

BLOOD RED SHOES

"GLORIA GAYNOR"

Written by
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FADE IN:

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

ALEX creeps forward towards the approaching ZOMBIES. There are DOZENS of them, grotesque, rotting corpses.

He pauses, glancing at the nearest one. She's a tall, former model by the looks of her - wobbling dangerously on eight inch Lady Gaga heels.

ALEX

Oh, honey.

He PUSHES her lightly. She TUMBLES backwards, helpless, falling to the ground.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Wrong occasion for heels.

Running forward, Alex SMACKS the door of the chicken coop with his shovel. Hurrying to the back of the fence, he YELLS loudly, BANGING the fence with his shovel.

Clucking in fright, the CHICKENS run and flap out of the open coop, taking off in different directions.

Entranced, many of the approaching zombies are distracted, chasing after the flapping birds.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Sorry, guys.

Alex turns to run back towards the van, but finds two ZOMBIES blocking his path. They SNAP their jaws threateningly.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Alex SWINGS his shovel, SMACKING the first zombie across the face. Its head SNAPS to the side, hanging on its neck at the oddest of angles.

But it keeps coming.

Alex backs away fearfully as another ZOMBIE joins them.

BEN (O.S.)

Alex!

Alex's back hits the wall of the chicken coop. He's surrounded.

By the van, BECK stares in horror. BEN scrambles out of the van, quickly followed by NAOMI.

BEN (CONT'D)
We have to do something!

Naomi grabs his arm, forcing him back. The zombies are quickly losing interest in the chickens, turning their attention to the survivors.

NAOMI
They're going to block us in. We can't.

BEN
Naomi, it's Alex!

Naomi nods, staring fearfully at Alex.

NAOMI
We ... we can't.

BECK
But I can.

Beck SNATCHES the baton out of Naomi's hand and sprints across the courtyard.

Ben and Naomi stare, shocked, as Beck SMASHES the back of the nearest zombie's head in.

It falls to the ground and Beck LEAPS at the next one, wrapping her arms and legs around it, knocking it off balance!

Surprised, Alex STABS with his shovel, SKEWERING the face of the other zombie.

ALEX
Mum, come on!

Wrestling with the zombie on the ground, Beck gain the upper hand, laying the poor thing out with PUNCH after PUNCH!

NAOMI
In the van, now!

Naomi SHOVES Ben back into the van and climbs into the driver's seat. She starts the engine.

Alex grabs Beck's arm, dragging her off the struggling zombie.

ALEX
Mum, stop.

BECK
Well, what's a giant piss up without a massive punch up at the end of it?

Alex grins, and starts to drag her towards the van. With a SCREAM, she falls down.

Alex turns, shocked, as the punched out zombie grabs hold of her legs, dragging her back.

ALEX

No!

BECK

Alex!

The zombie BITES into Beck's calf, taking a big chunk out of the exposed skin.

Beck screams, KICKING out and freeing herself. Alex drags her back to her feet and STABS his shovel down into the zombie's neck with a SQUELCH!

SWINGING, he lops the head of a zombie trying to sneak up on them.

ALEX

We have to go! Come on!

BECK

Alex, no.

She pulls back, removing her arm from his grasp.

ALEX

We don't have time to sit around and -

BECK

I've been bitten. I might have missed all this crazy shit because I was lying in a pool of my own vomit and dreaming about sitting on Daniel Craig's face, but I know what that means.

She grabs the shovel from him.

BECK (CONT'D)

If I go with you, I'm going to turn into one of those things.

(beat)

I know you think I'm a monster, but I don't *literally* want to be one.

ALEX

(beat)

I don't think that. And I don't want you to -

BECK

Alex, I'm already dead.

She smiles.

BECK (CONT'D)
Let me do this for you.

Alex hesitates.

But for only a moment before he turns and climbs into the van. The door slides closed behind him.

Beck watches, smiling peacefully as the van drives away, SMASHING through another fence and into the countryside beyond.

Beck turns as the zombies crowd behind her, attempting to follow the van.

She sneaks a hand inside her cleavage, pulling out a tiny bottle of vodka. She downs the whole lot, smacking her lips, before raising the shovel.

BECK (CONT'D)
Right then. Who wants it?

She SLAMS the shovel into the nearest zombie. It goes down. Another grabs her from behind.

She SMACKS her head back into its face.

ZOMBIE
Uhh!

Beck turns, bringing the shovel down to BASH the zombie's skull in!

Two more grab her, another, another. In moments she's surrounded, but she keeps fighting. Shovel, fist, foot, she struggles.

BECK
Come on then, you filthy fuckers!
Choke on me, you -

Beck screams as a zombie TEARS into her shoulder. Another BITES into her leg, another her side.

She KICKS OUT - a zombies goes flying. But he's quickly replaced by two others.

With one final scream, Beck's eyes roll into the back of her head, a zombie BITING into her throat.

And then, with a wet TEAR - she's ripped into four parts, zombies falling backwards, their pieces claimed!

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Naomi drives. FAL sits in the passenger seat, cleaning shit off his heels with a wet wipe.

The others sit in the back, Ben laying a comforting arm around Alex's shoulder. RUTH lies next to him, her head in his lap.

BETTY sits with ROSE, crying softly. Rose holds her hand. JEREMY sits staring at the door blankly.

Naomi and Fal glance at each other, before Fal looks back at the others and the awkward silence.

Looking back at Naomi, she shrugs. Fal clears his throat.

FAL

(sings)

*At first I was afraid,
I was petrified,
Kept thinking I could never live
without you by my side,
And I spent oh so many nights
thinking how you did me wrong,
But I grew strong,
I learned how to get along ...*

He pauses. The others look at him, eyebrows raised.

