

Pride  
by  
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a1

EXT. MARK'S BLOCK OF COUNCIL FLATS. EARLY MORNING.

a1

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

1

INT. MARK'S FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY.

1

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!*





One flings a can at him. A policeman laughs. JOE ducks into the safety of the march.

17

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

17

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.

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

18

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.**

20A **EXT. GAY'S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. NIGHT.**

20A

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

21 **INT. PHONE-BOX / TONY AND MARION'S HOUSE EVENING.**

21

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  
Chiselhurst 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.23

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.

24

**INT. GAY'S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. EVENING.**

24

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)  
LGSM. Lesbians. And Gays. Support. The Miners.

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?



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.

33

**INT. GAY'S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.**

33

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.

34

**INT. STOCK-ROOM. GAY'S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.**

34

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.

35

EXT. STREET. DAY.

35

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.

36

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

36

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.

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.



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?

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?

41

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

41

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.

42

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

42

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.

DAI (CONT'D)  
 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.

DAI (CONT'D)  
 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.

43

INT. THE BELL, GAY PUB. EVENING.

43

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?

STEPH  
 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 -

44

**EXT. DULAIS VILLAGE. DAY.**

44

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.

45

**INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. DAY.**

45

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?

46

**INT. SIAN'S KITCHEN. EVENING.**

46

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.

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.

48

**INT. MINI-VAN. DAY.**

48

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.

JOE  
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.

49

**INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. DAY.**

49

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.

50

**INT. MINI-VAN. DAY.**

50

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..

51        **EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY.**        51

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.*

52        **INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. DAY.**        52

Miners arriving at the hall. The atmosphere is old school,  
unreconstructed, working class. Loud, laddish banter. It's in  
stark contrast to -

53        **INT. MINI-VAN. AFTERNOON.**        53

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?



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.

55      **EXT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.**      55

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.

56      **EXT. ENTRANCE HALL. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.**      56

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!

57      **INT. KITCHEN. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.**      57

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)

DAI (CONT'D)  
 This is Sian who wrote to you, this  
 is Gwen - And this is Cliff, the  
 club secretary -

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.

60

**INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.**

60

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.'

A little beat. Mic feed-back. A silent hall. A glaring light.

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

Silence. Beads of sweat start to appear on MARK'S forehead.

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.

61        **INT. BEDROOM. DAI DONOVAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT. LATE.**        61

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.

62        **INT. LIVING ROOM. DAI DONOVAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT. LATE.**        62

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.

64

**EXT. DOLFORWYN CASTLE, POWYS. WALES. DAY.**

64

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 -?*

65

**EXT. BATTLEMENTS. DOLFORWYN CASTLE. DAY.**

65

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.

66

**EXT. PATH AWAY FROM THE CASTLE. DAY.**

66

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...

68

**EXT. STREET. DULAIS. DAY.**

68

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 -

69

**INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. DAY.**

69

- 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.

69A EXT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT. 69A

Later. Lights on in the welfare, more people inside.

70 INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT. 70

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.

70A INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT. 70A

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.

70B INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT. 70B

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.

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.

72

INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.

72

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.

73

INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.

73

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.

74

INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.

74

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.

75

EXT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.

75

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 -

75A

**INT. MAUREEN'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.**

75A

- 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.

75B

**EXT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.**

75B

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.

75C

**EXT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT.**

75C

High Angle on the street.

78

**INT. MINI-VAN. LATE AFTERNOON.**

78

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  
No. Just here. Please. Just drop me here.

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.

80      **INT. KITCHEN. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. AFTERNOON.**      80

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..

81      **EXT. CHEMIST. DAY.**      81

JOE exits the chemist looking at photographs.

83      **INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. DAY.**      83

HEFINA and SIAN opening envelopes with cheques.

85      **INT. JOE'S BEDROOM. DAY.**      85

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.



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.

