

PAM SCOTT

# Philophobia : the fear of love

*What if we are afraid of love?*

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# Contents

1	Philophobia : the fear of love	1
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# 1

## Philophobia : the fear of love

Part 1 :

Delilah, a girl in her early twenties, says goodbye to her family and gets into her car. Sadness and frustration are evident in her eyes.

In the morning, she lies in bed, unable to sleep. She wakes up before her alarm rings and turns it off. she washes her face, her sleepy eyes revealing her exhaustion and insomnia. Her sadness is reflected in the mirror.

Delilah arrives at her university, parks her car, classroom, hiding under her hat, lost in thought. We hear the teacher's voice in the background, but suddenly, the teacher stops talking. The door opens, we stay with Delilah.

"Hello, the administration is looking for a student named Delilah," Valentine says.

“Delilah? I don’t think there’s a Delil...” the teacher begins, but Valentine interrupts her, “that girl!”

someone next to Delilah tells her to look at the door. There stands the teacher with a young man her age, Valentine. He points at her.

“That’s not... well, go with him and see what the administration wants,” the teacher says.

“Bring your things,” Valentine adds.

They walk through the university corridors. Suddenly, Valentine steps forward and faces Delilah.

“Delilah, there’s no administration matter. i saw you crying in your car this morning, and i felt you needed to get out of there, so I came. If you mind, I’ll go back and explain everything to your teacher. I don’t want to get you in trouble,” Valentine says.

Surprised, a small smile gradually forms on Delilah’s face.

“Delilah?” she asks, curious.

“Yes,” Valentine replies with a smile and a light laugh. “I named you Delilah because the first time I saw you, I was listening to that song ‘Hey There Delilah.’”

“okay, I’m Delilah. Nice to meet you. And you are?” she responds.

“I’m Valentine,” he answers.

“Valentine?” Delilah is surprised.

“Yes, Valentine. Romantic, huh? But more importantly,” Valentine says with a deep, serious look, “why were you crying this morning?”

Delilah keeps smiling. “You know, life.”

Valentine’s expression shifts back to playful and smiling. “You’re right. I’m just a stranger, of course, you wouldn’t tell me. But I think you know me well enough to have breakfast together, and I don’t think you can refuse,” he says.

Delilah stands for a moment, watching Valentine walk ahead. She touches her necklace, and a smile and admiration erase her sadness. Her eyes sparkle.

They go to a diner outside the town, surrounded by trees. Inside, Delilah and Valentine sit having breakfast.

“You know, I don’t think we should skip any more classes. It’s not free public school,” Delilah jokes.

With the same energy, Valentine replies, “I don’t need to worry. I have a scholarship.”

Hours pass, and before evening, they’re still in the same place, at the same table, joking around.

“...But I just love watching it,” Delilah says.

“I can’t believe that the girl I like loves that show...” Valentine says, smiling. Delilah’s eyes show surprise.

“What? Did my words impress you? I saw it in a movie,” he says.

“Really? Is that what you say to all the girls?” Delilah asks.

“Wow, maybe that’s why I’m still virgin,” Valentine jokes.

“Oh my God, you are...” Delilah laughs.

“I swear, I saw it in the same movie too,” Valentine says, laughing.

“Then we have to watch that movie together,” Delilah says.

“Of course, what other movie would you like to watch?” Valentine asks.

“Well, I was reading about this movie i havent watch yet called ‘the Orphan’s Valentine,’ which is why your name seemed strange to me,” Delilah explains.

“Then why haven’t you watched it yet?” Valentine asks.

Delilah’s face returns to its tired and sad expression. “I just haven’t,” she replies.

Valentine’s face shows concern and sympathy, but he quickly

breaks the negative mood. “It sounds like a good movie for us to watch together,” he says.

In the evening, outside the university, everyone leaves. Valentine and Delilah reach her car.

