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**Cast of Characters**

NARRATOR 1 (male)
NARRATOR 2 (female)

*The Survivors:*

GIRL (could be the same actress as CHRISTY)
NANNA (could be the same actress as SUSAN)

CHRISTY
JIMMY
SAM
SUSAN

ZOMBIES

**Production Notes**

Casting: The same four survivors appear in every scene. If you'd like to use other actors, feel free to have different groups of actors play each scene. You can add character names as appropriate.

Zombies: A minimum of two zombies is required. More could certainly be used.

The cast size is probably infinitely expandable.

One last note on violence: A number of times in this play, zombies eat survivors. This should be cartoonish and ridiculous, not scary. Lots of loud eating noises, belches, ketchup. Feel free to be as silly as possible with this. Dragging characters off-stage and eating them loudly in the wings is almost always funny.

**Acknowledgments**

*10 Ways to Survive the Zombie Apocalypse* was first produced by White Knoll High School in Lexington, South Carolina, directed by Brandi Owensby. The original cast was as follows:

NARRATOR 1 . . . . . Kyle McGee
NARRATOR 2 . . . . . Megan Schulke
GIRL . . . . . Kaitlyn Dillard
NANNA . . . . . Brittany Branham
ZOMBIES . . . . . David Brackett, Rene Claspill, Jawan Pringle, Jennifer Rambo

*Scene 1 and Scene 4:*

JIMMY. . . . . Sam Walker
SUSAN . . . . . Kaitlyn Dillard
SAM. . . . . .Shepherd Pinney
CHRISTY . . . . . Caitlyn Alford

*Scene 2 and Scene 8:*

JIMMY (JAMIE) . . . . . Caroline Clarke
SUSAN . . . . . Kaitlyn Dillard
SAM (SAMMIE). . . . . Kayla Teets
CHRISTY . . . . . .Jordan Bowen

*Scene 3 and Scene 5:*

JIMMY. . . . . .Matt Hill
SUSAN . . . . . .Jordan Bowen
SAM. . . . . .Wes Williams
CHRISTY . . . . . Brittany Branham

*Scene 6 and Scene 7:*

JIMMY (JAMIE) . . . . . .Devon Catoe
SUSAN . . . . . .Kaitlyn Yaworski
SAM (SAMMIE). . . . . Jasmine Arthur
CHRISTY . . . . . Nina Forsyth

# 10 Ways to Survive the Zombie Apocalypse
## A Comedy (We Hope)

## by Don Zolidis

*(A ruined, nightmarish landscape. This can really be anything from overturned chairs to a full-blown disaster area.)*

**GIRL.** Go go go go!

*(*GIRL *runs across the stage and hides behind something.)*

You can do it! Come on!

*(*NANNA *with walker moves slowly across the stage.)*

Come on Nanna! Come on Nanna you can do it!

*(*NANNA *continues to walk very slowly.)*

Oh no! Nanna no!

*(*ZOMBIE *enters behind* NANNA*, moving ever-so-slightly faster than her.)*

Come on Nanna you can do it! Go faster! Go faster!

*(*NANNA *does not go faster.)*

*(*ZOMBIE *is slowly catching up.)*

**ZOMBIE.** Braiiiins.

*(*NANNA *stops to take a breath.)*

**GIRL.** No Nanna! Go faster!

**ZOMBIE.** Braiiiiins.

**GIRL.** Ahhhhhhhh!

*(*GIRL *pauses for breath.)*

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!

*(*ZOMBIE *continues to move ever-so-slightly closer.)*

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

*(*ZOMBIE *catches* NANNA.*)*

*(*NARRATOR 1 *enters, dressed as a doomsday prepper. Possibly he is wearing body armor, or hunting equipment, or has strings of small dead rodents hanging from him.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** *(To the audience:)* And that's why you don't see many old people in Zombie movies. Let's just freeze this, shall we?

> *(*NARRATOR 1 *waves his hand at the* ZOMBIE, *who does not stop munching on* NANNA. ZOMBIE *continues to snack on* NANNA *in the background.)*

We've all seen the reports. We know that—

> *(*ZOMBIE *continues eating* NANNA, *perhaps is pulling at her arm.)*

I said stop that. Off. Get off stage.

