

THE SCARY QUESTION  
by Wayne Rawley

At rise: Linda and Brian are sitting on the couch, Linda at one end and Brian at the other. Linda is reading some document for work. Brian is flipping through his own book or magazine. Brian is having trouble concentrating and looks nervously up at Linda a couple times before speaking. Note: \*\* means the person with the next line should begin speaking.

Setting: Linda's's living room couch.

Brian: Question

Linda Okay.

B This isn't exactly easy—

L What isn't?

B It's important, and I'm just not sure...

L Oh, my God. Brian. Is it bad? You're scaring me.

B It's scary. I'm scared to ask it—

L Ask it!

B Okay! So I'll just ask it. Then Okay.

(He gets down on one knee next to Linda)

B Linny, I wanted to ask you this for so long...What would you do if Zombies attacked.

(pause)

L This is what \*\* you wanted to ask me?

B Should the proper set of circumstances align, be they atmospheric, industrial, or supernatural that caused—

L Why are you asking me this?

B Because I love you and you know what? I really do love you- and I want...I hope...that is to say, I'm ready for our relationship to...move. To the next level—

L you want to get married?

B Whoa, wait a minute you're asking me to marry you?

L I thought you were asking me to marry you!

B I was asking about Zombies!

L Brian! What do you mean the next level!

B The next level! The level—above the current level!

L Moving in together?

B Ah-hah— Well, okay, you know, I'm not sure. I'm afraid—

L Of Zombies?

B Well, you didn't come to Zombie night.

L You're mad about Zombie night.

B I'm not mad—

L You said it was okay that I didn't come to Zombie night!

B (Finally, as if it has been bothering him for days.) Well, why would you want to skip Zombie night? It was awesome! We watched *Night of the Living Dead*, *Return of the Living Dead*, and *Return of the Living Dead II*, which sucked, I admit that, but *Return of the Living Dead* was awesome, and why wouldn't you want to come?

L I don't like Zombie movies.

(pause)

B Wha? \*\*What do you—

L I don't like Zombie movies.

B That doesn't register with me, that—

L Brian, this is ridiculous!

B No, it is not! No it is not ridiculous!

L They are disgusting.

B They ARE quite often a very pointed and highly savvy commentary on the mindless consumerism of late seventies, and early eighties Middle America.

L No they aren't!

B Zombie movies are my life!

L You have lost your mind!

B It's true I have! I have lost my mind. When I wake up in the morning, the first thing I ask myself is "I wonder if she is going to smile today?" And when I think that I smile, because, and I'm being honest, I don't think there is anything more beautiful that has ever existed in the world than you smiling. But, and I am being honest—I have great fear about making it work with a woman that has no Zombie plan.

L Brian, I don't have a Zombie plan.

B I know. I'm sorry. I've ruined everything. It's too soon—I'm sorry. I'll go.

L You're leaving?

B I'm pushing you. I promised myself I wouldn't do that.

L Flamethrowers.

B What?

L Do we get flamethrowers?

B (Sad. She just doesn't get it.) No. A flamethrower won't do us any good. They're Zombies. They're not gonna stop just because they're on fire.

L What about grenades?

B Hand grenades?

L Yes.

B No. The collateral damage would be too massive.

L What does that mean? Like blowing up the house?

B Like blowing up yourself, the Zombies are like right outside—

L Okay. So what if I've got a flamethrower—

B Linny, you can't—

L Listen, I've got a flamethrower, you grab the baseball bat out of the hall closet. — they're around the house right?

B Completely surrounding the house and probably breaking through the barricades we've set up in front of the windows at this point.

L I open the door for you and you run out swinging that bat at everything that moves. You clear a path to the car — because they're rotting, their heads come right off. We make it to the car. I jump in the backseat, you drive.

B Keep talking.

L We're off, screeching the tires with smoke coming off them and everything. I pop up through the sunroof with the flamethrower—they are all chasing us at this point right?

B (impressed) Yeah. Yeah, they're chasing us all right.

L I pop up through the sunroof with the flamethrower and torch the bastards right back into the graves that spawned them. They are all on fire, running around bumping into each other setting each other on fire, and we escape. This time.

B That could work.

L Then you and I find the resistance movement and join up.

B Seriously?

L Yep.

B You would join the resistance movement?

L The world is crawling with the living dead, Brian. We have to find the last bastion of humanity and align ourselves with them. Besides, if our species is going to survive, we are going to have to learn to work together.

B Oh, my God. that is so true. I love you.

L I love you too.

(they kiss)

B Do you really want to live together?

L Of course. I can't wait. But we should. Wait. For months. I think.

B Agreed. It's a big step. You are so right.

END OF PLAY