaving.

CLIFF
You’ll stay for a pint.

LEE
You’re alright, Cliff. Welfare’s had a change of atmosphere, if you know what I mean?

DAI
I don’t know what you mean, Lee. No.

JOHNNY
He means these faggots.

DAI
(Furious)
Oi.

DAI (CONT’D)
If it wasn’t for those people over there you lot would still be in the nick.

CARL
What?

CLIFF
He’s right.
LEE
They make me sick, that’s all I know, Dai.

DAI
That’s enough.

LEE
Physically sick.

LEE walks out. JOHNNY follows.

CARL
(Nonplussed)
Gays?

CLIFF
From London. They were the ones, Carl. They got you out -

CARL
I thought Sian got us out.

CLIFF
They told her. They told her what to say -

CARL looks bewildered. He turns and advances on LGSM.

DAI
(A warning)
Carl -

HEFINA steps forward -

HEFINA
What’s going on?

MARK
(Gesturing her back)
It’s alright -

MARK walks round to protect his gang, instinctively.

CARL
It’s you lot, is it? The gays?

A beat. MARK is scared but defiant. He nods.

MARK
We’re LGSM. Lesbians and Gays support the miners. Yes. My name’s Mark Ashton.

Silence. A long silence. CARL shoots his hand out.

CARL
You’ll have a pint will you, Mark?

MARK takes CARL’S hand and shakes it, the relief palpable on his face – everyone’s faces. Nervous laughter everywhere.
Later. Lights on in the welfare, more people inside.

Every member of LGSM has a group of Dulais women around them. We travel around, picking up on conversations.

GWEN
Now, what I was told about lesbians really did shock me. It can’t be true, can it? You’re all vegetarians?

STELLA
Actually, Zoe and I are both vegans.

GWEN’S face is a blank of incomprehension.

JEFF’S talking to DEBBIE THOMAS, the welfare’s bar-maid and the MINER’S WIFE.

DEBBIE
Do you know who you look like?

JEFF
The lead singer of Haircut 100.

DEBBIE
See? I bet you get that a lot.

JEFF
It varies. Sometimes it’s Billy Idol.

Past them to RAY and REGGIE with GAIL and a MINER’S WIFE.

GAIL
So you live together, like, You know, husband and wife. But what I want to know is –

RAY
I know what you’re going to say.

GAIL
Which one does the housework?

RAY
Okay. That’s not what I thought you were going to say.
INT. KITCHEN. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.

DAI, MARGARET, MAUREEN, CLIFF, HEFINA and SIAN.

SIAN
Are you joking?

MAUREEN
Certainly not.

HEFINA
It’s embarrassing enough that they’ve spent one night on Dai Donovan’s floor, Maureen. From here on in the hosting committee is going to bloody well start hosting.

MAUREEN
I’m sorry. Not me. I’m concerned about AIDS.

SIAN
What?

MAUREEN
It’s not a trivial matter, Sian. They’ve issued leaflets.

CLIFF
I don’t mind taking more, Hefina. Not the lesbians so much, because of their cuisine – But I’ll take an extra gay.

HEFINA
I’ll tell you something right now, Maureen Barry – if you get AIDS – so help me God – I will nurse you myself. Though how you’re going to get AIDS from a couple of sleeping bags in your extension, I don’t know.

SIAN
It’s fine. I can take one and so can Cliff.

MAUREEN
You think it’s going to be that easy, do you? Just bulldoze people into thinking the same thing as you.

HEFINA
I don’t need to bulldoze anyone. It’s you who’s got the problem. They’re all getting along perfectly well.

MAUREEN
Oh, really?

She walks to the door, opens it. HEFINA’s face changes. She charges through the door with SIAN and the others following.
INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.

WOMEN all around the members of LGSM but all the young MINERS are still at the other side of the room. HEFINA marches over.

HEFINA
What the hell do you think you’re doing?

CARL
I’m just talking to Kev about something.

HEFINA
You can talk to Kev any day of the week. Get out there and find a gay or a lesbian. Right now.

CARL
Look, Hefina – I’ve shaken their hands, I’ve bought them a drink, see? I don’t want to labour the point do I? It might – You know – give them the wrong impression.

HEFINA
Oh, right. Because you’re so bloody irresistible, is that it, Carl Evans? Listen to me – I’ve seen you dancing around my front lawn with no clothes on since you were this high, and I can tell you right now – these gays have thrown better away. Now move yourself. And you.

They do. Passing CLIFF as they go.

CLIFF
There you are, lads. Had a brush with the real Iron Lady.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.

Disco in full swing. LGSM dancing with the MINERS’ WIVES. JEFF surrounded by kids. GAIL and SIAN dance with JONATHAN.

GAIL
This is a first, this – having men on the dance floor.

JONATHAN
You can’t be serious.

GAIL
Welsh men don’t dance, do they, Sian?

SIAN
Never. Can’t move their hips.

JONATHAN looks over at all the men standing by the bar. He then catches sight of RAY and REGGIE chatting to them. A sly, little smile escapes.
JONATHAN
Well, why don’t we show them what they’re missing.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.

Music bursts out. Disco. JONATHAN struts into the centre of the dance floor and executes a series of brilliant Disco moves. Pint glasses freeze halfway to open mouths, MINERS stare, WIVES shriek. JONATHAN’S routine is incredible. It’s sharp and outrageous but also brilliantly executed. Across the floor, RAY and REGGIE are staring with open mouths. JONATHAN grabs SIAN and GAIL and executes a number of stunning pirouettes. HEFINA gets dragged in - and even GWEN. The children form a circle around him. The barmaid, DEBBIE breaks into a broad grin.

DEBBIE
Oh my god, he’s amazing.

CARL hears this and watches, amazed as she dirty dances up to JONATHAN and is instantly swept up into his embrace. Finally JONATHAN brings the number to a conclusion. There’s a moment of silence. All we can hear is JONATHAN’S panting breath. RAY and REGGIE look nervously about them. Then suddenly, impulsively the whole room, men, women and children, erupt into deafening cheers and roars. JONATHAN is mobbed by the crowd. We join him, close-up, fanning himself with his hand.

JONATHAN
I miss Disco.

EXT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.

Everyone leaving the welfare drunk. CLIFF first.

CLIFF
(Shouted over his shoulder)
Everyone back to mine for a nightcap!

HEFINA is behind, arm in arm with her HUSBAND, (JOHN.)

HEFINA
(Shouted)
Cliff, go to bed.

STEPH assists GAIL man-handling her totally paralytic husband, ALAN over to their house.

GAIL
(To STEPH)
He always gets like this.
(Loudly to ALAN)
What did I bloody say to you. Eh? Showing us up in front of our guest?

CARL is talking to JONATHAN, much to the amusement of his mates. One of them, GARY shouts over. CARL walks back.

GARY
What the hell was that about?
KEV
He’s going to give him lessons.

CARL punches KEV’S arm. The MINERS explode into laughter.

GARY
Are you joking? You’re going to start prancing around like that?

CARL
(Defensive)
Listen. You want to stand at the bar for the rest of your life wishing you could talk to Debbie Thomas, that’s fine by me. I’m going to be a woman magnet.

He flips one of JONATHAN’S spliffs into his mouth and walks.

GARY
Where the bloody hell did you get that?

Now we see them all from the POV of -

INT. MAUREEN’S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

- A pair of net curtains. It’s MAUREEN. She steps back from the window quickly.

MAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
I don’t know why you’re so het up. They’re going in the morning.

MAUREEN turns into the room, unimpressed. Her sons LEE and JOHNNY are sitting on the couch.

MAUREEN
This strike matters to you two, does it?

JOHNNY
Of course it does.

MAUREEN
What do you think people will say when they hear about this? We’re being backed up by perverts. You want people taking the piss, do you? Scabs? Coppers? Calling us all sorts of names?

JOHNNY
No.

MAUREEN heads for the door.

MAUREEN
I know one thing. Your father would never have stood for it.

She leaves. LEE looks up at the wall. A photo of MAUREEN’S LATE HUSBAND (30’S) is in pride of place.
MARTIN catches up with SIAN. She stops and loops her arm through his. MARTIN smiles.

MARTIN
That went well. Considering.

SIAN
Considering?

MARTIN
Sometimes people can surprise you, that’s all I’m saying. I never had a problem with it, Sian.

SIAN
I’m glad to hear it. Because, this is Joe - (waves him over) And he’s going to be sleeping in our house.

JOE comes over. MARTIN visibly blanches but extends his hand.

MARTIN
(Very deep voice)
How do?

JOE
Nice to meet you.

JOE walks off ahead. MARTIN looks actually shell-shocked.

SIAN
No need to do the full Barry White, Martin. He knows you’re heterosexual.

They walk off. SIAN trying to contain her amusement.

High Angle on the street.

Sleepy members of LGSM in the van. Suburban streets outside. JOE looks up and realises where he is.

JOE
(Panicking)
This is fine.

STEPH
I think we should take him to the door.

JOE

MIKE
Leave him alone.
JONATHAN stops the van. The door slides open. JOE leaps out.

JONATHAN
Hang on a minute.

JONATHAN produces a Tesco bag. Hands it to JOE.

JOE
What is it?

He opens the bag. Choux buns. LGSM roar with laughter.

JONATHAN
Got to keep up the fiction.

They laugh and wave and hoot the horn loudly as they drive away. JOE looks down at the bag. Smiles.

INT. KITCHEN. JOE’S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. AFTERNOON.

JOE sitting with MARION at the kitchen table. She’s eating the Choux buns. She raises her eyebrows. Not bad.

MARION
Was it fun?

JOE
It was the best experience of my entire life.

MARION looks at him.

MARION
Making pastry?

She takes another bite. JOE smiles. Music. MONTAGE begins.

EXT. CHEMIST. DAY.

JOE exits the chemist looking at photographs.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. DAY.

HEFINA and SIAN opening envelopes with cheques.

INT. JOE’S BEDROOM. DAY.

JOE bursts into his bedroom with a carrier bag and a cardboard box, dives into his meagre record collection and pulls out his albums - Rio by Duran Duran, Wham’s greatest Hits, That’s What I call Music Vol 1 and a Disney Collection. He dumps them hastily into the cardboard box and pulls some pristine new albums from his carrier bag; Gary Numan, Talking Heads and David Bowie, and places them reverently underneath his record player.
EXT. DULAIS. DAY.

Bitter cold. CLIFF, DAI, MARTIN and the lads on the picket line, pushing back against a line of policemen, pressing them away from a van trying to enter the colliery. Shouting and jeering. Jostling. A POLICEMAN starts aggressively shoving JOHNNY, incurring CLIFF’S wrath -

CLIFF
Oi. If you want to start something, start it with me.

INT. JOE’S PARENT’S LIVING ROOM. BROMLEY. DAY.

JOE, TONY and MARION watching the TV. The IRA attack on Margaret Thatcher with the bombing of the Brighton Hotel.

EXT. CHEMIST’S SHOP. DAY.

JOE enters the chemist.

INT. CHEMIST’S SHOP. DAY.

Photo developing machine. Pictures piling up mechanically; Collections outside gay bars. Everyone painting banners etc.

EXT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.

LGSM in front of the shop. JOE takes a picture. We...

INT. JOE’S BEDROOM. DAY.

...See the developed version in his hand. He puts it on a pile with the others and tops it off with a ripped out page from CAPITAL GAY which contains the photo taken with DAI DONOVAN that night at The Bell. HEADLINE: GAYS AND LESBIANS COME OUT FOR THE MINERS. He hides them all between the pages of A CHILD’S TREASURY OF VERSE on the bookshelf. MONTAGE ENDS

EXT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.

