MRS BROWN'S BOYS
XMAS 1: 'MAMMY CHRISTMAS'

POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

Prog. No. CYA B491B/01
Duration: 29'03''

A BBC COMEDY PRODUCTION

POST-PRODUCTION SCRIPT PREPARED BY:

SOSPEEDY
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ANNOUNCER V/O:
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Mrs. Brown’s Boys.

INT. STUDIO SET

INT. SITTING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

GRANDDAD IS ASLEEP.

AGNES IS STUCK UP THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

CAPTIONS (CONTINUOUS ACTION):
MAMMY CHRISTMAS
(OOV:) Hello.

AGNES WAVES TO CAMERA.

AGNES:
Hello.

AGNES:
Hi. I slipped. I’ve been up here for an hour and a half.

AGNES:
Wake up ya bastard!

AGNES:
Granddad!

AGNES:
Wake up ya bastard!

AGNES:
Well, its Christmas time again. I’ve made me list.
AGNES UNRAVELS LIST RIGHT DOWN TO THE FLOOR.

AGNES:
(TO CAMERA:) Decorate Christmas tree. It’s not going too fuckin well. Buy turkey...not from Buster Brady. Get the sprouts and boil them early. Oh now last year they were like Iron Man’s testicles. I dropped one onto the floor and it bounced straight back into the pot.

AGNES NEARLY LOSES HER BALANCE.

AGNES:
(TO CAMERA:) It’s going to be a busy Christmas. My son Trevor’s home for a couple of days. Yeah. And Bono, my grandson, he got a part in the Christmas play. Ha ha, I have to see that. (sighs) Oh and...

AGNES THROWS ANOTHER DECORATION AT GRANDDAD.

AGNES:
(TO CAMERA:) Oh, and I wrote a letter to Father Quinn. A formal letter, making a formal request for my turn to play the Virgin Mary... It’s never too early! The early bird you know...is worth two in your bush. Granddad!

AGNES THROWS ANOTHER DECORATION AT GRANDDAD.

AGNES:
Bastard!
(TO CAMERA:) And it all starts as soon as I get off this fuckin tree.
10:02:41  AGNES NEARLY FALLS OFF. SHE LAUGHS NERVOUSLY. THE TREE COLLAPSES ON HER.

AGNES:
Shit!

GRANDDAD WAKES UP.

GRANDDAD:
Hello! Hello!

AGNES CLIMBS ONTO THE SOFA.

AGNES:
Too late ya bastard!

GRANDDAD GOES BACK TO SLEEP.

AGNES:
(TO CAMERA:) I love Christmas!

AGNES COLLAPSES.

10:03:11  MUSIC IN
10:03:14  INT. KITCHEN - DAY

AGNES SITTING WITH CATHY.

10:03:17  MUSIC OUT

AGNES:
Who’s Debbie and Murty?

CATHY:
They were the people you met on holiday in Wexford. Nice people you said.
AGNES: Nice people but I only just met them. I didn’t fuckin adopt them.

RORY WALKS IN.

RORY: Morning.

AGNES: Good morning love.

CATHY: Want tea Rory?

RORY: No. Haven’t time.

AGNES: Rory, letter for you.

RORY: Thanks Mammy.

AGNES: Open it love.

RORY: No, I’ll read it when I get to work.

AGNES: Open it now.

RORY: No, really.
AGNES:
Open the *fuckin* letter.

RORY OPENS THE LETTER.

RORY:
Oh my god! I’m about to win an award at the Irish Hairdressers Awards!

CATHY:
Congratulations!

RORY:
Can’t wait to tell everyone at work.
See ya’s!

AGNES:
He’s thrilled! I knew he would be.

CATHY:
I’ll see ya.

AGNES:
Oh now Dermot has a dentist appointment on the eleventh.

CATHY:
How do you know?

AGNES:
What?

CATHY:
Are you reading Dermot’s mail?

AGNES:
It’s not Dermot’s mail, its family mail.
10:04:11

CATHY:
Not if his name is on the envelope. That’s an invasion of privacy Mammy.

AGNES:
My arse Cathy. He works in promotions, not for the KEEAHH!

