

## Context:

In this side, Adam has entered the kitchen to get an icepack for a head injury, caused by his boss, Jim. Freya and Victor are organising a union against the workplace, and use this opportunity to try and recruit Adam into the fold.

Freya takes an empathetic and uplifting approach to their goal, while Victor is his abrasive, cynical self. It's their version of good cop-bad cop.

In this side, we are looking for a performance that balances frustration, intelligence, and conviction. Victor sees the systems around him with complete clarity and has little patience for people who accept them without question. Beneath his cynical exterior is someone who genuinely wants things to change and is desperately trying to wake others up to what he believes is the truth.

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.