

## ZOMBIE LEMONADE

### CHARACTERS:

**SUIT:** A food snob and visionary intellectual in a ragged suit. Became a zombie after 50 plus years of living as a human. Determined, thoughtful and self-possessed.

**DRESS:** Suit's ex in a bloody dress. Also became a zombie after 50 years of human existence. Down-to-earth, combative, loyal, and always hungry.

**SCRUBS:** A doctor in bloody scrubs. Became a zombie after 60 some-odd years of human life. A quiet leader.

**HOSPITAL GOWN:** A patient in a hospital gown. Also became a zombie more than 60 years as a human being. Friendly and talkative.

**HAT:** A former sous-chef in an striking hat. Became a zombie after 25 to 30 years of human life. Ethereal and other-worldly.

**HEELS:** Dressed for dinner in fabulous heels. Also became a zombie after 25 to 30 years of humanity. Elegant and sensitive.

**HUMAN 1:** A Goth teen in pale makeup, lots of eye-liner, and black clothes.

**HUMAN 2:** Older teen sibling. A biology student in survivalist gear.

**THE HERD:** All zombie characters are part of the herd, including as many additional ensemble members as the production will allow.

*Performers in these roles should be physically skilled actors with a healthy appreciation for the ridiculous, who will create a movement and vocal language that is both funny and endearing, as they learn again how to walk, speak, and eat.*

*NOTES: Transitional music between scenes to cover set changes should have an Americana feel (guitar, fiddle, harmonica). If the production allows for it, the music might be played by some of the zombies themselves (THE HERD).*

*Can be played without intermission or, if desired, a break between scene 3 and scene 4.*

## ZOMBIE LEMONADE

## SCENE 1

MUSIC creeps up slowly in the dark. MOONLIGHT on a country road with a low wooden fence spanning the stage. Crudely painted along its length are the words: HOSPITAL CLOSED. NO MEDS. GO BACK. In front of the fence stage left is a large tree with undulating shelves of Chicken of the Woods fungus protruding from its trunk like an umbrella.

The WIND begins to HOWL. A zombie in SCRUBS staggers up the road, growling with hunger. A zombie in a HOSPITAL GOWN follows. They stop and sniff the air. A young zombie in a HAT and another in HEELS stumble in, followed by a zombie in a ragged SUIT and one in a bloody DRESS. Others enter in masks and hospital attire until there is a herd of zombies staggering about. MUSIC OUT.

Scrubs crosses through a gap in the fence to a decrepit two-story house with ground floor windows boarded up. Rotting outdoor furniture, a rusty bicycle, tree stumps, trash cans, and assorted junk litter the yard.

The other zombies follow Scrubs to the house, leaving Suit clinging to the fence like a fly on a wall. The zombies bang on the door and walls, unable to get in, then wander behind the house to exit. The WIND STOPS, and Suit falls off the fence onto the road. He notices the writing on the fence and struggles to read it aloud.

GGGOOOBBBAAAKKK.  
SUIT

Suit looks back. Looks forward. Changes position and reads again.

GGGOOOBBBAAAKKK. GGOOBBAAKK.  
SUIT (CONT'D)

Suit looks at it from different angles, underlining the words with his finger.

GGOO. BBACKK. GO. BACK. Go back.  
SUIT (CONT'D)

Dress enters from behind the house and crosses through the fence. Suit sits against the fence, deep in thought.

Go back...  
SUIT (CONT'D)

Dress crosses to Suit and reads.

GGGGOOOBBBAAAKKK. GGGOOOBBBAAAKKK.  
DRESS

Go back.  
SUIT  
(correcting Dress)

GGGOO. BBAAAKK.  
DRESS

GO. BACK.  
SUIT  
(pointing out each word)

GO. BACK.  
DRESS  
(pointing out each word)

Suit stands. They look at the fence. They look at each other.

SUIT/DRESS

Go. Back.

They back slowly away from each other, one step at a time.

SUIT/DRESS (CONT'D)

Go. Back. Go. Back. Go back. Go back. Go back.

They continue until they are at opposite ends of the stage.

SUIT

Go back. Back. Back. Back. Back...  
road. Back road. Back road.

DRESS

Go back. Go. Go. Go. Go... fish. Go  
fish. Go fish.

They release a torrent of words.

SUIT

Back road. Back... back... fence. Back...  
board. Back... yard. Back... ground.  
Back... stop. Back... gammon. Back to  
the Future. Back... back ribs. Back ribs.  
Baby back, baby back, baby back ribs.

DRESS (CONT'D)

Go fish. Go... Go... home. Go... play. Go-  
go. Go-go dancer. Go to sleep. Go to  
town. Go to church. Go to hell. Go to  
the bathroom. Do Not Pass Go. Do not  
pass go. Go, go, go, go, go, go, go.

They each cross to different areas of the fence, straining to puzzle out the words.

SUIT

NNNOOOMMM...

DRESS (CONT'D)

HHHAAAPPPSSSTLLL.

SUIT

MMMEDDDSS.

DRESS (CONT'D)

HHAASSPPITALL.

SUIT

NNOOMMEDDSS

DRESS (CONT'D)

HHOSPPIITALL.

SUIT  
NNOOMMEDDSS. NOME. EDDS.

DRESS (CONT'D)  
HOSPITAL.

SUIT  
NO. MEDS. NO MEDS.

DRESS (CONT'D)  
CCCLLOOOSSSDDD,  
CLLOOSSEDDDD,

SUIT  
NO MEDS.

DRESS (CONT'D)  
CLOSED.

Another torrent of words.

SUIT  
No meds. No, no, no. No meds. No, no,  
no money. No money. No, money, no  
meds. No, money, no meds. No way. No  
how. No mo. No mo. No mo. No mo.  
Hit the Road, jack, and don't you go back  
no mo. No mo. No meds.

DRESS (CONT'D)  
Hospital. Closed. Hospital closed.  
Hospital. Closed. Open. Closed. School  
closed. Restaurant closed. Supermarket  
closed. Hospital closed. School closed.  
Restaurant closed. Supermarket closed.  
Open. Closed. Open closed.

They look at each other with a new  
understanding: they have language. They cross  
back down the road to the tree and read as they  
walk the length of the fence.

SUIT/DRESS  
GO BACK... NO MEDS... HOSPITAL CLOSED.

They look up the road, offstage, toward the  
hospital. The zombies enter from behind the  
house and cross through the fence. THE WIND  
BEGINS TO HOWL. As they pass, Dress is  
drawn to them by an irresistibly powerful force.  
Suit clings to the fence to resist.

SUIT/DRESS (CONT'D)  
NO!

Dress grabs Suit's sleeve. It tears off. Dress is  
swept away like a tumbleweed, as the herd of  
zombies exits down the road.

SUIT

DON'T GO BACK!

The WIND DIES DOWN. Suit falls off the fence onto the road. He stands and watches them go, then sits under the tree and stares out over the audience.. SCREAMS and MAYHEM (O.S.), followed by sounds of VORACIOUS EATING. LIGHTS DIM.

SCENE 2

We hear an acoustic barnyard BLUES. A ROOSTER crows. Morning LIGHT comes up slowly. In the yard, the zombies gnaw on human bones. Suit is still sitting under the tree. MUSIC OUT. Dress crosses through the fence to Suit. They struggle with speech at first but quickly become more fluid and articulate.

DRESS

What are you doing?

SUIT

Sitting.

DRESS

Why?

SUIT

I'm tired of walking.

DRESS

We're zombies.

SUIT

I know that.

DRESS

Zombies don't get tired of walking.

|  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
|  | SUIT                       |
| I am tired of walking.   |                            |
|  | DRESS                      |
| Walking is what we do. And eat brains.   |                            |
|  | SUIT                       |
| I'm sick of eating brains.   |                            |
|  | DRESS                      |
| What's wrong with brains?  |                            |
|  | SUIT                       |
| I lost my taste for it.  |                            |
|  | DRESS                      |
| What are you going to eat?   |                            |
|  | SUIT                       |
| Nothing.   |                            |
|  | DRESS                      |
| You can't stop eating.   |                            |
|  | SUIT                       |
| If I can't enjoy it, I don't want to eat at all.   |                            |
|  | DRESS                      |
| You can't starve yourself to death, you're already dead.                                   |                            |
|  | SUIT                       |
| What's the point of eating if you're already dead?   |                            |
|  | DRESS                      |
| You gotta live.  |                            |
|  | They stare off at nothing. |
|  | SUIT                       |
| There has to be more to life... or whatever this is. Some reason to get up in the morning. |                            |

|   |       |
|---|-------|
| Zombies don't sleep.  | DRESS |
| Something to look forward to.   | SUIT  |
| The next meal.  | DRESS |
| I'm really thinking about quitting.   | SUIT  |
| It's not like a job you can just quit, it's a lifestyle.                      | DRESS |
| It's not right.   | SUIT  |
| What's not right?   | DRESS |
| The overwhelming urge to tear human flesh and devour brains. It's not a life. | SUIT  |
| Beats the alternative.  | DRESS |
| Maybe it's the smells.  | SUIT  |
| What smells?  | DRESS |
| Everything smells the same, now.  | SUIT  |
| Or not at all.  | DRESS |
| Everything smells like death.   | SUIT  |



DRESS

Or meat.

SUIT

No aroma. No bouquet. No sense of place.

DRESS

Just meat.

SUIT

Remember Thompson Bay?

DRESS

No.

SUIT

Nick's Cove?

DRESS

Not really.

SUIT

There's your sense of place.

DRESS

I'm drawing a blank.

SUIT

Fresh bay air. The scent of pine. I got you that white dress, remember?

DRESS

Oh. Yeah.

(looks at the bloody dress))

I'm wearing it.

SUIT

You had pearls.

