

LOREM IPSUM SIT AMET, CONSECTETUR ADIPISCING ELIT, SED DO EIUSMOD TEMPOR  
UT LABORE ET DOLORE MAGNA ALIQUA. UT ENIM AD MINIM VENIAM



What happens  
when everyone  
wants a slice?



Carlos  
PIZZA  
SINCE 1981

Upper East Side, Mörbryn, Wales

Carlos  
PIZZA  
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Written by:  
Rebecca Sandeman & Samuel Kendall



# CARLOS PIZZA

— *What happens when everyone wants a slice?* —

Created by: JMG Stories | Written by: Samuel Kendall & Rebecca Sandeman



— ” —

*Bank Manager (Robert): So with the exchange rate, minus my fee of course, the grand total works out at ... four thousand, five hundred and sixty-three pounds and forty-seven pence.*

*Juan: Dios Mio! [pause]  
...is that a lot?*

*Bank Manager: Depends on your definition of 'a lot'. It's not going to buy you a chateau in France or even a semi-detached in Swansea these days.*

*Juan: So what am I going to do?*

*Bank Manager: Well... do you have any more of those bags?*

**Genre:** *Crime/Comedy*

**Format:** *8 ep of 42 mins each*

**Target group:** *16 years old and over*

**Potential buyers:** *Netflix, Amazon, HBO, various TV channels*

**Estimate:** *\$ 15-18 mill*

**At Pitch-level Q1 2021**

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**G**alician henchman goes on the run from two cartels, inadvertently washing up in a Welsh fishing village; he tries (and fails) to lay low by opening a pizza restaurant and assimilating to 1980s Welsh culture.

A pizza or TV show is nothing without the right recipe. If Carlos Pizza was broken down into its core ingredients, the sourdough base would be found skirting the Minnesotan wasteland of Fargo. Not to mention a liberal dollop of garlic tomato passata blended on the lakeside shores of Ozark. The toppings would be organic and chopped in the bleak back kitchen of Cafe Tropical in Schitt's Creek. The flavour? A Diavola masquerading as a Hawaiian.

Juan Carlos finds himself stranded in the middle of the ocean with a duffel bag of pesos, a gun and a speedboat without any petrol. He has no water and no hope. Just as he raises the gun to his head he is saved by a Welsh fishing trawler and its Captain, Griffin. After miscommunication in Welsh and Spanish he is taken to Môrbryn, Wales, a town that hinges precariously between the old and new; residents either wanting to stick steadfastly to tradition or embrace the excess of the early 1980s. Juan Carlos's presence quickly disrupts and unsettles the fabric of the town.

He's able to exchange his duffel bag of pesos, which isn't enough to retire on, and gets a loan for a run-down restaurant in the town. To attract customers Juan tries to immerse himself within the peculiar traditions of Môrbryn and its townsfolk. He becomes a regular attendee of Môrbryn's major town events, from séance sessions and dinner

parties to a visit from a touring wrestling troupe. In doing so he creates further suspicion from the inept police force and local press.

Sleeping Bag Daz and Machete Martyn, Môrbryn's answer to the Kray's, are immediately affronted by Juan's popularity with the ladies and the fact he scoops 1st prize in Môrbryn's monthly meat raffle. Luckily, some residents are more welcoming. His identity is sheltered by a network of secrecy including a drunk old poet and a flamboyant bank manager. He strikes up an on-again, off-again relationship with Carys, manager of business rival Granny's Baps, which finds itself particularly off after he drunkenly sleeps with the unhappily married Margie, who ends up pregnant.

Unfortunately for Juan, this temporary reprieve from danger is nothing but a mirage. Juan's genius idea to import Sangria compromises his anonymity, as does the town planner's aim of turning Môrbryn into the next great Welsh tourist destination. The Galician cartel barely wants the money anymore, they're out for revenge. In a desperate attempt to evade multiple parties, Juan runs into the mountains. Blood is spilt, and the hole that Juan has dug for himself caves in further, plunging the future of both him and the moderately successful Carlos Pizza into question.

CARLOS PIZZA



– TV Pilot –

## THE MEAT RAFFLE

*Written by: Rebecca Sandeman & Samuel Kendall*

**TITLE CARD - "CARLOS PIZZA"**

FADE IN:

EXT. THE OCEAN - FOGGY EARLY EVENING - A MOTORBOAT

Camera looms down from above. JUAN is unconscious, sound of the waves. A particularly large wave rocks against the side of the boat. JUAN jolts, then rubs his eyes accidentally with the gun. Startles himself gradually out of sleep.

JUAN  
(groggily)  
UGGGH.

JUAN sets the gun down beside him. He strokes his hand through the water, takes a sip then regurgitates it. He stares around at the fog in despair. He shuffles over to the two duffle bags, patting them at the opening.

JUAN  
(in Spanish)  
Shit.

JUAN looks back down at the gun at his side, weighs it up. He picks it up in his right hand. Another particularly strong wave barrels against the boat and he lifts the gun higher. JUAN cocks the trigger. He hesitates then jolts the gun back down.

JUAN sits in the boat, staring into the fog. Camera close up of the duffle bags. Close up of JUAN's face. He pulls the gun back up to his head and closes his eyes. A moment passes. Sound of a boat horn. JUAN's head lashes backward as he pulls the trigger, the bullet careening into the sky, sound of a gunshot.

JUAN  
(in Spanish)  
Fuck, fuck!

A larger boat penetrates through the fog. JUAN looks up at the vessel.

GRIFFITH  
(in Welsh)  
Ah jeez, not another one.

JUAN  
Eh?

GRIFFITH  
(in Welsh)

Honestly it's not worth it son.  
Your mother will be very upset.

JUAN  
(in Spanish)  
Please help!

JUAN waves his arms furiously, accidentally firing another bullet into the air. He recoils from it in horror, dropping the gun down into the boat where yet another bullet fires outwards, causing him to jump up.

GRIFFITH  
(in Welsh)  
Maybe you should put it down?

The boat comes further into view as a silhouette of a man steps out onto the edge. JUAN stares up at the man before losing consciousness again.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT - A LARGER BOAT, SOME KIND OF FISHING TRAWLER - ON THE DECK - STILL SURROUNDED IN FOG

Camera from JUAN's perspective, blinking on and off. Silhouetted figure is standing over him, gradually becomes clearer. GRIFFITH is revealed, an old man with a skull cap and a large beard.

GRIFFITH  
(in Welsh)  
You awake boy? Now do you want  
some kippers on toast? Caught them  
just yesterday I did. Fresh as  
daisies they are.

JUAN  
(rubbing eyes, in Spanish)  
What?

GRIFFITH  
(in Welsh)  
Maybe not kippers straight away  
eh? They're a bit strong and you  
look a bit green about the cheeks.  
(sniffs JUAN)  
You smell as if you've been at sea  
for a while  
(makes face)

JUAN  
(groaning, in Spanish)  
Pardon?

GRIFFITH  
(in Welsh)  
Maybe just some tea... or a  
flannel to wash yourself?

JUAN  
(in Spanish)  
English... do you speak English?  
English please.

GRIFFITH  
(in Welsh)  
English my lad? No, I am Welsh!

JUAN  
No, can you speak English?

GRIFFITH  
(surprised)  
Well, why didn't you say so!?

JUAN rolls over onto his stomach, dismayed, then staggers  
to his feet. GRIFFITH looks on at him in wonder.

JUAN  
We understand each other?

GRIFFITH  
As best we can. I don't think  
anyone can truly understand anyone  
else.

JUAN  
Okay.  
(Pause, sound of the waves)  
Thanks for your help. Almost...  
(JUAN gestures at the gun)

GRIFFITH  
You'd do well not to play with  
things like that.

JUAN  
No (pause) did it hit anyone?

GRIFFITH  
I don't think so

(GRIFFITH looks down at his  
arms and legs)  
It's just me here.

JUAN  
(after awkward silence, sound of waves)  
It is a nice boat.

GRIFFITH  
The Nemesis she's called. You  
know, after the Greek goddess.

JUAN  
(puzzled)  
I don't?

GRIFFITH  
Yeah she's the goddess of revenge,  
meant to carry out judgement on  
those who've done bad things or  
taken stuff that doesn't belong to  
them. (look at bags).

JUAN nervously laughs.

GRIFFITH (cont'd)  
(Changing to a lighter tone)  
Which is a little joke, being a  
fisherman, I'm always taking  
things that don't belong to me.  
(GRIFFITH points his finger)  
Technically.

JUAN  
I see. (pause). Do you have water?

GRIFFITH  
(Flustered)  
Sorry, yes, sorry of course.

GRIFFITH rushes off, JUAN gazing around at the boat until  
he returns with a flask. JUAN quickly gulps it down,  
spilling water down his front.

JUAN  
(Panting)  
Sorry. I needed that. Where are  
we?

GRIFFITH  
We should be just off the coast of  
Môrbryn now.



JUAN  
Môrbryn, Spain?

GRIFFITH  
(Laughing)  
Not quite. Môrbryn Wales.

JUAN  
(Relieved)  
Ahh.

GRIFFITH  
Quite the place, Môrbryn. You'll  
fit right in. Though I suppose a  
man in your position has little  
choice where he fits, at least for  
the time being.

JUAN  
You could say that. What's your  
name?

GRIFFITH  
Griffith. That's what most of them  
call me, around here. The easier  
of many names.

JUAN  
I'm Juan.

GRIFFITH  
Charmed.

GRIFFITH takes a seat at the front of the ship, gesturing  
JUAN to join him. He does so, with little else to do.

GRIFFITH  
Really I don't have much of a  
story to tell. I like to collect  
other people's stories. I guess  
now I have yours.

JUAN  
Hard luck.

GRIFFITH  
I doubt that. A man turns up miles  
from home in a run-down motorboat  
with two duffle bags of money and  
a gun. Plenty of ways you could go  
from there.

JUAN

Do you know where I'm going?

GRIFFITH

I've already told you that. We're heading for Môrbryn.

As GRIFFITH utters the town's name once again the fog before them begins to part. The sun beams through the sky as if spotlighting the coastline. JUAN eagerly pulls himself forwards out of his chair to get a closer look.

The town is a spotting of small, dilapidated houses with a pier so short it's barely visible. The foundations of a hotel can be seen near a jutting in the mountains. A couple of building signs can be made out, designating a bank, a convenience store.

JUAN

That's it?

GRIFFITH

A beauty, ain't she? The sun should fall by the time we moor; I'll see if I can arrange some shelter for you for the night. I suspect you'll need it.

JUAN

Really? It looks close.

GRIFFITH

Anyone would think you've never been at sea before.

JUAN

I used to be a fisherman too.

GRIFFITH

Everyone used to be a fisherman round here. It's a good start, though. Remembering what you used to be. The first step to forgetting it. Now how about those kippers?

JUAN and GRIFFITH look out to Môrbryn, the sun now descending steadily as the camera fades out. GRIFFITH turns away from the sight and huddles into the interior of the boat. He returns with two plates of grim looking kippers, whole, their eyes gazing up at the sky.

EXT - MÔRBRYN SHORE - MID-EVENING, MUSTY AND DARK

JUAN helps GRIFFITH moor the boat after the two of them have disembarked. JUAN drags the two duffle bags of money behind him the way one might with two dead bodies or sacks of rubbish.

GRIFFITH  
That's The Plank over there.

GRIFFITH nods in the direction of the pier.

JUAN  
Okay.

GRIFFITH  
You'll find most of the town up  
that street  
(nodding in a different  
direction)  
I'm sure Selwyn can give you a  
proper tour tomorrow. I'm not  
really good at guidance on land.

The two trudge up the stony beach, JUAN following GRIFFITH.

JUAN (Cont'd)  
How many people live here?

GRIFFITH  
(thinking)  
Around three hundred? Maybe. Give  
or take?

JUAN  
Thousand?

GRIFFITH laughs.

GRIFFITH  
Perhaps someday.

