

# HOW TO HIDE YOUR ZOMBIES

By Edith Weiss

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ISBN: 978-1-60003-729-0

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## HOW TO HIDE YOUR ZOMBIES

*A One Act Haunted Comedy*

**By Edith Weiss**

**SYNOPSIS:** Four friends, Natasha, Nanny, Ambrose and Beatrice, are vegetarian Vampires in hiding from the Vamp Gang, a hungry group of blood drinking Vampires. When Natasha brings home a group of wandering Zombies, things get very complicated. Determined to humanize the Zombies so that they can live in society, the friends begin the education of the Zombies. But lessons including etiquette, elocution, and dancing don't seem to be working. It is watching Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood, which teaches simple kindness that saves the day for both the recovering Vampires and the childlike Zombies.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(9 Females, 1 Male, 9 Either, 0-8 Extras, Gender Flexible)*

#### **THE RECOVERING VAMPIRES:**

NANNY (e).....Very old, slow, doesn't take guff from anyone. (61 lines)

BEATRICE (f).....Young, patient, very nice, dresses very conservatively and out of date, to the ankle skirt and long sleeved blouse. Tries to do the right thing. (56 lines)

AMBROSE (m).....Young, restless and sarcastic. Modern or dated from the 1800's dress. (80 lines)

NATASHA (f).....From centuries ago; older than Beatrice and Ambrose. Wears a long black dress in a style that is centuries old. (102 lines)

#### **THE HUMAN HELP:**

PHOEBE (f).....The maid. Hard working and loyal nothing fazes her. (61 lines)

MILLICENT (f) ..... The new cook. Young, innocent easily frightened. (62 lines)

**THE VAMP GANG:**

SALLY (f)..... The leader, goes by Sal. Tough, beautiful, sultry. (31 lines)

THEDA (f)..... Like a silent movie star, mysterious, dramatic. (22 lines)

RUBY (f) ..... Teenager, None too bright, very girly and modern. (22 lines)

LULU (f)..... Teenaged, Shallow, clueless, a follower. (23 lines)

MICKEY (e) ..... Loves power, tries to throw it around. (22 lines)

JEZEBEL (f) ..... Reads a lot and it shows in her speech. (23 lines)

ALL VAMPS ..... Speaking together (6 lines)

**THE ZOMBIES:** *Childlike. They are friendly, awkward, slow moving and uncoordinated, but always put forth their very best effort. They are emotionally volatile, but get over things easily.*

CRAGO (e) ..... A pirate; gruff, loud, the others look to him for guidance. (4 lines)

TIMMY (e) ..... The youngest Zombie, very affectionate. (11 lines)

ZELDA (e) ..... Very sensitive, cries easily. (6 lines)

FRANCIS (e) ..... Fun loving, best friends with Sydney. (2 lines)

SYDNEY (e) ..... Loves to joke around, very happy. (2 lines)

TERRY (e) ..... Energetic, kind, comforts Zelda when she cries. (5 lines)

SPENCER (e) ..... Tries hard, stressed, easily panicked. (5 lines)

ALL ZOMBIES ..... Speaking together. (35 lines)

## HOW TO HIDE YOUR ZOMBIES

### EXTRAS:

ZOMIES (e) ..... Non speaking zombies 0-8.

**DURATION:** 55 Minutes

### **PROP LIST**

- Small plant
- Deck of cards
- A Zombie hand
- A Zombie foot
- A Plunger
- A Metal walker
- Grocery Bag of vegetables
- A Rutabaga
- Vampire fangs
- Book: *“The World According to Mr. Rogers: Important Things to Remember”*

**COSTUMES:** Our Vampire family is dressed in the period they are from. The script indicates that NATASHA is from the 1600’s, BEATRICE from the early 1900’s, and my suggestion for GRANNY is American West early 1800’s, and AMBROSE from the late 1800’s. MILLICENT’S ‘armor’ can be as outlandish as you like, with padding, etc. The VAMP GANG should be dressed in black, modern day looking, and quite alluring.

**SET:** A one unit set with one room, which is a combination living/dining room area. Three doors: UPC, SL, and SR. At least one large window to either side of the door. Chairs, a small desk with a rolling desk chair, a table, a couch.

**DIRECTOR’S NOTES:** There are two choreographed songs, which do not need music but it can be added. Both have lyrics that are rewritten from out of copyright songs: “Ballin’ the Jack” and “Fifteen Miles on the Erie Canal”. The Zombies should be played over the top: they never talk, they always shout; they don’t just close their eyes they squeeze them tightly shut; even when they shuffle along it’s with energy. Think a hyperactive 4 year old.