Dress feels for the pearls.

Gone now. DRESS

They stare off at nothing.

I remember something. DRESS (CONT'D)

What? SUIT

We ate near water. DRESS

Yes, I remember. You had the blowfish. SUIT

You ordered for me. I wanted meat. DRESS

I had the trout. SUIT

The couple next to us had huge steaks. DRESS

In a seafood restaurant! SUIT

With those huge steak knives. DRESS

You were in a bad mood. SUIT

You were lecturing me about the food. DRESS

You weren't listening. I was explaining about the Japanese carving techniques. SUIT

I wanted to enjoy myself. DRESS

SUIT

I wanted you to enjoy the food.

DRESS

I couldn't enjoy the food because you wouldn't shut up about the food.

SUIT

How can you enjoy the food if you don't understand anything about the food?

DRESS

There's nothing to understand about the food. I just wanted to eat it.

SUIT

That's your problem. You want to finish everything before you can enjoy anything.

DRESS

I can't finish anything. You never let me start anything.

SUIT

You kill the moment!

DRESS

I kill the moment? You squeeze the life out of everything with your pompous lectures.

SUIT

If you'd just let me finish my explanation, I would have let you enjoy the meal.

DRESS

You never finish. You expound. The Zen Moment. The Samurai Mind. You never let me eat! Until I had my own Zen Moment, and that steak knife was in my hand.

SUIT

That was so wrong.

DRESS

I wanted to stick it right in your heart.

SUIT

You created a big scene over nothing.

DRESS

It was supposed to be a romantic dinner.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| It was so embarrassing.  | SUIT   |
| It was our anniversary.  | DRESS  |
|  | They stare off at nothing. Lights up on the herd<br>in the yard, still picking at the bones. |
| So how did we end up like them? It's like all of humanity woke up dead one day from a<br>dream of being alive. | SUIT   |
| I guess we couldn't get our meds.  | DRESS  |
| We poisoned everything.  | SUIT   |
| And everything poisoned us back.   | DRESS  |
| Global warming.  | SUIT   |
| Extreme weather events.  | DRESS  |
| Greenhouse gas.  | SUIT   |
| Wildfires, floods.   | DRESS  |
| Viruses... and variants.   | SUIT   |
| Cow farts.   | DRESS  |

SUIT  
(correcting her)

Cow burps.

DRESS

Burps? I thought it was farts.

SUIT

Nope, cow burps. Ruminants burp methane. Worse than fossil fuel.

DRESS

We should walk with the herd.

SUIT

No thanks.

DRESS

They know how to get food.

SUIT

But they don't know how to *enjoy* food.

One of the zombies tosses a human head over the fence. Dress and Suit watch it roll around.

DRESS

You hungry?

SUIT

No.

DRESS

I'm hungry.

Dress picks up the head and offers it to Suit.

SUIT

I'll pass.

DRESS

You should eat something.

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| I'm on strike.                               | SUIT  |
| For what?                                    | DRESS |
| For whatever comes after this.               | SUIT  |
| Nothing comes after this. There's just this. | DRESS |
| That's a little dark.                        | SUIT  |
| It is what it is.                            | DRESS |
| I hate that phrase.                          | SUIT  |
| I don't have your vocabulary.                | DRESS |
| What would happen if I never ate again?      | SUIT  |
| Nothing.                                     | DRESS |
| I wouldn't die?                              | SUIT  |
| You're already dead.                         | DRESS |
| I wouldn't... just get over it?              | SUIT  |
| Being hungry?                                | DRESS |

Yeah. SUIT

Nope. You just stay hungry. DRESS

Maybe I'll evolve. SUIT

Maybe. Meanwhile, make the best of it. Lemonade from lemons. DRESS

Lemonade would be nice. SUIT

Like that's gonna happen. DRESS

There must still be lemon trees around. SUIT

It's a metaphor. DRESS

What? SUIT

Lemonade from lemons. DRESS

Why, though? SUIT

Why, what, though? DRESS

Why have a metaphorical lemon when you can have a real lemon? SUIT

I don't want a real lemon. DRESS

SUIT

Wouldn't you love a refreshing glass of tart lemonade?

DRESS

(shuddering)

Tart does not sound very good to me.

SUIT

With just a hint of sweetness?

DRESS

I don't crave sweet, either.

SUIT

A whiff of citrus?

DRESS

I lost my sense of smell.

SUIT

It's one of the main flavor profiles.

DRESS

I don't care!

SUIT

How can you not care?

DRESS

Because, in our situation, lemons are not really relevant.

SUIT

You're the one who brought up lemons in the first place.

DRESS

It's an expression. It doesn't mean anything.

SUIT

If it doesn't mean anything, why say it?



DRESS

Okay fine, it means something! It means there is no going back to the way it was, ever.  
Get used to it.

SUIT

That is so negative.

DRESS

It is what it is.

SUIT

Ugh.

DRESS

We destroyed it all. Movie theatres, concerts, big box stores, and fancy restaurants  
where you can display your awesome knowledge of food. We're zombies, we eat brains.

Dress plucks an eyeball from the head.

SUIT

What is that?

DRESS

It's an eyeball.

(chewing)

Want one?

SUIT

No thanks.

DRESS

Yum.

SUIT

It's good?

DRESS

Delicious.

SUIT

Delicious how?

I don't know, good. DRESS

It's not brains. SUIT

Still good. DRESS

You said we only eat brains. SUIT

I don't make the rules here. DRESS

Does it taste like brains? SUIT

Hmm... different. DRESS

Different how? SUIT

Just different. DRESS

But... is it more savory... earthier... brinier? SUIT

Stop talking about food! DRESS

You ate brains, you ate an eyeball, you said they tasted different, I'm just asking how! SUIT

I DON'T KNOW! DRESS

OKAY! But... they do *taste* different, right? So... that's fantastic! SUIT

DRESS

Not the word I would use.

SUIT

But you can actually *taste* the difference. Eyeballs *taste* different from brains!

DRESS

I am so hungry.

Suit struggles to his feet.

SUIT

It's wonderful! It's... DO YOU HEAR THAT, WORLD? EYEBALLS TASTE DIFFERENT FROM BRAINS!

DRESS

(offering the head)

There's still another eyeball left.

SUIT

Everything is not the same, don't you see? Everything doesn't taste the same. Everything doesn't smell the same. We can make choices again. We can get our lives back. We can make lemonade. Real lemonade. I've got to find some lemons!

Suit hurries up the road and exits. The zombies wander through the fence and down the road. A FIERCE WIND BLOWS as they approach Dress, who clings to the fence to resist them.

SUIT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THERE'S A LEMON TREE BACK HERE! A REAL LEMON TREE! AND IT'S FULL OF LEMONS!

Dress becomes more zombie-like as the herd passes, until she can't hang on and stumbles offstage with them. Suit returns with lemons.

SUIT (CONT'D)

I FOUND LEMONS!

Suit looks around for Dress.

SUIT (CONT'D)

HEY, WHERE ARE YOU?

Suit sits under the tree and admires a lemon.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Real lemons!

Suit takes a deep whiff of lemon and recoils from the tartness.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Whoa, that's tart! But I can smell it. And it doesn't smell like death!

Suit takes a tentative bite and reacts spasmodically to the citrus, gasping, choking, and collapsing in a heap. Suit sits up and regards the lemon as if it were a dangerous adversary.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Very tart.

Dress enters, out of breath.

DRESS

I came back.

SUIT

I found lemons.

DRESS

How do they taste?

SUIT

The flavor profile is a tad aggressive. Want a bite?

DRESS

I'll pass.

SUIT

It'll expand your palate.

DRESS

I noticed.

SUIT

I'm going to have to re-educate my taste buds.

DRESS

What difference could it possibly make?

SUIT

All the difference in the world. The difference between this and... something better.

DRESS

There is nothing better.

SUIT

You think this is good?

DRESS

I didn't say it was good. I said there's nothing better.

SUIT

We can have more.

DRESS

We don't need more.

SUIT

Oh, reason not the need. Our basest beggars are in the poorest things superfluous.

DRESS

Whatever that means.

SUIT

King Lear.

DRESS

It's the apocalypse and you lecture me on dead white man literature. Perfect.

SUIT

I'm just saying, lemonade from lemons doesn't mean just make the best of it. It means make something sweet out of something sour.

DRESS

I'm still hungry.

Dress picks up the discarded head.

SUIT

We can transform ourselves, elevate ourselves, reach for something better.

DRESS

(looking in the head)

They ate all the brains.

SUIT

I have an idea. Let's try something.

DRESS

I'm not eating that lemon.

SUIT

Let's do a tasting. Like before, remember?

DRESS

A tasting? What kind of tasting?

SUIT

An eyeball tasting.

DRESS

You're going to eat?

SUIT

I'll pick. Not brains, though.

DRESS

What about offal? It's awful good.

SUIT

Eyeballs only. Then we compare tasting notes.

DRESS

Okay. Promise you'll eat and I promise we can talk about food.

SUIT

Okay, I'll eat. A little.

DRESS

Okay. Let's walk.

Dress starts down the road. Suit follows.

SUIT

Where to?

DRESS

Find a family hiding in a fruit cellar somewhere and rip their heads off. Come on.

They exit. Lively COUNTRY MUSIC.  
LIGHTS up on the herd, roaming the yard.  
SCREAMS AND MAYHEM(O.S.) The  
MUSIC STOPS abruptly and the zombies  
follow the screams down the road.

The upper window of the house slowly slides  
open and two HUMANS appear. HUMAN 1  
is dressed like a Goth teen, HUMAN 2 like a  
survivalist. They stick their heads out and look  
up and down the road.

HUMAN 1

Are they gone?

HUMAN 2

I can't tell.

HUMAN 1

Do you see them?

