

NARRATOR 1. Global warming.

NARRATOR 2. Makes sense.

Method I: Sacrifice the Weak

NARRATOR 1. Method Number One. Sacrifice the weak!

(The SURVIVORS enter.)

JIMMY. Come on, once we make that ridge then we'll have a good vantage point!

SUSAN. It's no use! We're all gonna die!

JIMMY. Snap out of it Susan! I love you!

SUSAN. I just met you!

JIMMY. I must warn you: I fall in love quickly and then I fall out of love equally quickly.

SUSAN. I love you too!

JIMMY. Too late I've moved on! Come on people!

(SUSAN dashes off.)

SAM. Who put you in charge, anyway?

JIMMY. I did. You got a problem with that?

SAM. No. I was just wondering. Hey is that girl single now?

(SAM dashes off.)

JIMMY. Focus people! Move it!

(CHRISTY tries to make it—she's limping.)

Come on Christy!

(CHRISTY falls down.)

CHRISTY. I'm hurt. I can't make it. Leave me behind.

JIMMY. Okay.

(JIMMY starts to leave.)

CHRISTY. That's it?

JIMMY. Yeah, what?

CHRISTY. You're just going to leave me?

JIMMY. That's what you told me to do.

CHRISTY. I didn't mean it.

JIMMY. Then why did you say it?

CHRISTY. I was hoping you'd pick me up and carry me.

JIMMY. Oh come on.

CHRISTY. You're not going to pick me up?

JIMMY. Christy—listen to me, and listen to me carefully. When those zombies come to get you, the fact that you're a good-sized meal is going to keep them occupied for a while so the rest of us can get away. We'll remember you fondly. Can I take a lock of your hair to remember you by?

CHRISTY. I think my leg is feeling better. I can probably limp there.

JIMMY. No that's okay.

CHRISTY. No I'm all right now. I can make it.

(CHRISTY stands up.)

See? I can walk I can—

JIMMY. No that ankle looks bad you better take some weight off it—sit down, have a soda. Wait for the end.

CHRISTY. I'm not doing that let's go!

JIMMY. All right you first.

(CHRISTY starts to head off. JIMMY knocks her in the back of the head and she falls over.)

(JIMMY looks around. Then runs off.)

(ZOMBIES enter, moving fairly quickly. They eat CHRISTY.)

NARRATOR 1. Ding!

NARRATOR 2. I feel a little sick there.

NARRATOR 1. And that's what leadership is all about. Making tough choices. Moral of the story: Don't twist your ankle.

NARRATOR 2. I don't know that Jimmy was a very good leader there—

Method II: Trick the Zombies

NARRATOR 1. And moving on! Method Number 2: Trick the Zombies!

NARRATOR 2. How do you trick Zombies?

NARRATOR 1. Behold!

(The SURVIVORS enter.)

SUSAN. They're gaining on us!

SAM. There's too many of them!

JIMMY. Snap out of it!

CHRISTY. I'm frightened.

SUSAN. That's a really helpful contribution Christy. I mean, seriously, when I'm running for my life it never would have occurred to me to be frightened. That was so perceptive of you to weigh in with a report on your emotional state like that. Like wow. Really? You're frightened?

CHRISTY. I was just trying to say things.

SUSAN. You know what? Next time you have the urge to speak I want you to go through a little checklist, okay? Number 1: Is what I'm about to say obvious? Number 2: Does what I have to say contribute to eliminating the global zombie menace? Number 3: Am I saying this in a unique and clever way? And number—

CHRISTY. Too late! They're here!

SUSAN. That wasn't—

(They look up. They are surrounded by ZOMBIES.)

CHRISTY. Zombies!

(The ZOMBIES approach.)

I'm frightened.

SAM. Anyone have any good ideas?

(The ZOMBIES advance.)

We're running out of time here!

CHRISTY. Look out behind you!

(The ZOMBIES turn to look behind them. CHRISTY and the boys run off.)

SUSAN. Seriously? You're going with "Look out behind you"? That's what you're going to do?

(She looks around.)

Guys? Guys?

(The ZOMBIES realize there's nothing behind them and advance on SUSAN.)

SUSAN. I'm frightened.

NARRATOR 1. Ding!

NARRATOR 2. That was clever.

NARRATOR 1. Yeah. You'd think that wouldn't work since they don't actually have working brains, but you never know.

NARRATOR 2. I think we need to fight them zombies.

NARRATOR 1. Spoken like a true girl. How can you fight them when it's impossible?

Method III: Overwhelming Firepower

NARRATOR 2. Method Three: Overwhelming Firepower!

NARRATOR 1. Oh yeah well how are—

(The SURVIVORS rush on.)

SAM. This is where we make our stand!

SUSAN. I'm frightened!

CHRISTY. No one cares about your little emotional issues all right?

JIMMY. I can't do it! I'm going to let them eat me!

SAM. Get a hold of yourself Jimmy!

JIMMY. Slap me!

SAM. No!

JIMMY. Do it!

SUSAN. Okay!

