

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Meet KELVIN KIND. He is thirty years old, unusually thin, with a face only a mother could love.

There is a large bruise on his forehead, and he is covered in mud and dust. He is sitting in a small bath, in the middle of a sparse bathroom...

And he is holding a LARGE TOASTER over the luke warm water.

A droplet runs along the crest of the cold tap. A solitary tear runs along the bend on his prominent nose...

DRIP.

A grimy white cord protrudes out one side of the toaster. It meets a plug on the floor. The plug is connected to an old extension box...

The extension box has its own cord. A red one. This runs along the cracked tiles and out the bathroom door...

It snakes through a pair of mucky shoes that were kicked off beside a small bed. A SMALL MOUSE runs across its path...

It loops-the-loop around a wrecked bouquet of roses on the carpet of a very simple living room...

It starts to climb. Up to a table, into a KITCHENETTE, where it finds its own plug on a greasy wall.

There is a light over the plug. A bare fluorescent.

There is silence for a moment. Silence enough to hear the fluorescent burn...

Before KELVIN drops the toaster. Before the lights go out.

TITLE CARD: TWO WEEKS EARLIER.

INT. KELVIN'S BEDSIT - DAY

CHUNK. Two slices of toast pop out of the toaster.

KELVIN looks up from his watch...

The toast lands on a plate. A knife is plucked from a pot of boiling water and tapped dry. The knife glides along the butter and covers the toast in two deft swoops... Kelvin opens a cupboard full of baked beans like an orchestra conductor and removes a tin. The tin is pierced skillfully with a shiny tin opener. Without even looking up, to a beat in his own head, and using every part of his small body, Kelvin stirs beans, cuts toast, closes cupboards, pours milk, dumps tins, until...

CLINK. He is sitting in front of beans on toast. He checks his watch again, and smiles. Then he waits...

Almost forgetting, he carefully places a cover over his plate, and waits again... and waits... and waits...

and then...

A LOW RUMBLING is heard. It builds slowly, rising. Plates begin to clatter, cups clink against plates, soon the very walls of his apartment vibrate until the shelves bounce rhythmically on their brackets.

Sparks fire suddenly out of the kitchen sockets as we realize that a TRAIN is very very near. KELVIN holds the table to stop it from jittering away but doesn't look the slightest bit bothered. Not even when the plaster and dust from his ceiling rains on his head and bounces off the cover on his plate of beans...

TITLE: 'THE WONDERFUL STORY OF KELVIN KIND'

And then the TRAIN is gone.

KELVIN uncovers the plate and picks up his fork...

VOICE
Hold it right there.

KELVIN stops. The beans drip onto his shirt.

VOICE
I know what you're thinking...

He blinks vacantly, like he wasn't really thinking.

VOICE
You're thinking 'Does it always have to be like this? Isn't there some place better?'

KELVIN raises an eyebrow. Maybe he was thinking that.

VOICE

...A place where its easy to meet people? Somewhere you can find that special someone? Where life wouldn't be so damn lonely?

Yeah. That's exactly what he was thinking.

VOICE

Well, friend, your troubles are over... That place exists!

KELVIN smiles. The VOICE is suddenly joined by explosion of cheap music.

VOICE

...And its called 'The Twenty-Four-Seven-Party-Heaven Hotline! Simply dial 555 247 247 and meet the man (or woman) of your dreams...

He turns around. The VOICE is coming from his TV. Kelvin scrambles for a pen. No pen.

TV MAN

That's right folks, catering for every persuasion and perversion, we'll find your match - Freak or Geek, Stud or Dud, call now on 555 247 247!

KELVIN panics. Suddenly inspired, he writes the number on back of a cornflakes box with the tomato sauce from his beans. SOMEONE starts BANGING at his door. He bites his lip and finishes scrawling the last of the numbers, squinting to hear over the loud KNOCKING.

INT. KELVIN'S BEDSIT - DAY

KELVIN opens the door to reveal his LANDLADY. Leather faced from sun bed abuse and spitting words and smoke at him rapidly. There is a WHITE POODLE tucked under her arm.

LANDLADY

Do you think I don't have anything better to do than knock on your

door all day? Or has all that television melted your thick skull? I don't have the time or the energy for this Kelvin. I might provide premium accommodation but its not like you're living somewhere so gigantic it takes you days to open the door. When someone knocks the least you could do is answer. Or is that too much of a stretch?

KELVIN shakes his head.

LANDLADY

So I'm just making sure that you're going to have my rent this month...

KELVIN opens his mouth to say something.

