

MY FAIR ZOMBIE

By Craig Sodaro

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MY FAIR ZOMBIE

A Full Length Comedic Adaptation

By Craig Sodaro

SYNOPSIS: Sure, robotics scientist Boris Bond has more degrees than a thermometer. He's got a cool house, an assistant, and a butler he built himself but, he can't seem to find a girlfriend. In a stroke of genius Boris decides to make *his* own perfect girlfriend. Great plan until Boris's sister shows up running away from romance and his rotten cousin drops in for no good reason. It doesn't take long for everyone's plans to go awry as someone tries to steal Boris's work, a cop shows up, and Boris's "perfect girlfriend" turns into a brain-hungry zombie. Can true love quell this craziness? It doesn't take a genius to figure that one out!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 females, 4 males)

BORIS BOND (m).....	30s, a brilliant doctor of robotics who knows little about life. <i>(278 lines)</i>
DEE DEE GRIMSHAW (f).....	20s, looking for fun on an online date. <i>(45 lines)</i>
GORP (m).....	A rather clumsy but loveable robotic butler. <i>(90 lines)</i>
ZANEETA PICKLE (f).....	30s, a lovelorn assistant to Dr. Bond. <i>(180 lines)</i>
FAY BOND (f).....	30s, Boris's sister who's running from love. <i>(143 lines)</i>
SYLVESTER (m).....	30s, Boris's very suspicious cousin. <i>(114 lines)</i>
SAMMI (f).....	20s, his longsuffering girlfriend. <i>(107 lines)</i>
FIONA (f).....	The robotic girl of Boris's dreams. <i>(44 lines)</i>
AUSTIN TAYLOR (m).....	30s, an editor in search of a writer. <i>(41 lines)</i>

DURATION: 90 minutes.

SETTING

Boris Bond's ultra-modern living room. It is sparsely furnished with a sleek futon, a few retro plastic chairs, industrial-styled tables and several shelves painted in bright colors. A coat rack sits up left, coffee table in front of futon. A bowl of plastic fruit sits on the coffee table. The room gives one the feeling of having stepped onto the set of a 1950s science fiction film.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE

SCENE 1 – The living room, late one night.

SCENE 2 – The same, an afternoon two days later.

SCENE 3 – The same, late morning, a few days later.

ACT TWO

SCENE 1 – The living room, late that afternoon.

SCENE 2 – The woods behind Boris's house that night, played before the curtain.

SCENE 3 – The living room, a few minutes later.

COSTUMES

Everyday dress for all the characters, though their costumes should match their personalities.

BORIS—should wear “nerdy” clothes—perhaps an argyle sweater with a bow tie and pants that are a bit too short.

ZANEETA—can wear a colorful smock over an avant garde outfit, perhaps in black. She should look cute, but unconventional.

FAY—wears business clothes—perhaps a power suit when we first meet her, later business casual.

SYLVESTER—is a flashy dresser—a sport coat over a T-shirt, slick pants and cool shoes. Also wears a wrist watch.

SAMMI—wears a colorful short skirt and a matching blouse. She later wears a maid's uniform which is available in any costume shop or online.

AUSTIN – wears a suit when we first meet him (*or have him wear a trench coat or an overcoat with a tie visible*). Later he wears a police uniform, which, again is available in a costume shop or online.

GORP – wears a butler’s outfit from a costume shop or online. In lieu of that, he can wear a black suit with a white shirt and a black bow tie. Should also have a butlers towel draped over his forearm.

FIONA – should wear a nice-fitting, stylish dress when we first meet her. Later she wears a tattered, diaphanous flowing gown with long sleeves. The gown should be shredded in spots, mottled with green.

DEE DEE – is dressed for dinner at a fine restaurant, and she sports a few nice pieces of jewelry. Dinner at Sonic is certainly not what she was expecting! Both she and Boris enter wearing coats or jackets.

NOTE: Be sure that Fiona’s zombie gown has sleeves that fall lower than her hands. That way she can hold a rubber or plastic hand when she first meets Boris outside as a zombie. If the sleeves are long enough, her real hand won’t be seen in the rest of the act.

LIGHTING

- Flashing, colorful lights (*as at a disco*) for Act One, Scene 1
- Blackout as indicated

PROPS

- Lava Lamp
- Two Cream Pies
- Clipboard with Pencil Attached
- Boris's Laptop
- Plate of Cookies
- Boris's Phone
- Handkerchief
- 4-8 Suitcases
- Needlepoint Sampler Reading "On Strike"
- Fay's Laptop
- Sylvester's Phone
- Can of Beans and Can Opener
- Oversized Comb
- Hand Mirror
- Large Paper Bag
- Gold Necklace with Medallion Attached
- Large Plastic Fish
- Hacksaw
- Umbrella
- Coat
- Clear Plastic Mask
- Banana from Bowl of Plastic Fruit on Coffee Table
- Ice pack
- Fake Plastic Hand
- Length of Rope
- Wheeling Desk Chair
- Gags and Ropes
- 3 Computer Chips

SOUND EFFECTS

- Doorbell ringing
- Elevator music
- Text message noise
- Phone rings
- A "bonk" for when Boris is knocked out by the fish

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

AT RISE: *The stage is dimly lit by a single lava lamp on one of the tables. SFX: We hear doorbell ring, and then voices off right.*

BORIS: Here we are. GORP will answer the door in a second, Ms. Grimshaw.

DEE DEE: Won't you please call me Dee Dee?

BORIS: Certainly, Ms. Grimshaw.

DEE DEE: Why can't we go in? Why's it so dark?

BORIS: Beats me! Gorp is supposed to be here. I programmed him to open the door at eight o'clock sharp.

DEE DEE: *(Laughing.)* Well, it's not eight yet, silly!

BORIS: My atomic watch says it's eight. See?

DEE DEE: That's not the minute hand, Boris. It's an eyelash.

Lights brighten onstage and SFX: Jazzy music begins to play. GORP enters left, dressed very much as the perfect butler down to the towel over his arm. He crosses to right in a rather stilted, not-quite-human manner. A moment later he enters right followed by BORIS and DEE DEE.