JUAN  
(changing the subject)  
Are we going to a hotel, or?

As they talk a wooden shack of a building looms at the edge of the beach, suspended above the sea.

GRIFFITH

No, that hotel they're building is still a way off I'm afraid. Lots of disruptions if you know what I mean. No, I'm pulling in a favour for you, from an old friend of mine.

JUAN

Thanks.

GRIFFITH

The least I can do, really. You deserve a good night's rest after what you've been through, I'm sure.

JUAN

I'd kill for a bed.

GRIFFITH

Hopefully it won't come to that.

GRIFFITH heaves himself up the steps that lead towards the shack, JUAN following, heaving his duffle bags up behind him.

GRIFFITH (Cont'd)

Here we are then.

He knocks on the door. Immediately the door is pulled open, causing JUAN to jump. SELWYN peers through the crack, before pulling the door wide.

SELWYN

Griffith! What a time to call, I thought you were on the sea for at least another week?!

GRIFFITH

Came in early, look at the catch I made.

He gestures at JUAN, pulling him in by his shoulder. JUAN raises his hand in an awkward wave.

SELWYN

Well I'll be. Well come on in both of you, please, the fire's on. Do mind your feet.

The two enter the shack. It's part wooden, homely lodge, part old ship repair shop, with tools scattered around

amongst a log fire and grand red chairs. Bookshelves fill the walls opposite the end that hangs out to sea, where dismembered boats are strewn in the corners. The camera holds both sides of the home in their dichotomy as Selwyn clambers over a propeller to a cabinet.

SELWN (Cont'd)

Can I get you a whiskey?

GRIFFITH

(entering effortlessly into  
the shack, dodging the clutter)

Nothing for me thank you, too late  
on my end to start. Juan?

JUAN

Please.

SELWYN

Never too late for Scotch.

SELWYN pours out two large glasses of scotch as JUAN tumbles into the shack. He gestures oddly at his duffle bags, heaving one through the doorway.

SELWYN (Cont'd)

Just chuck those over there in the  
corner, no bother.

JUAN lifts the duffle bags into the corner of the room as SELWYN places his drink on a table beside a chair. JUAN slumps down into the armchair like a man who hasn't sat down in weeks.

SELWYN

Get that down you it's good stuff,  
promise, only the best. So, Juan  
is it?

JUAN

(exhaustedly)

Juan Carlos.

SELWYN

Hmmm... I think I'll call you...  
Carl.

JUAN

(defeated)

It's... okay fine.

SELWYN

So Carl, what brings you to fair  
old Môrbryn?

JUAN

Well... I don't really know.

GRIFFITH

Let's say chance and circumstance.

SELWYN

A fine a reason as any, those. And  
what is it you're hoping to do  
here?

JUAN

I haven't got that far.

GRIFFITH

I was hoping you might show him  
around Selwyn. He might  
(looks at the bags)  
need the bank.

SELWYN

Of course, first thing in the  
morning, not a problem, don't you  
worry about that Carl. It's at the  
other end of town, perfect route  
to see the sights as it happens,  
really settle you in here.

JUAN

(sleepily)

Thank you, you're too kind.

SELWYN

You've been through the ringer  
lad, I can tell. Don't worry,  
we're kind folk here. You'll be  
fine.

GRIFFITH

Kind? Really?

SELWYN

(hesitating)

Mostly kind then.

GRIFFITH pulls a face. JUAN tries to say something but  
falls back into his chair, spent from the days at sea.

SELWYN (Cont'd)



You go take a kip Carl, there's a spare bed through the back door there, past the figureheads.

JUAN nods, meandering his way through the rubble, past a carved, headless Poseidon and a mermaid with flailed scales. He opens the door and disappears out of frame.

SELWYN (Cont'd)  
Where'd you find that one? Or do I even want to know?

GRIFFITH  
I don't think you do.

SELWYN  
Ah that's fair enough. Everyone is entitled to their secrets.

GRIFFITH  
Can you take care of him tomorrow, as a favour?

SELWYN  
I see no reason not to.

GRIFFITH  
I'll owe you one.

SELWYN  
No changes there then.

SELWYN raises his glass to GRIFFITH, who returns the gesture with a coy nod. The sound of JUAN's snoring can be heard through the door, SELWYN sipping at his scotch.

INT - SELWYN'S SHACK- LATER ON THAT NIGHT

JUAN is seen tossing and turning in the bed, in visible distress as he sleeps.

CUT TO: the interiority of JUAN's dream.

INT - ENCLOSED WAREHOUSE IN SPAIN, FLASHBACK

NOTE: THE DIALOGUE IN THIS SCENE IS SPOKEN IN SPANISH AND SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH

There's the sound of a man screaming and the sound of an electric saw that is cutting into something.

Close up of JUAN's face. He is looking on, trying to disguise his displeasure.

Flash to LOIS's face screaming in agony.

Pan to MIGUEL, using the saw on LOIS's leg, blood spurting onto the floor.

MIGUEL

So you think you can just skim off  
the top without anyone noticing,  
Lois?

LOIS tries to reply but is in so much pain he can only grunt.

MIGUEL

Do you think one leg is enough? Or  
should we do both?

LOIS makes more urgent cries for help.

Flash back to JUAN's face who is trying to remain neutral.  
Close up of MIGUEL's face who is irritated by JUAN's inactivity.

MIGUEL

What are you just standing there  
for, cousin? Go get me a towel or  
something.

JUAN looks again at LOIS who is crying out on the floor,  
his voice getting weaker.

JUAN wakes up in SELWYN's spare bedroom and is sweating and panting. He stays there for a few moments and then a cockroach falls on his face.

END OF SUBTITLES

INT - SELWYN'S SHACK - THE MORNING AFTER

Open to the sound of birds chirping and the grey, foggy weather showing little signs of dissipating. SELWYN is still in his chair, his scotch glass empty. JUAN enters the room groggily, in the same clothes as the night before.

JUAN

Good morning.

SELWYN shudders awake, looking in all directions to identify the sound.

SELWYN  
Who're you!?

JUAN  
(startled and wary)  
Juan...

SELWYN  
Juan... Juan... Carl! Of course of  
course, sorry, lose my way a bit  
after sleeping, of course I  
remember. Sleep well?

JUAN  
(pause)  
There were a few bugs...but after  
that yes, sure, why not?

SELWYN  
Grand, grand. I guess it's not  
worth wasting time then. I'd offer  
you breakfast but all I've got in  
are fish sticks and Bovril.

JUAN  
(lying)  
Don't worry, I'm not hungry.

SELWYN  
We'd better see to those two bags  
of yours first mind. Good to keep  
things safe. Are you ready to go?

JUAN  
(looking around)  
I guess?

SELWYN  
Right, grand, follow me then. Mind  
the tarp.

SELWYN clambers his way out of the shack, leaving JUAN to  
grab both duffle bags, a task he isn't appreciative of  
having to repeat. He heaves one onto his shoulder and drags  
the second over the tarp and out the door.

EXT - MÔRBRYN SHORE - MORNING - GREY SKY

SELWYN (Cont'd)  
We'll go up through the main  
street, quickest way. The banks on

the other side of town, think I mentioned that. Not far, few minutes' walk, fine for an able-bodied lad like yourself.

JUAN drags the second duffle bag behind him, grunting.

SELWYN (Cont'd)

This is the beach then. Bit stonier than it used to be. Used to be tens of boats shoring up here every day Carl, tens of them. Now there's just me and Griffith.

JUAN grunts under the weight of the duffle bags The two men trundle up the single road that leads down to the beach, a narrow, slightly mossy pathway, JUAN's duffle bags regularly getting stuck.

As they approach the town TWO MEN can be seen souping up a Ford Escort, Fleetwood Mac crackling through their radio. They stare at JUAN and SELWYN, who waves, a gesture they don't return.

SELWYN (Cont'd)

You getting on alright back there?

JUAN

(heaving)

No, yep, just fine.

SELWYN

That's where you get your wetsuits if you're going for a dip. We used to have an annual swimming competition but they canned that a few years ago. There was a bit of an uproar and a few town meetings to boot I can tell you. As the town poet I was forced to pick sides. It all got very political and I was sent bribes in the post. And someone, not mentioning any names, threatened to put holes in my boat.

JUAN

Really?

SELWYN

I wouldn't lie to you.

JUAN

No, no.

SELWYN

You know *the* famous Welsh poet?

JUAN

I don't.

SELWYN

Well we were at school together.  
He took my notepads full of my  
ideas and he's been dining out on  
them ever since.

JUAN

Oh?

SELWYN

I could've been the voice of a  
generation Carl. But instead I'm  
small fry in a sea of mediocre  
wordsmiths with nothing to say.  
The problem with poets these days  
is they believe themselves to be  
interesting.

(beat)

And this is a mistake.

JUAN looks puzzled.

They pass by an ELDERLY WOMAN carrying her shopping in a  
brown paper bag. On seeing JUAN she drops her shopping, a  
solitary orange rolling towards SELWYN'S feet. SELWYN picks  
the orange up and attempts to greet her.

SELWYN

You alright Gladys?

The ELDERLY WOMAN looks horrified, grabs the orange from  
SELWYN and ushers herself away.

SELWYN (cont'd)

Not sure what's got into her Juan,  
she's usually a right chatterbox.  
You okay?

JUAN

(further agitated)

Yes. Fine.

SELWYN

Grand. So we're turning onto the main street now.

JUAN

This is the main street?

SELWYN

Not the busiest it's ever been for sure but yes, this is where the magic happens Carl, so to speak. You've got a press office over there for the Môrbryn Gazette, Reeve's project. I'd be a bit careful with what you say to her as it could end up in the paper next to the horoscopes.

(whispers)

Apparently this week I'm going to experience an unexpected windfall. Anyways, watch your mouth, she's a nosy bugger.

JUAN

Okay, I'll try.

SELWYN

And there's a chippy over there but I wouldn't recommend it, changed hands a few years ago and now they use sheep scum to thicken the batter.

JUAN

Scum?

SELWYN

Aye foamy stuff when you boil the meat. Not entirely convinced it's cheaper so I'm not sure why they do it. Best avoided anyway lad, not like it was a few years ago. Nothing is ever really like it was before though is it, can't go longing for that.

JUAN

(shuffling the bag on his shoulder)

And where is this bank?

SELWYN



Not much further now Carl. I'll try and get Ronald to meet with you. He's a busy man but a good heart, he'll sort you right out. And Reeve's... well, you'll see. Right, just up here, with the big blue door. Last bank left, Ronny ran the other two out of business.

JUAN

Did he steal their money?

SELWYN

Who knows Carl, maybe you can ask him. Come on, after you.

The two men reach the bank, SELWYN opens the door for JUAN who clambers in with both bags.

INT - MÔRBRYN BANK - A BANK WITH A SINGLE TELLER

Inside the bank there are several green chairs as well as a single bank teller desk, blocked by a transparent barrier. There are stairs in the corner that appear to lead to meeting rooms.

As JUAN stumbles into the bank the bank teller, REEVA, raises her glasses and leans forwards in her chair. SELWYN follows quickly behind him, closing the door.

REEVA

Morning.

JUAN

Morning, hello, I have come to erm  
(hesitates)  
open an 'account'?

REEVA

What kind of account?

JUAN

Erm just a bank one, you know. For my money.

REEVA

A personal account?

JUAN

Yes, maybe, okay, maybe... a personal account. That one.

REEVA  
Okay, what's your full name  
please?

JUAN  
(relieved)  
Juan Carlos.

SELWYN  
Everyone calls him Carl Reeva.

JUAN  
Not everyone...

REEVA  
(saying aloud whilst writing it)  
Juuuuuan Carrlosss. Right, can I  
have your passport please?

JUAN  
(hesitates)  
My...

REEVA  
Your passport, please. It's for  
identity verification.

JUAN  
I... erm, you see  
(thinking pause)  
my passport... well  
(beat)  
I do have a passport but...

