

SEVEN UNDEADLY SINS  
BY  
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LOCATION: Cabin in woods

TIME: Present Day

SIN: Gluttony

CAST:

WALT: male Wrath writ large; every little thing sets off Walt's temper.

GEORGE: male Greed in human form; if he can get his hands on it, George will have it.

ESTHER: female The embodiment of envy; Esther's never happy so long as someone else has it better.

PRUDENCE: female Pride personified; nobody is prouder of themselves than Prudence.

GRANT: male All about gluttony; Grant's eating his feelings, and everyone else's, too.

SAM: male A study in sloth; Sam's much too tired to let a little zombie apocalypse concern him.

LISA: female The picture of lust; she's a girl with a one-track mind.

NOTE: When the characters return as zombies, all are moaning, shambling wretches, devoid of all personality. Except Prudence, who's still a little steamed.

Five people -- WALT, GEORGE, ESTHER, PRUDENCE, and GRANT run on stage in utter panic. George and Prudence are dressed to the nines. The rest are in casual clothes. Grant is eating a massive bag of potato chips. SAM, another member of their group, trails behind. He wears pajama pants and shows absolutely no sign of panic.

ESTHER

Hurry up! They're getting closer!

A paper doorframe is on stage. Walt fiddles with keys to unlock the "door."

WALT

Goddamnit! Which one is it?

PRUDENCE

If you all would have listened to me, we'd still be safe in the van. But, nooooo. We had to go for a nature hike during the zombie apocalypse.

Walt finds the right key and unlocks the door.

WALT

What the hell are you people waiting for? Get in here!

Grant enters, sighing in relief.

GRANT

That was close! One of them almost got my chips!

On a small table in the room is a few boxes of....

GRANT (CONT'D)

Twinkies!

Grant rushes over to the box. He gleefully rips it open and starts double-fisting chips and Twinkies. Prudence enters next.

PRUDENCE

Oh! Thank god I'm safe!

Walt glares at her.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

I meant "we."

Esther and George enter. Esther sprawls out on a "couch."  
(Three chairs pushed together.)

ESTHER

I've always dreamed of owning a couch  
like this.

George is playing with his phone. He looks up, unimpressed.

GEORGE

Feh. I have three of them.

ESTHER

Aw, man! How did you get three?

GEORGE

Bernie's and Phyl's had a sale. I think  
they have one left.

Esther looks hopeful, until George presses a button on his  
phone.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh, I just bought it.

Esther scowls.

WALT

(looking out the door)

Sam! Get your ass in here!

Sam is still outside sauntering slowly toward the  
door. He talks a bit like Eeyore.

SAM

I'm coming.

WALT

Oh, Jesus Christ.

Walt runs out and pushes Sam into the house. Sam stumbles  
and lands on the floor. He immediately falls asleep,  
snoring loudly.

WALT (CONT'D)

All right. Are we all here?

Walt starts counting. Prudence pushes him out of the way.

PRUDENCE

Let me do it. You don't count right.

Walt fumes as Prudence takes control.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)  
(counts herself first)

ONE.

She silently counts the others.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

Where's Lisa?

LISA struts on stage. She makes a sexy pose in the "doorway" as she blows kisses off screen.

LISA

Call me, sweetie!

PRUDENCE

Are you talking to the zombies?

LISA

Yeah, that one is super hot!

PRUDENCE

He has a detached eye.

LISA

That's not all that's detachable.

Walt, Prudence, George and Esther contort their faces in disgust. Lisa pays them no mind as she stands outside the door, blowing kisses and make sexy poses to the "zombies."

PRUDENCE

Well, at least all seven of us made it.  
As soon as it's said, Lisa is snatched  
by a growling "zombie."

LISA

Get off me! You disgusting, smelly..  
(in a sexy voice)  
"dirty" thing...  
The zombie drags Lisa off stage.

PRUDENCE

...make that six.

GEORGE

Well, they always say the slutty one goes first.

As George talks, he's rooting around the house, pocketing any stray item he sees.

ESTHER

Who says that?

GEORGE

Horror movies. The slut gets killed first. Then the loudmouth and the fat one usually go. Near the end somebody gets killed, because they get too greedy...

When George says that, he's in the middle of pickpocketing the sleeping Sam. He catches himself and immediately straightens up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Anyway, it doesn't really matter. The only one who survives is the virgin. Everyone looks at Prudence.

PRUDENCE

That's because we can control our impulses.

Walt isn't paying attention to the conversation at all. He's still staring out the door, fuming.

WALT

Goddamnit, Lisa!

Esther gives him a hug.

ESTHER

I know. I miss her, too.  
(wistfully)  
She had the best wardrobe.

WALT

You know we just started going steady?  
And it pisses me off that I didn't get  
to sleep with her.

ESTHER

Oh. Well, you missed the boat there,  
buddy.

WALT

Wait...you slept with her?!

ESTHER

Once. But I got jealous when she  
hooked up with George.

WALT

(to George)  
Dude!

GEORGE

It was only a few times.  
Walt glares at him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

OK, like 23 times. But I totally broke  
it off with her when she started  
smelling like Funyuns.

Grant sheepishly looks up with a Twinkie sticking out of  
his mouth.

GRANT

Sorry, that was my fault.  
Everyone looks at Grant, shocked.

GRANT (CONT'D)

What? Funyuns are an aphrodisiac.

WALT

OK, show of hands...who else has slept  
with Lisa?

Sleepy Sam raises his hand, as does Prudence.

WALT (CONT'D)

You're a virgin!

