

# Zombie podcast

## Episode 1: Pilot

By David Benedict

[SFX: Burst of static]

Max: Hello? Hello? Test one, two, three, are we getting through?

Agnes: [calling from the next room] We've got it! I can hear you!

Max: What? Did you say you could hear me?

Agnes: [coming closer, but still not quite in the same space] Yes! It's a little fuzzy, but you're totally coming in!

Max: About time! Ok, um...this is Max O'Brien broadcasting on WEHG...

Rosalind: [Also nearby, but not on mic] Do you really think the FCC cares about that kind of thing now? I don't think it applies anymore.

Max: Fine. Um. Ok. Um. It's been...about 3 months since our last broadcast. We've sort of lost track of time, so it's tough to be sure. When we were last on the air we had just heard that there had been some attacks...like, physical attacks by people on... other people in the area that later spread, um... around the world. Given the ferocity of the attacks and the biting, there was speculation that it was... um...

Rosalind: Go on, say it. We talked about this. We have to give all the information.

Max: There was speculation that it was a zombie outbreak. Fine! Are you happy now?

Agnes: I don't think any of us are happy, Max.

Rosalind: Keep going.

Max: Our last transmission included a joint statement from Homeland Security and the CDC urging people not to panic, to stay home, and that additional information would be forthcoming in the coming days. It has now been, as I previously mentioned, about 3...maybe 3 and a half months since our last transmission, shortly before we lost power. Since that time we have been locating a generator and fuel for it, making repairs to the transmitter, and...fortifying our position against attack. From both the living and the dead.

Not long after we lost power we were approached by several individuals looking for shelter. We took them in, but they decided to take advantage of our hospitality to steal several key components of the station for their own use. When there was nothing left that they considered valuable, they went away. On a foraging run later, we discovered their half-eaten bodies. That was when we decided we needed to make the fences around the station a little stronger. We got our stuff back, too.

Rosalind: Nobody cares, Max.

Max: We have not heard from any governmental entity since we lost power. But we consider ourselves responsible journalists...

Rosalind: Speak for yourself! I'm an academic!

Agnes: Yeah, don't lump all of us into your weird crusade for "the truth". All I want is to get back home and get back to normal. If that's even possible anymore.

Max: \*I\* consider \*myself\* a responsible journalist and enlisted the aid of Rosalind...

Rosalind (interrupting) It's Dr Clark

Max: ...Dr Rosalind Clark and Agnes Drew, my intern here at the station, to help me repair the damage to the transmitter. We will be spending what time we can in keeping you up to date with whatever information we have available. There is limited fuel for the generator, though, so we will be restricting our broadcast to a few minutes each day. You WILL hear from us each day, though, and, if you're listening, we hope you find some hope in what we say.

Right now all we can tell you is that the power is still down. If you can hear us, you probably have a generator of your own or a stockpile of batteries. We urge you to conserve your

resources if you have those things. The last living person we heard from was heading north and reported that the dead were scattered, but that they might be starting to clump together a little.

Rosalind: That could just be simple random movement. We don't know if it's characteristic of their behavior.

Max: Who says they're even complex or intelligent enough to have actual predictable behavior?

Rosalind: Nobody does. Nobody knows anything yet. We have to get more information.

Agnes: Why do we have to do anything? Isn't that what scientists are for?

Rosalind: I AM a scientist, remember?! PhD in Marine Biology and Ecology? That's the whole reason I'm even here, I was supposed to get interviewed about the marine life off the coast here. Now I'm stuck with you two while the world is ending.

Max: Well, I'm not any kind of scientist! I'm just a station manager here at this college radio station trying to keep it together.

Rosalind: [pause] Maybe we shouldn't discuss this on the air.

Max: Um, right. As I was saying, it's important to conserve what resources you have.

Rosalind: Like gasoline. For a certain generator.

Max: At this time we don't have a lot of information, but we're going to be trying the internet periodically, so hopefully that will come back up and we can get access to more news that way.

Agnes: Maybe we could ask the folks in the lighthouse?

[pause]

Max: What "folks in the lighthouse"?

Agnes: I don't know who they are, but I was watching Gipstein Lighthouse yesterday and there's definitely somebody over there.

Max: How long have you known about this? This is important! What if they're watching us? What if they come over here and try to break in and take our stuff?

Agnes: Like I said, since yesterday. Or last night, technically. And they're all the way over there, I don't think they could see us from there. The only reason I could see them is because I could see their shadows walking across the lighthouse beam. I think it's interesting that it's still shining.

Rosalind: I'm sure it's set up on some kind of automatic system.

Agnes: Sure, whatever, but like I said, they're way over there.

Max: Ever heard of binoculars, Agnes? [sigh] No, it's ok. It's done. We'll just have to keep an eye on them. Oh! And I hope they're not listening to this broadcast...

Rosalind: Probably better wrap it up for today, Max. We still don't have a solid measure for how quickly the generator goes through fuel.

Max: You're right. Um. So I guess this is it for today. For Dr Clark, and Agnes this is Max O'Brien signing off. This is day one of coming back on the air.

Agnes: Hey, we should have a name for this thing we're doing.

Max: Later, Agnes. Later.

[END]