REEVA  
Do you have a passport? Or a form  
of ID?

JUAN  
ID! Yes I have an ID, everyone has  
an ID. Stupid question, but the  
thing is... it is...

REEVA  
Can I see your ID or passport  
please Mr Carlos?

JUAN  
(tapping at his pockets)  
Yes you can if you want to but is  
that erm  
(thinking of the word)

needed? I have a...  
(gestures to SELWYN)

REEVA  
A...  
SELWYN  
A witness.

JUAN  
Witness, yes, here.

He gestures at SELWYN who waves cheerily.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
and I need to open a...

REEVA  
(firmly)  
and I *need* your ID.

SELWYN  
(interjecting)  
Reeva come on now we're all  
friends here.

REEVA  
I have no idea who this man is.

SELWYN  
It's Carl, look!  
(throwing arm around JUAN)  
You know Carl.

REEVA  
I don't know Carl at all.

SELWYN  
Of course you do.

REEVA  
No, I don't.

JUAN  
We have met.

REEVA  
(angrily)  
No, we haven't.

JUAN  
You don't remember? We  
(thinking pause)

worked together at...

REEVA  
(loudly)  
Do you have your ID Mr...

As REEVA shouts a man (RONALD) dressed in a flamboyant waistcoat with a draping scarf enters the bank lobby from the stairs.

RONALD  
Good afternoon gentlemen can I  
help you with something?

SELWYN  
Ronald! How good to see you old  
friend.

The two men embrace heartily as REEVA stares over her glasses.

SELWYN (Cont'd)  
Please meet my good friend Carl.  
(JUAN and RONALD shake hands)  
We were just in the process of  
opening a new bank account for my  
good friend.

REEVA  
He doesn't have any ID.

SELWYN  
Oh of course he does, he's just  
looking to deposit some initial  
funds.

As SELWYN gestures to the bags of money RONALD's eyes light up slightly.

REEVA  
Mr. Ronald he doesn't have a  
passport I can't...

RONALD  
Oh Reeva don't you worry this  
appears to be a premium case.

REEVA  
We don't have premium...

RONALD  
It's a pleasure to meet you Carl...  
(indicating for a last name)

JUAN  
Erm, Carlos.

RONALD  
Carl Carlos?

JUAN  
No my first name is...

RONALD  
A pleasure, truly, please do come to my office and I'll help you with that premium account, we'll get that sorted for you right away.

REEVA  
But he doesn't have...

RONALD  
Reeva, please. I think the leaflets have gone out of order again.

REEVA  
They don't have an order.

RONALD  
Oh I think they do, the Caernarfon Castle one really shouldn't be next to the leaflet about credit cards. If you don't sort this out before we get those Slate Museum ones in there'll be chaos!

REEVA rolls her eyes and unlocks the sophisticated mechanism to get out of her teller box, moving over to the leaflet stand.

SELWYN  
I really should be off though Carl, Ronald, Reeva. I've got some boats to attend to this afternoon. You're in safe hands now Carl don't panic.

RONALD  
Thank you Selwyn it's been a real treat.

SELWYN

Always a pleasure.

SELWYN nods his head to both RONALD and REEVA, who is still scrambling with the leaflets, leaving the bank.

RONALD

Right then Carl Carlos, shall we?  
(gesturing to the stairs)

JUAN hesitates for a moment in the hopes that RONALD will assist with the duffle bags. He doesn't. JUAN picks both duffle bags up and awkwardly scales the stairs with both bags.

REEVA

Nice to meet you, Juan.

JUAN

(clambering to keep balance)  
Yes, you too,  
(emphatically mimics SELWYN)  
pleasure.

REEVA's eyes follow the two of them as they go up the stairs, RONALD following closely behind JUAN, his eyes wide with opportunity.

INT - RONALD'S OFFICE - MÔRBRYN BANK

RONALD's office is spacious with an ornate desk and a comfortable looking chair. Above it, on the back wall, hangs a painting of three stuntmen in a triangle, one on a motorbike, one being fired from a cannon and one wrestling with a grizzly bear. The décor is otherwise similar to the foyer below, all lime green carpets and beige walls. JUAN lumps his duffle bags down and takes a seat opposite the desk as RONALD manoeuvres around to the opposite side. He looks up at the painting.

JUAN

Nice picture.

RONALD

Why thank you young man. They're actually my relatives; my great grandpappy Ronnie the Bear Tamer, uncle Ronno on the bike and my aunt Rosalia in the cannon. All stunt people in their own right. They all wanted me to join the troupe but alas, my talents lie elsewhere.



(He gestures at the bank)  
I wasn't to be a circus act or a  
man of considerable strength.

JUAN  
Your family is very...

RONALD  
Yes we have very strong eyebrows  
and noses. It's a sign of regality  
in most countries. But I digress.  
You're looking to open an account  
and settle here for a while, I  
take it?

JUAN  
I don't have... much choice.

RONALD  
Well, I'm an out-of-towner myself,  
you shouldn't worry about  
Mörbryners when it comes to  
hospitality. Now, I would usually  
need a bit more information about  
you Carl.

JUAN raises his eyebrow slightly.

RONALD (Cont'd)  
But, I can tell you're a  
trustworthy fellow. If there's one  
thing I hold in great stead, it's  
a man's privacy. My Dad used to  
say, 'a man's secrets are best  
left in a dark room with no  
windows.' So, with that being  
said, I'll be able to open you one  
of our highly sought after premium  
accounts. Best thing to do would  
be to tally up your initial  
deposit, then I'll have Reeva draw  
up some kind of contract for you,  
basic stuff. Your funds will be  
safe and withdrawable at any time.  
I take my client's needs very  
seriously. It comes from the  
lineage you know, my family were  
often getting swindled by  
promoters. Never trust anyone who  
offers to help you with nothing to  
gain in return.

(JUAN looks nervous)

No, I can't abide by it. Whatever you leave in my bank is totally safe.

JUAN  
It's all in those bags.

RONALD  
Great, right, one moment then.

RONALD shuffles over to the duffle bags and cracks the first one open. His face furrows slightly.

RONALD (Cont'd)  
(lifting a fistful of money  
out the bag)  
We might've hit the first hurdle,  
Carl.

RONALD turns the money towards JUAN, revealing it to be pesas.

JUAN  
It isn't in dollars?

RONALD  
Well, it isn't in pounds. Just a  
moment.

RONALD shuffles round to the desk draw and pulls out a calculator. He begins frantically tapping at the keys, JUAN gazing around the office aimlessly as he does it. Camera blacks out for a moment before returning. JUAN has his head in his hands out of boredom.

JUAN  
Are you finished?

RONALD  
Yes yes all present and correct.  
Would you like to know the damage?

JUAN  
(repeating, confused)  
Damage? Like... broken?

RONALD  
No you're not quite broke.

JUAN looks at RONALD in confusion, desperate to find out.

RONALD (cont'd)

Don't worry yourself. So with the exchange rate, minus my fee of course, the grand total works out at ... four thousand, five hundred and sixty-three pounds and forty-seven pence.

JUAN

(exclaiming, in Spanish)

Son of a bitch!

(pause, in English)

Is that a lot?

RONALD

Depends on your definition of 'a lot'. It's not going to buy you a chateau in France or even a semi-detached in Swansea these days.

JUAN

(hanging his head in frustration)

Okay.

(in Spanish)

Fuck.

(pause, in English)

What am I going to do?

RONALD

Well... do you have any more of those bags?

JUAN

Does it look like I have any more of those bags?

RONALD

Nothing at Selwyn's?

JUAN

Nothing at Selwyn's.

RONALD

Right.

(beat)

Not to worry Carl not to worry this is still a serviceable sum for a young man like you. A 'fine jumping off point and into the crowd' as my great Aunt Ronnelda might say, bless her soul. The things you can do with money these

days beggars belief, if you'll excuse the sentiment. Have you ever considered investment opportunities?

JUAN

Do I look like I've considered investment opportunities?

RONALD

Oh don't make me answer that sir we've only just met.

(RONALD smiles)

Well as you're looking to set yourself up in this fine, prosperous little town, why don't you consider putting the money into a business venture?

JUAN

I'd like to just take the money.

RONALD

Nonsense! A clever young man like you, business is the future. I can open you a nice premium business account, control all the funds, make sure nothing is going awry and all of that. I'll even throw in some financial consultation free of charge because I like you so much. Usually fetches a high price. Really the business could be in anything you like.

JUAN

(thinking)

Anything?

RONALD

Anything. In fact, if you just wait there for one moment.

RONALD rushes quickly out of the room, leaving JUAN bemused and thinking of business ideas.

INT - SEPARATE MEETING ROOM - MÔRBRYN BANK

LISA and TED in one of the bank's meeting rooms. Same floor and general decor, with a framed map of Môrbryn on the wall.

LISA

What about dinosaurs Ted?

TED

What do you mean dinosaurs?

LISA

I was thinking maybe if we had like a gimmick or a USP for the town. 'Come to Môrbryn, the place with T-rexes and whatnot.'

TED

I'm not really keen on the dinosaur angle Lisa.

(thinking pause)

Now I'm just spitballing here but... What about statutes of really big fish instead? Remember five years ago when Sleeping Bag Daz said he saw a basking shark near the pier? He said it was big as a double decker bus.

LISA

I hear what you are saying Ted, and truly I really appreciate your input. But I do think statutes of 'really big fish', in a fishing village none-the-less, well, it's a little bit on the nose, isn't it?

TED pulls a face. The door opens slightly as he does so and RONALD's head bashes emphatically through the opening.

RONALD

Lisa, Ted, could I borrow you for a moment?

LISA

(taken aback)

Only if you're sure Ronald, our meeting isn't until two is it? We wouldn't want to get special treatment.

RONALD

Lisa we've spoken about this before, I don't know anything about all the stationary that was delivered to your house.

LISA  
I wish I could believe you  
Ronald.

RONALD  
A happy coincidence perhaps.

LISA  
The week before I tell you about  
my love of highlighters and next  
thing you know there's a box on my  
doorstep.

RONALD  
The lord works in mysterious ways.  
(Laugh, then quietly)  
This is a somewhat sensitive  
matter, why don't you and Ted join  
me in my office?

Camera switches briefly to REEVA DOWNSTAIRS who has  
finished tidying the leaflets. She looks up, suspicious, as  
the sound of several people moving is heard upstairs.

Camera returns to TED and LISA who get up and follow RONALD  
into his office.

INT - RONALD'S OFFICE

JUAN stands up and awkwardly nods as they enter.

RONALD  
Ted and Lisa, meet my friend  
Carl.

TED does a firm and crushing handshake to assert his  
dominance.

TED  
Great to meet you Carl.

LISA  
Ditto.

RONALD  
Carl is a businessman like you  
Ted. He's looking for empty  
premises to open...

JUAN  
A pizza restaurant.



RONALD looks over at JUAN, surprised at how quickly he has decided. He furrows his mouth in approval.

TED

A what?

JUAN

You know pizza, it has cheese and a tomato sauce.

TED

Yes I know what a pizza is thanks... Carl. But what is Môrbryn going to do with a pizza restaurant?

LISA

No Ted this is fabulous news. This is exactly what this town needs. A pizza restaurant is very... progressive.

TED

Remember how much of a fuss they kicked up when we first opened *Granny's Baps*? I thought Sheila and Janine were going to start a riot. And all those 'anonymous' letters in the Gazette about us sneezing into the coleslaw?

JUAN

Coleslaw?

LISA

(softly)

Oh it's tiny bits of carrots, onion and cabbage in mayonnaise dear, you probably don't have it in your country.

(speaking louder)

Ted, if animals are resistant to change, they die. It's that simple. Môrbryn will have a pizza restaurant and that's final.

TED

If you say so Lisa.

RONALD

So glad we are all in agreement. And the premises?

LISA

Could we just have a sec?