JOE, STEPH, JONATHAN rattle buckets. Tinsel round their woolly hats. Bright December day.

STEPH
Don’t worry about me freezing to death in Brixton, will you?

JOE
Aren’t you going to ring your Mum?

STEPH
What for? A long distance queer bashing?

JONATHAN
(To a passer by)
Support the miners.
STEPH
Why don’t I pretend to be your
Girlfriend? That way you get an
alibi and I get to watch The Sound
of Music.

JONATHAN
You can come to ours, Steph.

STEPH
Can I?

JONATHAN
Orphans of the storm. No Queen’s
speech and no carols.

STEPH
Sounds like heaven.

JONATHAN
Happy Christmas.

Somebody walks past and spits at them.

JONATHAN (CONT’D)
And a very happy Christmas to you
too.

INT. TV ADVERT.

The screen is filled with a dark, sinister rock-face. Scary
music and the chilling voice of John Hurt -

JOHN HURT (V.O.)
There is now a danger that has
become a threat to us all. It is a
deadly disease and there is no
known cure.

A Chisel, hammering into the rock.

JOHN HURT (V.O.)
The virus can be passed during
sexual intercourse with an infected
person. Anyone can get it. Man or
Woman.

It’s the famous ‘Apocalypse’ AIDS information ad. We pull out
to see it’s on the TV in the corner of the room in -

INT. JOE’S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. AFTERNOON.

JOE sitting on the sofa with TINA’S husband, JASON, balancing
their new baby on his knee. TINA is putting the wrapped
presents she’s brought under the tree. There’s a lot of them.
JOE’S watching the screen.

JOHN HURT (V.O.)
So far it’s been confined to small
groups. But it’s spreading.

A granite coffin slab with the word AIDS chiselled onto it is
falling into a grave.
JASON
AIDS. Anally. Injected. Death
Sentence.

MARIAN
Will you switch that off please,
Tony.

TONY switches the set off. JOE looks at the dead screen.

INT. LIVING ROOM. JONATHAN AND GETHIN’S FLAT. DAY.
GETHIN snatches up the ringing phone. JONATHAN is out of
sight in the kitchen. We hear the clanging of pots and pans.

GETHIN
Hello – ? (Listens) No, I’m afraid
he’s being creative in the kitchen.

JONATHAN (O.S.) (STRESSED)
Take a message!

INT. HALLWAY. HEFINA’S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY.
HEFINA
I just wanted to thank him for his
beautiful card. Homemade, too.

She has it in her hand. It’s a sketched TOM OF FINLAND style
Gay Santa pulling on his leather boots. HEFIINA’S HUSBAND
coming downstairs with a tray looks less impressed.

HEFINA (CONT’D)
Is that a Welsh accent, I can hear?

INT. JONATHAN AND GETHIN’S FLAT. HALLWAY. DAY.
GETHIN’S surprised to be asked.

GETHIN
Oh. Maybe. The remnants.
(Dismissive) I haven’t been home
for a long time. So...

HEFINA
Well, wish Jonathan a happy
Christmas from all of us in Dulais,
will you?

GETHIN
Of course. Of course, I will.

He’s about to put the phone down...

HEFINA
And Nadolig Llawen to you, my love.

A beat. GETHIN stands with the phone to his ear as though
he’s taken a huge emotional blow to the solar plexus. A beat.
He looks at himself in the mirror.
GETHIN
(Whispered)
...Nadolig Llawen.

He puts the phone down. Still staring. A flood of feeling from that one simple sentence in Welsh.

95
**EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY.**
The Theatre Van speeding up the cold, wet motorway.

96
**EXT. DULAI’S. DAY.**
The VAN turns a corner. The village looks different, bleaker. A couple of houses are breeze-blocked up. Evidence of the strain of the strike is everywhere. The PICKET BUS has broken down by the side of the road and is supported on bricks.

MARK
(To himself)
Jesus -

The van parks up. A poster on the wall nearby reads CHRISTMAS FUEL DONATIONS URGENTLY NEEDED. DAI comes out of his house and waves. LGSM pile out of the van. MARK, MIKE, JOE, STELLA, ZOE, STEPH, JEFF, RAY, REGGIE, JONATHAN - And GETHIN. He stands for a second, looking terrified.

GETHIN
What the bloody hell am I doing?

JONATHAN puts his arm around him. DAI appears and waves.

MARK
Let’s get the stuff unloaded and shared out as fast as possible, yeah?

He heads off to join DAI leaving the others to take the boxes of food out. ZOE and STELLA exchange glances.

MIKE
Come on. You heard him.

They start to unload.

97
**INT. LIVING ROOM. DAI DONOVAN’S HOUSE. DAY.**
MARK, DAI and MARGARET. Both look exhausted.

DAI
There’s noises in the village. Small voices. It’s nothing we can’t handle, but -

MARK
They want to go back?

DAI
They’ve been told they’ll save the pits that go back first.

(MORE)
They won’t. But desperate people will believe anything.

MARGARET DONOVAN
(Bitterly)
Tell him about the bus.

DAI
Our bus has broken down.

MARGARET DONOVAN
And our gas has been cut off so we’re having baths next door.

A beat. The devastating strain is evident in spite of DAI’S attempts not to burden MARK. He tries to smile.

DAI
Happy New Year, anyway.

EXT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. AFTERNOON.

GETHIN is staring up at the hall, looking grim. Outside, JEFF is dispensing fingerless gloves to a screaming kids fan club.

JEFF
Not even Kim Wilde’s got them in orange.

JONATHAN comes up and stands beside GETHIN.

JONATHAN
You just need to relax.

GETHIN
That’s easy for you to say. I keep thinking somebody’s going to smack me one.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL KITCHEN. AFTERNOON.

JONATHAN and GETHIN walk into the kitchen and spot HEFINA, DAI DONOVAN and CLIFF.

JONATHAN
This is Gethin, everybody. He’s a little bit nervous.

GETHIN
(Sharply)
Jonathan -

CLIFF
There’s nothing to be nervous of, boy.

DAI DONOVAN
With a good Welsh name like that?

HEFINA
Where are you from, then?
GETHIN
Rhyl. Originally.

A sudden frozen beat. Everything takes a very serious tone.

CLIFF
Well, blow me.

DAI DONOVAN
(Turning away to the bar)
No. No way.

HEFINA
Listen here, see. We don’t mind the gays and the lesbians. That’s fine. But don’t you dare be bringing people from North Wales up here.

GETHIN has visibly blanched. JONATHAN doesn’t know what to do. DAI DONOVAN bursts into laughter, joined by all the others. CLIFF gets him in a head-lock, roaring with laughter.

CLIFF
You stupid bugger.

100A INT. ONLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. AFTERNOON.

A colder, more Spartan looking welfare now. A clothes donations table - a sign above ‘CAN YOU DONATE A WINTER COAT?’ A Bingo game is in session. A rather sad selection of prizes, tins of food etc. MARK and MIKE at a table with ZOE and STELLA.

BINGO CALLER
We’re playing for a tin of beef now. Remember all your proceeds to the strike fund, ladies and gents, so please dig deep.

MARK
That bus is a lifeline. It takes the men to the picket, it takes the food parcels to the remotest villages. Without it -

BINGO CALLER (O.S.)
All the fours. Forty-four.

MARK
We need to start thinking in larger chunks of money. Because without it they’re going to fail. It’s as simple as that.

STELLA
I’m sorry, but when are you going to address my question about a Women’s group?

BINGO CALLER (O.S.)
Maggie’s Den (Huge boo) Number ten.

MARK
Stella, this is important.
STELLA
I know. But this group has absolutely no democratic process -

BINGO CALLER (O.S.)
Three and two. Thirty two.

MARK
What do you need a Women’s group for anyway?

STELLA
To address the women’s issues. Singly. And in a safe environment.

MIKE
What’s unsafe about this environment?

BINGO CALLER (O.S.)
Thee and me. Twenty three.

STELLA
I’m a woman, Mike. Okay? I’m also a Lesbian. And a Feminist -

OLD LADY
(Leaning over)
Listen, love. I don’t care if you’re Arthur Scargill. Don’t talk during the Bingo.

She turns back to her place. MIKE tries to stifle his giggles. STELLA silently fumes.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT. LATER.

ROWENA and her friends are sitting on the back of the banquette combing JEFF’S hair while he plays top-trumps with RHODRI. SIAN appears and puts a drink in front of JEFF.

SIAN
For god’s sake, leave him alone. He’s not a girl’s world.

ROWENA
But we love him, Mum.

We follow SIAN back to where JOE, GETHIN, JONATHAN, HEFINA, MARK, MIKE and MARTIN are listening to CLIFF.

CLIFF
It’s called the Great Atlantic Fault.
(Traces along the bar)
And it starts here. In Spain. And it goes under the Bay of Biscay. Then it comes up in South Wales. Then it goes under the Atlantic for miles and miles and miles. Then it comes up again in Pennsylvania.

HEFINA
My Dad used to talk about it.
MARTIN
And mine.

CLIFF
You could take a miner from Wales or Spain or America and show them that seam and they would recognise it. There’s no other coal like it. It’s perfect. Pure.
(Beat. He sips his drink)
I lost my younger brother to that pit. Thirty-six years old.
(Beat)
But without it, this town is nothing. Finished. That’s what I’d say if I ever came face to face with Margaret fucking Thatcher. That’s what I’d tell her. The pit and the people are one and the same.

A beat while they contemplate that. CLIFF breaks his own spell with a laugh at himself and a raised glass to GETHIN.

CLIFF (CONT’D)
Welcome back, son.

MARK leaps to his feet and stands on his chair.

MARK
Listen to me, everyone. I just want to say something -

HEFINA
Get your feet off those seats.

He steps onto the table. Speaks swiftly, with passion.

MARK
We’ve let you down. (There are shouts of reproval) We have. We haven’t collected enough. We haven’t raised enough awareness - we know that. It’s not enough to always be defending, sometimes you have to attack - to push forward. And that’s exactly what we’re going to do. When we get back to London - and you have my word on this - we are going to - (looks at MIKE) - do something so spectacular (laughter growing) Alright, I’m not exactly sure what - but it’ll be so incredible, so effective, that the National Coal Board - I promise you this - will come crawling on their hands and knees, in full drag, to beg you for forgiveness!

(Up roar of laughter and applause from the hall)
Victory! Victory to the miners!
Cheering from everyone. HEFINA smiles at JOE beside her, hugs him. One of the MINERS’ WIVES starts to sing from her seat, her voice, breaking through the cheers.

MINER’S WIFE
As we come marching, marching in
the beauty of the day,
A million darkened kitchens, a
thousand mill lofts gray,
Are touched with all the radiance
that a sudden sun discloses,
For the people hear us singing:
"Bread and roses! Bread and roses!"

Others join in.

As we come marching, marching, we
battle too for men,
For they are women’s children, and
we mother them again.
Our lives shall not be sweated from
birth until life closes;
Hearts starve as well as bodies;
give us bread, but give us roses!

People put their arms around each other. CLIFF nods along to the melody. MIKE, JONATHAN, STEPH etc., are totally absorbed. DAI DONOVAN is standing beside MARK. He looks across the room to MARGARET. She looks back at him, tired, worn-down but loving. There’s a whole history in that exchanged look.

As we come marching, marching,
unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their
ancient cry for bread.

GETHIN, very moved, begins mouthing along. JONATHAN watches.

Small art and love and beauty their
drudging spirits knew.
Yes, it is bread we fight for --
but we fight for roses, too!