SCENE ONE

**At Rise:** *NANNY, very old, is sitting in a chair USL napping. There is loud and insistent banging on the door. We see faces: VAMPIRES at the open window looking in.*

**NANNY:** *(Waking.)* What? What's that? Oh, the door. Who's there?

**JEZEBEL:** *(At window.)* It's the girl scouts! We have free cookies today.

**NANNY:** Free Girl Scout cookies? Oh I do so love Trefoils. Come in!

**THEDA:** She said "Come in"!

**LULU:** She invited us in. Let's go!

**SAL:** We can't. The door is locked.

**THEDA:** Open up!

**RUBY:** We mean like please! Please open up.

**NANNY:** *(Walking extremely slowly to door.)* I'm coming!

**MICKEY:** Let us in. Now!

*VAMPS, except for JEZEBEL, THEDA and MICKEY, put in their fangs, an action unseen by audience. They only see the results. VAMPS can take fangs in and out, hiding the action behind other vamps so they can deliver their lines unhindered.*

**MICKEY:** Please! We mean please let us in now. It's so cold out here.

**JEZEBEL:** If you don't hurry, we'll have to eat all these cookies ourselves!

*SMIRKS and WHISPERS from outside.*

**NANNY:** *(She doesn't see fangs.)* I'm coming. *(NANNY opens door.)*

**THEDA:** Hi. My name is Theda. Thank you for inviting us in.

*As other VAMPS bare their fangs, NANNY realizes her mistake. VAMPIRES try to crowd in. She holds the door against them, although we can see arms and some heads coming through.*

**NANNY:** Oh, no! Help! Help! The Vampire Gang is here!

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**LULU:** Push, Ruby! Push!

**RUBY:** I'm like pushing as hard as I can! Mickey, push!

**MICKEY:** She's a lot stronger than she looks.

*AMBROSE & BEATRICE rush on from SR door.*

**AMBROSE:** Nanny, what is – Oh, no!

**BEATRICE:** *(Standing with her back to the door with NANNY, holding against the VAMPS.)* Do something, Ambrose!

**SAL:** *(Appearing at window.)* Hello, Ambrose.

**NANNY:** They said that they were Girl Scouts! Help!

**AMBROSE:** Sal, you know you cannot enter a house under false pretenses. Now leave!

**SAL:** But we love you Ambrose.

**AMBROSE:** You shouldn't be allowed to use that word, Sally.

**JEZEBEL:** Harsh!

**RUBY:** *(Squeezed in door.)* I'm like getting an 'owie! Ow! Lulu you're pushing too hard!

**LULU:** You said to push! Make up your mind!

**BEATRICE:** Get out! Leave! You are not welcome here.

**SAL:** Come on, everybody. Little Goodie Two Shoes over there is right. We gotta go. We can only enter if they know who we are and they invite us in.

**NANNY:** Girl Scouts indeed! Liars!

*VAMPIRES glare at them.*

**MICKEY:** *(In door.)* We'll get you, Ambrose. Once a Vampire, always a Vampire. You can't hide your true nature forever.

**LULU:** You too, Goodie Two Shoes.

**BEATRICE:** My name is Beatrice!

**LULU:** My mistake, Goodie Beatrice Two Shoes. You should come with us and we'd show you how to dress. *(Pointing at BEATRICE'S outfit.)* Cause this?

**RUBY & LULU:** Frumpy!

*VAMPIRES EXIT. AMBROSE locks the door, BEATRICE draws the black drapes. NANNY goes slowly back to her chair.*

**AMBROSE:** They found us. What are we going to do now?

*ENTER NATASHA from SR door.*

**NATASHA:** What's going on? You're all paler than usual.

**BEATRICE:** The Vampire gang found us.

**NATASHA:** Oh, no.

**AMBROSE:** And Nanny invited them in.

**NATASHA:** Nanny!

**NANNY:** They lied! And I wanted a cookie.

**NATASHA:** Oh, dear. It was inevitable, I suppose. We managed to hide for almost a year. I guess we'll just have to move again.

**BEATRICE:** Aren't you forgetting about our "guests"? What are we going to do with them?

**AMBROSE:** We could leave them here. They're not our responsibility.

**NATASHA:** No, we can't do that. I won't do that. Which reminds me, they're all waiting to play Hide and Seek.

**AMBROSE:** Now?

**NATASHA:** What better way to hide them when someone comes? We'll tell them we're playing Hide and Seek, they'll think it's just a game, and they'll all hide.