LISA and TED have a serious and frantic discussion that is intelligible to everyone else. It looks as if LISA is trying to talk TED into something.

TED keeps shaking his head and LISA keeps nodding hers. Finally he relents and they return to speaking to JUAN and RONALD. LISA pulls a binder out of her bag and flips it frantically as she speaks.

LISA

Ted has just the place.

LISA reaches the correct page and thrusts the binder into JUAN. He looks through the details and pictures as she speaks

LISA (Cont'd)

It's very reasonably priced and dead central. Perfect location for a restaurant and it's even got a flat above for you to live in. Now it has fallen a little bit into disrepair, having been left vacant for some time, but with a bit of elbow grease it really has unlimited potential.

REEVA bursts in, looking for an excuse to eavesdrop.

REEVA

I was just making a pot of coffee, does anyone want any?

Everyone stops talking and looks at her. REEVA is holding a steaming pot of coffee in one hand and a ring of mugs on the other.

RONALD

No thank you Reeva, does anyone else?

Everyone shakes their head, waiting for her to leave. REEVA drops one of the mugs, on purpose, then stoops awkwardly to scoop it up.

RONALD

Okay then.

(REEVA stands up)

You can close the door now thanks  
Reeva.

Everyone is silent for a second. You can hear a clock  
ticking. Finally, REEVA exits backwards through the door,  
balancing everything she's carrying.

RONALD (Cont'd)  
So, the old French place I  
presume?

LISA  
(suspicious)  
Yes, yes. It's a perfectly fine  
establishment Ronald, crying out  
for an investor like Carl to come  
along and restore it to its former  
glory.

RONALD  
Might be a bit out of your price  
range Carl, but don't let that  
dissuade you. Here at Môrbryn bank  
we offer very favourable loans for  
property investment. I can sort  
that out for you no problem.

JUAN  
(Quickly interjecting)  
I'll take it.

RONALD is taken aback at the speed to which JUAN agrees to  
the loan/property, but replaces his shock with immense  
delight. He hugs against JUAN's shoulder like a father.

TED  
(As surprised as RONALD,  
responding quickly)  
Excellent, straight to the point  
no dilly-dally, I like that. Shall  
we draw up the paperwork and then  
we can take Carl over to see what  
he's gotten himself into?  
(TED Laughs)

LISA looks slightly worried but is trying not to show it.

EXT - MAIN STREET

Open scene TED, LISA, RONALD and JUAN are walking down the  
main street. A couple of elderly residents are openly  
gawking at JUAN and whispering. JUAN pretends not to

notice. JUAN is walking beside LISA who is talking incessantly.

LISA

And the thing is, even though I went to university in London, King's College actually, and having met all these worldly, interesting people I knew I had to come back and use my skill set to pull Môrbryn out the dark ages. I would have flourished in London, I still miss it every day, but sometimes you have to put others first you know? Even if they don't necessarily appreciate it at the time. But I'm doing it for their own good you see.

JUAN

(baffled at what to say)  
Yeah.

LISA

It's not charity work per say.  
It's more...  
(beat)  
a calling, I suppose.

JUAN

I see.

The group approach Granny's Baps, a two-storey old-timey building with a garish sign depicting a cartoon of a bespectacled old woman, mouth agape, two dripping baps in hand. Inside the shop the silhouettes of two people can be seen, alongside a counter and some stairs.

TED

I'm just going to pop in to say hello to Margie and get a coronation chicken bap. Does anyone want anything?

LISA

Oh Ted let's show Carl what coleslaw looks like. He can have a ham and coleslaw bap as a welcome gift.

TED

I'm not made of money Lisa.

RONALD  
It's alright, I'll get it Ted.

INT - GRANNY'S BAPS

MARGIE and CARYS are at the counter wearing aprons with their hair tied back. TED gives MARGIE an awkward kiss.

JUAN  
(to LISA)  
I thought you and Ted were... erm..  
together?

LISA  
(fake laugh, secretly pleased)  
O my gosh no, how funny! Ted did  
you hear that? Carl thought we  
were a couple. Isn't that  
hilarious?! Can you imagine! No  
darling, Ted and Margie are  
married, they are quite the  
Môrbryn power couple. Aren't you?

MARGIE  
If you say so Lisa.

RONALD  
Margie, Carys met Carl, my friend,  
he is moving into the old French  
place. He's going to be opening a  
restaurant.

CARYS  
(bluntly)  
Sheila and Janine are not going to  
like that.

LISA  
Sheila and Janine need to get with  
the times.

CARYS  
Do you remember when Sheila wrote  
that letter saying she saw Margie  
picking her nose and wiping it on  
the custard slices? Margie  
couldn't go to the Working Mens  
Club for two weeks.

MARGIE

It was a very dark period of my life.

CARYS

All I'm saying is that...

(thinking pause)

Carl should be prepared for a bit of... backlash, should we say?

MARGIE

Backlash is putting it mildly. Ted and I looked into moving to Swansea. I thought I could never show my face in town again. I didn't do it by the way, the custard slice wiping, it was a vicious smear campaign.

RONALD

Nobody thought you did Margie.

LISA

Anyways we want to get Carl a ham and coleslaw bap. To think he's never had coleslaw.

MARGIE

We can do that right anyway can't we Carys?

(To JUAN)

I like your jacket Carl, very... striking. Ted only wears suits don't you Ted?

TED

It's important to look professional Margie.

CARYS slices open a bap and retrieves butter from the fridge.

MARGIE

He even wears them on a Saturday when he's mowing the lawn, which isn't that practical.

TED

(ignoring Margie)

Coronation chicken while you are at it please Carys, extra raisins if possible. I hardly got any last time.

CARYS  
Sorry Ted  
(Looking slightly annoyed,  
she grabs and slices another  
bap. To JUAN)  
Do you want butter?

JUAN  
What?

CARYS  
Butter.  
(Gesturing to the open bun)  
In your sandwich.

JUAN  
Oh okay. Erm do I?

CARYS  
(playfully)  
I didn't think this would be such  
a difficult question.

JUAN  
If you think I should have butter,  
then yes.

CARYS  
I'll butter one side, how's that?

A quick vignette of CARYS making the two sandwiches plays quick-cutting between ingredients, spreading, closing, wrapping. CARYS finishes making the sandwich and camera shows Juan staring intently at her. Nobody speaks.

CARYS hands TED his sandwich and JUAN his. JUAN is looking sceptical at the amount of coleslaw.

LISA  
Go on then Carl, you need to try  
it!

JUAN  
Now?

LISA  
Yes, definitely now.

JUAN is trying to hide his disgust. He takes a small bite and tries to chew and swallow it.

JUAN

It's... very, very... nice. Wet. Is it  
always so wet?

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT - ABANDONED RESTAURANT - THE FUTURE CARLOS PIZZA

LISA, TED, JUAN and RONALD are in the dishevelled  
restaurant JUAN has rented. There are cobwebs and dust  
everywhere. The remnants of a kitchen and dining tables can  
be seen throughout, alongside crumbling décor.

LISA

As you can see... so much  
potential. Right Ted?

TED

Oh absolutely. Bundles.

JUAN looks around. He accidentally kicks a table and its  
leg breaks off, crashes to the ground and makes a mess.

LISA

So obviously there are a few minor  
cosmetic issues to address.  
However, nothing a bit of TLC and  
a lick of paint won't fix.

JUAN looks around at the place, exasperated.

LISA

(going to the door, pulling TED)

And really if there is anything we  
can do at all, don't be afraid to  
ask. There's a real sense of  
community in this town, despite  
what some people say.

RONALD

And here's the keys Carl.

(Gives JUAN the keys, then  
claps him on the back)

I'll have Reeva shoot over the  
terms of our loan agreement  
tomorrow, nothing to worry about  
it'll just need a quick signature.  
We'll let you settle in.

LISA, TED and RONALD leave as LISA resumes her conversation  
with RONALD.

LISA



So Ronald, I'm thinking pier side,  
coastal appeal. Something that  
gets you reaching for your bucket  
and spade...

JUAN looks around at the crumbling restaurant and wipes his brow.

Montage scene of JUAN going round to inspect various parts of the restaurant and flat and finding bits broken, dusty or not working.

JUAN finally tests out the bed, and nods off for a nap.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT- BEACH IN GALICIA, FLASHBACK

NOTE: THE DIALOGUE IN THIS SCENE IS SPOKEN IN SPANISH AND SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH

JUAN stood opposite SANTI, who's wearing a gold silken powerdress shirt. Wide shot, side on. Filter is ethereal, less gritty than the previous dream sequence - clear visual distinction.

JUAN  
Santi... you look like a dickhead in  
that shirt

SANTI  
You want one?

JUAN smirkes. They pause, he looks around the beach.

SANTI  
What are we doing, Juan?

Juan goes to answer but pauses. From out of nowhere a swarm of people surround JUAN and SANTI including MIGUEL who is not in a prominent position. The swarm enclose JUAN and SANTI who are helpless.

They begin to grab and pull at JUAN and SANTI, tearing SANTI's shirt in the process, attempting to drag them away from the beach. MIGUEL and others can be heard hurling expletives in Galician.

END SUBTITLES

CUT TO:

INT - DILAPIDATED RESTAURANT

JUAN wakes abruptly to a loud banging on the door,  
transitions to

JUAN is disorientated and jumps up and reaches for the gun  
in his bag and places in it his back pocket. He rushes  
downstairs to find CARYS at the door still in her Granny's  
Baps uniform.

JUAN  
(cautious then relaxed)  
Hi.  
CARYS  
Hi.

There is a silence for a couple of seconds while they both  
wait for the other to say something.

JUAN  
So...

CARYS  
I just wanted to see how you were  
settling in.

JUAN  
Urm, well good. The restaurant is  
a...

CARYS  
(Looks past JUAN and barges in)  
In a bloody shit state! How did  
Ted and Lisa manage to sell you  
this? He's a slippery bastard Ted,  
I tell you.

JUAN  
Yeah it's a little...

CARYS  
A little what? Falling down?

JUAN  
Something like that.

CARYS  
Jesus Christ. Look at this mess.

JUAN looks a bit shocked at her outburst, but smiles.

JUAN  
I've cleaned up a bit.

CARYS

Yeah it sure looks like it. So when you get this sorted out you'll be ready to open your restaurant in what...1990?

JUAN

What did Lisa say... more 'cosmetic' problems?

CARYS

Oh she would bloody say that. Take Lisa with a pinch of salt, she's got her head in the clouds half the bloody time.

JUAN looks completely lost at what she's just said but pretends to understand and nods anyway.

CARYS (Cont'd)

Anyways it's the Meat Raffle at the Working Men's Club tonight. It's the highlight of Môrbryn's social calendar, I was wondering if you wanted to come with me?

JUAN

Meat raffle?

CARYS

Oh it's where everyone buys tickets and they can win a load of meat. Not that it's a fair system, we all pretend that everyone can win but Sleeping Bag Daz and Janine always seem to scoop the top prizes. It's a total fix but nobody says anything. The most I've ever won is a packet of pork chops.

JUAN

So is this like a date?

CARYS

(thinking)

Well, that depends.

JUAN

On?

CARYS

Pick me up at 7.30? I live on  
Manor Way, number 4.

CARYS gives him a kiss on the cheek and disappears. JUAN goes to frantically tidy his bedroom and make himself look presentable.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT - THE STREETS OF MÔRBRYN

JUAN is walking to CARYS' door. He knocks and waits. She opens the door wearing a very alluring 80s outfit and in direct contrast to her sandwich shop uniform. JUAN stares at her and doesn't speak.

CARYS

What? You didn't think I'd be  
wearing my work uniform did you?

JUAN

You look...

CARYS

I'll take that as a compliment.  
Right come on we better get going,  
or all the good tables will be  
gone. And you don't want to get  
stuck next to Selwyn. He has a  
habit of spitting pickled eggs at  
you when he's had a skinful.

JUAN

Sure.