On that last line, SIAN takes JOE’S hand and raises it high like a boxer. Much cheering and clapping. The front door crashes open. Most people don’t notice, because they’re cheering, but MARTIN and DAI DONOVAN do. It’s LEE and JOHNNY looking mean and drunk. MARTIN herds them out into the hallway. DAI follows after.

EXT. HALLWAY. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE. NIGHT.

MARTIN is blocking the door. Noise from inside.

LEE
We’ve come to take back our welfare.

MARTIN
What are you talking about?

LEE
From all your bloody queers.

DAI DONOVAN
What the hell’s going on?
JOHNNY
There’s normal people who want to
drink in here as well, you know?

DAI DONOVAN
You listen to me. Those people in
there are our guests -

LEE
Yeah. Well, they want to watch
themselves.

MARTIN grabs him by the throat.

DAI DONOVAN
Leave it, Martin, for God’s sake-

There’s a short scuffle. MARTIN man-handles LEE out of the
door and hurls him down onto the cold snow.

MARTIN
You so much as lay one finger on
anyone inside that hall.

DAI DONOVAN
Come inside -

MARTIN
And so help me God, I’ll break your
bloody arms and legs for you.

MARTIN is led in by DAI. The door closes.

JOHNNY
(Screamed)
Bent bastards!

INT. KITCHEN. DAI DONOVAN’S HOUSE. LATER.

It’s cold, everyone still has their coats on. DAI hands out a
couple of cans.

DAI
Yes, it’s freezing, but at least
your beers’ll be cold.

We find CLIFF, who is the somewhat unwilling centre of
attention in one corner. There’s a bit of good natured piss-
taking and ‘Go on, Cliff.’ Somewhat shyly, he speaks -

CLIFF
‘Say not the struggle naught
availeth, The labour and the wounds
are vain. The enemy faints not, nor
faileth, And as things have been
they remain’

There’s a bit of giggle from the younger ones. Suddenly
music starts up from the living room. There’s a collective
groan from some – cheers from others. JONATHAN who had been
loving the recitation, marches into the hall. MIKE pushes
past, looking for someone, and heads outside. In the living
room he sees CARL, dancing expertly with DEBBIE. CARL’S style
is laid-back and louche. Like John-Paul Belmondo. JONATHAN
smiles. GARY is watching CARL and DEBBIE too.
He turns to JONATHAN, consumed with envy, and extends his hand. JONATHAN shakes it.

GARY
I’m Gary. I want to learn to dance.

103A  EXT. DAI DONOVAN’S HOUSE. NIGHT.  103A
MARK is smoking. MIKE steps out of the house.

MARK
We need to make something happen.

MIKE
We do now, yeah.

MARK
Something big. An event. Something bigger than we’ve ever tried before.

MIKE
Why don’t you come inside? It’s fractionally warmer in there.

A beat. MARK tosses his cigarette into the dark and stands.

MARK
It’s morale. That’s the thing. It’s just as important as money. We need to keep them up, Mike, because the minute they start to feel like a lost cause -

MIKE
I know.

MARK absently pats his arm as he steps indoors.

MIKE (CONT’D)
There’s nothing worse than a lost cause.

He turns back into the house. We follow him and see...

103B  INT. DAI DONOVAN’S HOUSE. NIGHT.  103B
GETHIN is sitting on the stairs with HEFINA, DAI and SIAN.

GETHIN
I’m in Wales. And I don’t have to pretend to be something I’m not. I’m home. And I’m gay. And I’m Welsh.

A bit of a cheer.

DAI DONOVAN
For God’s sake somebody get him a beer before he starts singing.
HEFINA
What I don’t understand is why you never came back before.

GEThin
My Mother. She couldn’t accept me.

HEFINA
Not then, perhaps -

GEThin
She’s religious. She hasn’t said one word to me in sixteen years.

HEFINA
And what about you? What words have you said to her?

GEThin looks a little dumbstruck. Past them to GWEN, standing beside STEPH, watching STELLA and ZOE, slow dancing romantically in the living room. RAY and REGGIE are on the sofa, REGGIE asleep on RAY’S shoulder, RAY’S arm around him.

GWEN
You got a sweetheart, have you, love?

STEPH
I’m a gobby, Northern Lesbian, Gwen. I tend to scare them off.

GWEN opens a locket round her neck. A picture inside.

GWEN
That’s my William. Forty-four years I had with him. I wish you as many with someone one day. And as happy. (Stumbling as she turns) Jesus, I’m pissed.

GAIL appears with the paralytic ALAN hanging off her arm.

GAIL
Give us a hand will you, Steph? He’s done it again.

STEPH goes to help. We hear LEE’S voice over -

LEE’S VOICE (V.O.)
‘For years we’ve had to put up with a campaign to promote homosexuals first as martyrs, then as heroes -’

MAUREEN is peeping from behind her nets. LEE stands behind her reading out loud from a tabloid newspaper.

LEE (O.S.)
‘For many years now we have been force fed an agenda that has represented homosexuals, first as victims, now as heroes. (MORE)"
Employers have even been forced to prioritize them for jobs in the name of so-called diversity'.

MAUREEN
Margaret Donovan could be reported. All those people in her house.

(Reading on)
'The homosexuals have been told that it is us, the normal population - and not them - that is out of step. Any society that accepts that sick deception is swirling, head long into a cesspool of its own making'

JOHNNY
They want to see what’s going on up here. They’d have a field day.

A knock at the door. She looks at the BOYS then goes to answer it.

CLIFF
Why don’t you come over to Dai’s. Just for a minute. I think if you met one or two of them -

LEE appears brandishing the newspaper.

LEE
Seen this have you, Cliff? About gays?

CLIFF
I don’t believe what they say about us, Lee. Why should I listen to what they say about them?

MAUREEN snatches the paper from LEE. Ushers him in with it.

MAUREEN
Get indoors, you. And shut up.

She closes the porch door. It’s just her and CLIFF.

CLIFF
You’re a respected woman, Maureen. People follow you. You could set an example.

(Beat. No response)
You’re the backbone of that committee. You work hard. You’ve been both Mother and Father to those boys -

STEPH and GAIL walk past in the distance, balancing ALAN.
GAIL
(Shouting over)
Sitting on your own in the dark, 
Maureen? You want to take that rod 
out of your arse for a minute.

MAUREEN’S face sets. Before CLIFF can speak, she shuts the 
door on him.

105
INT. MAUREEN’S HALL. NIGHT.

MAUREEN turns, her back to the door. She looks down at the 
newspaper in her hands for a moment. She looks up. A thought forming.

106
INT. SIAN’S LIVING ROOM. EARLY MORNING.

JOE goes over to the window, kneeling up on the sofa. Dawn is 
breaking over the valley and everything is bathed in 
glistening white frost. It’s beautiful. After a moment he 
sees the door of HEFINA’S house open and GETHIN step out with 
JONATHAN, wrapped in a blanket. They embrace. GETHIN climbs 
into the Theatre van, starts it up. JOE looks round to see 
MARTIN bringing him a mug of tea. He smiles.

108
INT. PHONE BOX. EARLY MORNING.

MAUREEN on the phone, looking sheepish. The theatre VAN 
drives past. She turns so her face isn’t visible. Finally her 
call is connected.

MAUREEN
(Into the phone)
Hello? - I’m in a phone box so 
I’ll have to be quick -

She glances down at the copy of the Tabloid beside her.

MAUREEN (CONT’D)
I’ve got a story for the News desk.

109A
EXT. WALES. EARLY MORNING.

The VAN driving through the snow covered countryside.

110
EXT. WELSH VILLAGE. DAY.

GETHIN gets out of the van and walks up the drive of one of 
the houses. After a moment, he rings the door bell. He stands 
waiting, nervously for a while and then - it’s opened by a 
rather frail looking WOMAN. As soon as she sees GETHIN she 
gasps slightly and takes a step back. GETHIN stands very 
still staring at her. After a long time he says, very quietly-

GETHIN
Hello Mum.
EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. NIGHT.

Journey home. The van pulls up. JOE jumps out and - rather routinely now - is handed some shop bought cakes. He waves as the sleepy occupants of the van drive away. JOE transfers the cakes into a plastic bag and dumps the factory packaging with expert ease as he walks up his parents’ drive - the deception now second nature.

INT. JOE’S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. NIGHT.

JOE walks into the hall, sees a rather official looking letter for him. It has a BROMLEY COLLEGE letter heading. He quickly stuffs it into his pocket and walks in.

EXT. PICKET LINE. WALES. DAY.

DAI, CARL, MARTIN, CLIFF and GARY arrive at the picket line, on foot. There’s a lull. Police on one side, Miners on the other. When they spot DAI, CLIFF etc. The Police start wolf-whistling. CLIFF looks over to the picket. The men are stony faced. Angry. They approach.

CLIFF

What’s going on?

One of the miners slaps a tabloid paper into CLIFF’S hands. CLIFF looks at the open pages and turns to MARTIN.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. DAY.

DAI DONOVAN, CLIFF and a UNION MAN. Grave atmosphere.

UNION MAN

(Reading the paper)

“Perverts support the pits - A
gaggle of gays and lesbians has
’come out’ in favour of the Miners’
strike. Our editor says, ‘We knew
the Miners were desperate.’

He looks up at the room. DAI looks grave. Angry. CLIFF crosses his arms and shakes his head.

UNION MAN (CONT’D)

(Reading)

’-But now we have the final and
compelling evidence that they are
finished.’

INT. SIAN’S HOUSE. DAY.

HEFINA sitting opposite SIAN with the paper in front of her.

HEFINA

(Reading)

Does anyone else hear the bottom of
the barrel being scraped? From
where I’m sitting, the noise is
pretty deafening -’

(MORE)
DAI, CLIFF and the OLD UNION MAN walking away.

UNION MAN
It’ll have to go to a vote. But I’m warning you, we don’t need this kind of trouble.

CLIFF
This isn’t trouble, it’s mischief. Jesus, man, we’ve had worse than this before now.

The UNION MAN isn’t convinced. He walks on. DAI chases after.

DAI DONOVAN
Every day they’re out collecting for us -

UNION MAN
It’s the men, Dai. They’re already being supported by their wives — and now this. Gays. The whole country laughing at us. It’s about dignity.

A beat. They just look at each other. The UNION MAN softens.

UNION MAN (CONT’D)
It’ll have to go to a vote.

He walks on leaving DAI.

LGSM hanging around in the bookshop, all except MARK. Silent, sombre mood. The tabloid is on the front desk. GETHIN at the till.

REGGIE
Ray and I are getting involved in fund-raising for AIDS. (Everyone looks up.) Every week it’s someone else. And they’re going so fast.

GETHIN glances at JONATHAN. He’s leafing through a book.

JEFF
Have you heard about these farewell parties?

STEPH
I haven’t.

JEFF
When people get a diagnosis now, they throw parties for days on end. They’re sick of all the crying and the grief, so they’re -
REGGIE
It’s defiant.

JEFF
I’ve been invited to one.

JONATHAN suddenly engages, snatches up the Newspaper.

JONATHAN
Jesus Christ. We haven’t finished with the miners’ strike yet, have we?

MARK comes in from the back room.

MARK
They’re calling an emergency meeting. A vote. Dai’s speaking up for us, of course. But - it’s done a lot of damage.

MIKE
We’re not going to let a little thing like this break us though, are we?

A sudden terrible smash. Someone has hurled a brick and a firework through the shop window. There’s a terrifying confusion of smoke, sparks, glass. MIKE grabs the fire extinguisher, everyone starts stamping out the sparks. MARK picks up the brick and sees that wrapped around it is a single page from the tabloid story about them. GETHIN leaps up into the shattered window and screams after the now running teenagers with the ball.

