

YOU USED TO BRING ME FLOWERS

Written by

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2nd draft
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INT. SHELLEY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Soft jazz. Photos on the mantelpiece: a happy, normal couple - Shelley and Stewart. A MAN in silhouette, with his back to us sits at a table set for a romantic dinner. He fidgets and shifts in his seat.

INT. SHELLEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

SHELLEY, mid 20s, takes a MASSIVE steak off the heat - it's still almost completely raw. She places it on a separate plate next to a perfectly cooked one with veggies. She garnishes the cooked one and is about to garnish the raw, then hesitates, sighs and gives up. Squaring her shoulders, she grabs the plates and leaves.

INT. SHELLEY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Shelley nervously picks at her food.

SHELLEY

This is nice, isn't it? The two of us. Like old times. Before, you know -

No response. She takes a gulp of pink sparkling bubbles.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Thing is, Stewie, I'd moved on. Got new friends, joined a book club, re-did the kitchen. I was happy, you know?

Still nothing. Another gulp of sparkling courage.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Then I saw you eatin' Gillian from 'cross the street.

Whip across to reveal STEWART, her former husband... now ZOMBIE. Tied to a chair, he's struggling frantically to get at her. As if on cue, he snarls.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong, she had it comin' - letting that bloody cat crap in the garden all the time. But the way you were crouched over her body, then looked up and saw me at the window...it was just like the way you used to look at me.

Stewart's oblivious and still fighting to get at her.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Brought it all back, you know. The feelings, the love. And it made me
(MORE)

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 think, ya know, that maybe, if I
 can still feel somethin' - even
 after everything that's happened to
 you - 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)
 Been years since you chose me over
 a steak. You're not the same guy I
 fell in love with. Are you?

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

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
 Guess this is goodbye, Stewart.

Sensing a change in atmosphere, Stewart stops struggling and
 stares right at her. Shelley thinks she 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 gentle 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. 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.