CATHY:
It’s CIA!

AGNES:
Whatever!

CATHY:
I hope you don’t read my mail?

AGNES LOOKS AWKWARD.

10:04:31

CATHY:
You do?

AGNES:
Well a lot of the times you’re gone before the postman gets here. I open it just incase it’s important.

CATHY:
Well don’t! I mean it Mammy, don’t!

AGNES:
There’s another one for you...

CATHY LEAVES.

AGNES:
(TO CAMERA:) Oh too late.

WINNIE COMES IN.

AGNES:
Hiya Winnie.

WINNIE:
How are ya Agnes? The hospital said Jacko could be home for Christmas!

AGNES:
Lovely. Did they say which Christmas? Winnie...did you ever look at Sharon’s private things?

WINNIE:
Well once, when she thought she had an inflammation...

AGNES:
No! Her letters!

WINNIE:
No Agnes, that’d be wrong. I even think that’s illegal.

AGNES:
You’re right, and if it’s not illegal, it should be. Yeah...

(READING:) Dear Cathy Brown...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

AGNES, CATHY AND TREVOR ARE IN THE KITCHEN.

CATHY:
Its just great to have you home Trevor.

AGNES:
Do you have to go back?

TREVOR:
Now Mammy, don’t start that again.

DERMOT WALKS IN, DRESSED AS A COOKED TURKEY.

AGNES:
Hello chicken. Are you on your break?

DERMOT:
Yeah Ma.

AGNES:
Do you fancy a snack?

DERMOT:
Oh yeah.

AGNES MAKES GOBBLE SOUNDS AND THROWS CORN ON THE FLOOR.

DERMOT:
Very funny Mammy.

AGNES:
(LAUGHING) Isn’t it funny! Ha ha.
(SERIOUS) Clean it up.

CATHY:
Any post for me Mammy?
AGNES: Yes, just the one.

AGNES HANDS OVER THE LETTER.

CATHY: Excuse me Mammy. This was opened.

AGNES: Don’t be ridiculous Cathy, why would the postman do that?

CATHY: It wasn’t the postman Mammy, it was you.

AGNES: I’m sorry Cathy, I fear you’re mistaken!

DERMOT: Yeah Cathy!

AGNES: People’s post is private. Everybody knows that.

DERMOT: Yeah Cathy!

AGNES: You have a dentist appointment on Thursday...

DERMOT: Thanks Ma.

CATHY:
10:06:33 So Mammy, you want to play? Fine!

AGNES:
Fine!

CATHY LEAVES. DOORBELL RINGS.

TREVOR:
I’ll get it.

DERMOT:
Mammy, did Buster call here looking for me?

AGNES:
Buster called but he wasn’t looking for you. Why, what’s he doing?

10:06:45 DERMOT:
He wants us to do a Santa Claus’ Grotto in one of the empty shops in the centre.

AGNES:
Well, there’s enough empty shops there anyway.

DERMOT:
I know. I think it’s a great idea.

TREVOR CALLS THROUGH HATCH.

TREVOR:
Mammy, someone here to see you.

10:06:57 INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY
FATHER DAMIEN, HILLARY AND TREVOR IN THE SITTING ROOM.

TREVOR:
Take a seat.

AGNES JOINS THEM.

AGNES:
Hello Hillary.

HILLARY:
Hello.

AGNES:
Hello Father Qui...who the fuck are you?

10:07:13

HILLARY:
Agnes dear, this is Damien. He’s here temporarily, so I thought I’d introduce him to some of the important people in the parish...

AGNES:
Oh well...

HILLARY:
...then I brought him to meet you.

FATHER DAMIEN:
Hello Mrs Brown. I’m Damien. I’m filling in for Father Quinn while he’s on retreat.

AGNES:
Rehab again? Would you like a cup of tea father Damien?
10:07:38  
HILLARY:  
Its just Damien. He likes people to call him Damien.

AGNES:  
And I like people to mind their own fuckin business. Would you like a cup of tea Father Damien?

FATHER DAMIEN:  
Er, no Mrs Brown. Look, it’s about your letter to Father Quinn.

