

Moan Alone

A One-Act Comedy in Four Scenes by,
Mark aloysius Kenneally

Copyright © March 2020 Mark aloysius Kenneally and Off The Wall Play Publishers

Caution: This script is provided for reading purposes only. Professionals and amateurs are hereby advised that it is subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including but not limited to professional, amateur, film, radio, and all other media (including use on the worldwide web) and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved; and any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. For any information about royalties or to apply for a performance license please click the following link:

<https://offthewallplays.com/royalties-and-licensing-of-plays-sold-by-off-the-wall-plays/>

Moan Alone

A One-Act Comedy in Four Scenes by,
Mark aloysius Kenneally

“Perhaps I know best why it is man alone who laughs; he alone suffers so deeply that he had to invent laughter.” – Friedrich Nietzsche

“Great minds taste alike” – Random Zombie

“You're a great friend but if the zombies chase us, I'm tripping you.” – Everybody Else

Moan Alone

Characters: (In order of appearance; 2M, 2F)

Jake: Man in his 20s who transforms into a zombie in his 20s. Chloe's boyfriend.

Cooper: Man in his 20s who transforms into a zombie in his 20s. Sheila's boyfriend.

Chloe: Woman in her 20s who transforms into a zombie in her 20s. Jake's girlfriend.

Sheila: Woman in her 20s who transforms into a zombie in her 20s. Cooper's girlfriend.

Setting: A living room with a fireplace and a kitchen with a stove and a refrigerator... in a log cabin... in the middle of nowhere... during an anomalistic fall blizzard.

Time: October 31, 2011

*****Production Note:** Since there is a lot of 'Zombie Moaning' in this play, it is imperative that each moan be performed as if it's an actual line of dialogue, full of intent, meaning, and purpose.

Scene One

Scene One: Introductions

(At rise, JAKE and COOPER enter the log cabin carrying firewood. They are covered in snow. And yet, despite the frigid exterior conditions offstage, the cabin's living room itself should appear very warm and cozy, with all amenities surrounding the welcoming rustic wood furniture. The redbrick fireplace rests upstage center.)

JAKE

...All I said was I understood why they did it.

COOPER

The Donner Party?

JAKE

Yeah, I get it.

COOPER

Yeah, but you're a sicko.

JAKE

Oh, so you're sayin' you wouldn't do it?

COOPER

What? Eat you?

JAKE

Well, not me per say. Eat anyone.

COOPER

I don't know.

JAKE

I'm not talkin' 'bout like for Sunday brunch, I'm talkin' about like if you had to, like if—

COOPER

I know what you're *like* talkin' about and all I can *like* say is I don't *like* know.

JAKE *(Scoffs)*

You would. You totally would. I know you would.

COOPER

Oh, you know it?

JAKE
Oh, yeah. You'd eat me.

COOPER (*Scoffs*)
Drop dead.

JAKE
Whoa, hey, you hungry already?

COOPER
I won't be hungry after I eat you.

JAKE
What happened to all that "I don't know" garbage?

COOPER
You're so annoyin', you're makin' me wanna eat you.

(A beat)

JAKE
What? Like? *(A beat)* Out of spite?

COOPER
You must get that a lot.

(A beat)

JAKE
You know, if not bein' annoyed is the only thing keepin' cannibalism off the table, you might want to steer clear of the DMV.

COOPER (*Nods*)
The more you talk, the more I start to salivate. *(A beat)* Prob'ly need salt.

JAKE
Okay, enough.

COOPER
And pepper. *(A beat)* Maybe even a dash of Mrs. Dash. *(A beat)* And I'd need a swimmin' pool full of Listerine. *(A beat)* Mhmmm, you probably taste like chicken.

JAKE
You probably taste like chicken!

COOPER

I see all that dough you spent learnin' the art and craft of the comeback was money well spent.

JAKE (*Sincere*)

You really think so?

COOPER (*Nods*)

And when do those sarcasm classes start?

JAKE

Next semester.

COOPER

Counting down the seconds.

JAKE

Oh, so you enrolled too?

(A long pause. COOPER shakes his head.)