As JUAN and CARYS walk through the town they bump into MACHETE MARTYN who is running in his running gear. He slows down and shouts at CARYS.

MACHETE MARTYN

You getting your leg over someone  
else now Carys?

CARYS

Fuck off Martyn. My love life has  
nothing to do with you or your  
skanky cousin.

MACHETE MARTYN

You'll break Daz's heart.  
(Carries on running)

CARYS

(Shouting after him)

It was 8 years ago darling, think  
you both need to get over it.

(To JUAN)

Yeah, don't ask.

JUAN and CARYS continue walking through the streets of  
Môrbryn

JUAN

Who was that?

CARYS

Machete Martyn. He's in charge of  
Taylor's Mussels and Oysters with  
his stupid cousin, Sleeping Bag  
Daz. I dated him in school,  
biggest mistake ever by the way,  
and they won't let it go.

JUAN

Why is he called Machete Martyn?

CARYS

Why do you think?

(pause)

Look to be honest, they are nasty  
pieces of work. You'd do best to  
avoid them if possible. Their  
uncle used to own Taylor's Mussels  
and he got

(makes "" hand gesture)

zinc poisoning about five years  
ago. He died and surprise  
surprise, a will was found and  
everything was left to Daz and  
Martyn.

JUAN

You think they killed their uncle?

CARYS

I wouldn't put it past them. They  
were always up to no good, even as  
kids. Not that the case was ever  
investigated properly, Daz has  
Janine wrapped around his little  
finger.

JUAN

And who is Janine?

CARYS

(laughs)

Môrbryn's answer to justice, if you can call it that. She's not done anything productive since 1973. It's not that she's a bad officer, she just can't be bothered. Her son on the other hand, he's bloody useless. She's trying to train him up so she can retire, but he couldn't solve a crime even if it was staring him in the face.

JUAN

They are the only police?

CARYS

Yep. Why, you planning on committing restaurant fraud or something?

JUAN

(sketchily)

No, I was just, how do you say... curious.

CARYS

Hmm.

(CARYS looks at JUAN  
playfully)

Okay, we need a plan of action for tonight.

JUAN

I thought it was just a meat raffle.

CARYS

Yeah it is, but you need to make a good first impression. Those count in Môrbryn.

JUAN

I was planning on being myself.

CARYS

Aww that's sweet, but I don't think you should do that.

JUAN

Okay. What would you do?

CARYS

I think maybe lose some of this  
(gestures at JUAN's face and  
body)

JUAN

Some of...

CARYS

No offense, but I don't think you  
come across as very likable.

JUAN

Oh.

CARYS

It's your mouth. It's quite arched  
at the top. Makes you look like a  
villain.

JUAN

Really?

(JUAN touches his mouth)

CARYS

Can you like...relax it a bit?

JUAN tries to relax his lips.

CARYS

Yes, that's much better. Keep it  
like that if you can.

JUAN

All night?

CARYS

Yeah if it's not too painful?

CARYS and JUAN reach the door of the Working Man's Club,  
down a side street off from Main Street. CARYS takes a deep  
breath and centres herself.

CARYS

You ready?

JUAN

Not so sure now.

CARYS  
Great.

CARYS pushes open the door.

INT - WORKING MEN'S CLUB

A somewhat dingy pub with a stage erected at the back wall. A precarious-looking set-up of speakers and mics can be seen on the stage. To its left stands a bar, to its right a stand full of displayed meats. Tables and chairs cover the centre of the room, which looks able to function as a dance floor. The British Home Nations football game between Wales and Scotland is playing on a TV in the corner of the room.

As the door opens the whole pub stops talking and looks at JUAN in a confused way. Apart from SELWYN, who is downing his drink and then raises it in acknowledgment at JUAN. CARYS and JUAN tentatively step inside and head to the bar. Everyone slowly begins talking again, clearly about CARYS and JUAN.

They approach the bar and SHEILA comes over.

SHEILA  
Always like to make an entrance  
don't you Carys? You look like  
Bonnie Tyler's slightly uglier  
sister.

CARYS  
(beaming)  
Thanks? Sheila, I'd like you to  
meet Carl, he's just bought the  
old French place in the centre.

SHEILA  
Oh we know sweetheart, it's all  
everyone could talk about this  
afternoon. You're causing quite  
the stir already Carl. What can I  
get you two to drink?

CARYS  
I'll have a cinzano and lemonade  
Sheila and what do you want Carl?

JUAN  
Do you have any Rioja Alta?

SHEILA  
I beg your pardon?



(Pronouncing strangely)  
Rioja what?

JUAN  
It's a wine, red...

SHEILA  
Oh we don't do any of that  
nonsense round here. Do you want a  
pint? Most of the men here drink  
pints. Wrexham?

JUAN  
Er... okay?

SHEILA  
Lovely, coming right up. So Carl,  
Janine tells me you're thinking of  
opening a pizza restaurant. How  
unusual!

JUAN  
Is it?  
(JUAN remembers to try and  
smooth his lips)

SHEILA  
We don't get a lot of excitement  
round here. It's the way it's  
always been.

CARYS  
Maybe Môrbryn could do with a bit  
of excitement Sheila.

SHEILA  
Perhaps. I've always thought  
excitement bad for the heart.  
Here's your drinks lovie, don't  
worry this one's on me.  
(SHEILA smiles, lowers voice)  
Oh and Carys, have you tried  
reading Lisa's choice for book  
club this week?

CARYS  
Yeah I've glanced at it, been a  
bit busy actually.

SHEILA  
Carys, it's not even a story,  
there's no characters in it.

Janine and I think it's some kind of, what do you call it? Oh yeah  
(Leans in and whispers)  
Manifesto. We were talking on Monday at the shoot and we think Lisa should be banned.

CARYS  
From the book club?

SHEILA  
Yeah we think it's probably time to expel her. She's always picking things that aren't even books and surely that's against the rules?

CARYS  
I don't think you can expel anyone from a book club Sheila.

SHEILA  
You can expel anyone from anything dear, that's how society works.

CARYS  
I see.

SHEILA  
All I'm saying is that, if it did come to a vote, can me and Janine count on your support?

CARYS  
You know, I'll think about it.

SHEILA takes the two drinks glasses and fills them up to the brim with more alcohol. She hands them back graciously.

SHEILA  
Hmmm. Those drinks look nice. They could be like that all night if you say yes.  
(SHEILA winks)

CARYS  
Come on Carl, there's a seat over there next to Ted and Margie. Oh and Sheila can you put us down for two meat raffle strips?

SHEILA  
No problem darling.

SHEILA tears off two strips and hands them to JUAN and CARYS. SHEILA raises her vodka and coke and straw to them both with a glint in her eye.

JUAN  
Sheila is...

CARYS  
Yeah, it's very difficult to find  
a word to describe her.

MARGIE sees JUAN and CARYS and waves frantically. She elbows TED in the ribs to make enough room for them both.

TED  
I see you've got your claws in  
already Carys?

MARGIE  
Oh Ted for god's sake.

TED  
What? What's wrong with that?

MARGIE  
I mean is it really necessary?  
Just because you have forgotten  
what it is to have fun doesn't  
mean everyone else has to.

TED  
I have plenty of fun thank you.

JUAN and CARYS shuffle into seats at the table as the two bicker.

MARGIE  
What with your calculators and  
stocks?

TED  
Those calculators and stocks keep  
a roof over your head.

MARGIE  
(ignoring)  
So Carl how's the new place? Hope  
there is enough space to hang all  
your leather jackets!

JUAN and CARYS look a little awkward.

JUAN

Er, yes. There's lots of space. A lot to do.

TED

Lots of potential though. If I wasn't tied up with the hotel launch, I'd be fixing that place right up and making a killing.

CARYS

You'd be fixing it up for a while though wouldn't you Ted?

TED

What do you mean?

CARYS

Well, it's a bit messy isn't it?

TED

Well yes, and that was reflected in the price.

CARYS

Oh I'm sure it was.

(She takes a long sip of her drink)

MARGIE

(After an awkward pause)

I'd just like to say, it's so nice to have a bit of new blood in the town.

(beat)

Oh Ted we should have them over for dinner!

TED

We should?

MARGIE

Oh absolutely. I'll make my famous pot pie. It's been passed down in the family for generations. It's one of the reasons Ted married me, wasn't it Ted?

TED

Yes, that and her Dad said he'd cut my fingers off if I didn't.

MARGIE

How many times have I had to say this? He was joking Ted.

TED

Whatever you say Margie.

Suddenly there's the sound of a microphone echo and reverb. It's loud and makes everyone cover their ears. Sheila is holding the microphone in one hand and a vodka and coke in the other. She taps on the microphone and waits for everyone to stop talking.

SHEILA

Welcome everyone to the Môrbryn monthly meat raffle, so kind that everyone could join us. Before we start I just have a couple of notices for people to be aware of. Janine, where are you Janine? Give us a wave!

(JANINE waves)

Lovely.

(SHEILA gets out a piece of paper with notes on)

Janine has asked me to remind everyone that at lunchtime the main road is getting very congested with cars outside the chippy. Perhaps if you do want lunch then maybe use your legs instead of driving because otherwise she's going to start fining you for parking on double yellows. Er and one more thing,

(lowers voice)

Môrbryn police are getting to the bottom of who keeps stealing the flowers from the graveyard. They have narrowed it down to three suspects and will be keeping a close eye on them and their movements going forward. If you do have any information or tips, please phone the station where your call will be dealt with in the strictest of confidence.

EVERYONE looks around suspiciously at each other.

SHEILA (Cont'd)

Okay and that's the end of the announcements. Let's get on with the raffle. Tonight we have three prizes, have a look at what's on the counter.

(SHEILA gestures to the stand full of sweaty meat)

We will draw now for third prize, which is sixteen Lincolnshire sausages...

(people ooooo)

and then we'll have a break. Let's see who's the lucky winner

(SHEILA digs in the pot of raffle tickets and looks at the ticket she's selected)

It's Selwyn. Selwyn come and claim your prize!

SELWYN jumps to his feet and woops. He rushes up to claim the sausages and spills his drink in the process.

JUAN

Why is he so happy about the sausages?

CARYS

As I said that's the only prize anyone can actually win. Second prize will go to Janine and first prize will go to Sleeping Bag Daz. It's rigged.

CARYS tears up her ticket and puts it in her pocket. Around the pub you see other people doing the same.

SELWYN comes over holding his packet of sausages. He is also eating a pickled egg.

SELWYN

Did you see that? I won!

(He is spitting pickled egg)

I'm buying everyone a round; this is dinner for the week.

(Holds sausages in the air)

Hey Carl, come and help me?

CARYS

Do you know each other?

JUAN

We've met.

JUAN gets up and tries to walk to the bar with SELWYN without SELWYN spitting too much pickled egg on him.

SELWYN  
Sheila, I'm buying everyone a drink, put it on my tab.

SHEILA  
Selwyn you still haven't cleared your tab from two weeks ago.

SELWYN  
You know where I live Sheila, I'm good for it I promise.

SHEILA  
Alright, just this once.

SELWYN  
(to JUAN)  
It's good having friends in high places.

JUAN  
Yeah. So, thanks for...

SELWYN  
Don't mention it lad  
(he puts his finger to his lips)  
you never know who might be listening.

SHEILA comes back with all the drinks and looks like she is trying to listen in.

SHEILA  
Carl, you remind me of someone.

JUAN  
Oh?

SHEILA  
Have you been on TV?

JUAN  
Not that I know of.

SHEILA  
I feel like I've met you before.

SELWYN

That's Deja vu that is.

SHEILA

Selwyn don't bring any of your French poetry into my pub.

SELWYN

Deja vu isn't poetry Sheila.  
People say it's the sign of a parallel universe.

SHEILA

In Môrbryn? I doubt that.

SELWYN

(Noticeably drunkenly)

They say that Deja vu is revisiting events that have already taken place in previous lives or galaxies.