> *(*ZOMBIE *shuffles off, disappointed.)*

Now—as I was saying, we've all seen the reports of the inevitable upcoming zombie apocalypse. It's only a matter of time folks. Now—

> *(*NARRATOR 2 *enters.* NARRATOR 2 *is dressed for an entirely different play. Looks dressy.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** *(To* NARRATOR 1*:)* Stop there. Stop there. We all know that there's no such thing as zombies. They're imaginary, just like Britney Spears.

**NARRATOR 1.** Really? Is that why the government spent 10 million dollars preparing for it?

**NARRATOR 2.** Huh. Seriously?

**NARRATOR 1.** Yep. True fact. And do you think our federal government would squander hard-earned tax dollars from all of these loyal citizens without a very good reason?

**NARRATOR 2.** Wow. You've got a point there. I don't think it's possible that the government would ever waste money. I guess you're right. Hey where do you get one of those rodent strings?

**NARRATOR 1.** They make them in China.

**NARRATOR 2.** Great.

**NARRATOR 1.** Really good to snack on when you're feeling peckish.

**NARRATOR 2.** Awesome.

**NARRATOR 1.** Now as I was saying—we're here to present a public service to you, the audience. How to survive when civilization collapses and the animated corpses of your neighbors try to hunt you down and devour your sweet warm living flesh.

**NARRATOR 2.** Makes a great gift for Christmas! Hey so where are these zombies coming from anyway?

**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.)*

*(*ZOMBIE*S 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.

*(They look at her.)*

**SUSAN.** What?

**SAM.** Is that where you turn into a werewolf?

**CHRISTY.** No you're thinking of lycanthropy.

**SAM.** Oh. Darn.

*(*ZOMBIES *enter.)*

**SUSAN.** Oh man. Look. Zombies.

**JIMMY.** This is so your fault, Sam.

**SAM.** My fault? This is my fault?

**JIMMY.** Yes. Your fault. If you wouldn't have been arguing with me this whole time we could have gotten to safety!

**SAM.** Are you sure you wouldn't have gotten to safety and closed the door on me?

**JIMMY.** It would've been worth it to stop you from talking.

**SAM.** Ah!

**CHRISTY.** Hey I don't mean to interrupt but—

*(The* ZOMBIES *are getting closer.)*

**JIMMY.** And I saw you look at one of my girlfriends!

**SAM.** She's not *your* girlfriend! You don't own her! And besides you can't have two girlfriends!

**JIMMY.** Yes I can!

**SAM.** There's only two of them left—you can't have both of them! That's totally unfair!

**CHRISTY.** *(Underneath:)* Hey um Susan? Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

**SUSAN.** *(Underneath:)* Yeah probably.

*(*CHRISTY *and* SUSAN *head off to the side.)*

**JIMMY.** *(Continuous:)* Maybe one of the girls would actually like you if you weren't such a—

**SAM.** *(Continuous:)* You're always like this! You've always been like this!

**ZOMBIES.** Braiiiins.

**JIMMY.** *(Continuous:)* You're just jealous cause I have better rags than you!

**SAM.** *(Continuous:) Jealous?!* I'm JEALOUS of you and your big fat face?!

*(*CHRISTY *and* SUSAN *get behind the* ZOMBIES.*)*

**CHRISTY.** Braiiins.

**SUSAN.** Braiiins.

*(*SAM *and* JIMMY *continue to argue.)*

**SAM.** *(Continuous:)* Oh and one more thing—I don't know what you think you're doing with your hair, but trust me, there's a reasons the rats try to sleep there at night.

**JIMMY.** *(Continuous:)* You look like a pig and a chimp had babies!

*(The* ZOMBIES *descend on them and eat them.)*

**CHRISTY.** Braiiins.

**SUSAN.** Braiiins.

*(The* ZOMBIES *head off.* CHRISTY *and* SUSAN *look at each other, shrug, and follow.)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Ding!

**NARRATOR 1.** Man what I wouldn't give to have zombies descend on my girlfriend* during one of our arguments!

*(*boyfriend)*

**NARRATOR 2.** You're lying.

**NARRATOR 1.** You're right I don't have a girlfriend.* I will be taking applications after the show though.

**NARRATOR 2.** Not gonna happen.

**NARRATOR 1.** Remember girls*—when society breaks down you're gonna need somebody to help with food preparation. I got two years experience at Burger King. All I'm saying: Think about it.