HUMAN 2

If I saw them I could tell, couldn't I?

HUMAN 1

I don't hear their stupid growling.

HUMAN 2

Let's make a break for it before they come back.

HUMAN 1

Dad said to stay in the safe room.

HUMAN 2

We won't survive in the safe room.

HUMAN 1

It's a *safe room!*

HUMAN 2

Not if we *starve to death!*

HUMAN 1

We're not going to starve, Dad's getting food.

HUMAN 2

Dad's not getting food.

HUMAN 1

You don't know that.

HUMAN 2

Dad never made it out of the yard.

HUMAN 1

Don't say that. He might still come back.

HUMAN 2

We can't wait. We're almost out of supplies.

HUMAN 1

How can that be? Dad is a prepper!



HUMAN 2

I know, but...

HUMAN 1

What about all his prepper stuff? The prepper supply store? His prepper videos?

HUMAN 2

You know Dad. He had a little trouble with details, so... I think he prepped for a flood.

HUMAN 1

A flood?

HUMAN 2

Yeah, I think. On the positive side, we got a blow-up canoe in there. Fold-out paddles. Flippers. Goggles. Collapsible fishing rod. Sun block. Bunch of bungee cords.

HUMAN 1

Why do we need a canoe? We're not even near the river.

HUMAN 2

Dad says there's supposed to be a catastrophic earthquake and the river overruns the levee, floods the Interstate, and knocks out the truck routes, then the farmers can't deliver their goods, the people panic and clean out the grocery stores, and the whole country runs out of food in three days. Except us.

HUMAN 1

You just said we did run out of food.

HUMAN 2

Yeah, but not in three days.

HUMAN 1

Omigod, how can this happen to us?

HUMAN 2

It happened to everybody.

HUMAN 1

I want to go back to the safe room.

HUMAN 2

Fine, you stay. I'll go find food.

HUMAN 1

You won't come back. Nobody comes back.

HUMAN 2

I'll come back.

HUMAN 1

Everybody dies.

HUMAN 2

Come with me then. We have to eat if we want to live.

Human 2 disappears from window.

HUMAN 1

Wait up! I don't want to die alone.

Human 1 disappears from the window. The front door opens and the humans sneak out, carrying empty backpacks. They cross to the fence and peer up and down the road.

HUMAN 1 (CONT'D)

Where do we go?

HUMAN 2

Try every house on the street and take whatever we can find.

HUMAN 1

Can we look for some eye liner?

HUMAN 2

I'm thinking more like... food.

HUMAN 1

What if those things already ate everything?

HUMAN 2

They don't eat what we eat. Come on.

They scramble over the fence and cross to the road, looking up and down. SOUNDS OF VORACIOUS EATING. (O.S.) The humans scream and run off. After a moment, Dress and Suit walk up the road, each holding a head.

DRESS

Why did we leave? There was so much to eat.

SUIT

We agreed to keep our palates pure.

DRESS

We left all that meat to the herd.

SUIT

You should hear yourself.

DRESS

What?

SUIT

The herd.

DRESS

What's wrong with the herd?

SUIT

They don't have half a brain among them.

DRESS

Without the herd, we'd have nothing to eat.

SUIT

I'm just not a herd person.

DRESS

I'm not sure the word "person" applies at all.

SUIT

In any case, we can do our tasting.

DRESS

Finally.

Dress starts to devour one of the heads.

SUIT

Wait! Let's set it up first.

DRESS

Oh, crap.

Suit looks around for something to use.

SUIT

We can't have a real tasting if we don't take the time to really taste.

Suit pries a board loose from the fence.

SUIT (CONT'D)

We can use this. Come on.

Suit and Dress sit on the ground and balance the board between them like a table. They place the heads on top.

DRESS

I'm starving!

SUIT

Be patient. Savor the moment. What do you have?

DRESS

What does it look like?

SUIT

Let's be scientific about it. Age, gender, ethnicity, hair and eye color. I wish I had a pen.

Dress examines the head.

DRESS

Okay. Looks like a white female, blond hair, blue eyes, maybe fifty. What about yours?

SUIT

My specimen is a dark-skinned male, mid-thirties, brown eyes.

DRESS

Great, let's eat!

SUIT

Wait! We should have one of each color and compare.

DRESS

Fine, whatever.

They dig their fingers in and pop out the eyes.  
They exchange eyes so they have one of each.

SUIT

We need water.

DRESS

I'm not thirsty.

SUIT

Huh. Neither am I.

DRESS

Zombies don't drink.

SUIT

That is really weird.

DRESS

I don't miss it.

SUIT

We need to cleanse the palate, though.

DRESS

What for?

SUIT

So we can experience each eyeball against a neutral taste profile. How else can we compare?

DRESS

Come on, I'm hungry.

SUIT

Okay, fine, let's just start. Blue first. You go ahead.

Dress pops in a blue eye and chews it up. Suit watches carefully.

SUIT (CONT'D)

And?

DRESS

Good.

SUIT

Good? That's it?

DRESS

I don't know.

SUIT

This is a tasting, use some words.

DRESS

Very good?

SUIT

Focus on the details. Is it juicy or dry?

DRESS

Juicy? I guess.

SUIT

Like a grape?

DRESS

More like a cherry. Kind of chewy, actually. Now you.

SUIT

Okay. Let's see what we've got here.

Suit looks over the eyeball; sniffs, licks, and nibbles it delicately.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Hmm. You're right about the texture. Not dry, not juicy. A tad rubbery. Let's try the brown one, and compare.

They eat the brown eyes. Dress is voracious; Suit is sublimely ecstatic.

DRESS

Whoa!

SUIT

Wow!

DRESS

That is very...

SUIT

Right? Very... what, though, exactly?

DRESS

I don't know, very rich, and... juicy, oh my God! Like salmon roe at a sushi restaurant!

SUIT

I also pick up a subtle earthiness. A hint of jalapeno, a whiff of chili oil, and something else, something savory, a little spicy...

DRESS

Carne asada?

SUIT

That's it! Exactly! You still have your sense of taste! I'll say one thing.

DRESS

What?

SUIT

If we had our dream restaurant, we would definitely serve the Carne Asada Eyes.

DRESS

Oh, right. Our dream restaurant.

SUIT

We were going to travel the world, remember? When there was still travel.

DRESS

When there was a still a world.

SUIT

When there were still restaurants.

DRESS

And people.

SUIT

We were going to sample every cuisine on the planet and put our favorites on the menu.  
The high end dishes and the street food.

DRESS

Mmm, street food!

SUIT

We collected all those cook books, tested the recipes.

DRESS

I gained a lot of weight.

SUIT

We created beautiful menus.

DRESS

You created menus.

SUIT

With only the most exotic ingredients.

DRESS

I typed menus.



SUIT

Of all the things that are gone, I miss restaurants the most, don't you?

DRESS

Not really.

SUIT

The sheer variety of fantastic food you could never make at home.

DRESS

I thought you were going to stop eating.

SUIT

I said I was *thinking* about it!

DRESS

All you ever want to do is *talk* about it!

SUIT

It's not just the food, though, it's everything... the ambience, the clothes you wear, the interplay of personalities, the basic *humanity* in sharing food and conversation with other hum... other... beings. I miss that.

DRESS

Why can't I just have a big juicy steak because I'm hungry?

SUIT

I'm talking about eating beyond food as fuel. I'm talking about communing with others, exchanging an experience, lifting the spirit. It's... you know, we should really just do it.

DRESS

Just do what?

SUIT

Open our restaurant.

DRESS

What do you mean?

SUIT

Why a dream restaurant? Why not make it a reality before it's too late?

DRESS

(looks around)

Oh, I think it's definitely too late.

SUIT

All our lives we sat on the sidelines and watched other people live their dreams. Now that we're dead, why not see it as an opportunity to really live ?

DRESS

Because we're not really alive?

SUIT

We're as alive as anyone else. In our condition.

DRESS

Because the world as we know it is over.

SUIT

The world as you know it is always over when your own life ends. But what if the world could begin again?

DRESS

That is a really unappealing concept at this point.

SUIT

It doesn't have to be. Look how far we've come. Not even the grave can keep us down.

DRESS

Okay, fine, whatever. Who would come to this restaurant?

SUIT

Zombies.

DRESS

Zombies. To eat fancy gourmet food?

SUIT

So we adapt the menu. Scale it down. But can you imagine a restaurant full of zombies, seated at tables, eating the finest of human delicacies? It would be... transformative.

Zombies don't sit. DRESS

I sit. SUIT

Not at a table. DRESS

We'll figure that out. SUIT

Plus, what would we serve? DRESS

Humans. SUIT

Zombies already eat humans. They don't need us. DRESS

Humans ate cows, but they still went out for steak. SUIT

Ooh, steak! DRESS

We don't just throw out a bunch of people and let the herd rage eat them. We seat the zombies at tables, we serve courses, we have flowers. And an amuse bouche. SUIT

You had me at steak. DRESS

We give them an experience to remember for the rest of their... uh... experience. We serve the most exotic parts of the human being. Not a hunk of thigh, but a delicate carpaccio of earlobe, a consomme of eyeball, a bouillabaisse of brain stems, a terrine of tarragon tonsils with crispy skin crisps. SUIT

I could eat that. DRESS

SUIT

And other tastes, not of the zombie world. Sensations out of the zombie frame of reference, that are palate-expanding, and resonate with the essence of all we lost.

DRESS

Like what?

SUIT

Well, for a start...

Suit holds up two lemons.

SUIT (CONT'D)

This.

DRESS

Zombies won't eat lemons.

SUIT

I did.

DRESS

It almost killed you.

SUIT

That's the beauty of it. We're already dead, what do we have to lose?

Suit hands a lemon to Dress.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Take a whiff.