SHEILA

People who come up with this rubbish have too much time on their hands. I've added that to your tab Selwyn, if you don't pay me by Wednesday I'm coming down to the water and putting holes in your boat.

SELWYN

Right you are Sheila.

SELWYN and JUAN try carrying a large number of drinks back to the table. JUAN is stopped by SLEEPING BAG DAZ, who looms over him and takes one of the drinks in JUAN's hand.

DAZ

That for me fella?

DAZ downs the drink in one and hands the glass back to JUAN

JUAN

(bemused)

No.

DAZ

Not that friendly is he Martyn?

MARTYN appears next to him, still in his running kit.



MARTYN

Not that friendly no.

DAZ

I think if I turned up unannounced in a new place, I'd probably make more of an effort. What do you think, Martyn?

MARTYN

Yeah I'd probably make an effort.

DAZ

Especially if it was obvious, say, if I didn't belong there?

MARTYN

Would probably make an extra special effort then.

DAZ

Hmmmm. Disappointing really. Some would say rude.

MARTYN

We don't like rude people.

DAZ

Certainly don't Martyn.

MARTYN

It's a shame.

DAZ

Such a shame.

JUAN looks at them, unsure what to say but is sure that there is no right answer. If they are even asking a question, which he isn't sure if DAZ is.  
CARYS realises what is going on and marches over.

CARYS

What are you saying to him?

DAZ

Oh nothing Carys, we are just getting to know each other aren't we?

(DAZ looks at JUAN for clarification and roughly hugs him about the shoulders in a threatening way)

JUAN  
Carl.

DAZ  
Funny. You don't really look like  
a Carl do ya?  
(DAZ releases his grip.)  
Martyn let's get 'Carl' a drink as  
we accidentally drank his.

JUAN  
I'm fine.

DAZ grabs him by the shoulders and pulls him to the bar.

DAZ  
No, we insist.  
(DAZ walks up to the bar and  
shouts to SHEILA)  
Sheila three doubles of whiskey  
will ya when you are free?

Sheila gets the whiskey but looks dubious.

MARTYN gets the drinks and takes a bottle out of his bag  
and tops all the drinks up. He hands one of the drinks to  
JUAN.

DAZ  
Cheers then.  
(Looks at JUAN threateningly)  
Not thirsty Carl?

MARTYN  
You shouldn't refuse a drink  
that's been offered to you.

DAZ  
Definitely a sign of bad manners  
that.

JUAN  
What's in the bottle?

DAZ  
(puts his arm round MARTYN)  
He's a funny one isn't he Martyn?

MARTYN  
Hilarious (deadpan)

DAZ slaps JUAN's drink to the floor and it smashes to the ground. DAZ pulls one of the shards off the floor and purposefully slices his own finger. He sucks the blood from his finger and looks at JUAN.

DAZ

Careful. You'll probably need a dustpan and brush to clear that up.

DAZ downs his drink. SHEILA notices what is happening and comes over.

SHEILA

(angry whispers)

I swear to god Daz if you and your cousin are trying to force people to drink bleach in my pub again, I will bar you.

DAZ

A simple misunderstanding Sheila. Carl's made a bit of a mess though, haven't you? Luckily it was only my finger. This time.

(DAZ pushes past JUAN)

Janine my love, can I buy you a drink?

MARTYN stares at JUAN and follows DAZ, walking backwards. He almost topples over a table, then decides to walk forwards.

SHEILA

You should be wary of them Carl. People who associate with the Taylors have a habit of turning up dead.

JUAN

I've heard. The uncle?

SHEILA

Mmmm.

(looks despondent)

I'll get you a dustpan and brush darling.

DAZ

(Shouting)

When you're ready Sheila!

EXT - OUTSIDE THE WORKING MEN'S CLUB - DARK

JUAN is emptying the glass into a bin outside the pub. A man is throwing up outside. JUAN tries to check if the man needs help but the man gives him a thumbs up. It dawns on JUAN the reality of his situation and he slumps against a wall and does a long exhale. MARGIE comes outside, clearly looking for JUAN.

MARGIE

There you are Carl. You're going to miss the second part of the meat raffle. The first prize has a hamper with four lamb shanks in!

JUAN

Yeah. I'm coming.

JUAN quickly composes himself and allows MARGIE to lead him back to their table where TED and CARYS are having a conversation about pensions.

TED

I think we are looking at a potential trend of de-regulation for pensions and mark my words Carys, there will be repercussions for many public sector workers. The lessening of restrictions is not always a good thing in my eyes.

CARYS

(to JUAN and MARGIE)

Oh good you're back, just in time! Sheila's been wagglng her meat for everyone to see.

They all sit down and the bustle of the pub dyes down as SHEILA gets ready to make her next announcement.

SHEILA

Right ladies and gentlemen, this is the moment you've all been waiting for.

(SHEILA takes a long sip of her vodka and coke)

Tonight we have on offer a topside of beef for second place and an entire hamper for first prize.

(pub makes oooooo sound)

In the hamper there's sirloin,  
pork shoulder and lamb shanks!  
It's quite the hamper isn't it  
ladies and gentleman?

(SHEILA gestures for support,  
which is returned)

Okay so...

(digs in the raffle box and  
quite clearly peeks at the  
affle ticket)

Oh that's a surprise... it's Janine!

JANINE jumps up and comes to collect her topside of beef  
and feigns shock.

JANINE

Sheila, this is very unexpected.

CARYS rolls her eyes at JUAN. JANINE raises the beef high  
above her head to cheers, before stumbling back to her  
chair. As she returns to her table her son, to her side can  
be seen staring at JUAN.

SHEILA

And now for first prize...

SHEILA fishes in the box and clearly selects one particular  
ticket. As she does so, SLEEPING BAG DAZ springs up on his  
feet ready to take the hamper.

SHEILA (Cont'd)

Well what do you know, it's Carl!

The whole pub goes silent and looks at JUAN. Nobody knows  
what to do. SLEEPING BAG DAZ looks very confused and angry.

DAZ

Are you sure about that Sheila?

SHEILA

Oh yes quite sure Daz, look at the  
affle ticket. Come on Carl, come  
and get your hamper!

Everybody watches as JUAN goes to get his hamper. JUAN  
looks at CARYS and she just shrugs her shoulders.

SHEILA

(to JUAN)

There you go lovey, now those lamb  
shanks, beautiful roasted in the

oven with some carrots, onions and stock.

JUAN  
Thanks?

JUAN is conscious that DAZ and MARTYN are staring daggers at him whilst they are slowly sipping their drinks.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT - THE STREETS OF MÔRBRYN - NIGHT

Clearly much later in the evening, TED, MARGIE, CARYS, JUAN and SELWYN are walking home drunk. JUAN is carrying the massive hamper of meat. MARGIE and SELWYN have linked arms.

MARGIE  
(to SELWYN)  
So like what's the poem you write  
when you love someone?

SELWYN  
(drunk but poignant)  
Margie, all poems are about love.  
Every single one.

MARGIE  
(Confused)  
I dunno Selwyn, that poem you read  
last year at the Easter parade was  
about hay barrels.

SELWYN  
No Margie, I might have been  
talking about hay barrels but it  
was actually about the transition  
of love through the seasons and  
the absence of it when you get  
older.

MARGIE  
(stopping to think)  
Oh that's very clever that is.  
Ted's never written me a poem have  
you Ted?

TED  
Not now Margie, please.  
(Arriving outside a house)  
Anyways this is us.

MARGIE hugs CARYS and JUAN goodbye, avoiding a hug from SELWYN as best she can. TED and MARGIE go to their door and try to get their keys in the lock but they struggle. They begin to have an argument but try to keep it quiet as they know people are around.

SELWYN starts to go in a different direction and weaves from left to right holding his sausages.

CARYS

Are you going to be okay getting home Selwyn?

SELWYN

I'm fine pet.

CARYS

(sounding unsure)

Okay then. Only if you are sure?

SELWYN waves them off and continues to sway down the road in a zigzag formation. CARYS and JUAN watch him for a few moments.

CARYS and JUAN realise they are now alone. It goes silent between them.

CARYS

Do you want to go to the pier?  
It's really pretty at night.

JUAN

Er... yeah, sure.

CARYS

I mean only if you want to.

CUT TO:

EXT - THE PLANK - NIGHT

CARYS and JUAN walking along the pier, which doesn't take very long due to its length. They are walking silently. CARYS looks like she is thinking about something. She then kisses JUAN full on on the mouth. JUAN is a little taken back a bit but then obliges and then tries to subtly put down his meat hamper without breaking the kiss. SLEEPING BAG DAZ enters the pier.

DAZ

Necking off with people in the dark on piers will get you a reputation Carys.

CARYS breaks off from kissing JUAN and looks at DAZ with suspicion.

DAZ  
Feels familiar though. I mean this  
is where you used to take me,  
wasn't it? You could have mixed it  
up a bit.

JUAN  
Why don't we..

DAZ  
(Furious)  
Was I speaking to you? And who  
said you were allowed to come to  
this town anyways?

CARYS  
Trying out your hardman act are we  
Daz? It's pathetic.

DAZ considers it, then smacks CARYS with the flat of his hand. She recoils from his blow. DAZ gets out a pair of knuckle dusters and shows them to JUAN. JUAN, after seeing DAZ with his weapon, instinctively reaches for one of the lamb shanks inside his hamper. As DAZ goes to hit JUAN, JUAN dodges him and hits him on the head with the lamb shank, knocking him right out. DAZ is laid knocked out on the pier.

JUAN  
(to CARYS)  
Are you okay?

CARYS  
(holding her face)  
Yeah I'm fine I think.  
(CARYS looks at Daz knocked  
out and is half amused, half  
horrified)  
Oh my god Juan, what have you  
done? Let's get out of here.

JUAN picks up the lamb shank and pops it back in his hamper. They make a hasty getaway and leave DAZ on the pier.

CUT TO:

INT - JUAN'S APARTMENT ABOVE THE DILAPIDATED RESTAURANT  
(CARLOS PIZZA)



CARYS is surveying the dust and clutter.

CARYS

So do you have a fridge or  
anything? Otherwise the meat is  
going to go off.

JUAN

Yes it's over there.  
(JUAN points to a dirty  
looking fridge)

CARYS goes and looks in the fridge and it's full of mould.

CARYS

Okay, it will do... for now.

CARYS puts the meat in the fridge, avoiding the mouldy  
areas as much as possible, and pulls a face.

JUAN looks in the freezer and finds something that once  
resembled food or an icepack. He sniffs it to check.

JUAN

For your face.

CARYS

Oh, thanks.

JUAN applies the ice pack to CARYS' face. They stare at  
each other in silence.

CARYS

So I was thinking we should have  
sex.

JUAN

(taken aback)  
What?

CARYS

Yeah, I mean it's been a bit of a  
weird day, so why not?

JUAN

Er...okay?

CARYS

It's not a trick question.

JUAN

Are you sure? What about your head?

CARYS  
(thinking)  
Yeah, this isn't exactly turning me on Carl.

JUAN puts the ice pack down on the side. CARYS and him begin to kiss and fall onto the sofa. They begin to remove each other's clothes. It's clear that CARYS is the more dominant of the two of them. JUAN is shocked by her aggression but tries to keep up with her. He finally relents, a little bit afraid, but allowing CARYS to take the lead.

The sound of breaking glass interrupts their embrace. CARYS and JUAN break apart.

CARYS  
What was that?

JUAN runs downstairs topless to find the restaurant on fire and the window shattered. Someone has thrown a Molotov cocktail through it and the flames are quickly spreading. CARYS also runs down the stairs to see the fire spreading throughout the restaurant.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW



– *Carlos Pizza* –  
CHARACTER BIOS

## CARLOS PIZZA

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### *Juan Carlos*

*Ex-Galician cartel henchman turned small town pizzeria manager.*

It's a quaint and justifiable dream to want what you don't have. In Galicia, his home town, Juan Carlos had very little. Named after the king of Spain by fiercely royalist parents, Juan was a young 20-something with anything but regal surroundings. Luckily for him, his mother insisted he learn English as a child, though it's not a language he's used a great deal throughout his life. Originally he trained as a fisherman alongside his father, before his dwindling financial situation caused him to get involved with the Galician cartel. Despite a low-level henchman role Juan found himself amidst a seaborne exchange and decided, on a whim, to grab two large sacks full of money and make a run for it.

