

Count your blessings.

*(A teenage girl enters, limping.
Her left arm is missing a hand (at least).
There's a bandage around her head covering up a missing eye and an ear.
She's damaged goods, even for a zombie.
Around her neck hangs a dirty cloth bag covered in dried blood stains.)*

ZOMBIE GIRL:

Fourteen.
That was my age when I...
turned.
That was six years ago. So
Now I'm twenty.
I guess.
Not that I've aged in a normal, alive-sort-of-way.
Two thousand one hundred and seventy-eight days.
That's a little over six years.
Six plus fourteen equals twenty.
Right?
Zombies aren't known for their math skills,
But I've always loved numbers.
They're complete in themselves,
But fit neatly together with others.
And when you add them up,
they're more than the sum of their parts.
I'd like to think of myself the same way.
That I'm more than the sum of my parts.
Some days I feel like I'm falling to pieces.
And then I remember that I literally am.
Falling to pieces.
That makes me laugh
most days.

(She takes the bag off from around her neck and opens it up.)

I keep the pieces that fall off in here.
Let's see what we've got.

(She takes a couple of fingers.)

A couple of fingers. Those never stay on.
Here's a toe. Which one is it?

One of the middle ones.

(She takes out an ear.)

Aw. My ear.

I remember when that came off. It's actually a funny story.

Funny if you're a zombie.

But you probably wouldn't get it.

(She shakes the bag and looks in.)

There's a bunch of stuff in there.

(She puts the pieces back in the bag.

She closes it and hangs it back around her neck.

She takes a moment and looks at her body.)

Don't have many pieces left, actually.

But I'm thankful I haven't lost them.

I call the remaining pieces I do have, blessings.

And I count them every night.

(She points to different body parts.)

One...

Two...

Three...

Four...

Five...

(Then to her teeth:)

Six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

(She smiles with everything she has left.)

(End of scene.)