

(JIMMY, SUSAN, and SAM approach it reverently. JIMMY picks it up, realizing it is tiny.)

(Pause. JIMMY considers the spaceship.)

**JIMMY.** Aw dang it.

**SAM.** How do we fit in it?

**JIMMY.** I cut you up into tiny pieces and stuff you inside.

**SUSAN.** Well...what do we do now?

**NARRATOR 2.** Bonus Method 11! Cannibalism!

**SAM.** So I found this bottle of hot sauce...

**SUSAN.** Wait a minute. Guys. If we eat each other, we're no better than the bloodthirsty army of zombies that has ravaged the surface world. We're better than that. I mean Jimmy—you're valuable to humanity because of your knowledge of pop culture references—

**JIMMY.** I like Family Guy.

**SUSAN.** And Sam...underneath your pathetic exterior I'm sure there are some valuable qualities in there somewhere. And I'm a girl. I say, instead of resorting to cannibalism, let's resort to cannibalism.

(Pause. They consider this.)

**SAM.** All right let's eat her first.

**JIMMY.** There's another way. Huddle.

(They huddle.)

Eat the Narrators.

(They grab NARRATOR 1 and NARRATOR 2.)

**NARRATOR 1.** Help! I'm too pretty to die!

**NARRATOR 2.** Eat him first! He's Italian!\*

(\*If NARRATOR 1 is very clearly not Italian, you can add the following line, "NARRATOR 1. What? Do I look Italian?")

(They are about to devour NARRATOR 1.)

**NARRATOR 1.** Bonus Method 12! Leave the Play! That's right. You heard me. There are no zombies.

**NARRATOR 2.** Are you telling me that the government has been wasting taxpayer money preparing for this? That's preposterous!

**NARRATOR 1.** That's what I'm telling you! Zombies are like Werewolves and Vampires and sober Irishmen!\* Figments of your imagination!

*(\*If this joke would offend Irish people who can't take a joke, or drunks who don't want to be associated with Ireland, you can substitute the following other imaginary things:*

- Fair elections
- Tasty scones
- Nice French people.)

**SAM.** You're saying that we can leave?

**NARRATOR 1.** Yes.

**SUSAN.** Just walk away.

**NARRATOR 2.** And we'll forget this whole thing happened.

**JIMMY.** All right. We'll back away slowly. If you narrate anything, you're dead.

**NARRATOR 1.** Got it.

*(JIMMY, SUSAN, and SAM slowly back away. Just as they get to the wings-NARRATOR 2 jumps in.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** *(Very quickly.)* And-then-the-zombies-ate-them!

*(ZOMBIES capture JIMMY, SUSAN, and SAM and drag them off.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Ha ha ha suckers! Never trust the narrators! We're like the media!

**NARRATOR 2.** And the moral of the story is: There is no survival. You are doomed. Make peace with your inevitable fate and accept the--

**NARRATOR 1.** No no no. There is one more way. Totally foolproof.

**NARRATOR 2.** What's that?

**NARRATOR 1.** Love.

**NARRATOR 2.** Love?

**NARRATOR 1.** That's right. If we all just love each other, and believe in peace, humanity will be just fine.

**NARRATOR 2.** And also destroy the scientists working on potential zombie-causing plagues.

**NARRATOR 1.** That's a given.

**NARRATOR 2.** ...yeah.

(NARRATOR 1 and NARRATOR 2 stand shoulder-to-shoulder gazing out at their bright future.)

**NARRATOR 1.** So if I was the last guy on earth—

**NARRATOR 2.** I'd date the zombies.

**NARRATOR 1.** Just wondering.

*(Lights fade.)*

*End of Play*