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# Tuesday of the Dead

A 10-Minute Modern Horror Comedy by

**Dan Weatherer**

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**Tuesday of the Dead**  
by Dan Weatherer

**CHARACTERS**

**2F**

**Zoe:** *A young woman*

**Megan:** *Her friend*

## Tuesday of the Dead

by Dan Weatherer

SETTING: *The kitchen in ZOE's apartment.*

AT RISE: *ZOE is sitting at a small kitchen table with a mug of tea. A teapot and a spare mug are on the table. ENTER MEGAN spattered in blood. She is carrying a bloodied cricket bat in one hand, and a blood-spattered plastic bag in the other. She has a handbag over her shoulder.*

ZOE

*(Nonchalant)* Hiya. Tea's in the pot.

*MEGAN places her cricket bat onto the table and takes a seat. The bag and handbag are placed onto the floor.*

MEGAN

Sorry I'm late. Bloody manic out there this morning!

*MEGAN pours herself a cup of tea.*

ZOE

Yeah, I'm trying to put off going out myself.

MEGAN

I would. I only popped in for a loaf. Seemed like half the town had the same idea. Wasn't much to choose from.

ZOE

What did you end up with?

*MEGAN lifts the blood spattered carrier bag from the floor and produces a loaf.*

MEGAN

Wholemeal.

ZOE

Ugh! I hate whole meal.

*MEGAN places the loaf back into the bag and puts it onto the floor.*

MEGAN

It's all they had left. I asked when they were next due a delivery, but I don't think the poor bloke could hear me?

ZOE

Why's that then?

MEGAN

Oh, some other fella was disembowelling him.

ZOE

In the bread aisle?

MEGAN

Yep. Plain as day.

ZOE

You'd have thought that security would do something? After all, keeping their staff from getting murdered must be in their job description?

MEGAN

You'd think so wouldn't you? They were far too interested in fetching a cleaner instead of trying to save the poor bloke. He must have been a temp.

ZOE

Oh.

*Beat.*

ZOE

That reminds me, what do you make of this armageddon business then? I think it's just the media hyping things up, y'know...as they do.

MEGAN

Well if it's not one thing, it's another. There aren't enough hours in the day as it is, never mind having time to deal with a zombie apocalypse!

ZOE

I know! I was supposed to be going away this week.

MEGAN

Were you?

ZOE

Yeah, I told you. Malta. That's out of the window now that they closed the airports and dropped those bombs.

MEGAN

Oh, I wouldn't wanna go after that. I imagine it's in a bit of a mess.

ZOE

Yeah. You are probably right. Still a bit of a pain though. Cost me five hundred quid all inclusive. I won't see a penny of that again. And I was looking forward to topping up my tan. What do you reckon so far?

*ZOE shows MEGAN her arm.*

MEGAN

That's coming on great!

ZOE

Yeah, it was until "her" next door jumped the fence and savaged that stray cat I was telling you about.

MEGAN

The one with the manky eye?

ZOE

The cat or my neighbor?

MEGAN

The cat.

ZOE

Yeah, that one. Well, ever since she ate it, it kinda put me off wanting to sunbathe. Honestly, is it too much to ask for a bit of peace now and then? Dizzy Cow.

MEGAN

That reminds me, there was a right to-do at the top of your street just now.

ZOE

Up by Maureen's you mean?

MEGAN

Yeah. In fact Maureen seemed to be causing it. Seems she'd gotten loose again. I told her boys the last time I was round that the chain needs to be properly anchored. Anyway, she was out again, throwing herself at anyone and everyone, dressing gown billowing in the wind, and her with no shame. The whore.

ZOE

Where is she now? Tied back up?

MEGAN

No. She came at me, and after she nearly had my arm off last time, I wasn't bloody having it. So I whacked her with this.

*MEGAN toys with the cricket bat on the table.*

ZOE

I was wondering what all the blood was about? Just didn't want to say. You know I don't like to pry.

MEGAN

Oh, it's not all hers. A bunch of Jehovah's witnesses were prowling the street when I left this morning.

ZOE

Zombie Jehovah's witnesses?

*MEGAN shrugs*

MEGAN

I dunno. Maybe.

*They both sip their tea and sit deep in thought for a moment.*

MEGAN

How are you faring in all of this anyway? I don't like the thought of you here on your own.

ZOE

Oh, I'm OK. You know me, same old same old. I'm not sure how, but the end of days has somehow prompted my ironing pile to grow.

MEGAN

What are you still ironing for?

ZOE

I dunno really. To keep up appearances I guess. If I go out, I wanna go out in clean, crease free clothing. Paramedics can be the judgmental sort y'know? I heard that if they think you've a bit of money behind you, they put their foot down. If they think you are skint, they don't even bother with the siren!

MEGAN

Really?

ZOE

*(Nods)* So Mary Whister was saying.

MEGAN

Them of all people! What a bunch of bastards.

ZOE

Yep.

*Beat.*

ZOE

How's your Nigel? I haven't seen him about for a while.

MEGAN

You won't have.

ZOE

Has he been ill?

MEGAN

In a manner of speaking. Dozy git only went and turned on me didn't he!

ZOE

*(Shock)* He never!

MEGAN

He did. He comes in from work last Tuesday, and I said to him, "You are looking a little peaky, you probably should go to the doctor and get yourself one of those injections they keep banging on about on the news".

ZOE

And did he?

MEGAN

Did he bollox! Next morning I threw back the duvet, and he's lying there, blood and all sorts seeping out of his mouth, with this pleading look on his face. And I say to him "I bloody told you so!" Then I caved his head in with the radio alarm clock, y'know...just to be sure.

ZOE

The dizzy sod.

MEGAN

I know. As if I didn't have enough to do that day as well as clean up after him! It was Josh's sports day and I had a mountain of errands to run!

ZOE

How'd Josh do?



MEGAN

*(Proudly)* Second in the 100 meters...which was lucky for him, because the young boy who came third got caught and eaten by the headmistress. I tell you, for sixty-three she can really move. They called the rest of the event off after that.

ZOE

Probably for the best.

*MEGAN finishes her tea and stands.*

MEGAN

Anyway, this is just a flying visit. I said I'd go and visit my mum later.

ZOE

How's she finding that home?

MEGAN

Alright. I think. It's me that struggles. Never know which of them are dead and which are alive. I got myself into a right spot of bother last week when I clubbed to death the old fella next door. He came at me as I went past his room and grabbed hold of my coat. Well, instinct kicked in as you might well imagine, and I swung my handbag at his head. That put him down. Then, to make sure, I followed up with another five or six good swings. You can't be too careful these days I'm telling you. Better to be safe than end up getting bitten!

ZOE

You killed him with your handbag? What on earth have you got in there?

*MEGAN roots in her handbag.*

**This is Not the End of the Play**  
**Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes**