

**JIMMY.** EVERYONE JUST NEEDS TO KEEP CALM!

**SUSAN.** We need a plan.

**JIMMY.** GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF SUSAN! THIS IS NO TIME TO PANIC! AAAAAAAAAAH!

*(JIMMY runs off in the wrong direction.)*

**SAM.** Wait, Jimmy, that was—

*(The ZOMBIES eat JIMMY.)*

The wrong way.

*(The ZOMBIES drag off JIMMY's body.)*

**CHRISTY.** I've got an idea. Stand near me guys.

**SAM.** Are you going to use your body as a meat shield?

**CHRISTY.** What? No. That's gross.

**SAM.** Fine. Don't do that.

*(The ZOMBIES enter.)*

**ZOMBIE 1.** Braiiiiins.

**ZOMBIE 2.** Braiiiiins.

**CHRISTY.** Welcome Zombies!

**ZOMBIE 1.** Braiins?

**ZOMBIE 2.** Braiiins?

**CHRISTY.** Yes. It is time to use our brains.

*(Perhaps CHRISTY puts on glasses or a sport jacket with elbow patches.)*

Have a seat. Before you devour me and my friends I want you to think about this: will eating us make you happy? Will it fill the aching hole in your heart? You see, I know a little something about zombies. I spent most of my time in college studying them in literature. I know that you represent the materialistic culture of the modern world, the conspicuous consumption of resources by an ever-growing population. The desire for more, more, more. More television programs. More instant gratification. We're all engaged in a deterministic and insatiable struggle to replace the arboreal pre-human universe with a mechanized post-labor society in which our needs are commodified into a wheel of gratification and release. Or, as others might argue, you represent the ultimate otherness, the threat of non-being which originates in the fragility of our own constructed gender norms.

ZOMBIE 1. I hadn't thought about that.

ZOMBIE 2. (Concurring:) Brains.

CHRISTY. So you see, your desire to consume us is really a reflection of our desire to consume everything.

ZOMBIE 1. But how then can I escape the circular nature of my being?

ZOMBIE 2. Brains?

CHRISTY. I think we must confront and subvert the standard zombie paradigm.

ZOMBIE 1. But how is that possible when we exist as a subversion of a standard paradigm already? In fact, I'd argue that you are a subversion of my paradigm. That you are, in fact, my great white whale, that which must be strived for and never attained.

ZOMBIE 2. Word.

ZOMBIE 1. Therefore, if I were to eat you, I would cease to have reason to exist.

CHRISTY. I think that is a very rational assessment of the situation.

ZOMBIE 1. How then, might we move forward?

CHRISTY. I think we need to start an organic farm.

ZOMBIE 1. Agreed.

ZOMBIE 2. Question.

CHRISTY. Proceed.

ZOMBIE 2. What's going on?

CHRISTY. We're using our brains.

ZOMBIE 2. Brains? Braaaaaains.

ZOMBIE 1. Oh snap out of it.

ZOMBIE 2. Sorry. I have urges.

CHRISTY. I have to say, this is a refreshing conversation and I'm glad that we could come to this accord.

ZOMBIE 1. Absolutely.

(ZOMBIE 1 stands up to shake hands.)

(SUSAN shoots\* both ZOMBIES. They die.)

(\*If guns are not allowed in your production, she can club them in the back of the head with a clublike-device.)