Now it's eight.

GORP tears coats from DEE DEE and BORIS.

Hey, you, cut that out! What's with him?

BORIS: Meet Gorp, my butler. Ms. Grimshaw, Gorp.

GORP: *(In a not-quite-human voice.)* Howdy, Ms. Grimshaw.

GORP bows, but in doing so loses his balance and is just about to fall over when BORIS helps him straighten up.

(To BORIS.) Ha, ha, she's a looker, Doctor.

BORIS: *(Embarrassed.)* Gorp! Sorry, Ms. Grimshaw, but his verbal discretion sensors aren't quite up to date.

DEE DEE: Gorp? He oughta be named Burp. And a swift kick in the rear'll update his sensors but quick!

BORIS: Oh, no, that might cause serious damage. A lot of Gorp's thinking apparatus is...well...in his rear end.

DEE DEE: Sounds like my boss.

BORIS: But with Gorp, it's true. There isn't nearly enough room in his head for all the necessary chips containing programs to enable the five senses, language acuity, and thought continuity.

DEE DEE: Ha? You sure know a lot of twelve dollar words.

BORIS: Well, they say talk is cheap. Anyhooo...Gorp stands for Generally Obliging Robot Prototype.

DEE DEE: (*Horrified.*) He's a zombie?

BORIS: No! A humanoid. You know, a robot that's not quite human, but pretty darn close, right, Gorp?

BORIS high five's GORP, but GORP misses and falls into BORIS'S arms. BORIS stands him up again.

We better check your balance beams, too, old boy!

DEE DEE: Are you tellin' me you...you...put him together?

GORP: Nice job, right?

DEE DEE: What are you, some kind of Dr. Frankincense?

GORP: Ha! Ha! Ha! She's laugh a minute, Doctor.

BORIS: It's Frankenstein, Dee Dee.

DEE DEE: (*To GORP.*) So I don't know everything, you big galoot!

GORP: (*To BORIS, confused.*) Gorp, a galoot?

BORIS: No, Gorp, just go ahead and hang the coats up.

GORP: Yes, Doctor. (*GORP moves left where a coat rack. He "hangs" the coats up a foot before he reaches the rack, so they fall to the floor. GORP continues to exit left.*)

BORIS: Gorp was my first truly successful humanoid.

DEE DEE: Ha! The last guy I met online was an ape, but he was prince charming compared to Gorp!

BORIS: But you went out with *me*, remember?

DEE DEE: (*Sweetly.*) Oh, oh, yeah. I almost forgot.

BORIS: How did you like dinner, Ms. Grimshaw?

DEE DEE: Real nice, Boris. Sonic's a real nice place.

BORIS: It's my favorite restaurant. Something about the name.

DEE DEE: Yeah, you said you like to play with all that Star Wars stuff. So, you got a garage where you put things like Gorp together?

BORIS: I have a laboratory downstairs, Ms. Grimshaw.

DEE DEE: Look, Boris, stop bein' so formal! I ain't wearin' a ball gown and you sure don't have a tux on. My name's Dee Dee. And I like my name!

BORIS: What does it mean?

DEE DEE: My Pa's ranch was the Double D near Dallas.

BORIS: He named you after his ranch?

DEE DEE: Yeah, he was a sentimental kind of guy. You know, Boris, in your profile online you said you like Tom Hanks movies, country music, line dancing, and thick, juicy steaks.

BORIS: Well, ah...I guess I ought to be honest with you. I lied.

DEE DEE: Hey, that's against the rules!

BORIS: I don't have time to watch movies, I've got a tin ear, two left feet, and I'm a vegetarian.

DEE DEE: So that's why you only ate onion rings tonight! Are you some kind of weirdo?

BORIS: My teachers all thought so.

DEE DEE: But in your profile you said you're a doctor. Is that a big, fat lie, too?

BORIS: No! I have a PhD. in robotics. Actually three of them: MIT, USC, and UCLA.

DEE DEE: Sounds like you know the alphabet, but I bet you can't even prescribe sleeping pills!

BORIS: Your profile said you're seeking a man of adventure who can still make you laugh.

DEE DEE: And I wasn't lyin'.

BORIS: I can make you laugh.

DEE DEE: You haven't so far.

BORIS: I haven't told you a joke.

DEE DEE: Okay, lay one on me.

BORIS: Okay, okay, let me think...all right...what did one hat say to the other hat?

DEE DEE: Beats me.

BORIS: You wait here and I'll go on a head.

DEE DEE stares at him blankly.

On a head, get it? The hat tells the other hat...oh, forget it. How about this one...where do cows go on the first date?

DEE DEE: To the moooovies.

BORIS: Hey! That's not fair!

DEE DEE: What isn't fair?

BORIS: You knew the punchline!

DEE DEE: Everybody knows that joke, Boris. But that's okay. I kinda like you anyway.

BORIS: (*Nervously.*) You do? Well, how...how about some...

DEE DEE: Some what?

BORIS: Dessert!

DEE DEE: (*Coyly.*) I didn't come over here for dessert, Boris.

BORIS: No? Well, what did you come over for?

DEE DEE: I thought it'd be nice to snuggle on the couch and get to know each other a little better.

BORIS: (*Suddenly nervous.*) Better?

DEE DEE: Yeah, you know.

BORIS: I do?

DEE DEE: (*Pushing BORIS down on couch.*) You sure do!

BORIS: Gorp? Dessert, Gorp! Time for dessert!

DEE DEE: C'mon, Boris, loosen up a bit!

She runs her fingers through his hair.

BORIS: Really, Ms. Grimshaw!

DEE DEE: Didn't your mother ever tell you about the birds and the bees?

BORIS: Lots of times. I really like mockingbirds and yellow bellied sap suckers.

DEE DEE: Boy, for a guy with more degrees than a thermometer, you're sure dense!

BORIS: I guess I've been in the laboratory too long. Maybe you'd like to...see my laboratory?

DEE DEE: (*Coyly.*) I dunno. That sounds like a real come on. So, c'mon!

