

MATCHLESS

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EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FOOTBALL GROUND. VALENTINE'S NIGHT.

Young couple leave football ground, where match has just started. GEMMA leaves first, clearly angry, then STEVE, pushes through a group of fans arriving late for the match, and catches up with her.

GEMMA

How could you do that? What were you thinking?

STEVE

It was meant as a surprise.

GEMMA

Oh, surprise it was, just like my uncle groping me at my cousin's wedding. Did you not stop to think that not all surprises are welcome.

STEVE

Some people might think it romantic. Not the being groped obviously...

GEMMA

Romantic! Romantic to be proposed to in front of thousands of leery football fans... Romantic when you don't even ask me yourself. You get some stadium announcer to say it over the tannoy... I've never felt so embarrassed.

STEVE

Well you running off like that, made me look a bit of a prick.

GEMMA

You are. How come you know so little about me?

STEVE

I thought you liked football, I thought it was part of who we are as a couple. You know, coming here together. You like coming here, don't you?

GEMMA

Not as much as you...

Roar from the stadium behind. By the volume STEVE can tell it's the visiting team that has scored. He turns to look at the ground.

STEVE

Shit, sounds like we're a goal down.

GEMMA

And just how is that important?

STEVE

No, quite. Look hold up. I thought I was doing something nice. Something you'd remember. Hey, sit down a minute.

They sit on a park bench. Steve has to fish engagement ring box out of his pocket as his trousers are too tight to sit down, otherwise. Old couple sitting at either end of bench opposite. Old lady sees the ring box, smiles and nods her head to encourage him. Old man, looks at the old woman, then at Steve and shakes his head.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Gem, you know you mean everything to me. The proposal at the game was just a bit of a laugh... I'm not saying this very well. But I had planned something more private but I got scared. If you said no, it would just be so awkward. Like now. It is awkward.

GEMMA

Have I said No?

STEVE

Yes. Well no, not as such. But slapping me and running off didn't seem a Yes. Oh shut me up. Gem, I'll do it properly, any way, any where you want. But for now. Please, it's killing me. Gemma Morris, will you marry me?

Louder roar as home side scores. Steve instinctively turn his head, Gemma grabs his face in her hands, pulls him towards her and kisses him. When she lets go, Steve jumps up and punches his arm in the air, waving his football scarf.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Yeeeeesssss.