



Scripts.com

A Child's Christmases in Wales

By Mark Watson

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Silent night

Holy night

All is calm

All is bright...

Silent night

Holy night

Christmas 1983 was much the same
as every other year round our way,
with the "oh-so-sweet" voices
of the Cadwaladr boys
and the imminent arrival
of my father's family.

You could never be sure
my uncles would be on time.

In fact, they rarely were.

Uncle Haw was usually detained having
had an argument with another driver.

And Uncle Gorwel...

Well, Uncle Gorwel didn't have a car.
Or a bike.

In fact, we were never
absolutely confident
he'd still have the use of both his legs.
They were due at our house by 3.30,
but my mother began getting
the place ready well before that,
and by "well before that"

I mean September.

Alphabetical order.

Cream...

Then lilac.

These days, they call this kind of thing
obsessive-compulsive disorder.

Who's been using the sink?

At that time,

it was known as housekeeping.

What's it going to look like

if they all turn up and the sink's wet?

Do you want people to think our family's
washing its hands all the time

cos we're always holding grubby things?

What are we, robbers?

Might as well be talking to myself here.

She is talking to herself.
One day, it'll be me
sitting around with my feet up.
I'm not sitting around,
I'm watching a film.
What are you watching?
Close Encounters Of The Third Kind.
What's it about?
Aliens come down,
cause a bit of bother, go home again.
- Any good?
- Er...
I didn't think much of it, to be honest.
Unrealistic.
Hallelujah
Hallelujah...
Not the most exciting verse, this one.
Wasn't too bad when
there was just the two brothers.
Didn't I tell you we'd all regret the day
when Shirley Cadwaladr had quads?
Mum had been through eleven Hoovers
in the past five years.
When she went into Rumbelows,
she just asked for "the usual".
Your brothers are late.
They'll be here. Probably the traffic.
Gets busy Christmas Eve.
...Hallelujah!
Carol singers! Settle up!
We've got a lot to get round.
If your uncles were the Three Wise Men,
the baby Jesus would still be
waiting for them now!
Ah!
Merry Christmas, Hywel. Boys.
- How are your parents?
- Merry Christmas. That's 5.20, please.
5? You're joking!
You heard Hark The Herald Angels,
that's 3.80, and Silent Night is 1.40.
I thought the spirit of Christmas
was you give whatever you can.
Yes, we obviously agree with that,

but we do have to balance it
with turning a profit.

Er...

That's 5.20, please.

Merry Christmas.

Same to you.

We'll be back Christmas Eve next year,
around quarter past three?

Right, boys, let's go, let's go, let's go.

I blame the Tories.

Dad was always annoyed
at having to pay for things.

At church, he only put money
in the collection plate
if the vicar did a good joke
in the sermon.

- 5 that cost me.

- Oh!

Unbelievable.

Still, I suppose it's Christmas, eh?

Come here, Brenda.

Oh, Geraint, stop your nonsense,
haven't time for that.

Your brother will be here in a minute.

Put the kettle on.

Oh!

Uncle Haw was dad 's older brother.

Merry Christmas, Geraint!

He ran one of the biggest carpet firms
in Wales

and was now involved in one of
the country's most bitter divorces.

Bren! Ha-ha!

One of his favourite phrases was,
"All's fair in love and war."

Another was, "I hate my wife."

Merry Christmas one and all.

Apart from one.

One exception, in a blouse
and high heels, eh, boy?

Hey, Maurice has been looking forward
to seeing Owen all week.

Maurice had hardly ever spoken
in the six Christmases I could recall.

- He didn't have to...
- Maurice...
...Uncle Huw talked plenty.
So I successfully sued him for 7,500.
Damages.
That's the last time anybody will steal
any milk from my doorstep, eh?
Now, on to May.
Started with a bang.
Got a conservatory built. 3,500.
What is a conservatory exactly?
It's like a garden, but indoors.
They reckon by 1990
most people will be living in
conservatories rather than houses.
Oh! Sounds lovely.
Carpets are selling well, then, Huw?
Yes, like hot cakes.
Did you hear the ad on the radio?
If you want a carpet,
buy one from us.
Oh, good, that is.
Why haven't you got an ad
on the radio, Geraint?
Traffic wardens don't normally
advertise on the radio, Brenda.
Yes, we're sitting pretty financially.
Despite his mother's best efforts.
She spends like water, doesn't she, kiddo?
I said she pours it all down the drain,
doesn't she?
I said your mother's
a waste of space, isn't she?
Geraint, why don't you go down
the phone box and call Gorwel?
He's nearly half an hour late.
What, you haven't got a telephone
fitted yet?
No. No need.
Perfectly good public telephone.
It's only minutes away.
Right.
Dad always enjoyed a good walk,
even in the coldest weather.

