

Moan Alone

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

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“"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.” — Everyone Else

Moan Alone

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

JAKE: A young man who transforms into a young zombie. Chloe's boyfriend.

COOPER: A young man who transforms into a young zombie. Sheila's boyfriend.

CHLOE: A young woman who transforms into a young zombie. Jake's girlfriend.

SHEILA: A young woman who transforms into a young zombie. 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 anomalous fall blizzard.

TIME: October 31, 2011

****The play should be performed in four scenes without an intermission.*

*****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' them.

COOPER

Yeah, but you don't 'get' out much.

JAKE

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

COOPER

Do what? Eat you?

JAKE (*Sighs*)
Why's it always gotta be me? (*A beat*) Eat anyone.

COOPER
Ew.

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... ew, *like*, ew, *like*, ew...

JAKE (*Scoffs*)
Oh, you would. You totally would. I know you would.

COOPER
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 the ew's?

COOPER (*Sighs*)
Well, right now you're so annoyin', you're makin' me wanna eat you.

JAKE
What? Like? Out of spite?

COOPER (*Nods*)
Bet you get that a lot.

JAKE
You know, if not gettin' annoyed is the only thing keepin' cannibalism off the table, you might want to think twice before standing in line at the DMV.

COOPER (*Nods*)

The more you talk, the more I start to salivate. (*A beat*) But I bet you need salt.

JAKE

Okay, enough.

COOPER

And pepper. (*A beat*) Maybe even a dash of... Mrs. Dash. (*A beat*) And I bet I'd need a swimmin' pool full of Listerine afterwards. (*A beat*) 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 think so?

COOPER (*Nods*)

So, when do the sarcasm classes start?

JAKE

Next semester.

COOPER

Counting down the seconds.

JAKE

Oh? Why? Did you enroll 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 just a nibble before bed. (*COOPER dry heaves.*) But first, for now, how 'bout we change the subject?

COOPER (*Chuckles*)

Fine by me! You're the one who started with this gross Halloween-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 logs he's carrying. COOPER notices.)

COOPER *(Cont'd)*

Why don't you put the logs down first instead of making it insanely harder on yourself?

JAKE

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

COOPER *(Scoffs)*

What're you talkin' about? Chloe jam-packed the fridge the second we got here.

JAKE

Yeah, but only with leftovers. Ew. Gross. I don't do leftovers.

COOPER *(Scoffs)*

I wonder if the Donner Party did.

JAKE

Nah, they probably didn't have any leftovers left... over. *(A beat)* Just a lot of mental trauma, but no more friends.

COOPER

You mean you think they asked for seconds?

JAKE

Well, at least they probably had that as an option.

COOPER

So do you! I'm sure there's more than just leftovers in the fridge.

JAKE

But I'm talkin' 'bout the cupboards being bare.

COOPER

Oh. You mean some non-perishables?

(A beat as JAKE stares blankly at COOPER.)

COOPER *(Sighs; cont'd)*

It means gourmet.

JAKE

I knew that.

COOPER

Sure you did. (*A beat*) Look, the only reason we don't have more food in here is because I'm pretty sure you've got a tapeworm.

JAKE

No, it's because you don't like to share. (*A beat*) And you're the one with the tape—

COOPER

Why should I share? You don't need any of my food, 'member? 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

Standards like that time you made out with the mannequin?

JAKE

She was super-hot!

COOPER

She was super-plastic!

JAKE (*Shrugs*)

Felt real enough to me.

COOPER

Before or after her head fell off?

JAKE (*Shrugs*)

I put it back on.

COOPER
Yeah. *(A beat)* Backwards.

JAKE
I didn't need her judging me.

COOPER
What about when I do it?

JAKE *(Shrugs)*
Oh, 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
Oh. There are.

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

JAKE
No it's not.

COOPER
Then I bet you're strugglin' to stifle it.

JAKE
Shut up.

(A beat. 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 are some things more disturbing than a discussion about food triggering the thought of going cannibal.

COOPER *(Shrugs, then sighs)*
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, I know. I read your petition.

JAKE *(Scoffs)*

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? *(A beat)* I find that hard to believe since I'm the one who had to tell you that 'cursive' doesn't just mean cursing 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.

