

Side #1 Context:

Freya is one of the few zombies in the office who still believes things can change. Alongside Victor, she has begun organising a union movement against their employer, LoopFinance. After she sees Adam publicly challenge their boss Jim for the first time, she recognises something powerful in him: he hasn't *completely* lost hope.

Throughout the upcoming scene, Freya is trying to recruit Adam to the cause. Rather than attacking him or lecturing him, she approaches him with warmth, empathy, and genuine belief in his potential. She sees a capable, intelligent person hiding beneath years of exhaustion, cynicism, and resignation. Her goal is not simply to convince Adam to join the union, but to help him imagine that a better future is possible.

This scene should showcase Freya's ability to inspire, persuade, and make people believe in themselves when they no longer do, even if she is initially unsuccessful in her goal.

INT. THE OFFICE - KITCHEN - LATER

Adam grabs an ice pack out of the freezer for his head, and his lunch out of the fridge and heads to the microwave to warm it up.

The two zombies we saw in the lobby, Freya and Victor, sit at a lunch table near Adam, watching him.

More on these two: Freya has a piercing green-eyed gaze, a magnetic energy and is about as radiant as you can be when you have rotting flesh. Victor is a lanky guy with spectacles, who hides a sharp mind behind his slouched posture and nervous energy.

Adam hasn't spoken to these two before, but knows of them. Freya flashes Adam a smile.

FREYA

Hey Adam, come over here.

Adam is surprised. He walks over to the table, nursing the icepack on his head.

ADAM

Hi. Freya right?

FREYA

That's me. Have you met Victor?

Adam and Victor share a nod and a polite smile.

ADAM

Not formally. You're our tech support guy?

VICTOR

Yep.

Freya kicks out a chair for Adam, and gestures for him to sit. He takes a seat.

FREYA

What Jim did to you back there was brutal, how are you holding up?

ADAM

I'll be fine... just another day in the pit.

VICTOR

A concussion is nothing compared to the constant micromanaging and harassment.

Adam manages a smile.

FREYA

Even though he made an example of you, I thought it was brave what you said back there.

ADAM

About the lunch break? I'm not sure I'd call it brave, I think I just like to complain.

FREYA

Bravery isn't about charging into battle, sometimes it's just about standing up for something, even when it feels pointless.

Freya puts a reassuring hand on Adam's arm.

FREYA (CONT'D)

I think you're sharper, and braver than you let on.

Adam is flattered but doesn't know what to say, it's the first compliment he's received since he can remember. He almost seems a little flustered.

BEEP BEEP! The microwave sounds. Adam's food is done, giving him a good excuse to get up and break the tension.

ADAM

I better go get my food.

Adam gets his food out of the microwave and takes the lid off the container, filling the room with the stench of humid brains. He stirs his dish of brains casserole and we see and hear it in all its disgusting, squelchy glory.

Adam sits back down. Freya and Victor eye his meal with contempt, he can feel their gaze. He takes a bite of the grotesque concoction.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(groans)

Lukewarm. Again. Why can't we get a decent working microwave?

Victor leans in, his gaunt face getting close to Adam who pulls back slightly.

VICTOR
(pointing at the food)
You know what they put in this
shit?

ADAM
(chewing)
My casserole?

VICTOR
The brains. They're synthesised in
a lab, and pumped full of
additives, to keep us thinking dumb
and moving slow.

Freya nods. Adam is confused.

ADAM
We think dumb and move slow because
we're zombies. We're reanimated,
rotting corpses.

VICTOR
No, it's because we eat what they
want us to eat. Just like we do the
jobs that they want us to do while
being harassed, exploited and paid
peanuts. We don't even get
healthcare, or a damn retirement
fund!

FREYA
(easing the tension)
Well, technically, we don't need
healthcare. And our retirement plan
is... dying...
(Beat)
But the point remains, we never
asked for any of this, and we're
sick of it.

Adam stirs his food.

ADAM
Me too, but what are you gonna do?
I have 21 years left. My life sucks
but I've seen zombies with much
worse.

VICTOR
Like me? At this pay rate I've got
30. But I'm going to make sure
they're not 30 years of misery.

FREYA

Right. Our resurrection doesn't have to be a sentence, it could be a second chance at life!

Freya and Victor look at Adam to gauge his reaction. Adam keeps eating.