Most mornings we walked
two miles to school.
It was only a mile away,
but he went the long way round on purpose.
Even putting the number in
teak quite a while.
To dial an international number,
you'd have to put most of the day aside.
Hello, is Gorwel there?
Right-o.
All that walking and he wasn't there!
Well, never mind.
Had a nice chat with his flatmate.
Why can't people have their own phones?
Sorry?
Why can't people just
have a tiny little phone?
That you could fit it in your pocket
and take it everywhere you go?
Ah, kids!
You really should make him
put a phone in, Bren.
Oh, you know Geraint.
Anything new, he's suspicious.
Phones, ovens, inside toilet.
Outside toilet, even.
How do you manage?
The neighbours have got a party line.
I go in there and use that sometimes.
There's no privacy with party lines,
though. You overhear all sorts of gossip.
We keep ourselves to ourselves
round here. We're not gossips.
All I know is that Mrs Evans
is having an affair with the man
who came round to do the grouting.
They talk Mondays, Wednesdays and
Fridays and he calls her "Sexy Neck".
Yes, well, you should definitely
make him put a phone in.
You've got to embrace new technology.
Do you know what I got this year?
A toaster that can do four slices at once.
Oh!

But then mum moved out,
and I lost my appetite.

I can eat four.

Ah, here's Gorwel.

Hey, hey!

Uncle Gorwel was dad's younger brother.

He'd had a chequered past.

He was now having a chequered present.

- Oh!

- Here he is!

Compliments of the season.

Uncle Garwel was a bit

like Father Christmas,

- in that we only saw him once a year.

- Huw.

Gorwel.

Who's having a whisky, then?

You are, I should imagine.

But he was unlike Father Christmas

in that he drank whisky for breakfast

and had once been detained overnight

for streaking at the Royal Welsh Show.

I managed to hitch a lift here in the end,

back of someone's van, like.

Who was it?

I'm not sure.

They didn't know I was there.

- How are you keeping, then, Gorwel?

- Oh, not bad! Not bad at all.

No run-ins with the law recently.

No more fights with lollipop ladies.

It's been a fairly quiet year.

So, where you living?

I've got a nice little place

down by the coast.

You bought it?

Well, not bought it bought it,

more like a rental.

What do you mean "like a rental"?

Well, I'm living in someone else's place,

but it differs from a rental,

because the owners don't technically

know that I'm there, like.

You're squatting?

If you want to call it that.
Still...
I expect it's a nice house, though, is it?
It's not a house house exactly.
Flat?
Aquarium.
So, you're squatting in an aquarium?
That's about the size of it.
But it's a good aquarium, mind.
Got a shark.
Anyway, never fear,
Gorwel's ship's about to come in.
I've got a nice little trick up my sleeve.
License to print money.
10-1 on a white Christmas. 10 quid on.
If it snows tomorrow, hello!
I'm up 100 quid.
Have you considered this might be
why you're struggling?
All these harebrained schemes.
You call starting a car showroom
a harebrained scheme, do you, Huw?
I didn't know you did that.
Mm-hm. Me and a couple of boys
getting it started.
Where are the cars going to come from?
That's the only obstacle at the minute,
but we're well on the way
to getting a room.
You need more of a business plan, Gorwel.
Under this government...
Don't mention them in this house.
Under this government, people
with business sense are being rewarded.
Good business is making money at last.
Oh, yes! That's the Tories.
Good business is making money
and everyone else can go to hell.
Not for long, mind.
We're gonna get those flaming Tories out.
Just you wait till that election.
I'll be down there, voting them out.
I'll be down there,
standing up for the working man.

We'll show them that Joe Public
is not to be trifled with!
We'll all stand together!
But, Gorwel,
the election's already happened.
Has it?
Yes, it was in June.
The Conservatives won by a landslide.
Oh. Hmm.
I was unconscious for a couple
of days around then, Bren.
Must have passed me by, like.
Right! Well, you two
better get yourselves up to bed.
Make sure you get a good night's sleep.
Father Christmas only comes
when you're sleeping.
Why?
I didn't make the rules, Owen.
I just abide by them. Good night.
Boys.
- Good night, boys.
- Good night, boys.
After we went to bed,
Christmas Eve really got going.
Time for a bit of Max, I think.
We'd hear drinking and high spirits.
And then the sound of Max Boyce.
I could never really understand
who Max Boyce was
or why he shouted so much.
I assumed he was a PE teacher.
Oi! Oi!
It Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tan
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr...
Max Boyce!
Madhouse!
I never knew quite what to say
to Maurice.
And he never knew
quite what to say to me.
So we would mostly just
look at each other.
After four Or five hours of this,