He's classic case of a man succeeding in getting everything he asked for and being rocked by the result. The reality of the situation is that Juan stole pesos, a currency with an atrocious transfer rate, from a bloodthirsty crime syndicate who don't forget those who crossed them very easily. But Juan isn't stupid, despite the debatable nature of his decisions. He slips into the role of the strange out-of-towner embarking on an exciting new business venture in Môrbryn . Juan knows little about the nitty-gritty aspects of pizza making, leaving much of the actual operations to his saviour in a tight black suit, Gianni.

Instead, he's a man of fanciful ideas; get-rich-quick schemes that seem thought out at the time until he puts them into action. Thankfully,

he's also affable, a fast learner, a good reader of social situations. He's a man caught in a spiral of his own making, trying to claw back up from the damage as more and more assailants, from Môrbryn and afar, kick his fingers from their grip. But Juan is a survivor, and quite a lovable one in the eyes of most. If anyone can assimilate properly to Môrbryn and defy these oncoming threats, it's him.

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### *Carys Morris*

*Feisty part time sandwich maker with aspirations of her name in lights.*

Carys Morris is, in general, a kind hearted soul with a good moral compass who doesn't suffer fools gladly. She isn't afraid to call people out on their bullshit, eg. Ted. A queen bee who's never quite taken the leap to bigger things, she's biding her time for 'her moment', and that doesn't involve a husband who expects her to pick up his socks and have dinner on the table for 6.15.

Carys thinks most men are a disappointment and tells Juan this the first night they spend together. She is brazen, confident and unashamed of her female sexuality. Her goal is to be a famous wrestler and she's going to commit to broken bones, faces or whatever it takes to be someone on the Welsh circuit. She's even got a mishmash of outfits under her bed that she's made out of rubber tubing and hot glue.

Carys blows hot and cold with Juan; she's a little bit too preoccupied with her own life to take an

## CARLOS PIZZA

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interest in his escalating issues. Her obliviousness and blasé nature only get worse as the series progresses. She suspects that Margie has taken a shine to Juan but isn't threatened by her evident desperation. As far as Carys is concerned she's the biggest catch in Môrbryn and Margie, bless her, is bait that's been left out too long in the sun.

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### *Margie Jenkins*

*Hapless young spouse trying to do it all and struggling; craves something outlandish.*

Trapped in a marriage of convenience, Margie is a little dead behind the eyes and toiling away the days in Granny's Baps making endless bowls of tuna mayo before Juan comes to town. His arrival ignites a fire in Margie's usually sensible stomach and causes her to throw caution to the sea wind. Her barely concealed preoccupation with Juan doesn't go unnoticed by Môrbryn's residents, including her husband Ted and Carys, which becomes more brazen as time passes.

When she learns pieces of Juan's criminal history by mistake, she's secretly thrilled to be associated with someone so exciting, especially compared to pork-pie boring Ted. Even when danger turns up on her doorstep and the cartel descends on Môrbryn she is unwavering in her devotion to Juan, providing him (the father of her unborn baby) a much needed alibi to escape the wrath of the law.

### *Ted Jenkins*

*Local businessman committed to the prosperity of the town, dull as the dullest of dish water.*

There is nobody who loves talking about taxation and mortgage rates as much as Ted Jenkins. He fancies himself as the Terence Hedley Matthews of the area and is never without a freshly starched three piece suit. Along with Lisa, who he thoroughly enjoys the attention of, he is pulling the town out of the Medieval age whether Shelia likes it or not.

Unhappily married is an understatement; Margie and Ted have nothing in common and argue incessantly, but refuse to get a divorce. What would the neighbours think for starters? They've been trying to have a baby for four years and Ted is adamant it's Margie's eggs that are the problem. Ted started his moderate business empire after his parents died in a suspected insurance fire gone horribly wrong, leaving him an orphan, but a wealthy one at that. Money can't buy you a personality though, even if you own Granny's Baps and a potential hotel franchise.

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### *Lisa Davies*

*Academic town planner and Môrbryn escapee returning to reinvigorate her home.*

For most of us, home is where the heart and/or hatred is, but for Lisa Davies home represents only the bedrock of opportunity. Lisa grew up in Môrbryn, the daughter to a fisherman (of

## CARLOS PIZZA

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course) and a housewife. Unlike her peers she sought more than the mountains around her and studied hard. A few years at King's College London later and Lisa Davies became one of the forerunners in architectural design and town planning throughout the UK. She's a driven woman, creative, assertive and full of ambition. Lisa became notorious for getting things done, opinions be damned.

Riding on a wave of museum builds and renovations across Brighton, Lisa set her sights on a project a little closer to her heart. Following her father's untimely death at sea, she came back to Môrbryn and found a neglected town begging, at least in her eyes, for a change. To Lisa, with her help, Môrbryn has the potential to become the go-to seaside resort on the Welsh coast, rivalling the mighty Porthcawl, Mumbles and Tenby. Lisa has big plans for Môrbryn, including swan pedalos, a new-build hotel and the resurrection of Môrbryn's sorry excuse for a pier, The Plank. Many of her fellow townsfolk are against her plans. Despite catching the eye of Ted, Lisa's passion, first and foremost, belongs to her renovation project. When coupled with Juan's disruptive restaurant looks poised to fracture Môrbryn and all who live within it.

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### *Ronald Douglas*

*Eccentric bank manager.*

Ronald Douglas is a man you'd remember meeting. With an obsession with dramatic scarves and an ancestry consisting of famous

stuntmen, Ronald is anything but forgettable. He's an eccentric that, thanks to his personable charms and smart handling of funds, has settled comfortably in Môrbryn. His quirks rubbed many of the townsfolk the wrong way at first, which is perhaps why he's so dedicated to ensuring Juan becomes accepted by them; he sees some of himself in the hapless Spaniard.

Which is a good job, considering Ronald is one of the only people in Môrbryn aware of Juan's sacks of money. He's a keeper of many town secrets, which comes with the financial territory. He's fiercely loyal as a result, and sensible with his knowledge, but that doesn't mean his allegiances can't be tested.

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### *Reeva Hughes*

*Bank teller and ambitious local journalist with an eye for a story.*

Reeva Hughes is a bird that longs for the trees outside its cage so much that it adorns its bars in leaves.

She's lived in Môrbryn all of her life and barely left town. Yet, she dreams of becoming a hotshot journalist somewhere big, maybe Cardiff or Swansea. Her family aren't well off, meaning she relies on her job with Ronald at the bank to get by. But her side hustle at the Môrbryn gazette, a local paper she founded, takes up most of her time.

Reeva loves a story; anything that'll make her feel

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like a detective unearthing a scoop, which doesn't bode well for Juan. She's a forward-thinker, at odds with both the traditional side of Môrbryn's past and the questionable aims of its future.

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### Gianni Izzi

*Practical Italian graduate turned waiter, confidante and ally of Juan Carlos.*

Juan Carlos couldn't believe his luck when Gianni, a graduate of Aberystwyth university and a born Italian, stumbled into Carlos Pizza's interview session. Gianni is the son of Italian parents who migrated from Naples to St Ives in Cambridgeshire in the late 1950s. He studied on the Welsh coast because it was one of the furthest universities that would allow him entry. He is desperate not to return, so desperate in fact that he's willing to take a waiting staff role at the newly opened Carlos Pizza in the town of Môrbryn.

Gianni is a logical man, highly intelligent for his age. In many ways, he's everything that Juan isn't. Financially secure (despite avoiding his parents' help at all costs), quick to make friends, smooth talking and already familiar with the Welsh way of life. The two struggle to make things work at first, but Juan's constant harassment from Daz and Martyn bring the two outsiders closer together. Gianni has a particularly strong friendship with Carys, as well as the Bank Teller, thanks to their soberness in the face of Môrbryn's absurdity.

### *Sleeping Bag Daz*

*Primary Antagonist of Juan, joint-owner of Taylor's Mussels and Oysters, die-hard triathlete.*

Life in Morbryn is easy when you're the only shark in the pond. Sleeping Bag Daz has traded on his infamy and legend since his school days where he set his teacher's cars on fire and did unspeakable things with sleeping bags, hence the name. Foremost a bully, a liar and a scammer, he has coasted through life taking things that aren't his through manipulation and, if that fails, brute strength. There are several rumours circulating on how he came to be left the deeds of Taylors Mussels and Oysters in his uncle's will, who mysteriously died of zinc poisoning.

Alongside Martyn, he regularly agitates the residents of the town who're too frightened to question them. It's only Carys (who dated Sleeping Bag Daz as a teenager) and Shelia who won't stand for their conduct. Sleeping Bag Daz is a Beelzebub figure that others don't know whether to worship or flee from; he is charismatic and abominable, fascinating yet nefarious. He's able to turn on the charm and then in the next breath strike like a serpent and leave a pile of bodies in his wake. It's his unpredictability that drives much of his and Juan's conflict; he enjoys the thrill, the chess-like precision of how events unfurl, instigating much of the tension. Juan's arrival threatens his emperor status in Morbryn, the question is will this empire change hands?

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### *Machete Martyn Taylor*

*Second-in-command of Sleeping Bag Daz, does the dirty work whilst running marathons.*

Does anyone ever really care about the number two? Jan Ullrich. Buzz Aldrin. Venus Williams. All eclipsed by the titan of someone else's talent or circumstance. Machete Martyn is no different, a faithful servant of Sleeping Bag Daz's schemes, he dutifully fulfils his role as lackey, absolving Daz from any responsibility should the police come knocking.

Machete Martyn is unobtrusively alluring in his own way, but his brightness is dimmed in comparison to his more gregarious cousin. He is a part-time crook but a committed triathlon runner, who wants to break into the Welsh Olympic team; he is 15 seconds off a qualification place. Martyn will have to decide whether family or his passion is more important as Sleeping Bag Daz becomes increasingly fixated on destroying Juan Carlos and everything he stands for.

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### *Shelia Jones*

*No-nonsense pub Landlady with a traumatic past.*

Shelia is the anti-Lisa. Where Lisa sees opportunity, Shelia sees ruin. 'Things are perfectly fine the way they are thank you'. The unofficial matriarch of Morbryn, she runs the ex-working men's club with an iron fist and a vodka coke in hand.

Her and Janine (police chief) go way back and go pheasant shooting every Monday without fail. She has a quiet affinity for Juan, despite what he represents. He looks exactly what she imagines her boy would be if he hadn't drowned swimming with Sleeping Bag Daz and Machete Martyn. It was officially ruled an accident but she's always suspected otherwise. The appearance of Juan might be her chance for revenge, a dish best served with her homemade pickled eggs.

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### *Janine Fletcher and Mark Fletcher*

*Lackadaisical Police Chief, waiting to retire and training up hopeless son as replacement.*

Incompetent and bumbling police officer, riding on his Mother's coattails.

Janine is part of the old guard of Morbryn, counting down the days until she can sit on her arse and watch the daytime soaps. She is more than competent in her policing abilities but the fact of the matter is she can't really be bothered anymore. And don't get her started on her bloody son. It's not that Janine isn't proud of Mark, it's just he makes it very difficult to love him. It doesn't help that Mark can't take a fingerprint sample, let alone a witness statement.

Janine's a big fan of maintaining the status quo and not rocking the boat, as far as petty crime and the Taylor's are concerned. 'They are lively and high-spirited boys, misunderstood actually'. Juan's appearance in the town piques her interest but not enough to do a proper investigation.