91 **INT. TV ADVERT.**

91

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 -

91A **INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. AFTERNOON.**

91A

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.





DAI (CONT'D)  
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.

100

**EXT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. AFTERNOON.**

100

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.

100AA

**INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL KITCHEN. AFTERNOON.**

100AA

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. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. AFTERNOON.**

100A

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.

101

**INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. NIGHT. LATER.**

101

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 reproof)* 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!

*(Uproar 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.

102

**EXT. HALLWAY. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE. NIGHT.**

102

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!

103

**INT. KITCHEN. DAI DONOVAN'S HOUSE. LATER.**

103

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  
avalleth, 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 giggling 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 -'*

104

**INT. MAUREEN'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.**

104

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)

LEE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*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.

LEE  
 (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 cess-  
 pool 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.**      105

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.**      106

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.**      108

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.**      109A

The VAN driving through the snow covered countryside.

110      **EXT. WELSH VILLAGE. DAY.**      110

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.

111 **EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. NIGHT.** 111

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.

112 **INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. NIGHT.** 112

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.

113 **EXT. PICKET LINE. WALES. DAY.** 113

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.

114 **INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. DAY.** 114

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.'*

115 **INT. SIAN'S HOUSE. DAY.** 115

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)

HEFINA (CONT'D)  
 (Looks at SIAN)  
 Who did this?

116 **EXT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. DAY.**

116

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.

118 **INT. GAY'S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.**

118

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!

120

**EXT. MINER'S WELFARE HALL. WALES. DAY.**

120

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.

121

**INT. GAY'S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.**

121

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.

124 **INT. STOCK-ROOM GAY'S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.**

124

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.

125 **INT. GAY'S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.**

125

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.

126 **INT. STOCK-ROOM GAY'S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. DAY.**

126

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.

127 **EXT. STREET. DAY.**

127

JOE and STEPH wait til the coast is clear then start slapping posters up.

128

**INT. RECORD COMPANY OFFICE RECEPTION. DAY.**

128

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...

129

**EXT. STREET. DULAIS STREET. DAY.**

129

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.

130

INT. ELECTRIC BALLROOM. CAMDEN. DAY.

130

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.

131

INT. ELECTRIC BALLROOM. CAMDEN. DAY.

131

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.

132

INT. ELECTRIC BALLROOM. CAMDEN. DAY.

132

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.

133

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

133

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 Perverts 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.

136

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

136

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.

137

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

137

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 DULAIS women are watching from the gallery, CARL and GARY roar their approval over the crowd. JOE snaps pictures - it's fantastic.

138

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

138

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.

138A

**INT. STAIRWELL. ELECTRIC BALLROOM, CAMDEN. NIGHT.**

138A

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.

140

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

140

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.

DAI (CONT'D)  
 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.

141      **INT. ELECTRIC BALLROOM. CAMDEN. NIGHT.**      141

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.

142      **INT. GAY NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.**      142

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.

143      **INT. RUBBER CLUB. NIGHT.**      143

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.

144 **INT. RUBBER CLUB. NIGHT.**

144

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.

146 **EXT. CLUB. NIGHT.**

146

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.

147

**EXT. STREET. NIGHT.**

147

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  
It all goes south. Doesn't it?  
Love. Looks. Everything.

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.

148

**INT. SPARE BEDROOM. GETHIN AND JONATHAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.** 148

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  
(Horrorified)  
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.

149     **INT. GETHIN AND JONATHAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**     149

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

JONATHAN  
Don't those women ever sleep?

150     **INT. GETHIN AND JONATHAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**     150

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.

151     **EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. BROMLEY. VERY EARLY MORNING.**     151

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

152     **INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. VERY EARLY MORNING.**     152

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.

153

**INT. GAY'S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. EARLY MORNING.**

153

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.

154

**EXT. DULAIS STREET. DAY.**

154

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.

155

**EXT. GAY'S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. EARLY MORNING.**

155

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?