FAL (CONT'D)

What? It seems oddly fitting.
(beat; sighs)
Fine. Whatever.

Rose glances at Ben, smirking.

BEN/ROSE

(sings)

*Oh, now go,
Walk out the door,
Just turn around now,
You're not welcome anymore.*

BEN/ROSE/NAOMI

(sings)

*Weren't you the one who tried to
break me with goodbye?*

Fal laughs.

BEN/ROSE/NAOMI/FAL

(sings)

*Did you think I'd crumble?
Think I'd lay down and die?
Oh not I.*

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

As the van speeds away into the distance.

SURVIVORS (V.O.)

(sings)

*I will survive,
Oh as long as I know how to love,
I know I'll stay alive.
I've got all my life to live
And I've got all my love to give,
I will survive, I will survive,
hey, hey.*

FADE TO:

EXT. PLYMOUTH STREET - DAY

The van drives down a deserted street. Smashed up cars litter the pavement.

BODIES lie here and there, the concrete splattered in blood. Buildings have been burned, smashed up, looted.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Naomi and Fal look around in horror. Rose peers over the divide, looking out the windshield.

NAOMI

Something tells me this isn't the safe haven we thought it was. It's worse than Pegg.

ROSE

No. The road is clear.

FAL

Honey, we're not interested in a traffic update right now.

ROSE

No, I mean someone's cleared the road. The cars have been moved out of the way.

Naomi frowns.

NAOMI

But who?

ROSE

I don't know but -

The van SPLUTTERS and STOPS.

NAOMI

Shit!

She turns the key in the ignition. It won't even rev.

ALEX

What's going on?

NAOMI

I told you we were running on fumes! We should have stopped at that last service station.

FAL

Yeah, I wanted to see if they had the latest Vogue.

ROSE

A service station in Devon? You'd be lucky to find the latest TV Magazine.

ALEX

We're going to have to walk.

JEREMY

We don't even know where we're going.

ALEX

Well we can't sit here. We're too out in the open.

Jeremy salutes.

JEREMY

Yes sir.

Alex glares.

BEN

Jeremy, whoever the fuck you think you are? Shut your fucking mouth before I shut it for you.

(beat)

With a -

He holds up a WRENCH, looking at it like it's an alien.

BEN (CONT'D)

A, uh ...

ROSE

Wrench, honey.

BEN

Right. With a wrench.

NAOMI

Let's go. We need to get Ruth to a doctor.

Alex nods.

EXT. PLYMOUTH STREET - CONTINUOUS

The survivors gather outside the van, Alex and Ben holding Ruth upright between them.

They glance around, not even sure where to go.

NAOMI

Someone pick a direction. Any direction.

JEREMY

(groans)
We're all going to die.

BETTY

This way.

Betty starts to march to the left.

BEN

Why that way?

BETTY

Why not?

The others glance at each other, before quickly following.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Doesn't really matter anyway.
Whichever way we go we're bound to run into zombies.

(beat)

It's like walking around London and not expecting to run into Big Issue people. It's stupid.

The survivors turn a corner and pause. A ZOMBIE stares back at them.

Alone, it was once a young girl of secondary school age. Still in her uniform, she cocks her head to one side.

BEN

Shit.

BETTY

Told you.

Rose cocks her shotgun, taking aim.

ROSE

It's just one. Nobody panic.

FAL

Honey, at this point, I think we passed panicking about five hundred fucking ugly zombies ago.

BETTY

She's just a girl. Do we have to shoot her?

Rose rolls her eyes.

ROSE

Dear God. *Really?*

BETTY

I'm just saying that maybe we could help her. Domesticate her. *Ooh*, we could have a pet zombie. That would be lovely.

(to Alex)

It would just be like having your mum back again.

ALEX

Just shoot the bloody thing already!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The survivors cry out in surprise, ducking for cover as the zombie is RIDDLED with bullets!

They stare in shock as the zombie girl is completely TORN APART, the hail of bullets just a *little* bit overkill for one zombie.

Silence.

Naomi lowers her hands from her ears, glancing around at the street.

NAOMI

What ... the *hell* was that?

VOICE (O.S.)

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

The survivors turn, frowning as LIEUTENANT JAMES VAUGHN strides towards them. Dressed in Royal Marine uniform, he's handsome, well-built, a glittering charm behind his eyes.

He also carries a very BIG GUN.

Rose, Naomi and Fal instantly stand up straight, smoothing down their hair, their mouths slightly ajar.

ROSE/NAOMI/FAL

Hi.

He takes no notice.

JAMES

Are you people stupid? Walking around the city by yourselves is just asking to be ripped open and turned into a sushi bar.

Ben and Alex frown at each other.

BEN

Sushi?

JAMES

Yeah. Because ... you know, raw meat and stuff?

A beat.

ALEX

So by the uniform -

ROSE

Which is very dashing by the way.

Naomi elbows her in the ribs.

ALEX

I'm assuming you're from this supposed safe place.

James nods.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Can you take us there?

JAMES

Yeah. I'm sorry, I thought you lot just wandered off. We haven't had any new survivors for a while now.

BEN

We have wounded. We need to see a doctor.

James nods, glancing around. The survivors watch expectantly. A long beat.

James frowns.

JEREMY
(beat)
He's fucking lost.

JAMES
I am not!

JEREMY
You are!

JAMES
I'm not! I'm just a bit ... turned
around, that's all.

James sighs, defeated. The survivors glance around at each other.

Fucking perfect.

FADE TO BLACK.