

I Won't Forget

by
Rob Warren

Rob Warren
Email: robert.warren81@gmail.com

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The inside of a typical young woman's bedroom.

On the bedside table is a Polaroid with 'Jonny hearts Alice' scrawled on its white border.

INT. ALICE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sound of gentle splashing comes from the tub.

A hand slowly crawls out to grip the edge. The hand is peeling and decomposing, nails have fallen off.

Alice emerges. She is a Zombie.

Her once youthful face is now broken and seeping. The water she lies in is rancid brown.

INT. JONNY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Jonny, also a decomposing Zombie, stands in front of his bathroom mirror. He tries to shave but the razor catches and pulls a flap of skin away from his face.

INT. ALICE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Alice tries to apply lipstick but half her lips are missing exposing teeth and gum, which she draws on anyway.

INT. JONNY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Jonny has tried to blot the latest fissure to his face with toilet paper but it slops off soaked with ooze.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The winter sun shines on a deserted housing estate.

With all her efforts, Alice hasn't done too badly with the corpse of a body she's had to dress.

All this is spoiled when one of her high heels snaps. Her zombie shuffle is now even more wonky.

Looking up ahead on the street corner a solution presents itself: a Zombie hooker.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Alice removes and tosses aside a broken foot from her new hooker heels.

The groaning prostitute is pulling itself along the floor in pursuit, both feet removed and leaving a bloody trail. But it is too slow as Alice totters off triumphantly.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

Jonny, holding a bunch of flowers, shuffles through the town centre.

In his line of sight is a fortified 4x4 in the middle of the road. The driver, a scruffy man in army fatigues, looks confused for a moment before HONKING THE HORN.

Out of the shop runs another man, clutching a bag of supplies. He tosses it into the vehicle and climbs in.

The driver stares at Jonny. Jonny is frozen with fear.

PASSENGER

What you waiting for? Get the
bastard!

The 4x4 drives straight at Jonny, and ploughs through him, knocking him flying. The lads whoop as they speed off.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Alice is waiting at a table. Guiltily eats a cockroach.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DUSK

The sun goes down on the deserted street.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - EVENING

A Zombie waiter shuffles out of the kitchen with two plates of human offal. He sets one down in front of Alice and the other at the empty seat. He grinds black pepper. Then goes to grate parmesan but without actual parmesan he is grating his hand. Finger cheese done he leaves Alice alone.

Alice looks at the empty seat. A tear runs down her cheek.

The door to the restaurant opens. Jonny shambles in. His whole body has been wrenched into unnatural angles and an arm partly hangs off, dangling.

But in his good hand he clutches a salvaged flower.

Jonny and Alice hobble together to enjoy a squelching kiss.