

ROCK STAR VALENTINE

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July 2012

EXT. CENTRAL LONDON - DAY

RAB THOMPSON, middle aged rock star, exits a chauffeured car. He's accompanied by CHUMP, his grizzled, seen-it-all manager. Rab had a busy night, playing at a private function in the far east. Now he's flown back to London for a Hyde Park reunion concert with his old band. They settle in backstage.

CHUMP

How ya' feelin'. Im dead tired.  
Want some coffee?

Chump winks as we see two VERY hot supermodel type hostesses serving drinks.

RAB

Yeah, but nuthin' else.

Rab winks back to Chump. One of the hostesses brings Rab coffee, flirting and slipping Rab a phone number under his cup. He drains the coffee, but leaves the paper on the saucer.

CHUMP

Ya' gotta be kiddin' me. Even I'd think about calling her, and I've been faithfully imprisoned - I mean married - since David became Bowie.

RAB

Yeah, but what's today?

CHUMP

Right mate, I always forget. Our beloved St. Valentines. And speakin' of the missus, I've GOTTA get back home after the gig.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE BACKSTAGE BAND PARTY ROOM - DAY

The room is a textbook definition of a hedonistic old band reunion making up for lost time and trapped in an early 1980's time machine. As Rab walks in, he is instantly surrounded by groupies, which he fends off one after the other, before the band goes on stage.

CUT TO:

INT. RAB'S PRIVATE ROOM BACKSTAGE - DAY

CHUMP

Wow - awesome show. Now have ONE  
quick drink and then we both leave  
here PRONTO.

At that moment, a bunch of groupies brazenly enter the room and give Rab big kisses, try to take off his coat and shove phone numbers in his pocket.

RAB

Sorry girls! I've gotta run - and a  
few of you left me these by  
accident.

Rab hands back all the phone numbers, and wipes the lipstick off his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE EXIT TO THE CONCERT VENUE - DAY

Rab jumps in a car and barely makes it away with a groupie on the bonnet, dressed as a big red heart with "Be My Valentine" written on her forehead.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST END LONDON - DAY

Rab's car pulls up at a small terraced house. He gets out a profusion of flowers and a big gift box from the boot, shyly knocking on the door. An elderly woman opens it with a big beaming smile. Rab beams back and gives her a kiss on the cheek.

RAB

Happy Valentines Day, Grandmum!