

Bloody Heart

By

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EXT. MONTAGE - DAY

- Dramatic music fades in slowly
- unclear footprints are on a sandy path
- moving forward the prints appear closer together
- light panting can be heard occasionally through the music
- Fades into a pathway in the middle of an empty field
- Gradually getting closer to the woods at the edge of the field
- Panting gets louder
- Someone is running with a limp into the woods in the distance
- The breaking twigs and panting get louder once more

(Feet pan up to the back of Jacksons head for POV shot)

- A scream bellows from behind JACKSON, he slowly turns his head at an angle to face where it came from.

- Ends with Jackson running with a limp towards the source of the sound

(camera pans back to POV shot)

EXT. WOODS - DAY

UNKNOWN VOICE VO

(shouting)

Run.. Run get away. Go!

JACKSON LIMPS past some BRANCHES and TWIGS SNAP under his feet.

UNKNOWN VOICE VO

(Quiet and Panicky)

Don't fall. Do not fall

Screams continue in the distance. Jackson GRUNTS and GROANS while picking up the pace. As he passes some trees his Muddy hands brush over them. He trips and lands on the ground with a THUMP.

Jackson half crawls half pulls himself forward. Grabbing a severed limb.

JACKSON VO
(Crying)
Oh for fuck sake

He begins ripping into the to limp blood pouring. He brings himself up to his knees and tilts his head back.

JACKSON VO
REALLY? This... Again

Jackson hears someone run past behind him. But continues eating.

A single gun shot echos.

JACKSON VO
No. Come back.

He gets up, turns around and lunges forward.

JACKSON VO
(Desperately)
Come on. Do it.

Another gunshot Rings out and Jackson trips as the Bullet hits the tree next to him

JACKSON VO

AHHH FUCK

He crawls forwards slowly, He tries pushing himself of the floor, he falls with, breaking some twigs beneath him. He grunts and tries again, this time falling onto his elbows. He tries for a final time and finally brings himself to his knees and lumbers off in the same direction as the gunman.

JACKSON VO
How did this even happen, get up.
Work. Game. Beer then nada. The day
just didn't end.

Will it ever end, will I sleep. more
important. Can I ever eat **Food**.

Pause

Surely my brain would just.

JACKSON VO
(Slightly high pitched)

poof

Jackson lets out a light pitched hum.

JACKSON VO

Am I the only one are the others
conscious. Conscious? eh I mean
whatever this is. What if I die
alone?? Will I die.

Please Jesus can I, or satan? or does
this require the workings of the she
devil step mother. ehhhh.

FADE

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Jackson is still wandering aimlessly, GROANING occasionally.

JACKSON VO
Where the hell has this asshole gone?
He has one job. ONE Job, not exactly
like he has anything else to be doing
right now.

Pause

All he has to do is point that gun at
my fucking head. I could do that
well.. maybe I could.

He Groans and heavily changes direction and faces another
zombie.

JACKSON VO
Huh?

The female zombie is wearing all PINK, covered in dirt and
blood. She turns to face Jackson, gets close to him and looks
him up and down with an empty groan and LABOURED SNIFFS.

Jackson, hunched over, stares back at the female zombie. She continues to stare aimlessly.

JACKSON VO
(awkward laughing)
Well.. Hi. Umm... okay... I have her
attention now I guess. Right

Pause

(Sternly)
Right?... So, do you have a name?

The female zombie begins to walk away. Jackson follows behind.

JACKSON VO
(Slightly louder)
well I guess I'll name you Dolores
because pink and all that, just please
don't have **the** attitude.

Dolores looks back at Jackson briefly. She turns left and continues trudging through the woods.

JACKSON VO
slight attitude then, I'll accept
that.
(slowly and quieter)
I will accept that.

Jackson lets out a tiny growl. He and Dolores stare at each other again briefly. Jackson peers over her shoulder and begins walking past her.

JACKSON VO
Right... wait urrrm, hope she stays
right there then.

Dolores turns around.

He limps over to a pile of flesh in the distance and collapses into the ground with a STAMMERED THUD.

JACKSON VO
(Gagging)
Nope... God no.. j-arghhhhhhhhh

Jackson begins to grab some pieces and brings it to his mouth to eat. Blood drips down the sides of his mouth and the limbs squelch in his hands. He reaches down again to messily tear more from the corpse. Looking up there's a bloody cloth tied to the tree.

JACKSON VO
Ohhh... Lovely, now if you don't mind
I would like to leave and find
Dolores.

The flesh in his hands clumsily drops to the ground with a WET THUD.

JACKSON VO
Okayyyy, we won't then

He bends forwards and SLAMS a hand into the ground while reaching forwards with the other, tearing the remains on the ground. he brings up a BLOODY HEART.

JACKSON VO
(disgusted)
I mean if I **Have** to carry it, I guess
she'd like that...Right?

Pause

Yeah why not

He loudly gets up STAMMERING a little.

JACKSON VO
Right.... yes we're getting
somewhere... Shit

He looks back to where he stood with Dolores and she's nowhere to be seen.

JACKSON VO
Scratch the slight attitude, 100
million percent attitude.

He sways left then right, then proceeds slowly forward.

Fade

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jackson continues to stumble around and as a figure appears in the distance.

JACKSON VO
Is it? oooh

Jackson swiftly turns to the left to walk back on himself.

JACKSON VO
(Yelling)

ahhhhh, no o-ther waayyy.

Jackson collapse on the ground face first.

(Muffled and spitting)
Really... come on... turn. Around.

With the heart still in his hand he clumsily gets himself back up and sways back to face the figure in the distance. As he gets closer he sees the dirty pink clothing.

Dolores is sitting at a bench staring aimlessly ahead and swaying. fresh blood is on her face and hands.

JACKSON VO
Ahh went for lunch I see

Jackson slowly staggers towards her and sits diagonally from her. Throwing limply the Heart next to her. His arm remains awkwardly positioned on the table.

JACKSON VO
ohhh, whattt?

Fuck... of course she doesn't want it.
Who the hell would want **that**.

A branch falls behind him and he turns slightly and the back of his hand pushes the heart closer to her.

JACKSON VO
Why the heck did you do that... yes of course put it closer to her what could go wrong?

Dolores shudders slightly with a pondering groan. She reaches both hands forward and grabs the heart letting the blood drip between her fingers. She brings it closer to her using both hands and breaks it in two. Raising one to her mouth and crushing the second in her other hand.

JACKSON VO

(Excitedly)

Oh shit. wow. Okay this is going great. wow. okay. what next... well what do girls i mean dead.. not dead..weird walking dead sexy ladies like?

Dolores drops one piece of the heart and gets up. A gun shot rings out. Still hunched over she turns towards the sound. Another bullet is fired. She heavily gets up swinging her arms and begins limping over. Jackson pulls himself up and walks in the same direction.

JACKSON VO

She's a bit quiet isn't she? I guess maybe I could ask her some/

hold up

Can I talk? Can **She** Talk? what are we? Could this just be some wicked ass worldwide trip cause... I won't be mad

They continue walking towards the sound of the gunshot. Voices yell in the distance.

UNKNOWN VOICE

(Fearfully)

Come on, we have to move.

JACKSON VO

People??? hmmm Hey, so, um what brings you here? Do you know know these people?

Screams bellow in the distance once again, there's also shouting and more gunshots.

JACKSON VO

a fight? People??

Dolores slips slightly on a metal sign removing some mud from on top. As Jackson walks passed he reads it

JACKSON VO

Restricted access, keep oh. where the
hell are we.