Dress sniffs the lemon and winces elaborately.

DRESS

Whoa!

SUIT

It's a real eye-opener, isn't it? Give it a minute.

Dress shivers for a moment, then suddenly relaxes and regards the lemon warily.

SUIT (CONT'D)

See what I mean? Opens up the Chakras. Come on, what do you say?

DRESS

Why do I do these things for you?

SUIT

We're together.

DRESS

What does that even mean?

SUIT

We know each other's limits and we push past them. We see each other for what we are... and we don't care.

They look at each other and simultaneously bite into their lemons. Their bodies go into intense spasmodic contortions.

DRESS

OH MY GOD!

SUIT

OH MY GOD!

They take another bite and flop around like fish out of water, gasping for breath.

DRESS

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! OH MY  
GOD! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

SUIT (CONT'D)

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! OH MY  
GOD! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

They collapse together in a heap, exhausted.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Whoa!

Wow!

DRESS

That was... weird.

SUIT

Breathing heavily, Suit struggles to sit up against the tree.

DRESS

Whatever it was.

Dress sits up next to Suit. They look at each other and quickly look away. Suit reaches up and snaps off a piece of the Chicken of the Woods fungus from the tree. He nibbles it, voraciously.

I am so hungry!

SUIT

Dress starts laughing.

What's funny?

SUIT (CONT'D)

You're eating.

DRESS

That's funny?

SUIT

I remembered something. You always used to get hungry right after sex.

DRESS

Dress picks up a head and offers it to Suit.

There's still brains left.

DRESS (CONT'D)

You go ahead.

SUIT

DRESS

You said you were hungry.

SUIT

Not for brains.

Suits snaps off another piece of the fungus.

DRESS

You are literally eating a fungus from a tree while turning up your nose at good brains.

SUIT

I read about this stuff. It's edible. Laetiporous Sulphurous. Chicken of the Woods. When it's fresh they say it tastes just like chicken.

DRESS

Does it?

SUIT

Hmm... I think it's a little past its due date.

They laugh and lean against each other. The contact shocks them and they pull apart. They stare out across the road at nothing, then slowly lean together again, gradually adjusting to the contact as the sun sets slowly on their faces.

### SCENE 3

BRIGHT MUSIC and LIGHTS on the yard. Part of the fence has been set on cans to form a table, flanked by two lawn chairs and a torn umbrella. Dress enters from the house with a bucket of dead flowers and a plank of wood displaying a hand-painted menu. She puts the flowers on the table, leans the menu against the fence, and returns to the house. MUSIC OUT.

Human 2 sneaks in carrying a full backpack, peers over the fence, sees nothing, and signals offstage. Human 1 enters.

HUMAN 1

Omigod, why did I ever let you talk me into leaving the house?

HUMAN 2

Shush.

HUMAN 1

You shush. That was so disgusting!

HUMAN 2

We're almost home.

HUMAN 1

I just want to get back to the safe room and drown myself in makeup.

HUMAN 2

We have enough food to last us awhile, at least, if we're careful.

HUMAN 1

Then what?

HUMAN 2

We go out again.

HUMAN 1

No way. I am never looking at another zombie again. The next dead person I see is going to be me.

HUMAN 2

You won't see anything if you're dead.

HUMAN 1

Good, then I won't care how I look.

HUMAN 2

Let's just get inside first. I think they're gone.

HUMAN 1

Are you sure?



HUMAN 2

No, but they do everything in a group, you know, like a herd of cows. Walk, eat, go home, which is now our yard, so... anyway, I don't see the herd. Come on.

They cautiously approach the yard, see the table and chairs, and stop dead in their tracks.

HUMAN 2 (CONT'D)

Wait...

HUMAN 1

What?

HUMAN 2

Was this always here?

HUMAN 1

Omigod!

They look around, frantically.

HUMAN 2

Shush!

HUMAN 1

You shush.

HUMAN 2

(whispering)

I think they're in the house. Come on!

They cross to the tree and hide behind it. The zombie in a HAT enters from up the road, staggers past the table, stops, returns, and stares at the menu. Dress enters from the house.

DRESS

Good Evening. We're not opened just yet.

Hat looks blankly at Dress.

DRESS (CONT'D)

Okay, then. Table for one?

Hat mutters, incomprehensibly.

DRESS (CONT'D)

No? Well, there's the menu. We have eyeballs and brains. Small plates.

HAT

(imitating Dress)

SSSSmmmmaaaaaaaaaalllllpppplllllaaaaatttsssss...

DRESS

But if you have a bigger appetite, we might add some offal and limbs.

HAT

Aaaawwwwwffffflllllllllnnnnnnnnllllllmmmmmmsssss...

A zombie in HEELS enters from up the road,  
stops and stares at the menu.

DRESS

Welcome. We're serving eyeballs and brains... just as soon as the chef returns with the food. Would you like to sit, if you... can?

Dress pulls out a chair. Heels bumps into it and  
knocks it over.

DRESS (CONT'D)

Oopsie! I'll just...

As Dress picks up the chair, the humans sneak  
away down the road.

HUMAN 2

(whispering)

Let's get out of here.

DRESS

Omigod, they have our house.

They exit. Dress sets the chair back up for Heels, who tries to sit and knocks it down again.

DRESS (CONT'D)

Or, if you prefer to stand?

Hat leans on the table and knocks it over.

DRESS (CONT'D)

You two must be together.

The zombies look at Dress blankly, then at each other. They stagger off together.

DRESS (CONT'D)

Okay, thanks for coming. Have a nice day. This is so not going to work.

Suit enters pushing a wheelbarrow full of heads.

DRESS (CONT'D)

Where have you been? We're crawling with zombies.

SUIT

You're not even ready. The place is a mess.

DRESS

I was ready. You weren't here with the food.

SUIT

Where are all the customers?

DRESS

Zombies don't have a lot of patience.

Dress puts the table and chairs back in place.

SUIT

This is what you call ambiance?

DRESS

What do you expect?

SUIT

Something more atmospheric.

DRESS

I had everything set up. They wrecked it. And they don't sit, I told you!

Dress picks up the bucket of dead flowers.

SUIT

On the positive side, I've got a wheelbarrow full of heads.

Holds a head up for Dress to see.

DRESS

Good, I'm starving.

Dress lunges at the head, but Suit puts it back in the wheelbarrow, and holds Dress back.

SUIT

Customers only. Here, I brought you something to nibble on while we work.

Suit pulls an arm from the wheelbarrow and gives it to Dress who eagerly gnaws on it.

SUIT (CONT'D)

We better get busy before they come back.

DRESS

Which they will.

Suit pries a few boards from the fence and lays them across a tree stump and trash can to make a work counter.

SUIT

We need bowls, plates, utensils, whatever you can find. Chop, chop!

Dress starts for the house, gnawing on the arm.

SUIT (CONT'D)

And a sharp knife.

Suit secures the counter, then takes the heads from the wheelbarrow, brushes them off, and carefully sets them in a row on top.

Dress returns with assorted dishes which she places on the counter, and a large knife.

SUIT (CONT'D)

This knife looks dull.

Suit tests it on one of the heads. It doesn't cut.

SUIT (CONT'D)

I can't prepare food with tools like this. What else do we have?

Dress holds up a couple of spoons.

SUIT (CONT'D)

That'll work. And those small plates.

Dress hands over the dishes. Suit dislodges the eyes from the heads with a spoon, checks the color, and sorts them on the plates.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Wash these under running water. And don't mix the colors up.

DRESS

(saluting)

Yes, Chef!

SUIT

Don't be a wise ass.

DRESS

Don't be an asshole.

SUIT

How am I an asshole?

DRESS

You've been complaining since you got back!

SUIT

I had a hellish time getting the food!

DRESS

You left me with all the hard work!

SUIT

We don't have time for this now!

Suit hands the plates of eyeballs to Dress.

SUIT (CONT'D)

And do not even think about eating them!

Dress goes into the house. Suit turns over a head, scoops out some brains into a bowl, and puts the head into the wheelbarrow, repeating until there is an array of bowls on the counter and a wheelbarrow full of heads. Dress returns with plates of eyeballs on a tray and a dish rag.

DRESS

Look what I found.

SUIT

Good. Let's set up before the zombies smell these brains.

Suit meticulously cleans the work table with the rag, and arranges the bowls. Dress sets the table. Hat enters and wanders over to it.

SUIT (CONT'D)

We have a guest.

DRESS

Welcome back. Nice to see you again.

Dress gestures to the table. Hat bumps into a chair and staggers past Dress.

SUIT

Offer it a table.

DRESS

I'm trying.

Dress tries to steer Hat back to the table.

DRESS (CONT'D)

If you'd follow me?

Heels enters, and wanders past them.

DRESS (CONT'D)

We've got a dinner rush!

Dress tries to direct the zombies to the table but, lured by the scent of brains, they stumble toward the counter.

SUIT

Don't let them get to the brains!

Dress blocks access to the work area while Suit pushes Hat and Heels away.

SUIT (CONT'D)

We need something to hold them back!

Dress picks up the knife.

SUIT (CONT'D)

You can't stab them, they're customers!

Dress discards the knife and picks up the menu board. They use the board to force Hat and Heels to the table but they can't make them sit.

DRESS

Table for two?

SUIT

Quick, get something to tie them down!

Suit holds Hat and Heels back with the menu board. Dress runs into the house, and returns with an electric iron.

DRESS

THIS IS ALL I CAN FIND!

They drop the menu board and try to corral the zombies with the electric cord. It is too short.

SUIT

GET SOMETHING ELSE!

Dress runs back into the house. Hat and Heels overwhelm Suit. Dress enters with a toaster.

DRESS

I CAN'T FIND ROPE!

SUIT

THEY'RE GETTING THE BRAINS!