GORP enters carrying a cream pie.

BORIS: *(To DEE DEE, not noticing GORP.)* You can come down and meet Fiona.

DEE DEE: What? You got another girl stashed away? What are you, some kind of two-timer?

BORIS: Oh, no. Fiona's only about half done. She's my latest humanoid.

GORP: Gorp needs girlfriend.

DEE DEE: Yeah, well, I'll skip the tour. *(With sudden decision.)* You know what? I don't think this is working out. I think it's time to go home!

BORIS: Not until you taste a bit of Gorp's famous lemon cream pie.

DEE DEE: *(Picking up her coat.)* Famous? I hope you bake pies better than you hang up coats!

GORP: Gorp make from scratch.

DEE DEE: *(To BORIS.)* I thought you said it's made from lemons.

GORP growls.

That's a joke, okay?

BORIS: Oh, we know that, don't we, Gorp?

BORIS and GORP emit forced laughs.

DEE DEE: All right, Gorp, if I gotta have some pie, give it to me.

GORP throws the pie into DEE DEE'S face. She screams.

BORIS: Gorp! What are you doing?

GORP: Gorp give it to her, Doc.

BORIS: Oh, no! Oh, I'm sorry, Ms Grimshaw, I mean Dee Dee—

DEE DEE: *(Moving right, furiously.)* Call me Ms. Grimshaw! On second thought, don't call me at all!

BORIS: It must be a glitch in Gorp's idiomatic linguistic sensors.

DEE DEE: There you go—twelve syllable words again! Well, I got one two-cent word for you, Dr. Frankincense—Goodbye!

DEE DEE charges off right.

BORIS: Gorp, how could you do this to me?

GORP: Gorp sorry, Doctor.

BORIS: You ruined a delicious pie!

BORIS dips his fingers in pie plate GORP holds and tastes it.

GORP: Gorp go get girl?

BORIS: Don't bother. I'm not the line dancing type.

GORP: What is line-dancing?

BORIS: Oh, it's where everybody puts on cowboy boots and stands in lines and slaps their thighs and wiggles a bit.

GORP: Why?

BORIS: I have no idea.

ZANEETA enters left.

ZANEETA: So...how did the date go, Doctor Bond?

BORIS: *(Sitting, dejectedly.)* The same as all the others Ms. Pickle. When the Love Boat sailed, I got left on the dock.

ZANEETA: What happened?

BORIS: Ms. Grimshaw didn't have a taste for lemon cream pie.

ZANEETA: Ha?

BORIS: Gorp gave her too big a piece. And between you and me...I think it might be time to replace Gorp.

ZANEETA: Replace Gorp? Are you kidding?

BORIS picks up clipboard from table, begins marking it with a pencil.

BORIS: *(Absently.)* Ha? His system's so old it's practically obsolete.

GORP: Gorp not obsolete, Doctor.

BORIS: Well, Fiona's going to want a humanoid who's up to date. A guy who's really with it.

ZANEETA: Speaking of Fiona, I've programmed her intuitive thinking and advance sensory and tactile abilities.

BORIS: *(Sighing.)* Gorp's girl will be ready in no time. Too bad.

ZANEETA: *(To BORIS.)* What are you doing?

BORIS: Crossing the last names off my online dating list.

ZANEETA: The last ones?

BORIS: I've run out of matches from those six dating sites. *(Sighing.)*

You'd think there'd be **one** girl for me out there.

ZANEETA: Yeah, you'd think.

GORP: Ha, ha! Even Gorp gets girlfriend soon.

BORIS: *(Angrily.)* That's it! I'm rewiring you, Gorp!

BORIS begins to advance on GORP, who backs up knocking things down as he goes.

GORP: No, Doctor!

BORIS: I'm rewiring you and turning you into a coffee maker!

GORP: Ahhhh!

GORP screams, runs off right, BORIS following. Curtain.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

AT RISE: *BORIS sits on couch working on his laptop, which sits on coffee table. His phone lies on the table next to the laptop. GORP enters left carrying a plate of cookies with one hand, just as a stereotypical butler would. He silently approaches BORIS from behind and taps him on his shoulder. BORIS and GORP scream and the plate and cookies fly everywhere.*

BORIS: Gorp! What are you doing?

GORP: *(Near tears.)* You scare Gorp!

BORIS: Didn't I program you not to sneak up on people like that?

ZANEETA enters left.

ZANEETA: What was all the screaming?

BORIS: Gorp nearly gave me a heart attack.

GORP: Doctor almost give *me* a heart attack.

BORIS: You don't even have a heart, Gorp. You have a battery pack.

GORP: *(Tearfully.)* Well, well...Gorp sorry!

ZANEETA: Doctor, poor Gorp's crying!

BORIS: He can't cry. He's just leaking a bit of glycol.

ZANEETA: (*Sweetly to GORP.*) Were you bringing a snack for the doctor, Gorp?

GORP: His favorite...snickerdoodles. Gorp sorry, Master. Gorp outdated. Gorp obsolete.

GORP exits left.

BORIS: (*Defensively.*) Well, he scared me!

ZANEETA: I didn't say a thing.

BORIS: No, you already graduated to the silent treatment.

ZANEETA: Can I speak frankly, Doctor?

BORIS: I can't stop you.

ZANEETA: You're taking your frustrations out on Gorp.

BORIS: (*Frustrated.*) I am not frustrated!

ZANEETA: Okay, you're not frustrated. You're just normally red-faced, with fists clenched and teeth gritted.

BORIS: Besides, Gorp's just a robot.

ZANEETA: A humanoid.

BORIS: He still doesn't have any feelings.

ZANEETA: (*Sarcastically.*) Sure, he just leaks a bit of glycol every now and then.

BORIS: Tighten up his eye sockets before you knock off for the day, Ms. Pickle.

ZANEETA: I'll put it on my list. And you know something? Fiona could use a bit of TLC, Doctor.

BORIS: I'm busy right now.

ZANEETA: You've been busy for two days now, ever since that bimbo got the pie facial.

