

CUPID AND VALENTINECUPID ENTERS CARRYING A BOW AND SITS DOWN WEARILY AT THE DESK

CUPID: I don't believe it! I was certain those two were perfect for each other. Months coaxing them, manoeuvring them, and engineering elaborate coincidences to get them together. I'm sure he's about ready to pop the question and she says "We need to talk"! "We need to talk"! Everyone knows what "We need to talk" means it means "I don't want to talk to you, or see you, ever again and by the way I'm keeping the DVD collection and I've thrown your horrible tofu burgers in the bin!" It's enough to make me want to quit – all that hard work down the drain. True love takes time to ripen like fruit, to mature like a vintage wine but they want everything instantly. Instant coffee, online banking, the iPlayer...I can't wait I want it NOW! (PAUSE)  
I've got to start planning tomorrow's assignments – I can't let anyone else drift apart!

ST. VALENTINE ENTERS AND SITS

ST. VALENTINE: Easiest job – *in the world!* Look at this! I've only got a handful left. Once a year – bish, bash, bosh! Result! Wotcha Cupid! How's tricks?

CUPID: Val! Will you be quiet! I'm working.

ST. VALENTINE: Not Val, if you please. St. Valentine is my proper name.

CUPID: Valentine, be quiet I'm working.

ST. VALENTINE: Four hundred and twenty-eight million cards – *in a day!* And that's just the UK and Europe you know. The figures are still coming in from the USA and Canada. I don't expect much from the Canadians though, far too restrained, but the Americans! Wow! They **LOVE** me! They want plain cards, blank cards, funny cards, romantic cards, scented cards,

CUPID AND VALENTINE

naughty cards, frilly cards, musical cards, chocolate cards – the card is actually MADE OF CHOCOLATE. MADE OF CHOCOLATE!!!!. And they'll send two, three or four each some of 'em! They **LOVE** me!

CUPID: Shut up!

ST. VALENTINE: Then there's my gift range. The champagne, the roses, the fluffy kitten toys, the teddy bears, the heart shaped balloons, the heart shaped chocolates, the heart shaped beer chillers, the heart shaped candy, the heart shaped cigarette lighters...

CUPID: Will you please SHUT UP!

ST. VALENTINE: Ooooo. Who's a Mister Grumpy-Nappy then? Who's got his wings in a tizzy then?

CUPID: It's your fault you know!

ST. VALENTINE: Who's a little angry cherub then? (Pinches Cupid's cheeks)

CUPID: Stop it! It's all your fault you selfish, arrogant, stupid oaf!

ST. VALENTINE: Who's a cross little pixie....what? What's my fault? I've haven't done anything!

CUPID: All this...this...nonsense is to blame it's nothing but a load of tasteless tacky trash that treats true love as if it's temporary!

ST. VALENTINE: That's a lot of tees. Eee shall I put t'kettle on and get t'biscuits out of t'tin and we can t'talk over a cup of t'tea?

CUPID: Oh HA HA! Very funny. A couple I've been working on for months have just split up OK! Happy now?

CUPID AND VALENTINE

- ST. VALENTINE: Shall I send them some cards....from me? I bet that'd sort everything out....everyone loves me you know. I am SAINT VALENTINE – the love doctor!
- CUPID: Not everything is about you, you know?
- ST. VALENTINE: Yes it is. Love is the drug, baby! I am Dr. Love. I'm the most important saint there is.
- CUPID: Don't be daft. There's at least three Valentines in church history and no-one even knows which one you are!
- ST. VALENTINE: So? I'm still a proper saint. I'm famous. I'm the most famous saint there is. Everyone in the world loves St. Valentine – the handsome.
- CUPID: The handsome?
- ST. VALENTINE: Yeah – I thought I'd add that on at the end of my name. Like St. John of the Cross.
- CUPID: You don't get to pick your own description! You're behaving like a rock star! You just want to sell your cheap tat and hear people say your name! You're a disgrace - you don't care about people.
- ST. VALENTINE: I do! I care deeply about some people.
- CUPID: Name two!
- ST. VALENTINE: Me. (PAUSE) And my reflection.
- CUPID: Good grief! You don't care about the subtleties of this job, about true love. You've got to do things properly. Organize a polite introduction at a social function for two likely

CUPID AND VALENTINE

candidates, then let them meet a few times in a well chaperoned public place, inspire them to write a torrent of love letters that have ever increasing poetic and euphemistic overtones and if all goes well he has a quiet word with the girl's father and before you know it he's down on one knee popping open a ring box and I fire this through both their hearts and she says 'YES'. Then comes the hard part.

ST. VALENTINE: (Bored) Oh yeah? What's that?

CUPID: Making sure they're never alone together until the wedding night!

ST. VALENTINE: What century are you stuck in??? It's easy. Boy meets girl. Girl smiles at boy. Boy sends girl one of my sure-fire scented teddy bear cards, a dozen red roses and a box of chocolates and bosh! They're dating. The rest is down to chance. I've done my bit. If things look like they're winding down just send more cards and chocolates! The more the merrier. Bish, bash, bosh! Four-hundred and twenty-eight million card-buyers can't be wrong?

CUPID: I'm trying to help people find true love, life-long happiness which requires patience, skill, artistry and a really good aim! What you do is the equivalent of carpet bombing cities!

ST. VALENTINE: Whatever. Boring.

CUPID: I've got to try and drop some subtle love poetry into this guys head so the letter he writes wins over his sweetheart; so if you'll be quiet I have work to do!

ST. VALENTINE: Oh. Yeah. Well as it happens I've got a load of work to do on the love front as well. I've got the romantic verses for next year's top of the range St. Valentine-brand cards to come up with...  
(PAUSE)

CUPID AND VALENTINE

I know...

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
Cupid's so stupid  
He doesn't know what to do

Eh? Good one! It'll be a top seller that will!

CUPID:

Oh very funny, very romantic. Ooo wait. What's this here?  
A bow and arrow. What could I use this for? (He snatches up  
the bow and arrow and aims it at St. Valentine)  
I'm going to count to three and then I'm going to shoot – get  
running smarty-pants. One, two...

ST. VALENTINE GETS UP AND RUNS OUT  
CHASED BY CUPID