Dress hands the toaster to Suit, and picks up a head from the wheelbarrow to throw at the zombies. That gets their attention. They stagger toward Dress, who uses the head as bait to lure them back to the table. While Dress holds the head aloft, Suit shoves the toaster into Hat's arms, pushing Hat into the chair, then wraps the electric cord around the chair, lashing Hat into it.

SUIT (CONT'D)

The other one!

Dress gets the iron and they lash Heels to a chair in the same manner.



Hat and Heels struggle to escape. Dress and Suit collapse against the fence.

DRESS

Restaurant work is exhausting.

SUIT

Rewarding, though.

DRESS

They won't sit for long.

SUIT

No rest for the weary.

Suit crosses to the counter to prepare the food. Dress picks up the menu board and props it up against the fence.

DRESS

Dinner is served.

Hat and Heels are crazed by the wheelbarrow full of heads.

DRESS (CONT'D)

One moment.

Dress pushes the wheelbarrow behind the remaining fence, and returns to the table.

DRESS (CONT'D)

Our special tonight is brains in a bowl.

Hat and Heels shake with excitement.

DRESS (CONT'D)

And to start, an assortment of eyeballs.

Suit lines up two small plates, pulls out a lemon and tries to slice it with the dull knife. It won't cut. Dress is horrified.

DRESS (CONT'D)

NO!

Suit punctures the lemon with the tip of the knife, squeezes juice on the plates, and brings them to the table.

SUIT

Eyeballs Sashimi in two colors with lemon jus. Bon appetit.

Suit places the plates in front of Hat and Heels, who struggle to eat with their arms tied.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Oh. Sorry.

Suit and Dress loosen their arms. Hat and Heels devour the eyeballs and are overwhelmed by the citrus, gasping and shivering, arms waving like wind socks. After a moment, they calm down, lick the plates, and hold them out for seconds.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Another round?

Suit crosses to the counter and prepares the eyeballs. Scrubs enters and heads for the brains on the counter.

DRESS

Good evening. Table for one?

Dress grabs the menu board and holds Scrubs at bay. Suit serves the second round of eyeballs. Hat and Heels sniff them, lick them, and chew them with pleasure.

HOSPITAL GOWN enters and staggers past Dress. Dress releases Scrubs to keep Hospital Gown from the brains. Scrubs careens into Hat and Heels. Dress and Suit push Scrubs and Hospital Gown back with the menu board.

SUIT

There will be a wait for a table.

DRESS

(to Suit)

We don't have another table

Hat and Heels get loose and stagger to the counter. Suit leaves Dress to block them. Dress drops the menu board and runs behind the fence, reappearing with the wheelbarrow full of heads. At the sight of the heads, everyone STOPS DEAD.

Then... Hat and Heels stumble toward the wheelbarrow. Dress wheels it away and they follow. Scrubs and Hospital Gown follow Hat and Heels. The rest of the herd enters and joins the queue. Dress pushes the wheelbarrow all around the stage and off, followed by the line of hungry zombies.

Suit sits hopelessly on the ground. SOUNDS OF VORACIOUS EATING(O.S.) Dress returns without the wheelbarrow, and collapses against the fence.

DRESS (CONT'D)

That went well.

SUIT

What a disaster.

DRESS

You said to lower expectations.

Not what I had in mind. SUIT

We tried. DRESS

Not hard enough. SUIT

I tried hard enough. It didn't work. DRESS

The place looks like a shit hole. SUIT

It is a shit hole. DRESS

You were supposed to make it elegant. SUIT

We don't have that kind of clientele. DRESS

We'll never attract that kind of clientele if we just settle for the way it is. SUIT

I did all the work while you were off gallivanting with the herd. DRESS

Do you know how time-consuming it is to get the head away from a brain-eating zombie? SUIT

We weren't ready. I told you. DRESS

We'll do better next time. SUIT

There is no next time. DRESS

SUIT

We can't give up now. We're just getting started.

DRESS

No way I'm ever doing this again.

SUIT

So we had a rough opening. What restaurant hasn't?

DRESS

It is not possible. And you don't listen. I told you zombies don't sit.

SUIT

Nothing is impossible.

DRESS

You are so deluded.

SUIT

We can make it work.

DRESS

It will never work.

SUIT

It's a solvable problem.

DRESS

They wrecked the place! Four of them! And two were tied down! Imagine what a herd would do.

SUIT

You were supposed to figure that out.

DRESS

And where are we going to get meat? It took you all day to get a half dozen heads, and they were gone like that.

SUIT

That's a good sign.

DRESS

No, it isn't; we'll never keep up with demand.

SUIT

We'll add more tables.

DRESS

We couldn't get enough food for two of them.

SUIT

It's small plates!

DRESS

Zombies have large appetites! Know your clientele! What am I even saying? The whole thing is ridiculous! Zombies don't care about fine dining, zombies just want to eat!

SUIT

Your problem is you have no vision.

DRESS

Enough!

SUIT

You never really did.

DRESS

Dying didn't teach you anything. You are more insufferable than when we were alive!

SUIT

I taught you to appreciate food.

DRESS

So what?

SUIT

To savor the layers of complexity, the subtle nuances, the interplay of textures.

DRESS

STOP TALKING!

SUIT

Without me you would know nothing! You'd be just like these zombies in the herd!

DRESS

WILL YOU PLEASE JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Dress picks up the knife and sticks it into Suit's heart. As Suit is already dead, the knife has no effect, and Suit makes no effort to remove it.

DRESS (CONT'D)

I didn't mean that.

SUIT

You never change.

A FIERCE WIND BLOWS. The herd enters and wanders past them down the road. Dress clings to the umbrella to resist, but Suit is no longer affected by their power. When the herd is gone, the WIND STOPS and Dress releases the umbrella, looking down the road after them.

DRESS

Look at them. You think they want to elevate their consciousness?

SUIT

Yes, they just don't know it.

DRESS

They won't get it.

SUIT

They will if they try.

DRESS

They'll just destroy it. I don't get it, either. I never did. I just liked you.

SUIT

I thought we were together.

It's pointless to live in the past.

DRESS

I'm trying to find how to live in the future.

SUIT

There is no future.

DRESS

We can make one.

SUIT

You can't change what you are.

DRESS

We can make ourselves better.

SUIT

I'm going with the herd.

DRESS

Don't go.

SUIT

Come with us.

DRESS

I can't.

SUIT

We can eat.

DRESS

Stay with me.

SUIT

I'm hungry.

DRESS

DON'T LEAVE ME! DON'T GO BACK!

SUIT



Dress starts down the road. Suit watches her go, then touches his heart where the knife still remains, and the pain hits like a slow burn.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Owww!

Suit is disoriented by the novel experience of pain. He starts down the road, then up the road. He looks at the wreckage of the restaurant, then to where Dress went, and exits sadly in the opposite direction. Hat wanders in, sniffing around for food. It sees something on the ground, and picks it up. It is an eyeball. Hat brushes it off, sniffs, nibbles, and eats it with great pleasure.

HAT

GGGOOOOOODDD... GOOD... GOOD.

SLOW FADE on Hat.

## SCENE 4

UPTEMPO MUSIC. Sounds of METALLIC OBJECTS being dragged on the ground. MORNING LIGHT comes up slowly on a pile of lawn furniture, bikes, cans, and other yard junk blocking the road.

The herd wanders in, one by one, stacking up in a queue behind the barrier, growling and snapping at each other with hunger. One zombie tears another's arm off and eats it. One tries to eat its own hand.

We hear a METALLIC CLANGING (O.S.). Dress enters, banging on a trash can lid, and the zombies make way for her to advance to the front of the line. MUSIC OUT.

Suit enters behind the herd, opposite Dress.

SUIT

Good morning.

The zombies react to the sound of a human voice and advance aggressively on Suit.

SUIT (CONT'D)

I was hoping we could talk.

They crowd and bump Suit, but when they realize he is a zombie their aggression dissipates.

SUIT (CONT'D)

I'm hungry. I know you all are, too. I've seen you walk up and down this road over and over, looking for something to eat.

DRESS

We'll find food.

SUIT

There's nothing left.

DRESS

You don't know that.

The herd turns aggressively towards the human sound coming from Dress.

SUIT

You said it yourself. We'll be hungry forever.

DRESS

I said if *you* stopped eating *you'd* be hungry forever. *We're* not going to stop.

They surround Dress, but their aggression again disappears when they identify her as a zombie.

SUIT

What are you going to eat?

DRESS

As you said, there's no shortage of humans.

SUIT

I was wrong. There are already many more zombies than people. When we kill the last one, we'll have nothing to eat.

DRESS

We're a long way from that.

SUIT

We're there now. We're eating ourselves.

Dress crosses downstage of the herd.

DRESS

We're not like you. We don't want to control everything.

Suit crosses downstage of the herd.

SUIT

I'm not trying to control everything.

DRESS

You want to tell us what to eat, where to walk, and when to stop so we can listen to one of your tedious diatribes about food.

The zombies watch them like a tennis match.

SUIT

I'm trying to get you to see something better.

DRESS

Better for you.

SUIT

Better for all of us.

DRESS

Better for the herd?

SUIT

Yes!

DRESS

How?

SUIT

I can help them change.

DRESS

They don't want to change.

SUIT

They have no choice.

DRESS

They don't care about choice.

SUIT

We've already eaten most of the people around here. How far are you going to walk?

DRESS

Until we find the next meal.

SUIT

And when we've killed the last remaining human being, then what?

DRESS

We keep walking.

SUIT

Knowing there's no food?

DRESS

We don't know that.

SUIT

We do.

DRESS

They don't!

SUIT

You could tell them.

DRESS

Why would I do that?

SUIT

Because it's true.

DRESS

Your opinion.

SUIT

Fact.