JAKE *(Under his breath)*

Gold-diggin' bit—

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

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

CHLOE

Oh, I totally would.

COOPER

You'd eat me?

CHLOE

Oh, God, no, Cooper. Never. Not—

COOPER

But y—

CHLOE

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

JAKE

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, while the gloves were off. Ouch.

(*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. I'm actually surprised she doesn't just wear a sign. (*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' even 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.

JAKE

Sheila said he felt ice cold.

COOPER (*Nods*)

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

JAKE

Yeah, 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 plane to take off 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 astound—Oh, but it's not the Storm of the Century. That was the one a few years ago.

JAKE *(Shrugs)*

Okay, fine. Snowmadgeddon. 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 absolutely 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 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 *(Quietly)*

I like Franken-snow's monster better.

COOPER

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

JAKE (*To CHLOE*)

You'd have eaten that guy, right?

CHLOE

That psycho? After what he just did to Sheila? I'd have had seconds.

JAKE

Ew. Are you sure? That's a heckuva lot of carbs.

CHLOE (*Sighs*)

Oh, please 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 about—

JAKE (*Quickly; 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 them a "Party".

JAKE

Them? You mean that's what they called the people? They weren't talkin' about a fun, festive, cannibal shindig?

COOPER

Oh, sure. 'Course they were. *(A beat)* Hey! Bob's on the grill. So let's get this party started.

JAKE *(Sincere)*

Wish I'd been invited.

(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 even 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 only starting a fire for kicks and giggles.

COOPER *(Sighs)*

That's not how that goes.

JAKE

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

COOPER

The potty?

JAKE

What? Don't they have bathrooms in there? *(A beat)* I always thought that's what comedians mean when they say they 'bombed'.

(COOPER closes his eyes and shakes his head.)

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 this stupid trip 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

For the Sake of Doofus? I think I saw that film.

CHLOE

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

JAKE

You really think so?

CHLOE

'Course not. It'll be better when it's 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 stare at... (*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 (*Mockingly*)

Hey guys, let's go camping this Halloween.

JAKE

Okay, I got it!

COOPER (*Sighs*)

We should have gone to Vegas.

JAKE (*Looks at COOPER*)

Et, tu, butthole?

COOPER (*Shrugs*)

What'd you expect? I'm freezing my Julius Caesar off! (*Mock paternal voice*) Oh. And who are you supposed to be this Halloween? (*A beat. Childish voice*) I'm 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 (*Mockingly*)

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 too 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-filled wrath 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 *(Shakes her head)*
Uh... no... sorry... it's nothing... you hardly even notice. It's not that bad.

(COOPER and JAKE look at CHLOE like she's out of her mind. CHLOE shrugs. SHEILA enters 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 *(In a daze)*
Uh... uh...

JAKE *(To CHLOE)*
It's not that bad?!

(All eyes on SHEILA'S gapping neck wound.)

SHEILA

What? *(Laughs nervously.)* Oh. Are you all still worried about my little ol' 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 if she did or not?

JAKE

'Cause I didn't hear her scream... "GGGAAHHH!"

SHEILA

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

COOPER *(Still in a daze)*

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

JAKE *(To CHLOE)*

How far's the nearest hospital? Three hours?

CHLOE *(Scoffs)*

By car? In this weather? More like fifteen.

JAKE

Then we better get going now.

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... okay... then... wow. I guess it does look a little worse than before.

JAKE

A little?

SHEILA

Okay, a lot. But I don't want it to ruin our camping trip.

JAKE

Too late.

SHEILA

I'll be fine.

CHLOE

No. You'll be dead. (*A beat*) And then you'll probably be undead. (*CHLOE looks at COOPER*) Right, Cooper?

COOPER

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

CHLOE (*Back to SHEILA*)

You need medical attention Sheila, honey.

SHEILA (*Nervous laughter*)

I can't believe that guy bit me.

CHLOE

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

SHEILA (*Shrugs*)

I would've. But we were in such a rush to get here before the snow got too bad.

JAKE (*Sighs*)

I'm sorry I suggested taking a camping trip, alright!

CHLOE

Oh, was this your idea?

JAKE

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

SHEILA

I feel fine now though.

CHLOE

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

SHEILA

Told you it wasn't that big a deal.