GETHIN
Bastards!

EXT. MINER’S WELFARE HALL. WALES. DAY.

MAUREEN leaving the welfare, carrying food parcels with TWO DULAIS WOMEN.

MAUREEN
I don’t care about what they do. But it’s a distraction. It’s distracting people from the strike.

WOMAN #1
And then there’s the children. I mean what example is it for kiddies to have gays and lesbians roaming around?

MAUREEN
Exactly.

WOMAN #1
What message does that send out?

MAUREEN
It’s unnatural.

HEFINA appears behind them. They hadn’t noticed her.
HEFINA
There used to be a tradition, in Wales, of honouring your guests - Do you remember that, Ladies? Respect? Generosity?

MAUREEN
Hefina -

HEFINA
There’s only one thing that’s unnatural about this whole bloody business. Betraying the community. And when I find out who sold that story - believe me - they’ll know what it feels like to be ashamed.

She goes. A moment to recover. Then MAUREEN shakes her head.

MAUREEN
I remember when the strike was the only thing that mattered. Now look. The gays have moved in and it’s all about them.

The WOMEN nod, happy to have their position reaffirmed.

MAUREEN (CONT’D)
I just wish people had listened to me at the start.

She walks away. A spreading look of satisfaction on her face.

INT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.

Everyone slowly, methodically cleaning up the fire and glass damage of the bookshop. GETHIN is white with rage. MARK stops and looks at the others.

MARK
What the hell are we doing?

MIKE
Let’s just get it finished, Mark. Then we can plan our next move.

MARK
No. I mean - what the hell are we doing - They would never have known we were here if it wasn’t for this article.

STEPH
So?

MARK
They would never have found us.

GETHIN
What are you saying? I should send them the bill?

MARK
Do you know how many people read this paper?
JONATHAN
He’s right.

MARK
Of course I’m right. We could never drum up this kind of publicity in a million years.

MIKE
Mark - Don’t you think we ought to just hold back for a bit -

STEPH
Yeah.

MIKE
Regroup.

MARK
There isn’t time to regroup. This is a news item now. Today. We have to take advantage of that.

JOE
But those things they said -

MARK
Bromley, it’s time for an important part of your education. Hands up, in this room, if you’ve ever been called a name like that - or worse.

All hands go up. GETHIN stops cleaning. Looks at MARK.

MIKE
Mark, listen -

MARK
Now, there is a long and honourable tradition in the gay community and it has stood us in good stead for a very long time. When somebody calls you a name - Am I right about this Gethin -?

GETHIN
Dead right.

MARK
You take it.

JOE
They called us perverts.

MARK
You take it.
He wraps it around his body like a T-shirt. We see the headline PERVERTS SUPPORT THE PITS.

MARK (CONT’D)
And you own it.

INT. STOCK-ROOM GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.
An ‘Ops. Room’ now. Plans everywhere. A chart on the wall: PITS AND PERVERTS - Bookings. An open copy of SMASH HITS MAGAZINE on the table. MIKE is busily writing away. MARK is standing with a PITS AND PERVERTS T-SHIRT held up to his body, just like the newspaper article was in the previous scene. It has come from a pile of freshly screen printed T-shirts, sitting in a box which reads RSC Wardrobe dept. MARK smiles at the WARDROBE MASTER.

MARK
I love you.

WARDROBE MASTER
You owe me.

INT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.
GETHIN at the counter, A BOY in a printer’s shop uniform is handing JEFF a bag of freshly printed posters. He winks. The boy melts.

BOY
I can probably do you some more - next week - if you want -

But JEFF’S gone. The BOY looks at GETHIN rather embarrassed at his desperate outburst. GETHIN smiles, encouragingly.

GETHIN
He’ll call.

The BOY nods, shyly. Leaves. GETHIN shakes his head.

INT. STOCK-ROOM GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.
MARK on the phone now. Slightly rattled.

MARK
(Into the phone)
No, I am in no way suggesting that Sting - or indeed any other member of The Police, is a pervert -

MIKE closes his eyes and shakes his head.

EXT. STREET. DAY.
JOE and STEPH wait til the coast is clear then start slapping posters up.
INT. RECORD COMPANY OFFICE RECEPTION. DAY.

White space. Gold discs on the wall.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST
(Frosty)
There are no gay artists on this label, I’m sorry.

MARK
They don’t have to be gay. That’s the point. This is a coming together of all different people -

She raises her finger before answering a ringing phone.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST
(Into phone)
Reception? (Listens, smiles) It arrived about ten minutes ago, Barry -

She flicks her hand to dismiss MARK. He leaves with MIKE, fuming. As soon as they turn the corner, MARK looks around before producing the thick, black marker he used to write his list in the bookshop and starts to write something on the pristine white wall. MIKE nearly expires.

MIKE
(Looking around, frantically)
What the hell are you doing?

MARK
It’s the number for Gay Switchboard. You never know. One of them might need it one day.

He replaces the cap and they run off. As they go we glimpse the scrawled number - just beneath a framed photo on the wall. George Michael, Boy George...

EXT. STREET. DULAISS STREET. DAY.

HEFINA, SIAN, GAIL, GWEN and MARGARET DONOVAN getting into KEV’S car. CLIFF waving them off.

HEFINA
Keep those food parcels moving -

KEV
You’re going to miss this coach.

CLIFF
Get in the car.

HEFINA
And If there’s any problems we can be reached at the bookshop.

HEFINA gets in and continues her instructions through the window. CLIFF pretends he can’t understand. Her mouthing gets more and more hysterical as she tries to wind down the window.
After the car leaves, Cliff hears the sound of a staple gun. MAUREEN is putting a poster outside the Welfare. UNION MEETING. SUNDAY. 3 PM. They exchange a look.

INT. ELECTRIC BALLROOM. CAMDEN. DAY.

LGSM look around, take in the enormity of the space.

JOE
What happens if nobody comes?

JEFF
Then the bigots will have won.

STEPH
Again.

MARK has wandered further off. MIKE following. MARK turns, his face alive with excitement.

MARK
I hope you’re writing everything down.

MIKE
Is that a joke?

MARK smiles and puts an arm round MIKE.

MARK
Because we’re making history here.

INT. ELECTRIC BALLROOM. CAMDEN. DAY.

LGSM are decorating. There’s a huge banner at the back PITS AND PERVERTS BENEFIT CONCERT. MARK is talking to journalists. GETHIN and MIKE flanking him, like paramilitary.

MARK
The difference is - this is open to everyone. Gay, straight - it doesn’t matter. We want people to come together to show their support.

JOURNALIST #2
Why should gay people like me support the miners?

GETHIN releases a frustrated sigh. MARK ‘smiles.’

MARK
Because miners dig for coal, which produces power, which allows gay people like you to dance to Bananarama until three o’clock in the morning. Next question.

The doors burst open and the WOMEN OF DULAIS appear. MARK smiles but carries on with his press conference.

MARK (CONT’D)
Yes. You. The cute one.
INT. ELECTRIC BALLROOM. CAMDEN. DAY.

HEFINA, SIAN and GAIL are ironing banners.

SIAN
I’ve never met a pop star.

HEFINA
I have. Max Boyce. He was playing Swansea Grand the year our Jayne was born. (They start to laugh) I’d like to know what’s funny about that?

JOE leading A VOLUNTEER through the hall. JOE is wearing a pits and perverts T-shirt himself.

JOE
You need to push the T-shirts and the badges as hard as you can. This is a fund-raiser. Make sure people are buying stuff.

He dumps the T-shirts and walks. He passes another pair of volunteers, sorting posters. They stare admiringly.

VOLUNTEER #1
Is he in charge?

VOLUNTEER #2
He’s the official photographer.

They smile at him. JOE smiles back. As soon as he’s out of sight he breaks into a huge proud grin.

INT. JOE’S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. AFTERNOON.

MARION strips JOE’S bed while JOE’S sister TINA wanders, baby on hip.

TINA
We don’t want it to be all Churchy. Do you know what I mean?

MARION
It’s a Christening.

TINA
Yeah, but - the readings don’t all have to come from the Bible do they? You can have all kinds of things nowadays.

TINA looks up idly at the bookcase. She scans the shelves.

TINA (CONT’D)
It’s more open.

She sees A CHILD’S TREASURY OF VERSE on the shelf and takes it down.
DAI, CARL and GARY have just arrived. CARL and GARY devouring a McDonalds. Rucksacks beside them. LGSM with them. DAI, HEFINA, MARK and MIKE slightly apart.

DAI
Meeting’s tomorrow afternoon. Three o’clock sharp.

HEFINA
We’ll make it. Long as we set off early.

MARK
And the vote?

DAI
At the end. Single question - Can we continue taking your support in the light of recent events.

HEFINA
(Derisively)
Recent events.

GARY
You won’t have anything to worry about, I’m telling you. When they see what you make out of this -

MIKE
If we make anything out of this.

CARL
Are you joking, man? You’re already famous.

He pulls a magazine from his back pocket – MELODY MAKER.

REGGIE
Oh my God -

STEPH snatches up the magazine. Reads.

STEPH
‘Bronski Beat are to headline a benefit for the miners at the Electric ballroom - (Shrieks and cheers, STEPH raises her voice) Pits and Perverrs is being organised by London Lesbians and Gay Men Support the Miners group -

RAY
Got the name wrong.

STEPH
The event is open to everyone - gay or straight - and will be a real festive occasion -

MIKE has wandered over to the window. He turns.

MIKE
Mark?
MARK gets up and joins him. STEPH still reading.

**STEPH (O.S)**

Through which we can express our solidarity with the mining communities -

MARK looks out the window then over to DAI, nods him over.

**INT. ELECTRIC BALLROOM. CAMDEN. NIGHT.**

People arriving. HEFINA, SIAN, GAIL on the desk, taking money. JONATHAN stamping people’s hands. The straight people look like they’re entering a new kind of theme park.

**HEFINA**

Don’t dawdle, love. Get indoors.

Then on to JONATHAN for a stamp.

**SMILEY STRAIGHT MAN**

We’ve never been to a gay club before.

**JONATHAN**

(Stamping their hands)

Don’t be nervous, it’s just like a straight club. Only, the music’s better and the men can dance.

JONATHAN beams as he sees the length of the queue.

**INT. ELECTRIC BALLROOM. CAMDEN. NIGHT.**

1500 people are crammed into the venue, the atmosphere is electric. MARK is on stage, loving the attention.

**MARK**

(Into the Mic)

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the gays, to the straights and to the as-yet undecided. Welcome to the Electric ballroom, Camden, for this, the first ever - Pits and Perverts benefit ball!

A huge roar. Music pumping. LGSM and the DULAS women are watching from the gallery, CARL and GARY roar their approval over the crowd. JOE snaps pictures - it’s fantastic.

**INT. ELECTRIC BALLROOM. CAMDEN. NIGHT.**

BRONSKI BEAT on stage singing. We see GWEN staring gleefully. We move through the dancers to CARL and GARY dancing fantastically, surrounded by a small circle of admirers. A STRAIGHT GIRL dances up to CARL, her friend in tow. They dance in front of them for a while, and then -

**STRAIGHT GIRL**

(Shouted over the music)

This is the first gay club we’ve ever been to.
CARL nods. Shrugs. Executes a deadly spin. Then, nonchalantly-

CARL
(Indicating GARY behind)
Yeah? As a matter of fact, we’re not gay either.

STRAIGHT GIRL
(Crestfallen)
Oh.

CARL turns and busts a few more moves then turns back.

CARL
We’re miners.

The STRAIGHT GIRL’S eyes widen with total adoration. Her FRIEND almost squeals. CARL gives GARY a surreptitious wink.