LANDLADY

Don't you start with excuses. I've had four husbands of excuses. I can smell them a mile off. You either have the money or you don't. And don't tell me you don't have it because if you don't have it you'll be out on your ear...

(stepping back)

Look at that...

KELVIN stops. In the corridor behind his LANDLADY, moving into an empty apartment, is...

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL HE HAS EVER SEEN.

She is a shy looking girl, with kind eyes hiding behind her glasses and a head scarf covering most of her hair.

KELVIN'S world slows down. He stares at her as she directs the MEN carrying her furniture. As they wrestle a PAINTING of a PARADISE WATERFALL behind her, the TRAIN begins to SHAKE the building again. As THE GIRL removes her glasses to clean some of the falling dust from her eye, the LANDLADY continues ranting...

LANDLADY

--That's what happened to Mister Sheridan with his 'I still have

cancer' and his stupid 'hospital appointments'. Well out he went and good riddance to him too. I have them queuing up to move in here - you see--

She gestures toward THE GIRL and looks back at KELVIN, who hasn't moved. As the TRAIN NOISE SWELLS, the corner of the painting catches in the head scarf THE GIRL is wearing, pulling it from her hair so that for one brilliant moment, she is radiant in a MAGICAL WATERFALL, as sparks rain from a dodgy light fitting on the wall above her and the PHOTOGRAPH.

LANDLADY

Are you even listening to me?

(pause)

You're not listening to me are you?

KELVIN isn't listening. He's still looking at THE GIRL. Watching the way her hair swings when she moves her head. The magic way her eyes sparkle. The glow around her. And then, as the TRAIN NOISE subsides, she replaces her glasses, and picks up her head scarf. The REMOVAL MAN makes his way into the apartment.

LANDLADY

Well don't listen to me then. But mark my words. Two weeks young man! Two weeks and you'll be out on your ear!

The LANDLADY storms off. KELVIN doesn't even notice.

Across the corridor, THE GIRL looks up, and for a moment, before she goes into her apartment, before she closes her door, she smiles. Hard to know if it was meant for him or not, but what a smile.

KELVIN'S heart melts.

EXT. MAIN DOORWAY - DAY

KELVIN is making his way through a busy street. Three or four toasters dangle from their cords over his shoulder. Going against the flow of human traffic, he finds himself politely letting people past him, and is unable to move

himself. The people, on the other hand, are oblivious to him...

And then someone drops a coin. A Euro Coin.

KELVIN looks up. It's THE GIRL. The GIRL dropped the coin. He picks it up hurriedly, dropping the toasters, and steps into the street. As he opens his mouth to call after her...

He is DROWNED out by the SOUND OF A PASSING TRAIN.

He looks back - the toasters are getting kicked around the pavement. He is torn. The TRAIN persists until THE GIRL is lost into the street. KELVIN drops his shoulders dejectedly.

VOICE

Life has a way of being
beautifully ironic don't you
think?

Kelvin turns - a WISE OLD TRAMP is sitting on a bed of rubbish in the street beside him. A scrawny old mongrel at his side. He winks at Kelvin, exposing a toothless smile.

TRAMP

You don't have any change do you?

And then KELVIN looks at the EURO in his hand. It inherits a magical glow. Her glow. He smiles at it, flicks it up, and catches it. He smells her perfume on it. Beautiful.

He picks up his toasters and leaves. A man with a plan... The TRAMP grumbles in his wake.

TRAMP

Phillistine

INT. KELVIN'S BEDSIT - DAY

Chunk. Two slices of bread sink into the TOASTER.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

THE GIRL returns. Shaking the wet out of her umbrella. She opens the door to her apartment and goes inside.

Across the corridor, KELVIN opens his door excitedly. He stops outside her door and composes himself. He checks his breath and pulls a face.

INT. KELVIN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

KELVIN brushes his teeth madly. He also slicks his hair with hair salve.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

KELVIN is standing outside THE GIRL'S door again. He reaches out to knock but stops, noticing a baked bean stain on his shirt...

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

KELVIN is wearing a tie. He goes to knock again but stops himself. He thinks for a moment, and smiles.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

KELVIN is now holding a small bouquet of flowers. He pats some rain off his shoulders and fixes his hair. He scrambles in his pocket and retrieves the Euro coin. He rubs it on his shirt a bit and it shines back at him.

He stands there for a bit, in front of her door - flowers in one hand, the coin in the other. He takes a deep breath, and reaches out to knock...

But a NOISE stops him. A strange noise, coming from the stairs behind him. DEEP WHEEZING and SLOW THUMPS.

He turns around.