DRESS

Cite your sources.

SUIT

It's obvious. People keep dying. The herds become overpopulated and the food supply runs out. We need to eat something else.

DRESS

There is nothing else.

SUIT

There is.

Suit holds up the lemon.

DRESS

Don't make me laugh. No zombie is going to eat a lemon.

SUIT

(to Herd)

I did. I ate a lemon. And this zombie in a dress ate one, too.

The zombies mutter unintelligibly.

DRESS

(to Herd)

It's true. I ate a lemon. And I can tell you that it was one of the worst experiences of my entire... experience! It's *sour and small*. You *finish in ten seconds* and you're hungry again. There's no blood, no fat, no marrow, no juice, and *no brains!*

SUIT

Yes, the flavor profile can be a bit aggressive on first entry, but it enhances the taste of the other ingredients.

DRESS

What other ingredients?

SUIT

Eyeballs!

The zombies mutter excitedly.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Brains!

More zombie muttering.

DRESS

You just said we're running out of humans. There are no brains!

SUIT

That's why we have to eat smarter!

DRESS

Eating smarter won't get us more brains!

SUIT

It will, though, in a way.

(to Herd)

We have to make do with what is left. We eat less but we make it better. Instead of rage-eating the last dregs of humanity, we take our time, we prepare our food. We re-awaken our sense of taste and smell. We sit down at tables. We use napkins. We marinate.

Lots of excited zombie muttering.

DRESS

This zombie in a suit is not one of us. He doesn't walk with the herd, he doesn't eat brains, and he can't find food! He says we're going to run out of humans, as if he has an unlimited supply of lemons. But does he? No. There's one lemon tree. One!

SUIT

We can grow more.

DRESS

Not in time.

SUIT

We have an eternity of time.

DRESS

Not if we want dinner!

SUIT

We build a restaurant where we re-imagine dinner! Where we re-imagine how to exist! We can't continue mindlessly walking down the same road, devouring everything we see. We have to stop.

DRESS

If we stop we starve.

SUIT

If we stop we can start to live again.

DRESS

(to Herd)

The zombie in a suit is right about one thing. There *are* many more of us than of them. We *will* eat up all the human beings *eventually*. But at *this moment* there are still people left, and we have to walk to find them. Zombie in a Suit doesn't want to walk. He doesn't even like brains. Well, I love brains! And I'll fight for whatever brains are left. There's plenty of other herds out there looking, and we have to compete, if we want to eat! We have to fight! And we have to walk! Now, who's walking with me?

The zombies roar with excitement and start to dismantle the barricade. When the road is clear, Dress bangs on the trash can lid and the herd gathers around. The WIND BLOWS.

DRESS (CONT'D)

LET'S EAT PEOPLE!

Dress leads the herd off but Hat clings mightily to the fence. The WIND DIES DOWN and Hat falls onto the road. Hat points to the lemon in Suit's hand.

HAT

Good.

SUIT

You can talk.

HAT

Good.

SUIT

This?

HAT

Good.



Suit hands the lemon to Hat, who inhales and winces spasmodically.

SUIT

You were there, weren't you? At our restaurant? You had the eyeballs with citrus jus! How did you like it?

HAT

Good.

SUIT

It was good, wasn't it? Can I ask you something? What exactly was good about it? Was it the citrus jus? The quality of the eyeballs? The texture? The mouth feel?

HAT

Good.

SUIT

Okay, conversation is not your strong suit, I get that, but... you and that zombie in heels sat down at a table. Well, we had to tie you down, but you actually sat for dinner. You took your time, you ate with pleasure. You dined out! You really dined out! That's...

HAT

Good.

SUIT

Would you do it again? I mean, if we could improve the ambiance?

The humans sneak in and hide behind the barricade of yard debris. Suit sees them but says nothing.

SUIT (CONT'D)

We'd have better seating, of course. Some kind of bar, maybe? Flowers?

Human 1 dislodges a piece of junk which gets Hat's attention. Human 2 stifles the sound. Hat picks up the human scent and stands. Suit gets between Hat and the humans.

SUIT (CONT'D)

I mean, you liked the food, but would the others do you think?

Hat follows the scent to the pile of debris as the humans sneak around behind it.

SUIT (CONT'D)

If we could find a way to seat them in chairs, could we get the herd to, you know, dine out? At a real restaurant? Like before?

Hat follows the scent around the back of the barricade. The humans sneak through the fence to the house. Suit crosses directly into the yard. Human 2 unlocks the door, but drops the keys, as Suit approaches. The humans enter the house and lock the door from within.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Getting enough meat would be a problem, of course.

Hat joins Suit and they cross to the door. Suit picks up the keys from the ground.

SUIT (CONT'D)

But I know where we can start.

Suit unlocks the door and opens it. They enter and lock it behind them. The humans SCREAM from within. LIGHTS DIM.

SCENE SIX

LIVELY COUNTRY MUSIC. We hear the sounds of HAMMERING and SAWING over the music. LIGHTS come up on the yard. The fence is gone: re-purposed into an array of half-finished tables and a bar. Hand tools and pieces of wood are scattered about. The bicycle has been overturned. The humans are bound together, back-to-back, in the upper window, which now has an open curtain. MUSIC OUT.

Are they back?  
HUMAN 1

I can't see  
HUMAN 2

Let me look.  
HUMAN 1

They swing their legs around to switch places.

I can't see either.  
HUMAN 1 (CONT'D)

They give up and collapse against each other.

If they're going to kill us I wish they'd get it over with. I don't think I'd mind being dead. I just don't want it to hurt.  
HUMAN 1 (CONT'D)

I took a class in death once.  
HUMAN 2

Cool.  
HUMAN 1

Not death exactly but, you know... entropy, decay, things fall apart, the center cannot hold, all that stuff. It was a lit class for science majors.  
HUMAN 2

I will never go to college.  
HUMAN 1

You are not missing much.  
HUMAN 2

One less thing.  
HUMAN 1

The whole point of the class, though, was like everything is always dying from the moment it starts living.  
HUMAN 2

HUMAN 1

I can relate.

HUMAN 2

Only you don't see it, it's like under the surface... in the code, or whatever.

HUMAN 1

I get that.

HUMAN 2

But the energy doesn't die. Even in dead stuff, there's like... potential.

HUMAN 1

So, we're coded to be always dying? Or always living?

HUMAN 2

Always both. Always processing.

HUMAN 1

What if the process is broken?

HUMAN 2

Shoot, we need to find something to cut these ropes.

HUMAN 1

And then what?

HUMAN 2

We run.

HUMAN 1

Run where?

HUMAN 2

Anywhere.

HUMAN 1

Why? Everyone's dead.

HUMAN 2

There's probably people left.

HUMAN 1

The town is gone.

HUMAN 2

Not completely

HUMAN 1

The hospital is a zombie wasteland.

HUMAN 2

There's probably others. Like us. In safe rooms. Preppers. But, you know... better.

HUMAN 1

And there's nothing to do, anyway. No TV. No school. No mall. No Instagram. No No Snapchat. Tik-Tok. No tacos. Why do you think they didn't just kill us?

HUMAN 2

I don't know. They're planning something.

HUMAN 1

Zombies plan?

HUMAN 2

I guess. Whatever it is, they're hard at work building it.

HUMAN 1

And they talk! What kind of shit is that?

HUMAN 2

No idea.

HUMAN 1

And they took all our stuff!

HUMAN 2

I can't see a blow-up canoe helping them much.

HUMAN 1

Why do they need to build anything, anyway?

Shh! One of them's coming!

HUMAN 2

Hat enters, festooned with leaves and flowers, pushing a wheelbarrow filled with vegetables, wild greens, and a large piece of brightly colored Chicken of the Woods fungus. Hat takes an armful of greens into the house.

What is it doing?

HUMAN 1

How would I know?

HUMAN 2

What does it sound like?

HUMAN 1

Shh, listen!

HUMAN 2

You listen!

HUMAN 1

Human 2 listens through the floorboards.

SHUSH!

HUMAN 2

YOU SHUSH!

HUMAN 1

Sounds like... wait... sounds like dishes.

HUMAN 2

What do you mean?

HUMAN 1

That's what it sounds like.

HUMAN 2

HUMAN 1

Don't be stupid.

HUMAN 2

I'm telling you, that thing is doing the dishes.

HUMAN 1

They're zombies, why do they need dishes?

They look at each other in horror. Hat enters from the house and straddles the overturned bike, sharpening the knife on the spinning wheel. The humans peer out the window.

HUMAN 2

(whispering)

It's sharpening a knife.

HUMAN 1

Omigod, I totally get how cows feel.

Suit enters slowly up the road and sits dejectedly at the bar.

SUIT

No luck. I can't find any humans. I've searched every house up and down the road. Not a shred of humanity left. Those two are all the meat we've got.

HUMAN 2

(to Suit)

Whatever you're thinking... please don't do it.

HUMAN 1

Let us go!

HUMAN 2

You can have the house. It's yours. And the yard.

HUMAN 1

We love what you've done to the place, really.

HUMAN 2

Wait... what *are* you doing to the place? Holy shit, it looks like a ...

HUMAN 1/HUMAN 2

OMIGOD!

Hat reaches up with the knife to close the curtains on the humans, then starts to empty the contents of the wheelbarrow onto the bar.

SUIT

(to Hat)

It's not enough. It will never be enough. What was I thinking? It's not about taste and nuance and elegance, it's about the next meal. It's about scarcity. Dress was right. The herd will be hungry forever, and when everything is gone, it's gone; but they'll just keep walking and looking for food.

Hat takes out a large piece of orange-colored Chicken of the Woods. It is an undulating shelf fungus, shaped like a section of brain but fresher and much more colorful than the piece from the tree.

SUIT (CONT'D)

What have you got there?