BORIS: Please! I forbid you to bring up that disaster in my presence.

ZANEETA: That's right. We're in denial. So what have you been doing all this time?

BORIS: Networking.

ZANEETA: I thought you'd given up on internet dating services?

BORIS: I found two hundred and sixty-one more sites. So there's got to be a girl for me out there...somewhere. There's got to...and I'm going to find her.

ZANEETA: (*Tentatively.*) So...what kind of girl are you looking for?

BORIS: Well, I guess what every red-blooded guy wants...

ZANEETA: Hmm...somehow I thought your blood was green like antifreeze.

BORIS: (*Wounded.*) Ms. Pickle!

ZANEETA: Sorry, just a little joke. I couldn't resist. So you were saying every red-blooded guy wants...

BORIS: A girl with brains. One who can understand words with more letters in them than her shoe size. And she's got to be single and completely unattached—no old boyfriends hanging around who'd like to beat me up. I got tired of that in high school. And she's got to be strong. Not health club strong, but, you know, strong inside...the kind of girl who's determined and dedicated. And last, she's got to be able and willing to help me with my work. I can't change the world on my own. I've got to have a backboard to bound my ideas off of. You know, like when I suggested an 8D42 power pack for Fiona's brain but you said a 621R73 would work better, and you were right. That kind of thing.

ZANEETA: Yeah...I know what you're talking about.

SFX: Phone beeps a text message.

BORIS: Oh, boy! Here's a response from a lady I texted. She sounds like a real peach. (*Reads.*) "Bug off, weirdo". (*To ZANEETA.*) Not very positive, ha?

ZANEETA: Well, it only takes one.

BORIS: You're right.

SFX: Phone beeps a text message.

Wow, I'm popular now! (*Reads.*) "Boring". Hmm, that was short and sweet. Oh, and here's one I missed. (*Reads.*) "You sound like my dream date".

ZANEETA: That sounds promising.

BORIS: (*Disappointed.*) It's signed Lizzie Borden, Junior. What am I going to do? I feel like I'm spitting into the wind.

ZANEETA: Well, when you put it like that... Hey! What if...just by chance...this girl you're looking for isn't signed up with some online dating service? Lots of us...I mean, lots of girls...don't go in for that kind of thing.

BORIS: So how are they gonna find anybody?

ZANEETA: The old-fashioned way: get introduced at a party, meet somebody in a class or club, or just rub elbows with someone special at work day in and day out.

ZANEETA is rubbing BORIS'S elbow with hers.

BORIS: What're you doing? (*Pulling his elbow away, rubbing it as if it hurts.*) All that stuff's so old hat, why...somebody who wants to meet that way'll probably end up dating Gorp.

SFX: Knock off right. ZANEETA whacks BORIS'S elbow.

Ouch!

ZANEETA: Sorry! I wonder who that can be.

BORIS: We won't know unless Gorp answers the door. (*Shouting.*)
Gorp!

GORP enters left, crying into hanky.

GORP: Coming, Doctor.

BORIS: Somebody's at the door!

GORP: (*Crossing to right.*) Yes, Doctor. It's hard to move when you're obsolete.

GORP exits.

ZANEETA: Poor Gorp's crying his eyes out.

BORIS: I don't make humanoids that human!

ZANEETA: You're underestimating your talent, Doctor.

FAY enters right, followed by GORP who struggles with four suitcases.

FAY: Hello, baby brother! Hi, Zaneeta.

BORIS: Fay? What're you doing here? I thought you were going to some writer's conference in Poughkeepsie.

FAY: You want the for-publication story or the truth?

BORIS: Try the truth.

FAY: I'm avoiding my editor.

ZANEETA: The guy who wants to go for a walk...

BORIS: Ha?

ZANEETA: Down the aisle.

FAY: I just can't make up my mind. I mean marriage is a big step, maybe too big for me right now. My career's just taken off like a rocket ship. I've got five articles to write for major magazines and blogs, I've got my own cute apartment, and Brad keeps smiling at me because he adores me.

BORIS: Brad! Who's Brad?

FAY: My Chihuahua. So....I thought I'd just lie low for a bit and think it all through.

ZANEETA: Fay, you couldn't have picked a lower place to lie.

GORP is still struggling with the suitcases.

GORP: Doctor...

BORIS: Gorp, don't interrupt! You're staying here?

FAY: Please? Just for a few days.

GORP: Doctor...

BORIS: Gorp, what did I tell you? (To FAY.) We're very busy here all hours of day and night. You'll have to stay out of the way.

FAY: Please, Boris...you'll never know I'm here.

GORP: (Weakly.) Doctor....

BORIS: All right! Put my sister in the Death Star Chamber, Gorp.

FAY: Oh, no! The TVs are too loud in there. All four of them. Maybe the Eternal Rest Chamber?

BORIS: Eternal Rest Chamber, Gorp. What are you waiting for?

GORP growls, exits left.

FAY: What's wrong with Gorp?

BORIS: Nothing a few washers won't fix.

ZANEETA: Actually, your brother's hurt Gorp's feelings.

FAY: You are so heartless sometimes, Boris!

BORIS: No, Gorp's heartless. Literally.

FAY: And how are you, Zaneeta? You look terrific!

ZANEETA: Thanks! And aside from being overworked, I'm fine.

BORIS: Which reminds me—why are you up here and not down in the laboratory programming Fiona’s vital functions?

FAY: Who or what is Fiona?

ZANEETA: Your brother’s latest robot.

BORIS: You got a big mouth! Actually, Fay, Fiona’s a present for Gorp.

ZANEETA: It’s true. The poor fellow’s been so lonely...especially since the doctor has been so wrapped up in online dating.

BORIS: Ms. Pickle!

FAY: Well, if you aren’t Pygmalion...or should I say Henry Higgins?

BORIS: (*Embarrassed.*) Fay!

ZANEETA: Who’s Henry Higgins?

FAY: Didn’t you ever see *My Fair Lady*? He’s the guy who turns the dirty flower girl into a beautiful lady...the guy who creates the perfect girlfriend. Boris always loved that story, didn’t you?