JAKE

Funny thing is, though, it actually kinda 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 looks over towards the front door.)

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 much of a real 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 bedroom.)

JAKE

Chloe?

CHLOE *(Offstage)*

I'M GETTING OUR THINGS!

JAKE

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 nether. I honestly have no idea why I did that. It's almost as if I wasn't even in control of my own body anymore.

JAKE

I feel that way on rollercoasters.

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. *(A beat)* Why Jake, I must say... you taste downright moist and delicious.

JAKE

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

SHEILA

Uh. Gee. I don't know... maybe... *(Indicating her neck)* THIS!

JAKE

Well now we really do gotta get to the hospital.

COOPER

Oh, so 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. (*A beat*) Maybe I outta go lie back down again.

COOPER
Yeah! Like in a coffin!

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 gotta be the one to drive.

COOPER
It's your car!

JAKE
It's only a lease.

COOPER
WHATEVER!

SHEILA
Shotgun.

COOPER

I wish I had one of those right now, psycho.

JAKE

Hey, easy, Cooper.

COOPER

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

SHEILA

I've gotta go lie down again.

(SHEILA starts to leave. CHLOE enters carrying two suitcases and the two women meet. SHEILA looks at CHLOE and then immediately starts biting her on the neck. CHLOE 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 THE HELL OVER
HERE AND PULL HER THE HELL OFF OF ME!

JAKE

A "Please" would be nice.

CHLOE

JAKE!

JAKE

Fine. *(A beat. To COOPER)* I told you Chloe can be demandin—

CHLOE

JAKE!

JAKE *(Sighs)*

Okay, okay. We're coming.

(JAKE and COOPER rush over and pry SHEILA off of CHLOE. A long silence. Then SHEILA covers her mouth, suddenly mortified by what she's done.)

SHEILA *(Covering her mouth)*
Oh, my God, I'm so sorry. I have no idea why I keep doin' that.

(A beat. SHEILA looks at all the blood on and around them.)

SHEILA *(Cont'd)*
Wow. Would you look at all that bluuuuuuuhhhhhh—

(SHEILA immediately passes out and faints onto the stage.)

JAKE
I think there's something wrong with her.

COOPER *(Sighs)*
Gee, thanks, Captain Obvious.

JAKE *(Shrugs)*
I only made Sergeant.

COOPER
No wonder you were never 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?

JAKE
She has a tendency to overdo everything. *(A beat)* Have you ever tried her cooking?

COOPER
Oh, yeah. Huge fan of garlic.

JAKE
Yup. At home I have to hide the paprika.

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

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

COOPER
That time of the month again, huh?

JAKE *(Nods)*
Yup. And that would make seven times this month alone.

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

JAKE
Ew. Thanks for reminding me.

CHLOE
SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

(A long silence)

JAKE *(Whispers to COOPER)*
Eight.

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 the new SHEILA.)

JAKE
Oh. Look who's awake again.

COOPER
But that's a lot worse than how she normally looks first thing in the morning. *(A beat)*
Usually it's just bedhead and dragon breath.

JAKE

Maybe it's time you both had one of those "We need to talk" talks. *(A beat)* We had one of those once. Tears flowed for hours. It wasn't pretty.

CHLOE *(Scoffs)*

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

Well, that'll never happen unless we go get some medical attention.

CHLOE

At least your bloodletting is 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 *(Chuckles)*

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, right, babe?...

(CHLOE dry heaves.)

COOPER

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

JAKE AND CHLOE

Really? This is? 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've just kept her hands on the steering wheel.

JAKE

That's highly illegal.

COOPER

I know. But I don't think any of that 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 sure?

COOPER

She's trying to eat my head.

JAKE *(Off the cuff)*

Yeah, but let's be honest, Cooper, we've all tried that once or twice. 'Course it's usually been 'cause of the Ketel One.

COOPER

You need more proof than this?

JAKE

Well...

(SHEILA moans loudly.)

COOPER

How 'bout that?

JAKE

Okay, that sounded pretty convincing.

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. *(A beat)* All of us! *(A beat)* 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 the reality sinks in.)

JAKE

Can 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.

JAKE

We should all kill each other.

(A long silence. CHLOE turns to COOPER.)

CHLOE

What about you? You got any ideas?