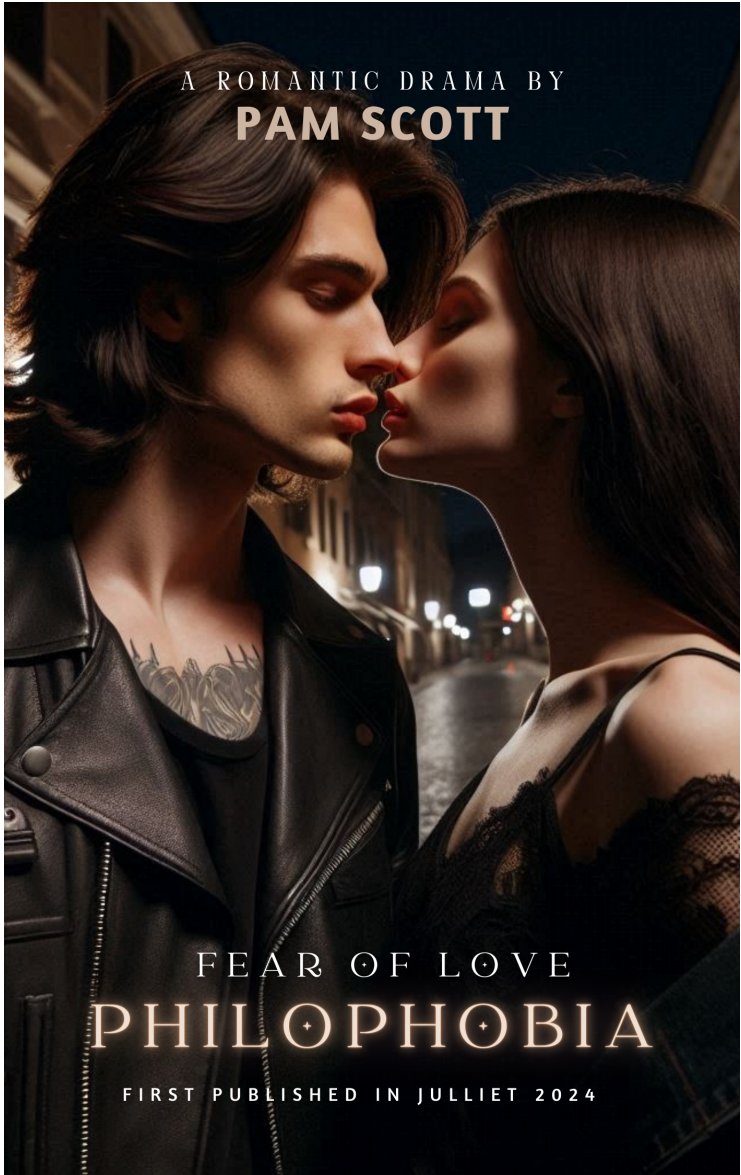
“Thank you, Valentine. This is the best day I’ve had in a long time,” Delilah says.

Valentine gazes at her with admiration until Delilah notices, feeling a bit awkward.

“Take care of yourself,” Valentine says as he walks away.

Delilah watches him head towards the bus, her eyes shining and her face relaxed. But then she turns to see her ex-boyfriend with two girls, kissing one of them. She becomes tense, gets into her car, and drives away quickly.

PHILOPHOBIA : THE FEAR OF LOVE



Part 2 :

In the morning, the alarm rings. Delilah is already awake again. She turns off the alarm, her face showing the same tiredness. She washes her face.

Delilah arrives at the university, parks her car in the same spot, and shows the same expressions in class. The teacher's voice drones in the background while she drifts in her thoughts. But this time, a knock on the door interrupts her. Delilah quickly looks up, but it's just a late student.

A few hours later, Delilah's class ends. She walks through the university corridors, glancing around as if searching for something. When she reaches her car in the parking lot, she finds Valentine waiting for her. A guy known as Guy#1 faces Valentine

“Good morning,” Delilah says happily.

GUY#1 says “Good morning”

DELILAH ” Mmm i'm, will Valentine named me Delilah”

GUY#1 with suprised smile look at Valetntine who remains cold

GUY#1 “Have a good day” he leaves

DELILAH “Who's that”

VALENTINE (jokes) : He probably has crush on me , when he

saw you with me, he knew I prefer girls”

Delilah laugh, Valentine countinues

VALENTINE “I don’t know him Delilah, how was your class?”

“Honestly, I wished you had come today too,” she admits.

Valentine takes a moment, looking at Delilah with admiration again. “I made this for you,” he says, pulling out a lunchbox with fruit and juice.

“Really, thank you,” Delilah responds.

Valentine smiles as he looks at her and starts eating too.

“I have a question,” Delilah says.

“Okay,” Valentine replies.

“At the beginning of the school year, my friends were talking about you and your long dark hair, your style. They were really impressed,” Delilah says.

“Wow, I’m flattered,” Valentine smiles. “Do you like my style?”

“Don’t get cocky. Yes, of course, you look very good. My question is, why do you dress like that?” Delilah asks.

“Well, when I was young, I was fascinated by vampires and their old-fashioned clothing. Since I can’t look like someone from



the Victorian era, I wondered how vampires would dress if they existed today. My outfit answers that question. I call it casual Goth. I'm sure it would look great on you too. You can probably guess what music I like," Valentine explains.

"Probably angry music, haha," Delilah jokes.

"Wow, you're smart," Valentine teases.

"You're something else," Delilah laughs.

"Where are your friends?" Valentine asks, noticing her expression change.

"I haven't seen you with them or heard you talk about them. Did something happen?" he inquires.

"You know..." Delilah starts, but Valentine interrupts, "Life again? Is it the same life that made you cry last night?" His tone shifts to one of concern and empathy.

Delilah freezes and looks at Valentine, fear in her eyes.

"You know you can talk to me about anything. I know I'm just a stranger, but keep it in mind," Valentine says.

They look at each other for a while. Delilah is surprised, and the same admiration sparkles in her eyes.

The school bell rings.

“Looks like the break is over. we shouldn’t be late, Remember ”  
Valentine says.

As Valentine walks, Delilah follows slowly, admiration in her eyes, touching her necklace.

In the morning, Delilah arrives, attends class, and when it’s over, she heads to the parking lot. She’s surprised that Valentine isn’t there and looks upset.

In the evening, Delilah returns to the parking lot. Everyone is leaving, but she finds Valentine waiting there.

“You don’t take school seriously, do you? Where were you?”  
Delilah asks.

“I told you,” Valentine says, pulling a small kitten from his bag.

“Oh my God, she’s so cute,” Delilah exclaims.

“Yes, she is. Usually, after taking them to the vet, I leave them at a rich person’s doorstep,” Valentine explains.