ZANEETA: Well, at least it’s Gorp’s girlfriend he’s making.

FAY: (*Laughing.*) And what’s this about online dating, Boris?

SFX: Text message beeps.

BORIS: But I’m washing my hands of the whole thing.

ZANEETA: (*Picking up his phone.*) You just got another response.

BORIS: (*Pleased.*) Yeah...well, how about that?

BORIS grabs the phone.

FAY: What does she say?

BORIS: None of your business.

ZANEETA grabs the phone.

ZANEETA: Hmm, this one’s a poet. (*Reads.*) “Your profile’s a lie, your picture’s not you. I’m sure in reality you belong in a zoo.”

FAY: That’s awful! Positively juvenile.

BORIS: (*Suddenly cheerful, snapping his fingers.*) Isn’t it? I think it’s positively amazing!

FAY: (*To ZANEETA.*) He’s finally lost his mind!

ZANEETA: No, I think he’s finally got an idea.

BORIS: *(With unbounded enthusiasm.)* And what an idea! It's so brilliant and all this time it's been staring me right in the face! Why am I wasting my time making a girlfriend for Gorp? Why not be Henry Higgins...or even better, Pygmalion! I'll just make Fiona my girl. I can program her to be absolutely perfect with a capital P. Da Vinci had his Mona Lisa...I'll have Fiona!

BORIS charges off left.

FAY: *(Calling after him.)* Boris? Boris! Oh, brother....

ZANEETA: *(Disappointed.)* Glad he's yours and not mine. And to be honest, I didn't think it'd take him this long to come up with that brilliant idea.

FAY: I don't know how brilliant it is.

ZANEETA: I was being sarcastic.

GORP enters right.

GORP: Bags in Eternal Rest Chamber.

FAY: Thank you, Gorp. And how are you doing?

GORP: *(Slides into chair.)* For obsolete humanoid with leaking eyes, Gorp is okay. *(Slides off chair onto floor.)*

FAY: Well, don't sell yourself short.

ZANEETA: Not hard when you're on the floor.

ZANEETA helps GORP back into chair.

GORP: Doctor not sell Gorp is he?

ZANEETA: No way! You're part of the team.

GORP: And Doctor make girlfriend for Gorp.

FAY: Uh oh.

GORP: He make girlfriend, yes?

ZANEETA: He make girlfriend, yes.

GORP: See?

ZANEETA: But, Gorp, I'm afraid I've got some bad news. Girlfriend is for himself.

GORP: Fiona not for Gorp?

FAY: Sorry, Gorp. He changed his mind.

ZANEETA: Maybe he'll make a puppy for you.

GORP: (*Angrily, standing.*) Gorp not want Puppy! Gorp want Fiona!

FAY: You poor thing.

GORP: (*Crying.*) Me poor thing!

ZANEETA: Don't cry, Gorp...you'll rust.

GORP: Gorp not care.

FAY: That's the spirit!

GORP: Gorp on strike!

FAY: What?

ZANEETA: You're programmed not to strike. There's nothing governing fair business practices in your system, Gorp.

GORP: Ha, ha! Lot you know.

ZANEETA: How can you know about striking?

GORP: You think Gorp dumb robot? No way, Charlie. Gorp reads.

FAY: You can read?

ZANEETA: Your brother makes sure all his robots are literate.

FAY: That's something in his favor.

ZANEETA: But I think it's about to bite him in the butt.

GORP: Gorp know all about strikes. Great Southwest Railroad Strike, 1886...Pullman Strike in Chicago, 1894...Steel Strike, Pittsburg, 1919...Gorp on strike, right now! Doc want door answered, do it himself. He want morning coffee, do it himself. He want Luke Skywalker pajamas at night, he find them himself!

FAY: Luke Skywalker pajamas?

ZANEETA: He's going to be lost without you, Gorp.

GORP: Gorp not find him. Gorp on strike!

GORP exits right. SFX: Sound of phone ringing.

ZANEETA: Is that your phone?

FAY: No, not mine!

ZANEETA: Must be your editor calling.

FAY: He just can't take "Maybe" for an answer.

ZANEETA: It's better than "Not a chance!"

ZANEETA runs off right. SFX: Phone continues ringing. FAY answers it.

FAY: Austin, you've got to stop phoning every ten minutes. I'm not coming to the conference and that's that. I need to think through our relationship. What? Oh, then who is this? Father McNally? I'm sorry, but you've got the wrong number. Thank you. We need all the prayers we can get.

FAY cringes as curtain falls.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

AT RISE: *FAY sits on couch working with her laptop, which sits on coffee table. GORP sits in chair working on needlepoint. We hear industrial sounds from off left. GORP looks left, growls, then goes back to his needlepoint.*

FAY: Gorp, help me out, will you?

GORP: Gorp on strike.

FAY: I completely understand. I just need your opinion on something.

GORP: Gorp not programmed to give opinion.

FAY: Well, how does this sound? *(Reads from computer.)* Recent developments in marketing techniques of major airlines have simultaneously reduced comfort while raising ticket prices in a mad grab of corporate one-upmanship.

GORP: Gorp no understand Greek.

FAY: *(Disappointed.)* That bad, ha?

GORP: Maybe not for Greek.

BORIS enters in his bare feet.

BORIS: Gorp! Where are my clean socks?

GORP holds up his needlepoint creation. It's crudely done, but it clearly says "On Strike".

Can't you reason with him, Fay?

FAY: I think he's being very reasonable. You stole his girl. He has a right to be angry.

BORIS: He can't be angry! He's a robot! He's not programmed to be angry!

GORL growls. BORIS growls back at him. SFX: Knock off right.

Get the door, Gorp! (*A bea.t*) For the last time, the door, Gorp!

GORP holds up needlepoint. BORIS storms off right.

FAY: You hang in there, Gorp. Management is cracking!

SYLVESTER and SAMMI enter right. They are dressed with a lot of glitz and glamor.

SYLVESTER: (*Oozing charm.*) Well, well, well, nice place you got here, Cousin Boring. I mean Cousin Boris.

