

VALENTINE'S KISS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT.

The sound of old-school Soul fills the room as we slowly descend down a filthy, dark and damp stairwell leading into the basement proper.

DISK JOCKEY (V.O.)

It's doesn't get more soulful than that, folks. We're bringing you the finest love songs on this, less than, beautiful Valentine's Day.

A make-shift Bariatric autopsy table, parts wood and steel, stands proud in the centre of the dank room. On the table lays a figure, hidden by a large sheet that's covered in various, grotesque stains.

DISK JOCKEY (V.O.)

It may be raining outside, but we're here to bring you those rays of light you've been longing for. Let's keep the romance coming, for you and your 'special' other.

A large-framed man (40's) enters as more music fills the basement; he's wearing a cooking apron which is covered in blood, grease and other bodily discharges. His face is partly covered by a dirty hygiene mask.

The apron clings to his protruding stomach, as does a knife belt that contains an assortment of household knives.

The man finishes putting his bright yellow marigold gloves on, he clenches his fists to break his fingers into the skin tight latex.

He reaches up to turn on his spot light, which is nothing more than a large torch duct-taped to a crude T-bar shaped piece of wood.

The light beams down onto the sheet, exposing the various, repugnant, stain's that cover the sheet.

DISK JOCKEY (V.O.)

Mmm Mmm Mmm, now that's what I call a Valentine's Day treat.

The sheet pulls back to reveal a beautiful young woman (20's), blonde haired with blood dyed sections, her dead eyes starring up at the ceiling. There's a large wound to her forehead, which has recently been cleaned.

DISK JOCKEY (V.O.)

I hope that's got you and you're gorgeous partner in the mood for some extra sensual loving. Get the rose petals out fellas, this next one is strictly for your beautiful lady.

Music continues to flood the basement.

His yellow gloves run down the woman's grey face, stroking her cheek lovingly for a moment before he calmly reaches down to his knife belt, removing a large carving knife.

The man calmly runs the knife over her face with one hand, while caressing her with the other. He stops for a moment, looking at her grey face, her purple lips captivate him.

He runs his hand over her lips, pressing his index finger into her soft lips, prying through into her mouth.

Longingly he stares at her, before removing his finger. He leans down, closer and closer, towards her face. He stops just shy of her lips, he hovers there for a moment before lowering his mask.

THE MAN

(Whispering) I love you.

He gently lays a kiss on her.

He leans back to view her in full, he pulls the knife up towards her chest.

Her dead eyes continue to stare at the ceiling as blood spatters up over her face, her body rocking as the man carves into her chest.

DISK JOCKEY (V.O.)

Wasn't that romantic? I hope you've all gotten that secret admirer you've been longing for, or spent the evening with that special someone. That's all from us folks, don't let the weather stop that red-hot passion now you hear? Until next time.

The poor girls legs can be seen, swaying under the pressure of the man as he continues his butchery, as we leave back up the stairs as the sounds of loving soul music fades.

FADE OUT.