

The Walk to Goodbye

By

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EXT. HIGH STREET - EARLY EVENING

Shoppers head home, loaded with bags. Some hold Valentine balloons. Others large cards/teddies/chocolates. An elderly MAN - EDWARD (80's))walks slowly in the opposite direction to the crowds. He uses a stick. He stops by a card shop and studies the array of Valentine's cards. Inside LAURA (20's) is emptying the racks. She sees him, smiles.

INT. THE CARD SHOP - EARLY EVENING

The bells rings, Edward enters. Laura looks up from her work. Edward studies the cards, looks at the soft toys, balloons, chocolates in silent wonder. Laura smiles.

LAURA
Can I help you?

Edward continues to take in the shop stock.

EDWARD
I'm after a card. For my wife. To
tell her that I love her.

Edward speaks as if in a world of his own, his own internal monologue externalised.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I don't tell her...that I love
her...but she knows. She knows. I
thought...tell me, do you have
some with lilies on? She is very
fond of lilies.

Laura searches, pulls out the appropriate card, hands it to Edward. He nods and studies it. His voice cracked with emotion.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I bought her a posy. She would be
cross; she's always said: flowers
belong in the garden not in the
house. For sixty years now, she's
said that.

Edward sighs, composes himself, half embarrassed smile of a proud old man who doesn't publicly expose emotion.

EDWARD
I met her at the church social,
you know. Nineteen forty-nine.
Boys down one side, girls the
other. I was home on leave;
national service. We had that
then and my brother Harry dragged
(MORE)

EDWARD (cont'd)
me to it. Had his eye on some
lass. Nobody was dancing and I
saw Evelyn and decided there and
then.

LAURA
What did you do?

EDWARD
I walked across the dance
floor...longest walk of my
life...I think they were all
looking at me and took her by the
hand
(he takes Laura's hand)
kissed it
(he kisses her hand)
and asked her to dance.

Laura smiles, charmed by this old man and his story.

LAURA
Awww...that's so sweet. Nobody
does that anymore.

He sighs again, as if memory has caught him out, pulls
himself together.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
No. No. All so long ago. Such a
long time ago. So much has
changed.

He studies the card again.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I told Evelyn I'd only be a few
minutes. I don't like to leave
her on her own to long.

He fishes some change out of his pocket and hands it to
Laura. He turns and exits the shop.

Laura goes to the door, turns the sign and watches him
walk away. His gait is unhurried. She smiles to herself,
half turns away then something catches her eye. She looks
over to Edward. He stops outside the funeral directors,
looks at the card and takes a posy of flowers out of a
bag. He pulls a large white hankie from his coat pocket,
and wipes his eyes and nose. After a moments hesitation he
turns, looks at Laura, smiles and nods then steps inside
the premises.

THE END.