HILLARY:  
(LAUGHING) Requesting to play the part of the Virgin Mary in this years nativity play.

AGNES:  
I’d forgotten about that.

10:08:58  
FATHER DAMIEN:  
Yes, well I’m afraid I have some bad news.

AGNES:  
Go on...

FATHER DAMIEN:  
There is no nativity play this year.

AGNES:  
What?

HILLARY:  
The drama group are putting it on in Ballymun parish this year.
HILLARY’S PHONE RINGS.

HILLARY:
Excuse me.

AGNES:
Now wait a minute father. My family will put on the nativity play, in the Community Centre.

HILLARY:
Well, the Community Centre may not be available. You’ll have to check with the head of the committee.

AGNES:
Which is you.

HILLARY:
(SMUGLY) So it is! You’ll also have to get permission from the Bishop.

FATHER DAMIEN:
Frankly I’m not prepared to do that.

AGNES:
Why not?

FATHER DAMIEN:
Well I believe this is just folly. Mothers do that kind of thing. Say they’re going to do something, then nothing. It’s not a risk I’m prepared to take. Right then, I’m off.

AGNES:
And I’ll start writing a nativity play.
10:08:45  FATHER DAMIEN:
Why do all mothers do this?

AGNES:
Do what?

FATHER DAMIEN:
When I say something, she completely ignores me. It's as if I haven't spoken. It doesn't ever seem to sink in.

AGNES:
Father, is your mother alive?

FATHER DAMIEN:
Yes, but that's got nothing to do with you or this nativity.

10:09:00  AGNES:
Doesn't it? I see.

TREVOR:
Leave it Mammy. Right then, thanks for dropping in Damien.

FATHER DAMIEN LEAVES.

HILLARY:
He left in a hurry.

AGNES:
You might fuckin join him.

HILLARY LEAVES.

AGNES:
That boy has issues. Mother issues.
10:09:19  TREVOR:
I’ll try talking to him.

AGNES:
You do that. In the meantime, I’m
writing a fuckin nativity play.

AGNES WALKS THROUGH TO KITCHEN

10:09:24  INT. KITCHEN – DAY

DERMOT:
I’d better be off. Buster must be
still looking.

AGNES:
Looking for what?

DERMOT:
A Santa Claus for the Grotto. We need
somebody fat and jolly.

AGNES:
Oh...fat and jolly? Oh no, he’s gone
over to talk to Sharon McGoogan.

DERMOT:
You are kidding?

BUSTER WALKS IN. HE’S BEEN BEATEN UP.

BUSTER:
So er...Sharon...she said she wouldn’t
really be into it.

10:09:53  MUSIC IN

10:09:55  INT. SITTING ROOM/KITCHEN – DAY
10:09:57

**MUSIC OUT**

DOORBELL RINGS. HILLARY SHOUTS THROUGH LETTERBOX.

HILLARY:

(00V:) Hello, I think I left my phone behind. Hello?

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN. HILLARY COMES IN.

HILLARY:

Hello?

AGNES COMES IN THROUGH THE BACKDOOR. GRANDDAD IS ASLEEP IN HIS CHAIR.

10:10:10

HILLARY:

(LOUD) Hello, I think you might be sitting on my phone.

GRANDDAD DOESN’T WAKE. HILLARY RUNS INTO THE KITCHEN.

HILLARY:

Hello?

10:10:25

**MUSIC IN - MUSICAL PHONE RING**

AGNES HIDES. HILLARY GOES BACK IN THE SITTING ROOM. HER PHONE RINGS.

HILLARY:

(LOUD) Er, Granddad I think you’re sitting on my phone. Hello? Anybody? Hello?

10:10:36

**MUSIC OUT**

GRANDDAD SCRATCHES HIS CROTCH AND THE PHONE STOPS RINGING. A VOICE CAN BE HEARD FROM THE PHONE.
10:10:39 AGNES: (PHONE VOICE OOV:) Hello? Hello Hillary?

HILLARY: Hello? Who is this?

HILLARY SPEAKS NEAR GRANDDAD’S CROTCH.