INT. STAIRWELL. ELECTRIC BALLROOM, CAMDEN. NIGHT.

Revellers passing on the stairs. JOE and STEPH walking down. A DRAG QUEEN walks past with a hard-hat perched on her wig and a sign around her neck; MARTHA SCARGILL. JOE snaps her picture. STEPH suddenly grabs JOE and ducks behind his back. ZOE and STELLA walk past. They give JOE rather a dirty look, handing him a flyer. Once they’ve gone STEPH re-emerges.

STEPH
They want me to join their breakaway group.

JOE looks at the flyer. LESBIANS AGAINST PIT CLOSURES.

STEPH (CONT’D)
Strictly women only. I don’t think I could trust myself, do you?

She walks off. JOE notices someone staring at him.

YOUNG GAY MAN
You going to take my picture, then?

JOE raises the camera to his eye, snaps, lowers it again and smiles.

INT. ELECTRIC BALLROOM. CAMDEN. NIGHT.

DAI’S delivering a speech from the stage.

DAI
It’s incredible to see such a mix of people here tonight. Gay and straight. Can you see what we’ve done here? By coming together- all of us- by pledging our solidarity, our friendship - We’ve made history.

A roar goes up. Only CARL and GARY aren’t cheering. They’re snogging the STRAIGHT GIRLS.
Back in our miners’ lodge in Wales we have a banner. And it’s old – very old – maybe a hundred years. And it’s this – Two hands together. Joined. Like this.

MARK and MIKE watching, proudly from the gallery. MIKE puts his arm around MARK’S shoulder. JOE is raising the camera to his eye again when he feels a hand on his shoulder. It’s the YOUNG GAY MAN from before.

DAI’S VOICE (O.S.)
Well, I’ll tell you now. You have worn our badge, Coal not Dole –

The YOUNG MAN takes JOE’S face in his hands and kisses him.

DAI’S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
- and when the time comes – And this is my word on this - I will wear yours. Shoulder to shoulder. Hand to hand.

A huge, electrifying roar of approval fills the hall. JOE and the YOUNG MAN kiss again.

INT. ELECTRIC BALLROOM. CAMDEN. NIGHT.

Much later. The concert is over and the lights are going on. LGSM and the WOMEN weaving their way across the floor.

JONATHAN
Now, I hope you ladies aren’t going to let me down?

HEFINA
What? We want to see everything. Don’t we?

JONATHAN
Everything?

GWEN
Even the rubber scene.

They march ahead, leaving DAI looking extremely nervous.

INT. GAY NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

MARK dancing with SIAN. JONATHAN dancing with GWEN. GETHIN dancing with HEFINA. They are surrounded by shirtless gay men and lapping it up with innocent glee. DAI is looking totally but good-naturedly out of place.

INT. RUBBER CLUB. NIGHT.

The WOMEN and LGSM trooping down the stairs to a dark, basement rubber club. The pale, pierced, rubber clad door-whore looks rather flustered.
RUBBER MAN
Sorry, ladies. This is a men only venue.

HEFINA
(Without stopping)
Don’t be daft, love. We’ve come all the way from Powys.

The WOMEN push past him until he slides off his stool. DAI tries to give him a sympathetic smile as he passes.

INT. RUBBER CLUB. NIGHT.
A lot of good natured, wide eyed amazement. GAIL’S talking to the scarcely dressed BARMAN.

GAIL
How do you get into that leotard then?

BARMAN
Erm... Talcum powder.

GWEN
(Can’t hear over the music)
What?

GAIL
(To GWEN, loud)
Talcum powder.

GWEN
Oh. (To the BARMAN)
Lily of the Valley, I use.

EXT. CLUB. NIGHT.
STEPH and GAIL, JOE and THE YOUNG GAY MAN leaving the club. MARK is the last. He’s stopped as he goes by a handsome, rather dishevelled looking young man, TIM going in with his friends. They’re all very much the worse for wear.

TIM
Mark - ? Oh my God. Mark Ashton.

MARK
Tim?

TIM
This is insane. I’m bumping into everybody tonight.

MARK
How are you?

TIM
laughs. There’s a weary, dark tone to it.

TIM
Still changing the world?
MARK

Bit by bit.

TIM touches MARK’S cheek. Smiles. The intimacy between them is clearly that of ex lovers.

TIM

Change a bit for me, will you?

TIM’S FRIEND (O.S.)

Tim! Come on!

TIM stumbles slightly, laughs at himself. He really is wasted. MARK helps to stabilize him.

TIM

I haven’t been home in four days.

MARK

Haven’t you?

TIM

(Extravagantly)

I’m on a farewell tour.

MARK

Where are you going?

TIM starts to laugh again but the laughter threatens to turn into a sudden escape of tears. He gets them under control very quickly and firmly. He leans in and kisses MARK.

TIM

You’re a beautiful man, Mark. I miss you. And I love you. Please take care of yourself, okay? Please. Please take care.

TIM’S FRIEND (O.S.)

Tim!

TIM’S FRIENDS appear and drag him away. MARK stands still.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

GAIL and STEPH walking, drunk. STEPH is supporting GAIL. Screams and laughter of THE WOMEN up ahead.

GAIL

I’m sorry.

STEPH

Don’t worry. You’re lighter than your husband.

GAIL

You know what I was – ? When I met Alan?

STEPH

Drunk?
GAIL
Sixteen. Do you think that’s ridiculous?

STEPH
No.

GAIL
I was pretty then.

STEPH
You’re pretty now.

GAIL

STEPH
That’s cheery.

GAIL
Sod it. I always thought sex was for the men, really, anyway. We just put up with it, don’t we? Keep them quiet.

STEPH
Okay. I’ll listen to a certain amount of drunken bollocks, Gail but sex is not just for the men. It’s for the women too. Believe me.

GAIL steps forward to STEPH and kisses her.

GAIL
Oh, yeah.

She lurches off. STEPH stands for a moment and then follows.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM. GETHIN AND JONATHAN’S HOUSE. NIGHT.

SIAN, MARGARET DONOVAN, GAIL and HEFINA, drunkenly admire the aesthetics. GWEN, dolefully examines the lovingly stripped floor.

GWEN
No carpets?

SIAN’S running her hands up the wallpaper.

SIAN
This is Laura Ashley. I’ve seen it before.

GAIL
Where?

SIAN
Cardiff.

HEFINA
What I want to know is - what’s this?
They turn. She produces a large dildo from behind her back. The WOMEN shriek.

SIAN
Hefina Heddon, put that back immediately.

HEFINA
That’s nothing. Here. Look what else I found.

She’s pulled a pile of Gay porn mags out.

MARGARET DONOVAN
(Horrified)
You never went under his bed.

She holds up the centre-fold.

HEFINA
There. When was the last time you saw anything like that?

They collapse into hysterics.

INT. GETHIN AND JONATHAN’S HOUSE. NIGHT.

GETHIN and JONATHAN are in bed. They can hear the hysterics next door.

JONATHAN
Don’t those women ever sleep?

INT. GETHIN AND JONATHAN’S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The WOMEN sitting up against the bed, howling while HEFINA holds up another centre-fold.

HEFINA
Jesus, God. That takes me back.

Helpless, helpless, tearful laughter.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. BROMLEY. VERY EARLY MORNING.

JOE walking along with his camera. He looks on Cloud 9. He walks up the drive to his house.

INT. JOE’S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. VERY EARLY MORNING.

JOE closes the front door as silently as possible – with just the faintest click. He slips off his shoes and tip-toes into the house. He stops when he sees his Mum half propped up in an arm-chair. She comes round when she sees him. They stare at each other. JOE sees that her eyes are red.

JOE
Mum?

His DAD appears at the kitchen door. He also, quite obviously hasn’t slept.
It’s only then that JOE sees his CHILDREN’S TREASURY OF VERSE is laid out with all his photographs and cuttings and everything. He turns a terrible, sickening white.

INT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. EARLY MORNING.

MARK standing, staring into the middle distance. Activity behind him - DAI, SIAN, GARY, MARGARET, HEFINA, GAIL, STEPH, JONATHAN, MIKE, CARL and GETHIN all excitedly piling money bags into hold-all bags.

JONATHAN
Six straight people asked me if they could join last night.

GAIL
You’re joking.

GETHIN
We should set up another group. Straights supporting gays supporting miners.

We see what MARK’S staring at. An AIDS AWARENESS poster. It bears the legend. TESTED? Suddenly he snaps into life.

MARK
(Brusquely)
Right, that’s it. We’re off.

SIAN
What about Bromley?

MARK
He’s too late. You’ve got a meeting to get to.

He strides out. The others look a little bewildered.

EXT. DULAIS STREET. DAY.

CLIFF walking past the welfare. Something catches his eye. He walks over. The poster MAUREEN put up has 3 PM scribbled out, and under it - BROUGHT FORWARD TO 12 PM. He looks horrified.

EXT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. EARLY MORNING.

The theatre van is loaded up. Everyone waiting for JOE.

MARGARET DONOVAN
Surely, you’ve got his number, Steph.

STEPH
Nobody’s got his number. He lives at home.

HEFINA
I’m sorry but Mark’s right. If we’re going to get there by three -
MARK
(Getting in)
Come on! For God’s sake. He’s blown it.

They start to climb into the van.

SIAN
(Disappointed)
What a shame.

STEPH
He was sucking face til the lights came up. I wouldn’t waste any time feeling sorry for him.

GARY
Can I please have an Aspirin?

EXT. JOE’S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. MORNING.

Through the windows of JOE’S parents house. JOE and his MUM and DAD sat around the table with JOE’S photos and stuff spread out before them. JOE’S DAD is shouting. JOE’S MUM is crying. It’s a grim episode.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. DAY.

PEOPLE going into the hall. CLIFF looks stricken. He checks his watch. The UNION MAN passes him.

CLIFF
What the hell’s this?

UNION MAN
Plans change, Cliff. It’s not my fault.

He goes into the hall. MARTIN runs over.

MARTIN
No answer. They must be on their way.

They look into the slowly filling hall.

MARTIN (CONT’D)
I can’t speak in front of all those people, Cliff. I can’t.

CLIFF looks at the hall and then back to his watch.

INT. JOE’S BEDROOM. DAY.

JOE sitting on his bed. Exhausted, pale and very unhappy. His MUM comes in. JOE says nothing. MARION leans against the open door. She’s exhausted too. Her tone is gentle and conciliatory.

MARION
We’ve always been friends, haven’t we? You and me.

(MORE)
I know you think you know what you want, Joe, but you’re so young. That’s what the law’s for. To protect you.

Silence. She comes and sits next to him on the bed.

I didn’t know who I was at your age.

Still nothing.


Silence. She puts her arm around him and pulls him in to her.

LGSM rock sleepily in the van. MARK’S face as he stares out of the window. Consumed with his fearful thoughts.

Hall about a quarter full. MAUREEN, JOHNNY, LEE and her allies are there. The UNION MAN etc. CLIFF is standing, facing the crowd. He looks grave, terrified. Silence.

What I want to say - about the gays and the lesbians - What I want to say- is this -

Silence. CLIFF’S sweating. MARTIN looks anxiously on. A MINER shouts from the back.

Why don’t you do us a poem, Cliff?!

There’s a lot of hearty laughter. MARTIN stands.

I want to propose that this meeting is unlawful.

I want to propose that this meeting was brought forward unlawfully - and that most of the people here aren’t even from this village -

A lot of uproar. Baying. CLIFF sits. He looks pale.

The van pulls up. Everyone piles out.
HEFINA
There you go. Two hours to spare.