SAMMI: Knock it off, Sylvester! Don't bite the hand that gives you free room and board.

SYLVESTER: Old habits die hard. We used to call him Cousin Boring because he was so...well, boring. One of those scientists with his nose stuck in his chemistry set.

FAY: Nice to see you, too, Sylvester.

SYLVESTER: Fay? Cousin Fay? What an unexpected surprise. Meet Sammi.

SAMMI: That's with two "M's" and an "I".

FAY: So where is Cousin Boring?

BORIS staggers on right loaded down with suitcases.

BORIS: Gorp! Help!

GORP chuckles gleefully.

SYLVESTER: Oh, my, Boris, when a man can't control his staff...especially when he put them together...

BORIS drops the suitcases.

SAMMI: Hey! Careful! You might have broke my whatchamacallit.

BORIS: What are you doing here, Sylvester?

FAY: Yeah, it's been years. Five to fifteen, if I recall from the last time I saw you...at your trial.

SYLVESTER: I've paid my debt and we don't talk about that any more.

SAMMI: (*Pointing to GORP.*) Sylvester...who's that?

BORIS: That's my low-down dirty rat of a butler, Gorp.

SAMMI: Awwww, I think he's kinda cute.

SYLVESTER: Well, Butler, take our bags to our room.

GORP holds up his needlepoint.

Such a talent with a needle and thread.

BORIS: Look, Sylvester, nobody invited you to stay.

SYLVESTER: Oh, Boris, I'd hate to have to tell your mama how badly you treated...family. (*Sprawls on couch.*)

FAY: As I recall, you were sent up river for grand larceny and at that time, Mama referred to you as "that no-good bum Sylvester who we should have voted off the island a long time ago."

SYLVESTER: We'll let bygones be bygones, shall we?

SAMMI: I dunno, Sly. That's pretty harsh stuff. I don't think we're wanted here.

SYLVESTER: And where are we supposed to go? How about we deal, Cousin Boris? Your butler's on strike, right?

GORP: Gorp on strike.

SYLVESTER: Thank you. So how about we fill in the gap?

BORIS: You mean you take over the cooking, cleaning, serving, everything?

SYLVESTER: Exactly.

SAMMI: Hey, wait a minute, Sly—

SYLVESTER: (*Admonishing.*) Sammi...

FAY: There's a catch, Boris. Watch out!

SYLVESTER: Don't you trust me, Cousin Fay?

FAY: I haven't trusted you since you told me to have fun on that tire swing.

BORIS: And you forgot to tell us you sawed the branch almost completely through.

FAY: I couldn't walk for a week.

SYLVESTER: And I couldn't stop laughing for two weeks! You've got to admit it was very, very funny.

SAMMI: It was a long time ago, right, Sly?

SYLVESTER: Ages and ages.

SAMMI: So you can trust him now. If he says the butlering'll get done, it'll get done!

SYLVESTER: Exactly. Sammi's a great cook, housekeeper, laundress, and all-round homemaker.

SAMMI: I am?

SYLVESTER: Got a uniform for her?

FAY: Sylvester, you are unbelievable.

ZANEETA: *(Calling from off left.)* Doctor! Doctor! Come quick!

BORIS: Uh oh! *(Moving to left.)* What's wrong, Ms. Pickle?

ZANEETA: One eyebrow keeps twitching!

BORIS: That's bad! That's real bad!

BORIS exits left.

SAMMI: Where's he goin'? The beauty parlor?

GORP: He makes girlfriend for Gorp.

SAMMI: What is he, some kind of Frankinscense?

GORP: That joke too old. Gorp go see love of my life!

GORP exits left.

FAY: *(Calling after him.)* Gorp, don't get your hopes up....

SYLVESTER: Seems like we're right on time, Sammi.

SAMMI: We are? Oh, yeah, we are!

SYLVESTER: So, Cousin Fay, how about showing us to our rooms?

FAY: Let's see, I think we'll put you in the Dungeon Beneath a Moonless Night.

SAMMI: *(Excitedly.)* That sounds real creepy!

FAY: Boris named all the spare bedrooms after scenes from his favorite B horror films.

FAY exits right.

SYLVESTER: It'll be okay, Sammi. Think of it as an adventure.
(*Moves right, then turns back.*) Oh, and Sammi, don't forget the bags.

SAMMI: You gotta help me!

SYLVESTER: Of course, Sammi.

SYLVESTER picks up the smallest bag, exits right. SAMMI picks up others, struggles, a few fall, she tries again. Finally she ends up throwing and kicking them off right, exiting after them. ZANEETA runs on left, crying. A moment later FAY enters right.

FAY: Zaneeta? What's wrong?

ZANEETA: Boris fixed the twitch.

FAY: He fixed the twitch?

ZANEETA: Just like that! (*Snaps her finger.*)

FAY: That's a good thing, isn't it?

ZANEETA: (*Bursting into tears.*) Yes!

FAY: Those are tears of joy, right?

ZANEETA: (*Wailing.*) No!

FAY: Oh, come sit down and tell me what's wrong.

ZANEETA: (*Not sitting, pacing.*) Fay, do you know what it's like to work with somebody day in and day out?

FAY: Uh...yeah, I do.

ZANEETA: And after a while, somehow you begin to overlook all the little things that you first found to be really creepy.

FAY: Well, I wouldn't put it like that, but...

ZANEETA: I would. You saw something deeper, something better. Something like pure genius in its most rudimentary form.

FAY: Boris can be very rude.

ZANEETA: I don't care! I've fallen completely, hopelessly in love with your brother!

ZANEETA crumbles next to FAY who puts her arm around ZANEETA.

FAY: Oh, you poor thing. I can't imagine anything worse. Maybe the plague...or nuclear war...

ZANEETA: (*Glaring at FAY.*) Fay! We're talking about the most wonderful guy in the whole world! And I'm his perfect girl. He said so himself!

FAY: Well, if he's already said so...