it started to drag a bit.
Oi! Oi! Oi!
Seems pretty quiet up there.
Maybe they're getting
a good night's sleep.
No-o, they're thick as thieves,
those two.
If I know Maurice,
he'll be up to some mischief. Eh?
Do you think if you're blind,
you still have to have your eyes shut
for Father Christmas to come?
Bum!
Because of Uncle Gorwel's faith
that one day we'd have
a white Christmas,
he gave us sledges every year.
I had a cupboard full.
Obviously it would've been a better
present, if it had snowed, like.
Thank you anyway, Uncle Gorwel.
Hm. I feel like I should give you
something else, really.
Oh, don't be silly!
If either of you want my shirt...
Oh, Gorwel,
they'll be fine with the sledges.
I've got a ball here.
They'll be fine with the sledges,
Gorwel.
Right you are.
And for the lovely Brenda...
Years ago, Gorwel had made
cheese on toast for my parents,
and, to be polite, my mother
pretended she loved cheese,
even though she hated it.
She was still paying
for this mistake.
Cheeses Of Asia.
Getting closer to the full set.
Fantastic!
Thanks, Dad!
Yes, and while we wait ten years

for that to be set up,
welcome to the future.
What on earth is that
when it's at home?
This is the Sinclair Spectrum ZX.
This is the greatest computer of all-time.
What do you do with it?
You play games with it, that's what!
This is the big thing now. Look at him.
He's been wanting
one of these all year.
He's beside himself.
Anyway... I've got a load of games
to go with it.
There's Sublime Soccer.
We've got Mind-blowing Golf Challenge 3,
Space Invaders,
More Space Invaders,
Space Invaders Are Back,
Space Invaders Return Once More...
Persistent, aren't they,
the old Space Invaders?
Planning Permission.
"You get to play a civil servant.
"You'll have to read applications,
"process paperwork and make decisions
which will shape the future of your town."
Let's get this cranked up, shall we?
Hey, I was watching that!
- Sorry, what was it?
- Brookside on Channel 4.
Ah, I heard that most people
who watch Channel 4
are Marxist and homosexual.
What's it about, this Brooks/lie?
It's about a group of people
living in Liverpool
having all these problems.
You can see that any time. Let's get
the old Spectrum set up, then, eh?
Get ready to see the future.
Does it always take this long?
No. There must be wrong with
the speed of your television.

'Ere you are! It's doing something now.
Good! Come on!
Come on... Right!
OK, it's obviously a faulty tape.
Let's try Ultimate Fishing.
Right, then, while we're waiting,
shall we crack on with the game?
- Have we got two players?
- Stay where you are, Maurice.
Can't we just have a quick game,
and then...
then we'll go straight back
to the computer?
I will sue them for every penny.
They'll rue the day...
God help them if they ever
come to me for a carpet!
Right, then, Subbuteo.
How it's played is this,
you get 11 players each...
Mum!
You've got your five players each.
- Oh, Brenda!
- Well, who put those down there?
Little men on the floor.
What are we, the South Wales' Toys
and Collectibles Museum? Madhouse!
Psst!
I've still got that ball.
Arr...
Hm! Nice to hear them
having fun, isn't it?
Sometimes it's the simple things, eh?
Oh, my God! The computer's working!
Maurice!
Maurice!
Maurice, come in here
and play Planning Permission.
I think they're happy with the ball, Huw.
All right, I'll play, then.
I'll play the flippin' thing!
Press X to be
the local council official,
or Y to start off as the secretary.

X.

God rest you merry, gentlemen
Let nothing you dismay
Remember Christ our Saviour...
Christmas 1986,
and quite a lot had changed in our
neighbourhood in the past few years.
The miners had gone on strike
and stopped producing coal,
the nation was thrown into chaos.
Dad had gone on strike too for
a few days to show solidarity,
but as he was a traffic warden
people were mostly pretty pleased.
Right,
just turn it by 18 or 19 degrees.
I said 18 or 19. That's nearly 30.
I don't understand why we waited till
Christmas Eve to get the bloomin' thing.
Yeah? It's not you that has to
Hoover up its needles for 24 days.
Why don't you just wait till after
Christmas? No-one notices them.
You want people to think
we like walking around up to our ankles
in forest? What are we, bears?
Might as well be
talking to myself here.
Right, I've put bleach in the toilet
so try and hold it in, please.
And no going in the fridge.
What, no peeing in the fridge?
What were you watching?
The Snowman.
What happened?
Kid builds a snowman,
they fly about, it melts.
Any good?
Didn't think much of it,
to be honest. Far-fetched.
Here come the Cadwaladr boys.
Mmm. Looks like they've been recruiting.
God rest ye merry, gentlemen
Let nothing you dismay...