Hat hands the fungus to Suit.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Huh, look at that. Chicken of the Woods. So, this is what it looks like when it's fresh. Incredible colors! Like something from under the sea.

Suit breaks off a piece.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Very moist.

Suit takes a nibble.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Wow, it really does taste like chicken! Kind of. Needs a little *je ne sais quoi*, but I bet you could cook with this stuff. Try it.



Suit hands a piece to Hat who chews it,  
thoughtfully.

SUIT (CONT'D)

What do you think?

HAT

Good.

SUIT

Okay... but good, how?

HAT

Vvvery good.

SUIT

Does it remind you of anything, for example?

HAT

Ww... woods.

SUIT

What?

HAT

Woods.

SUIT

Woods?

HAT

FF... Forest. Streams.

SUIT

Wait...

HAT

Earth. Trees. Falling leaves.

SUIT

Hold on.

HAT

(a torrent of language)

Dead logs. Still ponds. Lightning bugs. Dragonflies. Smell of rain. Sound of thunder. Animals in the bush. In the trees. Overgrowth. Undergrowth. Mulch and moist. Rot and rotting. Mycology. Microcardia. Microconidia. Microorganism. Decay in the earth. Under the soil. In the fibers. Strands of matter. Tentacles of energy. Bringing us back. Back. Back to life. From the earth. From decay. From the dead. Life from death.

SUIT

You're getting all this from the taste?

HAT

Good.

SUIT

Where did you find this stuff?

Hat points behind the house.

HAT

Woods.

SUIT

Is there more?

HAT

(nodding)

More.

SUIT

I need the wheelbarrow. Give me a hand, quick!

Suit and Hat start pulling everything from the wheelbarrow and dumping it on the bar. When it's empty, Suit pushes the wheelbarrow in the direction Hat pointed.

SUIT (CONT'D)

I'll be back. Let's get this place straightened up. I want everything ready for diners when I return.

Suit exits. Hat takes an armful of vegetables and herbs into the house. LIGHTS DIM.

SCENE SEVEN

JAZZY BLUES. ATMOSPHERIC LIGHTING. The transformation into an elegant outdoor restaurant is complete, with tables, chairs, and a bar. Dress enters, carrying the garbage lid, and looks around. MUSIC OUT.

DRESS

Hello? Anybody here?

Hat enters from the house with an armful of field greens, carrots, herbs and lemons, and crosses behind the bar to expertly prep them.

DRESS (CONT'D)

Oh, it's you. Hello.

Hat looks up at Dress and growls like a zombie.

DRESS (CONT'D)

I was just passing by, and thought I'd check out how it's all going, so.

Hat continues chopping and growling.

DRESS (CONT'D)

So, how is it going? Suit's not around? Wow, you do that very well. You know, considering. Well, it looks like you have things under control, so I guess I'll just walk on.

Dress starts to leave.

DRESS (CONT'D)

Just so you know, it was our thing. The restaurant, I mean. Kind of a romantic fantasy, I guess. We were together before, back in the day, Suit and I. Anyway.

Dress starts to leave. Stops. Sniffs.

DRESS (CONT'D)

Do you smell human? I smell human.

Hat separates the greens into neat piles.

DRESS (CONT'D)

Where did you learn to do that? Were you like a chef or something?

HAT

Before.

DRESS

You can talk?

HAT

It was what it was.

DRESS

Wait, what did you... ?

HAT

Different now.

DRESS

Yes. Yes, it is different now.

Suit enters from the house in full chef regalia, with a tray of plates. He hesitates when he sees Dress.

SUIT

(to Dress)

I thought you'd be long gone. Leading the herd.

DRESS

I was about to leave.

SUIT

Don't let me stop you.

DRESS

Don't worry about it.

SUIT

(to Hat)

These need a garnish.

Hat holds up several examples of greens.

HAT

Which one is good?

SUIT

You choose. Be creative.

HAT

Good.

Hat chooses one, trims the greens and artfully garnishes the plates.

DRESS

Your sous-chef is amazing.

SUIT

I know, right?

DRESS

Be creative? That's different, coming from you.

SUIT

Live and learn.

DRESS

Hmm. Well, the place looks great.

SUIT

Thanks.

DRESS

Way better than what I did, I hate to admit.

SUIT

No, it was my fault. I didn't give you enough time. Or credit. I'm sorry.

DRESS

Yeah. Me, too. Okay, then. Guess I better go.

Dress starts to leave. The humans stick their heads out, then quickly hide. Dress sniffs.

DRESS (CONT'D)

I smell human. Can you smell that?

SUIT

I thought you couldn't smell.

DRESS

I can always smell meat. Especially when I'm hungry.

SUIT

I don't smell anything.

DRESS

You found humans, didn't you? All this time we've been scouring the road looking for something to eat, and you beat us to it. Come on, what's on the menu?

SUIT

Well, we do have a couple of surprises.

DRESS

Tell me.

Scrubs enters, sniffing for the source of the human scent.

SUIT

Uh oh, we've got company!

Hospital Gown enters and joins Scrubs. Hat comes around the bar and tries to hold them off. Heels enters, followed by the rest of the herd.

SUIT (CONT'D)

OH, SHIT!

Suit helps Hat hold them back, but it's too late. They gather under the window, growling ferociously. Dress bangs furiously on the trash can lid. The zombies stop and turn around.

DRESS

WE FOUND MEAT!

The herd roars in approval. Dress hits the trash can lid and the zombies quiet down.

DRESS (CONT'D)

(to Suit)

We did find meat, didn't we?

SUIT

We did.

DRESS

All right! Let's move some dinners!

SUIT

Are you saying you want to work?

DRESS

Looks like you could use some front of house help.

SUIT

We really could.

DRESS

Okay, then. We're together? I'm in.

SUIT

Okay. We're together. Try not to stab me again.

DRESS

Not in front of the customers.

Thank you.

SUIT

Suit reaches out to touch Dress's hand. There is a momentary shock. They pull apart, but share an awkward understanding.

All right, let's get ready to serve.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Suit runs into the house and reappears upstairs. The curtains open and Suit pulls the humans up so they are visible to the herd. The humans SCREAM. The zombies ROAR.

OMIGOD!

HUMANS

LET'S EAT!

DRESS

Suit holds up a large meat cleaver.

DINNER IN FIVE!

SUIT

WE'LL NEVER GET THEM TO SIT!

DRESS

JUST KEEP THEM OCCUPIED. COME ON, HAT!

SUIT

Hat runs into the house. Dress bangs on the lid.

ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE. IF I CAN HAVE YOUR ATTENTION. FIRST OF ALL, WELCOME TO OUR GRAND OPENING.

DRESS

Hat joins Suit at the window, and they drag the humans away. The humans SCREAM. The zombies ROAR.



DRESS (CONT'D)

WE HAVE A SPECIAL MENU THIS EVENING... A VERY SPECIAL... UH... PLAT DE JOUR OF... UH... FRESH... AND UNIQUE CUISINE... FROM CULTURES ALL AROUND THE WORLD... AND...

SOUNDS OF CHOPPING and BODIES FALLING from inside the house. Then silence.

DRESS (CONT'D)

Including, of course, some local delicacies which I think you will really enjoy.

The zombies mumble to each other like patrons at a bar. Hat enters through the door with a loop of rope and a handful of bungee cords. Suit enters in a bloody chef's apron and toque.

SUIT

FRIENDS, WELCOME TO THE FIRST ZOMBIE RESTAURANT OF THE APOCALYPSE!

Hat knots the rope to the bar and stretches it to form a barrier. Dress bangs on the lid and the herd lines up behind the rope. DINNER MUSIC kicks in and continues intermittently throughout the scene.

DRESS

Ladies and Gentlemen, or Zombies and Zombies. If you'll please follow me.

One by one, Hat allows the zombies through the rope barrier and hands Dress a bungee cord. Dress helps each zombie to sit. They flop over in their chairs but Dress secures them with bungee cords until they manage to stay upright, bobbing in their chairs like corks in water.

SUIT

We'll begin this evening with an amuse bouche of faux eyeballs au petit pometier in tree sap gelee with a citrus jus. Bon appetit!

Dress, Hat and Suit distribute the food which the zombies eagerly devour. There is a moment of shock before they shake uncontrollably and spit it out on their plates. There is an awkward silence. The zombies begin to growl. Heels continues to nibble the food, thoughtfully, however. The others watch.

HAT

Good?

HEELS

GGGGGGoooooooooooooooooooooooooddddddd!

Dress and Suit are astonished that Heels speaks.

DRESS

It talks!

The zombies cautiously retrieve their food and eat, reacting wildly to the citrus. After a moment, they relax and eat with pleasure.

HOSPITAL GOWN

GGGGGGoooooooooooooooooooooooooddddddd!

SUIT

This one talks, too!

HEELS

VVVVvvvvveeeerrrrryyyyyy gggoooodd!

SCRUBS

VVVvvveerrrryy GGGGGGoooooooooooooooooooooooooddddddd!

ZOMBIES

VVVVVEEERRRRRYYYYYY GGGOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOODDDDDDD!

DRESS

Holy shit, they all talk!

SUIT

Next course, quick!

Suit and Hat run into the house. Dress collects the dirty dishes. The zombies chat excitedly.

ZOMBIES

GOOD! VERY GOOD! VERY, VERY! GOOD, GOOD! GOOD, VERY, GOOD!

Hat and Suit return with little ramekins and bowls of chips. The zombies quiet down.

SUIT

Our first course this evening is a terrine of faux fois de poulet with potato crisps.

Hat, Suit and Dress serve the food.

SUIT (CONT'D)

Bon Appetit!