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Perhaps Mark can prove himself a real policeman and do some detective work. He is, after all, spurred on by the fact that Juan is dating Carys, the woman of his dreams. Janine isn't holding her breath though.

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### *Selwyn*

*Elderly ex-fisherman and drunken poet, something of Môrbryn's national treasure.*

There are some people so entangled with their town that they feel like part of the furniture. Selwyn is assumed to be the oldest man in Môrbryn; he appears to remember everything that's happened there for the past 80+ years. He's so old he scarcely cares anymore and spends his days drinking in the pub and writing rhythmic poetry. He's holed up in his old ship repair shop where he hasn't repaired a ship in years.

Selwyn is the first person Juan meets (except for Griffith), building a warped father-son bond between them. Selwyn sees the good in Juan. He's also the sagely teller of Môrbryn's folklore, stories of hermits on hills and drownings. As another keeper of secrets, he's an ally nobody can afford to discredit.

### *Griffith*

*Ethereal Sea captain, Charon-esque figure of the Atlantic.*

Do you ever get the feeling that some people are just not...human? Griffith always seems to turn up when a life hangs in the balance. He is acutely interested in collecting the stories of the people he saves, but unfortunately he doesn't always get to them in time. Griffith is an ocean wanderer, history-less and seemingly unaffected by time and events that happen on land. He turns up periodically in Morbryn, many of the residents acknowledging his other worldly status but being unable to accurately express it.

He is personable, gentle and a bit weird and it's obvious he knows a lot more than he lets on. Whether he's a god or not, it's best not to get involved too heavily in the sordid affairs of humankind.

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### *Miguel Carlos*

*Distantly related cousin to Juan; Galicia henchman on his way to settle the score.*

You should never insult a mother's Crema Catalana. Unfortunately, that's exactly what Juan did to Miguel's mother at a party. Juan and Miguel are distantly related on his father's side and both worked in his Uncle's pizza restaurant over one summer. Miguel has never liked Juan and thinks he is flashy, arrogant and a Crema Catalana philistine.

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He is elated to be put in charge of finding and orchestrating the assassin of Juan, when he discovers he is hiding in Môrbryn he sets off on an ill-fated road trip with his best friend Ruben who he quickly becomes irritated by. Miguel is calculating and determined to carry out the hit to cement his rank in the cartel. Ruben sees it more as an opportunity for an action-packed sightseeing tour and to reconnect with his former amour which causes escalating tension as the series reaches its climax.

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### *Ruben Perez*

*Accidental assassin, just along for the ride.*

Ruben is in the wrong career. He much prefers discussing the works of Goya, Miro and Dali and drinking a nice Chianti than murdering people. Still he couldn't pass up the opportunity for a road trip through France; he's got a map circled with all the historic landmarks he wants to visit. Ruben also wants to see an old flame in Rennes who he thinks could be 'the one that got away; he plans on telling Marie he loves her, just like in a romance novel.

Ruben doesn't truly comprehend the fact he's on the way to kill Miguel's distant cousin. He is polite, cultured, deeply sensitive and out of

his depth, something that only becomes more apparent as death wraps its cold fingers around his neck in the mountains of Môrbryn.

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### *Santi Lopez*

*Juan's previous Galicia partner-in-crime, gets the raw end of the deal.*

Poor Santi; he wants to be a boss but everyone always walks all over him, Juan included. Friends for years, he helps Juan even after he runs off with the drug cash, facilitating the contacts in Spain to establish a smuggling route and takes a cut of the profit. When he starts to see some of the returns, it's not long before he buys flash clothes and acts like the kingpin he's always aspired to be.

This alerts the cartel, who kidnap him, lock him in a warehouse and torture him until he reveals the whereabouts of Juan. He tries his best to withstand the torture but Santi is not a fan of the removing fingernail pliers situation or the continual threat of disembowelment. If this is the real price of wearing a \$50 dollar Gucci shirt, he would like to return it please.



– *Carlos Pizza* –  
EPISODE OUTLINES

*The Meat Raffle*



– Episode Outlines –

## CARLOS PIZZA

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### *Episode 1- The Meat Raffle*

Juan Carlos arrives in Môrbryn with two duffel bags of money and a gun. He's quickly picked up by a local fisherman, Griffith, then taken in by a drunken poet named Selywn. Juan is encouraged to transfer his money, which is in pesos, into pounds at the local bank. As this ends up being a paltry amount he takes out a loan for a dilapidated restaurant in the centre of town, transforming it into Carlos Pizza. He meets the locals, including Granny's Baps worker Carys, before attending Môrbryn's famous meat raffle. On winning a meat hamper, he is threatened by Sleeping Bag Daz at the pier. Juan knocks him out with a lamb shank, in retaliation Sleeping Bag Daz throws a Molotov cocktail through Juan's restaurant window while he's in bed with Carys.

### *Episode 2- The Dinner Party*

Thankfully Juan manages to douse the fire in Carlos Pizza without much difficulty, but the local police are called to investigate. Juan is forced to give a testimony; police involvement that he'd much rather avoid. A young police officer, Mark, has his suspicions raised as to Juan's presence in the town. In an attempt to distract himself, Juan sets to work revitalising the restaurant. He distributes job advertisements across town before conducting interviews for a head waiter. With no potential candidates and losing hope, Gianni bursts into the interview session and is promptly hired. Juan is invited to a dinner party with the locals in the evening, as a welcome to Môrbryn, where Juan is told about the mysterious disappearance of the restaurant's previous owner. Juan's differences

to the townsfolk are accentuated throughout the evening as he spins lies about his past. Juan returns home to find a dead octopus in his bed with a knife through its eye, ink everywhere and a flyer for Taylor's Oysters and Mussels.

### *Episode 3- The Valet*

Carlos Pizza's grand opening doesn't go according to plan, with three diners turning up throughout the whole evening. Juan creates increasingly outlandish promotions for the restaurant, none of which seem to spur interest from the townsfolk. He attends Lisa's town publicity video shoot, designed to advertise Môrbryn to the outside world, trying everything he can to sabotage it and remain hidden. Juan contacts his old friend Santiago (Santi) in Galicia to start smuggling sangria into the country. He visits Carys at Granny's Baps, in the hopes of receiving some further inspiration, where she informs him most of the town are watching their weight in preparation for a touring wrestling show. Juan attends the show, where Carys demands he become her 'ring girl' for her debut match. Afterwards Juan comes face to face with Daz and Martyn for the first time, properly, since their attack. A fight breaks out between them and the wrestlers, to the dismay of Carys.

### *Episode 4- The Swan Pedalos*

Half of the episode flashes back to Juan's origins in the Galician cartel. His recruitment as a henchman is revealed, as well as his friendship with Santi and his rivalry with his cousin, Miguel, a fellow cartel

– Episode Outlines –

## CARLOS PIZZA

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member. The drug deal is also shown, alongside Juan's split-second decision to steal the bags of money and speed away, landing on the shores of Môrbryn. In the present Juan's relationship with Carys has soured after he ruined her big debut. He invites her for a romantic trip on Lisa's newly installed swan pedalos, to reconcile, but is accosted by Daz and Martyn on an opposing swan. Ted has also approached Juan with a request that he host Ted's birthday celebration in Carlos Pizza. Distraught at his failures with Carys Juan gets very drunk at the event. He ends up sleeping with Margie, Ted's wife, who feels neglected by her husband as he affords Lisa, the town planner, all of his attention. Santi, flush with new smuggling cash, draws attention to himself with his new affluent lifestyle. He is captured, locked in a warehouse and tortured by the cartel and forced to reveal the whereabouts of Juan.

### *Episode 5 – The Triathlon*

Miguel and Rueben set on their Europe road trip to Môrbryn, tempers are quickly frayed when Rueben wants to stop off at various tourist attractions. Meanwhile in Môrbryn Juan's bootlegging franchise and restaurant business seem to be on an upwards trajectory, Juan is finally able to relax somewhat, no longer fearing that he is on the brink of financial ruin. Carys and Juan make up the day after he sleeps with Margie - she finds an earring near Juan's bed but doesn't say anything. Selwyn drunkenly discloses the 'bewitching myth' of Môrbryn Mountain. Ted and Lisa are pushing forward with their hotel expansion plans and reveal the promotional video. They host a town meeting to

decide which town Môrbryn should be twinned with, settling on a Spanish town despite Juan's efforts to dissuade them. Môrbryn hosts its annual triathlon competition; Sleeping Bag Daz and Machete Martyn dominate the competition and use dirty tactics to disqualify other athletes. Shelia confesses to Juan that her son drowned as a teenage boy training with Daz and Martyn and she's convinced they killed him out of jealousy. However, it was ruled an accident. Whilst Juan is competing Mark sneaks into Carlos Pizza and finds his gun, evidence of the large down payment on the property and an incriminating picture of Juan and Santi. He ponders, then takes the photo.

### *Episode 6 – The Seance*

Santi is still trapped in the cartel warehouse. Frustrations grow even further between Miguel and Rueben as Rueben messes up a meeting with a cartel affiliate. Margie finds Juan's gun and works out that he has a criminal past but is excited by the prospect. Lisa and Ted unveil Môrbryn's new sign. Mark tries in vain to convince his mother Janine to investigate Juan further, with the photo as evidence. They end up in a heated argument, with Mark storming out. Robert hosts a séance evening at the working man's club which involves a medium. The medium is scarily accurate to events that are bubbling under the surface. Margie and Ted announce 'their' early pregnancy by accident. Juan's restaurant is shut down for hygiene reasons. He suspects Daz so goes to confront him. Amongst a heated confrontation Juan also flirts with Daz's sister Sharon which makes Daz swear vengeance against Juan.

– Episode Outlines –

## CARLOS PIZZA

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### *Episode 7- The Inquisition*

Sleeping Bag Daz does some digging into Juan's past, including cosyng up to the bank teller who tells him about the first day Juan arrived with two mysterious duffel bags full of cash. Rueben and Miguel stop off in Rennes for Rueben to spend time wooing his first love Marie. He promises to come back to marry her. The town is gearing up for the big opening night of the hotel. Carlos pizza is providing all the food, causing Gianni no end of stress. Juan walks in on Ted and Lisa kissing. Carys and Juan have a long walk through town and heart to heart on the pier and talk about their future. Santi escapes from the warehouse to warn Juan that the cartel is coming to kill him.

### *Episode 8 - The Mountain*

Juan is frantically trying to decide whether to stay in Môrbryn or flee. Everyone in Môrbryn is wrapped up in the big opening night. Rueben and Miguel arrive in Môrbryn and ask in the local pub if anyone knows 'Juan Carlos'; people are confused as everyone knows Juan as 'Carl'. They produce a picture and they identify Juan. Shelia rings Juan to warn him and he decides to head into the mountains to try and shake them off, taking his gun. Sleeping Bag Daz, ready to confront Juan about what he has discovered about

his identity, follows as well. The conditions are hazardous so Juan abandons his vehicle. There is a standoff between Juan, Miguel and Rueben with Rueben questioning if killing a man is something he can actually do. Juan shoots Rueben and ducks behind a rock. Rueben dies in Miguel's arms. Sleeping Bag Daz has watched the whole thing from a vantage point and shouts in the blizzard that Juan is a crook and a murderer.

Miguel corners Juan in a cave and is about to shoot him when the 'hermit on the hill' (previous owner of Carlos Pizza building) comes out and bludgeons him to death with a rock. He evaporates into the blizzard. Sleeping Bag Daz sees Juan standing over the body of Miguel and tells him that he's going to the police to tell them about the double murder. Daz runs off and Juan tries to shoot at him but misses. On the last bullet he catches Daz's leg. Juan reluctantly kills Daz, knowing for his cover to remain he can't live. He returns to Môrbryn, needing an alibi, he turns to Gianni and Margie who say that he was in Carlos Pizza making extra dough for the launch. The hotel launch is a roaring success. Shelia asks Juan where Sleeping Daz is, he replies: 'accidentally drowned'.



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