ZANEETA: He just doesn't know it yet. He's been looking online for his perfect girl. She's got to be smart. Check. My I.Q.'s off the charts. She's got to be single...no old boyfriends hanging around. Check. My last boyfriend was Clark Billingsworth in seventh grade. The last I heard he's married with five kids. She's got to be strong. Check. I can lift Gorp and put him in a crate. And she's got to be able to work with him and understand what he does. Check, check, and checkmate.

FAY: Gosh, you are the perfect girl for Boris. Is he blind?

BORIS rushes on left.

BORIS: (*Dazzled.*) Oh, Fay...Fiona's done and wait 'til you meet her. She's....she's....the girl of my dreams.

ZANEETA bursts into tears.

What's wrong with Ms. Pickle?

ZANEETA: Oh, I...I just stubbed my toe!

BORIS: You ought to be more careful. Is it okay if Fiona wears one of your old dresses hanging up in the laundry room?

FAY: You want me to pick something out for her?

BORIS: Oh, no...I've programmed her to have impeccable taste.

BORIS exits left.

FAY: You really love that guy?

ZANEETA: I've done everything for him. Everything he asks. I've even helped create the girl who's putting me out of business.

FAY: Wait a second, Zaneeta...do you think maybe that's the problem?

ZANEETA: Ha?

FAY: Do you think Boris is taking you for granted?

ZANEETA: (*Sarcastically.*) I might as well be one of his robots.

FAY: He says give me 50 watts, snaps his fingers and you give him 55.

ZANEETA: Something like that. And I know I should stand up for myself and say “Doctor, I’m not a robot! I’m a flesh and blood person and you need to start taking my feelings into account.”

FAY: Why don’t you?

ZANEETA: He’ll fire me. Then I’d never see him.

FAY: This is a tough one, Zaneeta.

ZANEETA: A tough what?

FAY: A tough case. I think I’ll do a series of articles on people just like you.

ZANEETA: What do you mean “people like me”?

FAY: You know, people who fall in love with people who are impossible to love.

ZANEETA: When you put it like that, I sound like some hopeless loser.

FAY: Yeah, you’re right. But any good article’s going to include ways to solve the problem.

ZANEETA: You think there *is* a way?

FAY: Oh, sure.

ZANEETA: What is it?

FAY: I dunno.

ZANEETA: Why are men so blind? I do everything right for him and he just doesn’t seem to notice, but if I drop a Harris CDP Microcontroller chip he goes all ballistic.

FAY: Hello, Zaneeta! There’s your answer!

ZANEETA: Drop more Harris CDP Microcontroller chips?

FAY: No...Maybe it’s time you dropped a few things you can’t pick up.

ZANEETA: Oh, but in his line of work it could end in disaster.

FAY: *(Slyly.)* I know!

BORIS enters left, excitedly.

BORIS: Fay! There’s somebody here I want you to meet.

FAY: Would this somebody have a name that begins with the letter “F”?

BORIS: Yes! Yes! Yes! And she is amaaaaaaazing!

ZANEETA bursts into tears and races off right.

What's with Ms. Pickle? She stub her toe again?

FAY: Boris, how can you be so insensitive? I hate to admit I'm related to you! You're utterly hopeless!

BORIS: What'd I do?

FAY: Nothing! And that's the problem!

BORIS: Ha?

FAY: Boris, for being a genius, you're denser than...than...iridium!

BORIS: Fay! You know your elements! I'm amazed! But osmium is the densest element of all, so it might make your point clearer.

FAY screams, runs off right.

Now what'd I do?

FIONA enters left. She is beautifully dressed and very graceful in her movements, lilting in her speech.

FIONA: Boris, my love?

BORIS: Fiona! Come in...come in.

FIONA: *(Looking around.)* This is absolutely beautiful. You have exquisite taste, Boris.

BORIS: I do, don't I? Would you care for a seat?

FIONA: I already have one.

BORIS: Duh! I mean, would you like to sit down.

FIONA: If you want me to, darling.

BORIS: I love the way you say that.

FIONA: I'm glad, darling.

BORIS: Can I get you something to drink? Perhaps a snack?

FIONA: That's a job for a woman, Boris. I'll put together whatever your little heart desires. Where is the kitchen?

BORIS: Actually, the only thing I want to feast on is your beauty.

Scream off right.

FIONA: *(Sweetly.)* Someone is in terror.

BORIS: Probably just stubbed their toe again.

Another scream off right.

FIONA: That is mortal fear. We must help in times of need.

BORIS: Nobody needs a thing right now, Fiona. It's just you...and me.

SYLVESTER and SAMMI enter right. SAMMI wears a maid outfit.

SYLVESTER: Cousin Boris! Who is this absolutely ravishing creature? Stand up and let me get a look at you!

FIONA stands up and slugs SYLVESTER.

Hey! That hurt!

SAMMI: That's what you get for bein' so pushy, Sly!

SYLVESTER: *(To FIONA.)* I like a girl with a little fire, but you're a three-alarm blaze!

FIONA slugs SYLVESTER again. He flops into chair.

FIONA: Pleased to meet you.

SYLVESTER: You got a funny way of showing it.

BORIS: This is Fiona, the new lady in my life. I programmed her to react swiftly to unwanted flirting.

SAMMI: Say, maybe I ought to learn those moves. Can you teach me, sister?

FIONA: It is very simple—

SYLVESTER: Not now. I just wanted to check and see if Sammi's outfit works for you, Boris.

BORIS: Sure! And, whoa! *(He checks his watch)* It's an hour after we usually have lunch.

SYLVESTER: Hear that, Sammi? Better get crackin'.

SAMMI: I don't know how to cook!

SYLVESTER: Just open a can of something and put it in a bowl!

SAMMI: Okay, smarty-pants, where's the kitchen?

BORIS: C'mon. I want to show Fiona where everything is in the house. *(To FIONA.)* Your house, sweetie.

FIONA: I love it, darling.

BORIS: I'm glad, cupcake.

FIONA: Me, too, pumpkin.

SYLVESTER: How much more mush do you know?

BORIS: We're done. Those are the only ones I programmed into Fiona.

BORIS exits right followed by FIONA.