**AMBROSE:** It'll never work.

**NANNY:** I'll play! I love hide and seek.

**BEATRICE:** Of course, Nanny. Are you ready, Ambrose?

**AMBROSE:** *(Resigned.)* As I'll ever be.

*They cover their eyes and start counting.*

**BEATRICE:** Okay everybody! One!

*NANNY, impossibly slowly, and using her walker, gets out of her chair. She's out by the count of nine.*

**AMBROSE:** Two!

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*From the Door SR (The kitchen.) and the door SL (The TV room.) come the Zombies, shuffling and awkward, giggling in a guttural way. As BEATRICE and AMBROSE keep counting, they hide. One stands behind a lamp, another a chair, under the table, one holds up a small plant and holds it in front of his face, one behind NANNY, etc. ALL ZOMBIES are visible, all shut eyes tightly.*

**BEATRICE:** *(She and AMBROSE have continued counting all the while.)* Nine!

**AMBROSE:** Ten! Ready or not here we come!

**NANNY:** I'm not ready! Count longer!

*At this all the Zombies jump out of their "hiding" places.*

**ZOMBIES:** SUPWISE!

**AMBROSE:** No! No. This isn't a surprise party.

**BEATRICE:** *(Patiently.)* This is hide and seek. Should we go over the rules again?

**ZOMBIES:** WOOZ! WOOZ!

**BEATRICE:** Okay. Here are the rules.

**AMBROSE:** Again.

**BEATRICE:** We count. You hide. All over the house. And then Ambrose and I try to find you.

**AMBROSE:** *(Frustrated.)* Hiding means we can't see you. We have to *search* for you. Standing behind Nanny – no. Standing there holding a plant in front of your face-no. That isn't hiding! It's not that hard!

*ZOMBIES hang their heads in shame. ZELDA cries. TERRY hugs her and stares accusingly at AMBROSE.*

**NANNY:** *(Sitting in her chair.)* You've hurt their feelings. You made Zelda cry. Bad Ambrose.

**AMBROSE:** Great.

**BEATRICE:** Don't feel bad, Ambrose. You're exhausted. But maybe you could just apologize? A little apology?

**AMBROSE:** (*Resigned.*) Zelda – all you Zombies -I'm sorry I yelled.  
Can you ever forgive me?

**ZELDA:** (*Crossing to him.*) Ambrose!

*Following her lead, ZOMBIES crowd AMBROSE, hugging him and making chewing and num num sounds around his head.*

**AMBROSE:** Okay, great. Stop now. Please. I hate this.

**NANNY:** It's a cold man that turns away a hug.

**AMBROSE:** I don't call this a hug! Don't you hear them? They're trying to nosh on my head!

**NANNY:** It's how they hug.

**BEATRICE:** Crago! Zelda! Don't making gnawing noises on his head. You know how that annoys him.

*ZOMBIES go quiet; ZELDA's lip quivers, but FRANCIS and SYDNEY still make gnawing and chewing faces around AMBROSE'S head.*

**BEATRICE:** Francis? Sydney? That's not funny.

**NANNY:** It's a little funny.

**BEATRICE:** Come on, Ambrose. Let's take a break.

*AMBROSE and BEATRICE sit on the couch. NATASHA ENTERS SR kitchen door.*

**NATASHA:** How did Hide and Seek go?

**BEATRICE:** I don't think it's going to work. They're not getting the concept. They think that if they close their eyes and don't see us, we can't see them.

**ZOMBIES:** Hungwee! Hungwee!

**NATASHA:** Snack time for Zombies!

*SPENCER and TERRY head for AMBROSE'S head, making sounds.*

**NATASHA:** No!

**SPENCER & TERRY:** No?

**NATASHA:** Now Spencer and Terry – you know Ambrose is not a snack.

**SPENCER & TERRY:** Oh.

**NATASHA:** Into the kitchen! Don't trample Timmy! In a line – an orderly line!

*ZOMBIES shuffle quickly into the kitchen SR.*

**ZOMBIES:** THNACK! THNACK!

**AMBROSE:** Good timing Natasha. They were trying to gnaw at my head again.

**NATASHA:** I'm sorry, Ambrose. Just give them time. I'll civilize them if it's the last thing I do.

**AMBROSE:** Give them time? So just how long will the Zombies be staying here?

**NATASHA:** Now, Ambrose, they're our guests. And, besides that -I don't know how to get rid of them. How do you tell Zombies they've overstayed their welcome? Can't be done. They'll eat your brains. Not ours of course, we're in no danger here. They won't eat Vampire brains. But they'll try to gnaw, and that's awkward.