If they upset your Nativity,
Owen, I'll castrate them.
I'll go out and make sure they
only sing the one song this year.
We're not made of money.
- Plus 45p VAT.
- VAT?
We're trading as a limited company
these days. It's more tax-efficient.
Don't I pay enough rates as it is?!
Merry Christmas! See you next year.
We'll confirm in November.
We're widening our catchment area,
so it could be any time
from the 23rd onwards.
Merry Christmas.
Right, boys, Gregory Street.
Once In Royal David's City.
Let's go'. Let's go'!.
As always,
Uncle Huw and Maurice had brought
the next big thing with them.
The year before they'd given me
a truck that turned into a rebut.
Didn't think much of it.
Impractical.
I did try to get hold of you to see
if you wanted anything,
but, obviously,
you still don't have a telephone.
Well, Geraint still doesn't see the point.
Phone box up the hill still works
perfectly well, thank you very much.
What about that time
those lads jammed an Opal Fruit
in the coin slot?
- We couldn't call anyone for a month!
- No-one died.
My Auntie Rita did!
We missed the funeral!
All right, one person died.
You really should get
one fitted, Geraint.
- Gorwel...

- Huw.

You call someone,
they charge you for it.
You call someone else,
they charge you for that. Never ends.
You're behind the times, Geraint.
We live in a capitalist society now.
You wait till Kinnock gets in.
Conservatives'll be back.
Over my dead body.

I don't know one person
in this town who votes Tory.
They reckon under the Tories
we've all got a lot more
income than before.

- We can afford more luxury goods.

- Oh, I love a luxury good.

Nonsense, "luxury goods".

Machine that washes dishes,
computers, phone line in every
house. What is this, Dallas?

I don't care who it is,

Labour or the flaming Tories!

They're all the bloody same,
isn't it, these politicians?!

Whether it's Thatcher or the ginge,
I'll still be sleeping in a beach hut,
living off Coco Pops!

No-one cares for the working man!

Yes, but you're not a working man,
though, are you, Gorwel.

You haven't got a job.

No, I... I suppose not.

No.

- Who's having a whisky, then?

- You are, I imagine.

Anyway, another good year.

The highlight, of course,
was thoroughly shafting his mother
in the courtrooms.

Normally it's the mum
that gets the upper hand in court,
but not this time. Bang!
I get custody!

Bang! She's gets rented accommodation,
eh, kiddo? Eh?

She hasn't got her own
bathroom any more, has she, eh? Eh?
You're a bit quiet, there, Maurice.
All right, son?

Course he's all right.

- He's doing excellently at school.

- So's Owen.

Maurice captained the Meccano team.

Owen got to the quarterfinals of
Plasticine '86, didn't you, pal?

Maurice's teacher says that he's not
showing any ill-effects at all
from being in a one-parent family.

Didn't she, Maurice?

Maurice!

Maurice was as quiet as usual.

But he'd started to seem
a bit more threatening.

I decided it might be an idea
to stay on his good side.

Going through one of those phases.

You know,

it's... what they're like. They, er...

First of all they idolize you,
then they react against you.

When exactly did
he idolize you, Huw?

Until he started listening to that...
homosexual music.

He loves his art and
his woodwork, that boy.

That Nativity scene's
his pride and joy.

- Obsessed with it, isn't he?

- Yes.

Why'd you make that?

Got me out of playing rugby.

- Still believe in Father Christmas?

- Dunno. Do you?

I dunno.

My father said he doesn't
come round our house.

He said,
"I'm not letting some git
with a white beard get all the credit.
"I sold a lot of rugs to
get you that train set."
Trouble with art, though,
- there's no money in it.
- Oh, there's money in it if you steal it.
Me and some of the boys looked
into nicking the Mona Lisa-
Down Paris, like.
Swines have got it behind a screen now.
Spoilsports.
Anyway... I bet you're wondering
what's in that box.
Well, this year, I decided to get you
a little Christmas Eve present.
This is an artificial tree.
What's the point of that?
No more pine needles on the floor, Bren,
messing up the carpets.
Oh, d'you know,
I've been on at Geraint to do something
about the pine needle problem for years.
Well, eventually, they reckon these
will replace real trees in forests.
Oh, really?!
And no smell.
Beautiful.
Right. just turn it 30 to 35 degrees
anticlockwise. No, anticlockwise.
I don't understand
why we can't just have both trees.
You want people to think
that we're so greedy we have two trees?
What are we, an arboretum?
This is going to be my year, this.
I can feel it.
100 quid on a white Christmas.
One flake of snow falls tomorrow...
Hello! A grand, like.
Where did you get 100?
I got one of those business loans
off the social.

I told them I wanted a hundred quid
to start a DIY company.
So, you defrauded the social services.
Well, it was half-true, like.
I did want a hundred quid.
Anyway, snow comes down overnight,
I've got the equipment
to deal with it.
Who's having a whisky?
You are, I imagine.
What's "castrate" mean?
Sorry, Owen?
You said you'd castrate
whoever knocked over my Nativity.
- What's "castrate" mean?
- Well, it's, erm...
Well, it's, erm...
It's, er...
- Like a haircut.
- Yeah, it's, er... your hair...
Nice one.
Except for your knackers.
A'r gath wedi sgrapo Joni bach.
Oi! Oi!
Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tn
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr
A'r gath wedi sgrapo Joni bach...
Oi! Oi! Oi!
Hey, we've not heard
a peep out of them all night.
I bet you they're up there
plotting something now, eh?
Hang the Dj
Hang the Dj
...
It's stupid, Christmas. We're all
just going to die in the end anyway.
Maurice had started talking
quite a bit about death.
On the whole, I think I preferred it
when he didn't say anything.
Bum.
...She just said
it was three times in four years.