AGNES: (PHONE VOICE OOV:) It’s Agnes.

HILLARY: (LOUD) I’m sorry, I’m finding it very hard to hear. I’m in a bad area.

10:10:59 AGNES: (IN KITCHEN) Maybe if you got close to the phone.

HILLARY MOVES IN EVEN CLOSER.

HILLARY: (LOUD) Is this any better?

AGNES: (IN KITCHEN) Oh yes, that’s much better. Hillary listen closely, this is important.

HILLARY: (LOUD) Important yes, I got that.

AGNES: If a gumboil could boil oil, how much oil would a gumboil boil?
10:11:26 HILLARY:
(LOUD) What? Oh for heavens sake...

HILLARY SLIDES HER HAND INTO CHAIR UNDER GRANDDADS CROTCH AND SEARCHES VIGOROUSLY. FATHER DAMIEN WALKS IN LOOKING SHOCKED.

HILLARY:
Come on!

GRANDDAD WAKES UP AND SMILES. HILLARY NOTICES AND LOOKS SHOCKED. EVERYONE’S LOOKING AT HER.

HILLARY:
I was just taking a call.

10:12:03 AGNES TWIRLS HER FINGER AS IF HILLARY IS MAD, THEN LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY.

10:12:06 INT. FOLEY’S BAR – DAY

BARRBARA, RORY AND DINO ARE SITTING TOGETHER.

BARRBARA:
Rory, you must be delighted with your award.

RORY:
I am! But I don’t want to make a big thing of it.

DINO:
I’m so proud of you Rory.
10:12:14  RORY:
Thanks Dino.

DINO:
And when you go up to collect that award, I’ll be standing there clapping like a sea lion on speed. Ar...ar...ar...ar.

RORY FREEZES.

DINO:
What?

RORY:
There’s only one ticket to the awards party.

DINO LOOKS SAD.

10:12:30  BARBARA:
I’m going to the toilet.

AGNES, WINNIE, CATHY, BETTY AND MARIA ARE SITTING TOGETHER

AGNES:
...in a polka dot dress with just one leg!

THE OTHERS LAUGH.

BETTY:
I think the family doing a nativity play will be great fun. Can Bono be in it?
10:12:42 AGNES: The whole family’s in it Betty. Even you.

BETTY: Ah no Mrs Brown, let someone else be the Virgin Mary.

AGNES: That part is already gone.

THE OTHERS LAUGH. AGNES LOOKS AT WINNIE.

AGNES: What are you fuckin laughing at?

10:12:56 WINNIE: I’ve no idea.

MARIA: Are you religious Mrs McGoogan?

WINNIE: I am Maria. I’m a great believer. Except for the virgin birth and heaven and hell.

AGNES: But apart from that?

WINNIE: I’m a believer.

AGNES: Oh I believe in the virgin birth. Oh yes. You know, I’ve never told anybody this but Cathy, you were a virgin birth… Your father’s Richard
Branson.

THEY ALL LAUGH.

MARIA:
Do you believe in life after death Mrs Brown?

AGNES:
Do you know, my Redser asked me that about a month before he died. It was the last thing I ever heard him say.

MARIA:
He didn’t speak after that?

AGNES:
No, I just stopped fuckin listening. (LAUGHS)

WINNIE:
You had a baby with Richard Branson? Was the sex good?

AGNES:
Winnie, it was a joke.

WINNIE:
Well at least you got a baby out of it. Cathy you might get cheap flights.

CATHY:
Right I’m going to get them in.

MARIA:
I’m going to the little girls room.
10:14:14

BETTY:
Hang on, I’ll go with you.

CATHY, MARIA AND BETTY LEAVE.

AGNES:
Pssst...

WINNIE:
Go on, I’ll mind your handbag.

AGNES:
What?

WINNIE:
Go for your pssst.

AGNES GETS OUT A LETTER.

10:14:26

AGNES:
(WHISPERING) No, come here. Look at that. It’s a letter from a television company to Cathy Brown.

CATHY, MARIA AND BETTY WATCH ON.

MARIA:
Did she fall for it?

CATHY:
I think so.