COOPER (*Sighs*)

You still want me to eat you, 'cause now I'm a little more inclined.

JAKE

Maybe in a bit. *(A beat. JAKE sighs.)* But for now, how 'bout we just change the subject?

COOPER (*Chuckles*)

Fine by me! You're the one who started with this whole Halloween-idiot-undead hors d'oeuvre-banter to begin with! I was talking about BBQ and football. But all it took was me sayin' I like the fact that football's brainless for you to go full zombie.

(A long pause. With his hands full of logs still in tow, JAKE crosses into the kitchen and starts opening and closing drawers and cabinets with extreme difficulty on account of all the wood he's carrying. COOPER notices.)

COOPER (*Cont'd*)

Why don't you put those logs down first instead of making it more difficult for yourself?

JAKE

'Cause I'm hungry now. *(A beat. JAKE sighs and then scoffs.)* I bet you didn't even remember to stockpile this hole-in-the-wall rat-trap with a couple non-perishables before this stupid blizzard kicked in. You never have any food around. Not in your home back home and I'm bettin' probably not out here either.

COOPER

That's because I know you. *(A beat)* And I'm pretty sure you've got a tapeworm.

JAKE

No. That's because you don't like to share. And you've got—

COOPER

Why should I share? You don't need any of my food, remember? You've got your leg.

JAKE *(Scoffs)*

Even cannibals don't eat themselves.

COOPER

'Cause that'd just be gross.

JAKE

Exactly. I'm hungry but I'm not that hungry. Bleh! Zombies have standards.

COOPER

No they don't.

JAKE

Well, then, I'd be the first zombie who does.

COOPER

Like that time when you made out with the mannequin?

JAKE

She was smokin' hot!

COOPER

She was super plastic!

JAKE *(Shrugs)*

She felt real enough to me.

COOPER

Before or after her head fell off?

(A long pause)

JAKE

I put it back on.

COOPER

Yeah. I know. Backwards.

JAKE

I didn't need her judging me.

COOPER

What about when I do it?

JAKE (*Shrugs*)

You're fine. Judge me. Eat me. Either way.

COOPER (*Sighs, scoffs, and shakes his head*)

I don't think there's anything more disturbing than the fact that the first thing you think of when you have hunger pains is cannibalism.

JAKE

There are.

COOPER

There are what? (*A beat. To clarify*) Even though I ask, I'm pretty sure your answer's gonna start with "Duh".

JAKE

Not it's not.

COOPER

Then I'm pretty sure you're strugglin' to stifle it.

(A long pause)

JAKE

Shut up.

(COOPER nods and smiles.)

JAKE (*Cont'd*)

I said shut up!

(COOPER shrugs and covers his mouth to keep from laughing. JAKE sighs.)

JAKE (*Cont'd*)

All I was gonna say is there're some things more disturbing than a discussion about food triggering the thought of going cannibal.

COOPER (*Shrugs*)

Fine. Whatever. Like you said, let's just change the—

JAKE

Take tofu. *(A beat)* You take it, 'cause you know I sure won't.

(JAKE giggles at his own joke while COOPER cringes and shakes his head.)

COOPER *(Sighs)*

You'd rather eat human flesh than tofu?

JAKE

I'd rather eat kale than tofu and you know how much I despise kale.

COOPER *(Sighs)*

Yeah, yeah. I read your petition.

JAKE *(Scoffs)*

Yeah, yeah, but you didn't sign it.

COOPER

Well, I didn't want to be the only one.

JAKE

I signed it.

COOPER

You *signed* it? I find that hard to believe since I'm the one who had to tell you 'cursive' doesn't mean swearing in French.

JAKE

Yeah, but you were also the one who told me e-signatures still count in a court of law.

COOPER

No, I didn't, that was your divorce attorney.

(A beat)

JAKE *(Under his breath)*

Gold-diggin' b—

CHLOE *(Offstage)*

What are you two morons grumblin' about?

(CHLOE enters the stage from an offstage bedroom.)

COOPER

Dinner.

CHLOE

I've got a hankering for some chicken.

COOPER

You heard the lady, Jake. Bend over.