(She slaps JIMMY.)

JIMMY. Thanks.

SAM. Now listen up troops. We've only got a few minutes before the zombies cross that ridge so it's time for me to give an inspirational speech.

CHRISTY. Can I sit down for this?

SAM. Go ahead and sit. Sit for yourself. Sit for this country. Sit for humanity. I want you to sit for everyone you've ever loved, the girl you loved desperately and never found the courage to talk to—

JIMMY. (To SUSAN:) Hey can I talk to you about something?

SAM. It can wait, Jimmy.

SUSAN. After the inspirational speech.

JIMMY. Okay.

SAM. Now you might think to yourself: What can I do, one person, against an army of unstoppable zombies? We've seen them. We know how many there are. A lot. I mean, so many zombies that they can literally walk over each other to climb up skyscrapers. I don't need to tell you that that's a lot of zombies. And yes, we're likely to die horribly and then rise from the dead and join them in a tidal wave of nightmarish destruction that will sweep over the planet. That's a likely scenario. Hopefully we won't feel too much pain. Probably will. Probably be excruciating. You know when you go the dentist? This is going to be a lot worse than that. This is going to be like a million dentists poking you at the same time. I know what you're thinking: How will all those dentists even reach me? But let's say they're tiny dentists. But their needles still hurt as much as regular-sized needles. That's probably in the same range of the amount of pain we're likely to feel when the zombies tear us limb from limb. What was I talking about again?

JIMMY. You were giving an inspirational speech.

SAM. Oh right. Um...shoot. Where was I? Uh...

(SAM checks his notes.)

Lots of zombies. Pain. Tiny dentists. Fight them. That's right—we need to fight them.

SUSAN. But how are we going to do that? There's just four of us!

JIMMY. And two of us are girls!

SUSAN. Now is not the time for sexism, Jimmy!

JIMMY. Why do you always have to assume I'm being sexist? By the way I still wanted to tell you something—

SAM. Guys?

(ZOMBIES appear.)

CHRISTY. This is it. We're going to die.

SAM. Oh you know what I forgot? I just happened to find a cache of experimental weapons from that time we were hiding out in the Pentagon.

(SAM produces ridiculously sized weapons.)

SAM. Near as I can tell, we've got a couple of thermonuclear flash grenades, a fusion rifle, an ion-gravity disrupter antimatter cannon, and a baseball bat.

JIMMY. Dibs on the baseball bat!

CHRISTY. Swing away, Jimmy.

JIMMY. I played a lot of baseball in high school so I figure that—

SUSAN. Hey how does this ion-gravity disrupter antimatter cannon work?

SAM. I think you press the red button.

SUSAN. Oh.

(SUSAN presses the red button.)

(Sound effect. The lights flicker. All the ZOMBIES die.)

SUSAN. Well that was cool.

SAM. Pretty lucky that we found that stash of experimental government weapons no one ever knew about.

CHRISTY. Yep.

JIMMY. Oh hey Christy—I wanted to tell you...that I have feelings for you.

CHRISTY. Oh.

JIMMY. You wanna go out?

CHRISTY. Um... I'm actually in a relationship right now.

JIMMY. Oh. With Sam?

CHRISTY. No.

JIMMY. Well we're the only two survivors.

CHRISTY. Yeah. I guess I'm just holding out hope that we're not the only people left on earth and want to keep my options open.

JIMMY. Oh.

CHRISTY. And I don't want to ruin our friendship.

JIMMY. Sure.

(He turns to SUSAN.)

SUSAN. Sorry I'm not attracted to you either.

JIMMY. Right.

(JIMMY looks around.)

JIMMY. Well dang it.

NARRATOR 2. Ding!

NARRATOR 1. Now I know what you're thinking: What if we don't manage to find a secret supply of experimental high-powered weapons the government hasn't been telling us about?

NARRATOR 2. What are the odds of that happening?

NARRATOR 1. Pretty slim, but still. You just might need another option.

Method IV: Join the Zombies

NARRATOR 2. Method Four: Join the Zombies!

(The SURVIVORS enter.)

JIMMY. Let's stop here!

SAM. I can't walk another inch!

JIMMY. I'm tired of your whining! Suck it up!

SAM. Why do you always have to be so mean to me?

SUSAN. Guys! We're running out of options!

SAM. I know, but he doesn't have to be so unpleasant all the time.

JIMMY. *I'm* being unpleasant? I'm not the one who threw away their French fries without sharing!

SAM. I *asked* you if you wanted some!

JIMMY. I did! I did want some!

SAM. How was I supposed to know that? Body language?

JIMMY. Maybe you could have concluded, since we're all starving to death, that maybe it's not a good idea to throw away food!

SAM. You know what, ever since this whole apocalypse started, you've been really rude.

JIMMY. Rude? RUDE?!

CHRISTY. Guys.Guys. We're losing sight of what's important here: We still have our health.

JIMMY. No we don't! I'd have my health if I had more French fries!

SAM. They're too fatty anyway!

SUSAN. And I think I've got leprosy.