BETTY:
She did! She’s showing it to Mrs McGoogan now.

CATHY:
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME, CAPTIONS and MUSIC</th>
<th>VISUAL DESCRIPTION and AUDIO</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:14:39</td>
<td>This is going to be fun!</td>
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**AGNES AND WINNIE READING LETTER.**

**WINNIE:**
‘Dear Cathy Brown, thank you for entering your mother into the best Christmas mothers competition programme that we are making.’ That’s brilliant Agnes.

**AGNES:**
I know. Look, they’re going to install secret hidden cameras all over the house to film me while I’m doing normal things. And look ‘do not tell your mother’.

**WINNIE:**
I wont.

**AGNES:**
What?

10:15:14

**WINNIE:**
I wont tell me mother.

**AGNES:**
No, Cathy’s not to tell her mother.

**WINNIE:**
Good, coz my mother’s dead.

**AGNES:**
Look, we just have to pretend that the cameras aren’t there.

**WINNIE:**
Right, so just act normal.
10:15:29 AGNES: 
Fuck no, I want to win this!

BUSTER AND DERmot AT THE BAR.

BUSTER:  
The Grotto’s looking good. And I’m after getting a lovely big chair for Santa Claus to sit in.

DERMOT NOTICES A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE – ‘LORD MAYOR’S CHAIR STOLEN’.

DERMOT:  
Where would we get a Santa Claus?

IN THE BACKGROUND GRANDDAD IS DRINKING A GUINNESS, WHICH MAKES HIM LOOK LIKE HE HAS A WHITE BEARD.

10:15:51 BUSTER:  
I don’t know.

TREVOR JOINS AGNES AND WINNIE

TREVOR:  
I spoke to Father Damien.

AGNES:  
Well, what is it that has him so angry?

TREVOR:  
He hasn’t spoken to his mother in five years.
10:16:01

AGNES:
Keep talking to him son, keep talking.

TREVOR:
I will.

TREVOR WALKS AWAY.

WINNIE:
What will I be in the nativity play Agnes?

AGNES:
One of the seven dwarves.

WINNIE:
Brilliant, who’s the other two?

10:16:19

MUSIC IN

10:16:21

INT. KITCHEN/SITTING ROOM - DAY

AGNES IN THE KITCHEN.

AGNES:
Now, how can I be a better Christmas mother today? Coz I want to be the best Christmas mother in the whole world! I’ll put the kettle on...with spring water. Only the best for my family.

MARIA, DERMOT AND BUSTER COME IN.
DERMOT IS DRESSED AS A LARGE SPROUT.

MARIA:
Hello Mrs Brown.

DERMOT:
Hiya Mammy.

AGNES:
If it isn’t the happy couple? And parents of triplets...and their friend, the lovely Buster. Hello! Do come in, sit down. How can I be of help to you today?

MARIA:
Well Derm is on his way to work and I’m off down the pharmacy to get something for the triplets. They’re all feverish.

AGNES:
The poor little mites! Is there anything I can do? Maybe cuddle them? Or I can give them a kidney if they need it?

DERMOT:
I’m just here to give Granddad is beard and hat for his first day as Santa.

AGNES:
Let me give it to him. I mean, after all I am his carer. As well as being a mother I am also a carer...for Granddad.

AGNES LOOKS AROUND FOR CAMERAS. CATHY COMES IN.

AGNES:
Hello Princess! I’m just going to care for Granddad.

DERMOT:
Cathy, what the hell is up with
10:17:36  Mammy?

MARIA:
Oh Cathy, tell them, please?

AGNES IN SITTING ROOMHELPING GRANDDADDY PUT ON HIS SANTA OUTFIT.

AGNES:
Now Granddad, I am going to place this beard on your face very tenderly, coz I am your carer.

GRANDDADDY:
Don’t hit me!

AGNES:
(AWKWARDLY) ‘Don’t hit me!’
He’s...he’s...you’re so funny! (UNDER BREATH) Those *fuckin* camera’s wont be there forever.

AGNES PUTS THE BEARD ON GRANDDADDY.