PRUDENCE

We scissored. And I was spectacular.

WALT

All right -- first I'm going out there  
to kick that zombie's ass. Then I'm  
coming back to kick all of your asses!

Walt storms out. Seconds later we hear him cursing up a  
storm as he gets eaten by a zombie. Esther looks wistfully  
out the door.

ESTHER

I wish I had a boyfriend like that.

GEORGE

Say, did anyone from the other van make  
it? They had some nice stuff.

GRANT

Yeah. Like Cheetos.

PRUDENCE

No, they're all gone. They wouldn't  
listen to me, either.

ESTHER

So... Chastity?

PRUDENCE

She was violated.

GRANT

Temperance?

PRUDENCE

Couldn't help herself.

GEORGE

Faith?

PRUDENCE

Took a flying leap.

ESTHER

Patience?

PRUDENCE

Couldn't wait.

GRANT

Grace?

PRUDENCE

Folded under pressure.

GEORGE

Charity?

PRUDENCE

Gave herself up.

SAM

Hope?

PRUDENCE

Floated away. Now focus, people. We need to make a plan. We have no water. Our food supply is...

Prudence looks over at Grant, who sounds like he is making love to the chips and Twinkies.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

...rapidly dwindling. Everyone check your cell phones and tell me how much battery life you have left.

Everyone rustles in their pockets/purses. Prudence is the first to retrieve hers.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

I'm down to 18 percent. Grant looks sheepish as he pats his pocket.

GRANT

I think I ate mine.

ESTHER

Mine is missing!

SAM

(still half-asleep)

Mine, too.

They all look at George who is sitting on the couch playing Angry Birds on three different phones.

GEORGE

What? Finders keepers.

Esther runs toward George.

ESTHER

Give me back my phone!

George protects the phones, and the other items he's hoarding, as Esther wrestles him to the ground. As the two grapple on the floor, George manages to tuck the phones safely under sleeping Sam so Esther can't snatch them. Prudence breaks up the scuffle by pulling Esther off of George.

PRUDENCE

Stop it! We can't fight over every little thing. The important thing is to get me...us...out of here.

George retrieves one of the phones from under Sam and continues his game.

ESTHER

Your phone's almost dead! What if we have an emergency?

(points to George)

He's not going to give one of his up.

GEORGE

(playing his game)

That is correct.

PRUDENCE

Relax. Lisa's phone is still plugged into the charger in the van. George and Esther both perk up.

ESTHER

What kind of phone is it?

PRUDENCE

I dunno. A Samsung...something?

ESTHER

The one with the 5.7 inch HD screen?

PRUDENCE

I guess?

GEORGE

And the little touch-screen pen?

PRUDENCE

Maybe?

Esther and George look at each other.

ESTHER

I want it!

GEORGE

No, it's mine!

They both run out the door pushing each other out of the way. We hear George scream and the crunching sounds of zombies eating.

ESTHER

Aw, man! Why did you guys take him and not me?

CRUNCH.

PRUDENCE

Idiots.

GRANT

It's better this way. We're down to one box of Twinkies.

Grant dives face-first into one of the remaining snack cakes.

PRUDENCE

Oh, have some self-respect. As usual, I'm left to solve all the problems. Barely pausing between lip-smacking bites, Grant offers a suggestion.

GRANT

Could get the van. Keys inside.

PRUDENCE

Hey, that's not bad. It's a good thing I'm here to inspire some thinking in you louts. Yes, go get the van.

Grant is still plowing through Twinkies.

GRANT

Not me. Eating.

PRUDENCE

Fine. Sam, get moving.

SAM

Mm-hmm. Right after a nap.

PRUDENCE

God, you people are useless. Must I really save the day? Again?

Grant snort-laughs through filled cheeks.

GRANT

No way. You can't drive a stick. Prudence is mortally offended by this.

PRUDENCE

Me? Can't drive a stick? Oh, I'll show you, buddy.

Prudence storms toward the door and stops. She turns back to Grant and Sam.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

And just to prove that I'm smarter than those idiots, I'm going to go out the window.

Prudence climbs out an imaginary "window" and exits the stage. We hear a car door open and an engine rev. Then zombies moaning and the grinding of automotive gears.

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

Dammit. Hey, get out of here! Only I get to work the gearshift!

And: CRUNCH.

Soon after, we hear another rev and zombies Lisa, Walt, George and Esther enter, positioned as though they're riding in a van. (One is holding a steering wheel) The "van" crashes through the door, and the zombies lurch out into the room. Zombie Prudence trails the rest, muttering to herself about driving a stick. And brains. The moaning zombies ominously approach Grant, who's run out of Twinkies. Grant thinks fast and runs over to Sam and starts nibbling on his shoulder.

GRANT

Ooooooh. Sooooo hungry.

SAM

Mmmmm. Tiiiiired.

The zombies look at each other, confused. Grant and Sam continue their moaning while the zombies shrug and wander away offstage.

SAM (CONT'D)

Heeeey. That was pretty slick, pretending you were eating me to fool the zombies.

GRANT

Yeah.

(beat)

You should go back to sleep. You look tired.

Sam doesn't need to be told twice. When he falls asleep, Grant looks over longingly at the empty Twinkies box and chips. He looks back at Sam, shrugs, then pulls out a big salt shaker and salts Sam's head.

SAM

Dude!

A yawn overtakes him.

SAM (CONT'D)

(sleepily)

Oh, whatever.

Sam's eyes close as Grant leans in for the bite.

BLACKOUT