

CUP TIE KISS a Screenplay

By

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EXT. COUNCIL HOUSE - DAY

Weather-beaten goalpost and semi-inflated footballs clutter over-grown front garden of dilapidated tenement building. Sound of ROARING CROWD emanates from window.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

From corner, antiquated TV blasts cup match. Blue Peter-esq crayon crafted Valentine's Day card teeters on top of TV.

GARY, twenties, perches on edge of tattered, duck-taped sofa, riveted to game, surrounded by unfinished tabloid papers and crushed crisp bags and empty energy drink cans. He wears cheap reproduction football strip similar to strip worn by away/home team. Football paraphernalia of the same team decorates the otherwise drab, sparsely furnished room.

PELE, toddler, scoots into room on over-used plastic truck, clutching a bag of Valentine's Day heart-shaped sweets, stopping directly in front of, and blocking Gary's view of TV. Pele's mouth and clothes are smudged with chocolate.

Gary bellows, maneuvering dramatically for better view.

GARY

Move Pele! I can't see through ya.

Pele nudges truck to face Gary, eyes blinking, voice sing-song.

PELE

Da-dee. I wanna go to da park.

GARY

After the match, son. Daddy needs to watch this game. But look wot Daddy's got. More sweets.

Eyes fixed on match, Gary pushes pile of sweets towards Pele. Instantly distracted, Pele abandons truck and tumbles towards sweets, grabbing a fistful with his chubby hands and shoving them in his pout-shaped mouth.

A PLAYER from opposing team scores. CROWD at match erupts. Gary, leaps up, pointing accusing finger at television.

GARY

Are ya blind Ref? Ya stupid, useless, biased wanker?

LATER.

(CONTINUED)

Match enters penalty shoot-out. Pele writhes on floor, encircled by crumpled chocolate hearts and sweet wrappers, looking peaked. He grips his stomach, whinging.

PELE

Da-d-ee. M-y tum-ee's sore.

Pele looks green. Gary, monotone, eyes glued to game.

GARY

In a minute, son.

Pele kicks his feet and whines louder.

PELE

DA-AD-EE. I f-e-e-l s-i-c-k.

Pele begins wrenching. Gary, finally looking up, leaps from sofa, grabs Pele and runs out of room.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Gary reaches the loo as Pele throws up. He holds Pele's heaving body over toilet, straining to hear match. We hear Crowd explode in next room. Gary, exasperated, mutters.

GARY

Waited my whole fucking life for
this match and miss the final kick.

Pele stops vomiting, spent. Gary, irritated, bends down and wipes Pele's face and mouth roughly with flannel. Pele's lip quivers. He peers at Gary, repentant-eyed.

PELE

Hap-ee Vowen-tine's Day Da-dee.

Pele throws his arms around Gary, squeezing his face against his father's. Gary pulls back, studying Pele's water-rimmed eyes. He smiles, ruffles Pele's hair, lifts him in air, cuddles and kisses him.

GARY

Come 'ere you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Simultaneously on TV we see TEAM CAPTAIN lift cup in air and kiss it.

THE END