

The Talking Dead
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The Zombie cornered his victim in a deserted alley. The zombie lurched forward, snarling and growling, his yellow-brown teeth bared menacingly. The victim ran to a closed door at the end of the alley. He put his shoulder into it and it opened. The victim ran inside to find a small room, dark and filthy, broken glass and debris strewn everywhere. He quickly discovered there was no way out. The windows were too high and there was no other door. The zombie was now growling and pounding at the entrance. The victim put his full weight against the door, but the zombie was too strong and easily shoved the door open, hurling the victim across the room. The victim fell to the ground, cutting himself on the shards of glass, and began scurrying toward the far wall, sheer panic overwhelming his senses. The zombie moved toward him in slow measured steps. The victim was trapped.

ZOMBIE:

Grrr... no way out...you...trapped.
...grrnaagh... nowhere to go...
prepare to die...

VICTIM: (*urgently*)

There's nothing I can do?

ZOMBIE:

Nothing...auugghh...gnrrr...you...powerless against me.

VICTIM:

Really? Nothing? What if I kicked and scratched at you?
What if I fought with all my might?

ZOMBIE:

It...make no difference. Aauuaugh! I...too strong...
you die...just the same.

VICTIM:

Are you sure?

ZOMBIE:

...yes...hahahaeugh...(gurgle gurgle snort)...hnnn...

VICTIM: (*He stands up and dusts himself off*)

Okay.

Alright then.

ZOMBIE: (*stops in his tracks, suprised*)

Huh?

VICTIM:

Go ahead. Kill me.

ZOMBIE:

What?

VICTIM:

Do it.

ZOMBIE:

Uh...you mean you're not going to fight?

VICTIM:
No. Why should I?

ZOMBIE:
Not even a little?

VICTIM:
You said it would make no difference.

ZOMBIE:
I did say that, yes.

VICTIM:
So why should I put myself through all of that?
If it's not going to change anything, I'd rather not
go through the hassle of wailing and struggling. It'll just make
things worse. And I'm going to die anyway, right?

ZOMBIE:
Um...uh...yeah, right.

VICTIM:
Then get on with it.

ZOMBIE:
You're not making this easy for me.

VICTIM:
What?

ZOMBIE:
Well, it's easier to kill somebody if they struggle, you know
kicking and screaming, all of that.

VICTIM:
What? That makes no sense at all.

ZOMBIE:
No actually it does. You see, screaming is very annoying.
I would much rather kill someone who is screaming, because
I just want to shut them up. It's a great incentive.

VICTIM:
Sorry. I'm not going to scream.

ZOMBIE:
You could scratch and claw and maybe kick me a little.

VICTIM:
What's the point?

ZOMBIE:
Well, you may have something. One guy kicked me in the mouth. Loosened a tooth.

VICTIM:
See. Who needs that?

ZOMBIE:

It's still a bit tender. I have to chew on the other side.

VICTIM:

Riiight...Okay...so?

ZOMBIE:

You're not making this easy.

You seem like a nice guy.

VICTIM:

I am a nice guy. You've probably killed a bunch of nice guys.

ZOMBIE:

It's hard to tell.

They might have been nice, but they were kicking and screaming the whole time.

Made me want to kill them even more.

VICTIM:

Why do you want to kill me?

ZOMBIE:

It's a little embarrassing.

VICTIM:

Go on...

ZOMBIE:

I have to eat your brain.

VICTIM:

My brain? What the F-- Why??!

ZOMBIE:

It's a craving. It's weird, I know.

I wish it were easier. Breaking through a skull is hard work.

Laborious.

VICTIM:

Does it have to be brains?

ZOMBIE:

Well, it's mostly a protein thing.

But brains are pretty damn tasty, gotta say.

I mean, once you've tried them.

VICTIM:

Couldn't you eat something else?

An arm perhaps? Maybe something easier to access.

ZOMBIE:

Yeah, I guess I could. Never thought about it.

VICTIM:

Hey. I have an idea.

There's a really great deli around the corner.

How about I buy you a good raw steak.
Plenty of protein.

ZOMBIE:
Do they have chicken livers?
I love those things.

VICTIM:
Sure. The best in town.
Though I usually get the salami scramble.

ZOMBIE:
That sounds pretty good, actually.

VICTIM:
It's on me. My pleasure.

ZOMBIE:
Thanks. That would be real nice.
I haven't had a sit-down meal in a long time.

VICTIM:
You should probably wash your hands first.

ZOMBIE:
Yeah, Yeah, I guess so.

VICTIM:
Get those...people...out from under your fingernails.

ZOMBIE:
Does it show?

VICTIM:
A little. *(They begin to exit)*

VICTIM:
Hey. I didn't know zombies could talk.

ZOMBIE:
Sure, we can talk. It's just no one ever asks. They usually scream and try to
cave your head in with some heavy object. What would I say anyway? I'm about to
kill someone. "Hey, did you catch that Steelers game last night? They need a new defensive
coordinator"...wouldn't go over too well.

VICTIM:
Oh. Ahh. Yeah, I guess not.

ZOMBIE: *(rubbing his hands together)*
So! Salami and scramble it is.
With a side of chicken livers?

VICTIM:
Sure.

(They exit)