MARGARET DONOVAN
(Crossly)
You drive like a bloody lunatic, Hefina Heddon.

DAI spots the small crowd starting to leave the hall.

DAI
Jesus Christ.

He tears over to the hall. HEFINA turns to GWEN.

HEFINA
Gwen, look after the gays.

She rushes after DAI, SIAN and the others follow. CLIFF is walking out of the hall. He stops as he sees LGSM, and looks down at the floor.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. DAY.

The UNION MAN, MAUREEN, LEE and JOHNNY, facing HEFINA, SIAN, DAI etc. MARTIN hovers by the door.

SIAN
Three o clock.

MAUREEN
You can’t dictate when the committee sits.

SIAN
You told us three o clock.

MAUREEN
And then we had to change it.

GAIL
It’s a bloody disgusting way to behave.

If you weren’t down in London

HEFINA
It’s invalid. This whole decision is invalid.

DAI DONOVAN
We can fight it.

MINER #1
(Furious)
We’ve got one fight, Dai. The fucking Strike. Jesus Christ, man -

LEE
Or have you forgotten that? All of you? Dancing around in London?

A little silence.

MAUREEN
The trouble with those people is they jump on the bandwagon.
SIAN
What?

MAUREEN
It’s well known. They pretend they’re backing you but what they’re really doing is pushing their own agenda. Gay rights.

HEFINA
What?

MAUREEN
We’ve seen articles, Hefina.

HEFINA
Christ Jesus, help me - You better shut her mouth or I’m going to do it. Permanently -

She launches herself at MAUREEN. MAUREEN springs forward.

DAI
That’s enough. Enough.

162A  INT. KITCHEN. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. DAY.  162A
MIKE, MARK and STEPH are listening to the scrap from the kitchen. Faces grave.

162B  INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. DAY.  162B
Both women are restrained. A quiet beat.

UNION MAN
An official letter will be sent -

HEFINA
I can’t listen to this.

HEFINA breaks her bonds and leaves.

UNION MAN
To thank them. Most sincerely.

SIAN sets off too.

UNION MAN (CONT’D)
They’re causing us embarrassment, Sian. That’s the thing. And we’re not strong enough. Not now. We’re struggling to survive as it is.

SIAN
Oh. That reminds me.

SIAN picks up one of the hold-alls and empties its contents on the desk with a clatter.

SIAN (CONT’D)
Courtesy of those people. And their ‘agenda.’
JOHNNY
(Picking some up)
Jesus Christ.

SIAN walks out, passing MAUREEN at the door, she gives her a filthy look. Finally she reaches MARTIN.

SIAN
(Furious)
And I don’t suppose you opened your mouth, did you? Didn’t want to rock the boat - is that it?

She storms off. MARTIN watches her go.

JOHNNY
There’s bloody thousands here.

163

EXT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL. DAY.

SIAN, HEFINA pass CLIFF standing on the steps. MAUREEN passes. He shouts after her.

CLIFF
You think you’ve known somebody your whole life. (She stops. Turns.) Turns out they’re a complete stranger.

MAUREEN
I might say the same about you, Cliff.

Silence. He steps closer to her.

CLIFF
I’ll tell you something. If you think this is what my brother would have wanted. You’re wrong.

MAUREEN, outraged by this intrusion on her grief, looks, for a second, as though she might strike CLIFF. They stare at each other for a moment, before MAUREEN turns and walks away.

164

EXT. DULAIS. DAY.

LGSM getting back into the van. DULAIS villagers standing around very solemnly. GWEN tearfully hugs STÉPH.

DAI is facing MARK.

DAI
I’m not going to let this go.

MARK
You have to. We came to help you win. And if we’re not helping - We have to go.

DAI is suddenly, fiercely moved.

DAI
This was all you.
MARK
No -

DAI
It was. *(Hugs him)* Take my advice.
Don’t give it all to the fight.
Leave some for home. *(He glances over at MARGARET)* There’s more to life, you know?

GWEN
*(Hugging STEPH)*
You girls have opened my eyes. I’m going to extend my repertoire – you watch. The Vegan Delia Smith.

CLIFF is handing some books to MIKE.

CLIFF
Emile Zola. Robert Tressell. Those were my father’s.
*(A difficult little beat)* Anyway. It’s only books.

SIAN
*(Hugging MIKE)*
Please give my love to Joe.

MIKE
I will.

SIAN
And say goodbye.

GAIL stands before STEPH, trying to fight the tears.

GAIL
You don’t need all this front, see?
So drop it. You’re a good mate.
*(Hugs, as the tears come. Quietly-)*
And a bloody good kisser.

Everyone starts to climb into the van. CLIFF tries to stay in control of his feelings.

CLIFF
Don’t be strangers. You’re all welcome here. All of you.

DAI grabs MARK’S hand again. Quickly and quietly -

DAI
Never forget this. *(Gestures to the hand shake)* Never.

MARK
I won’t.

DAI
Promise me.

MARK
I promise.
The van starts up. The villagers wave. CARL, furious and choked with tears, kicks a can across the street.

CARL
It’s a bloody travesty, man.

The waving turns into applause as the van drives off. Soon, it’s disappeared. The villagers head home. Only CLIFF remains. Standing, watching the space where they were.

165

INT. MINI-VAN. DAY.

Everyone sitting in silence as they drive away. Focus on MARK’S face. He’s destroyed.

166

INT. SIAN’S KITCHEN. DAY.

MARTIN is standing in the door frame. SIAN reaches for some paperwork and starts to attend to it.

MARTIN
I did speak up.

SIAN says nothing. MARTIN fights the emotion.

MARTIN (CONT’D)
Not everybody’s like you, Sian. Happy to be in the spotlight. But I spoke. I did. And I meant it.

Silence. The KIDS appear.

ROWENA
(Gingerly)
Mum? We’re hungry.

SIAN doesn’t move. MARTIN goes over to the cooker.

MARTIN
Come on. Sit down.

The kids sit at the table. SIAN stares. MARTIN starts their tea.

167

EXT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.

Van arriving at the shop. Everyone getting out somberly. GETHIN looks up from the till as they arrive. RAY, REGGIE and JEFF appear from inside. JONATHAN is there too. He raises his fists in salute but stops when he sees their expressions.

168

INT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.

A shocked, glum silence. After a moment, GETHIN stands.

GETHIN
I don’t accept it.

MARK
(Wearily)
Gethin -
GETHIN
I don’t. They can’t stop me from collecting money. How can they?

He grabs a bucket. Sets off.

REGGIE
Don’t be crazy, Gethin.

JONATHAN
Geth - !

The door slams off. Silence.

RAY
Somebody better tell ‘Lesbians against Pit Closures.’

Silence. It was a gentle joke but nobody laughs.

EXT. GAY’S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. EARLY EVENING.

MARK walking briskly away. MIKE jogging to keep up.

MIKE
What now?

MARK
What do you mean?

MIKE
What are we doing? Where are we going?

MARK
It’s over, Mike. Were you not paying attention? We lost. And I don’t know about you, but I’m pissing off.

MIKE
Where?

MARK
Anywhere. Out of here.

MIKE
What about the rest of us?

MARK
Do you think it might be possible that - just for once you could make your own decision, Mike?

MIKE
You what?

MARK
Do you think that - just for once - you could stop following me around like a pathetic fucking Spaniel, and let me have a life of my own?

MIKE is furious and very hurt.
MIKE
Yeah. I think I could manage that.

MARK
Good. Piss off. All of you. Leave me alone.

MARK turns. MIKE watches him go. We see MARK’S face as he walks away. Pale and grim.

INT. ONLLWYN MINER’S WELFARE HALL KITCHEN. EARLY EVENING.

CLIFF and HEFINA are buttering bread for the welfare kitchen. Silence.

CLIFF
(Quietly)
I should have said more. I could have. I could have spoken better.

HEFINA says nothing. A beat. Finally, gently -

HEFINA
(Quietly)
If you’re going to cut - cut it straight. Triangles.

She goes back to spreading. CLIFF cuts the bread. They work in silence for a while, then - finally -

CLIFF
I’m gay.

HEFINA stops and looks at him. He’s still cutting and doesn’t look up. A pause, then.

HEFINA
I know.

CLIFF looks at her now. Surprised. They face each other.

HEFINA (CONT’D)
I’ve known for a little while now, love.

CLIFF
Since the gays arrived?

HEFINA
Well. I can’t speak for the rest of the village. But - speaking for myself - since about 1968.

He looks at her. Laughs a little. So does she. HEFINA smiles again and goes back to spreading. CLIFF watches her for a moment then goes back to cutting. They work together in total silence for a while. CLIFF stops then and looks at HEFINA again. She doesn’t look up. He smiles, then returns to his pile.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

GETHIN is outside a gay bar. Rattling his bucket feverishly.
GETHIN
Lesbians and gays support the miners?

A drunken GAY MAN comes out of the bar.

GETHIN (CONT’D)
Lesbians and gays support the miners?

DRUNKEN GAY MAN
(Nasty, angry)
Never mind the miners – There’s gay people dying. Every day. That’s what you should be thinking about.

GETHIN starts to walk away.

DRUNKEN GAY MAN (CONT’D)
(Shouting after him)
Not the bloody miners – arsehole!

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

GETHIN walking down a deserted street. A MAN following him. He speeds up slightly. The MAN speeds up as well.

MAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
Excuse me – ?

GETHIN ignores it. Walks briskly.

MAN’S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Excuse me.

Still walking.

MAN’S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
I only want to talk to you.

GETHIN stops. Turns. The MAN stops in front of him. His face is completely dead-set. GETHIN looks nervous. There’s a second of hiatus before the MAN’S mouth forms into a nasty leer and then –

INT. JOE’S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. NIGHT.

We’re watching someone being beaten up. Badly. On TV. It’s a film. Quite sickeningly violent. TONY and MARION are watching it. The door-bell rings. MARION gets up.

INT. HALLWAY. JOE’S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. EVENING.

MARION answers the door. It’s STEPH. She’s standing back on the path looking around to check if her memory serves her correctly. MARION’S face blanches slightly at STEPH’S quiff and make-up but she smiles.

STEPH
(Tentative)
Is Joe there, please?
MARION
(Smiling)
No, I’m afraid he’s out.

STEPH’S VOICE (O.S.)
Could you tell him that his friend
Gethin is in hospital? It’s very
important. He’s in St. Thomas’s
Hospital. He’s been beaten up.

MARION
Yes, of course I’ll tell him.

STEPH
And will you tell him Steph called
round? To see how he was?

MARION nods. Smiles. Shuts the door.

INT. JOE’S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. EVENING.

JOE’S face suddenly appears at the top of the stairs.

JOE
Who was that?

MARION
Tina. She wants a lift in the
morning.

A beat. JOE disappears upstairs.

EXT. DULAIS STREET. DAY.

The MINERS including MARTIN, LEE and THE UNION MAN are
waiting at the side of the road to head to the picket.
Placards, smoking, tired looking faces. A horn beeps and they
stand. One of the MINERS smiles.

MINER #1
It’s the new van.

The MINERS scramble to their feet, excitedly.

LEE
This is it, boys. No more pushing
the bugger up Onllwyn Hill.

The VAN pulls up to the curb, driven by HEFINA. The MINERS
can see it properly now. Their faces change at once.

LEE (CONT’D)
What the hell’s this?

HEFINA
New van. Courtesy of our gay
friends down in London.

LEE
I’m not getting in that.
HEFINA
Then you’ll have to stay here.
In you get, lads. Quick now.

The MINERS start to pile in. LEE looks murderous.