AT THE STAIRS

An OLD WOMAN with a Zimmer frame is struggling in the ascent. She has a world of shopping bags and parcels hanging out of the frame.

KELVIN is torn again. The OLD WOMAN is really having trouble. Carefully, he sets the flowers down beside THE GIRLS door, puts the Euro in his pocket, and runs back to help her. Her face lights up when she sees him.

OLD WOMAN

Kelvin! You look so nice today.

He smiles back, unhooking the heavy shopping bags from her Zimmer frame, feeling the strain.

OLD WOMAN

Oh good boy.

He hauls them to the OLD WOMAN'S door, which is beside his own, and returns to help her along. She talks the whole way. He nods kindly, doing his best to speed her up...

They get to the door. There must be twenty locks along its side. The OLD WOMAN is quite out of breath and still nattering away. She produces a large bundle of keys and proceeds with a shaky hand.

KELVIN helps her again, until finally, the door is open. She smiles.

OLD WOMAN

Oh its been so good talking to you Kelvin. But you wouldn't do me a big favour? Its just that my Jim is still downstairs. I could only get him as far as the hall with my frame and all. Do you think you could be a star?

KELVIN looks at her, beaming up at him. He checks THE GIRLS door for a beat and then smiles back.

INT. APARTMENT PORCH - NIGHT

There is a LARGE FUNERAL URN sitting in front of the main door. A cast iron thing. KELVIN bends to lift it and is surprised by its weight. He stops for a moment, wondering how the OLD LADY even got it as far as the hall. He tries again and struggles to get a grip underneath its plinth.

A pair of SHINY SHOES stop in front of him. KELVIN looks up. A DAPPER MAN smiles, chewing gum. His suit is as shiny as his shoes.

DAPPER MAN

Traffic jam!

KELVIN grimaces and lifts the statuette. The MAN watches him struggle. He waits for KELVIN to open the door with his elbow, and lets him hold it open while he cruises inside.

DAPPER MAN
Good Man yourself.

The MAN proceeds up the stairs. KELVIN clammers up behind him.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

KELVIN is wheezing under the weight of the URN when he reaches the top of the stairs. He looks up and stops.

The DAPPER MAN is standing at THE GIRLS DOOR. KELVIN watches him lick his fingers and fix his eyebrows. He watches him push his nose hair back up his nostrils. And he watches him knock on the door. THE GIRL'S door.

KELVIN starts down the corridor again.

AT THE DOOR

The DAPPER MAN taps his foot, impatiently. Then he notices the flowers. He looks at them bizarrely for a moment.

KELVIN quickens his pace.

The DAPPER MAN picks them up, and is studying them when THE GIRL opens the door.

KELVIN watches the MAN claim the flowers, his flowers. He watches THE GIRL delight in them, before they go inside.

EXT. OLD LADY'S APARTMENT WINDOW- NIGHT

KELVIN is struggling with THE URN at a window box, which is a curious looking garden in miniature.

OLD WOMAN
A little bit to the left...

It slides into place. KELVIN slumps. The OLD LADY shuffles beside him proudly.

OLD WOMAN

There... He loved that garden.
'Silly man is always falling
off...

KELVIN doesn't say anything. The OLD WOMAN looks at him for a beat and cocks her head.

OLD WOMAN
Your such a good boy Kelvin...

The OLD WOMAN leans out the window. KELVIN rolls his eyes.

OLD WOMAN
Would you not think about getting
yourself a nice girl?

KELVIN looks at her. If only she knew.

OLD WOMAN
She's out there you know...

She smiles at him again.

OLD WOMAN
Ah well... What's coming to you
won't go past you...

KELVIN looks up at the stars, wishing she was right.

INT. KELVIN'S BEDSIT - DAY

CHUNK. TWO slices of toast pop out of the toaster.

CLINK. Kelvin uncovers his beans on toast and pats the dust off his shoulders.

He looks depressed. Sitting in front of a steaming plate in his lonely apartment.

LOUD BANGING on the door stops him short of his first bite. KELVIN groans.

INT. KELVIN'S DOOR - DAY

KELVIN opens the door. It's his LANDLADY again.

LANDLADY

You might as well know there's a week left Kelvin if you don't know it already...

KELVIN doesn't blink.

LANDLADY

And I've put an add in the paper just in case you don't have my money. I don't think its...

CLUNK. KELVIN closes the door in her face.

INT. KELVIN'S BEDSIT - DAY

KELVIN sits down again. There is silence for a moment. Enough time for the shocked LANDLADY to absorb nerve of him. Then she starts BANGING on the door again, SCREAMING MUFFLED complaints.

