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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. Braiiiiins.

(NANNA stops to take a breath.)

GIRL. No Nanna! Go faster!

ZOMBIE. Braiiiiins.

GIRL. Ahhhhhhhhh!

(GIRL pauses for breath.)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

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

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

(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.)

(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.

(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. Braiiiiins.

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! Ahhhhhh!

(Offstage screams. They die down.)

(Pause.)

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

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: Kung Fu

NARRATOR 2. Which brings us to Method Six: Kung Fu!

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

NARRATOR 2. Oh it'll work. It's Kung Fu.

(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 kung fu.

(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 2. Ting ting a long long ting ting tong. Chuggachugga-chuggachugga.

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

SAM. Hwa-chaaa!

ZOMBIE 1. Braaaaaain!

(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. Braiiiiins.

ZOMBIE 2. Braiiiiins.

CHRISTY. Welcome Zombies!

ZOMBIE 1. Braiins?

ZOMBIE 2. Braiiiiins?

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.

(ZOMBIES enter.)

ZOMBIES. Braaaaaains.

SAM. All right. Ready?

SUSAN. Ready to do what?

SAM. Romance them.

SUSAN. What?

(SAM shoves SUSAN forward. The other three cower.)

(SUSAN recovers and faces the ZOMBIE.)

SUSAN. *(Flirtatious:)* Hello. So um...what brings you guys round here?

ZOMBIES. Braaaaaains.

SUSAN. Nice. Nice.

(She forces a laugh.)

You're very funny.

ZOMBIE 1. Brains?

SUSAN. So...what do you do for a living?

ZOMBIE 2. Braaaaaains.

SUSAN. I hear that's nice.

CHRISTY. *(Hissing:)* Don't talk about work!

SUSAN. What am I supposed to talk about?

CHRISTY. *(Hissing:)* Talk about sports! If they think you like sports guys will think you're awesome!

SAM. I thought you liked baseball!

CHRISTY. I just like watching them stretch! Shhhh!

SUSAN. So um...you guys Yankees fans?

ZOMBIE 1. Yesssss...

JIMMY. Figures.

SUSAN. I totally think they're gonna win the Super Bowl this year. Now that they are...making their free throws. And corner kicks. And hurdles.

ZOMBIE 2. You seem smart.

SUSAN. Yeah! You're funny too!

JIMMY. Touch him on the arm!

(She does this.)

CHRISTY. Flip the hair!

(She flips the hair.)

SAM. Widen your pupils!

(She tries to do this.)

JIMMY. Emit Pheromones!

CHRISTY. Flip the hair again! Flip the hair dang it! What are you doing?! Flip the dang hair or we're all gonna die!

(SUSAN flips the hair again.)

SUSAN. You're strong. You must work out.

ZOMBIE 2. Yess...

ZOMBIE 1. Braiiins.

SUSAN. *(Laughing:)* You're funny too!

(She touches his arm, flips the hair, and widens her pupils.)

Wow. You've got some muscles too. You guys should totally wrestle.

JIMMY. That's a little weird!

ZOMBIE 2. *(Insistently to ZOMBIE 1:)* Brains.

ZOMBIE 1. *(Insistently to ZOMBIE 2:)* Brains.

ZOMBIE 2. *(Angrily to ZOMBIE 1:)* Brains!

ZOMBIE 1. *(Angrily to ZOMBIE 2:)* Brains!

SUSAN. I like both of you but I can't really decide. I guess I just have a hard time because I like to kiss a lot and then just be quiet for a while and not say anything about my feelings, but also we could just play a bunch of video games and watch sports and—

(ZOMBIES begin to strangle each other. They both fall to their knees.)

NARRATOR 1. Ding!

NARRATOR 2. I'm surprised that works seeing as how the zombies are brainless, soulless killing machines.

NARRATOR 1. You don't need a brain to fall in love.

NARRATOR 2. So true.

Method IX: Run really Fast

NARRATOR 1. All right—time for Method 9: Run really fast!

(The SURVIVORS run across the stage really fast.)

NARRATOR 1. Ding!

NARRATOR 2. That's it?

NARRATOR 1. What? You just run away. Seems logical.

NARRATOR 2. You can't do that!

NARRATOR 1. Fine. Method 9: Don't fall down when you run really fast!

(The SURVIVORS run across the stage really fast in the opposite direction. None of them fall down.)

Ding!

NARRATOR 2. Really? Don't fall down?

NARRATOR 1. That seems to be the key.

NARRATOR 2. What if you get tired? What if you're totally out of shape? What if you're just lazy?

NARRATOR 1. Then you become food for zombies what do you want?

NARRATOR 2. I AM LOOKING FOR A WAY TO SURVIVE THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE WITH AN ABSOLUTE MINIMUM AMOUNT OF EFFORT ON MY PART!

NARRATOR 1. Fine. I have one more option.

Method X: Leave the Planet

NARRATOR 1. Method Ten! Leave the Planet!

(The SURVIVORS run in.)

CHRISTY. I'm tired of running!

SAM. Christy, come on!

CHRISTY. No Sam! I've had enough! No more running from the Zombies. This time: it's personal.

SUSAN. What does that mean?

CHRISTY. It means I didn't care when the Zombies took over the town. I didn't care when they ate the mayor and the school and all

my friends. It peeved me slightly when they ate my parents and my sister. But now...they messed with my gerbil, Sir MuffinStuff. And for that—I will have my revenge.

(CHRISTY turns around and taunts the ZOMBIES.)

Come on Zombies! I'm right here! Give me your best shot!

(ZOMBIES run in and eat CHRISTY and drag her off.)

(JIMMY, SAM, and SUSAN pause.)

SUSAN. Well that was dumb.

JIMMY. Guys. We're close to a secret NASA base.

SUSAN. It wasn't that secret then.

JIMMY. Okay, we're close to a poorly disguised secret NASA base hiding the downed UFO that landed at Roswell. All we have to do is break into the top-secret facility, open the roof, discover how to use the alien controls, and pilot the spaceship to an even more top-secret orbiting space station built by HBO films for their upcoming award-winning series, Rocket Man, starring Cuba Gooding Junior and Meg Ryan.*

*(*Feel free to substitute newer terrible actors if you'd like. Although I think these particular two are funny.)*

SAM. That's impossible! Those are terrible actors.

JIMMY. I know—I was a little skeptical of the project myself, but apparently—

SUSAN. Can we just get in the base!

JIMMY. Oh sure it's right here.

(JIMMY, SUSAN, and SAM exit.)

(They return momentarily.)

SUSAN. Wow. This place is amazing.

JIMMY. I know. Isn't it cool?

SAM. It looks kind of exactly the same as the place we were in before.

JIMMY. Shut up. Now where is that spaceship?

SUSAN. There it is!

JIMMY. It's glorious!

(A tiny spaceship, [about the size of a baseball] descends from above, or is placed on stage, or otherwise appears.)

(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 cannibadoism.

(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