EXT. WELSH COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

Finally, we see the VAN on the road and — painted across it in big letters emblazoned across a huge pink triangle, is the legend DONATED BY LESBIANS AND GAYS SUPPORT THE MINERS. A motorist pulls up next to the van at the lights. He looks at the van and then at HEFINA and winds down the window.

MOTORIST
You a lesbian then, love?

HEFINA
That’s right. We’re just on our way to Swansea now for a massive Lez-off.

The MOTORIST stares open-mouthed as she speeds away from him.

INT. MINI-VAN. DAY.

MINERS squeezed into the van. JOHNNY sat next to a murderous looking LEE. Suddenly JOHNNY bursts into hysterical laughter. LEE looks at him with fury. It just makes JOHNNY worse.

INT. JOE’S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. LATE AFTERNOON.

JOE sitting on the sofa eating cereal in his parents house. A caption appears. March 3rd 1985. Dad’s Army is on. He stares at the screen, eating mechanically. Suddenly, he stops, his spoon half-way to his mouth. We see the TV screen. A subtitle has appeared under Captain Mainwaring’s exploits — BBC NEWS FLASH. NUM DELEGATE CONFERENCE HAS VOTED TO RETURN TO WORK ON TUESDAY. REPORT AT 3.30. JOE stares at the screen.

EXT. LONDON STREET. EVENING.

JOE running hard down the street.

INT. NATIONAL EXPRESS COACH. NIGHT.

JOE staring out of the window, watching the dark sky go past.

EXT. DULAIS. DAY.

Dawn. Empty streets at the edge of the village of Dulais. JOE appears in view. He’s been walking and looks tired. There’s an early mist hanging everywhere and the dawn light makes everything rather magical. JOE stops walking for a second and frowns. He can hear something. He walks a little further. The noise is getting louder. After a moment, JOE stops again and stares. The noise is identifiable now. It’s a brass band.
Slowly, through the mist, we see the Pit and Colliery band leading the march back to work of the Dulais Valley miners. JOE walks toward them.

EXT. DULAIS. DAY.

JOE stands at the side of the road. There’s one or two HOUSEWIVES and KIDS in pyjamas, standing on their doorsteps too. JOE looks across the road. JOHNY and LEE are leaving MAUREEN’S house. MAUREEN embraces them as they set off. As she does so, we might spot that she has something in her hands. JOE watches as the miners march past. Some looking solemn, some sad. All proud. Some of the housewives are applauding. JOE starts to applaud as well. MAUREEN stands to attention on the doorstep as LEE and JOHNNY join the march. Her head up, proudly. She produces what she was holding, positioning it in front of her, almost formally, as the march passes. It’s the framed photograph of her husband. Finally CLIFF spots JOE. His tired expression gives way to a smile.

CLIFF
Bloody hell -

CLIFF watches him for a moment, standing alone, looking tired and dishevelled but applauding proudly. He breaks into applause himself – alerting some of the other MINERS – DAI, CARL, GARY – who join in. MARTIN spots JOE, breaks ranks, walks purposefully towards him, and, overwhelmed with it all, gives him a huge, crushing, hug.

EXT. DULAIS. DAY.

JOE is watching as MARTIN disappears with the march. As the last miners pass, JOE spots someone on the other side of the road watching too. MARK.

EXT. FIELD. DULAIS. DAY.

JOE and MARK Looking out across the industrial landscape.

JOE
I’ve been virtually under house arrest since they found out. I haven’t seen anyone. I tried ringing Steph but she’s always moving around –

MARK
Why don’t you leave?

JOE
I did. Last night. I didn’t even tell them where I was going.

MARK
That’s not leaving. It’s running. What are you going to do now?

JOE
Stay here. Just til I sort myself out.
MARK
And do what? Get a job down the pit? That’s all they need. A trained pastry chef with a camera.

A beat. MARK seems harder somehow, preoccupied.

JOE
Just now. When the march went past. Were you hiding?

MARK looks at him.

JOE (CONT’D)
I don’t understand. They would have been really pleased to see you.

MARK
I should never have come.

JOE
You were the leader.

MARK
It was sentimental. I was trying to make myself feel better. And I failed. Serves me right.

JOE looks out. Somewhere, in the distance, a work siren wails. They watch the colliery wheels turning. Smoke beginning to spiral upwards.

MARK (CONT’D)
Bromley, do you remember the first time we came up here?
(JOE nods)
I was terrified.

JOE
You?

MARK
I looked across the bus and I saw you sitting there in all your quiet, awkward glory - and do you know what I said to myself? I said - I may not be absolutely certain of that boy’s name - but he’s got guts.

JOE takes that in. Amazed.

MARK
Me?

JOE
You stood up in a room full of miners with only six other gay men and a Lesbian for protection. Yes. You’re a member of LGSM, Bromley.
(Suddenly angry)
So stop sneaking out of your Mammy’s house in the dead of night and stand up for yourself. Have some pride. Because life is short. Okay? It’s short.

(MORE)
A beat. MARK takes a badge from his jacket and pins it onto JOE’S chest. Then turns and sets off. JOE shouts -

JOE
What should I say to Sian?

MARK
Nothing. I wasn’t here.

A beat. He turns.

MARK (CONT’D)
Do something, Bromley. Please. Surprise us.

He disappears into the mist.

INT. SIAN’S KITCHEN. DAY.

JOE is sitting at SIAN’S table devouring a cooked breakfast.

SIAN
You’re a mad bugger. I’m taking you home after that. In the van. No arguments.

Her gaze drifts into the distance, then - suddenly, fiercely -

SIAN (CONT’D)
God forgive me, there are things about that strike I’m going to miss. Even Dai Donovan’s speeches.

ROWENA and RHODRI come in.

ROWENA
Will you give this to Jeff please, Joe?

It’s a pencil sketch of Jeff with love hearts around it.

JOE
Course I will.

SIAN
And what about Gethin? Is he okay?

JOE
Gethin?

SIAN
The last I heard he was back on the ward.

SIAN can see from JOE’S face, he has no idea what she means.

SIAN (CONT’D)
Oh, Joe - I’m sorry. I thought you knew.
INT. VAN. DAY.
SIAN driving down the motorway. She looks over and sees that JOE’S fast asleep against the window. She smiles.

INT. ST. THOMAS’S HOSPITAL. LATE AFTERNOON.
JOE and SIAN walk up the hospital corridor.

INT. ST. THOMAS’S HOSPITAL. DAY.
JOE and SIAN at GETHIN’S bedside. JONATHAN comes in. Puts a small box beside the bed.

GETHIN
I don’t like Meltis Fruits.

JONATHAN
Then maybe you won’t go through them quite so fast. Help me out with these will you, Bromley?

JONATHAN hands a vase of flowers to JOE. Takes one himself.

JONATHAN (CONT’D)
No fags. Even if he begs.

JOE follows him out of the room. As soon as they’ve gone -

GETHIN (Urgently)
Keep an eye on Jonathan for me, will you? He needs to take care of himself.

SIAN
It’s you we’re taking care of, you daft sod.

GETHIN
If you could just make sure he’s got some groceries in -

SIAN
Gethin -

GETHIN (Simply)
He’s HIV positive, Sian.

A beat. SIAN shakes her head. Stunned.

GETHIN (CONT’D)
He’s not supposed to smoke, he’s supposed to eat properly. Please. For me.

JOE comes back into the room.

JOE
Gethin - ?
Behind him is a little OLD LADY, looking rather small and apprehensive. GETHIN smiles and props himself up in bed.

GETHIN
Hello.

The OLD LADY smiles. GETHIN turns to SIAN, beaming.

GETHIN (CONT’D)
This is my Mum.

EXT. HOSPITAL GARDEN. LATE AFTERNOON.

JONATHAN is rolling a spliff, SIAN beside him on a bench. JONATHAN’S manner is very matter of fact. Not sentimental.

JONATHAN
Back then, when they knew even less about this thing, they gave out numbers with each diagnosis. One Two. Three. And so on. Of course, once they started getting into the high thousands -

He laughs a little. Lights the spliff. SIAN sits and waits.

JONATHAN (CONT’D)
I’m number two.


JONATHAN (CONT’D)
Nobody knows what’s keeping me alive. I think it’s the Grass. Gethin says it’s a sense of purpose. As if - getting up in the morning - you know? A full diary. That’s why he dragged me into LGSM. That’s why it was so important. In the beginning, anyway.

SIAN
Don’t you dare die.

JONATHAN laughs a little.

JONATHAN
What are you going to do now?

SIAN
Make you some soup. Drive back to Wales.

JONATHAN
I mean with your life.

SIAN
I’m a wife and mother, love. My life goes back to normal now.

JONATHAN
Well, it shouldn’t.
(SIAN looks at him)
You have a first class mind.
(MORE)
You should do something. Go to college.

(A beat. She’s listening)
Don’t waste it, Sian. There’s young people dying every day now. Good people. Clever. Promising. Don’t you dare waste it.

EXT. JOE’S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. EARLY EVENING.

Van pulling up to JOE’S suburban driveway. JOE becomes aware of something. The house is full of people - some spilling into the front garden. He knows at once what’s going on.

JOE
Shit.

EXT. JOE’S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. EARLY EVENING.

Guests at TINA’S christening party, all staring at the van with GAYS AND LESBIANS SUPPORT THE MINERS emblazoned across it. JOE hugs SIAN inside. MARION, horrified, marches up to the van just as JOE gets out.

MARION
What the hell is this?

JOE calmly gets out.

MARION (CONT’D)
And where have you been?

JOE ignores her and marches up the path. MARION looks round to see her guests staring then marches over to SIAN’S window.

SIAN
Hello, I’m Sian. You must be Joe’s Mum.

MARION
Will you please remove your van from my property?

SIAN
I hope you appreciate him. Because there’s a whole village back in Wales who thinks he’s a hero.

She drives away. MARION marches back to the guests.

INT. JOE’S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. EARLY EVENING.

MARION walks back in. Charges down the hall. Furious. Mortified as all her suburban, respectable guests stare. JOE appears now, coming down the stairs with a rucksack. TINA walks out with the baby, JASON too. Both furious, shocked.

JOE -
TINA
Mum, he’s done this on purpose.

JOE
I hope one day we can be friends, Mum.

She’s completely stunned. He turns and walks away.

JASON
Oi. You got something to say to your sister.

JOE
I’ve got something to say to you, Jason. You’re a Dick.

A little shocked response from the assembly. JASON looks murderous but is held back.

JOE (CONT’D)
And, Tina - that tight perm doesn’t suit you. It never has. I’m sorry.

He marches out of the house. As he walks through the front garden, he sees his Dad, unloading the car -

TONY
Joe -

JOE walks on. There are tears in his eyes. He looks shell-shocked.

INT. BELL GAY PUB. EARLY EVENING.

JOE walks into The Bell. He looks around the bar and sees a BOY, probably about his age, looking as scared and shy as he was when he first met MIKE. He smiles at him, kindly. JOE looks to the other end of the room. STEPH is sitting at a table, waiting with two drinks. She smiles. Pushes a pint of beer across the table towards him.

INT. STEPH’S SQUAT. NIGHT.

JOE and STEPH lying in sleeping bags on the floor of the darkened room. JOE and STEPH whisper. Happy.

STEPH
While you’ve been away, I’ve been changing my act. You watch. Demure and accommodating, that’s me. The Lesbian Lady Di.

JOE
I think I’d find that a tremendous disappointment.

STEPH
I’m glad you came back, Bromley. It wasn’t the same without you.

JOE
Thanks.
They move their heads round to face each other.

JOE (CONT’D)
I’m glad I came back too.

STEPH smiles. A little beat.

STEPH
If we were normal. This is when we’d kiss.