CHLOE

What?!

JAKE

He's messin' with you, babe. We weren't talkin' about dinner, we were talkin' about the Donner Party.

CHLOE (*Sighs*)

Again?

JAKE

Cooper's still on the fence 'bout whether or not he'd eat me.

CHLOE

Oh, I would.

COOPER

You'd eat me?

CHLOE

Oh, God, no, Cooper. Never. Not—

COOPER

But y—

CHLOE

Not you. But I'd for sure most definitely eat Jake.

JAKE

Uh... You would?

CHLOE

Oh. Big time. Without a doubt. I'd eat you in a heartbeat.

JAKE

Uh... Thanks?

CHLOE (*Shrugs*)

I'm just sayin'.

JAKE

No, really, that's sweet, babe.

CHLOE

Sorry, hon, but if it were a life or death situation and I was starvin' to death while you were just lyin' around with that plump, juicy ol' bottom of yours—

JAKE

Alright, enough! *(A beat)* Wait. *(A beat)* I have a fat butt?

CHLOE

No, no, no! *(A beat)* Not fat. Just...

COOPER *(Nods)*

Pudgy.

CHLOE *(Chuckles)*

Well, let's not kid ourselves, Cooper, more than just a little pudgy, though.

JAKE

HEY!

COOPER *(Ignoring JAKE, to CHLOE)*

Of course. Naturally. *(A beat)* More like... *(A beat)* Beefy.

CHLOE

There you go.

JAKE

Okay, let's just forget I said anything.

CHLOE

Wouldn't you want me to eat you to stay alive?

JAKE

Well, I wouldn't care, 'cause I'd be dead.

CHLOE

You wouldn't care?! Your girlfriend is near death and starvin' and you wouldn't care if you could save her or not?

JAKE

That's not what I said.

CHLOE
I thought you loved me.

JAKE (*Sighs*)
I do love you.

CHLOE
But not enough to save me, huh? (*Scoffs*) No wonder your first marriage failed.

(A beat)

COOPER (*To JAKE*)
Ouch. Bet that one stung. Low blow, below the belt, and while the gloves were off.

(COOPER pantomimes throwing off his imaginary gloves off and then mimics punching JAKE in the groin. Thrice.)

COOPER (*Cont'd*)
Pow. Pow. Pow.

(A long silence. JAKE stares COOPER down. Then COOPER smiles and shrugs.)

JAKE (*Sighs, then to CHLOE*)
Okay fine. Eat me.

CHLOE (*Waves JAKE off*)
Ah, go eat yourself.

JAKE
Whoa!

COOPER
Why don't w—

CHLOE
Cooper would want Sheila to eat him, wouldn't you Cooper?

COOPER
No.

CHLOE
No?! Why not?!

COOPER
She's vegan.

JAKE (*Scoffs*)

Grrr. Vegan. The poster child for the tofu and kale generation.

CHLOE (*Ignoring JAKE, to COOPER*)

Cooper? I know she's vegan. (*A beat*) Everyone knows she's vegan. Because she mentions she's vegan every time she opens her broccoli-munchin' wry, little mouth. I'm actually surprised she doesn't just wear a sign by now. (*A long pause*) But she'd no longer be vegan if her life depended on eatin' your flesh to survive!

JAKE (*Nods*)

Yeah, she would.

COOPER (*Nods*)

Yeah, she would.

CHLOE

You're tellin' me she wouldn't chow down on your innards if her life depended on it?

COOPER

Nope. She still wouldn't do it. Plus, on top of bein' vegan, she's got a nervous stomach. And you know how paranoid she is about gainin' a sliver of an ounce. (*A beat*) Not to mention, I bet the human body is pretty fatty. And I'm not just talkin' about Beefy Butt over there.

JAKE

Good point. (*COOPER nods. A long pause*) Hey!

COOPER (*Ignoring JAKE, to CHLOE*)

How's she doin', anyways?

CHLOE

She's still sleepin'.

COOPER

And the bite mark?

CHLOE

It's bandaged but it still looked way, crazy infected the last time I changed her dressing.

COOPER

Dang. (*A beat*) Can you believe that psycho on the plane?