156     **EXT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. MORNING.**     156

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.

157     **INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. DAY.**     157

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.

158     **INT. JOE'S BEDROOM. DAY.**     158

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)

MARION (CONT'D)  
*(JOE says nothing)* 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.

MARION (CONT'D)  
 I didn't know who I was at your  
 age.

Still nothing.

MARION (CONT'D)  
 It's such a terrible life, Joe.  
 It's lonely. Is that what you want?  
 No family. Hiding from people at  
 work. From everyone. Keeping  
 secrets.

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

159     **INT. MINI-VAN. DAY.**     159

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

160     **INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL. DAY.**     160

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.

CLIFF  
 (Halting, quiet)  
 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.

MINER #1  
 Why don't you do us a poem, Cliff?!

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

MARTIN  
 I want to propose that this meeting  
 is unlawful.  
 (Groans and jeers)  
 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.

161     **EXT. DULAIS. DAY.**     161

The van pulls up. Everyone piles out.



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.**

163

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.**

164

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

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.**     165

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

166     **INT. SIAN'S KITCHEN. DAY.**     166

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.**     167

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.**     168

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.

169

**EXT. GAY'S THE WORD BOOKSHOP. EARLY EVENING.**

169

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.

170 **INT. ONLLWYN MINER'S WELFARE HALL KITCHEN. EARLY EVENING.** 170

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.

171 **EXT. STREET. NIGHT.**

171

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 - asshole!

172 **EXT. STREET. NIGHT.**

172

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 -

173 **INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. NIGHT.**

173

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.

174 **INT. HALLWAY. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. EVENING.**

174

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.

175     **INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. EVENING.**     175

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.

176     **EXT. DULAIS STREET. DAY.**     176

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 buggie 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.

177      **EXT. WELSH COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.**      177

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.

178      **INT. MINI-VAN. DAY.**      178

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.

181      **INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. LATE AFTERNOON.**      181

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.

182      **EXT. LONDON STREET. EVENING.**      182

JOE running hard down the street.

183      **INT. NATIONAL EXPRESS COACH. NIGHT.**      183

JOE staring out of the window, watching the dark sky go past.

184      **EXT. DULAIS. DAY.**      184

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.

185 **EXT. DULAIS. DAY.**

185

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. JOHNNY 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.

186 **EXT. DULAIS. DAY.**

186

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.

187 **EXT. FIELD. DULAIS. DAY.**

187

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.

JOE  
 Me?

MARK  
 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)

MARK (CONT'D)  
 (A beat)  
 Okay?

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.

188

**INT. SIAN'S KITCHEN. DAY.**

188

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.



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.

192

**EXT. HOSPITAL GARDEN. LATE AFTERNOON.**

192

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.

He puffs for a moment. Silence. Bird-song.

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)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
 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.

193      **EXT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. EARLY EVENING.**      193

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.

194      **EXT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. EARLY EVENING.**      194

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.

195      **INT. JOE'S PARENTS HOUSE. BROMLEY. EARLY EVENING.**      195

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.

MARION  
 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.

196 **INT. BELL GAY PUB. EARLY EVENING.**

196

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.

197 **INT. STEPH'S SQUAT. NIGHT.**

197

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.

197A **EXT. LONDON SKYLINE. DAY.**

197A

The start of a beautiful June day.

TITLE ON SCREEN: **Gay Pride. Saturday June 29th, 1985. London.**

198 **INT. JONATHAN AND GETHIN'S FLAT. MORNING.**

198

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.

A voice from outside. Perfect BBC English amplified through a loud hailer. Everyone looks shocked. Stops.

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 'Wooh' from everyone and MARK settles down to help.

200

**EXT. HYDE PARK. DAY.**

200

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.

201

**EXT. HYDE PARK. DAY.**

201

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.

202

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

202

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.

203

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

203

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 DULAIS 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 DULAIS 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.