

One Brain Too Many
by
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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah walks in, dragging a suitcase.

SARAH

Honey? The conference got boring
so I caught an early--

She stops. Screams.

A zombie is mid-chew, a half-eaten brain in his hand.

He looks at her. A deer frozen in the headlights.

SARAH

Are you kidding me?! I go away for
three days, and come back to find
you like this?

ZOMBIE

Aaaauhhh!

SARAH

No. No more excuses, Stuart.
Believe me, I've heard them all.
"I only eat brains when I'm under
stress." "I'm only a social brain
eater." It's like the pamphlet
said. One brain is too many, and a
hundred are never enough.

STUART

Aaaauhhh!

SARAH

You've had too many chances
already. I won't enable you
anymore. The only one who can help
you stop eating brains is you.

(beat)

Why didn't you call your sponsor?

Stuart flicks a glance into a corner. Sarah follows it.

SARAH

That's your sponsor?! You ate your
sponsor's brain?! And is that
viscera on the duvet? What, did
you just tear into him with your
bare hands?

(beat)

There's a table saw in the garage.

STUART

Aaauuuhhh!

SARAH

My sister told me to marry that
actuary, but, no, I wanted a man
with some life in him.

STUART

(guiltily)

Aaauuuhhh!

SARAH

I'm going to my mother's. My
lawyer will be calling. Please
don't eat his brain.

She starts to leave.

SARAH

Where's Spot?

Off his look into a different corner.

SARAH

Oh, Stuart!