ADAM

(chewing)

Well, what are you actually suggesting we do?

Freya looks around to make sure no one is listening.

FREYA

We want to unionise. First we'll take down this hell hole, and then we'll move onto the Eternal Repayments Act. But we can't do it alone.

Adam is taken aback.

ADAM

That all seems a bit extreme.

VICTOR

(snappy)

Is that you talking or your indoctrination?

Adam takes that a little personal. Freya slowly raises her hand, signalling for Victor to calm down.

FREYA

It's not extreme. Unionising isn't about burning the building down. It's about getting basic respect – fair pay, actual breaks, and not getting concussed during 'team-building' activities.

Adam takes a moment to think.

ADAM

It's not worth the risk, and I'm not sure what use I'd be to a union anyway. I have no skills, I'm not important. I just want to do my job, buy my freedom and not get any fines added to my sentence. As much as I hate this place – I need this place.

Adam resumes eating.

Victor gets up, picks up Adam's casserole and throws it in the bin.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What did you do that for?

FREYA

You know that searing feeling between your eyes? That tight feeling in your chest? That exhaustion that sits so deep in your bones you don't even notice it anymore? That's what happens when you're forced to live in a way that rots your soul. When you spend every day pushing down the voice that says, "this isn't right". Let that voice free, Adam, just like you did earlier. You don't have to be some perfect hero to bring about change.

Freya and Victor look Adam in the eye, beaming with intensity. This is all a bit too heavy for him.

ADAM

I'm sorry, Freya. I don't want to risk an eternity with Jim at LoopFinance.

FREYA

Look, Adam, just sit with it. Think it over. But at the end of the day - we're already dead, right? What more do we have to lose?

ADAM

I'll see you guys around.

Adam excuses himself, and makes his way back to the pit. Before he leaves he stares at his casserole, caked on the sides of the bin bag.

Side #2 Context:

Freya is leading the union's first strike action. The Deadheads try to wrestle some control back from Jim by taking a lunch break (a rare thing in this office), and eating human food, as opposed to the brains they're told they have to eat. *Or else.*

This scene aims to showcase Freya's ability to inspire, through her use of calm confidence, warmth and clarity.

We want to see a persuasive performance that would win people over, lift their confidence, and make them feel that a better future is within reach.

INT. THE OFFICE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Steam rises from a pot of curry, its spicy aroma cutting through the sterile air. Freya ladles generous scoops of the curry over rice, and Adam hands the bowls to the zombies.

The zombies are hesitant - it's illegal and taboo to eat human food.

ADAM

Guys, it won't kill you. Again.

The zombies aren't convinced.

ZOMBIE EXTRA #4

It's poisonous to eat human food!

ZOMBIE EXTRA #7

I've heard it causes limb loss!

Despite what he said, Adam is hesitant too. He summons up the courage to take a bite, drawing his fork to his mouth at an agonisingly slow pace. The zombies watch in horror.

ZOMBIE EXTRA #3

You'll be feverishly ill!

The fork makes it to Adam's mouth, and he takes a nervous bite akin to Squidward's first ever bite of a Krabby Patty.

His eyes widen. It's... delicious.

ADAM

What are you waiting for?

The zombies take cautious bites. They're pleasantly surprised.

ZOMBIE EXTRA #1

Oh my god - that's good.

ZOMBIE EXTRA #3

Thanks, Freya!

Murmurs of approval ripple through the group.

FREYA

(voice raised, steady)

Okay, Deadheads. Jim's gonna come in here soon, all puffed up and red-faced, yelling about productivity and metrics. He'll demand you get back to work.

She serves the last bowl.

FREYA (CONT'D)

But today, we stay strong. He can't fire everyone. And if he tries to single someone out?

She bangs the ladle against the table.

FREYA (CONT'D)

We walk. All of us. Together.

The zombies murmur in agreement and continue to eat like hungry dogs.

FREYA (CONT'D)

We're the ones who keep this place running. Without us, the whole business crumbles!

Murmurs turn into cheers.

ADAM

Speaking of crumble, make sure you save room for dessert!

The cheers grow louder.

FREYA

Today isn't about causing chaos, it's about showing Jim, *and ourselves*, the power we possess. We'll go back to work – but when we do, it'll be on our terms!

The cheers turn into an uproar. The zombies bang their forks on the table.