

VALENTINO

By

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EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

An eerie silence swamps a secluded graveyard.

In a sheltered corner, a woman in her thirties, Jane, is knelt by the side of a marble headstone.

A pair of scissors carefully slice through the stalks on a fresh bunch of flowers.

JANE

Every single year you had flowers delivered. You always said 'who are those from?' as if you didn't know.

She unties a ribbon from around the bouquet.

JANE

I always wondered what your face would look like if one year I got another bunch.

She wipes her brow with the back of her hand as the sun breaks through the trees and hits the gravestone.

JANE

But of course it was always about you.

A handful of withered, old flowers are removed from a pot.

JANE

Trust you to be born on Valentine's Day. Like you needed another excuse to be different. I remember when you said you were going to change your name by deed poll to 'Valentino'...

She chuckles to herself.

JANE

...what an idiot! But I did love you for that. Your jokes that no one laughed at. I actually miss all those awkward silences.

The scenery in the graveyard is picturesque.

Jane finishes arranging the new flowers in the pot, then looks away from the grave.

JANE

I got asked out tonight.

She sits back and pulls her knees into her chest.

JANE
4 years and it still feels like
I'd be cheating on you.

She drops her head.

JANE
I hate you for leaving me.
(pause)
I spent last night praying I'd
get one of your shitty bouquets
this morning.

She looks back up at the gravestone.

JANE
Why can't I stop loving you?
Nobody understands how I feel.
(pause)
They all think I'm stupid for not
going on the date. 'You have to
move on at some point'.

A tear trickles down her cheek.

JANE
I don't want to move on.

She places her chin on her knees and screws her face up.

JANE
You *promised* we'd be together
forever.

She quickly wipes the tear from her face and takes a deep
breath before standing.

JANE
40 today.

She takes a card from her bag and places it by the
flowers.

JANE
I wonder if you just wanted to
avoid me calling you an old git?

She pauses for a moment and takes another deep breath.

Stepping towards the gravestone she bends over and
whispers, almost choking on her words.

JANE
Happy birthday, Valentino.

She kisses the cold, marble headstone before leaving.