All right, let's go for it.

Ready? One, two, three!

Garr!

Oh, yes!

That's four times in five years.

All right, there we are.

Could have made a few quid
out of that stuff.

Never mind.

Roll on next year, I'll have you.

Well, now, who wants some more potatoes?

Aw, no, thanks.

- I've got 67 left.

- Ah, Brenda, please.

I'll take a doggy bag off you,
if that's all right, Bren?

Last time,

it saw me through till February.

We'll keep the Christmas pudding
until after The Queen's Speech.

- Good idea.

- Have you got a colour TV yet?

No, Geraint still isn't convinced.

Ours has got two million colours.

- Which ones?

- Red, yellow, all the greats.

- Two is enough for me.

- Brings things to life, though, you know.

Do you know that Lenny Henry
is a black fella?

I tell you what programme I like,
the EastEnders.

What's that about?

It's about a group of people living in
London having all these problems.

- Oh, I'll look out for that.

- You haven't got a television, have you?

I've got a little trick up my sleeve, Huw.

What I do, I go down the TV shop
and I watch it through the window.

- You get to see it 20 times that way!

- But you can't hear what they say.

Oh, you get the gist of it.

I saw most of the World Cup like that

and Last Night Of The Prams.
You can hardly watch Last Night
Of The Prams without hearing the sound.
Actually,
I never enjoyed it so much!
Right, listen up,
this is simple.
If you get more than half the balls,
you've won. Now,
our side of the family
is all about winning.
This year,
I carpeted Shirley Bassey's bathroom
whilst your mother is now a dinner lady.
We're winners. Go on.
Right, fingers on hippos.
Ready?
Go!
Keep hitting the lever.
Keep hitting the lever.
Keep hitting the lever.
Keep hitting the lever.
Keep hitting the lever.
- Keep hitting the lever.
- Madhouse, this is.
Keep hitting the lever!
Keep hitting the lever!
Keep hitting the lever!
Keep hitting the lever!
Keep hitting the lever! Stop!
- Stop! Stop! OK.
- Let's count 'em up.
I don't know if it was enough.
Let's just hope there was enough.
It's all right. It was good.
Owen's hippo has ten balls.
Maurice's hippo has nine balls.
Well done, Owen.
Well, it's not about winning, is it?
There's meant to be 20 balls there.
Cracking game, that, lads.
Right, who wants to play find my socks?
There's meant to be 20 balls.
There's obviously one ball missing.

Now, who wants a bit
of Christmas pudding?
No, no, never mind
"who wants a bit of Christmas pudding"!
Where's the 20th ball?
It invalidates the result of the game.
Never mind.
- Where is the other ball?
- Huw, leave it!
There's meant to be 20 balls.
If there's only 19 it turns
Hungry Hippos into a complete farce!
- We can just call it a draw.
- We could, could we?!

A safe little draw. Is that what you want?
Is it? A nice safe little draw
and then we put our petticoats on...
I'll give him petticoats in a minute
No, no, sorry, what we're going to do
is we're going to have a rematch.
- I don't think we should.
- Oh, no, I bet you don't.
You would rather just say
it was a safe draw
and go over there and play with
My Little Ponies or something.
Actually, Huw...
Owen won.
He's offering you a draw out of charity.
- Charity, eh, pal?!
- Mmm.

Well, I tell you what,
at least I don't get my clothes
from a charity shop, eh?
- Oh, do something, Geraint.
- Oh, I think it's just a bit of fun.
I might not have a lot of money, right,
but what I do have I didn't get
by screwing up my marriage
and then screwing over my wife
in court. No offense, Maurice!
At least I earn my money
by providing carpets,
rather than getting sacked

from a meat processing plant
for stealing sheep
and selling them second-hand.
One! I stole one sheep.
At least I've got a nice big house,
big enough for a television and a toilet.
At least I learned how to use a toilet,
Huw,
rather than wetting the bed
until I was 15!
13!
- I was 13.
- Oh, yes, this is just a bit of fun
Right! You and I are going to settle this
once and for all, Gorwel!
Let's have it!
Gorwel, take a hippo.
Uncle Huw, I don't think...
Shut it!
I said...
...take a hippo.
We go...
on three.
One...
- two...
- Ha, ha, ha-ha!
The pudding! Oh...!
- Fire! That's a fire!
- Geraint, get some water.
Fire. It's on fire.
- Don't just stand there!
- Wrap yourselves in a carpet.
I set a mate of mine on fire once
and they wrapped him in a carpet.
- We're not on fire.
- We will be in a minute.
Everyone stand back!
Oh!
A glass of water is no good, Geraint!
Everyone stay where you are!
Geraint, you're useless, away!
- Somebody call 999!
- Has anyone got 10p for the phone?
Oh, my God,

the bloody tree's on fire!