JAKE

He looked creepy.

COOPER (*Scoffs*)

Creepy?! Jake, the guy looked like death warmed over.

CHLOE

Sheila said he felt ice cold.

COOPER (*Nods*)

Semantics in the middle of nowhere. (*Scoffs*) Somebody's been staying late after school.

JAKE

Yup. I know. His name's Finnis Mitchell. He's the teacher's pet.

CHLOE

I thought you were.

JAKE (*Scoffs*)

But he's the pet the teacher actually likes. I'm the pet she told animal control is rabid.

CHLOE

Oh, yeah. Didn't she even offer to take you on a drive, so you could go live on that farm somewhere?

JAKE

Well, she used to, but now that broken promise has morphed into her just tellin' me I need to be put down. Twice for good measure.

COOPER

Where's her petition?

JAKE

Ha. Ha.

CHLOE

I already signed it.

(*A beat*)

COOPER

Did I?

CHLOE (*Nods*)

I signed it for the both of us.

COOPER

Whew!

CHLOE

Yup.

(A long silence)

JAKE

Did I?

(A beat. COOPER and CHLOE stare blankly at JAKE.)

COOPER

I can't even believe you manage to form complete sentences with the words coming out of your mouth.

JAKE

What. Huh? Say? Thank. Duh. I. You. Did? Wha...?

(COOPER sighs, shakes his head, then slaps his forehead and then leaves his head in his hand. A long pause)

CHLOE *(Sighs)*

That guy on the plane looked really messed up.

JAKE

Makes perfect sense if you think about it.

COOPER

In what delusional dimension?

JAKE

No, seriously. The last flight to leave the tarmac before the Storm of the Century? I'm sure every single nut-job left in the city was tryin' to stowaway on that flight.

CHLOE

Jake? Your ability to put a positive spin on things is astounding—Oh, but it's not the Storm of the Century. That was the one a few years ago.

JAKE *(Shrugs)*

Okay, fine. Snowmageddon. Talk about your semantics.

COOPER

No, that was the one six months ago. This is something I don't think they've even come up with a name for yet. But seeing as how it's some kinda bizarro blizzard in October, I

hope they name it something with “weird” or “strange” in the title since havin’ a snow storm this early in the fall makes no sense.

CHLOE

Not to mention it’s actually happening on Halloween this time.

COOPER

That too.

JAKE

How ‘bout Hallo-weeeee-snow?

COOPER *(Sighs)*

How ‘bout, no. But I didn’t mean we had to try to nam—

JAKE

Snow-o’-lantern?

COOPER *(Sighs)*

Enough.

JAKE

Franken-snow’s monster?

COOPER *(Sighs)*

Okay, yeah, that’s fine. Let’s go with that one.

CHLOE

That one doesn’t make any sense.

COOPER *(To CHLOE)*

As opposed to the others he came up with?

CHLOE

What about just callin’ it the Halloween blizzard?

COOPER *(Sighs)*

Fine. That name works just fine for me. Halloween blizzard.

CHLOE *(Correcting Cooper)*

The Halloween Blizzard.

(A long pause)

COOPER *(Through clinched teeth)*

Seriously, Chloe?

(A long pause. CHLOE nods.)

JAKE

I like Franken-snow's monster better.

COOPER

Can we please get back on track and continue talkin' about Bitey-McGee on the flight out here?

JAKE *(To CHLOE)*

You'd have eaten him, right?

CHLOE

That psycho? After what he just did to Sheila? For sure. In fact, I'd have probably had seconds.

JAKE

Really? That's a heaping helping of extra carbs.

CHLOE

Get bitten by a zombie now. Go ahead. Watch what I do to you.

(A beat)

JAKE

Uh... Cooper, do you think you should go check on Sheila?

COOPER

Chloe said she's sleeping.

JAKE

Yeah, but I thought you said that's the only time she actually listens to you.

COOPER

No, you said that.

JAKE *(To CHLOE)*

I never said that, sweetie.

CHLOE

I wish you were stuck back with the Donner Party.

COOPER

And I wish Jake understood the reason why they called it a "Party".