10:17:59

AGNES:
Now look, see how tender that was? I am tender, coz I am our carer. I am a carer...I care.

AGNES GOES BACK INTO KITCHEN.

BUSTER:
Mrs Brown, I would love a sandwich if you have one?

AGNES:
Yes, of course Buster! There is always food available in the house, for friends.
10:18:25

CATHY:
Right, I’m off.

MARIA:
I’ll go with you. Later...

CATHY AND MARIA LEAVE.

AGNES:
Bye bye. See you later.

BUSTER:
These are lovely sandwiches Mrs Brown.

AGNES:
Oh just…(MAKES NOISES)

10:18:35

DERMOT:
Tomorrow Mammy, I think I’d like some fried brie cheese with some cranberry sauce. What would you like Buster?

BUSTER:
Um, a ham and cheese toasted Panini.

AGNES LOOKS UNIMPRESSED, THEN SMILES.

AGNES:
Fine.

DERMOT:
Would you like me to write that down for you Mammy?

AGNES:
Oh no, I have a photogenic memory. I’m just going to go outside and have a smoke.

DERMOT:
Have it here!

AGNES:
No! I wouldn’t smoke where there’s food! Where you’re eating. Oh gosh, no! What kind of mother would that be?

AGNES GOES OUTSIDE. SOUND OF A CAT BEING KICKED.

AGNES:
(OOV:) Pan-fuckin-ini!

DERMOT:
Right Buster, come on, move it.

DERMOT AND BUSTER LEAVE.

DERMOT:
(OOV:) See you Mammy.

AGNES:
(OOV:) Good luck!

SOUND OF BUSTER BEING KICKED.

BUSTER:
Ow!

AGNES COMES BACK IN.
AGNES:
Oh, I’m so glad they enjoyed my cunnilingus efforts.

WINNIE COMES IN.

AGNES:
Well, if it isn’t my next-door neighbor and best friend Winifred.
Hello Winifred. How are you today?

WINNIE:
Sorry, wrong house.

WINNIE GOES TO LEAVE.

AGNES:
Winnie! It’s me! Agnes.

WINNIE:
I’m sorry Agnes, I thought…Why are you talking like that?

AGNES LOOK AWKWARD.

AGNES:
(WHISPERING) Get under the table.

THEY TALK UNDER THE TABLE.

AGNES:
(WHISPERING) Winnie, for god’s sake, you’re forgetting about the cameras.

WINNIE:
Oh, I’m sorry.
10:20:12

AGNES:
Keep it in mind. Now look, I’ve got somebody coming but it should take too long. You go over and put the kettle on in your house and I’ll come over and have a cup of tea.

WINNIE:
Right, right.

THEY GET OUT FROM UNDER THE TABLE.

AGNES:
Well, Yoga under the table. I’ve never tried that before. What a good idea Winnie. Now maybe you should go home to your own house, have a safe journey.

10:20:31

WINNIE:
(POSING FOR CAMERAS) Farewell Agnes. I go now and make merry in my kitchen.

AGNES:
(WHISPERING) Winnie, fuck off!

WINNIE:
Right.

WINNIE LEAVES. THE PHONE RINGS. AGNES ANSWERS IT.

AGNES:
(ON PHONE:) Hello, the Brown residence. Oh hello, thank you very much for calling back.

THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS.
10:21:03

AGNES:
(SHOUTING) Granddad, get that
feckin... (SOFTER VOICE) Grandpappy,
could you attend to the door please?

GRANDDAD OPENS THE DOOR TO FATHER DAMIEN.

GRANDDAD:
The witch is in the kitchen.

GRANDDAD WALKS OUT OF THE HOUSE.

AGNES:
(ON PHONE:) Oh yes, all big families
are like that. Children just moan,
moan, moan. 'Oh Mammy, get your foot
of me throat' yeah...

AGNES SIGNALS FATHER DAMIEN TO SIT DOWN.

10:21:34

AGNES:
(ON PHONE:) Just hold on please,
somebody wants to talk to you.
(TO FATHER DAMIEN) Its your mother.
It’s Christmas, now be Christian.