- Anyone got change of a pound?

- We're done for.

- I just need change.

- Oh, my God. For Pete's sake!

I'm dead. We're dead.

- Where's Mum gone?

- I love you, Maurice, my dead son!

- Stand back!

- Brenda!

Go for it, woman.

Oh, my God, Bren, you saved our life.

Good work, Bren.

Aargh!

The fire was already out, Gorwel.

Better safe than sorry, Bren.

Not now, Geraint.

Trivial Pursuit?

Easy, careful you don't knock it.

All right. OK.

Just six degrees more.

Six, mind. Don't go mad.

Hark, the herald angels sing

Glory to...

Christmas 1989,

the '80s were coming to an end,

a terrible recession

was just around the corner.

It was a time of revolution,

the Berlin Wall had just came dawn -

it inspired many people

to dream of change.

It inspired Dad to take down

the fence in the garden.

We 'n' gut a video player

and even a telephone.

- At the third stroke it will be \$.13...

- ...precisely.

But we were only allowed

to use it for emergencies.

And we had to make sure

all emergencies happened after 6pm.

Who's been using this phone?

Essential calls only, please.

I might as well
be talking to myself here.
Mum was still cleaning like a maniac
or, as she called it,
"maintaining standards".
It's funny what you think is normal
when you are young.
It wasn't till my first week
at university that I realised
I was the only person
who brought his own tea towels.
Oh...
What you watching?
Ben-Hur.
Hmm. What happened?
Ben-Hur was a Jewish prince who was sold
into slavery, endured many hardships
and great suffering
before returning to take revenge
in one of the most expensive
closing scenes ever made.
All in Technicolor.
Any good?
Didn't think much of it, to be honest.
No, we didn't think much of it.
Long.
One day it'll be me sitting around
with my feet up
watching people
being sold into slavery
Well, I never.
The cheek of it.
Your brothers are five minutes early.
What do they think we are,
a drive-in cinema?!
Come on, you two.
Chop-chop. Look lively.
What was really moving about
spending time with Tom Jones,
a man who's had the hits he's had and
the underwear he's had thrown at him,
is that underneath it all,
he's just a man.
A man with a pair of trousers on.

Like you or me.
Does something smell funny in here?
At one point we were on his veranda
and he turned to me, Tom Jones,
and do you know what he said?
"Pass us those biscuits."
That's right. Eats biscuits.
Just like you or I eat biscuits.
Can someone smell
something sort of...?
And that's what you notice
about really great men - humility.
At one point
we were in his swimming pool,
I was on his Lilo -
shaped like a crocodile -
just like a normal person's Lilo.
He turned to me, Tom Jones...
I'm sorry to interrupt you, Huw,
but I think something
smells funny under this tree.
Oh...!
That's my gift to you, that is, Bren.
Oh!
It might be edible.
I look forward to tomorrow.
It might be the biggest
Stilton in Wales, like.
Gosh!
Anyway, I suppose the point
I'm trying to make about Tom Jones,
if I am trying to make a point
at all, is that, above all...
I won a competition
back in the '70s, Bren,
to spend a day with jimmy Savile.
He hardly compares to Tom Jones,
does he?
No.
Good. Right, well, the thing is...
He was running a marathon the week
after so we didn't get up to much.
A bit of circuit training, press-ups.
Oh, I don't think that was worth

interrupting me for, do you?
Oh, gosh, Maurice, you are getting tall.
Yes, he's had a terrific year
of growing. Very impressive year.
Obviously eating all his greens.
No, not just greens - all sorts.
I've had a lady in to cook.
Housekeeper?
...Girlfriend.
Maurice, put the tape on.
Come on, you big lump.
Where did you meet her?
Ah, put one or two...
You know, one or two
personal ads in the...
Been advertising in the lonely hearts,
have you, Huw?
They're called personal ads these days,
Gorwel.
Oh, are they? Right...
What did you put about yourself, Huw?
"Very rich, highly sexual man,
as heard on radio advert.
"Has a large workforce,
hires and fires at the drop of a hat.
"Knows Tom Jones
and has been on Jones's Lilo.
"Would like to meet a woman
with a high sense of hygiene."
Shush! It's starting.
I'll tell you later on.
Oggy. Oggy. Oggy!
Oi, oi, oi!
Oi, oi, oi!
Shush, Maurice.
He's going through one of those phases,
you know.
Listening to all this American music
and having thoughts.
A 'r gath
wedi sgrapo Joni bach oi oi of..
Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tn
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr
A'r gath wedi sgrapo Joni bach...

