

EXT. STREET. VALENTINES NIGHT.

A street of new build houses, all with lights on. Through the windows we see married middle aged couples trying to have romantic nights in. And their kids trying to ruin it.

All except one. It's totally dark. Then round the back we see a man with an empty rucksack jumping the fence.

He lands silently in the small garden - but not undetected. **WOOF WOOF!** The houses only occupant, a dog, going WILD. The man tries the back door, all the while SHUSSHING the dog.

It's locked, but a small window in the conservatory opens. **WOOF WOOF!** The man opens his bag and pulls out a raw steak, and a wire coat hanger. He's come prepared!

He drops the steak through the window. The dogs is silenced. He then slides the wire coat hanger down, and opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM.

The same house. It's totally dark, we see a TORCH light, the same man is hunting hurriedly through shelves, discarding some stuff messily, placing others carefully in his rucksack.

Then the light is ON! The burglar, Paul, late 30s, dressed all in black for his crime, FREEZES, caught in the act.

Staring at him is, DEB, similar age, though has dressed younger tonight. Her make up is smeared, her outfit all over the place. It's clearly not been a successful evening out.

A LONG silence. Paul doesn't drop his loot, Debs hand still on the light switch. They STARE at each other.

DEB

Well it's not our worst ever
Valentines.

We see what's in Pauls hands, football sticker books. He hunts for more. Avoiding his angry drunk estranged exes glare

DEB (CONT'D)

Southend on Sea. 04. We ate
oysters. Both got sick... And there
was the unexplained scrunchie in
your glove box. That was the worst.

PAUL

(looking at a find)
Argentina. World Cup '78. Check!

DEB

Though this is close

PAUL
I can't find Italia 90!

DEB
And that's what's important to you?
Right now?

PAUL
I've collected them all. Since I
was a kid.

DEB
Sort of a life long commitment?

She's SLURRING Paul ignores the dig, and continues to rummage

DEB (CONT'D)
So you'd rather break into your own
house, than face me? What does that
say about 'us'?

PAUL
What does that say about you?

DEB breaks down crying. Angry violent tears, she hates
herself for shedding. She FLEES. Paul, reluctantly follows

CUT TO:

We see PAUL in CLOSE UP. Looking tenderly at someone

PAUL (CONT'D)
You know what the first thing I
thought about this morning was? It
wasn't about the divorce, where I'm
going to live, the economy, liver
cirrhosis. Any of the things I
should worry about. It was the same
thought I have every morning the
second my eyes open. How much I
miss you.

We see Paul lean in for a kiss.. Then WIDE to reveal..

He's DOWNSTAIRS kissing the DOG. Who licks him back. DEB is
passed out on sofa behind him, a bottle of wine in one hand.

Paul CREEPS over, removes a rolled up mag from her other. He
careful unrolls it. It's the sticker album 'ITALIA 90'

He tuts at a wine stain. Smooths it out and puts it in his
back. He looks around the house. His home. Knowing it's the
last time. He pats the dogs and leaves by the back door.
Alone in the garden. The dog watching through the door. He
too cries.

FADE OUT.