**AMBROSE:** Zombies gnawing and gnashing around my head – awkward isn't the first word that comes to mind.

**NATASHA:** But they're so sweet and innocent. They're like children.

**AMBROSE:** Did you have to bring them into the house?

**NATASHA:** Well, I couldn't let them wander around out there, now could I?

**NANNY:** Yes, actually, you could have.

**NATASHA:** No, Nanny, I couldn't have. They were in danger out there. I know what it's like to be persecuted, we all do: they are welcome in this house as long as they like. We just have to keep them entertained.

**AMBROSE:** That's what we've been doing all morning! Beatrice drew a hopscotch game on the floor in the basement so they'd have something to do.

**NATASHA:** That's wonderful!

**BEATRICE:** Did you know that Zombies can't hop on one leg? I should have thought of that, I mean how much balance can you have when you're the living dead? They just sort of heave themselves from one square to the next. Which was fine, until Crago, the one with the eye patch-

**NANNY:** I've always wanted a pirate in the house.

**BEATRICE:** -Crago heaved himself so heavily that his eye fell out and rolled away.

**NATASHA:** Oh, that's horrible.

**BEATRICE:** But everybody just laughed, including Crago, thank goodness; then we found the eye and he just stuck it back in.

**NATASHA:** That's darling.

**AMBROSE:** It's not darling! Eyeballs rolling around – not my idea of darling, and nobody uses that word anymore, Natasha.

**NANNY:** Ambrose sounds peeved.

**AMBROSE:** It's just that I'm so tired of hiding out in a gated community entertaining Zombies!

**NATASHA:** Would you rather we were in a dilapidated old house in the middle of nowhere? We're hiding in plain sight. Genius. Besides, I love it here.

**AMBROSE:** With no phone, no WiFi, -

**NANNY:** We just can't risk the GP-essy.

**BEATRICE:** GPS, Nanny. Not GP-essy.

**AMBROSE:** They found us anyway, didn't they?

**NATASHA:** It bought us some time. It took them a year.

**AMBROSE:** No contact with the outside world, no cable, just an old television and a VHS player. And of course no tapes to watch, cause nobody makes VHS tapes anymore.

**NATASHA:** Great news Ambrose! We do have VHS tapes – I found boxes and boxes of tapes in the attic. Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood tapes. Every Mr. Rogers show in existence, apparently.

**AMBROSE:** Well that changes everything. Now my life is complete.

**BEATRICE:** You're being sarcastic, aren't you?

**AMBROSE:** Not at all! I'm a young man in hiding with a houseful of Zombies. I am living the dream.

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*ENTER the ZOMBIES, SR, grunting, and bellowing cheerfully. They replay the hopscotch game – CRAGO jumps heavily and mimes an eye falling out and laughing. NATASHA moves to the UPS door.*

**NATASHA:** Oh, dear. Body parts are going to be flung about, I just know it. Do something, Ambrose.

**BEATRICE:** All right everybody – around the table. Let's play cards!

**ZOMBIES:** (*Sitting and standing around table.*) Cahdza! Cahdza! Pway Cahdza!

**NANNY:** I want to play! (*Getting up and moving extremely slowly.*)

**BEATRICE:** A little help, Ambrose.

*AMBROSE deals out 5 cards to each player. ZOMBIES are unsure what to do with them, smell cards, try to eat them, etc.*

**AMBROSE:** Don't eat the cards please. Don't show everybody what you have in your hand – it's supposed to be secret.

**ZOMBIES:** Ooooooh. Secwet.

**BEATRICE:** So you want four of each number. Ask a player if they have a card you need. Why don't you start, Zelda?

**ZELDA:** Ah won won.

*All ZOMBIES and NANNY hold out a card. ZELDA takes them.*

**AMBROSE:** No, you can't all have a one. There can only be three cause Zelda has one. Spencer, you don't have a one, see? You don't just give her any card, it has to be a one.

**SPENCER:** (*Nodding vigorously, trying to get his card back from ZELDA.*) Gi ba! (*Translation: give back.*) Ambrose say gi ba!

**ZELDA:** Mine.

**AMBROSE:** Zelda, if it's not a one, you have to give it back.

**ZELDA:** (*Whimpering.*) No. Mine! Mine. Noooooooooooooo.

**TERRY:** (*Comforting ZELDA.*) Ooooohhh. Der, der. Der, der.

**AMBROSE:** The whole point is, if nobody has a one, they yell "Go Fish".

**ZOMBIES:** (*Pounding the table.*) GaFish! GaFish! GaFish!

*There's a knocking at the door. NATASHA runs to UPS window, peeps out of the drapes.*

**NATASHA:** *(Looking out the window.)* It's Phoebe. And she's brought someone. I completely forgot we're interviewing for a cook today.

**NANNY:** Thank goodness for that! No offense, Natasha, but maybe she'll make something other than tofu. *(Finally at the table.)* Deal me in!