It didn't work out too well.
Sorry.
Looking back,
I wonder if I'm exaggerating
some of the things
Mum did around the house.
Either that, Or by this time
she was starting to get a bit...
well...
odd.
Number 30, the Rhyses'.
Ok, We Wish You A Merry Christmas. OK'?'
Remember to smile.
One, two, three, four...
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas...
Blimey, they're here.
Where's the chequebook?
I tidied it.
Where is the... blasted thing?
I tidied it away.
You know, I'm sure things
in this house just...
sprout legs and walk away.
I might as well
be talking to myself here.
And I wish they'd stop wishing us
a merry Christmas. Oh!
Ah. got it!
What's that flaming racket?!
They come every year.
You're normally too late to see them.
Oh, get rid of them, will you?
We're missing Max here.
- You can pause it.
- It wears the tape out.
Well, just stop it and start again.
It wears the tape out.
Well, can we just watch it another...?
For God's sake, man, think of the tape.
We won't go until we get some
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas

We wish you a merry Christmas
and a happy New Year.
Very nice. Merry Christmas.
Now we're going to do some new stuff.
This is Mull of Kintyre.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
That's not a Christmas song.
We found the whole Christmas thing
a bit limiting.
We see ourselves more as a group
who outgrew the Christmas market.
This is our debut compact disc.
It's not out till next year,
but if you buy it off us now
it's 50p cheaper.
We're trying to watch a video
in there. Can I just...?
Well, if you're not interested
in the new stuff,
we'll leave you with one of
our classics - The Holly And The Ivy.
No, no, no! Whoa, whoa, whoa! Stop!
The holly and the ivy
When they are both full grown
Of all the trees that are in the wood
- The holly bears the crown...
- What's he doing out there?
We're missing Max here.
I'm going to shut them up
myself in a minute!
- Yeah, yeah, you're all talk, you are.
- What's that, Huw?
You, you're all talk.
You're not going to do anything.
Here we go,
the traditional conversation, right.
"Gorwel never achieves anything."
"Gorwel had to sell some of his clothes
this year."
Leave him alone. Never mind.
No, you're right, Huw. I am all talk.
I'm just an idiot
who spends all his money
buying novelty cheeses

for his sister-in-law, like.

I never do anything useful.

I never do anything.

Anything except this.

Gorwel!

...As red as any blood...

...And Mary bore...

That's enough, thank you.

- Bye-bye.

- Hey, what are you doing?

Someone's got to stop 'em.

Why can't it be Gorwel?

Where did you get that whistle from?

I carry it for situations like this.

Do you realise that disturbing

the peace is a crime?

Do you realise that singing badly

is a crime too?

- Do you know who you're talking to?

- Yes. I'm talking to you,

and quite frankly I've had just

about enough of your racket.

I'm trying to watch Max Boyce!

Who the hell wants to watch Max Boyce?

I'll give you one chance

to take that back, boy.

Is he even still alive?

You don't say that about Max.

You don't do that.

Oh!

Watch the Nativity!

Watch it!

- Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

- Hold me back!

Hold me back!

Oh, my giddy aunt!

- Oh, can I go out?

- No.

Watch Max Boyce, please.

I don't understand the jokes.

I have never understood the jokes, but

you don't hear me complaining, do you?

It's all about the old days.

The 1970s is not the old days,

is it, Huw?

No.

Wales has gone soft.

It's gone soft, I tell you.

You can't punch anyone.

You can't kick a man's tambourine.

How much did you have to pay?

Because it was Christmas

they let me off with 50 quid bail, like.

Plus another 50

for four taxis to the hospital.

And 20 quid

to the tambourine bloke...

...for his tambourine.

And where are you going to find

that sort of money?

I got a little trick up my sleeve.

A little trick called not paying it.

- They'll catch up with you.

- I'll be all right.

The boys down the aquarium

will have me back, I'm sure of it.

I can lend you the money, Gorwel.

I can't take your money, Huw.

Oh.

OK.

Well...

thinking about it, I, er...

...I might be able to take it.

Right, well...

...offer's there.

The more I consider it, the more I feel

I could definitely... take the money.

Good.

Right.

Who's having a whisky?

I don't think you should have

any more, Gorwel.

I don't think so either...

...but here we go.

I couldn't work out

how Maurice had got so big

that he hardly fitted in the room.

Or how his hair had got like that.

I wondered if a similar thing
might happen to me.
Still, we got along as well as usual.
Snow!
Snow!
Snow!
Gorwel Rhys has
Gorwel Rhys has
Gorwel Rhys has won a grand!
- Gorwel Rhys has won...
- A madhouse, this is.
...a grand!
I've won a grand!
Get down, Gorwel!
- I've won a grand! I've won a grand!
- Gorwel!
That's right.
When we finish with the presents,
let's get sledging, like.
But the snow has melted.
Oh, don't worry about that, Bren.
We'll grease 'em up, like, and off we go.
- I don't think this is a good idea.
- Trust me, Bren.
I waited 15 years for it to snow, like.
Every dog has its day.
You're not an animal, Gorwel.
I'm the closest thing we've got.
Oh, goodness me...
Come on, boys.
Geraint, he can't go tobogganing.
Talk some sense into him, will you?
Geraint!
Um... Gorwel...
Well, this is a stupid idea.
I really don't think...
Oh, you worry too much, Bren.
Yes, well, your problem is
you don't worry enough, Gorwel.
Ah! I can't be doing with
that pessimism stuff.
Who was it that said
I'd never climb Mount Everest,
or take aver Blankety Blank?

