

Valentinus

By

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY.

DANNY kneels, weeping over his DEAD WIFE laid out on the bed, barely articulate through his sobs.

DANNY
...oh God... don't go my love...
don't leave me... oh God, help
me...

Behind him, without sound or motion, appears a man dressed smartly in black - VALENTINUS.

VALENTINUS
True love.

Danny yelps in fright.

DANNY
Who are you?

VALENTINUS
Valentinus.

DANNY
What are you doing here?

VALENTINUS
This is my day.

DANNY
What?

Danny gets up, struggling to process this conversation.

VALENTINUS
You were praying. Did you think
no one was listening?

DANNY
What's this about?

VALENTINUS
Who were you praying to?

DANNY
Uh... God?

VALENTINUS
What do you mean, "God"?

DANNY
You know - God.

VALENTINUS
God is love. Do you believe that?

DANNY

I suppose so, yeah.

VALENTINUS

God is truth. Do you believe that?

DANNY

...Yes?

VALENTINUS

He can't be both. Pick one.

DANNY

Why?

VALENTINUS

I was sent to help you, but we have little time. Truth, or love. Which is it to be?

DANNY

Who are you?

VALENTINUS

I am Valentinus. I was martyred at the Flaminian Gate for leading the Emperor to Christ, my bones lie scattered from Vienna to the Gorbals and I am here in your darkest hour to give you a choice. Truth, or love?

Danny looks at his wife, takes her dead hand in his.

DANNY

Love.

VALENTINUS

Then kiss your wife, and never let her go.

Danny leans over and oh so tenderly kisses his wife on the lips. As their lips touch, Valentinus makes the sign of the cross. Danny dies.

VALENTINUS

The truth would have set you free.

And he vanishes, leaving the dead lovers to their embrace.

END