SAM, 20ish, is giving an inspirational speech to a few survivors of the zombie apocalypse.

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.

<Can I sit down for this?>

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 – 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?

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