**BEATRICE:** Not now, Nanny. We have to hide the Zombies! Go sit down now.

**NANNY:** *(Going back to her chair.)* It took me five minutes to get here, now I have to sit down? This bites.

**NATASHA:** Please, Nanny, we have to hide the Zombies so we can explain things to Phoebe before she sees them.

**PHOEBE:** *(OFF.)* Hello! Miss Natasha!

**AMBROSE:** Okay, Zombies – into the T.V. room!

**ZOMBIES:** Nooooo. Pway Cahdas!

**NANNY:** Yes! Play cards! Go Fish!

**ZOMBIES:** GaFish! GaFish!

**BEATRICE:** Don't encourage them, Nanny, please. Come on, let's go. A little help, Ambrose.

*AMBROSE herds the noisy ZOMBIES into the TV room off LEFT, as they hopscotch and shuffle off.*

**PHOEBE:** *(OFF.)* Hello! What's going on in there?

**NATASHA:** Hold on, Phoebe, we're coming!

**BEATRICE:** Stop hop-scotching, please. Just get into the TV room.

**AMBROSE:** I'll put a tape in for you! Come on, hop to it. *(ZOMBIES try to hop.)* No, stop hopping. It's just a saying. Follow me!

*He dashes into the TV room, followed by SPENCER, FRANCIS and SYDNEY. The rest of the ZOMBIES move towards the kitchen.*

**PHOEBE:** *(OFF.)* Miss Natasha it's freezing out here!

**NANNY:** Don't freeze the help, Natasha. It's hard to get good help.

**NATASHA:** Just a second! Will you all hurry up? Shake a leg!

*ZOMBIES stop and shake legs.*

**BEATRICE:** No, no, it's just a saying. Come on, it's Mr. Rogers! You'll love it! Go into the TV room now. *(As she gently pushes TIMMY towards the TV room.)* That's a good little Timmy Zombie!

**AMBROSE:** *(RE-ENTERS the main room, SPENCER, FRANCIS and SYDNEY follow him out.)* No, get back here. We are not playing tag. In the TV room. Come on! Beat feet! *(They stop and hit their legs.)* Oh for heaven's sakes. It's just a saying. Keep moving. There you go. Come on, we can't let the maids see you. *(The ZOMBIES are finally OFF.)* And...they're in.

**PHOEBE:** *(Knocking.)* HELLO! Miss Natasha we've been waiting for a long time and we're being in fridated out here!

**NATASHA:** *(Opening door.)* Infridated?

**PHOEBE:** My word of the day for Monday. It means we're freezing.

**NATASHA:** So sorry. Come in, please.

**PHOEBE:** Were you standing by the door the whole time? Cause I saw you surreptitiously peep through the window.

**BEATRICE:** Surreptitiously. Good word.

**NATASHA:** Yes. Um, well – Ambrose wasn't decent.

**NANNY:** Ambrose is not a decent man.

**AMBROSE:** Nanny!

**PHOEBE:** *(As she and MILLICENT take off their coats. MILLY has on many winter articles of clothing.)* Everybody, this is Millicent. Millicent, this is Nanny, Ambrose, Beatrice, and Miss Natasha, just the nicest boss ever. Millicent is here to apply for the job of cook.

**NATASHA:** Very good. Let's sit shall we?

**NANNY:** I am sitting.

**NATASHA:** I didn't mean you, Nanny.

**NANNY:** Oh, sure. Just leave me out.

*AMBROSE notices a Zombie's hand lying on the table. He holds it up briefly, nobody sees it; but he doesn't have time to remove it so he lies on the table, hiding it.*

**NATASHA:** Ambrose why are you lying on the table?

**NANNY:** That man will take a nap anywhere.

**AMBROSE:** I'm not napping, I'm just clearing the cards off the table.

Making room. Phoebe, why don't you show Millicent the kitchen?

**PHOEBE:** All right. Come on, Millicent.

*PHOEBE and MILLICENT EXIT into kitchen SR. AMBROSE stands, shows everyone the hand.*

**NATASHA:** Get rid of that hand.

*AMBROSE crosses to TV room, opens door. As he does this we hear the ZOMBIES say: "Hewo Naybow" (Hello Neighbor.) He throws the hand in and shuts the door. We hear a cheer from the ZOMBIES. PHOEBE and MILLICENT RE-ENTER, sit at table.*

**MILLICENT:** Very nice kitchen, Miss Natasha.

**NATASHA:** Thank you. Now, Millicent, we're vegetarians here. No meat. Ever. Do you have any experience with cooking vegetarian?