“You were at the vet? Why don’t you keep her?” Delilah asks.

“They’re better off without me,” Valentine says.

“What’s her name?” Delilah asks, holding the kitten.

“I don’t know, I haven’t thought of one,” Valentine replies.

“We need to find one,” Delilah says.

“I’ve got it. Little Delilah,” Valentine says.

“Are you going to name every female that? Wait, you weren’t listening to the same song, were you?” Delilah asks.

“No, this is another one that goes ‘Hey there, little Delilah,’” Valentine responds.

“You know, I haven’t told you my real name yet,” Delilah says.

“Don’t. I’ll always prefer Delilah,” Valentine says with a smile.

Delilah smiles back holding the kitten while Valentine plays with the kitten, we see an admire look on her face

“I need your help,” Valentine says.

Valentine drives Delilah’s car while she plays with the kitten.

“This morning, a girl was playing with her, but her dad took her to school. Devin was crying for this kitten,” Valentine explains.

They arrive at a neighborhood.

“So, I took this kitten and followed them to Devin’s school. In the evening, I returned from the vet to the school and followed them to find their house. I want to give it to Devin,” Valentine says.

“that’s so sweet Valentine,” Delilah says, smiling.

“Well, don’t fall in love with me then,” Valentine jokes.

Delilah looks surprised and smiles as Valentine gets out of the car.

They stand across from Devin’s house.

“I don’t think the dad will let Devin keep the kitten,” Valentine says.

“How do you know her name?” Delilah asks.

“Her dad was calling her that,” Valentine replies.

“We should give the kitten to Devin secretly,” Delilah says. “I have an idea, follow me.”

Devin’s dad opens the door.

“Hello, sir. Is Delilah home?” Delilah asks.

“What? Who are you?” the dad asks.

“I’m Devin, Delilah’s friend. Nice to meet you,” Delilah says.

“Your name is Devin?” the dad is surprised.

In the backyard, Valentine hides behind the trees, watching Devin play from a long window in the living room that overlooks

the backyard.

Back at the front door:

“What a coincidence that your daughter is also named Devin. I’m sorry, sir, it seems I got the wrong address,” Delilah says.

The dad closes the door and goes inside, telling his wife, “Some girl got the address wrong, and her name is Devin.”

Devin enters the house holding the kitten and a note.

“Dad, dad, look,” Devin says.

The mom reads the note aloud, “Hi Devin, my name is Little Delilah. Take care of me.”

“Delilah?” the dad is puzzled.

He rushes to the door and opens it, seeing Delilah’s car driving away.

Inside the car, Delilah drives while Valentine looks back at Devin’s dad watching them leave.

“Oh my God, he’s still standing there watching us,” Valentine says.

“You should have seen his face when I told him my name was Devin,” Delilah laughs.

“That was so much fun,” Valentine says, looking at Delilah with deep admiration.

“I want to show you a place,” Valentine says.

“Are you taking me on a date?” Delilah asks.

“I don’t think you’ll feel the same way when you see the place,” Valentine replies.

Moments after sunset, outside the town, in a forest, they arrive at a hill overlooking the town with an old cemetery next to it.

“Oh my God, it’s beautiful,” Delilah says.

“This is my favorite place,” Valentine says.

“Aren’t you scared?” Delilah asks.

“Of the dead? Of course not. We should fear the living,” Valentine responds.

“Now you’re wise, huh?” Delilah jokes.

Valentine gazes at Delilah for a while. She looks at him with a smile and curiosity.

“I know you’re wondering if I go to any girl I see crying, I don’t think that you would believe me if I said you are the only one” Valentine says.

Delilah smiles more and looks directly into Valentine's eyes.

"God, you have no idea how beautiful you are," Valentine says.

"Thank you. You're beautiful too, Valentine, your hair like that," Delilah starts to say, but Valentine interrupts, "No, you're really special. I saw you, in your car that morning, crying. That's why I decided to come to you."

Delilah's eyes widen in surprise.

"I don't know what happened to you, and you don't have to tell me anything. Just, don't let anything or anyone hurt you. You really are special. Trust me, I can sense special people. That's my gift," Valentine says.

Delilah turns, blushing, to watch the beautiful town lights. Her happiness and smile show how much she is thinking about Valentine. Meanwhile, Valentine, with a serious look, shows deep sadness in his eyes as he gazes at Delilah.

PHILOPHOBIA: THE FEAR OF LOVE





Part 3 :

Morning, the alarm rings. We see Delilah already asleep, struggling to wake up. She washes her face. This time, Delilah appears better, combs her hair, and dresses similarly to Valentine's style, looking different.

At school, from a distance, we see Delilah and Valentine eating their meals and laughing, talking.

Valentine says, "A kid in the neighborhood had my dream bike. I was watching him ride it and saying to myself, 'If I were him, I would let me try it once in a while.' But it never made sense, if I were him, why would I do that? I would simply ride it myself." he concludes "This realization helped me understand the difference between myself and others. If I am the 'other,' then selfishness is altruism," .

Delilah says, "This is wise, you are smart, ah!"

"I told you, don't fall in love with me," Valentine says.

Evening, everyone is leaving. Valentine and Delilah are by her car. Valentine gazes at Delilah, admiration evident in his glittering eyes.

