

LOVE ACROSS TIME

by

Rita Wheeler

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Email: [rita.wheeler@btinternet.com](mailto:rita.wheeler@btinternet.com)

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INT. ROSANNA'S FLAT - DAY

A shelf with several cards. We hear retching sounds.

ROSANNA enters and slumps on a chair, turns on the radio:

RADIO

It's Valentine's Day - and how  
many cards have you received today?  
There's a prize for the person  
with the most, genuine cards.  
Call 0800.....

Turning it off she looks out the window.

INT. FROM WINDOW IN TO STREET - DAY

Several people in the street. Two flower deliveries.

INT. ROSANNA'S LOUNGE - DAY

Clutching her mobile she scrolls through looking at previous photos. One in particular makes her smile. Danny, lips pursed, sending her a kiss. Next photo. Both of them, arms round each other, grinning, wave to the camera.

A big sigh. Grabbing her jacket she goes outside.

EXT. STREET - DAY

She notices more flowers being delivered. She shrugs further in to her jacket, hands in pockets and walks.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

She passes a graveyard and stops. The light is dappled by sun shining through the leaves. She notices a movement and stops. She can't see clearly. Shadows. Stepping closer, trying to focus, concentrating. A man, pacing up and down.

There's something else. In the shadows. An indefinite shadowy whisp - a shape solidifies into a woman wearing a long, dark dress.

The woman furtively looks around.

Rosanna looks both ways along the street. No one. She looks back into the graveyard. The man sees the woman and rushes to her, takes her hands in his. She gazes up at him.

A long moment. Then he cups her face in his hands. They are about to kiss.

Without meaning to, Rosanna puts her hand on her heart. Before they kiss the couple guiltily break apart. Startled, he looks beyond her, over to his right. Rosanna looks in that direction too but cannot see anything. She looks back to the couple. He snatches one brief kiss and runs off. She stands gazing after him, then fades.

Rosanna shakes her head to clear it. Curious, she ventures in to the graveyard to where the couple were standing. Old gravestones. She glances at several but they are hard to read. One catches her eye.

Lance Corporal George Lennox - 1<sup>st</sup> Oct 1830 - 25<sup>th</sup> Oct 1854. Crimean War. The Light Brigade. Beloved son of Albert and Martha Lennox. Husband of Florence nee Roebuck.

Next to it another grave. Florence Lennox, 6<sup>th</sup> June 1835 - 30<sup>th</sup> March 1855. Widow of George Lennox. Baby Henry George Lennox 27<sup>th</sup> March - 30<sup>th</sup> March 1855.

She looks up. A wispy image of George Lennox materialises. He holds his hands out and Florence steps into his arms. He holds her face between his hands and they kiss. That kiss is so poignant. Tears run down Rosanna's face.

Tearing away she runs home.

INT. ROSANNA'S FLAT - DAY

Slamming the door, a card falls over. It is a Condolence card, as are all of them. Next to them a photo in a frame shows Lance Corporal Danny Collins, beret at a jaunty angle. Gently tracing his image in the photo.

ROSANNA

I love you.

Pain is etched on her face.

Cupping her hands over her stomach she curls up and sobs.