**MILLICENT:** No. I have no experience at all with cooking to be honest. But I'm a quick learner. Oh, I need this job something fierce, M'am. I've got to take care of my mom and my little sisters. I'm the sole breadwinner. She's sick.

**NATASHA:** I am so glad to hear that.

**MILLICENT:** What?

**NATASHA:** I mean glad about you taking responsibility and helping out. You're hired.

**MILLICENT:** Don't you want to see any references?

**NATASHA:** No.

**MILLICENT:** A resume?

**NATASHA:** No.

**MILLICENT:** That's great! Cause I don't have any. This is my very first job!

**NATASHA:** Then let's negotiate terms. Is \$20 an hour acceptable?

**MILLICENT:** *(Amazed at her good fortune.)* \$20 an hour!

**NATASHA:** *(Misunderstanding.)* Not enough. You're right. \$30 an hour!

**AMBROSE:** Uh, Natasha, I think what she meant was-

**NATASHA:** Not now, Ambrose, I'm negotiating. Millicent, any time you need to care of your mother, you just take time off.

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**MILLICENT:** That's very generous, Miss Natasha.

**AMBROSE:** Yes, it is. Very, very, generous.

**PHOEBE:** Miss Natasha is a wonderful woman who understands the value of the working class.

**NATASHA:** I try to. Although I've never –

*She is interrupted by the ZOMBIES in the TV room yelling, which she tries to ignore.*

**ZOMBIES:** NOOOOO! Come bahck! T.B. bwoken!

**PHOEBE:** There seems to be a problem in that room.

*AMBROSE and BEATRICE exchange a look.*

**AMBROSE:** We have guests. Fun loving, rambunctious guests.

**ZOMBIES:** HEPPPPPPPP!

**MILLICENT:** They seem to be in some sort of distress.

**NANNY:** For crying out loud, Ambrose, get in there.

**AMBROSE:** Excuse me just a second.

*AMBROSE EXITS into TV room.*

**PHOEBE:** *(To Natasha.)* Miss Natasha, is there something you haven't told me?

**NATASHA:** No! I mean yes. They're guests. They just arrived this morning.

**NANNY:** Fire! Someone's pants are smokin' hot! Fire!

**NATASHA:** Nanny!

*As AMBROSE RE-ENTERS through the TV room door, one of the ZOMBIES tries to get out, and a foot falls onto the floor as AMBROSE slams the door shut behind him.*

**AMBROSE:** Ha, ha. *(Quickly opens door and throws foot back in.)*  
So. How are things out here?

**MILLICENT:** Was that a foot? On the floor? A foot with no body attached?

**PHOEBE:** I think that's what it was. And you threw it into the room.

**ZOMBIES:** (OFF.) HEWO NAYBOW!

**MILLICENT:** I-I don't think I can work in a place where feet are casually tossed around.

**NATASHA:** Oh, all right. I'll explain. It's a group of rowdy trick- or-treaters that won't leave. Ha, ha ha.

**PHOEBE:** Isn't it a little early for Halloween ?

**NANNY:** Pants on fire!

**NATASHA:** Please stop, Nanny.

**PHOEBE:** They won't leave? I'm calling the police.

**NATASHA:** Don't call the police, Phoebe! I – I just told a bit of a fib.

**NANNY:** A fib? A bit of a fib? It's a five alarm fire in here! (*Imitating fire alarms.*) WOOOOO! WOOOO! WOOOO-

**NATASHA:** Nanny, I swear – All right, fine! They're not trick- or-treaters.

*Pause.*

**PHOEBE:** Well?

**NATASHA:** Well what?

**PHOEBE:** Well, who is in that room?

**NATASHA:** They're um – well how do I explain- it's complicated -

**NANNY:** It's the Zombies.

**PHOEBE & MILLICENT:** WHAT?

**MILLICENT:** Is that their name? It's their name, right? Like Mr. and Mrs. Zombie and the kids?

**NATASHA:** Yes.

**PHOEBE & MILLICENT:** (*Relieved.*) Oh!

**NANNY:** No.

**MILLICENT & PHOEBE:** No?

**NATASHA:** All right, no! They're Zombies. The walking dead. Just dropped in for a little visit of unknown duration. That's all. Some Zombies. What's the big deal?

*MILLICENT'S mouth drops open.*

**MILLICENT:** The big deal? The big deal is that they are Zombies and Zombies eat human brains!

PHOEBE, AMBROSE, BEATRICE, NATASHA exchange looks.

**PHOEBE:** I'm quite sure Miss Natasha wouldn't let us work in a dangerous environment.

**MILLICENT:** (*Standing.*) I'm sorry, but I'm just a small town girl and working around people, or people that used to be people but who are now dead but are somehow still alive enough to want to eat my brains, seems dangerous to me! There was nothing in the high school curriculum that has prepared me for this. Phoebe, I'm leaving. Are you coming?