"What?" Delilah asks.

"You don't even use makeup, yet you look beautiful, i love the outfit by the way. Your hair, and you didn't cry last night. That's good. I have to go now," Valentine said.

Delilah smiles, “You know I can always give you a ride.”

“No, I’m afraid of your driving. I prefer the bus,” Valentine jokes, “Good night.”

Delilah enters her apartment and finds envelopes at the door. She checks the letters and finds one from her university:

Final warning: if you do not pay your tuition by the end of the month, we will have to terminate your enrollment permanently.

Delilah’s tears fall onto the letter. She sits on a chair and begins to cry. After a moment, she uses her phone to call Valentine.

“Valentine, do you think I can see you now?” Delilah asks.

“Yes, of course. Wait, are you crying, Delilah?” Valentine inquires.

Delilah starts crying harder.

“Alright, I’m on my way,” Valentine says.

Valentine knocks on the door. Delilah opens it and immediately hugs him.

“Hey, okay, are you alright?” Valentine asks.

Delilah starts to cry and cry.

“Alright, cry. Everything will be okay. Just let it out,” Valentine

reassures her.

Valentine carries Delilah to her bedroom. They lie down, and she cries in his arms.

“I think it’s time you let everything out. Tell me, I’m listening,” Valentine says.

“I don’t know. Everything in this world hates me. I wish I hadn’t chosen that school. They ruined my life,” Delilah confesses.

Valentine remains silent, his eyes full of sadness and sympathy, hugging Delilah.

“If my family finds out I gave him the university money, they’ll be disappointed. My dream shattered because I’m so stupid. I thought he wanted me, wanted me to be his girlfriend, but he wanted my money. He told me he needed it and would return it, so I didn’t pay the fees. I thought I had time, but I only have until the end of this month. Everything will be destroyed. I can’t face my family. It was all her. I should have known. When she found out I had the money, she became my friend and introduced me to him. But they were together, planning to take my money. I loved him so much, wanted to do everything with him. I’m still waiting for him, waiting for him to keep his promise and give me back the money to pay for university. I don’t want anything else, just to be like all couples, watching our favorite movies, going out and having fun. But why did he hurt me? Why?” Delilah cries.

Delilah begins to cry harder, and we see how deeply affected

Valentine is, but he remains calm and silent.

“I did nothing but love him, since then i, love him so much. Why? They ruined my life, why did he exploit me?” Delilah sobs

After some time, Delilah calms down in Valentine’s arms.

“Honestly, I didn’t expect you’ve gone through all this, alone, away from your family. I thought it was something minor, or maybe just your period. But you really didn’t show anything, and that’s a good thing. You’re really strong. I know my words might seem empty. I know how it feels when someone abandons you, when someone uses you. But, I feel that everything will be alright,” Valentine says.

“Really, Valentine?” Delilah asks.

“Yes, of course. And I’m ready to do anything I can,” Valentine assures her.

“Just stay here with me. Thank you so much,” Delilah replies.

They remain silent for a while, still in the same position.

“When I was a kid, in school, my best friend was a girl. I once bragged about my scars, saying I was the most mischievous, you know. And, she showed me her vagina, thinking it was a scar. It was crazy,” Valentine shared.

Delilah bursts into laughter, a smile drawn on her face.

“I don’t know what to say in these situations, to be honest,” Valentine admits.

“No, you’re doing great. You are a good listener, Valentine. Thank you,” Delilah says.

Valentine hugs Delilah tighter, and she snuggles into his arms even more.

Sunrise. We see Valentine sitting on a chair, smoking, watching Delilah sleep. Admiration and sadness are visible in his eyes. He silences Delilah’s alarm and leaves her apartment.

Hours later, Delilah wakes up, walks out of her room into the living room, and finds breakfast cooked, a flower, and a note that reads:

Take today off. Everything will be alright.

Delilah smells the flower, and we see her admiration for what Valentine did. She lies down on her bed and closes her eyes, a broad smile of relief on her face.

The next morning, Delilah arrives at the university, walking through the corridors, looking for something. In class, she watches the door eagerly.

Evening, everyone is leaving. Delilah heads towards her car, watching the other students, hoping to see Valentine. She gets into her car and calls, but there’s no answer, just voicemail.