FATHER DAMIEN:
(ON PHONE:) Hello? Yes mother its me... I’ve missed you too...

AGNES GOES TO WALK OUT.

10:21:54

AGNES:
Take as long as you need son. Don’t
touch the fuckin biscuits.
10:22:01

INT. KITCHEN/SITTING ROOM – DAY

10:22:04

AGNES AND WINNIE PEER INTO KITCHEN.

MUSIC OUT

AGNES:
All clear. Well Winnie, we seem to be alone. What shall we do? I know, let's have afternoon tea.

WINNIE:
Agnes, why are you talking like that again? It's no...

AGNES PUTS A TEA-TOWEL OVER WINNIE’S MOUTH. THEY GET UNDER TABLE AGAIN.

AGNES:
Winnie, for god’s sake you forgot about the feckin cameras.

WINNIE:
Oh sorry! The pretend cameras, I forgot!

AGNES:
Now, just keep them in your mind.

WINNIE:
Right.

THEY CLIMB OUT FROM UNDER THE TABLE.

AGNES:
Now Winnie...Get in there.

THEY GO BACK UNDER THE TABLE.
10:22:45 AGNES: What do you mean, pretend cameras?

WINNIE: Well Sharon told me it was Cathy, wrote the letter about pretending cameras were in the house.

AGNES BANGS HER HEAD ON THE TABLE.

AGNES: What?

THEY BOTH CRAWL OUT.

AGNES: When did Sharon tell you this?

10:22:59 WINNIE: The day after you showed me the letter.

AGNES: Why didn’t you tell me?

WINNIE: Because you told me not to talk about it. Anyway, you were enjoying it.

AGNES: (WOUND UP) Enjoying it? I’m exhausted from looking after them bastards!

WINNIE: Well I’m going!

AGNES: Thanks Winnie. Thanks for feckin
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME, CAPTIONS and MUSIC</th>
<th>VISUAL DESCRIPTION and AUDIO</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:23:20</td>
<td>nothing!</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

WINNIE LEAVES.

WINNIE:
(VO:) You’re welcome!

CATHY:
(VO:) I’m home Mammy.

AGNES:
I’m in the kitchen, dearest one.

CATHY WALKS IN.

CATHY:
Hiya Mammy.

10:23:38

AGNES:
Hello Princess.

CATHY:
Er, lunch?

AGNES:
Do sit down, let me present it to you.

AGNES PUTS FOOD ON THE TABLE.

AGNES:
Now here we go...

SHE POURS CREAM OVER CATHY’S HEAD.

AGNES:
10:23:55  Oh my god, I’m so sorry. Oh my god, look at that. Oh…oh ho…

CATHY: You know don’t cha?

AGNES: You bet your cotton-picking knickers I know...

10:24:17  AGNES PUTS SOME FRUIT ON CATHY’S HEAD.

10:24:22  INT. KITCHEN/SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

10:24:23  RORY, CATHY AND TREVOR ARE PLAYING TRIVIA PURSUIT IN THE KITCHEN. AGNES WATCHES. RORY SHAKES THE DICE VIGOROUSLY.

RORY: Science and nature.

AGNES WALKS THROUGH TO THE SITTING ROOM WITH A DRINK. GRANDDAD, MARK, DERMOT AND MARIA ARE IN THERE. SHE PASSES THE DRINK TO DERMOT.

AGNES: There you are love.

MARK: Thanks for this Ma. It’s our last chance for a Christmas night out.

AGNES: It’s my pleasure. I’m delighted to have Bono staying over.
10:24:41 BETTY COMES IN.

BETTY: He’s in bed now Mrs Brown, but he’ll not sleep.

AGNES: Leave him to me. I’ll go up and try to tuck him in.

BETTY: Thanks.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

RORY: I’ll get it.

HE OPENS THE DOOR TO DINO.

10:24:52 RORY: What do you want?

DINO: Rory, I just wanted to say I’m sorry and have a great night at the awards.

10:24:57 MUSIC IN

RORY: I’m not going.

DINO: I’m not going.

RORY: I’m not going without you. Come in!
10:25:07  INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

AGNES GOES IN TO SEE BONO.