**PHOEBE:** No, I don't think so Millicent. I've been working here for a year, and I trust them; I'm not leaving now just because they have unorthodox guests.

**MILLICENT:** Unorthodox? Phoebe, this is terrifying! Not one of you people should be in this house with Zombies. You're in horrible danger of having your brains eaten! (*Pause.*) Well? Why is everyone just sitting there looking at each other?

**NANNY:** Because we're Vampires.

**NATASHA, BEATRICE & AMBROSE:** NANNY!

**MILLICENT:** (*Open mouthed.*) WHAT? You're joking right?

**NANNY:** No, innocent little Millicent, Nanny doesn't joke.

**MILLICENT:** (*Open mouthed.*) Phoebe, why don't you seem shocked?

**PHOEBE:** Because I knew.

**MILLICENT:** My mouth will never close again. It's lost the ability.

**NATASHA:** We are what's known as recovering Vampires. That's why we're vegetarians. We don't do the whole vulgar blood thing. It's not humane. We made a vow to never, ever, do it again; and we've been clean for years.

**PHOEBE:** (*Closing MILLICENT'S mouth.*) I've always felt completely safe here.

**BEATRICE:** That's because it *is* completely safe here.

**NATASHA:** They're much like children. We're going to civilize them.

**AMBROSE:** And, it's \$30 bucks an hour. SOOO much money for someone who doesn't even know how to cook.

**NANNY:** That's true.

**PHOEBE:** And I'll be right here with you, Milly. Nothing bad will happen.

**MILLICENT:** But someone's foot fell off. What are we supposed to do, when body parts fall off and lay about the floor?

**NATASHA:** What do you do when someone's possession falls to the floor? You pick it up and give it to them.

**MILLICENT:** But...if it's their hands that have fallen off, how do we give them back? They've got no hands to hold 'em with!

**NATASHA:** Just put their hands in their pockets. Isn't that what pockets are for? To put your hands in them?

**MILLICENT:** Yes, M'am, but only if they're still attached to your body!

**NANNY:** That's a perfect example of what I call small thinking, Millicent.

**PHOEBE:** Miss Natasha, how can we be sure that they won't eat our brains when we're not looking?

**NATASHA:** Because I feed them, Phoebe. I give them bowls of curdled tofu and tell them it's soybean brains.

**NANNY:** (*Getting up and moving towards table.*) Well, young Millicent? Are you going to work for us, and keep our secrets; or are you going to leave and destroy all our lives, including the life of a very, very, old and helpless woman who has done nothing but nurture others her whole life and is just trying to be as human as possible?

**MILLICENT:** If you're going to put it like that...I'll try it out for a week. And at the end of the week, if I'm all in one piece, then I'll think about taking the job permanently.

**NATASHA:** You've made us very happy, Millicent. You won't regret it, I promise.

**BEATRICE:** It's very brave of you. We realize we're different.

**NATASHA:** You don't want to walk home alone in the dark, do you? Would you like Ambrose to walk with you?

**MILLICENT:** (*Putting on her overcoat etc.*) NO! I mean, we're fine. Right, Phoebe?

**PHOEBE:** Yes, we'll be fine. Thank you though.

**NANNY:** I'm going to bed.

**NATASHA:** I'll take you up, Nanny.

**BEATRICE:** I'll clean the kitchen.

*BEATRICE, NANNY, NATASHA EXIT STAGE RIGHT.*

HOW TO HIDE YOUR ZOMBIES

**AMBROSE:** I'll check on the Zombies.

*AMBROSE EXITS STAGE LEFT. MILLICENT starts putting on her mittens, scarf, hat, boots, etc.*

**MILLICENT:** A vampire walk us home? No, thank you. Things in here are way scarier than anything out there.

**PHOEBE:** I'm telling you it's perfectly safe in here. I might as well clean off this table while I wait for you to get dressed. I see this is going to take a while.