*(*guys)*

**NARRATOR 2.** Moving on!

**Method V: Raise Genetically Modified Killer Dogs Which Can Attack and Destroy Zombies**

**NARRATOR 1.** Method Five! Raise Genetically Modified Killer Dogs Which Can Attack and Destroy Zombies!

**NARRATOR 2.** Seriously?

**NARRATOR 1.** It's as good as any.

*(The* SURVIVORS *enter.* JIMMY *is dragging* SAM *by the arms, who no longer has feet.)*

**JIMMY.** That was a close one!

**SAM.** You're telling me! They almost got my knees!

**SUSAN.** You're surprisingly chipper for having your legs eaten off!

**SAM.** Yeah! You know—everyday you surprise yourself a little. I mean I could sit here and say—I wish I had feet, but wishing isn't going to get my feet back.

**CHRISTY.** You're talking this well, Sam.

**SAM.** Thanks. I'm doing a lot of yoga lately.

**JIMMY.** They're gaining on us! Let's get out of here! You want us to leave you here, Sam?

**SAM.** No thanks.

**JIMMY.** You're sure? Cause you're just slowing us down.

**SAM.** No I'd like to be dragged to safety thanks.

**JIMMY.** I thought you just might like to sacrifice yourself for the good of the rest of us, you know? Since, if we're dragging you, we'd probably be slowed down to the point where the zombies will catch us and kill us all. You know, but if you want us to drag you, then sure, I'm happy to do that, I'd just like you to know that that action will likely result in all of our deaths.

*(*SAM *lifts up his arms to be dragged.)*

**SAM.** Drag away.

*(*SAM *takes a deep breath and takes one arm.)*

**JIMMY.** Christy? Little help?

**CHRISTY.** I'd help but I'm really selfish.

**JIMMY.** Susan?

**SUSAN.** I just don't feel comfortable touching Sam. I don't want him to get the wrong idea.

**SAM.** Hey I'm totally over you Susan. Moved on.

**SUSAN.** Right. But if I drag you to safety then you're going to think that there's something going on between us, and that's just a headache I don't want to deal with right now.

**SAM.** Looks like it's just you and me Buddy.

**JIMMY.** Yeah…um…ow my back!

**SAM.** What?

**JIMMY.** You know how sometimes you just twist the wrong way and you throw out your back? Just happened to me.

**SAM.** Wow. Bad break.

**JIMMY.** Yep. So…

**SUSAN.** So…

**JIMMY.** So um…it was great being friends with you.

**SAM.** No I understand.

**JIMMY.** You're cool?

**SAM.** Yeah. Like I said: yoga.

**JIMMY.** Awesome. All righty then…girls…uh…how about let's run away?

**CHRISTY.** Bye Sam!

*(*JIMMY, CHRISTY, *and* SUSAN *run off.)*

**SAM.** Huh.

**JIMMY.** *(Offstage:)* Ah Zombies!

**CHRISTY.** *(Offstage:)* Oh no!

**SUSAN.** *(Offstage:)* They've got me!

**JIMMY.** *(Offstage:)* Oh no the zombies have torn off most of my limbs!

**CHRISTY.** *(Offstage:)* They ate my hands!

**SUSAN.** *(Offstage:)* Luckily they're leaving me alone for the moment! Oh wait. No I was wrong! Ahhhhh!

*(Offstage screams. They die down.)*

*(Pause.)*

**JIMMY.** *(Offstage:)* Yes I'm still alive! Oh wait— Ahhhhhhhh!

**SAM.** Huh.

*(Short pause.)*

**SAM.** Good thing I've still got my trained pack of genetically modified killer dogs which can attack and kill zombies. Too bad my friends didn't stay around long enough to benefit from their enhanced bone-crushing jaws, disease-resistant fur, and adorable puppy eyes. Oh well.

*(He whistles.)*

**SAM.** Frodo! Bilbo! Sick Zombies!

*(Barking noises off-stage.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Ding!

