

Lonely Heart

by

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(2nd Draft)

FADE IN ON:

A BLOOD-SPATTERED SMART PHONE.

On the screen, a Twitter account shows the owner's final tweet: *"Boyfriend eaten alive. Had to kill my mum. WTF!! #Worstvalentinesdayever"*.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- NIGHT

The phone is nestled in the palm of a HALF-EATEN WOMAN, face down on the pavement. Litter, personal belongings and OTHER CORPSES are scattered across the street.

A few STAGGERING FIGURES loiter. Any other time, they'd be drunks, homeless. Today, it's the Walking Dead.

Bloody. Pale. Lumbering. GROANING.

One of the undead -- a TWENTY-SOMETHING with a gaping hole where his ribcage has split open -- gazes at a BEAUTIFUL LADY ZOMBIE nearby. A name-tag pinned to his torn shirt tells us he is (or was) "JOE".

Joe's lazy eyes catch sight of an abandoned bouquet of flowers, then a valentine's card depicting a cartoon man handing his heart to the woman of his dreams.

Joe glances back at the beauty. Shuffles closer, as she turns to him, indifferent.

Joe reaches into the hole in his chest and tears out his fetid, slime-covered heart. Offers it to her.

JOE
Uuuuunnnnnngg...?

She stares at it. Takes the organ and bites into it.

Spits out the mouthful. Not good. Tosses the heart on the tarmac. Shuffles away.

Joe eyes his ticker, forlornly, for a moment.

A STRAY DOG wonders over. Sniffs Joe's heart, gives it a testing lick. Turns its nose up and scampers off. The ultimate insult.

Joe turns his back on his heart, stumbles away. When --

-- The SQUELCHING-SLOOSHING sounds of somebody feeding stop him in his tracks.

He looks back to see: another UNDEAD LADY crouched, feasting on his discarded heart. She is much the worse for wear. Bits missing, hardly any hair or teeth left. Not a looker.

Joe observes her, as she finishes the last mouthful of his organ.

Feeling like she's being watched, she turns and their drunken eyes meet.

She looks away, sheepishly. Embarrassed by what she did.

Joe shuffles over to her, as she rises.

Peeved, he shows her his open palm, demanding compensation.

JOE (CONT'D)

Uuuuunnnnnnggg!

Understanding what he's after, she reaches into her chest cavity -- but all she has left is a left ventricle. She offers it.

Joe stares at it, skeptical. Takes it. Stuffs it into his mouth and chews, swallows.

They gaze at each other. Possibly having a moment.

She notices a piece of unfinished food stuck to the corner of Joe's mouth. She leans in and nibbles it, accidentally kissing him in the process.

As she chews her own heart -- Joe is smitten.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- DAWN

Silhouetted, the couple stumble off into the sunrise.

Joe takes her hand -- but her arm falls out of its socket, SLAPPING against the floor.

It doesn't bother Joe, who simply continues to drag it behind him.

FADE OUT.