*PHOEBE puts in her ear buds and clears table of cards while MILLICENT stands at UPS door. There is a very light rapping on the door. PHOEBE doesn't notice. MILLICENT opens door. It's the VAMPIRE GANG.*

**SAL:** Good evening. Is Ambrose in?

**PHOEBE:** *(About song she is listening to.)* I love this song!

**MILLICENT:** Sure. Come in.

**THEDA:** She invited us in.

*They come in and make themselves comfortable.*

**LULU:** We're in! Look, we're in.

**RUBY:** Yeah. I'm like so totally sitting on Ambrose's couch.

**MILLICENT:** Um – who can I say is calling?

**JEZEBEL:** We'd prefer you didn't say. Ambrose loves surprises.

**MILLICENT:** Okay.

**PHOEBE:** *(As she turns UPS, to MILLY.)* Are you about-*(MICKEY bares Fangs.)* oh, cry me a river!!

**MILLICENT:** What?

**PHOEBE:** The song I was just listening to. Cry Me A River. Come on, we're out of here.

**MILLICENT:** Shouldn't we tell Ambrose he has guests?

**PHOEBE:** AMBROSE! Get out here! Now! Come on, Milly. We gotta go, right now.

**MILLICENT:** But I'm not done lacing my galoshes-Hey! What's the hurry?

*PHOEBE has grabbed MILLICENT and pulled her out the front door. They're gone, MILLY ad-libbing out. ENTER AMBROSE.*

**AMBROSE:** What's the – (*Seeing VAMPIRE GANG.*) Oh. What are you all doing here again?

**JEZEBEL:** Is that any way to treat your invited guests? What a rude lad in suburbia you are.

**AMBROSE:** None of us want to be part of your Vampire gang. Just leave us alone, all right?

**LULU:** Your lips are moving but I don't really hear what you're saying. Anybody else hear him?

**VAMPS:** No.

**RUBY:** Nanny gave me an owie earlier when she like squeezed us in the door. Look.

**SAL:** Sit down, Ambrose. We want to talk to you. (*She takes him to the desk chair on wheels.*)

**AMBROSE:** I don't want to sit- (*She sits him down. They can now move him around.*)

**SAL:** There you go. We're going to Buffalo. We want you to come with us.

**THEDA:** It's gonna be great.

**MICKEY:** Yeah. We're going to have a lot of fun.

**AMBROSE:** I'm not coming with you. I don't want to go back to what I was.

**MICKEY:** He's scared.

**AMBROSE:** I'm not scared, Mickey. I just don't want to go.

**THEDA:** Of course. Who wouldn't want to hide in a gated community eating tofu curd?

**JEZEBEL:** Yeah. It's like he's Little Miss Muffett with his curds and his whey and oh look he plays Go Fish. He's a tuffett- sitting arachnophobic.

**RUBY:** Is that even like a word?

**JEZEBEL:** Which one?

**RUBY:** All of them.

**JEZEBEL:** Read a book, Ruby.

**SAL:** Stop squabbling! Look at us, Ambrose. We're hot.

**LULU:** Hip.

**MICKEY:** Cool.

**RUBY:** You are, like, none of these things. But you could be, if you come us.

**AMBROSE:** Those things are not as important as integrity-

**VAMPS:** Oooooh. Integrity.

**AMBROSE:** -human dignity –

**LULU:** Human dignity! Oh, I need me some of that. Not.

**AMBROSE:** Oh, why do I even bother to talk to you?

**SAL:** Cause I think you're trying to convince yourself. I think you're so bored.

**JEZEBEL:** He's stifled.

**AMBROSE:** Okay, maybe I am, a little. Bored. Stifled. Sick to death of tofu.

*During the following, none of them laugh.*

**LULU:** He said 'sick to death'! That's funny.

**RUBY:** Why's that funny?

**MICKEY:** Cause he's a Vampire. He can't die. See, that's what makes it funny.

**THEDA:** Oh, that's very funny.

**SAL:** Excuse me, this isn't a humor symposium. Let's stay with the program, okay? Ambrose. We're leaving in a week. You need time to think about it. Think about the freedom we have. The fun. The power.

**LULU:** How cool we are. Like, just look at us.

**SAL:** You've given all that up, Ambrose.

**THEDA:** I'll bet you miss it.

**JEZEBEL:** Yeah. Now that you've become a boring tofu eating stifle stick.

**THEDA:** Stifle stick? Jezebel, where do you come up with this stuff?

**JEZEBEL:** I read a lot. It improves one's use of language.

**RUBY:** She's got like too much time on her hands.

**LULU:** Will you think about it, Ambrose? You used to be so much fun.

**AMBROSE:** Fine. I'll think about it. You all leave now, and I'll think about it.

**SAL:** That's fair. Come on, gang. Buh bye Ambrose.

**VAMPS:** Buh bye Ambrose! Sweet dreams!

*VAMPS start to EXIT.*

**MICKEY:** We'll be back, Ambrose. You can count on it.

*AMBROSE closes door after it, leans on it.*

**AMBROSE:** Fun. I don't even remember what that feels like.

*LIGHTS DOWN. LIGHTS UP FOR SCENE 2. ACTION CONTINUOUS.*

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