**NARRATOR 2.** Well that was realistic.

**NARRATOR 1.** Remember out there: it's never too early to begin training your Chihuahuas.

## Method VI: Martial Arts

**NARRATOR 2.** Which brings us to Method Six: Martial Arts!

**NARRATOR 1.** I don't think that's really going to work.

**NARRATOR 2.** Oh it'll work. It's Martial Arts.

*(The* SURVIVORS *run on.)*

**SUSAN.** That was a close one!

**SAM.** You can say that again!

**SUSAN.** That was— Aahhhhhhh!

*(The* ZOMBIES *grab and eat* SUSAN. *Drag her off.)*

**CHRISTY.** That was a close one!

**JIMMY.** No it wasn't! They got her!

**CHRISTY.** Yeah but they didn't get me! So it was close!

**SAM.** All right everybody. Get behind me.

**CHRISTY.** What are you going to do?

**SAM.** I know martial arts.

*(The* ZOMBIES *enter.* SAM *does a Bruce-Lee style scream and looks at them intensely.)*

Hwaaaaaaa!

**ZOMBIES.** Braiiins.

*(One* ZOMBIE *approaches as the other* ZOMBIE *makes sound effects.)*

*(*ZOMBIE 1 *and* SAM *are in a martial-arts battle now as* ZOMBIE 2 *continues martial-arts music sound effects. *You can also substitute a song like Kung Fu Fighting here.)*

**SAM.** Hwa-chaaa!

**ZOMBIE 1.** Braaaaain!

*(*JIMMY *battles* ZOMBIE 1 *and defeats him.)*

**SAM.** Hya-chaaaaa!

*(*SAM *now stares at* ZOMBIE 2*, who continues to sing.* ZOMBIE 2 *looks around. And runs away.)*

**CHRISTY.** I love you Sam!

**SAM.** Yes.

**NARRATOR 1.** Ding!

**NARRATOR 2.** Who knew that those three weeks in karate class would come in so handy?

**NARRATOR 1.** Physical combat not recommended for people with heart conditions, who are taking blood pressure medication, or if you're a bleeder.

### Method VII: Reason with the Zombies

**NARRATOR 2.** Which brings us to Method 7! Reason with them!

**NARRATOR 1.** Reason with them? I thought they didn't have brains.

**NARRATOR 2.** Watch.

*(The* SURVIVORS *run on.)*

**CHRISTY.** What are we going to do?!

**JIMMY.** Get a hold of yourself!

**CHRISTY.** I wasn't even doing anything!

**JIMMY.** You were FREAKING OUT! STOP FREAKING OUT!

**CHRISTY.** I'm okay actually.

**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! AAAAAAAAH!

*(*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.** Braiiiins.

**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.)*

**NARRATOR 1.** Ding!

**NARRATOR 2.** Wow. And that's the only scenario in which I can imagine an English major will come in handy.

**NARRATOR 1.** Make sure to befriend one today!

### Method VIII: Romance the Zombies

**NARRATOR 2.** Which brings us to our eighth method!

**NARRATOR 1.** Romance the Zombies!

**NARRATOR 2.** Romance the Zombies?

**NARRATOR 1.** This is not the ideal method. I mean, if you've exhausted the other seven, then go ahead, but otherwise, I would recommend against method eight.

**NARRATOR 2.** Again—Method Eight: Not the best method.

**NARRATOR 1.** But let's see this anyway.

*(The* SURVIVORS *run on.)*

**CHRISTY.** We're surrounded!

**JIMMY.** Dang it!

**SAM.** All right. I've got a plan. It's so crazy it just might work.

**SUSAN.** What is it?

**SAM.** First we need to determine who's the most attractive person here.

*(They look at each other. And then everyone points at* SUSAN.*)*

All right good.

**SUSAN.** What?

**CHRISTY.** I'm plain.

**JIMMY.** I'm hideous.

**SAM.** I'm repulsive.

**SUSAN.** But—

**CHRISTY.** It's agreed—you're obviously a perfect specimen of human beauty and the rest of us would be lucky to be mistaken for slugs. You're the perfect candidate to do it.

**SUSAN.** Do what?

**SAM.** I don't think this is the time for questions. This is the time for listening to your friends and acting.

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