JAKE
Because they—

COOPER
No.

JAKE
Oh.

(A beat. COOPER and CHLOE sigh and shake their heads in unison)

COOPER
Let's just get the fire started again so Sheila will be warm when she wakes up.

JAKE
That's one way to deal with your sick girlfriend.

CHLOE
What is?

JAKE
To ignore her.

CHLOE
You should remember that too.

JAKE
Baby, I couldn't ignore you if I wanted to.

(COOPER carries his pile of firewood over to the fireplace. A beat, then JAKE joins him from the kitchen. They start placing the wood into a pile as CHLOE approaches the front door and opens it to look outside.)

CHLOE
Wow, it's really comin' down out there.

JAKE AND COOPER
SHUT THE DOOR!

CHLOE
Oops.

(CHLOE shuts the door and reenters the living room.)

CHLOE *(Cont'd)*

Sorry.

JAKE

No biggie. We're just starting a fire for kicks and giggles.

COOPER

That's not how it goes.

JAKE

I know but saying it the other way always makes me think of havin' to go to the bathroom at a comedy club.

CHLOE

This camping trip was your idea.

JAKE

Thanks for remindin' me.

CHLOE

You better get used to it. I'm gonna remind you of your stupidity for the rest of my life.

JAKE (*Biting*)

Thanks, sweetie.

CHLOE (*Biting*)

Anytime, dear.

COOPER

Come on guys, it's not that bad.

CHLOE

Yes, it is.

COOPER

Of course it is! I was just sayin' that for the sake of doofus.

JAKE

I think I saw that movie.

CHLOE

It'll be better once we get the fire started.

JAKE

You really think so?

CHLOE

‘Course not. It’ll be better in June.

JAKE

It’ll be better when we’re home.

COOPER

Which could be forever and a day from now the way it’s coming down out there.

JAKE

Snowed in, miles from everyone and everything. It’s like we’re in *The Shining*.

COOPER

No hedge maze though.

JAKE

Yeah. No creepy, weird girls who... (*Looks at CHLOE*) Oh wait, scratch that.

CHLOE

This was your idea, moron.

JAKE

Thanks.

CHLOE

Did I mention this was your idea?

JAKE

Okay, stop it.

CHLOE

Your idea.

JAKE

It’s not funny.

CHLOE

Idea.

JAKE

You can be such a—

CHLOE (*Mocking*)

Hey guys, let’s go camping this Halloween.

JAKE

Okay, I got it!

COOPER *(Sighs)*
We should have gone to Vegas.

JAKE
Et, tu, butthole?

COOPER *(Shrugs)*
What'd you expect? I'm freezing! *(Mock paternal voice)* And who are you supposed to be this Halloween? *(A beat)* Hypothermia.

(A long pause)

CHLOE
You should really check on Sheila.

COOPER
And leave the two of you alone? You'll tear each other apart.

CHLOE
But we love each other.

(JAKE glares at CHLOE. CHLOE dry heaves. JAKE looks over at COOPER.)

JAKE
You're right, I'll probably strangle her if you leave.

COOPER
I'm more worried about what she'll do to you.

CHLOE
I would be if I were you.

JAKE *(mock quivers)*
Ewww, I'm really scared.

COOPER
You should be.

JAKE
I was kidding.

COOPER
I wasn't. Look.

(JAKE looks over at CHLOE. She has a look of rage, wrath, and death on her face.)

JAKE

Maybe I should go check on Sheila with you.

COOPER

Good idea.

SHEILA *(Offstage)*

Check on me for what?

(The others look offstage and are horrified by what they see.)

JAKE

AAAAGGGGGHHHH!

CHLOE

HOLY-SWEET-GOD-ALMIGHTY!

SHEILA *(Offstage)*

What? Do I have something on my face?

(A long pause. CHLOE shakes her head to try to regroup and remain calm.)

CHLOE

Uh... not really... it's nothing... you can hardly even notice.

(COOPER and JAKE look at CHLOE like she's out of her mind. CHLOE looks at them both and shrugs. SHEILA enters the stage and looks at them. She has a huge gaping wound on her neck. It is bandaged, but it still drips blood and looks horrifically disgusting.)