But you haven't.

Yet.

- Oh!

- Come on, then, boys.

Let's have it!

Now, the key to winning a sledge race is all about coming down that hill as fast as you can.

You are going to go down the hill, down the hill.

What you mustn't do at any point is think about going up the hill.

I'm not getting on the flaming sledge.

Don't be ridiculous, boy. How else are you going to win a sledge race?

You can't tell me what to do.

Are you disobeying me, boy?

I'm not a boy! I'm 16 in two weeks.

I will decide when you're 16, thank you very much.

Right now you're going to listen to me.

Now, everybody here - everybody - is waiting for you to get on that sledge.

Do you want to be remembered as the one who spoilt everybody's fun today?

No-one else thinks we should sledge.

Everyone except you and Gorwel wants to go home.

What, so you know that, do you? You know what everybody wants, do you?

Why don't you ask them? Go on.

Let's have a vote.

Who thinks that we should sledge down this hill?

Well, I don't think much of the idea, to be honest.

It's treacherous,

but, well, if Owen wants to.

I'm just worried that someone's going to get hurt,

but if Owen's got his heart set on it, then...

I don't really fancy it.

There you go. You see?

No-one but you and Gorwel
thinks that we should do it
and Gorwel's not right in the head.
How dare you say that
towards your Uncle Gorwel!
You said it yourself.
You said, "If there was any sense,
"they'd lock him up in the aquarium
and throw away the key."
Um, he's distorting, right? I didn't...
I'll tell you another thing, my boy...
I'm not your boy!
Yes, you flaming well are!
Those tests were inconclusive.
I'm not anyone's boy. I don't need you.
All you've ever done for me
is boss me around, talk down to me.
"Shut up, Maurice." "Go over there,
Maurice." "Maurice, this is my girlfriend.
"She's a dog walker,
but also does erotic dancing."
Nothing wrong with having a dual income.
Well, not this time.
This time you're going to do
what I want,
and we're not sledging down that hill.
- No-one is sledging down that hill.
- Oh, my God!
Watch out!
- Maurice!
- Watch out, Bren!
I told you one day it'd be me
sitting around with my feet up.
Peace on Earth and mercy mild...
You know what you did
was very impressive.
Anybody can look at their father
and see a hero,
but you realised I'm just a man,
like Tom Jones,
and like Tom, I... I make mistakes.
In the New Year, er, I thought perhaps
we could spend some more...
father-and-son time together.

Quality time.

Do you want to go to Alton Towers?

Yeah?

Good lad, yeah,

I know a couple of people there.

Like Tom Jones,

I'll get it shut down for the day

so we can have it to ourselves.

Huw, come back.

Better go and, er, help finish off.

What are you watching?

It's A Wonderful Life.

What happened?

This chap was depressed, and then

it turns out that life is, er, wonderful.

Any good?

I quite liked it.

Everybody, please take your places

at the table. The dinner is prepared.

Come on, Bren. Come on.

Ladies and gentlemen,

sorry for the delay.

The Rhys brothers proudly present

the turkey...

...sandwiches.

Oh!

Do you know,

I love a turkey sandwich.

Oh, hang on a minute, Bren.

I made you a special sandwich, like.

Oh!

- There we are.

- Thank you.

There we are.

Stilton.

Gorwel...

...I don't actually like cheese.

What?! Gone off it, have you?

I've never liked it,

I just didn't know how to tell you.

Well, in that case, Bren,

I apologise for having got you

over ten years' worth of cheese

and cheese-related paraphernalia.

It's the thought that counts.
I must admit, I am a little relieved.
I was having a hell of a time
tracking down Cheeses Of Antarctic
Merry Christmas, everyone.
Merry Christmas!
So although every Christmas was the same,
in a way,
this one was a bit different.
Huw had learned to value his son.
My parents, to value each other.
Gorwel had learned not to go hurtling
towards innocent people on a toboggan.
A lesson he sadly forgot only days later.
And me?
Not sure what I learned, really.
But for what it's worth,
I've passed it on.
Merry Christmas.
...And a happy New Year
Good tidings we bring
To you and your king
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year
Oh, bring us a figgy pudding
Oh, bring us a figgy pudding
Oh, bring us a figgy pudding
And a cup of good cheer
We won't go until we get some
We won't go until we get some
We won't go until we get some
So bring some out here
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year!