10:25:10  AGNES:
Can you not sleep Bono?

BONO:
No Granny. I’m too excited about Santa Claus coming. It’s just so close.

AGNES:
I know, I was like that when I was a little girl. (LAUGHS) Oh, what have we got there?

AGNES LOOKS AT THE BOX BONO IS HOLDING.

AGNES:
My old music box.

10:25:26  SHE OPENS IT AND IT LIGHTS UP. BONO LOOKS AMAZED.

AGNES:
My daddy gave that to me when I was, oh about your age. I remember me fathers smile, in the glow of a bedside light. He’d tuck the blankets beneath me chin to settle me, for the night. And the stories daddy would tell to me, they had a magic now, so it seems. They all began once upon a time, in a land of fairytale dreams…

10:25:14  INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT
THE REST OF THE BROWN’S ARE GETTING READY TO GO OUT.

MARK:
Listen, its Daddy’s song.

THEY ALL GO TO THE STAIRS.

10:26:27

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

WITH AGNES AND BONO.

AGNES:
...there’d be a Princess that no man could resist. She’d turn the frog into a prince with just a kiss.

AGNES KISSES HER HAND AND TOUCHES BONO’S FACE.

AGNES:
...and a knight in shining armor with a magic sword...Daddy would act it out word for word. And when it came to the part where the hero died, he’d cuddle me, while I cried. And he’d whisper in me ear, “don’t you worry dear, heroes never die”.

10:27:05

INT. SITTING ROOM – NIGHT

TREVOR ANSWER DOOR TO FATHER DAMIEN. FATHER DAMIEN HANDS A CARD OVER.

TREVOR:
What’s this?

FATHER DAMIEN:
The Bishop’s permission to stage a nativity play.

TREVOR:
Come in.

ALL THE FAMILY LOOK UP THE STAIRS.

10:27:21

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

WITH AGNES AND BONO.

AGNES:
But the greatest hero in my life, he never slayed a dragon or left any troll dead. He was just a plain and simple man but each night, tucked me in me bed. You know, when I think of daddy and his love and his touch and how we all laughed, so much. And I don’t miss him you know, not a single bit...

AGNES LOOKS AT BONO, WHO HAS FALLEN ASLEEP.

AGNES:
...so why would I? Heroes never die. Good night Bono, merry Christmas.

AGNES KISSES BONO ON THE HEAD.

AGNES:
(TO CAMERA:) And merry Christmas to you too!

10:28:25

MUSIC OUT

10:28:26

INT. STUDIO SET WITH AUDIENCE
MUSIC IN – ‘Merry Christmas Everybody’ by Slade

10:28:26
CAPTIONS (CONTINUOUS ACTION):
AUDIENCE APPLAUDING. CAST COME OUT TO ACKNOWLEDGE AUDIENCE.

STARRING
Agnes Brown
BRENDAN O’CARROLL

10:28:28
CREDIT ROLL IN
(CONTINUOUS ACTION – SEE BELOW)

10:28:28
GRAPHIC/CAPTION:
With (in order of appearance)
CLOSING CREDITS ROLLER
Granddad
DERMOT O’NEILL
Cathy Brown
JENNIFER GIBNEY
Rory Brown
RORY COWAN
Winnie McGoogan
EILISH O’CARROLL
Trevor Brown
MARTIN DELANY
Dermot Brown
PADDY HOULIHAN
Hilliary Nicholson
SUSIE BLAKE
Father Damien
CONOR MOLONEY
Buster Brady
DANNY O’CARROLL
Dino Doyle
GARY HOLLYWOOD

Barbara
EMILY REGAN

Betty Brown
AMANDA WOODS

Maria Brown
FIONA O’CARROLL

Mark Brown
PAT “PEPSI” SHIELDS

Bono Brown
JAMIE O’CARROLL

[space]

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10:28:57

SEPAREATE CARD

Producer
STEPHEN McCRUM

Director
BEN KELLETT

10:29:00
END BOARD

10:29:01
MUSIC OUT

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10:29:03
PROGRAMME ENDS

10:29:15
PLAYOUT ENDS