SHEILA

Notice what?

COOPER

Uh... uh...

JAKE *(To CHLOE)*

Do you think she might want to go let a doctor offer a second opinion?

(CHLOE and COOPER do double takes in unison at JAKE. A beat. Then all eyes are on SHEILA'S gapping neck wound again.)

SHEILA

What? *(Laughs nervously.)* Oh. Are you all still worried about my little bite mark? *(A beat)* Honestly, it doesn't even bother me anymore.

CHLOE

Sheila, my darling, have you looked in a mirror lately?

JAKE *(Scoffs)*

'Course not.

CHLOE

How would you know?

JAKE

Well I for one didn't just hear her scream "GGGAAAHHH!"

SHEILA

Seriously, guys, it can't be that bad. *(To COOPER)* Right, honey?

COOPER *(In a daze)*

Uh... uh... uh...

JAKE *(To CHLOE)*

How far's the nearest hospital? Three hours?

CHLOE *(Scoffs)*

By car? In this weather? Try fifteen.

JAKE

We better get going now then.

CHLOE

I'll start gettin' our stuff ready.

JAKE

Hurry.

SHEILA

I'm fine, really. It's not that bad.

(CHLOE crosses to the sofa and picks up her purse. She rummages through it until she finds a small mirror. She crosses and hands it to SHEILA. SHEILA looks at herself in the mirror.)

SHEILA *(Cont'd)*

Oh... well... now... wow. That does look a little worse than it did before.

JAKE

A little?

SHEILA

Okay a lot worse. But I don't want it to ruin our camping trip. I'll be fine.

COOPER

Uh... uh... uh...

CHLOE

You need medical attention Sheila, darling.

SHEILA *(Nervous laughter)*

I can't believe that guy bit me.

CHLOE

I can't believe you didn't press charges.

SHEILA

We were in a rush to get here before the snow got too bad.

JAKE

I'm sorry I suggested camping, alright!

CHLOE

Oh, was it your idea?

JAKE

Great time for jokes, with your friend looking like Jake the Ripper got a hold of her.

SHEILA

I feel fine now though.

CHLOE

You are not fine, Sheila, sweetie. You are really, really hurt.

SHEILA

Funny thing is... it didn't even feel that bad when he bit me either. All he did was go like this.

(SHEILA gently bites COOPER on the arm.)

COOPER

Uh... uh... uh...

JAKE

Uh, Cooper?

CHLOE

It looks like it didn't even hurt him either. Cooper?

COOPER

Uh... uh...

SHEILA

Told you it wasn't that big a deal.

JAKE

Funny thing is, though, it actually is.

SHEILA

I'm fine.

JAKE

So you don't want us to take you to the hospital?

SHEILA

I'm fine.

COOPER (*Snapping out of it*)

Ow! (*A beat*) Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

SHEILA

Come on, babe, that was barely even a love nibble.

JAKE

I just hope we can make it through the snow.

SHEILA

Jake, darling, I told you I don't need a doctor. I'll be fine.

COOPER

No you won't. And now neither will I. Thanks a lot, *honey*.

SHEILA

Oh, come on, that wasn't even a bite. This is a bite.

(SHEILA plunges her teeth down hard and digs into COOPER'S arm.)

COOPER (*Cont'd*)

OWWWWWWWWWWW!

(CHLOE quickly exits into the offstage bedrooms.)

JAKE

Chloe?

CHLOE *(Offstage)*

I'M GETTING OUR THINGS!

JAKE

Oh. Good idea.

COOPER *(Grabbing his arm in pain)*

OWWWWWWWWWWW!

SHEILA

I told you, I'm not going.

JAKE

Sheila, you can't stay here with that thing left unattended.

SHEILA

Sure I can.

COOPER

Okay, fine, but I can't. I need a doctor now.

SHEILA

You taste salty.

(SHEILA starts sticking her tongue out to try and get the taste out of her mouth.)

COOPER

I can't believe you bit me!

SHEILA

Me neither. I honestly have no idea why I did that. It's like I wasn't even in control anymore.