The zombies dive in and try to eat the terrine but can't figure it out. Scrubs bites the ceramic dish. Hospital Gown licks it like an ice cream cone. Heels tries in vain to use cutlery, but finally just dips a crisp into the terrine, and eats delicately. They all watch.

HEELS

Delicious!

The others copy Heels, dip the crisps, and eat.

ZOMBIES

DDDEEEELICIOUSSS!

HOSPITAL GOWN

Crispy!

ZOMBIES

CCCCRISPY!

They eat. Scrubs leans over to Hospital Gown.

SCRUBS

Different colors! See? Green, yellow, red.

HOSPITAL GOWN

Oh!

SUIT

Potato, corn, and jalapeno.

HOSPITAL GOWN

Spicy!

SUIT

Try a sip of water.

SCRUBS

Why?

HOSPITAL GOWN

I'm not thirsty.

Dress pours water.

DRESS

It, uh... cleanses the palate?

HOSPITAL GOWN

Ahh!

ZOMBIES

AAHHHHH!

The zombies try to drink, but can't manage it, and spill all over themselves. Dress keeps refilling their glasses until they get it right. Suit and Dress go into the house. Hat starts to clear the tables. Scrubs stands and raises a glass. The others raise their glasses.

## SCRUBS

Different colors. Green, yellow, red, blue. Green beans, yellow-bellied sapsucker, red, red robin. Crimson crest, yellow bill, bluest eye, yellow sky, purple haze, distant hills, sunlight, trees, sky, stone, leaves, grass. Water.

## ZOMBIES

WATER!

They all drink. Scrubs sits. Hospital Gown stands to toast.

## HOSPITAL GOWN

Different taste. Spicy. Salty. Savory. Citrus. Salsa verde, turkey stuffing, morning coffee, bread and butter. Talk and talk and talk and talk. Memory, shadows, dust. Restaurant, street and town. Here is the church, here is the steeple, open the door and see all the people.

## ZOMBIES

PEOPLE!

They drink. Hat tries to clear Heels' plate but she is still nibbling on the terrine.

## HAT

I'm sorry.

## HEELS

No, I'm sorry.

## HAT

I didn't mean to rush you.

## HEELS

Have we met before?

## HAT

We... bumped into each other.

## HEELS

I thought I remembered you.

Suit and Dress return with an elaborate platter of CHICKEN OF THE WOODS fungi, arranged to resemble a brain with all the fixings.

HAT

Excuse me.

Hat crosses to the bar and expertly plates up the main course. DINNER MUSIC.

SUIT

For our main course this evening, Zombies and Zombies, we are proud to be serving Le Cerveau Laetiporous Sulphurous avec Sauce au Champignons Savage, served with field greens in lemon oil, and Seared Fingertips au Les Carottes.

As the zombies wait, their physical bearing becomes more relaxed and human-like. Heels unfolds a napkin. The others follow suit. Hat, Dress and Suit serve the food. The zombies eat in a much more refined and relaxed manner, using cutlery, water, etc.

HEELS

Good.

HOSPITAL GOWN

Very Good.

SCRUBS

What is... Cerveau... what you said?

SUIT

It's French for brains.

SCRUBS

Oh. Sounds better in French.

SUIT

Everything does. Bon appetit!

HOSPITAL GOWN

Excuse me! This is brains?

SUIT

It's cerveau au champignons. Brains with mushrooms.

HOSPITAL GOWN

Not brains.

SUIT

It's... a special preparation.

HOSPITAL GOWN

Not brains.

SUIT

It's French. Their brains are different.

HOSPITAL GOWN

Ah, mais oui.

Suit and Dress join Hat at the bar. Hat hands them a plate of food. They eat standing up, watching the diners.

HOSPITAL GOWN (CONT'D)

Tastes like chicken.

SCRUBS

Just like chicken.

HEELS

But it's very good.

HOSPITAL GOWN

But not brains.

SCRUBS

Not human.

HOSPITAL GOWN

Chicken.

ZOMBIES

Not brains! Very good! Not human! Different! Tastes like chicken! Chicken!

What do you think of the food?  
SUIT

It's absolutely delicious.  
DRESS

It is, isn't it?  
SUIT

I know what it isn't, but I don't know what it is.  
DRESS

Shh... what are they saying?  
SUIT

SCRUBS  
Chicken... chicken... chicken with  
mushrooms.

HOSPITAL GOWN  
Chicken... chicken... chicken with gravy.

HEELS  
Chicken fricassee.

HOSPITAL GOWN  
Roast Chicken.

HEELS (CONT'D)  
Jerk Chicken.

HOSPITAL GOWN  
Chicken a la King.

Scrubs gets up and starts to move around the  
restaurant, bumping into everything. Music  
becomes more UPTEMPO.

SCRUBS  
CHICKEN CORDON BLEU!

Hospital Gown joins Scrubs.

HOSPITAL GOWN  
CHICKEN DIJONNAISE!

Heels joins Scrubs and Hospital Gown.



HEELS  
CHICKEN PARMESAN!

DRESS  
This is so good! What's in the sauce?

SUIT  
It's a secret.

Hat joins in as the zombies bump into and  
bounce off each other in rhythm to the music.

DRESS  
There's not an ounce of meat in this entire meal is there?

SUIT  
Shh... I'll tell you later. Look at them!

Suit and Dress watch the zombies dance .

ZOMBIES  
Chiang Bo Chicken. Kung Pao Chicken. Chicken Parmesan! Chicken Dijonnaise. Chicken  
Tikka Massala. Chicken Kow! Chicken Marsala! Chicken au Poivre. Chicken Kiev.  
Poulet a la Diable! Poulet a l'Etouffee! Pollo Escabechado! Pollo en Pepitoria! Pollito  
de Grano al Vino de Jerez!

DRESS  
They're dancing!

SUIT  
Come on, follow me.

Suit and Dress disappear into the house as the  
zombies dance more in earnest.

Suit and Dress enter from behind the house  
pulling the bound humans behind them.

HUMAN 1  
Omigod!

|                               |                   |
|-------------------------------|-------------------|
| What is happening?            | HUMAN 2           |
| Shh! Don't let them hear you! | SUIT              |
| What are they doing?          | HUMAN 1           |
| They're dancing.              | DRESS             |
| Zombies dance?                | HUMAN 1           |
| They do. Now they do.         | DRESS             |
|                               | Suit unties them. |
| What's going on?              | HUMAN 2           |
| We're letting you go.         | SUIT              |
| You're not going to kill us?  | HUMAN 2           |
| No.                           | SUIT              |
| Something will.               | DRESS             |
| But not us                    | SUIT              |
| And not now.                  | DRESS             |

HUMAN 1

When?

SUIT

That's always the question, isn't it?

HUMAN 2

Where do we go?

DRESS

Someplace you want to be.

Suit hands them a bag.

SUIT

I packed you some food. A few vegetables. And a kind of giant mushroom.

HUMAN 1

I don't like mushrooms.

DRESS

You'll like this. It tastes like chicken.

Some of the zombies notice them. They stop dancing and stare. MUSIC OUT.

SUIT

You should get moving. They won't be far behind.

Human 1 starts to cry.

HUMAN 1

We're going to die.

DRESS

Yes.

HUMAN 2

I don't know what to do.

Come back. We'll be here. SUIT  
  
 We can come back? HUMAN 2  
  
 It's your home, after all. SUIT  
  
 The zombies start to gather in a herd, as before,  
 mumbling unintelligibly.  
  
 I think the natives are getting restless. DRESS  
  
 Better hurry. SUIT  
  
 Omigod. HUMAN 1  
  
 Let's get out of here! HUMAN 2  
  
 The humans run off as the herd starts after  
 them. The WIND BLOWS. Suit and Dress  
 meet the approaching herd. It is a tense  
 standoff. The WIND DIES DOWN.  
  
 Thank you for coming. SUIT  
  
 Thank you... Chef. SCRUBS  
  
 We had a wonderful evening... Chef. HOSPITAL GOWN  
  
 It was my pleasure. SUIT

|   |  |
|---|--|
| The food was very...                                    | HEELS  |
| Good?   | SUIT   |
| Not very <i>good</i> .                                  | HEELS  |
| Oh.   | SUIT   |
| Very memorable... and very hopeful. It brought me back. | HEELS  |
|   | The zombies' physical demeanor again becomes more primitive as they drift past Suit and Dress. |
| You don't have to go. You can stay here. With us.       | SUIT   |
| We're still hungry.                                     | SCRUBS   |
| It was very good, though.                               | HOSPITAL GOWN  |
| Different.  | SCRUBS   |
| We'll cook for you. For all of us.                      | SUIT   |
|   | Hospital Gown and Scrubs start to exit.  |
| I hope you'll come back.                                | DRESS  |
| Oh, we will.  | HOSPITAL GOWN  |
| We will.  | SCRUBS   |

They exit. Heels follows. Hat looks at Suit and Dress for a long moment, then turns and follows Heels. Suit and Dress watch sadly as Hat exits.

DRESS

I could really use a glass of cold lemonade.

SUIT

I'll make some. Then we've got to clean the place up and get ready for tomorrow. I have a feeling this restaurant's going to be very busy.

They walk back to the yard and start to clear the tables. Hat and Heels wander in slowly and cross to the middle of the road. They stop to look out over the audience.

HAT

What a beautiful sunset.

HEELS

The dying of the day.

HAT

My favorite time.

HEELS

And mine.

They reach out to each other and hold hands. Suit and Dress join them with arms full of dirty dishes. They watch together, silently.

SUIT

So quiet.

DRESS

The air smells so fresh.

HEELS

It makes me feel so... I don't know.

Alive? HAT

Is that what it is? HEELS

I think so. HAT

Yes... alive. HEELS

Yes. DRESS

We're still alive. SUIT

They take in the peaceful solitude. The sun sets on their faces. SLOW FADE TO BLACK.