

The Special One
by
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INT: DANNY'S IMMACULATE BATCHELOR FLAT. AFTERNOON

SATURDAY 14 FEBRUARY 2009 - THE DAY
OF THE WATFORD V CHELSEA FA CUP TIE

The front door bursts open and in pour DANNY and three mates, CURTIS, MARCO, and BEN, (all late 20s) loaded down with supplies of beer and snacks. The lads are buzzing with anticipation, but Danny's not happy

DANNY
(to Marco)
You could've slowed down for that cat, you tosser.

Marco's putting beer outside on the balcony to chill.

MARCO
I never saw it, man. Ginger flash was all I got. Only stunned him a bit, didn't I? Made the other side didn't he?

CURTIS
At least the beer's safe. Never lost a drop. Kudos, Marco, mate.

ALL
(singing, as they get the room ready with Chelsea paraphernalia) "Hello, hello we are the Chelsea boys, Hello, hello, we are the Chelsea boys, And if you are a Watford fan surrender or you'll die. We all follow the Chelsea."

MONTAGE: INT: DANNY'S IMMACULATE BATCHELOR FLAT - EVENING

1) The lads are watching the match and groaning.

DANNY
Where's John Terry when you need him? (to Ben) Oi! Feet off my table!

CURTIS
José would've fired em up by now. Come back José.

BEN
(singing to the tune of La Donna E Mobile) "José Morinho, José Morinho, José Morinho..."

(CONTINUED)

2) Half time. Ben and Curtis race for the toilet, managing on the way to knock over a photo of Danny and a stunning young woman. Danny glares at them then notices Marco who's shoving crisps in his mouth and brushing crumbs off his shirt onto the floor. Danny's face is full of disdain.

3) The lads have settled down again. Watford score. Marco throws his beer onto the carpet in disgust. There's pandemonium. Danny rushes to get a towel from the bathroom to mop up the beer while the lads curse at the screen.

4) Danny's on his knees, mopping up beer with a towel. The doorbell rings, repeatedly. Danny, stares blankly, stupidly at the door.

DANNY (TO THE LADS)

Well answer it someone - or take
over here!

No volunteers - Danny curses under his breath and heads for the door. He opens the door and we see the same stunning but sobbing young woman, RACHEL, Danny's girlfriend. She's carrying a dead ginger tom cat.

RACHEL

(snot-laden wail) Danny! ... (holds
out the corpse)

Danny gently holds out the opened towel and his eyes tell Rachel to give him the cat. She does, tenderly. Reverently he folds the towel around the cat. Anelka scores for Chelsea. There is uproar behind Danny. He is torn. He looks from his hugging, air-punching mates, - Ben's kissing the screen - to his girlfriend's moist eyes.

DANNY (TO RACHEL)

I'll get my keys.

He cups her face with his free hand and kisses her tenderly. Nobody in the flat looks up as he closes the door behind them. We hear unconfined celebration and the blare of TV commentary (OS) as Anelka scores his second. Guilt follows joy across Danny's face - and then resolve. Danny and Rachel start descending the stairs, he with one arm around Rachel, the other cradling a dead cat in a towel, like a new baby.

FADE OUT