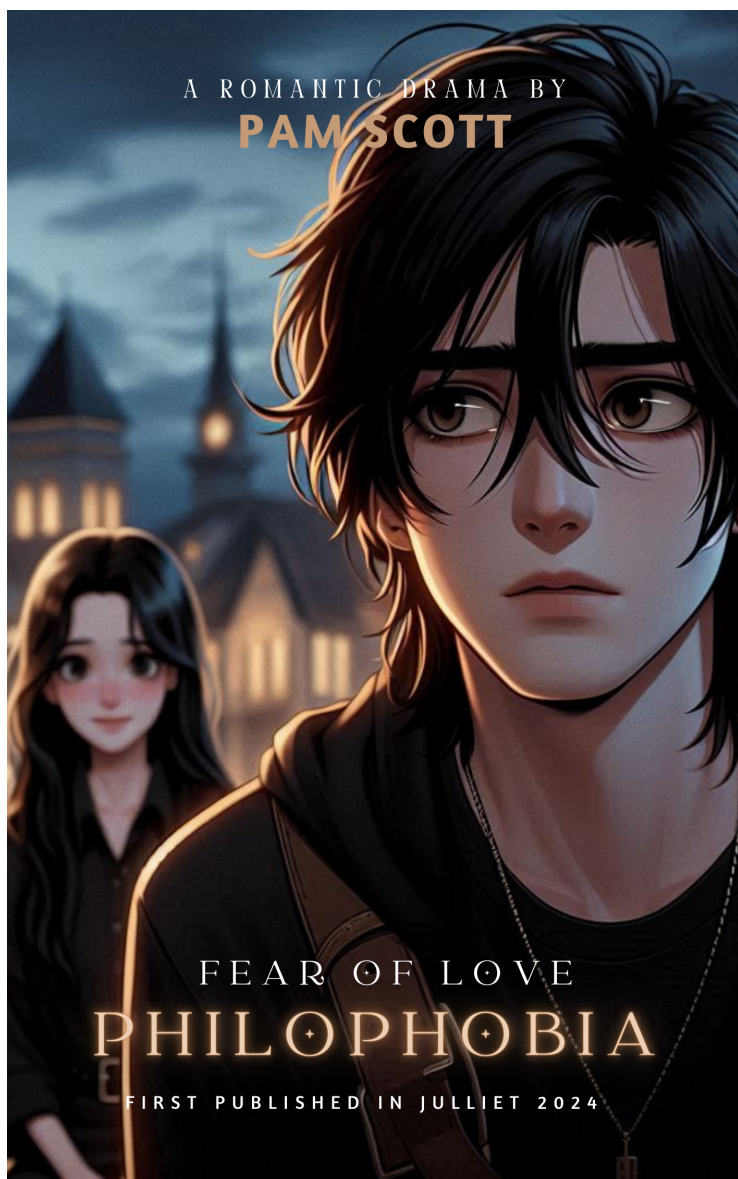
“Hello, Valentine, it’s me again. It’s been days, and I’m starting to worry about you. Call me as soon as you can. Bye,” Delilah says

Delilah enters her apartment and finds an envelope in the mail. She opens it and reads:

Your university fees have been paid in full.

There’s a knock at the door. She open the door. Delilah gets overjoyed.

PHILOPHOBIA : THE FEAR OF LOVE



Part 4 :

Delilah opens it and finds her ex-boyfriend, hugs him.

“I knew you’d come back,” Delilah says

Thank you so much,” Delilah says tearfully, holding him tightly.  
“I forgive you.”

Her ex-boyfriend kisses her forehead gently. “I’m so sorry, Delilah. I promise I’ll never hurt you again.” He hands her a ticket for the movie, ‘The Orphan’s Valentine,’ and says, “Yeah, we’re going to watch it tonight.”

Delilah smiles up at him, saying excitedly, “I knew you’d change for me.”

At night, as they walk to the cinema, Delilah beams with excitement about the evening ahead.

She asks him, “How did you know about the movie.”

“You told me, sweetheart,” her ex says.

“You’re so funny,” Delilah responds.

“Really, how is that?” her ex asks.

“I never told you about the movie. It wasn’t even published yet when we were together,” Delilah explains.



“What?” Her ex-boyfriend seems confused. “Didn’t you send me the ticket with a note saying to take Delilah to this movie because she wants to watch it with you?”

Delilah freezes. “You found the ticket in your mail, with a note saying to take Delilah to this movie because she wants to watch it with you?”

Her ex-boyfriend hesitates. “Well, I found it romantic that you wanted to tell me indirectly. I found the ticket in the box with a note that said to take Delilah to this movie she wants to watch with you.”

Delilah’s face lights up with realization and happiness. Tears stream down her cheeks as she turns and walks away, still smiling. Her ex-boyfriend calls out to her several times, but she doesn’t respond, lost in her thoughts.

“Oh my God,” Delilah whispers as a voiceover, “I love you.”

Later that night, she lies in her bedroom, staring at the ceiling, her mind consumed with thoughts of Valentine. “I love you, Valentine,” she whispers.

The next morning, delilah wakes so active and excited, she looks so happy in the mirror.

at college, Delilah walks and staring as she searches for someone, she finds nothing, then she calls Valentine, but it’s just the voicemail, she gets upset and turn it off

Delilah is absent-minded in her class, trying to make sense of what happened. Suddenly, in the middle of the teacher's lecture, she stands up, grabs her bag, and leaves.

She opens her apartment door and starts searching quickly among the envelopes of bills. She finds a letter from her school saying that her tuition fees have been paid by the State Union of Churches Charity Association.

Delilah arrives at the headquarters of the State Union of Churches Charity Association and asks the receptionist about the identity of the person who paid her tuition fees.

"I really don't know. One of our association's activities is to keep the donor anonymous." the receptionist says

"I know, but it's important. I need to know who it is, or at least their address." Delilah says

"There's nothing even in the record." the receptionist continues  
"Whoever paid your fees knows you personally because we don't usually cover students' tuition fees unless it's a special case, and we don't pay this much. Whoever it was, they paid the rest out of their own pocket. But if you really want to know who, you'll have to go to each church in this region and ask them."

Night, a church outside of town. Delilah knocks on the church door. After a few moments, a nun opens the door. "Delilah?" says Sister Mary, smiling.