JAKE

That's scary.

SHEILA

I can't seem to get the taste out of my mouth. Oh wait, I got an idea.

(SHEILA immediately starts biting JAKE on the arm.)

JAKE
AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!

SHEILA
That's better. Why Jake, I must say... you taste downright moist and delicious.

JAKE
OH, MY GOD! (*A beat*) SHEILA, WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

SHEILA
Oh, gee, I don't know, maybe... (*Indicating her neck*) THIS!

JAKE
Well now we really do gotta get to the hospital.

COOPER
Oh, now's more important than when it was just Sheila and me?

JAKE
YES!

COOPER
Why?

JAKE
Because I'm way, way more important to me than you or you!

COOPER
Thanks.

JAKE
Sorry, but it's the tru—

COOPER
Are you really that self-absorbed?

JAKE
YES!

SHEILA
Okay, now I'm starting to feel a little funny. Maybe I outta go lie back down again.

COOPER
Yeah. Like in a coffin, psycho!

JAKE

Maybe you need to eat something.

COOPER (*Exploding*)

NOT FUNNY, PSYCHO!

JAKE

I couldn't think of anything else to say!

COOPER

Maybe you should go see if you can start the car.

JAKE

Oh, so now I have to drive.

COOPER

It's your car!

JAKE

It's just a lease.

COOPER

WHATEVER!

SHEILA

Shotgun.

COOPER

Uh... I was thinking more like the trunk, psycho.

JAKE

Hey, easy, Cooper.

COOPER

Oh, yeah, like now's the time to be polite!

SHEILA

I've gotta go lie down again.

(SHEILA starts to leave the room. CHLOE enters carrying two suitcases and the two women meet. SHEILA takes a look at CHLOE and then immediately starts biting her on the neck. CHLOE immediately drops the bags and tries unsuccessfully to get SHEILA off her.)

CHLOE
AGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!

JAKE *(To COOPER)*
Okay, this is starting to get out of hand.

COOPER *(To JAKE)*
STARTING TO?!

JAKE
Okay, fine, this has been out of hand for quite—

CHLOE
WOULD THE TWO OF YOU SHUT THE HELL UP AND GET HER OFF ME!

JAKE
Oh, yeah.

COOPER
Right.

(JAKE and COOPER rush over and pull SHEILA off CHLOE.)

SHEILA *(Covering her mouth)*
Oh, my God, I have no idea why I keep doin' that. Wow, would you look at all that bluuuuuhhhh—

(SHEILA immediately passes out on the stage.)

JAKE
I think there's something wrong with her.

COOPER
Gee, thanks Captain Obvious.

JAKE
I was only a Sergeant.

COOPER
No wonder you weren't promoted.

JAKE
It's all political nowadays.

CHLOE

SHUT UP! *(A beat)* SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

COOPER

Did you really need to say it six times, Chloe?

JAKE

She has a tendency to overdo things. Wait till you try her cooking.

CHLOE

SHUT! UP! WE'RE ALL DYING RIGHT NOW AND YOU TWO MORONS STILL CAN'T STOP YOUR STUPID, IDIOTIC ARGUMENTS!

(A long silence)

JAKE

Shut! Up! As in two different sentences? Who talks like that?

COOPER

That time of the month again, huh?

JAKE *(Nods)*

That would make six times this month.

COOPER

And since it's Halloween we're about to start another new month.

JAKE

Thanks for reminding me.

CHLOE

SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

(A long silence)

JAKE *(Whispers to COOPER)*

Seven.

CHLOE

I'M GONNA KILL YOU!

(CHLOE charges towards JAKE and COOPER. They turn and quickly run out the front door. CHLOE follows them offstage. A few moments of silence and then SHEILA stands up a new woman... actually, now a new ZOMBIE. She starts to moan and slowly creep across the stage towards the front door. Just as she gets there, the other three all enter again, shivering from the freezing cold weather

they just experienced and holding their respective wounds. They immediately take notice of SHEILA.)

JAKE

She's awake again.

COOPER

She still looks pretty fugly.

JAKE

She's your girlfriend.