KELVIN doesn't move. He clenches his fists. The NOISE continues. He covers his ears. It doesn't help. It gets louder. Haunting him. More knocking.

Suddenly, he picks up his plate and hurls it at the door...

SMASH.

The plate explodes, spraying beans and porcelain shrapnel.

SILENCE.

KELVIN has shocked himself. He stands there breathing heavy. Shaking...

And finds himself looking at THE CORNFLAKES BOX.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

KELVIN is in an old phone booth, the receiver pressed to his ear. He is holding the cornflakes box, squinting in the half light to make out the number.

THREE HOOKERS are waiting impatiently outside.

KELVIN dials slowly, turning the dial on the old telephone. Waiting patiently while it connects...

VOICE

(over heavenly music)
Smile, friend... Your troubles are
over. You've reached 'The Twenty-
Four-Seven-Party-Heaven-Hotline'.

The PARTY MUSIC begins. KELVIN smiles.

VOICE
You are one step away from
happiness. So put on your dancing
shoes and...

COMPUTERISED VOICE
...Please deposit- one- euro- to
continue.

The voice jars him. KELVIN quickly pats his pockets.

COMPUTERISED VOICE
You have- ten seconds- remaining.

KELVIN panics. He pulls a handful of copper change out of
his trousers and spills cornflakes. He tries his jacket -
more coppers. And he spills more cornflakes. He tries the
breast pocket on his shirt...

And finds THE GIRLS EURO. He looks at it...

COMPUTERISED VOICE
You have- five seconds- remaining.

KELVIN bites his lip. He raises the coin slowly. It catches
the dim light in the phone booth, and for a moment, it
sparkles again. KELVIN stops.

COMPUTERISED VOICE
You have- no seconds- remaining-
good bye.

KELVIN puts back the receiver. The light in the phone booth
goes out.

HOOKERS
That's a business phone you
know...

KELVIN doesn't even notice.

INT. KELVIN'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

It's late at night. KELVIN is at his work bench in his pajamas. Wide awake. Thinking. Depressed. Tinkering away with a toaster through a giant magnifying glass. It is raining heavily onto the umbrella above his bed and the other umbrellas in his apartment.

A distant THUMPING catches his attention. He sits up. More THUMPS are followed by MUFFLED SHOUTING.

KELVIN gets out of bed to investigate.

INT. KELVIN'S DOOR - NIGHT

KELVIN peers into the eyepiece on his door to reveal:

The DAPPER MAN. RAPPING on THE GIRL'S DOOR. He is standing in his trousers, with the rest of his clothes under his arm, but his feet are bare.

DAPPER MAN

Please open the door! Look she was only a business acquaintance. It was for me job...

The MAN presses his ear to the door for a beat. Nothing.

DAPPER MAN

There's more to delivering milk than getting up early you know!...

(pause)

Look will you just open the door...

(pause)

Don't be like this...

(pause)

At least let me get my shoes back.

(pause)

They were expensive shoes you know.

Silence. The MAN slumps for a beat. He turns to leave. KELVIN opens the door a crack. The MAN is halfway down the corridor.

CLUNK, the shoes hit him in the back of the head. The MAN whips around in time to see THE GIRL'S DOOR SLAM.

DAPPER MAN

Oh yeah. That's very civil. Very
civil... Very bloody immature
morelike...

He dusts the shoes off and as he struggles to get them onto
his bare feet, he notices KELVIN, smiling at him.

DAPPER MAN

What are you looking at?

The MAN looks at him for a beat, reddening. Then turns on
his heels boldly, and leaves.

KELVIN smiles. He skips backward along the breath of his
apartment like Charlie Chaplin.

INT. KELVIN'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

KELVIN is lying in bed. He's smiling now. He can't help
himself. Smiling bright in the starlight.

INT. OLD LADIES APARTMENT - NIGHT

KELVIN is standing on a chair in the old ladies kitchen.
Wearing a suit which is far too big for him. Holding a pin
cushion. The OLD LADY is marking the legs for taking up.

OLD WOMAN

Now don't you worry Kelvin, we'll
have this perfect in no time. My
Jim was a big man alright...

We see a photo of the OLD WOMAN and JIM on her mantelpiece
- the was a GIANT.

OLD WOMAN

...but there's nothing I can't do
with a pruning shears... I'll have
you looking topper pronto.

KELVIN smiles.

Suddenly, the OLD WOMAN is a frenzy of work, whizzing
around him, shredding pieces of the suit which float around
his ears. In no time, the suit fits perfectly. As perfect
as a suit can fit a guy like Kelvin.