"Yes, it's me. That's not my real name. Valentine gave it to me,"

Delilah says.

Delilah enters the church and joins the two nuns and the priest for dinner. She notices that there are only four chairs.

“So you are Delilah. Valentine was right, you are really special,” says the priest

“I knew it was you as soon as you walked in,” Sister Martha says.

“Valentine said that when he watched you from afar, it was like watching the sky again. When he was fascinated by Mars, Jupiter, and even Venus he thought you were more beautiful. He wakes up early every morning to watch you from afar every chance he gets,” Sister Mary adds.

“Did he really say that?” Delilah smiles.

“I believe I asked you not to read his journals again,” the priest says to Sister Mary.

“Father, how many times has Valentine told us about a girl he met? I haven’t seen him write a single good thing about his life except for this girl,” Sister Mary retorts, looking at Delilah. “Finally, my prayers have been answered,” Sister Mary says, addressing Delilah.

“Is everything okay with Valentine? I don’t understand. Do you mean he lives here?” Delilah asks.

“He never had any other place to go,” Sister Mary replies.

“Valentine is indeed a special boy. I don’t know if it was luck or God’s will, but he didn’t have a happy life like the rest of us,” the priest says.

“Really? I’m sorry to hear that. What happened to him?” Delilah asks.

“I don’t think Valentine would be happy if we told you anything. He should be the one to tell you,” the priest replies.

“Okay, where is he? I’ve been calling him, but there’s no answer,” Delilah says.

“He’s probably at the grave,” Sister Mary starts to say but is interrupted by the priest.

“Maybe if you come back tomorrow or the day after, you’ll find him here,” the priest suggests.

Sister Mary escorts Delilah to the door. At the door, Delilah turns and pleads, “Please, Sister Mary, tell me where he is now. I want to see him, he does not answer the phone.”

“I’m sorry, but you heard the priest,” Sister Mary says apologetically.

Morning, In the classroom, Delilah watches the door while we hear the teacher explaining the lesson in the background.

In the evening, Delilah parks her car by the roadside outside of town. She stands on the same hill that Valentine had taken her

to, as if searching for something.

“he’s probably at the grave, he’s probably at the grave.” whispering.

Then she turn to where the cemetery is and moves

Delilah is walking between the graves, then she sees Valentine standing by a grave in a distance.

she approaches him without hesitation, wrapping her arms around him. She looks into his eyes and says softly

“Valentine, oh my God. You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me. I love you, Valentine.” she says.

Valentine freezes, seems surprised and afraid, quite

Delilah pulls out the handmade necklace from her bag.

“When I was a child, I made two necklaces. I always wanted to have one, and the other to give to the person I love. I think it’s meant for you” she hugs him again and says ” I love you.”

Valentine freezes, stunned by her declaration. He starts to have shortness of breath, and drops of blood fall on Delilah’s face. She looks up at him, concerned.

“Oh my God, Valentine, your nose. Are you okay?” she says.

She tries to reach out to touch him, but he steps back, terrified.

Without another word, he turns and runs away.

Delilah stands frozen, unable to understand what is happening, standing there in shock as we pull away from her.

PHILOPHOBIA : THE FEAR OF LOVE



Part 5 : the end

In a diner, the priest and Sisters Mary and Martha are having a meal. Sister Mary gets up.

“Okay, it’s my time now. Have a good day,” she says.

From inside Delilah’s car, we see Sister Mary leaving the restaurant. It’s clear Delilah has been following them.

At the vegetable market, we see how beloved Sister Mary is and how everyone knows her. She turns around and is surprised to see Delilah standing there. Sister Mary turns the other way and tries to avoid delilah, but Delilah follows her.

“Sister Mary, wait! Sister Mary!” Delilah calls out.

Delilah grabs her by the hand. “Please, Sister Mary, I need your help. I know you really care about Valentine, and I love him so much and want to help him overcome whatever this is. He won’t tell me anything. I’ll do anything for him. Please, Sister Mary,” Delilah pleads.

Sister Mary is moved and looks directly at Delilah. “You really love Valentine, don’t you?”

“You have no idea how much I love him. He’s a good person, kind, and loves helping others,” Delilah responds.

“What about his appearance?” Sister Mary asks.



Delilah smiles. "He's very handsome."

In a diner, Delilah and Sister Mary are having a cup of coffee.

"I don't know where to start, Delilah. Valentine may be the most unfortunate boy in this world, but he doesn't show anything. He's very social, and you wouldn't feel anything about him. For the first time in ten years, he went back to sleep on his father's grave," Sister Mary says.

Delilah interrupts, "Oh my God, does Valentine sleep in a cemetery? I thought it was just a place he went to."

"About ten years ago, the gravedigger there called Father Joseph. He told him about an orphan child sleeping on his father's grave who would always return no matter how many times he was driven away. Father Joseph went to investigate and found that his father was disabled and had killed himself after they lost their home. For several months, Valentine, then an eight-year-old child, was homeless with nowhere to go but his father's grave," Sister Mary explains.

Delilah is deeply touched.

"When Father Joseph brought him here, for nearly two years, Valentine would always run away and go back to sleep on his father's grave. Each time, Father Joseph would bring him back. He looked like a small kitten that didn't know where to go. He was very aggressive, but over time, he became calm and cheerful. He became someone else," Sister Mary continues.