COOPER

Maybe it's time we have one of those "We need to talk" talks.

JAKE

I had one of those once. Tears flowed for hours. It wasn't pretty.

CHLOE

Pig.

JAKE

I'm sorry, honey, I know you don't like it when I cry but—

CHLOE

Don't call me honey again until you stop bleeding.

JAKE

That'll never happen unless we get some medical attention.

CHLOE

At least that's a bit of good news.

(SHEILA approaches COOPER and starts to try to bite his head. He fends her off by putting his hand against her face.)

JAKE

Whoa, Cooper, you want us to give you two some privacy?

COOPER

You leave me alone with her and I'll strangle you in your sleep.

JAKE *(Looks at CHLOE)*

Boy, if I had a nickel for every time somebody's said that to me.

COOPER

This is exactly the same garbage she pulled when I introduced her to my folks.

JAKE AND CHLOE

Really? Exactly?

COOPER

Well, she had a lot of wine on the ride over.

JAKE

Open container? That's illegal.

COOPER

It wouldn't have been so bad if she could have just kept her hands on the steering wheel.

JAKE

That's highly illegal.

COOPER

I know. But it's all in the past and I don't think it matters now that she's dead.

JAKE

You think she's a zombie?

COOPER

You don't?

JAKE

Well, honestly, how can we really be certain?

COOPER

She's trying to eat my head.

JAKE *(Off the cuff)*

Yeah, but let's be honest, we've all tried that at one point or another. But it's usually because of the Ketel One.

COOPER

You need more proof than this?

JAKE

Well...

(SHEILA moans loudly.)

COOPER

How 'bout now?

JAKE

Okay, that sounded pretty authentic.

COOPER

Gee. You think?

CHLOE

Guys!

(JAKE and COOPER look over at CHLOE. COOPER still keeps SHEILA at bay with his hand on her face.)

CHLOE *(Cont'd)*

She bit all of us. All of us! That means we're all gonna become...

(JAKE and COOPER turn and look at each other.)

JAKE

And we're in the middle of nowhere...

COOPER

A thousand miles away from anyone or anything...

(A long silence as reality sinks in.)

JAKE

Do zombies drive?

(A long pause. All three characters take turns looking at one another and COOPER continues to hold SHEILA'S head in his palm as the lights slowly fade. End of Scene One.)

Scene Two

Scene Two: Transformations

(At rise, SHEILA is tied up to a chair and the other three characters are circling each other and her, nervously pacing all over the lodge. They hold their hands over their respective wounds and look terrified as they anxiously await the inevitable. ZOMBIE SHEILA writhes in her chair, moans throughout, and lashes out at the others every time one of them gets a bit too close to her.)

JAKE

We have to do something.

CHLOE
I'm open to suggestions.

(A beat)

JAKE
We should all kill each other.

(A long silence. CHLOE turns to COOPER.)

CHLOE
You got any ideas?

(A pause)

COOPER
Huh?

JAKE
No seriously, we should kill Sheila and then each other. That way we can be sure we can't infect anybody else.

CHLOE
Anybody else? There ISN'T anybody else!

JAKE
But then we can be sure.

CHLOE
I'm already sure!

JAKE
But what if zombies can drive?

CHLOE
They can't.

JAKE
How do you know?!

CHLOE
Oh, I know. Everybody knows. Zombies can't drive.

(ZOMBIE SHEILA moans in protest. The others look at her strapped down and fighting to get free.)

JAKE

We should kill ourselves just in case.

(A long pause)

CHLOE *(Sighs)*

All right. Fine.

JAKE

Good.

CHLOE

With what?

(A pause)

JAKE

There's gotta be a gun lying around here somewhere.

CHLOE

What's makes you say that?

JAKE

Because we're in a log cabin in the middle of the woods. Bears and wolves have gotta be everywhere.

CHLOE

So? Do zombies even like animal brains?

(SHEILA makes a gagging sound.)

CHLOE *(Cont'd)*

Apparently not.

JAKE

I guess even zombies are critics.

COOPER

Yeah, but I told you, she's a vegan, remember?

CHLOE

A vegan zombie? What do they like to eat?