The OLD WOMAN smiles and clips a flower from a vase on her
table and slips it into Kelvins lapel.

OLD WOMAN
There... Perfect. Just Perfect.

KELVIN smiles proudly.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

KELVIN'S hair is neatly styled, and his shoes are immaculately clean.

He is smiling proudly over a big bouquet of red roses.

Behind him, there is a large ITALIAN with an accordion.

It's been raining, and the streets are wet and magical. Twinkling. He reaches into his trouser pocket and finds the Euro. It shines at him again. He smiles and flicks it up, snatching it out of the air in front of his face.

And then he sees her... THE GIRL.

She is walking home, moving toward him, shining like a star at the end of his street. He nods to the ITALIAN who starts to belt out 'Good Looking Woman' at the top of his breath.

KELVIN swallows nervously, straightens bravely, fixes his suit, and...

WHOOOOOSSSSSHHHHHH.

A MILK FLOAT washes a wave of mucky water out of a puddle on the street, soaking him. Turning him a nice shade of brown. KELVIN turns in time to see THE DAPPER MAN at the wheel.

The MILK FLOAT continues up the street, laughing madly, finding more puddles and more pedestrians.

Kelvin is wrecked. Every part of him stained in deep brown mud and oil. He can't believe it. He looks up.

THE GIRL is getting closer. He opens his muddy fist slowly. Inside, the coin is still perfect. He bites his lip. No time. No turning back. He straightens up again, determined and...

THUNK.

KELVIN is hit on the head by THE FUNERAL URN...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

KELVIN is lying on bags of street rubbish and groaning like a drunken wino when THE GIRL passes. She doesn't even notice him.

He watches her delicate ankles and reaches out when she walks by. He sits up and finds himself facing THE TRAMP and his MONGREL...

TRAMP

Threes a crowd pal... piss off!

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The OLD LADY opens the door to KELVIN. Standing there with the URN.

OLD WOMAN

Oh did he go again? Good man
Kelvin!

As Kelvin stumbles inside...

OLD WOMAN

What were you doing in that suit?

INT. KELVIN'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

KELVIN opens the door to his apartment. He puts THE GIRL'S COIN on the kitchen table. He drops the wrecked roses and kicks off his muddy shoes.

He stands there for a beat. In his little kitchenette. In his little apartment.

Alone.

Then he sees the toaster.

FADE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

KELVIN is sitting in the bath with the toaster.

A drip of water runs along the crest of the cold tap. A solitary tear runs along the bend on his prominent nose...

Drip.

And KELVIN drops the toaster into the bath water...

IN THE KITCHEN

The lights cut out. Silence.

IN THE BATHROOM

KELVIN opens his eyes. Surprised to be able to open them. Surprised not to be dead...

Sitting in the half light, he looks at the toaster under the luke warm water, not even bubbling...

IN THE BEDSIT

KELVIN walks inside, holding the dripping toaster. A MOUSE tinkers in the foreground.

Totally confused, KELVIN checks the connections at the extension box and the plug socket. Slaps them a few times.

He scratches his head and tries the light switch. Nothing. He looks up and realizes that...

THE ELECTRICITY METER HAS RUN OUT.

KELVIN looks at it for a beat. Can he get anything right?

He drops his gaze and finds himself looking at...

THE GIRLS COIN on the kitchen table.

INT. KELVIN'S BEDSIT - NIGHT

KELVIN is standing on a stool balanced on a chair in front of the meter. Still holding the wet toaster.

He looks at THE COIN one last time, gives it a small kiss, and slowly reaches for the slot...

A LOUD KNOCK on the door stops him. He drops his shoulders. The LANDLADY. He reaches for the slot again.

More KNOCKING. That's it. KELVIN sets his jaw.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

He opens the door abruptly.. and stops dead.

Its not the LANDLADY... It's THE GIRL. At his door. Looking at him. She smiles.

THE GIRL
I'm Amy. I just moved in.

KELVIN looks totally confused.

THE GIRL
I know we haven't met and its probably terrible of me to ask this out of the blue but, its just that, well, I was making dinner and... and I wondered if... if you might...

He hangs on her words.

THE GIRL
...if you might have some change...

THE GIRL holds up a note.

THE GIRL
...the meter ran out.

He looks at her for a beat. Letting it all soak in. And for one beautifully sublime moment, his whole life makes sense. Wonderful sense.

So he holds up THE COIN...

And THE GIRL smiles...

And KELVIN smiles back.

THE END.