“That’s because you loved him. Poor Valentine. What is he afraid of now? Where is his mother? Where was she?” Delilah asks.

“I can’t tell you anything about him. Father Joseph managed to convince him to write down his feelings instead of talking because he couldn’t express them. This helped him. I swore not to tell, but if you really care, I can bring you his journals to read. He writes everything there, and you’re the only good thing he wrote about. You have no idea how hard he worked to save up for your university fees. it took him days, He even completed it with his savings. Valentine loves you too; he’s just scared,” Sister Mary says.

“Scared of what?” Delilah asks.

“Just read his journals carefully. I’m sure you’ll understand,” Sister Mary replies.

At sunset, Delilah is outside her car. We see the church in the distance. Sister Mary arrives, carrying a notebook.

“Bring it back as soon as you’re done. I don’t know when Valentine might return,” Sister Mary says.

Delilah enters her apartment, she begins to read. We hear Valentine’s voice narrating.

“Montesquieu was right; we should weep for men at their birth, not at their death. Well, I do over my own.”

We see Valentine as a new born baby, crying alone in his room.

“Some say you raped Mom, and she got pregnant with me. Some say Mom was cheating on you, and i’m not even your son, Either way, I was born. Either way, Mom left. I never saw her in my life. I always wondered how she looks.”

In the same house, we see five-year-old Valentine looking at his father, scared and hiding behind a door.

“I don’t know why you kept me. You never looked at me as your own son. Never talked or played with me. Never sat at the same table for dinner.”

His father sits in a wheelchair. We see eight-year-old Valentine, scared and hiding behind a door, looking at his father.

“And when you had that accident, things just got worse. You lost your job, and then the house. Days later,”

Eight-year-old Valentine comes home from school. In the living room, he finds his father has hanged himself, his body hanging from the ceiling.

“I got back from school to find you hanging from the ceiling, giving up on me, your only child. I couldn’t believe it. I couldn’t accept it.”

After everyone leaves the funeral, young Valentine rests his head on his father’s grave.

“For the first time in my life, when I put my head on your grave, I felt you. I felt I had a father.”

We return to Delilah, now in her pajamas, clearly indicating that time has passed, still reading, still Valentine voice as narrator,

“I still have that nightmare, when all the neighborhood kids made fun of you, saying,”

We see the kid Valentine on the ground, surrounded by neighborhood kids. One sits in a wheelchair, laughing, and another holds a ball, bullying Valentine and laughing.

“My handicapped father can’t do anything, can’t defend me, and they’re taking my ball.

We zoom in on Valentien’s face, to see his deep sadness and shock

“All I wanted was to play. Why would they call my mother a whore? They didn’t know her.”

Valentine’s father seems angry, yelling at child Valentine who’s so scared, but we only here the voice over:

Why did you call her that?

We return to Delilah, who looks at the clock and sees it’s already midnight. She continues reading, turning the pages until she reaches the next part. we countinue with Valentine’s voice.

We see Valentine wakes up In Panic with short breaths

“For the first time in my life, my nightmares stopped since I first

saw her.”

We see Valentine watching Delilah from a distance in collage.

“She seemed like she was hiding from the world, just like me. All alone, every day. I felt the same way when I looked at the night sky for the first time. Like when I was mesmerized by Orion, Mars, and Jupiter. She was even more beautiful than Venus...”

We see her with two friends, the same ones she saw with her ex-boyfriend.

“Lately she shows up with two friends. The only thing special about them is that they are her friends, but,”

We see Valentine watching Delilah kiss her ex-boyfriend.

“She has a boyfriend. I saw them kissing this morning. She seemed so happy with him, and that’s enough.”

We see how deeply Delilah is affected by Valentine’s words. She turns the page.

“This morning,”

We see Valentine watching Delilah cry in her car, clearly affected.

“I saw her crying, again in her car. It seems she broke up with her boyfriend. I don’t see them together, but still, I can’t know why, and I don’t know what to do.”

Valentine waits for the bus. A guy around his age joins him and talks to him.

“I could only talk to a stranger. I was waiting for the bus, and he showed up.”

Valentine “Can I tell you about Delilah?”

Guy #1 “Who’s Delilah?”

Valentine “You don’t know her.”

Guy #1 is smiling “Okay... go ahead.”

Valentine talks to Guy #1, but we only hear the voiceover.

Various shots of Valentine watching Delilah in different scenes.

“I told him everything. How she walks, how she sits, how she drives her car. Everything I noticed about her. How she doesn’t seem to care about others, always alone. Even in the middle of people, she looks so special, so different.”

We return to Valentine and the Guy #1

Guy #1 ” Why didn’t you talk to her then? You should have.”

Valentine smiles “What would a girl like her do with a guy like me?”

We return to Delilah, still reading, looking deeply moved and

surprised. Valentine continues narrating.

“But he was right, I should. Maybe life is beautiful like Mary once told me. I just need to see its real beauty.”

We see the same scene from the beginning, but this time from Valentine’s perspective. Valentine knocks on the classroom door. The teacher opens it.

Valentine “Excuse me, ma’am. There’s a girl here named Delilah. The administration is calling for her.”

The teacher “I don’t think we have a Delilah here.”

Valentine pointing to Delilah “That girl!”