JOE starts laughing. STEPH too.

EXT. LONDON SKYLINE. DAY.

The start of a beautiful June day.


INT. JONATHAN AND GETHIN’S FLAT. MORNING.

JOE walking through JONATHAN’S house with a load of red fabric. He’s in different clothes, looks happy, relaxed. JONATHAN and GETHIN are sewing red flags on an old Singer. Music is playing from the stereo. STEPH and MIKE are painting a banner.

STEPH
‘Screw you Thatcher?’ Or ‘Fuck you?’

GETHIN
I can see the appeal of both.

STEPH
Jonathan – Screw or Fuck?

JONATHAN
Screw. More visceral.


LOUD-HAILER (O.S.)
Attention. Attention. We have reason to believe that there are known homosexualists and a confirmed Lesbo inside these premises, and that they are armed with sewing machines and glitter –

They rush to the front door. MARK is outside with a loud hailer.

MARK
(Into the loud-hailer)
Aha. Now that you have made yourselves known to me, I have a question for the notorious Accrington sodomite known as Mike Jackson –
GETHIN
Will you please, put that down? We have a very good relationship with our neighbours.

MARK
(Into the loud-hailer)
Mike? I behaved like a prick before. Do you forgive me?

Everyone looks at MIKE. A beat passes between them.

MIKE
Why don’t you shut up and sew something.

It’s forgiveness. Everyone relaxes and moves indoors. MARK smiles at JOE as they pass in the hallway.

MARK
You look different, Bromley. Older.

MARK throws something to JOE. It’s a small paper bag.

MARK (CONT’D)
Happy birthday.

MARK passes him into the living room. JOE follows opening his gift. It’s a 21 today badge. MARK’S added the word LEGAL!

JOE
Thanks. And just for future reference – my name is Joe.

A big ‘Woooh’ from everyone and MARK settles down to help.

EXT. HYDE PARK. DAY.

JOE, STEPH, GETHIN, JONATHAN walking towards a huge gathering around the arch. They’re all wearing their Pits and Perverts T-shirts. They start to get their red flags and banners organized. We can see a group of policemen taking the piss with their helmets off, almost sunbathing in an aggressively insouciant way. One shouts over.

POLICEMAN
Haven’t you heard about the miners, Dearie? They lost.

The POLICEMEN laugh. LGSM walk past, ignoring it. There’s a TV crew there as well. Performing a perfunctory interview with a drag queen. RAY and REGGIE arrive.

REGGIE
Have you heard? No politics.

GETHIN
What?

RAY
Mark’s over with the steward now.

STEPH
No politics?
RAY
And no slogans.

REGGIE
We’re a ‘Mardi Gras’ apparently.

They follow RAY and REGGIE.

EXT. HYDE PARK. DAY.

MARK, MIKE, RAY and REGGIE, STEPH, JOE, JONATHAN, GETHIN, JEFF, and a GAY PRIDE STEWARD. JEFF is holding up a huge LESBIANS AND GAYS SUPPORT THE MINERS banner.

STEWARD
There was a general feeling –

MARK
Amongst who?

STEWARD
Amongst the committee. That people were tired of politics and that the tone this year should be celebratory. With affirmative slogans and a positive atmosphere.

MARK
Horse-shit.

STEWARD
If you insist on marching with a banner then you have to march at the back. With the fringe groups.

MIKE
We’re LGSM, mate. We fought alongside the miners.

STEWARD
(Walking off)
Congratulations. But now it’s time for a party.

JEFF
What are we going to do?

MARK
(Furious)
Bollocks.

JONATHAN
I’m not letting go of my banner.

MARK
(More furious)
Complete and utter bollocks.

STELLA and ZOE appear with TWO GIRLS. They have a banner which reads, LESBIANS AGAINST PIT CLOSURES 1984-1985.

STELLA
What’s LGSM’s position?
GETHIN
We’re going to march.

STELLA
Yes, but with banners or not?

MARK
With. This is a fucking demonstration.

STELLA
That’s why we’ve decided to lead the fringe groups. At the back.

JEFF
Why would you be leading it?

MARK
I’m not letting go of the banner – Or standing at the back.

JOE
Listen –

ZOE
There’s got to be some kind of compromise.

STEPH
Why?

ZOE
Because that’s the way you get things done.

MIKE
No it fucking isn’t –

JOE
Listen –

STELLA
Why does it always have to get aggressive with you lot?

JOE
(Shouted)
Listen to me.

Silence. They are.

JOE (CONT’D)
Whether we march with banners or without – the important thing is that we march together. All of us. That’s what this thing has been about from the beginning. And that is absolutely how it is going to end. Together. Us. United.

LGSM meekly pick up their banners and start walking away, towards the march. Even JOE is slightly taken aback by how effective his speech has been. JOE looks at STEPH.
JOE (CONT’D)
(Surprised)
Well, that shut them up.

But STEPH doesn’t answer. She picks up her placard and walks away after the others, her eyes trained on the horizon. A slight smile appearing on her lips. JOE turns. His expression changes too. He breaks into a smile. Then a laugh. A shiny, red mini bus with LESBIANS AND GAYS SUPPORT THE MINERS painted inside a pink triangle on its side. HEFINA is driving. JOE runs towards the van along with the others. The villagers of Dulais pile out of the van. They all have Gay rights banners which they have painted themselves. CLIFF raises his arms in triumph. He’s immediately dragged into an embrace by RAY and REGGIE. HEFINA embraces MARK. SIAN’S KIDS are almost choking JEFF. CLIFF is hugging RAY and REGGIE. Everybody is hugging or squeezing somebody else. It’s an incredible reunion. GWEN - because she’s little - is getting rather lost in the melee.

GWEN
Where are my Lesbians? Where are my Lesbians?

She finds ZOE and STELLA and the three of them squeeze each other. DAI DONOVAN is hugging MARK and MIKE now.

DAI DONOVAN
What did I tell you, eh? Shoulder to shoulder.

MARTIN has found JOE now.

MARTIN
You look more cheerful than the last time I saw you.

JOE
So do you.

GWEN is now showing ZOE and STELLA the contents of her tupperware sandwich box.

GWEN
These are all cucumber, see? And no butter. Stork SB. Every one.

Back to DAI and MARK.

DAI
Where do you want us then?

MIKE
I can’t believe you came.

HEFINA
Miners, see? We love a bloody good march.

The STEWARD appears, rather flustered.

STEWARD
(Frazzled)
There’s too many of you.
MARK
What?

STEWARD
You’ll have to go up to the front.
You’ll have to lead.

MIKE
We’re not losing our banners.

MARK
What do you mean too many?

But he’s gone.

MARK (CONT’D)
(Irritated)
What does he mean too many?

DAI
I think he means them.

They look over. Buses. Row after row of buses. We hear the hiss of the pneumatic doors and see the boots and shoes of miners and their families getting off. A Union man reels off the lodge names as they arrive-

UNION MAN
Haverfordwest, Caerphilly, West Glamorgan, East Glamorgan...

MINERS are mingling with LGSM. Shaking hands. One of the MINERS getting off the bus is JOHNNY. He walks over to a Drag Queen and shakes her hand. Now we see a big colliery band. Full uniform. Tuba, trombone, trumpet, all shining in the sunlight as they are unpacked from the buses. The list continues-

UNION MAN (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Brockwell, Harvey, Durham...

POLICEMEN now, putting their helmets on as they run. All looking rather nervous. A group of MINERS unfurl a banner MINERS SUPPORT GAY AND LESBIAN RIGHTS. There are lodge banners too. Huge, beautiful Union banners which are being expertly assembled laid out on the grass. The TV crew has appeared. They’re interviewing CLIFF.

CLIFF
The gays and the lesbians have been magnificent. There’s no other word for it -

TV WOMAN
You must have found it a bit weird?
A load of gays and lesbians descending on you like that?

CLIFF
(Dry, dignified)
Why on earth would we find that weird?

The TV WOMAN shrivels. Still smiling. A lodge banner is hoisted triumphantly up on poles from the grass.
GAYS and LESBIANS have been standing around watching. MARK is herding LGSM and their now huge MINERS support group up to the front.

MARK
Come on, we’re up the front. This way - This way -

As they set off, the GAYS and LESBIANS watching start to applaud. The MINERS wave. Some applaud back.

EXT. GAY PRIDE PROTEST MARCH. DAY.

We see the head of the march now. JOE is standing next to MIKE and MARK. SIAN, DAI, MARTIN, HEFINA, GWEN and CLIFF are there too. STEPH as well - everyone. All together.

MIKE
(To JOE)
You’re not worried about being too visible this time?

We spin round to see a huge bank of press photographers.

JOE
(To MIKE)
Shut up and march.

The band strikes up. The march begins.

EXT. GAY PRIDE PROTEST MARCH. DAY.

We follow them marching. The skinheads - all getting ready to cause trouble, are suddenly a lot more reticent than last time. Some of the MINERS are walking with STELLA and ZOE and singing ‘Every Woman is a Lesbian at heart.’ LGSM and the DULAIL villagers are marching with their arms round each other, children on JEFF’S shoulders etc. Cards on screen:

On June 29th 1985, London’s Gay Pride March was led by members of the Dulais community, other miners, and official representatives of the Mine worker’s union, in a show of thanks and solidarity for LGSM’s overwhelming support during the miner’s strike.

CLIFF walks through the crowd, looking around him in wonder at the other gay people there. After a moment, he slows down so that he starts to lose the villagers slightly and can take in the spectacle on his own. A banner passes him; GAY POETRY AND LITERATURE SOCIETY. He smiles. Now we focus on SIAN marching along. A card reads:

Sian James enrolled at Swansea University as a mature student graduating after three years with a degree from the Welsh Language Department.

As the march passes Parliament, SIAN leads a furious barrage of shouts and whistles - shaking her fist at the building.

In 2005 she was elected Member of Parliament for Swansea East. The first woman ever to serve that constituency.
As SIAN moves ahead, we see AIDS activism and remembrance banners - one particularly which reads - Those we have lost. JONATHAN and GETHIN come into view behind. Holding hands.

**Jonathan Blake was the second person ever to be diagnosed HIV positive in the UK.**

He smiles and waves as he marches along. GETHIN kisses him on the cheek.

**He recently celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday.**

We pass through other members of LGSM. RAY and REGGIE, JEFF, STEPH - All of them, surrounded by villagers from Dulais. JEFF is flanked with children and is carrying RHODRI on his shoulders. Finally we reach MARK. He’s having a ball. Bellowing through his loud-hailer. A couple of MINERS sweep him up onto their shoulders. He raises his hands in the air, grinning broadly from ear to ear.

**Mark Ashton continued to work tirelessly for political and civil rights causes.**

He looks young and beautiful against the blue sky. He shields his eyes against the sun. Laughs.

**He died on February 11 1987, just one week after his diagnosis with HIV AIDS.**

The MINERS pull him back down now and he is enveloped by his friends. Hugging, laughing.

**He was 27.** We sweep over their heads and see the full reach of the marchers, the banners sail past. Another card:

**In September 1985, at the Labour Party Conference, a motion was tabled to enshrine Gay and Lesbian rights into the party’s official manifesto. Although the motion had been raised many times before, this time it was carried without objection.**

The banners sail by. **This was due, in no small part, to a block vote of total approval from the largest Union at the conference.**

Then - **The National Union of Mineworkers.**

As the music reaches its climax, the final banner passes through. It’s the special DULAINS banner that DAI first described to MARK on a welsh hillside. It’s a very old banner. A crude but lovingly appliquéd symbol in white against a red background. It too fills the screen. Two hands joined in friendship.

FADE TO BLACK.