

YOU NEVER BRING ME FLOWERS

Written by

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INT. SHELLEY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Soft jazz. A chunky MAN in silhouette, sits with his back to us at a table set for a romantic dinner. He fidgets.

INT. SHELLEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

SHELLEY, mid 20s and also on the portly side, carefully garnishes a large cooked steak. She goes to garnish a MASSIVE raw one then hesitates, sighs and gives up. Squaring her shoulders, she grabs the steak bearing plates and leaves.

INT. SHELLEY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Shelley nervously attempts to engage her guest with banter.

SHELLEY  
So you still don't eat ya greens.

Silence.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
Just playin'. This is nice, the two  
of us. Like old times, innit?

Still nothing. She takes a gulp of pink sparkling stuff.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
Thing is, Stewie, I'd moved on. Got  
new friends, joined a book club,  
redone the kitchen.

She takes another gulp of sparkling courage and ploughs on.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
Then I saw you eatin' Gillian from  
'cross the street.

Whip across to reveal STEWART, her portly former lover... now a ZOMBIE. He's tied to a chair and fighting to get at her.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
She had it comin'. But way you were  
crouched over her body, then looked  
up and saw me at the winda... Was  
just like the way you used to look  
at me.

Stewart's oblivious. All he wants is her. For dinner.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
Brought it all back, didn't it? The  
feelings, the love. And it made me  
think, ya know, that maybe, if I  
can still feel somethin' after all  
this time. Maybe, you can too.

Her voice wobbles uncertainly.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
 Coz what we had just can't vanish  
 into thin air. You can't just  
 suddenly forget what it was like.  
 Some bit of you still has to feel  
*something for me...* Stewie?

Noticing his stares, she goes over and picks up his steak.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
 Stewie, if ya can hear me, look at  
 this steak. C'mon, it's your fav...

But he only has eyes for her. She makes a desperate attempt  
 at peekaboo and he snarls angrily in protest.

Shelley lowers the steak in utter defeat.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
 Never choose me over a steak  
 before. You're not the same guy I  
 fell in love with.

She picks a handgun off the table and levels it at his head.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
 Guess this is goodbye, innit?

Sensing something, Stewart suddenly quietens and stares at  
 her. And Shelley sees a flicker of the man she loved.

Tentatively, she cups his face in her hands. They stare into  
 each others eyes. She rests her forehead on his.

He still doesn't move. She plants a soft kiss on his parted,  
 rotting lips. A *quiet moment of rotten, stinking love*.

Suddenly, Stewart jerks violently. His neck brace tears, his  
 head shoots forward and his teeth clamp down on Shelley's  
 bottom lip - HARD - and bites it clean off.

Blood splatters onto a Valentine's Day card on the table.

INT. SHELLEY'S DINING ROOM - LATER

On the mantelpiece: An old wedding photo depicts the couple  
 lovingly feeding each other cake.

Among the blood and debris, the now zombified couple lovingly  
 feed each other bits of a white, fluffy cat. Its tag reads "*I  
 belong to Gillian*".

*Til undeath do us part.*

THE END