The teacher turns to Delilah “That one! That’s not... Okay, go with him and see what it’s about”

Valentine “You can bring your stuff.”

We return to Delilah, tears starting to flow, but she smiles.

We return to the first scene of Delilah and Valentine in the diner , having breakfast. Delilah is talking cheerfully, and Valentine is deeply contemplating her, but we hear only Valentine’s voiceover.

“This morning, I did the best thing in my life. God, her voice, how sweet it is, her hair, the way she talks. Is this what Mary meant when she said life is beauty? Is this what I’ve been missing all my life? What is this feeling called?

The morning that Guy#1 showed up, moments before Delilah reaches Valentine,

Guy#1 says " why did you tell me that yesterday"

"What you wanna me to say, I had none else to tell" Valentine with a really cold expressions

We return to Delilah, she turn the page, we start this time with a different narrative.

"I took Delilah to my favorite place, next to you."

Valentine stands by his father's grave, moments before she reaches, a look of sadness and coldness in his eyes.

"I couldn't tell her about you, not because I didn't trust her or feared her reaction. It's weird, but I don't want her to see my ugly side. I only want her to know my favoutite side."

We switch back to Valentine and Delilah on the hill. Delilah watches the town lights from afar, while Valentine gazes at her.

" I couldn't say How much I love her, how much I want her, how lovely she is, how beautiful she is. God, she doesn't even wear any makeup. I wish I told l her. I wish I just looked into her eyes and say, I love you. i really do, But... I'm not any good for her."

We see Delilah and her boyfriend heading to the cinema, holding hands.



“Delilah told me a few hours ago that she still loves that guy. Even if it’s not with me, she’ll be happy, and that’s enough.”

We return to Delilah holding a baby instead of the cat that they gave her

“I even had a dream with her. She was carrying our kid, I love her, Dad, just like I loved you. But this time, I can’t take emptiness in return, not anymore.

Delilah’s phone rings. “Hello, Sister Mary,” she says.

“Delilah, Valentine is back,” Mary responds.

At the church, Delilah rushes to the door and knocks. Mary quickly opens it.

“He went to town.” says Mary.

Delilah and Mary drive to the town center. Mary spots Valentine walking. “There he is!” she exclaims.

Delilah stops the car and gets out. “Valentine!” she calls out.

Valentine turns around, the same cold, sad look on his face.

“Valentine, please, it’s me, Delilah,” she says. “Give me your hand. I read your notebook. I’m really sorry for what happened to you. I feel so bad that I can’t do anything about it, nor can you. You don’t have to write it down anymore. You don’t need to talk to any stranger anymore. I am here. Talk to me. I love

you, Valentine. You are good for me, Valentine. You're such a sweet boy."

We see how Valentine is still afraid and hesitant. Delilah hugs Valentine.

"You don't have to be afraid of me or my love. You should only feel it."

Valentine starts hugging Delilah slowly, as if he had been waiting for this a long time.

"See, it doesn't hurt if it's with the right person, okay?" she says.

Delilah looks up at Valentine, his wide eyes filled with tears. He nods slowly.

she takes out the necklace from her pocket

"Here's, wear it" Delilah says.

Valentine wears the necklace

"Sister Mary," Delilah turns to Mary, "I want you to marry us, yeah."

We see how Valentine and Mary are shocked and surprised. "But I'm a nun," Mary starts to say. Delilah interrupts, "Yeah, that's why I wanted it to be you because we are all special, aren't we, Valentine?"

Valentine looks at Delilah with admiration. He places his hand on her cheek.

“I don’t know what to say. I guess I’ll go to the part where I announce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride,” Mary declares.

Valentine kisses, but adelilah stops him, ” how did you know where i live”,

Valentine starts smiling, ” i followed you Olivia”.

” you knew it all this time”. Delilah

Valentine tries to kiss her again, but she stops him, ” let me see your nose first, okay we are fine”.

Valentine kisses Delilah with deep passion. The camera pulls back.

Church, Set in dinner table, father Joseph, Mary, Martha, Valentine and Delilah, we see how they are enjoying the dinner as one family, and we see how Valentine and Delilah look at each other, while the priest and the nuns looking at them, we hear Delioah as voice over

“No ordinary person would turn away from love, as we all believe we’re entitled to it. But do we truly deserve it? I can’t say, and perhaps I’ll never know...”

In class, Valentine listens to the lesson and takes notes. In the

background, we hear the teacher. There's a knock on the door. The teacher stops and opens it. We hear Delilah's voice.

"Hello, sir. The administration wants a boy who studies here named Valentine," Delilah says.

A boy next to Valentine tells him to look at the door. Valentine looks, and we see Delilah standing at the doorway, pointing at him and smiling. Valentine brightens up, grabs his bag, and stands up.

Delilah' voiceover continues:

"...Yet, one thing remains clear: if you can love, then—and only then—do you deserve it. So please, whatever happens, let's not run from it. It can fix everything," Delilah concludes.

Fade to black

**The END, I HOPE YOU ENJOY IT :)**

PHILOPHOBIA : THE FEAR OF LOVE



A ROMANTIC DRAMA BY  
**PAM SCOTT**



FEAR OF LOVE  
**PHILOPHOBIA**

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***I made stories for people who feel sad, depressed and going through bad times, reading stories with good vibes will help you a lot***

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