SAMMI: I'm gonna kill you, Sly! Let's go visit my cousin and we'll have a swell time. This ain't my idea of a swell time!

SAMMI exits right. SYLVESTER takes out cell phone and dials.

SYLVESTER: Boss? Yeah...we're here. And you're right on target. He just introduced me to a gazillion dollar bonanza. This guy can make the perfect match for anybody. You ought to see how they hang on each other. It's sweetie this and honey that and aren't you precious pumpkin. No, I don't mean you! That's what they say to each other. Yeah, yeah, yeah. I'll get a copy of everything on his computer and take whatever's not nailed down. Yeah...okay...I'll be in touch!

SYLVESTER snaps phone shut as we hear a knock off right.

Sammi! Sammi!

SAMMI enters left holding a can of beans and a can opener.

SAMMI: Whatdayawant?

SYLVESTER: There's someone at the door.

SYLVESTER exits left. SAMMI starts to cry. GORP enters down left.

GORP: Awwwww...you are leaking glycol, too?

SAMMI: Ha?

GORP: Your eyes are running. Here.

GORP holds out tissue, which SAMMI takes.

SAMMI: I'm not really leaking anything. It's just that Sylvester's being real mean to me.

Knock off right.

Make the lunch! Answer the door!

GORP: I know what you mean.

SAMMI: I don't get any respect!

GORP: Welcome to club.

Knock again.

SAMMI: Thanks for lending me an ear.

GORP: I not lend ear. I still have both ears.

SAMMI: Awwww, you're cute...and funny. I better go answer the door before Sly yells at me again.

GORP: Gorp answer door. You have more important things to do.

GORP exits right as FAY enters left.

SAMMI: Gosh, what a gentleman!

FAY: Glad someone is!

SAMMI exits left.

AUSTIN: (*Offstage right.*) Ms. Bond? Fay Bond? Is she by any chance staying here?

FAY, in terror, hides behind a bookcase as AUSTIN and GORP enter right.

Her office said that she might have taken ill and this is the only place I could think of that she'd go since it's her brother's place, right?

GORP: Gorp on strike.

GORP exits left.

AUSTIN: Hey, wait a minute! Anybody here? Fay?

ZANEETA enter right.

ZANEETA: Oh, hi. Who are you looking for?

AUSTIN: Fay Bond. My name's Austin Taylor, and I'm an editor who works with her. Her office said she might be staying here....

ZANEETA: (*Nervously.*) No, sorry. Ah....you must have the wrong address.

AUSTIN: Well, this is her brother's place. Dr. Boris Bond, right?

ZANEETA: Oh, him.

AUSTIN: This is his place, right?

ZANEETA: I suppose.

AUSTIN: Look, what's going on around here?

ZANEETA: (*Trying to be nonchalant.*) Not much, that's for sure.

AUSTIN: Well, if you do hear from Fay...Hey, wait a minute...that's her computer!

ZANEETA: No! No, it's not! That's my computer.

AUSTIN: But she's got that exact same decal on hers.

ZANEETA: So, we think alike.

AUSTIN: That's her computer and she never goes anyplace without her computer.

ZANEETA: Look, why would I lie about her not being here?

AUSTIN: Yeah...why would you?

ZANEETA: I think you better go, okay?

AUSTIN: Yeah, okay...but if you see her...

ZANEETA: Yeah?

AUSTIN: Just tell her Austin loves her.

AUSTIN exits right. FAY just begins to sneak out from behind the bookcase when AUSTIN enters right quickly.

And one other thing. Tell her to stop acting like a middle school kid and admit she loves me, too. So, there.

AUSTIN storms off right. ZANEETA checks to make sure he's gone.

ZANEETA: Coast is clear.

FAY comes out from behind the bookcase.

That's your editor?

FAY: Yeah, such as it is.

ZANEETA: He gave me a message for you.

FAY: I heard.

ZANEETA: He said he loves you.

FAY: So?

ZANEETA: And he said to stop acting like a middle school kid and admit you love him—

FAY: (*Snapping.*) I heard him!

ZANEETA: Too.

FAY: Oh, why can't life be simple?

BORIS: (*Offstage left.*) And now we're heading back into the living room.

FAY: Speaking of simple.

BORIS and FIONA enter left. One of FIONA'S eyes keeps blinking.

BORIS: Hi Fay...and, Fiona, you know Ms. Pickles, don't you?

FIONA: (*To ZANEETA.*) You fixed my twitching eyebrow.

ZANEETA: Hmm...looks like you either got something in your contact lens...

BORIS: Fiona has 20/20 vision.

ZANEETA: (*Studying FIONA'S blinking eye.*) Or you got another twitch.

FAY: Twitchy little thing, isn't she?

BORIS: She's my perfect cupcake.

FAY: With loads of frosting.

BORIS: Could you take her to the lab, Ms. Pickles, and find out what's wrong with Fiona's orbital spetum?

ZANEETA: Yeah, we want to make sure she's perfect, right, Fiona?

FIONA: Anything for my honey.

BORIS: Bye-bye, baby.

FIONA: After while, crocodile!

BORIS and FIONA make cute faces at one another. ZANEETA grabs FIONA and pulls her left.

BORIS: Hey! Be careful! That's my dreamgirl!

FAY: Zaneeta, mind if I come along? I'd love to watch you work. I'm sure you're brilliant.

FIONA: But nobody's as brilliant as Boris.

ZANEETA pulls FIONA off left.

FAY: She's kind of like a broken record, Boris....I mean cupcake!

FAY exits left.

BORIS: Gorp! Gorp, I need you!

GORP enters left holding sign that reads "On Strike".

Gorp, be reasonable!

GORP: Gorp not programmed to reason.

BORIS: I'll make you a brand-new girlfriend. I'll start tomorrow. You give me your wish list and I'll make sure I tick all your boxes.

GORP: Fiona tick Gorp's boxes.

BORIS: Yeah, well, you can't have her. She's mine!

SAMMI enters left.

SAMMI: Gorp, is he bothering you?

GORP: Workplace harassment.

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